

PICCADILLY CLUBS AID THE INJURED

British Mourners Suffer from Long Waiting.

CLIMB TREES IN HYDE PARK

Women Lifted Up to Poles Erected to Hold Flags at Half Mast, Pageant Following Police Like Kaleidoscope Medley of Scarlet, Blue, and Green Uniforms.

London, May 20.—Just before the arrival of the procession for which they had waited so long, all the clubs along Piccadilly formed themselves into first-aid to the injured, and depots were established. Women and men from the balconies and windows handed down smelling salts and water to the sufferers in the streets. In many cases women and men looked up pitifully to the stands and windows for water, with which they soaked their handkerchiefs and caps.

The police were not more lenient than usual. The small and big boys climbed the trees in Hyde Park unmolested and stretched themselves along the branches. Women were lifted up to poles which had been erected to hold flags at half-mast and clung there while the pageant passed.

Threw Oranges to Crowd. A man made his appearance at 10 o'clock with a basketful of oranges and a pail of water. The police helped him through the crowd. He stood on a little stool and threw the oranges right and left. Then, reaching for caps and handkerchiefs, he dipped them in the pail and handed them back to their grateful owners.

Every one chatted with his neighbor. Clerks, costers, well-to-do women, and bedraggled flower girls all became friendly. Everywhere the order for "decent mourning" was obeyed. In some cases fur caps and hats were worn, because they were black. The spring headgear had been colored, the wearers suffering bravely under the burning sun, secure in the consciousness they were in mourning.

At last the commissioner of police, in a gorgeous uniform, with much silver lace, galloped down the line. Behind him were two officers, who gave the word of command. Instantly all the soldiers reversed arms, leaning on them, bent slightly forward with drooping heads and lowered eyes. The procession was coming.

Throngs Hush Noise. Far in the distance could be seen the gleam of gold and silver, the flashing of bayonets and swords, and a kaleidoscope medley of scarlet, blue, and green uniforms. Nearer came the pageant, and over the crowd, a moment before so alive and restless, crept a wonderful hush. Men raised their hands and bared their heads, which they kept uncovered. The soldiers marched in perfect silence, their uniforms making a riot of color in the bright sunshine.

The Gordon Highlanders, the Grenadier Guards, the Prince of Wales' own, the Royal Hussars, and detachments of all other famous regiments passed without receiving a sign from a crowd which usually cheers them. Only when Field Marshals Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts came in sight were the people unable to keep silent. Then there was a hum, a desire to cheer, but no man raised his voice, and the silent popular soldiers rode by like men of stone, turning neither to the right or left.

A great sigh trembled in the air as the gun carriage with its burden went slowly by. Elderly men and women were not ashamed to be seen with tears rolling down their cheeks, while the younger ones gazed sadly at the catafalque of the king they loved.

King George Pale. The monarchs, although they rode slowly, went all too fast for the crowd, who longed to study their individuality. "There's our king," said one woman audibly as King George was seen, pale, but erect and dignified. He did not seem a very martial or imposing figure when compared with the Kaiser, who looked like a graven image.

The greatest interest was shown in King Alfonso, who wore a dark uniform, and who looked as if with a little encouragement he would have bowed to the people gazing at him in such friendly fashion. King Albert of Belgium, was easily the handsomest monarch. He rode a black horse superbly. Prince Henry, of the Netherlands, seemed greatly interested in everything. Some of the lesser royalties, the princes of Siam, China, and Montenegro even turned around on their horses to glance back at the crowds.

A buzz of sympathetic admiration greeted the Queen Mother. Through her transparent black veil her face could be well seen. She was deadly pale, with deep circles around her eyes, but never had she looked more beautiful. She bowed gravely to the people as she passed, leaning forward that they might see her.

Princess Victoria III. Princess Victoria leaned back in a corner of the carriage as if exhausted, holding a heavy crepe veil away from her face with her hand. She seemed ill, and was a source of great anxiety to her aunt, the Dowager Empress of Russia, who leaned forward and spoke to her continually.

Queen Mary sat erect in the second carriage. She glanced neither to the right or left, but the little Princess Mary chatted in the most animated manner, as she always does. Despite her tender years, she wore heavy mourning.

The Princess Patricia of Connaught and the Princesses Alexandra and Maud, Capital and Profts Over \$1,700,000.

