

WASHINGTON CITY SIDDINGS

Washington Expert Tells All About "Jazz" Music

WASHINGTON.—Meyer Davis of this city, who has been dubbed the "king of the jazzers," is quoted by a Boston Post reporter who interviewed him as having said that jazz music, while having Wagner beaten a mile for harmony, cannot be written because it is never played the same way twice in succession.

"The jazz originated in a section of New Orleans known as Congo place, and has been transplanted to gilded hostilities, the homes of the rich and to all places where the canned-music machines give voice," said Davis.

"Will the jazz craze last?" questioned the newspaper man.

"Like the music they imported from the wave-washed shores of Honolulu," replied Davis, "it will quickly become a thing of the past. It's a novelty, and that is all. A jazz player takes a piece of music and plays what ain't there. The good jazz can take any sort of a melody and jazz it up by putting all sorts of 'blues' in, with a generous sprinkling of ragtime variations. A typical jazz band is composed of instruments of greatest noise-making power. Let me explain. You must have the slide trombone, with a bottle of oil handy. Then a drummer, with a complete assortment of kitchen utensils, and a cornetist, who must have finished execution and technique, as the ragging of the melody depends on him. Clarinet? Sure! He plays all the convolutions, evolutions and variations. And then the pianist. That will do for a small bunch of jazzers."

"What effect does jazz music have on human beings?" asked the reporter.

"It will make a wooden man dance, and cause an octogenarian to feel like a boy of sixteen," he replied.

Wanted to Keep Promise He Made the Children

A FARMER man wanted peppermint stick candy, pink and white. You can't find old-timey sweets like that these days, except in back-street shops that don't count, but the clerk could give him caramels, conserves, glaces, marshmallows, fudges— But the farmer was set on peppermint stick candy, pink and white. He had promised the children the last thing before starting for the city. They were going to help him out with the crop—and he had to get them what they asked for. His disappointment had put a real worry line between his eyes and in his voice was a dejection which would have been ridiculous except that you can't laugh at genuine feeling—not if you are the right sort yourself. The clerk, a helpful young person with seemingly no aspiration to throw down her job for war work at one thousand per, suggested every luring substitute in stock, but peppermint was what the farmer wanted.

"Why, little miss, those young ones will be waiting for me a mile up the road—I just can't bear to think of it—"

Little miss interrupted him with an inspiration. Under the counter were jelly-glass jars of pipestemmy sticks of clear candy, lemon instead of peppermint, and of a lovely green. The farmer man had to compromise with a half-dozen jars and a braided bar of mint cream, but he wasn't happy over it.

"I suppose I can't do any better—but I hate to think of facing those boys after I gave them my word. You see, little miss, a promise ought to be kept—"

Foolishness to make such a fuss over nothing, of course. Of course! All the same, it is right refreshing to meet up with a man with a Gibraltarish sense of honor like that, because you must admit—

There are others.

Couldn't Believe Gorgenus Being Was Her Father

A TINY girl out southeast way lived with an uncle and aunt because her mother was in heaven and her father at sea. Being old enough to play with other tiny children, she wondered why it was that she had no papa to come home from work every afternoon so that she could race down the pavement and hug him around the legs. She longed for that daily coming papa with a yearning that no grown-up could ever suspect, seeing that we somehow forget what goes on in childhood land after we are turned out of it and the gate locked between—except, of course, when the lonesome years come along and Father Time, who is a whole lot kinder than we give him credit for, lets us peek backward through his memory glass to show us how beautiful it used to be. After so long, the father—an officer in the navy—returned from a cruise and came to the southeast home for a first glimpse of his baby daughter.

The child took in the brass buttons and gold braid with rapt wonder leavened with doubt. This big, gold-shining man was not like the papas who came home from work every afternoon to have their legs hugged. The blue cloth arms were open to receive her, but she hung back fearfully. She had to be sure.

"Are you my father?"

The arms folded the tiny girl and assurance was given which settled every doubt. And the child voiced rhapsodic relief.

"I thought you were God."

A woman who used to be the tiny girl told about it recently. Father Time was letting her peek through his memory glass.

Rather Rough on Waiter, but "Orders Is Orders"

THE manager of a Washington hotel has insisted upon strict observance of the food administration's rules from the beginning, so that two men, apparently of the class that are in Washington on business just now, who did not seem to care anything about food conservation, were responsible for the discharge of a waiter the other day.

