

LOAN AIR CIRCUS DUE TOMORROW

"Stunt" Aviators Will Perform Here to Boost Victory Loan.

Victory Loan Circus Air Squad, composed of the best fliers of the aviation camps of the country, is expected to arrive at Bolling Field tomorrow in time for the 1 o'clock air parade.

This is the first time that aviators scheduled for air flights have resorted to the use of the railroads for transportation purposes. On this trip, the men and planes will arrive by special train. Mechanics, accompanying the party, will immediately reassemble the parts.

Specialists prepared Victory Loan literature will be dropped over the city by the biplane Sunday afternoon. They will also perform feats as they move through the air several thousand feet over the city.

For the first time in many months, during war activities and the readjustment period, Bolling Field will be open to the public Sunday afternoon. Special passes, however, will have to be obtained at the field from the officer of the day.

Although flying activities were virtually suspended yesterday, due to the storm, Representative Fredrick C. Hicks, of New York, and Representative Milton H. Wellington, of Utah, were observation guests of Col. R. S. Hartz, commandant.

Allied Gunners Fired 2,200,000 Tons at Huns

Allied artillerymen during 1918 fired 2,200,000 tons of steel projectiles at the German army. War Department experts estimated yesterday.

It was announced also that America's Browning machine guns and automatic rifles at last have entirely replaced foreign models in the A. E. F.

Kills Father-in-Law for Interfering.

Durham, N. C., April 11.—Angered at interference between himself and wife, Tom Barber, 31, a farmer, living near here, late yesterday shot and killed Sam Clayton, his father-in-law.

Pimples and Skin Eruptions Danger Signs of Bad Blood

It May Mean Eczema, Scrofula—The First Sign of Inherited Blood Disease.

Pimples, scaly itching skin, rashes, burning sensations and Scrofula denote with unfailing certainty a debilitated, weakened and impure state of the blood. The trouble may have been in your blood from birth, but no matter how you were infected, you must treat it through the blood. It is a blood disease. You must use S. S. S., the standard blood tonic for 30 years, if you expect certain relief. For purifying the system, nothing is

700,000 in Switzerland Were Stricken with "Flu"

Influenza affected 700,000 out of Switzerland's population of 4,000,000, according to official reports just received by the United States Public Health Service and published in Public Health Reports yesterday.

As was the case in England there were two distinct waves, the first reaching a crest in July, when there were 53,000 cases and the second in October when the total was 253,300.

11 SENTENCED BY D. C. COURT

Suspends Three Penalties; Joyrider Gets 2 Years; Other Cases.

Eleven sentences ranging from four years in the penitentiary to nine months at Occoquan were imposed in Criminal Court No. 1 yesterday.

Charles E. Carter, convicted of joyriding, was sentenced to two years in penitentiary, but the sentence was suspended and he was placed on probation.

Nine months in Occoquan was the penalty of George Jenkins for stealing \$100 from Walter M. Stockham. Both Frank C. Johnson and Vinnie King got four years in the penitentiary following their conviction of robbery and assault with dangerous weapon against John Plummer.

Another suspended sentence—probation—was given in the case of Fred Hyson, convicted of stealing \$500 from George K. O'Donnell. Convicted of stealing two auto tires, worth \$60, Charles Thompson got a year at Occoquan. Cora Brown received the same sentence after conviction of grand larceny in the case of a \$45 theft from Randolph Hebron.

Jeannette C. Eskridge, alias Gertrude Essex, was placed on probation with a two-year penitentiary sentence suspended for stealing \$50 from John T. Cronkhite.

Filipino May Speak Here.

Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippine senate and head of the Philippine mission to this country, probably will speak at George Washington University chapel exercises at 12:15 o'clock next Wednesday.

The Amazing Story of Maria Botchkareva

Leader of the Russian Battalion of Death

THIS STARTS THE STORY.

In the summer of 1917, Maria Botchkareva formed the Battalion of Death, a woman's fighting unit in the Russian army, and thus a peasant girl stepped into the international hall of fame. This is her story. In earlier installments she told of her childhood; of the brutality of her married life; her attempt to commit suicide to escape a cruel husband, and her final success in evading him. She told of her many molestations at the hands of officials, soldiers and how she was trapped in a house of shame by promises of work. She escaped from this house but immediately returned when the police made advances to her instead of affording protection. In desperation she attempted suicide a second time. A man intervened. She grew to like him and they lived together by civil agreement. She lived happily with him for three years when a revolutionist, a friend of her second husband, sought refuge at their home. The political refugee was arrested and discovered by the authorities. They were caught in their flight. Maria Botchkareva was arrested and questioned. She and her husband became separated. She traveled many hundreds of miles to find him. She located him in a prison and set out to carry her appeal to the governor. She subjected herself to voluntary arrest that she might accompany her husband to Siberia, to which place he is exiled for four years. En route the party suffered many hardships and she learned astonishing workings of the code of criminals. Arriving in Siberia the husband was threatened with further exile to the most desolate of prison camps along the Arctic Ocean. Maria Botchkareva intervened and had to deal with a liberated governor. Her husband was given his liberty, but the price was that she was drugged and shamed by the governor. She attempted suicide by drinking poison, but was revived. When the husband learned of the outrage he attempted to kill the governor, for which act he was exiled to Amga. The husband grew to be a worthless kammer. In a rage he at one time hung his wife, but she was rescued in time to save her life. Maria Botchkareva could no longer endure his brutality. Rumblings of the world war reached far off Siberia. Maria decided to leave her husband and enlist. She was rejected because she was a woman. She appealed to the czar.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES.

