

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Bureaus Give Out Information Concerning War

WASHINGTON.—The committee on public information was created as a war machine. It has been the object of more derision and public ridicule than any other war machine, nevertheless it goes merrily along, grinding out war knowledge for the people. At the outset George Creel, chairman, set out to be the official news bureau of the government. He attempted to do the work of the 400 newspaper men sent here by all of the large newspapers and press associations. This policy was soon dropped and today the committee on public information is working for the news that the newspaper men don't get.

Dozens of government bureaus have interesting information concerning the war. This information, however, is inaccessible to newspaper men. The committee on public information is the one instrument which can dig it out.

In much the same manner as a well-organized newspaper works, so the committee on public information operates. There is an organization for the dissemination of daily news. The editor, formerly a New York newspaper man, directs a staff of reporters.

A staff of feature writers is also maintained by the committee. These writers "dig up" unusual stories about the government and the war. In due time these stories—such as the recent German plot exposure—are released for publication simultaneously throughout the entire United States.

Photographs are recognized as important for news purposes. To this end the committee has set up a photograph department. Official photographers take pictures of war instruments and features. These pictures are then supplied to the newspapers at cost.

To turn the wheels of this information organization, 25 trained newspaper men have been secured. The entire staff of the organization numbers more than 100.

Reward for Doing Helpful Thing on Street Car

HER face was about as sociable looking as a hatchet, but her bundle was heavy, so another woman in the car who knows weariness when she sees it got up and offered her seat. It is venturesome, of course, to tender such a courtesy to a sister in your own age zone—every woman knows why—but nothing is ever an all-round failure in this world. Praise be!

"Thanky, ma'am. I'm half ready to drop. I never look for a man to give me a seat any more—I don't know how it is, but gentlemen seems to be petering out—I've benner runnin' round on my two feet ever since sun up. Have you got corns?"

The woman, anchored to a strap, admitted her lack to the other woman, who was developing a sociability no hatchet could ever hope to achieve.

"Well, that's one thing you got to be thankful for! But are you married?"

Her tone of inquiry implied that corns and matrimony were in the same class. The strap-hanger owned to spinsterhood.

"My, you are a lucky woman! Muster been born with a silver spoon in your mouth!"

"I like that suit you got on. Ought to last you years for best. What do you do for a living?"

The woman was not addicted to confiding her affairs to the housetops, but she owned up. Possibly there was a reason.

"My, you must have a head on you! But be careful not to overdo yourself. I had a cousin once by marriage that wrote for Blankens' well-known pills, but she died sudden. They said it was natchel corns, but I always laid it to her overindulgence herself because she was paid in pills. Must you be going?"

Which is just to show, women dear, that no matter how many rebuffs come our way it is always worth while to do the helpful things for the occasional rewards we get, generally in the consciousness of a kindly action done, and once in a while in a thread of a yarn—like this.

"Big Chief" Unrecognized by Washington Crowds

WASHINGTON is a busy city these days. A person has to keep his eyes wide open if he wants to see everything that is going on, and then he is apt to walk right by something or somebody he very much wants to see. One thousand people missed seeing a certain man the other day, although they looked directly at him. He is a man of international renown, particularly well known in the United States.

But he didn't seem so well known to folks on Pennsylvania avenue that morning, as he crossed the wide street in front of the White House. Yet he was a man to command attention anywhere.

He was immaculately dressed in a dark fedora, light gray coat and plaid trousers. He was tall, and carried himself with such a military bearing that all army officers these days must wear their uniforms at all times.

Even at that several persons took him for an army officer. He had a surprisingly good chest on him, and held himself so well. As he crossed Pennsylvania avenue into Madison place automobile horns tooted at him. People scurried out of the usual rush of vehicles at this point, and with them scurried our hero.

Nobody noticed him particularly. A taxi driver scowled at him. A messenger boy from one of the government departments brushed by him with the weight of the whole war on his shoulders. Two women jostled him as they hurried.

If he had been Secretary McAdoo, a hundred and one persons would have turned to look at him. If he had been Secretary Lansing or Secretary Daniels, a hundred and one persons would have turned and looked. But he was none of these.

He was only President Wilson.

When Society Reporters Turned Wine Into Water

WHATEVER a congressman does in Washington has got to look right to the folks back home, or they'll want to know the reason why. There's likely more than one politician who leads a dual life, one for home consumption and the real one among the poms and vanities and the flesh pots of wily Washington.

