

Throat Specialist Forbids Sunday To Speak At Tabernacle Until Tonight

BILLY UNABLE TO PREACH AT SERVICE THIS AFTERNOON

Billy Sunday will not preach this afternoon. This announcement was made today immediately after an examination of the evangelist's throat by Dr. Charles W. Richardson. It was found that his throat was too sore to allow him to preach at the afternoon service. He is expected to deliver the sermon at the tabernacle tonight.

Dr. Ward to Preach. Dr. Isaac Ward, director of men's work for the Sunday organization, will take the place of the famous evangelist at the afternoon service at the tabernacle. Dr. Ward has been a co-worker of Billy Sunday for many years, and is familiar with the evangelist's work.

When Billy arose this morning his throat was very sore, although it showed some improvement over the condition of yesterday. Rather than take a chance on permanent injury to a throat already in bad condition, Billy announced that he would rest through the afternoon, in order to be in better condition tonight.

Saddened by Gardner's Death. The news of Congressman Gardner's death at Camp Wheeler, Ga., yesterday afternoon was received by the evangelist today through the newspapers. He was greatly distressed, Billy has always been a warm admirer of Major Gardner.

"The country has lost one of its most valued men," he said, "through the death of Major Gardner." "He was always far ahead of his time, and I admired his preparedness stand in the country's politics very much. Had the United States heeded the advice of Gardner, the war would possibly have been over by this time."

Billy arose at the usual time today, and went to a breakfast of milk and a poached egg. He was not allowed to do any talking except to speak a few words from time to time.

Anxious Over Condition. Members of his party are anxious about the ultimate outcome of the evangelist's throat condition. That he may have to give up evangelical work, as he has repeatedly been advised by physicians, is the opinion of at least one member of his party.

But Billy will not give up the ship without a fight, and it is considered certain, if the evangelist does not take a new cold in his throat before he can rid himself of the present trouble, that he will finish the campaign here.

Rody, with his trombone and Matthews and Brewster gave a gospel song recital to the students of the National School of Domestic Art and Science, at 11 o'clock this morning.

Members of the Sunday party spent yesterday in various ways—except Skiff, who, as usual, was on the job.

CAN'T FIND DANDRUFF

Every bit of dandruff disappears after one or two applications of Dandereine rubbed into the scalp with the finger tips. Get a small bottle of Dandereine at any drug store for a few cents. It saves your hair. After several applications you can't find a particle of dandruff or falling hair, and the scalp will never itch.

Cross, Feverish Child Is Bilious Or Constipated

Look, Mother! See if tongue is coated, breath hot or stomach sour.

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver, and bowels. When cross, irritable, feverish or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue—remember, a good "inside cleansing" should always "be the treatment given."

Compliment to the Kaiser

"Hell with the divine right of kings! Gott und I! That gets my goat; God wouldn't look at the Kaiser.

"I'd be a fine sort of a guy if I wouldn't fight for Uncle Sam to the last ditch! The borders of France will some day reach to the Rhine and the tri-color of France will wave over Alsace-Lorraine instead of the dirty rag they call the German flag!

"You can bet that Potsdam bunch won't have as much as they've got now, when we're through with them!

The French may have invented camouflage, but the Kaiser is the greatest camouflager in the world. If he wasn't, he would go on and admit he's licked!

The Kaiser is poison to me. I like arsenic better! If you can't put up your dukes, put up some dough!

The Kaiser ought to take a nitroglycerine bath and then jump into the mouth of old Vesuvius. That would disinfect him!

Sammies Abroad to Get Week's Leave For Every 4 Months of Service

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, Jan. 15.—A general order issued today creates a "blighty" for America's Sammies. It announces the grant of a week's leave to each soldier for each four months' service at the front. The seven days are to be spent in special recreation centers. The order hints that the leave periods will probably be lengthened after the Sammies have acquitted themselves heroically in future heavy fighting. Paris is only to be visited with special permission.

M'ADOO APPOINTS LOYALL TO HANDLE FREIGHT SITUATION

(Continued from First Page.) pany, and is not familiar with its operation, or those of the Washington yards, he is an operating officer of wide experience, and will immediately get in touch with the situation. Mr. Loyall has been assistant vice president in charge of operations of the Southern Railway for a year, and has spent his life in the railroad business, starting with the Southern as a boy in a subordinate capacity. He is one of the men who has risen to prominence in the railroad business, and is an exceedingly obscure beginning. He has had his headquarters in Washington for a number of years.

Will Give Best Work. Mr. Loyall said today that he would give the terminal company and the freight situation the best administration he knows how, though he frankly knew nothing of the situation at the moment. He is a complete surprise. He is wondering how the director general of railroads singled him out for the task.

