JOHN BARRETT TALKS AT SEMINARY EXERCISES

Predicts National Suffrage for Women in Next Ten Years. Tribute to Mother.

That the national enfranchisement of women will take place within the next ten years and that every woman of the country "must prepare for it whether you may want it or not" was the declaration of John Barrett, director general of the Pan-American Union, at the annual graduation exercises of Chevy Chase Seminary, held in the auditorium of the institution, Connecticut avenue extended, last evening.

"I am not one of those who believe in disarmament or a foolish policy of dealing with international difficulties," he continued, "but I feel confident that the psychological effect of woman's hand in government will insure peace."

For a moment Mr. Barrett recalled the splendid judgment his mother, who is now eighty-one years of age, has ever displayed in helping to guide him over difficult places in his career, he averring that each one of the graduates should cultivate those qualities of mind and heart which go so far toward making the American mother an object so worthy of emulation by the mothers of all other nations of the globe.

Reminded of Pleasures.

The young women of the class were then reminded by the speaker that they should dance and enjoy themselves and that possibly "a reasonable amount of flirting will not harm you." "Have a good time," he averred, "but ever remember that you are citizens of the United States, a nation which holds in its hands the future of civilization."

Mr. Barrett also paid a brief tribute to President Wilson, declaring that the crisis which faces this country as a result of the sinking of the Lusitania is the greatest in its history and that the country should be thankful that the man at the helm of the nation's affairs is of the caliber of Abraham Lincoln, and will guide the ship of state into the harbor of peace.

Mrs. Samuel Nelson Barker, principal of the school, presented Mr. Barrett, following the rendition of a musical program given by the following members of the faculty of the seminary: Miss Corinne Lockett, soprano; Miss Margaret O'Toole, harpist, and Felix Garziglia, pianist.

Recipients of Diplomas.

Mr. Barrett presented the diplomas to the following young women of the graduating class:

Miss Ellen Adair of West Virginia, Miss Dorothy Bartene, New Jersey; Miss Bernice Claypool, Ohio; Miss Dorothy Hill Ferguson, Illinois; Miss Katharine Grace Gallagher, Pennsylvania; Miss Helen Britain Hall, Oregon; Miss Martha Hofman, Ohio; Miss Edwina Horn, Indiana; Miss Alberta Kirchhof, Colorado; Miss Helen Boynton Lane, Massachusetts; Miss Julia Neville Lawson, West Virginia; Miss Lenora McCormick, Pennsylvania; Miss Virginia Cecelia McDonough, Oregon; Miss Monica O'Kelly, Canada; Miss Mary Lambert Ross, Kentucky, and Miss Esther Wood, Wisconsin.

Following the delivery of the diplomas a receiving line was formed in the parlors with Mrs. Barker at the head followed by Mr. Barrett and the young women of the graduating class, down which the guests passed to extend the felicitations of the evening. Mrs. Neilson, Mrs. Coppee and other members of the faculty assisted in receiving.

WHARF BEING REBUILT.

New Construction at Fort Foote Is Under Way.

Fort Foote wharf, on the Maryland side of the river, a short distance below Alexandria, is being rebuilt by the engineer battalion, United States Army, from Washington barracks. Many of the stringers used in the wharf are being replaced and the greater portion of the structure will be redecked.

During the civil war Fort Foote was one of the defenses of Washington. The engineer battalion has a garden at the fort, and it is said much produce used by the soldiers at the barracks has been raised there.

HEAVY CARGOES OF COAL.

Big Barges Continue Shipments to New England Ports.

Shipments of coal from the Georgetown piers to Boston and New England ports, in the big barges of the Consolidation Coal Company, continue quite heavy, and it is thought the quantity of the fuel sent north by water from Baltimore will this season be in excess of previous years. Sunday morning the tug Advance of the Taylor fleet left with barges No. 10 and No. 23, with nearly 4,000 tons of coal aboard, and at Point Lookout turned them over to a tug that will take them up the coast to New England. At Point Lookout she found barge No. 14 waiting to be brought to this city. The barge is now at Georgetown loading.

Barge No. 12 is reported at Point Lookout and the tug J. O. Carter has gone after her. No. 14 will arrive here this afternoon, and by tomorrow afternoon it is expected No. 12 will be loaded and ready to leave.