FEATURES OF KING'S FUNERAL

Nine ruling monarchs and a host of lesser royalty rode horseback in procession. Number of spectators along line of march and side streets estimated at 2,500,000. Thirty-five thousand soldiers and thousands of police guarded route of cortege. Procession required two hours and seven minutes to cover three miles from Westminster Hall to Paddington Station. King's favorite charger, his pet terrier, footman, and valet in the procession. Every railway train and street car stopped for a few moments when procession started. Burial at St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. Five thousand floral tributes banded in chapel.

On Roosevelt rode in carriage with Foreign Minister Pichon, of France, and Saad Khan, of Persia, the colonel and Pichon wearing evening dress, black studs, and mourning bands. King George entertained visiting rulers at luncheon following funeral. The King died May 6.

Boy Princes Alert.

The Duchess of Connaught seemed swathed in crepe. She leaned back as if to avoid observation. Princess Henry of Battenberg was red-eyed and apparently deeply moved. The Duke of Cornwall and Princes Albert and Henry showed all a boy's restlessness and curiosity. After the last uniform had disappeared in the distance, the crowd tried to surge out into the streets, and the greatest difficulty in keeping the road clear for some troops who were returning after the procession had reached Paddington Station. In some cases the crowd was too strong, and guardsmen and policemen were swept aside, while women screamed and fainted. The mounted troops, however, backed their horses into the crowd and restored order.

FINAL TRIBUTES PAID BY BRITONS

Continued from Page One.

gateway. With the exception of the first, these carriages dropped their occupants at the chapel. These were Queen Mary and other royal ladies. The greatest difficulty in keeping the road clear for some troops who were returning after the procession had reached Paddington Station. In some cases the crowd was too strong, and guardsmen and policemen were swept aside, while women screamed and fainted. The mounted troops, however, backed their horses into the crowd and restored order.

King George at Windsor. As the train with the body of the King and with the royal mourners and special envoys and their suites reached the station at 12:33, the union jack on the round tower was hauled down and the royal standard run up at half-mast. King George was in Windsor.

Quickly, almost silently, the cortege formed itself, as in London, only now all were walking, and joined the guard of honor of the Life Guards, which was drawn up outside. Slowly, to the strains of Mendelssohn's Funeral March, played by the massed bands, the glittering company climbed the steep hill at the foot of the castle walls. The gun carriage on which the coffin lay was the same that carried Queen Victoria's coffin nine years ago. Then, it will be remembered, the horses balked and sailors in the cortege came quickly to the rescue and dragged the sacred burden safely to the chapel. That accident has now become a precedent.

One hundred and twenty-five sailors, with long white ropes, drew the gun carriage along, while forty others followed, holding stay ropes. The sailors' gun-carriage ropes looked like one piece of machinery. The ropes might have been rigged from iron bars. There was no sign that the efforts suggested that any man had an ounce of weight on him, but for the slow-moving legs and slight regular motion of white straw hats.

Magnificent Piece of Work. It might have been thought, viewed from above, on the roof of a guardroom of the sailors, that the gun carriage was being drawn along a platform by invisible ropes. It was a magnificent piece of work.

And so through narrow High street and the leafy boardwalk the procession made its way. Just beneath the round tower Queen Alexandra's carriage joined in behind the King, the Kaiser, and the Duke of Connaught. Her sister sat back, but the Queen Mother, pale, but strangely youthful looking, leaned forward, bowing to the right and left.

Within the chapel brilliant sunshine sent its rays on the purple mourning through the violet glass of the great window athwart the gray walls and the white-robed priests, as the archbishops of Canterbury and York walked side by side, preceded by two chaplains bearing crucifixes. Behind them, four boys, robed in scarlet and white, carried their fowing trains. Then followed the canons of St. George in long crimson cloaks, officers of the Order of the Garter, wearing all their insignia and blue mantles; the bishops of Winchester and Oxford, prelates of the order, and other clergy.

Scene a Gorgeous One. As it was without, so it was within the chapel. The scene was gorgeous, prismatic, kaleidoscopic, iridescent. All the stock words fall to convey the effect of the wondrous mixture of colors, in the costumes and uniforms dating from those of the modern court officials, soldiers, and sailors; to the medieval girdles of the Garter Pursuivants and all the officers of that noble order. It was just before 12:30 when the procession of clergy filed slowly from the choir through the nave. The curfew bell had begun to toll from its ancient tower, and the sign of minute guns boomed through the chapel, and the strains of Beethoven's "Funeral March" from without, mingled with the organ's softer tones within. Then came a sudden hush, and the standing congregation heard the long, shrill melancholy sound of a whistle, but few knew its significance. As the coffin was being lifted from the gun carriage outside the chapel, a boatswain's whistle was sounding its last pipe to an admiral of the fleet.

