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THE CALL TO THE COLORS

Late Friday night, in accordance with the terms of the army bill which had just passed the senate, President Wilson issued a proclamation calling upon all male citizens between twenty-one and thirty-one years old to appear at their voting precincts on June fifth and register for army service. The call applies to all who have completed their twentieth year and have not entered upon their thirty first year. It applies to everybody, and no excuses are accepted. Failure to register involves possible imprisonment for a year, as well as the shame of appearing to try to evade service.

Of those who register on June fifth possibly one in every twenty will be called upon for service in the first conscriptive army of five hundred thousand. The other nineteen will be relieved until further draft is required. The men selected for service will be taken to concentration camps and thoroughly trained in modern warfare; because untrained troops would only be an embarrassment to the armies at the front. They will be well cared for and well paid, so that those they have left behind will be secure from want. Probably, late in the fall, if Germany lasts that long, they will be sent to the western front, and another conscriptive army will take their places in the concentration camps.

If American troops are sent to the battle line in France, they will be fighting in defense of their country just as surely as if they were fighting upon American soil. The United States is committed to this war, and will be hated more by the German government — we do not say the German people — than if it had participated from the first. If we permit the allies to be defeated on French soil, we must prepare to face the hard-bitten German legions on our own soil, and to fight them with an untrained army, with part of our own country desolated, as France and Belgium have been desolated.

The conscriptive army of the United States, which will be selected from those who register on June fifth, will be fighting the battles of humanity within six months, if the war is not terminated by this summer's battles. They will fight for the German people, as well as for all other peoples who seek to govern themselves and to be at peace. They will help release the German people from the bonds of the desire to escape which drove millions of Germans to the United States. No German-American has cause to regard German autocracy with other than feelings of aversion.

All Americans should be proud to register for service to humanity as well as to their own country, and to risk their lives if need be, in such a cause. Nobody should forget that in this conflict either the United States must win or Germany must win. We are fighting nobody's battles but our own. If Germany had deliberately flouted the United States as she has repeatedly done, with no other war on her hands, we would have been at death-grips with her within thirty days after the women and children on the Lusitania were murdered. The United States is not in this war to help anybody, except incidentally, but herself. In sending troops to the French battle line, we are merely taking the advantage seized by Germany at the beginning of the war of keeping the battle line off of our own territory.

Under the new war revenue bill, heavy taxes are laid upon whisky, beer, tea, coffee and all soft drinks. Water is the only beverage which will not pay a tax. In the circumstances, would not a water drinker be classed as a "slacker?" Uncle Sam needs the revenue, you know.

We all welcome the return of the Italian offensive, because it brings back a group of names that are more or less familiar. While on other fronts, the geography changes rapidly and the names of new villages and rivers appear to puzzle us, the Italians and Austrians are hammering away on the old, familiar lines. Gorizia, the Isonzo, Tolmino and the Vodic are all household words with us, and we are expecting every moment the arrival of our old friend, the Trentino, on the scene.

The House of Representatives evidently believes that there is a limit to the number of straws that may be placed upon the back of the camel.

The congressmen who object that Charlie Chaplin receives more money a year than the entire United States senate do not reflect that he furnishes with more amusement than does the entire United States senate. We dislike to boost Charlie and his custard pie motif too much, but if it were left to a vote of the people which they would prefer to do without—Charlie or the United States senate—we are of the opinion that the latter would have the campaign of its life ahead of it.

LOUISIANA OPINION.

Talk Right or Keep Quiet

Alexandria Town-Talk: Citizens of Alexandria, if you cannot say a good word for your city, then say nothing. Do all that you can to assist the committee in charge of the work of locating the divisional camp at Camp Stafford. The location of this camp there means the putting of millions of dollars into circulation in this city and Pineville. Don't ever get it into your head that there is anything too big for Alexandria. This is the central city of the state.

