

# 20,000 WATCH CHILDREN MARCH

### Annual May Procession of St. Aloysius' Church Is Impressive Spectacle.

## CECILIA O'DEA QUEEN

### Gonzaga Cadets and Altar Boys in Line with 800 Children—Choir Takes Part.

Headed by clergy and acolytes in immaculate robes, more than 800 children of St. Aloysius' Church, marched in solemn procession through the streets of the vicinity of the church, North Capitol and streets northwest, yesterday afternoon in honor of the Virgin Mary, the Queen of May.

The procession ended in the church, where, with pomp and ceremony, Miss Cecilia O'Dea, of Notre Dame Academy, crowned a statue of the Virgin Mary, whom she represented in the procession. The maids of honor to the queen were Misses Mary Helen and Frances Mealey, also of Notre Dame Academy.

Fully 20,000 persons lined the sidewalks as the children, decorated with crowns, angel wings and vari-colored sashes, passed. Sweet fumes of incense drifted ahead of the marchers from the censers carried by the acolytes. More spectators were attracted to the procession by the choral choir of the church, which sang hymns along the line of march. Between hymns a band played sacred music.

### Five Hundred Girls in Line.

The 500 girls in the procession, students of Notre Dame Academy, were divided into bands representing various feasts and events in the history of the Catholic Church. The boys were of Gonzaga Parochial School, and were led by the newly organized cadet regiment of Gonzaga College.

Among the characters of sacred history represented in the procession, the most striking was a series of banners relating the life of Christ on earth. Each banner-bearer was draped in sashes and flowers of a different color and followed by a score of girls in similar array.

Before the queen marched the crown-bearer, boy, and behind him came a troop of tiny "angels," adorned with spangled wings. A squadron of Gonzaga Cadets formed a bodyguard about the queen.

## SAYS WILL OF PEOPLE IS STRONGER THAN LAW

### Joseph Patoriza, of Houston, Tex., Talks on Taxes at Public Library.

That the people are stronger than the laws upon the statute books, and, therefore, that any community may levy its taxes as it wishes was the statement of Joseph J. Patoriza, finance and tax commissioner of Houston, Tex., yesterday afternoon at the Public Library.

Mr. Patoriza assessed land for its full value, buildings, machinery and other improvements at 25 per cent of their value, and allows personal property such as cash, bonds, notes, mortgages, credits and household furniture to go untaxed.

"The reason the Houston plan of taxation was approved by 98 per cent of the citizens was that everybody was treated alike. Hundreds of taxpayers who had been getting their property assessed at 10 and 20 cents on the dollar were raised, and those who had been assessed at more than 100 per cent were lowered. The result was that about 5,000 persons had their taxes reduced.

"When this plan was inaugurated, buildings were far too few in Houston for the tenants who wanted better ones. By reducing the building assessment, we made additional construction an immediate necessity and now people are getting their homes cheaper than before and the laboring men have twice as much work as they formerly had."

Mr. Patoriza was introduced by Representative Joseph Henry Earle, of Houston. Reading Clerk H. Martin Williams, of the House, presided.

### "WORLD" HIS TOPIC.

### Rev. Charles W. Wood Addresses Mount Vernon Seminary Girls.

"The world we live in and the things we can do for it," was the subject of the baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Charles W. Wood, pastor of the Church of the Covenant, before the graduates of Mount Vernon Seminary yesterday afternoon.

Today at 5 o'clock the students will hold the senior tree planting exercises at the school playgrounds. At 8 o'clock there will be a musical recital in the chapel. Class exercises will be held in the school chapel tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, and tonight the Glee Club will give a concert.

The graduating exercises will be held Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock in Memorial Continental Hall. Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College, will be the principal speaker.

### HOLD MAY PROCESSION.

### Children of St. Mary's Church March in Honor of Virgin Mary.

Miss Mary Messink, 19, living at 627 Pennsylvania street, was crowned queen in the May procession held by hundreds of children of St. Mary's Catholic Church yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. She was preceded by 400 little ones, all garbed in white, wearing sashes of different hues and accompanied by a court of honor in the march around the block to the church, in Fifth street northwest, between H and I streets.

When the children entered the church, the statue of the Virgin Mary was crowned with flowers. Rev. John E. Roth, the pastor, preached a sermon on the life of the Blessed Virgin.

## In Pulmonary Troubles of Every Nature

one of the first needs is rest, combined with pure food and abundance of fresh air night and day. Sometimes these agencies are sufficient to effect relief. In other cases, rundown systems need tonic help.