It is stated that a barge is on her way down the coast, and will be at Point Lookout before the end of this week.

Sues for $15,000 Damages.

Susie M. Atwell filed suit today to recover $15,000 damages for alleged personal injury from the Great Falls and Old Dominion Railroad Company. She says that October 10 last, as she was leaving the station platform at Park Lane, Va., she stepped into a depression negligently allowed to exist adjacent to the platform and sustained serious injury. Attorney Arthur Peter appears for the plaintiff.

IT RUINS HAIR TO WASH IT WITH SOAP

Soap should be used very sparingly, if at all, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mulsified cocoanut oil (which is pure and greaseless), is cheaper and better than soap or anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulsified cocoanut oil at any pharmacy, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.

THE EVENING STORY.

GETTING CIVILIZED.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. Werner.)

"My son mighty hunter. Same him father was," said Mrs. Anna Four Bears, as she watched the son, Jim, put away the hot breakfast of beaten corn cakes, wild rice and buffalo steaks, which she had placed before him. Her broad, copper-colored face was shining with pride and pleasure.

Jim had just returned from the trail, where he had been ever since the earlier hours of the morning. A deer, several mink, beaver and otter pelts, now reposing on the ground outside the tepee, awaiting the hands of the squaws, bore testimony to the truth of his mother's boast.

The deer meant meat for awhile, and with a full stomach today the wild Indian was not inclined to worry about tomorrow. The pelts meant money and money meant many things more, and the time to go to the post to trade was not far away.

Gray Eagle, the chief, had spoken of Jim's skill as a hunter several times, and Jim and his mother were glad. Gray Eagle had a daughter, Little Antelope. Jim wanted her. His mother wanted him to have her, and mother and son were ever on the alert to gain the favorable attention of the chief.

"How is One Strike?" asked Jim.

"No better. 'Heap sick," answered the mother.

Jim finished his meal and went over to One Strike's tepee. The latter lay on a pile of skins, a blanket spread over him. Only the rising and falling of his chest and the frequent opening and shutting of his eyes gave signs that life still remained.

The medicine men closed the tepee and built a fire within. When the flame was strong they smothered it by piling on green wood. This produced a thick smoke, that filled the tepee from top to bottom. The medicine men danced around the sick man, rattling gourds, beating tomtoms and chanting weird songs, thus hoping to drive out the evil spirits when they were choked by the smoke!

Finally the dancing ceased, the door of the tepee was opened and the smoke allowed to roll out. The sick man seemingly was neither better nor worse, except that the smoke appeared to have produced a condition of coma. The medicine men had been at their incantations for days and were worn out.

After gazing for some moments at One Strike one of the medicine men, Otter Tail, placed a finger to his forehead and closed his eyes. "One Strike dies in four days," he said, answering the look of his four brothers. All left the tepee.

Jim Four Bears hastened to the tepee of Gray Eagle. He found the chief squatting in front of his lodge, smoking. Jim squatted nearby and pulled at the dry grass with his fingers as he

THE SIGHT THAT MET HIS GAZE FILLED HIM WITH FEAR.

said, in a low voice, "One Strike dies in four days. Otter Tail has spoken it."

Gray Eagle puffed at his pipe and grunted.

"The two horses of One Strike," continued Jim. "The bay has won many races. There is no other horse like him in camp. The gray horse is old and no good."

Gray Eagle only grunted again.

The low, even voice of Jim went on. "One Strike is the last of his clan. There is none to notice. The gray horse is plenty good to make the journey with him."

Gray Eagle thoughtfully removed the pipe from his lips and blew out a big puff of smoke as he replied: "It is bad to forego the custom of my fathers. We know that One Strike would choose the bay to go with him, had he spoken, and it is the custom for the best horse to go."

"I have seen the ways of the white man. So have you. I say the ways of the whites are good. No white man would let so good a horse go like that," said Four Bears.

Gray Eagle remained motionless for a long time. His eyes were bright when he finally lifted his head, removed the pipe from his lips and said: "Tell the funeral party to take the gray horse into the forest that it may accompany One Strike on his journey to the happy hunting grounds. Put the bay with my ponies."

Jim hastened to obey, feeling that he had made a master stroke in the furthering of his purpose to win the hand of Little Antelope.

