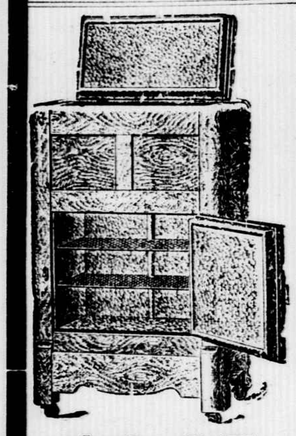
Jackson Bros. Inc
The Big Store 915 to 925 Seventh Street

Early Buyers' Sale

Fine Furniture Priced Low for the Benefit of First Buyers.

The early buyers will get the best of it. We are starting the season with the biggest Furniture values of our career. Don't fail to see these great specials for this week.

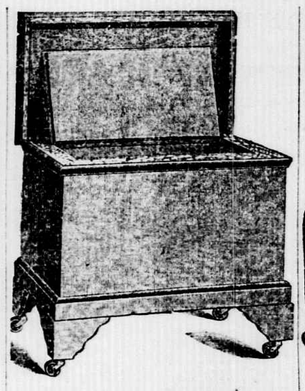
Our New Method Credit Plan Is a Real Help.



$6.85

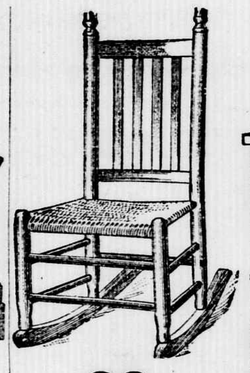
Up for JACKSON BROS.' **Refrigerators**

Are the best that money can buy—they are fully guaranteed and have every advantage and improvement of the much-advertised makes at double our prices.



$4.85

and up for Heavy, Substantial, Deep, Roomy Iceboxes; all hard wood—first-class construction.

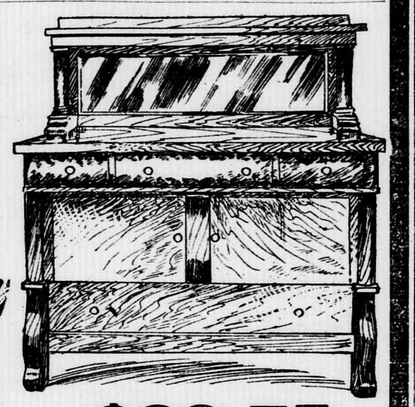


69c

Maple-frame Rockers with woven rattan seats. The finest little porch or sewing rocker you can get. Actual value, $1.25. Special, Monday only,

69c

No phone or mail orders.



$38.75

For This Rich, Massive **Colonial Buffet**

Extra Heavy Construction. Regular Price, $55.

98c

For Genuine Brass Fern Dish and Mirror Reflector, fern included, value, $1.50

Biggest Line of Brass Beds in Washington.

$19.85

For Extra Value Guaranteed **Lacquer Brass Beds**

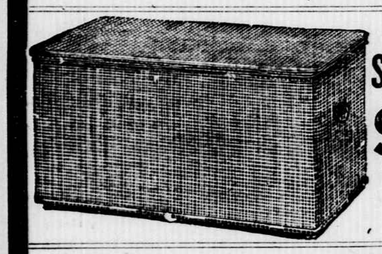
Real Value, $30.00.

19c

For These Fine **Matting Rugs**

$12.85 and Up

For Handsome, Large, Roomy Rattan-hooded Baby Coaches. Big variety white, natural, French, gray and brown; elegant springs; easy riding.



GOOD SIZE **Shirt Waist Box**

$1.85

Covered With Best Matting. Value, $3.00.

Fine Imported Grass Rugs

Far Superior to Any Domestic Makes

WALL OF TROY DESIGNS

16 in. x 36 in.	35c	6 ft. x 9 ft.	$4.15
27 in. x 54 in.	70c	8 ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in.	$6.10
36 in. x 72 in.	$1.25	9 ft. x 12 ft.	$8.10

9 ft. x 12 ft. Fine Wool Fiber Rugs : : : : $7.85

Inlaid Linoleum, Yard : : : : : : : 95c

Jackson Bros. Inc
The Big Store 915 to 925 Seventh Street

J. Maury Dove Company, Inc.,

Announce a reduction of

50c Per Ton

On all domestic sizes of Anthracite Coal, effective during the current month of April.

Principal Office, 12th and F Sts. N.W.