There was a marriage miracle not long ago in Washington among the smartest of congressional circles, when the wedding wine was turned into water rather than the water into wine. A congressman can do most anything acrobatically and diplomatically, just so it listens good back in his district. Constituents are such sensitive plants. They all have to be humored. The congressman's only daughter was getting married and the occasion was certainly worth a few gallons of champagne, and vintage wine at that. But a still, small voice underneath the congressman's wedding wicket murmured anxiously that all this hymeneal conviviality wouldn't read so well back home, that champagne, even at long distance, was terrible stuff for one's constituency to digest.

The host looked around apprehensively at the society reporters present. Then he took them into his confidence.

"My district," he said ingratiatingly, "is pretty well disposed toward prohibition. It wouldn't do me any good in my next campaign to be identified in any way with booze. So when you folks send out your stuff, please favor it with apollinaris and ginger ale and cut out all advertisement of the fizz."

SOME POSTSCRIPTS

Telephones are built into a new helmet for aviators to permit them to converse with companions while flying.

New Brunswick, Canada, will give returned soldiers a real training in agriculture, both practical and theoretical.

To make the opening in a folding automobile wind shield wind and waterproof when desired is the purpose of a recently patented celluloid attachment.

In Denmark large numbers of women are employed by the state as steamship pilots.

Because many accidents have occurred when trains could not be stopped in time a London railroad terminal has been equipped with hydraulic buffers.

Literal Conveyances. "Did you say the witness went to a suburban town in the interim?" "No, sir; I said he went in a motor-bus."

AMERICANS CRY OUT FOR BARBERS

French Tonsorial Artists Don't Know How to Clip Hair or Shave Necks.

LONG LOCKS THE FASHION

Soldier Boy Tells of Sad Experience in Paris—Smelled Like a Soap Counter When French Barber Got Through With Him.

Field Headquarters, American Army in France.—This is a special appeal to barbers and it comes straight from the barracks and billets of the boys over here. Every hair of their heads cries out for the clippers and neck shave that they left back home and will not be comforted.

The American soldier simply cannot understand the French barber and it doesn't look as if he ever would learn how. When he gets his hair cut he wants it cut short, he wants his neck shaved, he doesn't want little lovelocks left hanging over his eyes and he doesn't want "a lot o' muck rubbed on." Add to that the difficulty of telling the Frenchman all those things and the inherent helplessness of a man in a barber's chair, and you have a truly tragic situation.

He Looked Like a "Teddy Bear."

Here is the tale of a youngster in the quartermaster's corps, who drives one of the trucks. His shaggy head was mute evidence of his earnestness.

"There ain't a barber in our outfit," he said, "so by the time I got up to Paris I looked like a Teddy Bear. First thing I did was to ask one of them John Army cops where can I get an American haircut. We made out to tell me about a place on a boulevard an' I made him tell it to a coacher an' the coacher drove me there. That's the only way in Paris—make a John Army tell a coacher—then you can't get lost.

"Well, I walked up three flights to reach that barber shop. I never seen no American barber shop that wasn't on the first floor. Up came a big fat guy an' shook hands an' took my Stetson an' then took me into a big room, an' it really was full up with American barber chairs. I begun to feel at home, specially when I stretched out in one of them chairs with my feet on the rest. Right away, though, a little Frenchman comes up an' ties a big apron around my neck an' puts my arms in it. After that it weren't no use—that apron strangled me whenever I tried to move or open my mouth.

"Well, this guy says something, so I says 'Haireut,' an' he comes back, 'Alreoot? Ah, couper les cheveux.' I knew enough to say 'Wee, wee,' an' we started. He didn't have no clippers, an' he kept nibblin' with a pair of nail scissors. I guess, I didn't know the French for 'short' and there weren't no real mirror there like there ought to be, so I sat tight an' hoped for the best. Pretty soon he discovered that my hair was dry; if he'd been driven a truck for two weeks so'd his beard an' an' after some talk that I couldn't get—course I said 'wee' to be polite—all of a sudden he dumps a whole pint of some kind of eau de cologne onto my head.

Smelled Like a Soap Counter.

"It smelled like the soap counter at a drug store. When I revived he'd rubbed it all in, an' say, I went around with that smell for days. Couldn't get it out. The bunch held their noses when they seen me.