Next morning a party of strangers stopped at the village and bantered the Indians for a horse race. Gray Eagle raced them with the bay and was made richer by $20 in silver and a saddle, which was almost new.

That night, as he squatted in his lodge and jingled the silver in his hands before the doting squaws and awed papooses, Gray Eagle felt himself to be a pretty smart Indian; also Four Bears was no donkey. Trading day he would come from the post with his spotted pony loaded with more bundles and packages than any other Indian. It should be so. He was the

"BEGONE!"

chief. He was learning the white man's way. It was good! He liked to see the fat papooses wrangle and scramble, their fat little hands filled with striped sticks of candy, red apples and big oranges!

* * * * * * *

"Oh, Hannah!" called a white man who lived not far from the Miami's village, as he hurriedly entered his home one morning. "I have just seen another of those Indian grave pens out there in the forest."

"You did!"

"Yes, and the 'corpse' was very much alive."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Alive! And it was One Strike!"

Was it? I knew he was sick, but had not heard of his death. How long had he be—ah, been out there?"

"Two nights."

"The poor old savage. And the nights are frosty, too."

"I talked with him and he seems convinced that there is nothing for him but to die out there, just because it has been so decreed by the medicine men. I tell you, Hannah, it is time something was done to convince these heathens that all the gibberish of their medicine men don't go, especially where they put the old and infirm out to die, alone and unprotected. Looks like they just want to be free of the care of them. He lies on a pile of skins and has his blanket, some dried meat, his pipe, tobacco and weapons beside him. The poles have been too cunningly built around him for wild animals to get through. But, hurry! Make a pot of coffee and warm up some food and we will take it out to him. I never saw an Indian yet who could resist your cooking, Hannah."

Thus complimented, Hannah soon made ready and the two made their way out into the forest and to the pen of poles.

True to the predictions of the white man, One Strike was utterly unable to resist, despite his deep rooted belief in fate. He arose and, with many satisfied grunts and much smacking of lips, ate of the food and drank the coffee, after which he had no feeling or desire for death. The food of the white man had driven the evil spirits out!

When the Indian had rested the white man said, "Get up, One Strike, take your blankets and come along home with us. A night by the fire will set you about right."

One Strike arose, but he noticed the gray horse that was slain near by and grunted in wonder and anger.

After a night in his blankets before the white man's fire and a good breakfast, One Strike decided to return and tell his people of the wonders and potencies of the white man's medicines. Also, he would know about the horses!

* * * * * * *

"A mighty fine morning." It was Gray Eagle who spoke, and he stood in front of his tepee, watching the sunrise. "And this is the day to go to the post and trade. Go, he called to Four Bears, who was always lingering within earshot. "Bring the spotted pony and the bay. I will ride the bay and use the spotted pony for packhorse coming back."

Jim hastened to obey, and the chief turned back into his lodge to prepare himself for the trip.

Suddenly an uproar was heard in the camp. Gray Eagle hastened to the door. The sight that met his gaze filled him with fear. There, coming toward him, his faded blanket drawn tightly about his lean figure, his lips parted in what was intended for a smile, was One Strike. One hand, with the fingers extended, was stretched out to greet Gray Eagle, for the two ever had been friends, and he thought to explain and receive a welcome. But Gray Eagle, with ashen face, scooped the silver dollars from his beaded buckskin pouch and flung them at the old man's feet. Then he followed the rest of the tribe to the forest as fast as he could go.

At this moment Jim arrived with the horses. One Strike turned and opened his mouth to speak, but Jim had vanished. For an instant the forlorn old man stood in the midst of the deserted village. Then he noticed the money at his feet, the bay horse just brought up from Gray Eagle's pasture and remembered the old gray slain in the forest. A smile wrinkled his shrewd old face as he said to himself: "Gray Eagle, him smart quick. Kill gray horse. Keep bay. Win $20 already. Ugh! Pole grow on one side no make good tepee pole. Gray Eagle smart on one side. Other side heap fool yet. Him think me ghost come back to have revenge."

Stopping down, One Strike raked up the $20, mounted the bay and rode away from the village where the laws of his fathers had been so shamefully transgressed.