Private Branch Exchange M. 4270 Connects All Depots.

"Liniment"

—FEELS GOOD AND DOES GOOD
—and the best of all liniment is

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

—Allays pain, reduces inflammation or swelling.
—Heals cuts, bruises, lacerations, sores and ulcers.
—Splendid spray for the throat if sore or infected.
—Kills typhoid and diphtheria germs in 4 minutes.

And ABSORBINE, JR., has this advantage—it is non-poisonous—no danger in having it around.

ABSORBINE, JR., is sold by leading druggists at $1.00 and $2.00 a bottle or sent direct, all charges paid. Descriptive pamphlet and detailed laboratory reports free on request.

A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE will be sent postpaid to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist today.

Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 276 Temple st., Springfield, Mass.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT **EVERLASTING BLACK DYE**

Will do for you? It dyes all leathers to permanent black and brings newness to worn articles. Save money. 25c., at shoe, drug, department, grocery and hardware stores.

MORPHINE WHISKEY AND TOBACCO Habits Cured by new painless method. NO DEPOSIT OR FEE required until cure is effected. Indorsed by governor and other state officials. Home or sanitarium treatment. Booklet free.

DR. POWER GRIBBLE, Supt., Box 885, Lebanon, Tenn. Cedarcroft Sanitarium.

The exercises of Founder's day at the University of Virginia will be observed in Cabell hall Monday. The address will be made by Dr. Talcott Williams, director of the School of Journalism, Columbia University.

RACE RUN IN MUD

Ruth of Baltimore Wins Marathon Race.

WASHINGTON BOY SECOND

Bolac Runs Splendid Race and Finishes Next to the Winner.

Frank A. Ruth of Baltimore for the second time won the fifth annual marathon race from Laurel to 13½ street yesterday, his time for the distance being 2.10. John Bolac of this city, a member of Carroll Institute, finished second, being only twenty seconds behind Ruth. Louis Hitshaw after leading most of the way finished third, nineteen seconds behind the Washington runner.

The race, which was late in starting, was run in a downpour of rain and the condition of some of the roads made it necessary to change the course. The runners were to have entered the city at 15th and H streets northeast, but the roads to Bladensburg were under several feet of water and the athletes were forced to enter Washington by way of Brookland.

Ruth and Bolac both ran beautiful races when the condition of the roads is taken into consideration. When Riverdale was reached Ruth was running second and Bolac seventh, a wide gap separating the former from Hitshaw, the leader, while Bolac was fully a quarter of a mile behind Ruth. At this point, however, the Washington runner began to pick up on the leaders and when North Capitol street was reached he had moved up into third position.

Hitshaw, who took the lead at the crack of the starter's pistol, put up a hard fight for first place and it was not until 7th and the Avenue was reached that he was passed by Ruth. His pace in the early part of the race was too fast, and before he reached the city he began to lag. He was passed by Bolac in front of The Star building.

The race between the first three men was a pretty one, but little more than a half minute separating them at the finish. A gap of nearly six minutes separated the third and fourth men to finish. Fourth place was won by D. M. Healy, a teammate of Bolac's, both of whom ran under the colors of Carroll Institute. P. J. Gallagher, Carroll Institute, was the third Washington runner to finish, his position being sixth.

Baltimore Cross Country Club captured the team trophy, it being the first organization to have five men finish. The Baltimoreans besides capturing first place had men finish eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth. The first sixteen to finish follow:

1—Frank A. Ruth, B. C. C. C.	2.10.00
2—John Bolac, Carroll Institute	2.10.20
3—Louis Hitshaw, B. Y. M. C. A.	2.10.39
4—D. M. Healy, Carroll Institute	2.16.11
5—I. McKenna, Idlewood Club	2.20.16
6—P. J. Gallagher, Carroll Institute	2.20.58
7—J. A. Forrest, Athenian R. C.	2.21.37
8—E. H. Royal, B. E. C. C.	2.25.02
9—G. A. Miller, Athenian R. C.	2.25.14
10—G. W. Holland, Washington A. A.	2.25.32
11—D. Schenner, B. C. C. C.	2.28.11
12—F. Arutz, B. C. C. C.	2.31.17
13—R. Myers, B. C. C. C.	2.31.28
14—D. K. Younger, B. C. C. C.	2.31.55
15—R. Gleaser, C. Y. M. C. A.	2.32.32
16—M. Lynch, Carroll Institute	2.32.33

"77"

FOR

GRIP & COLDS

All winter long we have been harping on one string, trying to drive home the fact that the most important time to take care of a Cold is when it is coming on, watching out for the first feeling, the first signs, lassitude, a sneeze or a shiver.