Training Camp for Farming

Crowley Signal: Farming is no job for untrained men. Farming in a trade. The best farming requires special education and special training. But enough training to make men fit to help on farms can be given quickly. Just now the whole nation is calling for men to work the land. Perhaps later there may be selective service for farms, just as we are to have it for the trenches. But we cannot wait. We must hurry and get men into training as fast as they volunteer. This newspaper suggests that at once the country set up a training school for farm help—call it a training farm, a training camp, or whatever name seems best. It must be a place to train men for farm work.

Missionary Work Ample

Possler Banner: The writer believes that if there has not been enough plant-some-corn, grow-a-pumpkin and set out extra hen literature circulated to throw a scare into the South the thing can't be done. Let us stand to one side for a while and watch the furrows grow. There's going to be a big dirt movement, all right.

Pity to Waste Such Energy

Winfield Times: Why longer restrain the Hon. Ted Roosevelt's military ardor? Give him an American flag and a horse pistol and rush him at once to the firing line in France.

The Money Grabbers

Monroe News Star: Just at present the speculators in foodstuffs are being denounced in seven different languages, and the average citizen looks on approvingly. Unfortunately, there are a few men in this world who do not hesitate at anything when there is an opportunity to grab a few cents, no matter how disreputable the method pursued or how unfortunate the victim. These sharks apparently have no compunction of conscience, and care absolutely nothing about the means whereby they are enabled to literally squeeze a few cents from their helpless victims. There are a few men in business who are ready and willing—even anxious—to advance their prices, no matter whether an advance is justified or not. They will increase prices upon the slightest provocation, and frequently without any provocation, urged to such action by their sole ambition, which is to get money, honestly and legitimately, if possible, but get the money!

Awake for Good, This Time

Assumption Pioneer: For the thousandth time New Orleans has awakened to the fact that it would be four times the city it is today if it could restore river navigation to its pristine importance. One of the vital links in the Mississippi River water traffic is the Bayou Lafourche route which puts New Orleans in direct and immediate touch with one of the richest sections of the South. All that is needed to restore that route is locks at Donaldsonville. These locks are bound to come but why this delay.

Fit Punishment for Scandal Mongers

Abbeville Meridional: The person who reports a scandal should be hanged up by his tongue and the one who listens to it should be hanged up by his ear.

Flying the Colors Prominently

Lafourche Comet: Assistant Attorney-General Vernon A. Coco has ruled that it is not illegal for ladies to wear U. S. flags upon their hose. He reaches this opinion, we suppose, from the fact that it is considered the proper thing to place the flag in the most conspicuous places, and now-a-days ladies hose are more noticeable than they have ever been. This is one viewpoint, but it is possible to differ with the Attorney-General, for since newspapers are debarred from using the flag for advertising purposes we fail to see how the privilege can be allowed the ladies. We do not expect to get a jury of men, especially the bald-headed variety, the kind Dr. Osler said should be killed) to uphold us in our opinion but still it is our opinion.



THE "MARCH PAST" OF CENTURY OLD WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.

LOUISIANA'S FIRST CONTINGENT READY; INTERESTING SCENES AT CAMP NICHOLLS

(By Miss Clare Agnes Carriere.)

"No man knows how to rule Who is not able to obey." — Phillips Brooks.

To be a soldier nowadays is to be somebody.

Louisiana has been since her earliest traditions plentiful in soldiers and military honors. She still today maintains her distinction by offering the services of her men, should they be needed.

The Washington Artillery (known now as the Louisiana Field Artillery) is the oldest military organization in the state. It was in 1815 that the "Native American Artillery" was organized; in 1817 it attached itself to a body of American volunteer infantry known as the "Washington Battalion," of which C. F. Hoey was major and J. B. Walton was adjutant. Three years later three other companies were added, the Orleans Cadets, the Louisiana Grays and the Orleans Grenadiers, and the battalion became the Washington Regiment, in reality the foundation of the present Washington Artillery, with Colonel Persifer F. Smith as the commanding officer, who later became a brigadier-general in the regular establishment. J. B. Walton was the lieutenant-colonel.