Near nightfall the tribe ventured to return one by one and in groups to their tepees. Jim went to the tepee of Gray Eagle to talk over this unheard-of thing that had happened. He was met at the doorway of the chief, whose eyes were snapping as he brushed the face of the younger man with his tomahawk.

"Begone!" he said. "You caused me to forego the customs of my fathers. The dead has returned and a curse is on the village. The ways of the white man of which you boasted may be all right for him, but not for Indian. Begone!"

(THE END.)

Affirms Decision in Land Suits.

The Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the decision of the ninth United States circuit court of appeals in canceling five patents to Oregon lands held by the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company because of alleged fraud in entry.

Little Stories for Bedtime

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

(Copyright, 1915, by J. G. Lloyd.)

Farmer Brown's Boy Has a Holiday.

Oh, who would not a-fishing go, a-fishing go, a-fishing go?
Oh, who would not a-fishing go, all on a summer's day?
Oh, who would not a-fishing go, a-fishing go, a-fishing go?
Oh, who would not a-fishing go where fishes sport and play?

So sang Farmer Brown's boy as with his rod and a can of worms he made his way to the Laughing Brook. He felt good all over, did Farmer Brown's boy. He felt good because it was the kind of a day to make any one feel good. And he felt good because it was a holiday for him and he knew that he had earned it. He had worked hard for days and days in the hay field and in the corn field and in the garden and not once had he complained because, you see, he knew that the work just had to be done. And that morning at breakfast Farmer Brown had given him a surprise—such a splendid surprise. He had told him that day was to be his very own, to do just what he pleased in. Do you wonder that he felt good all over?

Of course, the very first thing he had thought of was fishing. He just knew

"I OUGHT TO CATCH THREE IN THIS POOL," SAID HE.

that the speckled trout were waiting for him to catch them. And now he was on his way with a lunch in his pocket and joy in his heart, so much joy that it was bubbling out in the merriest of whistles. So he made his way through the Green Forest to the Laughing Brook, and it seemed to him that all the little people whom he saw on the way were glad because he was glad.

Now there was a certain quiet pool deep in the Green Forest where Farmer Brown's boy was sure he would find hungry trout. He didn't have the least doubt in the world. He often had looked down in the clear depths and seen big fellows there, and he was sure that they were there now. So he headed straight for this pool, and when he was near enough he put a fat worm on his hook and threw it in. He hadn't a doubt in the world that it would be seized at once by a fat speckled trout.

"I ought to catch three in this pool," said he, and waited, keeping perfectly still. Nothing happened. Farmer Brown's boy made the worm on the hook wriggle in the most enticing way he knew how, but still nothing happened. "Funny," muttered Farmer Brown's boy, "I never had to wait so long for a bite here before." But he kept perfectly still, as a good fisherman should, and waited patiently. Nothing happened. There wasn't so much as a nibble. Presently, having nothing else to do, he began to take note of things, the trees and the flowers and the humming insects, and finally the opposite bank, which was steep and smooth.

"Looks as if something had slid down there," he muttered. "Wonder what it could have been. Funny those trout don't bite. I hate to give up, but I guess I'll have to. I'll go down to the next pool and try my luck there."

So he trudged down to the next pool, and a pair of sharp eyes watched him go. They were Sammy Jay's eyes, and Sammy was chuckling under his breath. You see, he knew why Farmer Brown's boy caught no fish. The pool which he had just left was the very pool in the bank of which Little Joe Otter and Mrs. Joe had made their home, and there were no fat trout there. Little Joe and Mrs. Joe had caught them all.

But Farmer Brown's boy knew nothing about this. In fact, he knew very little about Little Joe Otter, anyway. So he trudged on, sure that he would have better luck in the next pool. Sammy Jay followed, still chuckling. He seemed to find something a great joke. "There are smarter fishermen than you on this brook, and I wouldn't give much for all the fish you will catch," he remarked to nobody in particular.