Then through the nave, which was empty from side to side, pillar to pillar, through the screen and past the stalls of the Garter Knights, on either side of the choir, slowly and solemnly walked that wonderful body of men, representative of the whole civilized world, which need not be described again. The coffin, as at Westminster Hall, was covered smoothly by the royal standard. It was carried by noncommissioned officers of the guards, who were supported on either side by two more rows.

Bring Coffin Panel. Behind commissioned officers bore the coffin panel, on which were the crown, scepter, and orb. Then walked King

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gives solid satisfaction. Suits that not only look well—stylish and classy—but give good, long service. In the young men's and boys' clothing especially their productions win the highest favor of critical parents, while their nobby, chic, classy styles please the young men and boys immensely. As for our other great purchases of special lots, we need only mention the name of a house that stands pre-eminent for reliability of fabric, style, and workmanship. Fine Scotch, English, and American woolsens, in all the newest tones and shades. All the latest style touches, many of them exclusive. Extra salesmen will be on duty while the sale continues to give you prompt and satisfactory service. We have arranged all the suits from the various makers in price groups. In some of these groups, all the makers will be found. In others, only two or three are represented.

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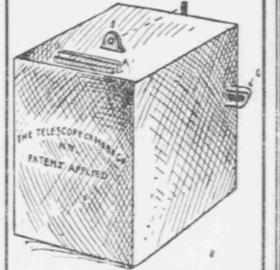
At \$14.75 Young Men's Suits Made to Retail at \$20 and \$22.50 Stunning! The best ever! Just let your eye rush over those browns, for instance. Look at the snap in those lines; all the ultraconcepts in lapels, pockets, and cuffs. Two and three button sack coats, &c.

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WOMEN'S FULL SEAMLESS COTTON Hose, in black, white, balbriggan, and colors; also with white feet; also Lace Hose, in black and colors; 15c and 18c values; also Children's Seamless Hose; medium and light weight; also mercerized list; black and colors; also Infants' Sox in colors; values, 15c and 18c. 8c

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Not a toy—a genuine telescope photo camera, complete with plates, plate holder, developing tank, &c. Complete outfit free.

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At \$2.98 Boys' \$4 Norfolk Suits. 28 BOYS' NORFOLK SUITS, WITH bloomer pants; sizes 5 to 10 years. Value is positively \$4.

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At \$1.49 Boys' \$3.50 Wash Suits. 50 WASH SUITS IN RUSSIAN AND SAILOR Blouse styles; white and colors; sizes 2 1/2 to 10 years. Values up to \$3.50.

George, leading the Queen Mother by the hand. She, with a pale, strangely composed face and simple flowing black costume, was throughout the central figure in this great historic picture. The pale face turned now to this and now to that side with a slight, graceful, but, as it seemed, unseeing look. The standing congregation, ranged vis-a-vis along the chapel, bowed in return. There was something almost weird and uncanny in this sad exchange of courtesy. It seemed a farewell rather than a greeting.

The altar was simply decked with two white vases, containing white lilies. Behind it, a dim, confused mass of white and scarlet, stood the choir. On either side was a group of military and naval officers and Garter officials. Before it were the archbishops and bishops. In front of them stood a plain, purple-covered catafalque, three or four feet high. On this was laid the coffin and panel with the regalia.

At the head of the coffin was a purple velvet prie dieu, beside which the Queen Mother took her stand. On her left stood the Kaiser, looking stern, old, and gray-faced. King George stood a little behind her, on the right. Before him, on the Queen Mother's right, was the Dowager Empress of Russia. Behind, five abreast, but not ranged with any precision, stood the rest of the company of kings and princes, behind whom stood the other special envoys and their suites, with officers representing every foreign regiment of which King Edward was honorary colonel. They now completely filled the choir and nave, and the chapel blazed with a riot of colors, in which the black costumes of the women were lost. From the moment the archbishops met

the coffin at the top of the entrance steps the regular burial service of the Church of England proceeded, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York conducting the first portion and Bishops of Winchester and Oxford, as prelates of the Order of the Garter, conducting the latter portion.

The Queen Mother, silently weeping, knelt on the prie dieu beside the wide opening, which gaped blackly to receive the coffin. This was soon lying on the catafalque, covered only by the royal standard. The panel, with the insignia of kingship, was placed on a great purple pillow on the steps of the altar. Presently King George stepped forward and placed on the coffin a square, dark, crimson cloth. This was King Edward's "company color" of the Grenadier Guards. As the choir chanted "Man that is born of Woman" the coffin noiselessly and swiftly disappeared.