Where the latter is indicated, it is wise to try Eckman's Alternative—line-healing compound which is easily assimilated by the average person.

For more than twenty years this preparation has been widely used and many recoveries are attributed to it. Even in advanced cases of pulmonary affections it has proved beneficial.

One feature not commonly found in effective medicines is its absolute freedom from poisonous or habit-forming drugs. Therefore a trial is safe.

O'Donnell's drug store and leading druggists.

# Through a Woman's Eyes

## VI.—THE MODERN SOLDIER.

By MAY CHRISTIE, M. A.

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The humor of warfare is always mingled with pathos, and funny sights abound in every city which sends soldiers to the front. Suspended before a certain London bookshop there dangles a stout piece of rope. The passersby look at it curiously, but when they read the printed notice below, they are enlightened. It runs like this:

"If there is a dirty dog in this neighborhood who calls himself a conscientious objector and would not fight for his own sister, wife or children, here is the rope and he is at his disposal, and I will promise not to cut him down until he is cold."

The other day in the wards of a hospital, I saw a wounded Tommy, who to all appearances was dying. The doctor paused beside the bed and as he looked at the patient, through a maze of bandages, the patient spoke. "Lemme git up, doctor, and go back to the bloomin' trenches!" he implored.

"But your wounds, my man?" began the doctor, anxious.

"That's just it," said the Tommy. "I kin remember the blighter what done it, and I want to meet im 'fore I forgets the look of im!"

The new V. C.'s are men of most amazing heroism. There's the young lance corporal who was badly wounded in both arms in terrific fighting. He never stopped, or even wavered. On, on, in a whirl of agony, but always at the head of his men. Retreat? Impossible! The enemy came roaring "Charlie Chaplin" and his right leg was smashed off at the knee.

The corporal reeled over, but courage triumphed over pain. Though his limb was shattered the fighting spirit of the lad was left intact. And that is all that really matters. With encouraging shouts to those behind, he crawled forward, still at the head of his little company, and refusing any assistance. "On, quick to that crater fifty yards ahead!" he cried, and managed to stagger to his feet. Leaping and limping over obstacles, despite the agony of his wounds and the faintness from the severed artery, he reached his position. For two long hours he held his post, issuing orders to the men, shouting encouragement at every sign of wavering, praising their bravery and controlling their fire.

The enemy attacked the company from another side. Quick as lightning the little corporal altered the placing of his men to withstand the new counter attack. Though his body was broken, his brain seemed to have taken on a double activity.

It was only when the long fight was over that the boy would permit his wounds to be attended to, and even then he insisted that the best dressings and liniments be sent to the other sufferers. "I'll pull through all right, never fear!" he said, forcing a twisted smile to his pain-drawn features. "Don't mind me."

For fourteen hours he had to lie there, for the enemy had cut them off. And all that time he had a cheery word for every one, and sometimes sang gay snatches of song. To his magnificent courage the saving of a tensely critical situation is entirely due.

Another of the new V. C.'s is a little private who in the face of an ocean of enemy fire rescued his sergeant. Climbing the trench parapet, he was the splendid target for a score of enemy snipers and a hundred machine guns. But on he rushed toward the enemy lines, on over the deadly ground of No-Man's-Land. A bullet hit him in the chest—he felt no pain! The shells whizzed by him—and it seemed as though the smile on his face were flying straight at them! He carried off the lower part of his face. Still he pressed on.

Reaching his sergeant's side at last, he could not speak. Poor boy, the flying shrapnel had done his deadly work. Broken and disfigured as he was, he stooped down and raised the other to his feet. By a series of signs he indicated to him that he was to lean his weight upon the rescuer.

Still with a whirl of shells about him, he dragged the sergeant back to life and safety. No wonder that to him is given a decoration of the highest order.

The pain that these men face unflinchingly is beyond a price. "I've never had a crawling home," wrote an officer on a chalky stone with a shaky finger dipped in the blood of his wounds. His legs had been blown off—and his one fear was that if he did not return soon to the trenches some gallant lad might risk his own life in an attempt to save him.

"I always feel so sorry for the men whose doctor will not 'pass' them for active service. For fellows, it's a keen disappointment. I heard one well-meaning, but rather tactless, surgeon quoting poetry as a solace. 'They also serve who only stand and wait,'" he murmured pacifically. "Gorbimey!" said the disappointed one wearily. "I'd far rather be shot and know I'd done my duty!"

Recruiting incidents are often very humorous. A big coalheaver was yearning to join a certain battalion. He never had a day's illness in his life. Such a splendid Hercules of a man! He waited his turn in the long line. "No need for you to worry," said his friends. "The army will surely jump at the chance of getting you."