Any remedy, especially "Seventy-seven," is much more efficacious when taken at the beginning of a Cold.

If you wait till your bones begin to ache, it will take longer to break up.

It pays to keep "Seventy-seven" handy; it is a small vial of pleasant pellets, fits the vest pocket. At your Druggist, 25c, or mailed.

HUMPHREYS' Homeo. Medicine Co., 156 William Street, New York.—Advertisement.

DATA ON CHICKENS SOUGHT.

Supreme Court Asked Their Status When Away From Home.

An appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States for information about property rights in chickens that do not stay at home came to the Capitol yesterday in the mails from White Salmon, Wash.

"Will you please send me a copy of the decision," wrote the resident of White Salmon, "that poultry is considered a wild bird when in your neighbor's yard and can be taken up as such?"

Clerk McKenney responded that he knew of no such decision.

DEMOCRATIC MEAT ENJOYED BY DINERS AT GRIDIRON FEAST

(Continued from First Page.)

succeed now or succeed himself four years hence."

"Good! Did he express any opinion on the President's chances of a renomination?"

"He hinted that the odds were against him by about sixteen to one."

"What did the Postmaster General say about civil service reform?"

"He said he is going to enforce it if it costs him every republican postmaster he's got."

"Did the Secretary of Agriculture tell you how the President happened to appoint him without consulting the party leaders in his state?"

"He said as they were all from Missouri, the President just wanted to show them."

"Have you had your interview with Secretary Tumulty?"

"Yes, sir. I asked him what he thought about race suicide."

"Of course, on that issue he's an anti?"

"A what?"

"An anti."

"No, he's a daddy."

Cheaper Than Pew Rent.

"Did he explain why the President attends a defferent church every Sunday?"

"Yes. He says it's part of this administration's economy program."

"How so?"

"It's cheaper to move than to pay pew rent."

"Did you ask William Loeb what has been worrying the bull moosers, so much for the last month?"

"Certainly. They've been prophesying what's going to happen to the presidency in the hands of Woodrow Wilson."

"Are they afraid he'll make a failure of it?"

"No, they're afraid he won't."

"Have you asked the Attorney General where he stands on the monopoly question?"

"He says he's going to do all he can to promote cut-throat competition."

"All along the line?"

"No, only between the two wings of the republican party."

After a few flings at several other public men the candidates were about to be accepted until the point of order was made that "reporters are never present at a Gridiron dinner" and they were ruled out.

A happy and amusing incident of the evening's entertainment was the announcement of "Who's Who in the Cabinet." Each cabinet minister present was called upon to rise in his place while a member of the club gave a farcical biography of the personage. The description, of course, was "the other way around" of the subject's real characteristics.

The Bell Rings Again.

A very beautiful musical skit was presented and received enthusiastic demonstrations of appreciation from the audience. The melodies of the old opera "Chimes of Normandy" were drawn upon, and the legend of the opera converted into political application conveying in the end a tribute to President Wilson.

A belated arrival was introduced and described as "something of a philosopher, something of a political economist, something of an orator and something of a historian—in short, a typical American statesman." But above all, a patriot, who loves the liberty bell of 1776. The visitor, attired in the soft hat and frock coat of the typical southerner, was "Mr. Jeffersonian Democracy."

"I am a Virginian by birth," he explained to President Kauffmann. "My home is the White House, but I have long been an exile from it. For awhile I was comparatively friendless. Now the entire populace is following me."

He described in song his wanderings, but now he was coming home; back to the White House, for he had the key.

His reveries were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Grundy, the presiding spirit of the fashionable world.

"I recognize the melody you sang," she said; "the Chimes of Normandy." It was popular in my grandmother's day—so inferior to our modern ragtime! It told the story of the castle whose chimes would not ring until the rightful heir returned."

"The White House is my castle," replied Jeffersonian.

"You can't possibly expect to run the White House without Mrs. Grundy's assistance."

"Why, life in the White House is easy. All you have to do is to shake hands eight hours a day, play golf eight hours, talk business with congressmen eight hours and then get nine hours' sleep."

"Nevertheless, you will want the assistance of my followers and myself."