Mr. Loyall probably will get in touch with local officials and the terminal company this afternoon. He is expected to have an early conference with the men who have been active in an effort to clear local freight congestion for several weeks. Just when he will meet the committee appointed by Commissioner Brownlow on local freight congestion is not known. R. T. Andrews, has not been determined.

The report made by Hale Holden, assistant to the Director General, and member of his advisory committee on freight congestion in Washington, is to be turned over today to Mr. Loyall for his information. The Director General's interest in the situation was shown a week ago, when he sent letters to Commissioner Brownlow and Mr. Thompson on the subject. Efforts of the Commissioner and local organizations were commended, and Mr. Thompson was directed to do everything possible to aid in clearing the local situation.

Mr. McAdoo's Letters. Director General McAdoo sent the following letter to Mr. Loyall: "Feeling that the Washington terminal situation needs, at this time, close personal supervision and that Vice President Thompson has such a heavy load, I have directed that you be placed in full charge of the operation of the Washington Terminal Company, effective at once, and I will personally appreciate your taking hold of this situation with vim and earnestness. You will assume full charge, without restrictions as to force—the sole present object being to secure a return to normal conditions as quickly as possible. I have advised President Harrison of this assignment, and expressed the hope that it would be of a temporary nature."

The following letter was sent to Mr. Thompson: "The importance of a local operating head in the complete charge of the Washington Terminal situation, is so apparent, and realizing that your responsibilities on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad are of such a nature, it would be to give it your full attention, so apparent, that I have concluded to place George R. Loyall, assistant vice president of the Southern Railway, in full charge of the Washington Terminal Company, for the time being at least and until there can be accomplished a reorganization of normal operating conditions. I would appreciate your getting in touch, both with Mr. Loyall and with the local people of the Washington Terminal Company, and to accomplish the change at once."

"In taking this action, I am recognizing fully the very valuable service which you have rendered to this situation, and it is intended, in no wise as a reflection on your administration. The important thing to me seems, at this time, to relieve you of this particular work, which needs personal attention, so that you may devote your entire time to a wider field of activity."

Freight conditions in Washington show a decided improvement today, according to R. P. Andrews, chairman of Commissioner Brownlow's committee on freight and drayage. The second day of freight moving week set apart by Director General of Railroads McAdoo in an attempt to clear up the freight congestion all over the country by the co-operation of the eastern half of the railroads finds excellent results accomplished.

War Aeroplane Would Be Useful About Farm. The hardware going into a simple war type aeroplane is sufficient to nail 2,163 shingles on a roof. Screw down the coffin lid on a thousand Germans. Vener 57 square feet of dining room table. Hang the kitchen with 65 pounds of aluminum. Wire a third of a mile of three-strand fence. Spruce the porch for at least 244 square feet—in addition, put 58 feet of pine on the chicken coop, 31 feet of ash on the dog house, and still have a few things left over, such as 798 forgings and 92 steel stampings and turn buckles for the junk man.

To Work With Business Women



MISS FRANCES E. MILLER, Personal worker with the Sunday organization, who will have charge of the work devoted to business women of the city.

BILLY'S ENTRANCE LIKE GLADIATOR'S IN OLDEN TIMES

By C. N. ODELL. Billy Sunday has been pictured in many poses; he has been "written" by hundreds of reporters; his stunts on the pulpit-platform are common knowledge; writers everywhere have from time to time described the story of his dramatic entrance in the midst of their choir singing at the tabernacle that portrays the appearance of the evangelist, the huge crowd, the swelling chorus of two thousand voices, the great, pine structure, where the most remarkable religious drama of the times is staged.

Comes In To "Sail On." The choir is singing "Sail On," that rolling, swelling, chorus that seems to billow and swell with the motion of deep water. Every seat in the tabernacle has been filled, and the last man has jammed his way into the corridor that separates the auditorium from the exits. Rody is on the platform beneath the electric lights leading the chorus with his silver trombone.

"Sail On" swells in waves of sound from 2,000 throats. As the chorists linger on the word "on," and you gaze at the platform, Billy is there! You did not see from whence he came; but there he stands, a serious expression on his face as he gazes out over the audience. Hardly more than one hundred people see him as he remains in a set position, the fur collar of his coat upturned, his brown felt hat crumpled in his right hand, his left hand in his pocket.

New They Are Judging. There are nudges and whispers about you; now a thousand people see him, and communicate their knowledge to their neighbors. Sibilant whispers ripple through the audience; there is a craning of necks; a great moving about in seats; now 10,000 persons have seen and recognized the evangelist, and a pat of hand-clapping drowns the whispering.

This is the way Billy makes his entrance. It is quiet, but quick, calm, but eloquent. He stands silently looking about him, some he impresses as a mere spectator, yet his attitude as his eyes sweep the audience is an expressive of the student of the psychology. He seems to be gauging the temper of his audience, as if he would cast before them his glove in challenge. His entrance might be likened to that of a Roman gladiator stepping suddenly into the arena of a champion pugilist entering the ring.