"This barber went right on jabbering an' me saying 'Wee, wee,' even after that dirty trick he done me, when all of a sudden he hands me a bottle full of that cologne an' says 'Dees frunk.' I figured out that meant the bottle cost \$2 an' he'd been sellin' me one in French an' I not know it.

"I remembered one word I thought'd get me out that place an' says 'Combyen?' That started another riot, but finally the fat guy allowed it was 'Outfrunk.' That's about eighty cents real money, but I paid it an' got out after a struggle with that nightshirt they put onto me.

"First look I had at that haircut was in a store window. Say, that guy'd sort o' chopped away the fringes round my ears an' the back o' my neck, but he'd left about half the hair there, lookin' sort o' grayish, an' then he hadn't touched it none till he got up top, so there was a gray ring an' then a black ring. The gray ring looked like a mangy cayuse. When I took my Stetson off I found he'd trimmed the front off an' pasted it down with that smelly stuff till I looked like the picture o' some boy violinist.

"That was a swell layout. When I got back to my outfit the gang asked me was I the feller that sings love songs at that Folly Bergair vaudeville place in Paris an' the sergeant tells me not to let none of them rough soldiers insult me, but to stick 'em with my hatpin. Then they offered to pay me five cents apiece to let 'em dip the corners of their handkerchiefs in my hair when they was goin' out to see their girls. It was all like that. I ain't had no French haircuts since. Say, don't you think you could get some barbers over here that know enough to shave a feller's neck?"

ANOTHER LADY MAYOR

Lady mayors certainly are making good, for now that one has successfully held down the post others are ready to follow suit. Florida had the honor of electing within its bounds the first lady mayor in the country.

Now Warren, Illinois, quickly follows, electing Mayor Canfield, who has already proved her executive fitness.

With the war in full swing, we will probably have ladies holding down the various municipal offices, from city chief to doorkeeper of the municipal building.

TOWN SPROUTS OVER NIGHT

Modern Mining Town Springs Up Suddenly in Coal Region in Kentucky.

Knoxville, Tenn.—Like towns built in the West during the wild gold fever rush of the days of '49, a model mining town has grown up over night in the center of the virgin field in Harlan and Letcher counties, Kentucky.

Sixteen hundred houses will be completed within fifteen months, say officials of the United States Coal and Coke company, subsidiary of the United States Steel corporation, which is behind the project.

At present 100 eight-room houses are under construction. After these are completed the building of the others will begin. Forty-eight million feet of lumber altogether will be used.

A total of 250,000,000 feet of lumber was bought at a cost of approximately \$150,000.

A temporary commissary building, 240 feet long by 90 wide, is also now

HANCOCK DESCENDENTS ENLIST IN THE SERVICE

San Bernardino, Cal.—Five great-great-grandchildren of John Hancock, signer of the Declaration of Independence, have joined Uncle Sam's army service from this city. The men are brothers, the fifth to join being Dr. A. E. Hancock, who has received a commission as first lieutenant in the dental section. The others are Beauford Hancock, Walter Clyde Hancock, Leslie Hancock and Alvin J. Hancock.

There are several cousins of the five brothers, also Hancocks and descendants of John Hancock, in the selective draft constituency from San Bernardino. The Hancock family helped to build San Bernardino in the fifties.

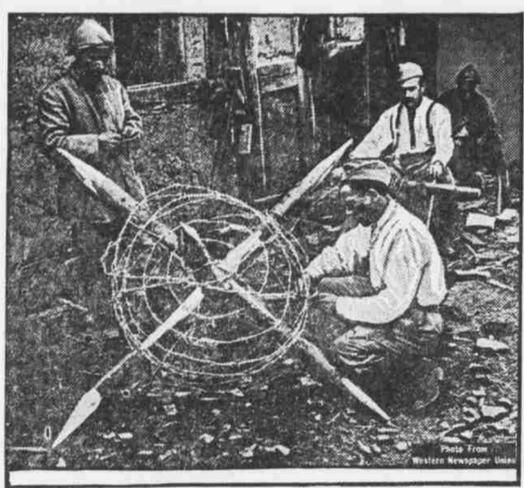
PUTS "PEP" INTO CHICKENS

Vaccination, as Advocated by the University of California, Seems to Be Successful.

Pomona, Cal.—Vaccination of chickens, advocated by a University of California poultry expert, and tried out here by Henry Boon on his 500 hens, is a remarkable bit of Hooverism, according to Boon, who has reported that his hens now scratch so energetically for worms that he has to feed them far less than formerly.