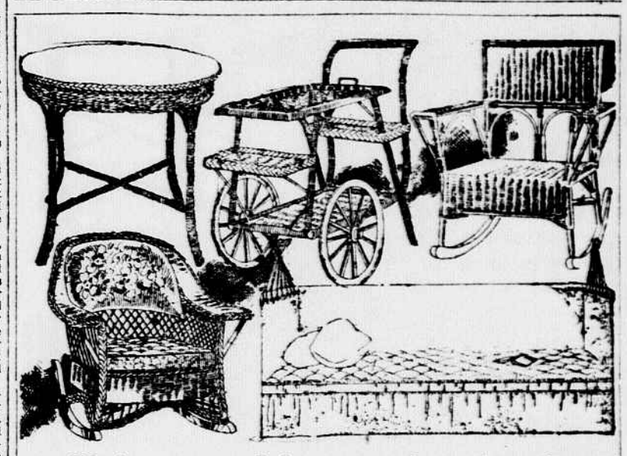
Two Wills Filed for Probate.

The will of George E. Hupert, dated November 28, 1910, has been filed for probate. It provides that his entire estate is to be divided equally between his sisters, Miss Flora Hupert of Greencastle, Pa., and Mrs. Effie Cochnower of Philadelphia. Attorney William J. Bacon, jr., represents the estate. The Washington Loan and Trust Company is named as executor. By the terms of the will of Charles Dunton, dated September 19, 1913, his entire estate is devised to his wife, Mary F. Dunton.

Judge Terrell to Deliver Addresses.

Judge Robert H. Terrell of the Municipal Court has gone to Martinsville, Va., to deliver the commencement address before the Martinsville Christian Institute. He will also address citizens of Danville, Va., before his return. At the latter meeting the mayor of the city is scheduled to speak.

If You are troubled with heartburn, gases and a distressed feeling after eating take a **Rexall Dyspepsia Tablet** before and after each meal and you will obtain prompt relief. Sold only by us, 25c
O'Donnell's Drug Stores.

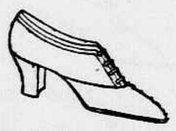


We have many of these attractive and comfort-giving pieces for the porch and lawn.

Porch Swings are particularly restful, and will repay in pleasure many times their small cost.

We have marked very moderate prices on all this summer furniture, and purchases may be charged, with small weekly or monthly payments.

Grogan's, *817 to 823 Seventh St.*



Shoes of Today, 4.50 to 9.00.

All the Spring Shoes are attractive, even the good old Oxford Ties are coming back in new and pretty patterns.

"Dollar-Silk" is the Hose of Today—in colors to match all the new shoes—beautiful in weave, remarkable for wear.

Arthur Burt Co., 1343 F.

Women's $1.00 to $1.25 Silk Stockings 69c

Hecht's Seventh Street

Women's 50c Silk Boot Stockings 35c

Every Woman's Suit Must Go

No half-way measures are to be tolerated now. Summer merchandise is being pushed to the front and for want of room we're lopping off dollars and cents on every suit in the house. Invest in one NOW. There's lots of suit wearing time ahead of you yet—and certainly you'll want a new suit for that vacation trip. Last moment styles, of course.

Materials are wool poplin, serges, gabardines, silk poplins, covert cloths, silks and shepherd checks. Every suit trimmed and finished with extreme care.

Suits Priced at $35.00 to $44.50 Prior to May 15, Reduced to **$23.50**
Suits Priced at $29.50 to $34.50 Prior to May 15, Reduced to **$19.95**
Suits Priced at $24.50 Each Prior to May 15, Reduced to **$16.75**
Suits Priced at $17.50 to $19.50 Prior to May 15, Reduced to **$11.75**

White Fox Fur Scarfs, New York's Latest Craze, $6.75

Embroidered Crepe de Chine Blouses, $1.85

Lovely styles in shades of flesh, champagne, white, putty and battleship gray. Embroidered fronts and flare collars. This is the blouse that's in such high favor just now—and the price—where can you equal its attractiveness?

$3.95 Washable Corduroy Skirts $2.95

the Newest Craze

Well tailored of white, putty, sand and champagne-colored corduroy, trimmed with pearl buttons; novelty pockets and belt.

Women's House Dresses, $1, $1.25 and $1.50 Values, 69c

Arranged on Special Tables on the Third Floor.

They come in round and square necks, with three-quarter and full-length sleeves—most daintily trimmed.

Materials are Percale—Chambray—Checked and Striped Ginghams in Various Colors. Sizes 36 to 46 Bust Measure.