The two had ordered a hearty luncheon, and after the meal had progressed somewhat they summoned the waiter and told him to bring some more bread. He hesitated.

"We'll protect you. Bring the bread," said one of them, and the waiter hurried off. He came back with a plate of biscuits. At the next table, however, sat an official of the food administration. He beckoned to the head waiter, said something to him in an undertone, and in a few minutes the waiter who had served the forbidden bread rushed back to the table where the two men were and said agitatedly:

"You gentlemen have cost me my job—serving that bread was against orders."

They called for the head waiter of the room and protested that the waiter was not at fault, but they.

"We have certain rules in this establishment, gentlemen, which must be followed," said the head waiter. "These particular rules are the result of a pledge made by us to the food administration."

"But this is our fault," protested one of the two men.

The head waiter didn't deny it.

"We can only punish the waiter who disobeyed our rules," he said.

AMUNDSEN LAUDS NAVAL STATION

Great Lakes School Declared to Be Greatest of Kind in the World.

AMAZED AT SCOPE OF WORK

Famous Norwegian Explorer Gives an Interesting Description of His Inspection of the Big Training Station.

Great Lakes, Ill.—High tribute to the Great Lakes naval training station and the great work being done here is contained in an article written by Capt. Roald Amundsen, famous Norwegian navigator and arctic explorer, who recently visited the station. The article, which follows was published in the continental edition of the American Daily Mail in Paris:

"I have visited the Great Lakes naval training station at Lake Forest, just north of Chicago. Its scope amazes me. It is the largest, and perhaps by this time the most widely-known training school in the world. Its location—1,000 miles from the Atlantic, 2,000 miles from the Pacific—in the heart of this vast continent, makes it unique in the naval annals of the world. Some years ago it would have been impossible to conceive of such a thing. But once again the United States has demonstrated to the world that, under the leadership of one of its most competent naval officers, Capt. William A. Moffett, it was capable of accomplishing the apparently impossible.

Has Trained Thousands.

"Since the United States took up arms 13,000 men have been trained at this school. At present, there are 23,000 jacksies in training there, and yet, thanks to the phenomenal size of the wooden huts and tents pitched there, it can accommodate the enormous influx of recruits. And still more hutsments are going up.

"Standing at an entrance to the camp I watched the arrival of green 'rookies,' who, after being subjected to a severe medical test, are put through their course of naval instruction at the hands of the most skillful trainers in the country. Their studies finished, these 'inland seamen,' fit as fiddies, are ready to be assigned to fighting craft in the war zone.

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"At Lake Forest there are also aircraft fitted out with all the latest devices. The United States has the machines and the men to pilot them.

"In one building I saw men learning how to detect the direction and location of sound. Numerous electrically equipped listening towers reared up toward the sky. It was astonishing to see how accurately the men gauged the sounds and whence they came from. They are being coached in this 'art' with a view of discovering the whereabouts of hostile U-bots. The teamwork of officers and men in all branches of the camp's activities strikes the observer.

Praises the Band.

"A comrade told me that vice among the recruits is virtually non-existent. Out of 28,000 men but 26 were being treated for venereal diseases. I rejoiced to learn that a great many Scandinavians had enlisted, proving their loyalty to the cause of America and her allies.

"It was indeed impressive to hear the bands, composed of some 700 men, of the Great Lakes training school, led by Lieut. John Philip Sousa, as they paraded in the huge arsenal, the center of a hollow square of embryo sailors, all singing the popular "hit," "America, Here's My Boy."

"I have seen the great United States navy at work, and I can assure my

OWN COUNTRY THAT WHEN THE HOUR STRIKES IT WILL DELIVER A BLOW WHICH WILL BE HEARD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, SOUNDING THE DEATH-KNELL OF AUTOCRACY AND PROCLAIMING THAT THE HEARTLESS SLAYERS OF INNOCENT FOLK HAVE FINALLY BEEN CRUSHED."

FEAR GLASS-EYE FAMINE

Shortage of Glass Blowers Produces Situation That is Really Alarming.

Denver, Colo.—Wanted: Skilled glass blowers who can make glass eyes. There are only three persons in the United States who make glass eyes, according to Aaron Kohler, one of the three, who has his shop in Denver.