The poultry association here also advocates vaccination, asserting it prevents disease, causes the fowls to lay more eggs and gives them an astonishing amount of "pep" to scratch for a living.

WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS USED BY THE FRENCH



Wire entanglements such as these soldiers are making are used by the French with good results in places where posts cannot well be set up.

TELLS VOPICKA TO GET WINE EXEMPTS ONLY 1 OUT OF 20

Take Jonescu, Roumanian Statesman, Almost Forgot Important Advice.

Zurich, Switzerland.—Statesmen send queer telegrams, even at critical times. And while busy foreign officials are revealing the private intercourse of kaisers and czars, the Bucharest Lumina has pried into Roumanian archives to tell an anxious world what Take Jonescu telegraphed in a terse midnight telegram to Charles J. Vopicka, minister of the United States to Roumania. It was a critical hour for Roumania. The German invaders were marching over the Carpathians in three columns, and the royal government had transferred its capital to Jassy. Whereupon M. Jonescu telegraphed:

"Jassy 5026, Nov. 27, 1916, 12:40.—Urgent.

"Excellency Vopicka, American minister, Bucharest: I forgot to tell you that in the cellar of my house there are several bottles of Rhine wine. Even if you have to break into the palace, I beg you to take the wine and drink it to my health. Again a thousand thanks "TAKE JONESCU."

RULES TO AVOID FLAT FEET

Marine Corps Examining Surgeons Issue Some Simple Exercises and Pointers.

Washington.—Owing to the number of otherwise splendid applicants rejected from the United States Marine corps for flat feet, marine corps examining physicians have issued the following simple exercises and pointers, which if followed, they say, will remedy that ailment:

During exercise at all times, turn the toes in.

Walk with toes of each foot pointing to the front; in straight line, if possible.

Stand with toes turned in; raise body on toes, slowly, as high as possible. Rest a second, then with weight of body borne on toes, lower slowly down to floor, and repeat.

When in the house in stocking feet, walk on toes; heels not touching the floor, and toes in full swing, the foot always resting on the outer side.

The wearing of broad toe shoes, with the metal "arch supporter" absolutely abandoned, also is advocated.

LONG AND SHORT OF IT

It costs Uncle Sam \$18 a pair for shoes for Private Stuckey, of the Sixth Engineers, but the government figures he is worth all the extras he costs. The shoes are No. 16½, made to order. Stuckey is 6 feet 8 inches high, weighs 235 pounds and is 27 years old. He was one of Jess Willard's trainers for three years and fought the Kanan a 10-round bout in 1911. His friend is 5 feet 4 inches and wears a 6½ shoe.

TOLD IN A PARAGRAPH

The membership of the United Mine Workers of America was 350,000, according to the latest report.

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A recently patented eyeshade is supported from the nose like eyeglasses and is re-enforced by a malleable metal band that permits it to be fitted to heads of all shapes.

To keep the rollers and forms on a printing press clean while it is running, is the purpose of a vacuum cleaner that has been invented.

A German agriculturist has developed a method of extracting the fibrous inner bark of hop vines for use in the manufacture of cordage.

In the parable of the sower the Lord refers to grains of wheat which in good ground produced a hundred fold (Matt. 13:8). The common triticum vulgare will sometimes produce 100 grains to the ear.

AN ORATOR

Howell—From all accounts I take it that Howell is a very eloquent speaker.

Powell—Yes; I understand that his wife is influenced by what he says when he is talking in his sleep.



Helpmeet Complains of Hammock-Hugging Husband

DETROIT—Albert Hodges' hobby was a hammock. He loved to swing to and fro for hours at a time, and loudly protested if anything occurred to interrupt his pleasure, according to his wife, Mary. She says he would climb into a hammock at any time or place providing the hammock was strong enough to hold him—he weighed "something" over 200!

In the early days of the married life of Albert and Mary Hodges the former swung in his hammock as long and as often as he desired. There was little said about the matter, for Mrs. Hodges was working for her husband. Besides the housework, she says she did a great many things for him. Albert was told that man must expect life on earth to be one round of pleasure. Mrs. Hodges was offered a position as manager of a West Side hotel. She accepted the position and the first person she engaged was her husband, making him janitor of the institution.

About the first thing that he did after taking over the duties of his new job was to sling up his hammock on one of the front porches of the hotel and climb into it. Mrs. Hodges found him and the hammock, and immediately ordered the husband to the rear.