But the coal-heaver seemed a little anxious about his fate. When it came to his turn the doctor stared at the man's teeth, then shook his head. "I'm sorry, my lad, but I can't pass you. Your teeth are too bad."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" cried the would-be fighter. "You passed the same teeth yesterday with Big Bill, and we both borrowed them for the occasion!"

A much-harassed recruiting officer was annoyed by a string of obviously unfit applicants. "Come back this afternoon early," he said, "because if this goes on there'll be a line of invalid chairs that'll block the traffic for a mile around."

The youngest soldier in the army hails from Canada. He is only twelve years old, but a most useful adjunct to the company. When war broke out, his father joined the first Canadian contingent. The boy plead to go, too—but people only laughed at him. And he was left behind.

The disappointment struck deep in his petriole little heart. He was big and strong, and oh, so anxious to do his share! So one night he slipped away from home and found the road to the port leave. "I'll go to England as a stow-away," he resolved—and forthwith a doorknob which the regiment was to smuggle himself on board the big transport.

Later he was discovered, but then it was too late to send him back. No one on board had the heart to rebuke him, either. And when they landed, he became trumper to the regiment. At Ypres the boy was wounded. "Must I really leave the regimental band?" he asked with great sadness. It seemed to him an overwhelming sorrow that at the mature age of twelve his fighting days should be done!

But now he's a dispatch rider. Through seas of Flanders mud he scurries on his motorcycle, carrying the precious dispatches with a great pride.

In the Fleur-de-Lys, the quaint trench journal of a certain regiment, scribbled in pencil and sometimes stained with blood, there's a strange little tale of a doorknob which a mud-stained Tommy cherishes as one of his most valued possessions. "I got it in this way," he says: "One night I was sent out with

my section, and somehow got lost. Wandering about for a long time, trying to find my way back, suddenly came across a small 'pub,' at the sight of which I had a most violent thirst. So I knocked—but nobody answered. I knocked again—but still no answer. Grabbing the doorhandle, I was intending to force my way in when one of those Jack Johnson shells came along and blew the pub clean out of sight, leaving the knob in my hand.

Austrian slang has come to stay in England. One hears it everywhere. The "Anzac" soldiers talk in slang. They add to it new words of Egyptian Arabic, French, or German, modified to their own accents. The following dialogue actually took place between two "Anzacs" in Gallipoli:

Said the first: "I have just heard some bonza news."

"What? Another furze?"

"No, dinkum ol' this time; the boys have limbed the Turks on the left, and got fifty prisoners, who say they have had mateesh tucker for three days."

The Englishman, in a strong favor of here, "Bonza" means "splendid." "Furze" means "rumor." "Dinkum" means "genuine," and "dinkum ol'" "authenticated news." The word "limsh" stands for "escaped," while "mateesh" stands for "nothing."

Poor captured Turks, then, with their hard-luck tale of "mateesh tucker." Let us hope the gallant "Anzacs" fed them at once. As a matter of fact, the Turkish prisoners have always been splendidly treated, and the following letter, written by a Turkish captive, Suleiman Sururi, points to the fact. It's a queer mixture of piety and sharpness toward the "main chance" of the English.

"Comrades," he writes, addressing the epistle to friends and relatives, "it is my holy duty as a brother to tell you how comfortable I am since I have been taken prisoner, especially at this time of the year when the weather is so cold. My brothers, I tremble at the thought of the time I was in the trenches. I cannot help being sorry when I think of the scarcity of the coffee, the cold trenches and the bad treatment you are receiving at the hands of your superiors, and at the various miseries you are enduring. Indeed, I weep in blood."

"Directly I was brought in they gave me hot tea, plenty of food, jam and cigarettes, plenty of blankets, woolen clothes and boots such as I have never known before." (Poor old Suleiman, his plight must have been deplorable.)

"In fact," he continues, in a flight of genial warmth, "the treatment I have received is such as a father might wish for his son, and cannot be better. From greatest to lowest all are treating me as a brother. Our religion is respected. The English are no enemies of our race, in reality they are true friends of ours. My brothers, my only wish for you is that you may have the same comfort as I now enjoy. Therefore, find a way of getting rid as soon as possible of this misery. Come here without delay, and throw yourselves into the bosom of this great and good nation."

"I call on the Almighty to watch you and comfort you."

"Your compatriot and comrade-in-arms, Suleiman Sururi."