At the beginning of the world war, one person out of every 200 in the world wore a glass eye, Kohler declares. Since the war the ratio has increased, and Kohler doesn't attempt to say what the proposition is today. But he does say the demand is so far in excess of the supply that it will be a generation before "the trade" has caught up with its orders. And, inasmuch as the average "life" of a glass eye is only one year, the situation is really alarming.

Glass-eye making is an art practiced mostly in Europe.

BRITISH AVIATOR OF TWENTY-TWO IS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF AIR FIGHTERS.

Captain McCudden Wins the Victoria Cross and About Every Other Honor His Government Can Bestow for Gallantry.

London.—Wherever flying men or men interested in flying meet today, be it in Britain or at the British front in France, there is only one name on their lips. It is that of Capt. James Byford McCudden, who has just been awarded the Victoria cross, the most honorable decoration that British valor can win, and who, in receiving it, has been officially revealed as the greatest and most successful air fighter, living or dead, that the allies have yet produced. Captain McCudden, who is only twenty-two, has a bigger bag of hostile machines brought down than Bishop, Guyonmer or Ball, or any other flying man that the war has brought forward, with the single exception of Baron von Riechthofen, who recently was killed in action.

McCudden's record of hostile machines accounted for up to February 27 was 54. Of these 42 were definitely destroyed—four of them in just 90 minutes, 19 falling on the British side of the lines. Only 12 out of the 54 were driven down out of control.

No wonder that, in recounting the feats of the young British champion, even the writers of the sober Official Gazette are inspired to use the language of enthusiastic admiration. They tell us that Second Lieut. (temporary Captain) James Byford McCudden, D. S. O., M. C., M. M., Royal Flying Corps, has now received the V. C. "for conspicuous bravery, exceptional perseverance, keenness and very high devotion to duty on various occasions during December, 1917, and January and February of the present year."

As the other initials after his name indicate, Captain McCudden also has

DOWN 54 ENEMY PLANES

The distinguished service order, the military cross and the military medal. Moreover, he has added a bar to both his D. S. O. and his military cross.

"The military medal," says the official announcement, "was awarded this officer (when a flight sergeant in the R. F. C.) for consistent gallantry, courage and dash during the month of September, 1916, in attacking and destroying an enemy machine and forcing two others to land. He also twice crossed the enemy lines at a very low altitude in attacks on hostile balloons under very heavy fire.

"The military cross was awarded for conspicuous gallantry in action on February 15, 1917, on which occasion this officer followed a hostile machine down to a height of 300 feet, and drove it to the ground.

"Captain McCudden earned the bar to his military cross for conspicuous gallantry, dash and skill during the period of August 15-September 23, 1917, when he took part in many offensive patrols (over thirty of which he led), and destroyed five enemy machines, driving three others down out of control.

"The distinguished service order was bestowed on him for conspicuous gallantry on November 29, 1917, when he attacked and brought down an enemy two-seater within our lines, both occupants being taken prisoner. He also encountered an enemy machine during very bad weather conditions at 2,000 feet and fought it down to a height of 100 feet, when it was destroyed. Captain McCudden came down to within a few feet of the ground in the enemy's lines and finally crossed the line at a very low altitude. Subsequent to the award of the bar to the military cross he had been responsible for the destruction of seven enemy machines, two of which fell within our lines.

"For his skill and gallantry on November 23, 1917, Captain McCudden was awarded a bar of the distinguished service order. On this occasion he destroyed four enemy machines, three of which fell within our lines, by fearlessness and his clever maneuvering. He also drove his patrol against six enemy machines, driving them off."

NOW NIP AND TUCK

Saving and Production of Food a Military Necessity.

Only Constant Conservation Program Will Enable America to Supply Allies.

Washington.—It is now nip and tuck with the world's food supply. Only a steady and constant program of conservation on the part of America will enable her to sustain the food flow to her associates in this war.

Germany is not only keeping her people fed but she is still interfering with the normal flow of food shipments to her enemies. She is now directing her submarine attacks especially on the larger boats and those with the most valuable cargoes. Perhaps 10 per cent of the actual shipments sunk have been grain and other food supplies.

The only way to repair this damage

OLD JAPANESE STONE IMAGE

Figure of Yakushi Buddha Made 2,100 Years Ago Found in Jap Village.

An ancient and ownerless edifice, standing in a village called Shikishima in Shiki district, Nara Prefecture, has been found to contain a number of rare artistic treasures in the shape of antique Buddhist images.