Waits for the Word. Billy stands alone, individual, magnetic, an air of concentration in the slight droop of his shoulders and in his direct, open-eyed gaze. Suddenly he turns toward the choir platform and his eye sweeps the zincers as they pour forth the melodious "Sail On." He is quickly changed from a spectator to a worker, to the chief figure in a picture of action. His face has lost its calm expression and activity has lighted his eye.

He is getting ready. The choir is nearing the end of "Sail On," and the volume of melody grows less, becomes fine, clear-toned as a bell from the soprano section, the male voices leaving the vocal repetition to the soprano and contraltos. Now the thin, fine notes from the soprano section die away in a sibilant "soosh" and the rich contraltos tone holds the theme. It dies away like an echo.

Jumps to Platform. Then Billy jumps on the platform. He holds a Bible in his right hand, Rody is talking and Billy is getting ready. He sits down, but seems to be nervous—not nervous with faulty nerves, but with energy. He changes from position to position, throws his left leg over the right, jams his right hand in his pocket. Rody is still talking. Billy takes a new grip on his Bible and note book. A pastor from a Washington church is announced, and delivers the opening prayer, his words falling flat on the atmosphere after the series of songs and the drumming of the pianos.

Billy Strides Forward. Now Billy is almost ready. His patience has increased almost to an unbearable point. The pastor finished praying and leaves the platform. Billy strides forward, he takes a position directly behind his pulpit-box; throws his head back, looks up at the electric light in the augophone above him, opens his mouth wide, holds the pose a second and— He's off.

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Billy Discusses Girls

I don't know of any crowd I ever enjoyed preaching to more in the first week of my campaign than this Washington crowd. You people seem so appreciative that you will make a fellow preach his fool head off.

The modern girl is too cheap, that's the trouble with her. She sells herself for next to nothing and sometimes she sells herself into a marriage just because she's afraid of being an old maid.

The greatest question that can be put to a girl today, outside of "What are you going to do for your soul?" is, "Will you be my wife?"

Girls, some day a fellow will come to you and say: "Violets dipped in dew would be cow fodder compared to you," and ask you if you will marry him. Then when he does, be prepared to ask him a few questions. Ask him if he is as virtuous as he expects you to be. Remember, girls, it's a poor rule that don't work both ways.

My mother taught me not to buy calico by lamp light. I am telling you not to propose to a girl in her best bib and tucker. Call around on her suddenly, when she's not expecting you, about 9:30 o'clock in the morning. If her hair is up in curl paper and she only has one shoe on and her wrapper is lashed around her like a sail on the mast of a wrecked ship, you take to the woods, boy, and take a tip from me.

I knew a red-headed boy once, that was so red-headed that every time he went into a building they raised the fire insurance rates, and when he got an egg shampoo the barber shop smelled like a burnt omelette.

Even God enjoys a joke now and then. He makes parrots, and laughing hyenas, and donkeys, and even some of you.

ENEMY BULLETS JUST MISS U. S. OFFICERS ON LINE

By J. W. PEGLER, United Press Staff Correspondent. WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, Jan. 15.—How one American officer was pursued by shrapnel and how another lay prone in the mud for an hour while enemy machine gun fire splattered all around him, he attempted to crawl away. He finally escaped under cover of darkness.

Of the group three were at one time walking in a shallow trench on a lowly portion of the French line where the Boches occupy a high dominating position across the way. The Germans spotted the American party from their observation post and immediately hurled a number of trench bombs by way of greeting. One of the missiles struck slightly in advance of the party, killing an accompanying French interpreter and wounding a Polu. None of the Americans were hurt.

Again, a certain tall American major was walking along another shallow front line only a hundred yards away from the Boche trenches. He cautiously stood up straight at one point, instantly a machine gun scattered bullets all around him, throwing snow and mud in every angle. The major promptly flopped face downward. He lay there a full hour while the bullets sang and spat around him every time he attempted to crawl away. He finally escaped under cover of darkness.

Another young officer, a Texan, was walking on high ground when he heard and saw shrapnel burst over his head. He ducked and ran. The shrapnel bursts pursued him persistently. They kept getting closer. The Texan put on full steam, racing for a half-hidden dugout a half mile distant. He just managed to keep an average distance of fifty yards between himself and each successive shell.

"That's the fastest half mile I ever ran—I got away faster than the shells," he pantingly explained to the occupants of the dugout.