Ghosts in the White House.

The sprightly followers of Mrs. Grundy gave their advice on various subjects in melody and chorus and Mrs. Grundy took up the tale.

"You don't know what you are up against. There are ghosts in the White House."

"Ghosts, Mme. Grundy?" asked the returning heir.

"Yes; you know I am an authority on ghosts, although I make a specialty of skeletons in closets. I cannot lay ghosts, but I can help you to forget them. These ghosts are the policies of previous administrations."

"Here they come now. This one is the ghost of high protection."

The several ghosts stalked and sang their stories, the ghost of "dollar diplomacy," of "monopoly," of "imperialism" and of the "money trust," a grisly company, each with a tale of woe, and lamenting that the bell of progress, ringing clear, bade them depart.

Then, to the stirring melody of the opera, which welcomes the rightful heir back to the castle, the chorus sang:

In the days of old the leaders of the nation
Gathered 'round so bravely, each with pen in hand,
Stanch and stalwart signers of the Declaration.
While the Independence Bell rang through the land.
Then its tones grew silent,
Vigilance was sleeping,
As men chased the dollars wisely, but too well;
And around us gathered specters, grimly creeping,
Till at last we found a man to ring that bell—
Found a man to ring that Independence Bell.

Corporations big multiplied and flourished;
Foreigners, they told us, paid the taxes great;
But the trusts grew strong by the tariff nourished,
And that Independence Bell went out of date.
Back to public service
Once again we bring it,
With the tale of glory it alone can tell.
Here's for strength and courage that we need to ring it.
We think we've found the man to ring that bell—
Woodrow Wilson, you're the man to ring that bell!

Thrilling Lighthouse Scene.

As the tuneful strains ascended a great floral bell which had been concealed swung out and over the head of President Wilson, where it swayed in rhythm with the melody.

Melodrama and comedy also contributed to the entertainment of the company. For the first and last time on any stage, a thrilling play, written especially for the occasion, was presented. Honest coast guards, simple fisher folk, a vallain from the city (with a black mustache), the innocent gyurl, the hero, a shipwreck averted, deadly cutlass duel and virtue triumphant, all were set forth amid howling wind and driving snow.

"Twas in a lighthouse by the sea, lads; Democratic Light, dark these sixteen years, was to be relit by Old Bill Bryan, who had come back to be keeper of the light, to guide the craft safely into Port Revenue. Champ Clark, Bill McAdoo and Hoke Smith were awaiting him. All were pleased at Old Bill Bryan's return but Champ Clark.

"I never liked that fellow," averred Champ. "I tried to ride a trick mule once at Baltimore and was just about to win the prize when Old Bill Bryan slipped a burr under the saddle."

Then up spake Bill McAdoo.

"Tell me, Hoke, why was Democratic Light doused in 1896?"

"Mark Hanna wanted no light on the Gold Coast."

"But how could ships come safe to port without a light?"

"They didn't," said Champ. "Look! The G. O. P. liner Taft is but a hulk on Protection Rock."

"The mizzentop of the brig Progressive scarce shows above Bull Moose shoal."

"The swift clipper Uncle Joe lies whitening on the strand."

"All wrecks; all lost for lack of light."

"You mean for lack of cash."

"Shiver my timbers. It's been a black coast."

"A black coast for black deeds. The wreckers have been busy here for yaars and yaars."

"But they are gone now—fled before us honest coast-guards."

Penrose Smoot on Hand.

"Be not so sure. Who did I see in Port Revenue but today."

"Well, Mr. Dockstader, I'll bite; who did you see in Port Revenue but today?"

"Penrose Smoot!"

"Not Penrose Smoot, King of the Wreckers?"

He was disguised as Farnifold Simmons, chairman of the senate finance committee. I picked up a letter he dropped on the beach. It began: "My Dear Senator."

"I'd know him anywhere, the arch villain."

"Yes, the bold villain."

"Aye, the Archbold villain."

A lusty hail announced Oscar Underwood, the stalwart young coastguard.

"'Tis a bitter night," he said, as he stepped from beneath a shower of snowflakes. "It's great news about old Bill Bryan coming back."

"Why should you welcome Bill Bryan?" grumbled Champ. "He was nary a friend of yourn."

"Forget it, Champ. Oscar waits not for Bill Bryan. He wants to see the old man's daughter, Tariff, the fairest maid that ever nursed an infant industry."