Children's 25c ROMPERS, 14c

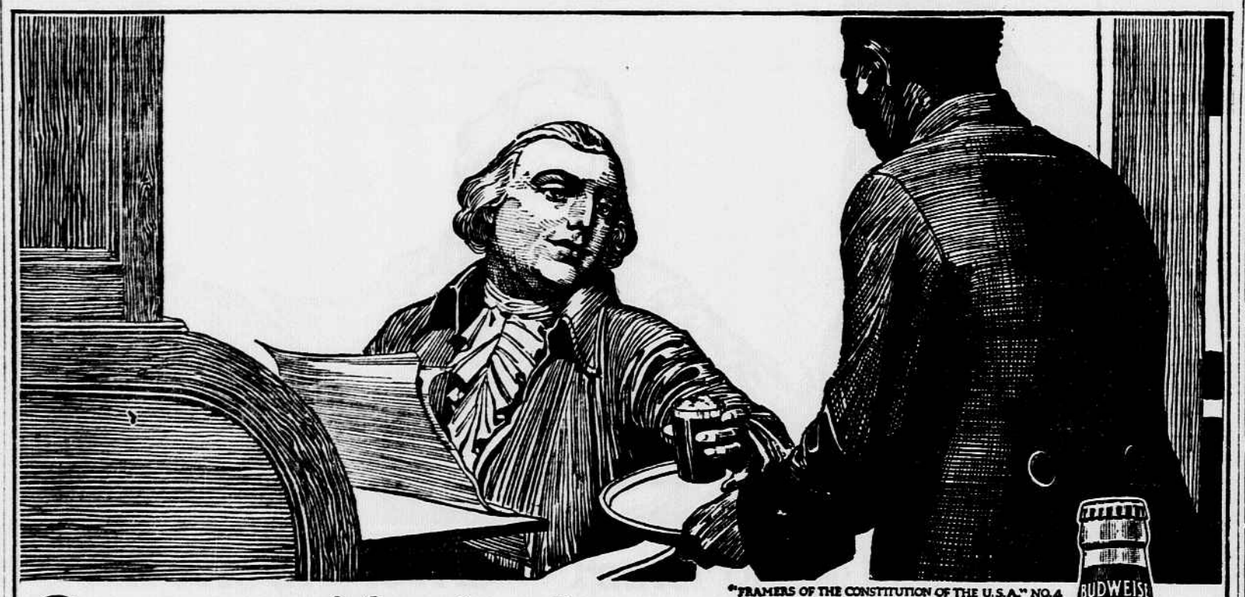
(Like Cut.)

Of Tan Khaki—noted for its serviceability; nicely trimmed with turkey red material. Sizes 2 to 6 years.

—Second Floor, Annex.

Corduroy Sport Coats for Misses at $4.95

Made of splendid quality corduroy, in shades of new rose, yale blue, golf green, putty, sand and white and champagne. Knapsack pockets, flare collars, detachable belts and large self-covered buttons are a few of the distinguishing features. Sizes for small women included.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 4

Gouveneur Morris—"Father of the Penny"

AMONG all the framers of the Constitution of the United States none were more adept at constructive statesmanship than the "father of the American decimal system" and originator of the copper cent. The finish, style and arrangement of the Constitution fairly belong to the brilliant and eloquent Morris. From his youth to the hour of his death he was a devoted and dauntless worker for American progress. His unrivaled ability as an orator was known throughout Europe, and his funeral orations on Washington, Clinton and Hamilton are treasured American classics. Gouveneur Morris was an indomitable supporter of the Louisiana Purchase. He it was who rescued LaFayette from prison walls and aided him from his private purse. Personally he was very handsome; his nature was impulsive, but his heart was warm and generous. He loved society, and his hospitality was famous. All his life he drank the creative brews of malt and hops, and who will dare say that it weakened his will power or detracted from his success, his fame, his glory and his might? It was upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U.S.A. that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. During these 58 years they have daily brewed from the finest barley and hops beers famous for being alive with natural force and nutriment. Their great brand BUDWEISER, because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sales of any other bottled beer by millions of bottles. BUDWEISER'S popularity grows daily, and 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the public demand.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

Anheuser-Busch Branch
Distributors Washington, D. C.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 142 acres.

Budweiser

Means Moderation

Experienced Advertisers Prefer The Star.