The fifteenth of August, 1915, was a memorable day in our lives. The enemy opened a violent fire at us at 3 A. M. of that date, demolishing our barbed-wire defenses, destroying some of our trenches and burying many soldiers alive. Many others were killed by his shells. Altogether we lost fifteen killed and forty wounded out of 250. It was clear that the Germans contemplated an offensive. Our artillery replied vigorously, and the earth shook from the thunders of the cannon. We sought every protection available, our nerves strained in momentary anticipation of an attack. We crossed ourselves, prayed to God, made ready our rifles, and waited for orders.

At six the Germans were observed climbing over the top of the hill in our direction. Closer and closer they came, and still we were kept inactive, while our artillery rained shells upon them. When they approached within a hundred feet of our line the order was issued to us to open fire. It was such a concentrated hail of bullets that we let loose at the foe, decimating his ranks, that confusion resulted in his midst. We took advantage of the situation and rushed at the Germans, turning them back and pursuing them along the eighteen-verse front on which they started to advance. The enemy lost 10,000 that morning.

During the day we received reinforcements, also new equipment, including gas masks. Then word came that we would take the offensive the following night. Our guns began a terrific bombardment of the German positions all night in the evening. We were all in a state of suppressed excitement. Men and officers mixed, joking about death. Many expected not to return and wrote letters to their dear ones. Others prayed. Before an offensive the men's camaraderie reached a climax. There would be affectionate partings, sincere professions by some of their premonitions of death and the trusting of messages to friends. Universal joy was displayed whenever a shell of ours tore a gap in the enemy's barrier of wire or fell into the midst of his trenches.

At three in the morning the order "Advance!" rang out. Buoyant in spirit, we started for the enemy's positions. Our casualties on the way were enormous. Several times we were ordered to lie down. Our first line was almost completely wiped out, but its ranks were filled up by men from the second row. On we went till we reached the Germans and overwhelmed them. Our own Polish Regiment alone captured 2,000 prisoners and our jubilation was boundless. We held the enemy's positions and No Man's Land, strewn with wounded and dead, was now ours. There were few stretcher-bearers available, and a call went out for volunteers to gather in the wounded. I was among those who answered the call.

There is great satisfaction in aiding an agonized human being. There is great reward in the gratitude of some pain-conscious boy that one wins. It gave me immense joy to sustain life in benumbed human bodies. As I was kneeling over one such wounded, who had suffered a great loss of blood, and was about to lift him, a sniper's bullet hit me between the thumb and forefinger and passed on and through the flesh of my left forearm. Fortunately I realized quickly the nature of the wounds, banded them, and, in spite of his objections, carried the bleeding man out of danger.

I continued my work all night, and was recommended "for bravery in defensive and offensive fighting and for rendering while wounded, first aid on the field of battle" to receive the Cross of St. George of the 4th degree. But I never received it. Instead, I was awarded a medal of the 4th degree and was informed that a woman could not obtain the Cross of St. George.

I was disappointed and chagrined. Hadn't I heard of the Cross being given to some Red Cross nurses? I protested to the commander. He fully sympathized with me and expressed his belief that I certainly deserved the cross.

"But," he added, disdainfully,

shrugging his shoulders, "it is natchalno" (officialdom).

My arm pained and I could not remain in the front line. The medical assistant of our regimental hospital had been severely wounded, and I was sent to act in his place, under the supervision of the physician. I stayed there two weeks, till my arm improved, and attained such proficiency under the doctor's instructions that he issued a certificate to me, stating that I could temporarily perform the duties of a medical assistant.