"Blast me toplights. The boat is in. Here comes Bill up the rock. Tariff is with him."

Telegram From W. Wilson.

While Miss Tariff and Oscar were greeting each other, a boy entered with a telegram for Old Bill Bryan which read:

"Be sure start democratic light tonight. The sailing brig T. Jefferson Platform out of Baltimore is due with cargo of tariff revision, currency reform, trust busters and miscellaneous ballast. She carries as passengers the Seven Sisters. Please show them every courtesy if they get ashore. Very important that the Platform reach port safely, as she is heavily underwritten, and the country demands her freight. Woodrow Wilson, owner."

Hoke Smith and Bryan told Miss Tariff about the good ship Platform.

"Belay there, child. It's a long story. She's sailed the seven seas under every flag for eighty years."

"Every four years she departs on a new cruise loaded to the guards. But she never brings all her cargo to port."

"Aye, there's always a story of storms at sea, and they throw the cargo overboard to save the crew."

"You were captain of the Platform three times, were you not, father?"

"Aye, and three times was I cast away on a desert island."

"Yes, and they say at the State Department that you are there yet," growled Champ Clark.

"Once she was taken from me by an Oyster Bay pirate. He filled her with false hopes, put Bill Taft in command and then scuttled her."

At Tariff's request all went to the dock to bring up her trunk.

Enter Now the Villain.

Hist! The villain approaches; Penrose Smoot, King of the Wreckers. His eagle eye lights upon the telegram left on the table.

"What's this! a telegram," he cried. "The good ship T. Jefferson Platform coming in tonight? Not if my name is Penrose Smoot. It's a bad channel between Radical Reef and Compromise Shoal. If the light should fail she'll pile upon Dissension Rock. It's a desperate chance, but I'm a desperate man. Hark, I hear footsteps. Ah, it's the girl. I'll wreck the Platform. Then, once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine, but hark'ee, Bill, no violence."

All unsuspicious of the villian lurking within, Tariff entered the lighthouse.

"You here, Penrose Smoot"? she cried, in dismay.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Tariff. Once you liked me. Tariff—may I call you Tariff—be my own little Schedule K."

"Your conduct and Schedule K are indefensible."

"You refuse muh?"

"I veto you."

"I'll dress you like Sheba's queen."

"Never! rags are royal raiment when worn for Woodrow's sake."

"I'll shower golden guineas in your lap."

"Take back your gold. I want only American silver dollars."

"Then you are a Tariff for revenue only"?

"I am a poor, unprotected girl."

"Don't you want protection?"

"I might take a little on Florida Oranges and North Carolina Cotton Goods."

"Yes, yes, go on"!

"Also on Louisiana Sugar and Texas Steers.

"All this and more. Come, my proud beauty, fly with me."

"Unhand me, villain. Help! help!"

Underwood to the Rescue.

Her shrieks were answered by the bold Oscar Underwood.

"Have a care, Penrose Smoot. The man who would raise his hand against an unprotected woman is unworthy the name of Progressive American citizen."

"Foiled"! hissed the villain as he slunk away.

"I don't like to leave the light tonight," mused Old Bill Bryan, as he entered the lighthouse. "Penrose Smoot's presence here bodes no good. I sleep here," and he composed himself at the foot of the light.

The wind howled and the snow snowed, while Democratic Light flashed its warning beacon out over the watery wastes. Old Bill Bryan snored.

Stealthy footsteps; 'tis Penrose Smoot, still undaunted in his villainous purpose.

"Ha!" The Platform is standing in now. She is heading for Dissension Rock. I'll douse the glim and all aboard her will go to Davy Jones' locker. Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine."

The faithful lightkeeper, awakening, was set upon by the King of the Wreckers and dispatched. Penrose Smooth was about to turn off the light when Oscar Underwood appeared.

"Hold, Penrose Smoot, you scoundrel; your hour has struck." Desperate duel with cutlasses; Oscar triumphs; the Platform safe in port; who could ask more?

They hail the Platform as she rides at anchor, but none of the cargo mentioned in the manifest is aboard. All that she carries is "15,000 officeseekers."

At this there was great consternation among the faithful. "What shall we do?" they queried of President Kauffmann.

The club's president consulted President Wilson, at his side, and then announced, "President Wilson says take the ship to sea again and scuttle her."

The Menu.