The officers home on leave have many interesting tales to tell. The struggles of his orderly with the slippery French tongue was the theme of one the other day. "My man's a fine cook," the major declared, "but he somehow cannot learn the French language, so he comes to me for the names of the things. He took him quite a long time to learn that 'oeufs' meant 'eggs.' But once it penetrated his brain, he never grew tired of purchasing them, and each day I had eggs cooked in every variety of way. After a time it grew monotonous, and I was delighted to see him march in with a boiled fowl. 'Paddy, how did you get that?' I asked. 'I didn't know you knew the French for 'chicken.'"

"No more Ol' do, sorr," was the answer, but the owl woman jabbered "Voulez vous des oeufs?" and fetched them. "No, sez Ol' pointin' to the eggs, and talkin' bowld, Je voulez mamma de l'oeuf, and she be jabbers, the owl girl understood me."

Another officer declares that he overheard the following conversation between a British dispatch rider "Somewhere in Flanders" and a Frenchman. Something had obviously gone wrong with the dispatch rider's motorcycle, and he was gestulating in a vain endeavor to explain the situation to his sympathetic but quite unenlightened companion.

"Vous comprenez? Je sacre nolette! Il est comme loosez sur les bislignés quelquechose. Donnez moi une spanner, mon ami, vous comprenez? Une Roi Dick—une Roi de Richard—King Dick, vous sillez pas. Heintun? Ça, ça, ça, le brutal nelette il fait all loosez? Ouvrez—ouvrez—off—hang! A spanner—une spanner—une make forme. Oh, blow! Allez vous fat-fetted chump. Departez a Hades!"

But the Frenchman smiled on tranquilly. He didn't understand a word of it. Perhaps it was as well that he didn't. "But he is droll, that young Englishman!" he was murmuring to himself. "Only it is sad that I cannot be of assistance at this so important crisis."

A sense of humor is the strong point in the modern soldier's character. And if it were not so life would be infinitely harder. For laughter makes loads lighter, and turning the funny side takes much of war's discomfort away. Oh, thrice blessed sense of humor!

### PITCHFORK IN HIS BRAIN.

### Sleeper May Die as Result of Brother's Mishap.

York, Pa., May 21.—Tossing a hayfork down from the mow, Clayton Taylor, 30, of Codorus township, today probably fatally injured his brother Charles, 30, who was sleeping in the hay below. A tine of the fork pierced the skull of the sleeping man.

Charles had gone to the barn to feed the stock, but became drowsy and fell asleep before carrying out his object. Clayton, coming to the barn later, saw that the stock had not been fed, and not noticing his sleeping brother, climbed to the mow to throw down hay. Having completed his task, he dropped the fork through the hay hole, when a groan from beneath apprised him of what he had done.

The tine pierced deep into the elder brother's brain, causing a cerebral hemorrhage and partial paralysis. His recovery is regarded as doubtful.

### YEARS FOR A POKE.

### Chicago Packer Would Pay \$25 to Hit a Street Car Conductor.

Chicago, May 21.—With his 23 pounds Ignatz Reuther, a packer, of 615 West Chicago avenue, will not sit in a street car again.

"There was a vacant seat when I boarded the street car," he told Judge Sullivan, "but this man (W. C. Brown, of 1533 North Clermont avenue), occupied all but thirteen inches of it. I called a name and sat down. Then the conductor (W. C. Brown) gave me a \$25 cash bond, but I'll forfeit it if you give me the right to poke that conductor in the nose."

Judge Sullivan discharged him but withheld his permission to poke the conductor.

# TO USE BUTTONS IN SALOON FIGHT

### Moral Suasion League Plans Campaign with "I Will Not" Badges.

## MEETING NEXT SUNDAY

### Campaign Motto Will Be Reply to "Have a Drink" Invitations. Davis to Speak.

A breath-saving device, intended to forestall lengthy arguments in support of invitations refused, will be provided "teetotalers" of Washington at a mass meeting next Sunday afternoon at the First Congregational Church.

The device, of automatic respondent to such queries as "Have a drink?" is of the simple construction of a button, to be worn upon the coat lapel. It is colored blue, with white letters which reply emphatically and decisively, "I will not."

The button is not designed primarily to work economies of breath in protesting abstinence, but has a moral significance and is the official badge of the Moral Suasion League. The object of the league is to fight the saloon by employing moral suasion upon its customers.