M'ADOO ORDERS DOMESTIC COAL TO HAVE PRECEDENCE

Coal for shivering householders, the women and children of the nation, has the right of way over all traffic on the national railroads today. With traffic paralyzed west and south of Pittsburgh and Cumberland, and the eastern seaboard badly tied up, Director General of Railroads McAdoo put into effect orders for the movement of domestic coal ahead of everything else on the railroads. Food is to be moved next, and bunker coal for ships third in order. Many Atlantic liners carrying supplies and munitions to American forces abroad and to our allies are tied up in New York for lack of bunker coal.

Food Situation Easier. Despite the crippled condition of the railroads as a result of continuous snow and sleet storms and bitter weather, the food situation is generally easy. There is no shortage in Washington or other big Eastern cities, but food is to be moved after the first vital needs for coal are supplied. Orders to this effect were put into operation today on the recommendation of A. H. Smith, assistant to the director general in charge of operation of the roads in Eastern territory.

Under the new orders coal is moving to Washington in good quantity, despite the general railroad tie-up. Garfield's New Order. All State fuel administrators were notified by Fuel Administrator Garfield today that whenever a shortage of coal or coke is found to exist for domestic use, coal or coke may be delivered to the stricken districts, no matter what its previous routing may have been, and no matter to whom consigned.

Know plows were moving through heavy drafts and workmen were burrowing toward stranded trains throughout the eastern half of the United States to dig railroad traffic out of the overwhelming tie-up. Freight traffic between Chicago and St. Louis and eastern points is practically suspended and passenger traffic is limited to the moving of stranded trains into terminals.

Police to Boost Thrift Stamp Sale in the Suburbs. Policemen of the suburbs of Washington are busy today distributing War Savings and Thrift Literature. Major Pullman has received quantities of printed matter for that purpose.

Armok with this ammunition, the guardians of the law are doing their part to put Thrift Stamps in every home.

AMERICAN SPIRIT OF SONG IS FOUND IN REVIVAL MUSIC

In the literal sense of the word the music of the service in the Billy Sunday tabernacle is a revival—for it brings to life again all the whole-hearted enthusiasm with which the forefathers of the American people sang together their hymns of faith and courage and of cheer.

So inherent in the nation, so out of the spirit of our ancestors comes the accord with which this mass of humanity raised its voice in these hymns dedicated to duty and Army living, that it would acclaim this type of music—born out of the hope of the religious heart of the first Americans—the true folk-music of the land of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The people of the United States in early settler days sustained their courage through many hardships by just such united praise and prayer in song. The children of these people who live today in a time of stress complicated by the greatest spirit of unrest that has ever engulfed the world, seemed again to feel joy in a return to the simplicity and to the direct appeal that these hymns express, and that they expressed in singing them.

Hear America Singing. Listening to the great chorus of 1,700 voices, and hearing the larger chorus of some 15,000 voices from the great auditorium added to this, in the refrains of many of the songs, the answer to America's pioneer poet comes when he wrote: "I hear America singing."

It was an impressive America, without barrier of creed or station, who sang earnestly—what? Was it not, perhaps, just the simple desire of many hearts for a long-neglected communion with goodness and fellowship?

Far back, the American was deeply religious in heart and spirit, and America is ever in the making. The traditions that are dear to many have no share in the memories of the stranger who also is a citizen among us.

Message to Stranger. To the stranger the revival of this message may bring some realization of the fundamental kindness and simple religious hope of the people to whom he has come for refuge. This kindness has been getting crowded out, it is true, and has often led its way amid the thoughtlessness and the hurry and the frivol of the crowd. It stands indestructibly stamped, however, in the large choral spirit of hymns such as these. With so hearty, so united an expression as the singing at the tabernacle, surely many who have not felt the simple faith and ideals that underlie the government of the people, may find it in joining in so great a chorus, whose song is devoted to the praise of God and to the service of his people.

The memory of song is the most lasting of influences. There is sound philosophy in the hymns that these people sang and that they sing every time they live. A large demand for the phonograph record of "Brighten the Corner Where You Are" is already reported. It will be a good thing, into a home where the memory of it will belong to the singing of the great chorus of the Billy Sunday Tabernacle in Washington.

J. MacB.

SAME OLD "LEFTY."

"Lefty" George was wild in the Tri-State League. He was wild as a member of the Browns and Indians of the American League. He was wild as a member of the Browns and Indians of the American League. He was wild as a member of the Browns and Indians of the American League.

ADVERTISEMENT

Cocoanut Oil Makes A Splendid Shampoo. If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain unperfumed cocoanut oil (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply massage your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily and removes every particle of dirt, dandruff, and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy, and easy to manage.

You can get unperfumed cocoanut oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.

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ELIZABETH CITY MINISTER PRAISES INDIGESTION REMEDY. Says He Thinks There Is Nothing Like It and Friends Who Have Taken It Also Got Relief From Stomach Worries.

A Non-Alcoholic, Highly Concentrated Iron Remedy.