The menu was:

Buffet Russe
Cherrystone Clams
Celery Radishes Olives Salted Nuts
Clear Green Turtle
Soft Shell Crabs, Tartare
Tenderloin of Beef, Pique,
Fresh Mushrooms
Florida Beans
New Potatoes, Rissole
Terrapin, Maryland
Gridiron Punch.
Roast Guinea Chicken.
Mount Vernon Salad
Maple Mousse
Assorted Cakes
Coffee
Apollinaris

Guests of the Club.

The guests were:

The President of the United States.
Secretary of State W. J. Bryan.
Secretary of War L. M. Garrison.
Attorney General James C. McReynolds.
Postmaster General Albert S. Burleson.
Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels.
Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane.
Secretary of Agriculture D. F. Houston.
Secretary of Labor W. B. Wilson.
The Brazilian ambassador.
The Swiss minister.
Melvin O. Adams, Boston, Mass.
Felix Agnus, Baltimore American.
Frank M. Andrews, New York.
Daniel W. Adams.
Ross P. Andrews.
Milton E. Alles.
Perry Belmont.
Albert E. Berry, Philadelphia.
Dr. Rupert Blue, surgeon general.
A. J. Blethen, Seattle Times.
Timothy E. Byrnes, N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R.
Frank H. Briggs.
Sevellon L. Brown.
C. C. Brainard, Brooklyn Eagle.
George Blakely, major, U. S. A.
Edwin P. Brown, Boston.
James Warren Bagley.
William O. Bradley, senator from Kentucky.
Charles Henry Butler.
Arthur Blanchard.
D. J. Callahan.
Joseph G. Cannon, Danville, Ill.
Howard Carroll, New York.
John H. Carroll, St. Louis.
H. W. Child, Yellowstone Park.
Champ Clark, Speaker of House of Representatives.
Robert Crain, Baltimore.
Nolen L. Chew.
James B. Curtis, New York.
J. Harry Covington, representative from Maryland.
Otto Carmichael, New York.
Charles F. Carusi.
Le Baron B. Colt, senator from Rhode Island.
William H. Coolidge, Boston.
Oscar T. Crosby, Warrenton, Va.
David T. Day.
Frank Hall Davis, Dover, Del.
John M. Deponal, Baltimore Star.
Frederick L. Devereux, New York.
R. Golden Donaldson.
J. Maury Dove.
Orren De Witt.
Orville B. Drown.
Robert H. Dalgleish.
Harry Dater, New York.
Cleland Davis, commander, U. S. N.
Edwin B. De Graw.
Wade H. Ellis.
Martin Egan, Manila, P. I.
Everett S. Eppley, Baltimore.
James Elverson, jr., Philadelphia Inquirer.
Howard Elliott, Northern Pacific railroad.
Herman Fayen, New York.
J. J. Fitzgerald, representative from New York.
Dr. Frederick Franz Friedmann, Germany.
Rudolph Forster, assistant secretary to the President.
Henry H. Flather
H. C. Folger, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Thomas M. Gale.
George R. Gaither, Baltimore.
Nathan Goff, senator from West Virginia.
Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait, Boston.
J. H. Gore.
Henry Gannett.
John Boyd Gray, New York.
Peter F. Gaynor, Albany.
Beale R. Howard.
Henry F. Hollis, senator form New Hampshire.
John W. Holtzman, Indianapolis.
W. S. Hammond, representative from Minnesota.
Dr. John A. Harriss, New York.
Dr. D. Percy Hickling.
James Calvin Hemphill, Philadelphia Public Ledger.
William Hughes, senator from New Jersey.
Frank C. Henry.
William B. Hibbs.
Charles F. Humphrey, major general (retired), U. S. A.
William Hussey.
John W. Hunter, Washington Herald.
Gilbert M. Hitchcock, senator from Nebraska.