It is strange how few noted its disappearance. People remarked afterward that they had seen it on the catafalque at one moment, and then the next they realized it was no longer there. Doubtless attention was more riveted on the notable group living near the grave than on the casket of the great dead, who was to descend there. As the sentence "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust" was uttered a military officer stepped forward from the group near the altar and crumbled a handful of earth into the grave.

Queen Mother Weeping. It was now nearing the end of this stately ceremony. The tension of it showed plainly in the faces of those who stood morning at Westminster Hall had been apart. The Queen Mother still wept silently. The Kaiser's stern face grew paler and more firmly set. Mr. Roosevelt's usually tanned and ruddy face was pale and fixed. The dark-skinned Gurus, Impressive Orientals, alone showed no sign of the feelings which must have stirred every bosom.

Before the final hymn, Garter King-at-arms, Sir A. S. Scott-Gatti stepped to the side of the grave and proclaimed the style and titles of the dead and of the new King. "Thus it hath pleased Almighty God

to take out of this transitory life into His divine mercy the late, most high, most mighty, and most excellent monarch, Edward VII, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the seas—King, defender of the faith and Emperor of India, sovereign of the most noble Order of the Garter. Let us most humbly beseech Almighty God to bless with long life, health, honor, and all worldly happiness the most high, most mighty, and most excellent monarch, our sovereign King, George, now, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the seas, King, defender of the faith, Emperor of India, and sovereign of the most noble Order of the Garter. God save the King."

Kaiser Bows Low. Then followed the hymn: "Now the Laborer's Task Is O'er." The Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the benediction upon the kneeling congregation, among whom the upstanding figure of a Moslem Turk was conspicuous. The Kaiser bowed low as he knelt. The Catholics crossed themselves. Then rising from his knees the King again took his mother by the hand and raised her from prie dieu. With one long look into the grave she turned away and George V, as son rather than King, led her gently through the door at the left of the altar. The Kaiser followed with Queen Mary, and the rest of the glittering company followed, each as he passed, turning to the right and giving a last look into the grave, and each made some gesture of respect and farewell to the illustrious dead. Some crossed themselves, once, twice, or thrice. Others genuflected deeply. Others, again bowed simply as they passed the black opening in the stone floor and went out into the brilliant sunshine on the side of the chapel out of view of the spectators.

The entire funeral company then entered the castle, where luncheon was served in the dining hall. It was practically the same company that dined at Buckingham Palace last evening with the royal ladies. They were seated at ten tables. At the Queen's table

was the Kaiser on her right. At the King's table Queen Maud of Norway had the seat of honor, as the only visiting Queen. Mr. Roosevelt also had the honor of sitting at the King's table. The luncheon lasted an hour. It must have been a sad meal, but over the castle the royal standard flew mast high, for the King of England was again within his ancient home.

MRS. ROOSEVELT SEES PROCESSION AT WINDSOR.

London, May 20.—Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth this morning went to Windsor where they witnessed the procession entering the castle. They went there on the special train which carried the distinguished guests of the majesties, the King and Queen, Kermit Roosevelt and sister Ethel saw the procession from Dorchester House, which afforded a splendid view of the cortege climbing the gentle slope from Bucks Park lane and Piccadilly to the Marble Arch.

TRIBUTE TO LATE KING.

Distinguished Congregation Attends Services at St. John's. St. John's Church was the scene of a distinguished congregation which gathered to do honor to the memory of King Edward VII of England, when memorial services were held yesterday morning at 11 o'clock in the presence of President and Mrs. Taft, members of the diplomatic corps, of the Cabinet, and other government officials.

A drapery of purple was stretched across the arched ceiling of the chancel, the church being decorated with white and green flowers.

The services, conducted by Rev. Dr. Roland Cotton Smith, pastor, and Bishop Harding, were marked for their simplicity.

Special news were reserved for the President and Mrs. Taft and Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce. Officers of the army and navy, in full dress uniform, made a marked contrast to the deep mourning worn by Mrs. Taft.

Your Hair Falling Out? Does not Color the Hair. If so, there are germs at work right at the roots of the hair. The best thing to do? Destroy these germs, every one of them. Any hair medicine made that will do this, and without the slightest harm to the hair? Yes; Ayer's Hair Vigor. You save what hair you have, and you get a new growth besides. Doubtful about this? Then let your doctor decide. Ask him what he thinks of Ayer's Hair Vigor. With his approval, you should feel perfectly safe. J. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass.

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