"Cyclone" Davis, Representative from Texas, will be among the speakers next Sunday. Other speakers will be Representative Addison T. Smith, Rev. John McMurray, Rev. Howard Smith, and Rev. Sixsmith. Announcement of the league's campaign and the mass meeting was made by John R. Maloney yesterday at the mass meeting in the First Congregational Church under auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

### Plans Announced Yesterday.

The speakers at the meeting were Representative Fess, of Ohio, and Rev. John D. Wadman, superintendent of the Antislavery League, of Hawaii. Rev. Albert Rex Johnson and Rev. Paul R. Hickok assisted in the services. The meeting was opened with a demonstration in which fifty boys and girls participated. The spectacle was arranged and directed by Mrs. Susanna B. Blaine, national organizer of the W. C. T. U.

## THE GREATEST BOOK OF THE AGE

### No Book Like "Heart Throbs" Has Ever Appeared Before.

In response to an offer of \$10,000 in awards, more than 50,000 of what Lincoln called the "plain people of America" sent to the publishers selections of poems, stories and I need not say, that had comforted them in affliction, cheered them in adversity, and inspired them with new courage. From this vast number of contributors United States Senator Allison and Admiral Dewey chose 840 selections they deemed the most worthy, and the contributors that appear in "Heart Throbs" are from these 840 successful contestants. Here are hundreds of gems of literature that are dear and dear to the hearts of the people. Many cannot be found elsewhere today, even in the large Metropolitan libraries, and this is one of the unique features of the two volumes, which are on display at this office, and the coupon for which is printed elsewhere in today's paper.

### CIVIC BODIES ADVOCATE NEW 'LOAN SHARK' LAW

### In Statement They Declare the Rate Should Be at Least 2 Per Cent.

A number of civic organizations of Washington have issued a statement advocating an increased rate of interest for money lenders in the District. The statement urges the passage of a loan bill increasing the interest rate to at least 2 per cent. A comparison of rates at other cities is shown in the statement.

The organizations already on record as favoring the passage of the bill include the Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce, Federation of Citizens' Associations, Monday Evening Club, Woman's Welfare Branch of the National Civic Federation, and the Associated Charities.

The statement points out specific cases of misfortune resulting from restrictions now placed on the interest rate. Illustration points out that a man was obliged to let his children suffer because he could not, under the present law, pay an additional 3 cents for a loan. A million-dollar rate of 2 per cent per month is urged by the supporters.

### Sues Her Mother-in-Law.

Bridgeport, Conn., May 21.—Suit for \$200,000 has been filed in the Superior Court by Mrs. Vera Wychoff, of Stamford, against her mother-in-law, Mrs. Anna Mitchell, alleging alienation of the affections of her husband, Spofford Wychoff, son of the defendant.

## PIMPLES EASILY GOTTEN RID OF

### Simple Home Treatment Without Salves or Lotions.

The cause of nine-tenths of the pimples people have is faulty digestion, stomach trouble, inactive liver and constipation. When this is understood the matter of getting rid of pimples becomes very simple one, and the right remedy is found. The great success of NR Tablets as a treatment for pimples lies in the fact that this remedy not only rouses the liver to activity and relieves constipation but it also contains certain vegetable elements which tone up and correct the stomach, promote the flow of gastric juice and relieve fermentation in stomach and intestines.

It is recommended that anyone with pimples take Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) every night before retiring—do this for a few nights running and they will find that their complexion will clear, the pimples will disappear and they will feel better in every way.

For everyone that is constipated or "liverish" or anyone suffering with rheumatism—young or old—our advice is, take an NR Tablet tonight and you'll feel better in the morning. Get a 25c box at any druggist's. Guaranteed or your money back.

People's Drug Stores, 7th and K Sts., 7th and E Sts., 7th and M Sts., and 14th and U Sts.

# The New Men's Shop Is Getting a Little Impatient with Some of You Young Men



Doing a good business is not enough—when it comes to Pinch-back Suits. This Shop should have the trade of all you young men—

**Because**  
1—Pinch-back Suits are here in much the greatest variety.  
2—Pinch-back Suits are here at \$14.50—superior to the majority at \$20.

**First Look**  
—in the show window at Pinch-back Suits on life-like forms and be assured that you can be as perfectly fitted.

**Prove It**  
—Drop in and slip into the coat of the Pinch-back that takes your fancy.

\$14.50

# The Palais Royal

The New Men's Shop Entrance is on G Street, Two Doors East of Eleventh.

## Preparedness

"Safe-Tea First"

When you expect company you prepare everything beforehand—You want to be sure of serving the best—that's it—and after all—you do it for hubby every day as well. Here's something distinctive—of supreme India-Ceylon quality—and after you have tried it you won't say to the grocer—"I want some Tea" but you will insist on

# Ridgways Tea

Awarded Gold Medal—Highest Honor India-Ceylon Teas—San Francisco, 1915