Charles B. Hanford.
E. M. House, Texas.
George L. Isemann.
Ollie James, senator from Kentucky.
J. O. Jones, Alabama.
W. C. Johnson.
Albert Johnson, representative from Washington.
Clarence F. King.
Victor Kauffmann, The Washington Star.
John W. Kern, senator from Indiana.
James Kerney, Trenton (N. J.) Times.
Joseph R. Knowland, representative from California.
James J. Lampton.
Charles F. Lanman.
William Leary, New York, N. Y.
Charles Linkins.
John Lorance, Boston Advertiser.
Edward G. Lowry, New York Evening Post.
Frederick B. Lynch, St. Paul.
J. Charles Linthicum, representative from Maryland.
Arthur Lee.
Arthur G. Lund, New York.
J. H. Maddy, Erie railroad.
Charles L. Magee, American Red Cross.
William R. Malone, New York.
Randolph Marshall, New York Herald.
James R. Mann, representative from Illinois.
Carlos K. McClatchy, Sacramento Bee.
Rev. Thomas H. Malone, Denver.
Charles H. Merillat.
Victor Murdock, representative from Kansas.
Luther W. Mott, representative from New York.
Dr. James F. Mitchell.
George Barry Mallon, Everybody's Magazine.
Byron R. Newton.
Theodore W. Noyes, The Washington Star.
Clarence F. Norment.
James A. O'Gorman, senator from New York.
George T. Oliver, senator from Pennsylvania.
Lee S. Overman, senator from North Carolina.
A Mitchell Palmer, representative from Pennsylvania.
Mahlon Pitney, associate justice United States Supreme Court.
F. R. Pemberton, New York.
Herbert L. Pratt, New York.
Arthur Jeffrey Parsons.
Thomas J. Pence.
David G. Pfeiffer.
Mgr. W. T. Russell.
Dr. Sterling Ruffin.
John P. Ryan, San Francisco Post.
Dr. Charles W. Richardson.
Franklin Delano Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy.
Elihu Root, senator from New York.
John M. Rankin.
George E. Roberts, director of the mint.
Melvin A. Rice, New York, N. Y.
William Gorham Rice, Albany, N. Y.
William F. Roberts.
W. Harryman Rapley, National Theater.
F. C. Stevens, representative from Minnesota.
Henry Clifford Stuart.
Dr. J. O. Skinner.
E. B. Smith.
Richard Smith, Indianapolis News.
William E. Scripps, Detroit News.
Leonard Snider, New York.
Lawrence Y. Sherman, senator from Illinois.
William J. Stone, senator from Missouri.
William M. Smith.
Hal Smith, Baltimore American.
Richard Sylvester, superintendent Metropolitan police.
Harry A. Thompson, the Country Gentleman.
L. Stoddard Taylor, Belasco Theater.
Joseph P. Tumulty, Secretary to the President.
S. A. Thompson.
Leroy M. Taylor, New York, N. Y.
Corcoran Thom.
James A. Tawney, Winona, Minn.
W. E. Tuttle, representative from New Jersey.
Oscar W. Underwood, representative from Alabama.
Fred. D. Underwood, Erie R. R.
W. S. Vare, representative from Pennsylvania.
Harry Wardman.
John C. Walker.
Edward J. Walsh.
Lewis E. Waring, New York.
George W. White, Georgia.
J. J. Wilbur.
William T. Woodruff, Thomaston, Conn.
Edwin O. Wood, Flint, Mich.
Fred E. Williamson, New York.
Sidney W. Winslow, Boston, Mass.
Turner A. Wickersham.
Robert W. Wells.
Samuel C. Wells, Philadelphia Press.
Rev. Charles Wood.
John Skelton Williams, assistant secretary of Treasury.
Edmund S. Wolfe.
J. E. Wilkie.
Jacob S. Wiley, New York.
Walter H. Wilson, Chicago, Ill.