"I didn't care so much about the hammock being slung up in the rear of the place, but I didn't want it in the front," testified Mrs. Hodges in her suit for divorce.

"What happened after you ordered the hammock removed?" asked Judge Tucker.

"I removed it," she said. "But he was so angry that he struck me." Mrs. Hodges testified that her husband never contributed anything to her personal support.

"Didn't he give you any money for clothes at all?" asked the court.

"No, how could he when he was in the hammock all the time?" she asked.

Jealous Rage Responsible for Double Murder

LOS ANGELES.—Jealousy, whipped to white heat by an overheard telephone conversation, led to the killing of Mrs. J. D. Dole by her husband, an insurance official, who, after slaying his wife, cut his own throat and died clasping her body to his breast. Nothing is known of the tragedy itself, except the mute proof that was left to show that Dole had attacked his wife, that she had defended herself unsuccessfully, and that after he had accomplished her death he slew himself.

No person was present. Charles Dole, a son, seventeen, and Gladys, a daughter, fourteen, were at Sunday school. Neighbors heard no sounds of struggle. Canary birds, caged outside the window, sang cheerily throughout the morning. Yet the fight must have been terrific. Dole's skull was fractured by the blow of a small brass mallet and he was gashed about the head by a kitchen knife with which Mrs. Dole defended herself. The woman was also cut in several places on her arms where she tried to ward off blows Dole aimed at her with a razor.

As he was dying, Dole wrote a note in blood. It consists of only a few words, but explains, the police say, the motive which led to the murder and suicide. Dole gave the name of a man, who relatives say, had aroused his jealousy. The note reads:

"M— is the man."

There is also an address given in the note as that of the alleged home-wrecker. Charles Dole, the son, said that this man had been attentive to Mrs. Dole for a considerable period and that on one occasion he (the boy) thought of slaying the accused man with a hatchet because of his advances to his mother.

Offer Fine Estates for Convalescent Hospitals

NEW YORK.—Rich Americans are following the example of wealthy men of England and France by offering their estates to the government as convalescent hospitals for wounded soldiers. The army medical department has already approved Fennell's, at Rhinecliff, N. Y., home of Vincent Astor, and has under consideration offers of other estates near this city.

When fully equipped for their new purposes the country estates will receive wounded American soldiers from a great receiving hospital which the government is to build somewhere on Staten Island. At the convalescent hospitals the wounded men will have the entire use of the vast estates. Stables, gymnasiums and other outbuildings, it is understood, are included in the offers which the owners of palatial homes have made to the government. It is expected that the government, in a short time, will announce the acceptance of the Vincent Astor estate at Rhinecliff. Another home which has received the favorable attention of the medical department of the army is Drumthwacket, the M. Taylor Payne home near Princeton, N. J. It is also known that James Speyer is considering turning over Waldheim, his estate at Scarborough, N. Y., to the government for the period of the war.

Fennell's, the Vincent Astor home, is one of the most desirable sites in the country. The estate overlooks the Hudson and is valued at \$8,000,000. Vincent Astor, who is now in foreign service as an ensign in the Naval Reserve, inherited the estate from his father, Col. John Jacob Astor. At the beginning of the war Vincent Astor gave his yacht Mona to the government. He is now serving aboard that vessel.

Determined to "Do His Bit" in Liberty's Cause

SAN FRANCISCO.—John Strank, longshoreman, residing with his wife and baby here at 1124 Gough street, was made jubilant by notification that his persistent endeavor to become a soldier had been successful. When Strank applied for enlistment at the British recruiting headquarters a physician subjected him to physical examination and said he was visually defective and unfit to serve in the army. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he hunted the headquarters until at last another doctor "looked him over" and opined he might be eligible for some branch of the service in which perfection of vision is not an absolute necessity.

This difference of scientific opinion interested Capt. F. L. Goord, who sent a report of it to Maj. G. B. Hall, chief of the Canadian army medical corps at Victoria, B. C., and the major responded that he would not object to Strank being enlisted in the forestry branch of the service. Hence the jubilation of Strank.

He is a native of Lurgan, Ireland, served seven years in the British navy, had one of his eyes permanently injured while at work in the famous shipyard of Harland & Wolff, at Belfast, and came to California five years ago. Since then he has been employed along shore.

"My wife and I talked over the idea of my enlistment," he told Captain Goord, "and she agreed with me that it is every white man's duty to do his bit in this war."

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