The autumn of 1915 passed, for us uneventfully. Our life became one of routine. At night we kept watch, warming ourselves with hot tea, boiled on little stoves in the front trenches. With dawn we would go to sleep, and at 9 in the morning the day would begin for some of us, as that was the hour for the distribution of bread and sugar. Every soldier received a ration of two and a half pounds of bread daily. It was often burned on the outside and not done on the inside. At 11 o'clock, when dinner arrived, everybody was awake, cleaning rifles and repairing things generally. The kitchen was always about a verve in the rear, and we sent messengers to bring the dinner pails to the trenches. The average dinner consisted of hot cabbage soup, with some meat in it. The most frequently was spoiled. The second dish was always kasha, Russia's popular gruel. Our daily ration of sugar was supposed to be three-sixteenths of a pound. The time our dinner got to us it was cold, so that tea was resorted to again. After noon we received our assignments, and at 6 in the evening supper, the last meal, consisting only of one course, arrived. It was either cabbage soup or kasha or half a herring, with bread. Many ate all their bread before the supper hour, or if they were very hungry, with the first meal, and thus were forced to beg for morsels from their comrades, or go hungry in the evening.

Every twelve days we were relieved and sent to the rear for a six days' recuperation. There the baths of the Union of Zemstvos, which had already extended its activities in 1915 throughout the front, awaited us. Every divisional bath was in charge of a physician and a hundred volunteer workers. Every bath house was also a laundry, and the men, upon entering it, left their dirty underwear there, receiving in exchange clean linen. When a company was about to leave the trenches for the rear, word was sent to the bath house of its coming. There was nothing that the soldiers welcomed so much as the bath house, so vermin-ridden were the trenches, and so great was their suffering on this account.

More than anybody else did I suffer from the vermin. I could not think at first of going to the bath house with the men. My skin was eaten through and through, and scabs began to form all over my body. I went to the commander to inquire how I could get a bath, telling him of my condition. The commander sympathized.

"But what can I do, Yashka?" he remarked, "I can't keep the whole company out to let you alone make use of the bath house. Go with the men. They respect you so much that I am sure they won't molest you."

I could not quite make up my mind for awhile. But the vermin gave me no rest, and I was nearing the point of desperation. When we were relieved next and the boys were getting ready to march to the bath house I plucked up courage and went up to my sergeant, declaring:

"I'll go to the bath house, too. I can't endure it any longer."

He approved of my decision, and I

followed the company, arousing general merriment. "Oh, Yashka is going with us to the bath house!" the boys joked, goodnaturedly. Once inside, I hastened to occupy a corner for myself and demanded that the men stay away from there. They did, although they kept laughing and teasing. I was awfully embarrassed the first time, and as soon as I got through I hurried into my new underwear, dressed quickly and ran out of the building. But the bath did me so much good that I made it a habit to attend it with the company every two weeks. In time, the soldiers got so accustomed to it that they paid no attention to me, and were even quick to silence the funmaking of any new member of the company.

(To be continued.)

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Plan to Release Enemy Aliens from Parole

Hundreds of enemy aliens will be released from parole Sunday, it was learned at the Department of Justice yesterday.

United States marshals and Department of Justice officials in all parts of the country this week are sending notices of parole releases. Most of the aliens to be thus released were arrested on Presidential warrants for violations of minor clauses of the espionage act and were not interned.

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PAYS \$24,000 CLAIM TO G. W. U.

Government Meets Bill for Housing and Educating Student Corps.

George Washington University is the first of the educational institutions of the country to get a check in settlement of its claim against the Government for housing and subsistence supplied members of the Students Army Training Corps. A check for \$24,000 has just been received.

"University officials are highly gratified at the promptness with which the claim was paid," said Dr. William Miller Collier, president of the university.

"The university's finances are in excellent condition, and judging from present indications we will close the academic year with a substantial surplus, a rather remarkable situation in view of the deficits that most colleges are facing because of the disorganization brought about by the war."

LORETTA McBRIDE CHIEF OF YEOMEN (F)

Sails for France Soon to Serve with National Catholic War Council. Yeomen (F) of the United States navy will be reviewed by their chief, Miss Loretta McBride, for the last time on April 22. Miss McBride announced yesterday that she expects to receive her discharge from the service within a few days and will sail for France on April 23 to enter the service of the National Catholic War Council. The final review on the 22nd will see Miss McBride's farewell from 1,000 yeomen (F), whose chief she has been. A dance at Raucher's will follow the review.

Dr. Collier Visits New York.

Dr. William Miller Collier, president of George Washington University, and Mrs. Collier will leave Washington tomorrow for New York, where they will remain until April 22.

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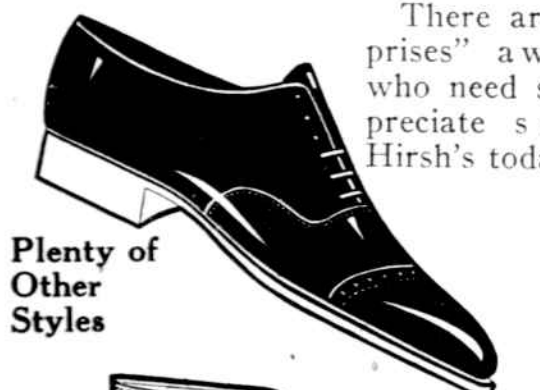
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