Eagles' Memorial Services.

Memorial services in honor of members who have died during the last year will be held by Washington Aerie, No. 125, Fraternal Order of Eagles, at the National Theater tonight, beginning at 8 o'clock.

POSTMASTERSHIP TO SWANN.

President Takes Step in Maryland Senatorial Contest.

President Wilson and Postmaster General Burleson made rapid inroads yesterday in the selection of postmasters.

The choice of F. S. Myers as postmaster at Portland, Ore., and Sherlock Swann at Baltimore were the only selections that became known.

Mr. Myers is secretary to Senator Lane of Oregon, and had also the indorsement of Senator Chamberlain.

Mr. Swann came out openly recently for William L. Marbury, who is opposing the renomination of Senator John Walter Smith.

Though President Wilson has not expressed himself in the Maryland senatorial contest, the appointment of Swann is taken as meaning that, in this case at least, he has leaned toward the Marbury faction. Mr. Swann's opponent had the backing of organizations supporting Senator Smith's candidacy.

Pupils to Give Recital.

The pupils of John Porter Lawrence have arranged to give a recital at 8 o'clock Monday evening, April 21, at Vermont Avenue Christian Church. No admission will be charged and the music-loving public is invited to attend.

MARRIED.

WRIGHT—PADGETT. On November 10, 1911, in Baltimore, Md., NELLIE V. PADGETT, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Padgett of Braddock, Va., and JAMES W. WRIGHT of Washington, D. C.

DIED.

COLLINS. On Friday, April 11, 1913, JOHN F. COLLINS, M. D., beloved husband of Mrs. Lena Terry Collins.
Funeral from his late residence, 1305 3rd street northwest, Monday, April 14, at 3 p.m. 13*

CORBY. On Saturday, April 12, 1913, at his residence in Falls Church, Va., STEPHEN H., beloved husband of Berta V. Corby.
Funeral from W. R. Speare's establishment, 940 F street northwest, on Monday, April 14, at 2 p.m. (Ithaca and Courtland, N. Y., papers please copy.)

FITZGIBBONS. On Saturday, April 12, 1913, at his residence, 1207 31st street northwest, FREDERICK, beloved son of Annie Fitzgibbons.
Funeral will take place from the establishment of J. T. Clements' Sons, 1241 Wisconsin avenue, on Tuesday, April 15, at 8:30 a.m.; thence to Holy Trinity Church, where mass will be said at 9 o'clock. Interment at Holy Rood cemetery. 14*

MAYER. On Saturday, April 12, 1913, in New York city, Dr. JULIAN R. MAYER of 49 T street northwest. He is survived by his mother, wife and one daughter.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

MICHAEL. On Friday, April 11, 1913, in Baltimore, Md., RICHARD MICHAEL, formerly in the Treasury Department, this city.
Funeral services Sunday, April 13, at 2:30 p.m., at 317 North Gilmor street, Baltimore. Interment in Mount Olivet cemetery, Baltimore, with Masonic honors. Members of Pentalpha Lodge, No. 23, F. A. A. M., of this city invited to attend. 13

PHILLIPS. At the residence of her brother, Edward W. B. Phillips, Riggs road, D. C., LAURA A. B. PHILLIPS, formerly of Carlisle, Pa., aged seventy-six years.
Funeral from Rock Creek Church, Monday, 11 a.m. (Carlisle, Pa., papers please copy.) 13*

POHLERS. On Friday, April 11, 1913, at 2:30 a.m., GEORGE F., son of the late August W. and Sophie Pohlers, in the forty-sixth year of his age.
Funeral (private) Monday, April 14, at 2 p.m., from his late residence, 2905 Adams Mill road. Interment at Rock Creek cemetery. 13*

TRAZZARE. On Friday, April 11, 1913, ROSE F., beloved wife of Charles W. Trazzare.
Funeral from her late residence, 215 6th street southeast, Monday, April 14, at 2 o'clock. 13*

WATERS. Departed this life Friday, April 11, 1913, Mrs. LYDIA C. WATERS, wife of James W. Waters, deceased.
Interment (private) Congressional cemetery.

In Memoriam.

HOLMES. In sad but loving remembrance of our loved ones, HENRY LEWIS and BERTRAM LEWIS HOLMES, who departed this life April 13, 1905, and February 12, 1903, respectively.

"Though in the silent clay they sleep,
And over their memories we weep,
We hope to join them in the sky
When our time comes to die."

BY THE FAMILY.

KENNEY. In loving but sad remembrance of my devoted and faithful husband, FLEMING W. KENNEY, who entered into eternal rest one year ago today, April 13, 1912.

I miss thy kind and willing hand,
Thy fond and earnest care;
A shadow o'er my life is cast,
For I miss you everywhere.

Fleming, never shall I cease to love you;
Never shall your memory fade;
Sweet thoughts forever shall linger
Round the grave where you were laid.

BY HIS SAD-HEARTED AND DEVOTED WIFE, CLARA D. KENNEY.

LAMBDEN. In loving remembrance of our dearly beloved husband and grandfather, GEORGE W. LAMBDEN, who departed this life five years ago today, April 13, 1908.

Day by day we saw him fade,
And slowly pass away,
But in our hearts we often prayed
That he might longer stay.

His toiling hands are crossed
And ceased this world of care;
His memory's as sacred today
As in the hour he passed away.

BY HIS WIFE AND GRANDCHILDREN.

TINKER. Sacred to the memory of our dear wife and mother, ANNIE TINKER, wife of George Tinker, who departed this life one year ago today, April 13, 1912.

HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

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