"The discovery of these rarities, one of which is believed to be the oldest

THE SALUTE

By M. E. Duhler of the Vigilantes.

When a soldier meets another higher in command, Up in instant recognition, Goes his hand— Gives salute in silent greeting; 'Tis the way That he says at every meeting— "I'll obey!"

When an officer, in passing, Has salute, Quick his heart and hand responsive Grave and mute, On the sea or on the earth he Pledges as they meet, By his rank, "I shall be worthy!" So they greet.

War Courses Added.

Norman, Okla.—The University of Oklahoma, in order to meet the war needs, and the necessity of training men along technical lines, has added six special chemistry courses in the school of mechanical engineering. The courses are on petroleum products, petroleum and natural gas technology and several laboratory classes.

Lays Eggs in Tree.

East Hartford, Conn.—J. A. Daniels of Silver Lane boasts of a hen which lays eggs in a nest in a willow tree, ten feet from the ground. Mr. Daniels' hired man saw the hen cackling on a branch of the tree recently and discovered an egg in her lofty nest. Since then she has been laying regularly on her high perch.

ASTHMA

There is no cure for Asthma. VICK'S VAPORUB. KIDNEY PILLS. Insist on the name with three D's and enjoy freedom from kidney ills. At all drugists.

KILL ALL FLIES!

Don't say where. Delay Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Wash, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Kills all house flies, stable flies, and other annoying insects. Kills mosquitoes, and other annoying insects. Delay Fly Killer. Sold by dealers. 1 cent per package, 10 cent per dozen. H. B. ROSS, 1200 E. 12th St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Clear Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura

See 25c. Cuticura 25c & 50c.

Cash for Old False Teeth

Don't matter if broken, also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of my price. Mail to S. Sauer, Dept. B, 2001 St. Louis, Mo.

MET SITUATION ALL RIGHT

Small Boy at Least Showed That He Was Possessed of the Quality of Resourcefulness.

Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska remarked at a social gathering that when one was doing his best it was all that could be expected of him, and contributed the following story as an illustration:

One afternoon little Jimmy was invited to take tea with a chum, and when he returned home he found his mother anxiously waiting for him.

"I hope, Jimmy," said the mother, after listening to sundry details of the affair, "that you remembered to wash your hands before you went to the table."

"We were called in so quickly," answered Jimmy, "that I didn't have time to wash but one."

"Wash but one?" exclaimed his mother, with much concern. "What did you do?"

"Why, I ate with that one," was the reassuring reply of Jimmy, "and kept the other in my pocket."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Reading, Pa.

Lord Reading, the British ambassador, is as young looking as he is talented, and his youthful appearance got him into an amusing adventure last week.

He had lunched at a Washington hotel, and when his bill was brought, he told the waiter he would have it charged.

"Indorse it, then, please," said the waiter.

So Lord Reading wrote "Reading" at the foot of the bill, and the waiter snatched it up and hurried away. He returned in a moment and said contemptuously:

"Here, young feller, sign your name to this. We don't care nothin' about where yer from."

Reasonable Inquiry.

"I would like a porterhouse steak with mushrooms," said the stranger, "some delicately browned toast with plenty of butter—"

"Scuse me, suh," interrupted the waiter. "Is you tryin' to give an order or is you jes' reminiscin' 'bout old times?"

TONGUE CUT OUT BY HUNS

American Doctor Sends Message to Family Written Under Stamp on Envelope.

Auburn, Neb.—Just before Doctor Wilkie, a well-known physician of this city, went to war he told relatives that if he was ever captured by the Germans he would communicate with them, and that they must look under the postage stamp to get the real conditions if harm befell him.

A few days ago the family received a letter from him, written from a German prison camp. It was the stereotyped message, saying he was well, etc. Much of it was deleted by the censor.

The letter was laid aside until some one remembered what the doctor had said about a message under the stamp. The stamp was carefully removed. Under it he had written these words: "They have cut out my tongue."

ECONOMY TALK is all right—**ECONOMY PRACTICE** is better. **INSTANT POSTUM** is an economy drink—absolutely no waste. Besides, it is convenient, saves fuel and sugar, and leaves nothing to be desired in the way of flavor. **TRY A CUP!**

The Roadstown (N. J.) Baptist church is 226 years old.