When General Gaines of the United States army, department of the South, issued a call for troops, the Washington Battalion responded and went to Mexico. After their return from Mexico the battalion adopted the name of the Washington Artillery.

During the Civil War the organization had a long and interesting period of service. It was among the first to answer the call.

On Washington's birthday the Confederate secretary of war, Judah P. Benjamin, in behalf of the ladies of New Orleans, presented the battalion with an embroidered silk banner in the old Christ Church in Canal street. It was mustered into service in Lafayette square, and accepted as a part of the regular army of the Confederate States. The day after it was mustered in it departed for Richmond, Va., under the command of Major James B. Walton, with William Miller Owen as adjutant. In 1876 Colonel William Miller Owen, the Civil War adjutant, was elected to command the battalion.

A superb monument in Metairie Cemetery, in memory of the men in its ranks who gave their lives to their country, relates its own story.

So ninety-seven years have passed, and again the Washington Artillery is still active, with men old and young keeping its traditions vital.

"Camp Nicholls" is the well-chosen name given to the camping grounds occupied by the troops at the City Park race track. This token of respect is in memory of General Francis T. Nicholls, dear to the hearts of all Louisianians.

Visiting a camp of soldiers is something worth while; observing it in its minute details is of greater worth. There is something unique in the evenness of its daily life routine, something that goes to the heart and teaches a great lesson of obedience and patriotism.

The tents scattered about the ground give a vista of military aspect seen only on the eve of warfare. Walking about Camp Nicholls one learns that the soldiers have all the comforts and delicacies a camp can supply.

The regulations are strictly military. Reveille sounds at 5 a. m., the first call at 5:05 and assembly at 5:10. Twenty minutes of setting-up exercise follow, and mess call sounds at 5:35; fatigue is at 6:25, officers' call at 6:30, and inspection of quarters at 6:45; the morning drill hour assembly call is at 6:55, and for three hours and a half the various companies are on the parade ground, until recall sounds at 10:35. Then privates' school lasts

from 10:40 to 11:40. Mess is at noon; sick call sounds at 12:15; non-commissioned officers' school lasts from 12:45 to 1:45 and the officers' school from 1:45 to 2:45; afternoon drill calls at 3 p. m. and again at 5; mess is at 5:30, and retreat at 6:20.

The battalion is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Allison Owen and Captain-Adjutant Stanley LeMarie.

It is well to recall the fact that Colonel Owen is the son of William Miller Owen, the Civil War adjutant and later commander of the same military organization. Thus from father to son the Washington Artillery has gained the service of a man known as the son of a "typical Washington Artilleryman."

The present Washington Artillery is composed of three batteries. Following are the officers: Battery A—Captain, Schauberg McGee; lieutenants, W. W. Hobson, C. Ball, James Mason and Cyril Bassich; Battery B—Captain, James E. Edmonds; lieutenants, Baron P. Nathan, Peter Hamon, Frederic G. Cassaway and Raymond H. Fleming; Battery C—Captain, Bryan Black; lieutenants, Guy R. M. Gooey, Walter Stauffer, George Clark and Louis Goldstein. Supply Company—Lieutenant, Fremont; supply sergeant, Lucien Mond; corporal, Edward Mogel. Both majors, sergeant and corporal, were among the first to respond to the President's call when troops were sent to the Mexican border. Many among those who compose the present battalion had their first military experience and training on the border, and so good were their achievements that many have attained the rank of officers.

From 4 to 6 o'clock are the visiting hours. This is really the time one learns everything about soldiers and batteries. As one is escorted about the camp with some acquaintance or with a soldier that serve you as guide—for there is always an amiable soldier willing to take up this task—one is informed that each battery has four pieces of artillery, how these are managed and fired, how ammunition are carried and used. With eagerness one hears all this interesting but somewhat painful information.

Leaving the quartermaster's quarters, where the pieces of artillery are kept, the aspect of the camping grounds is most imposing, for what is more impressive and stirring to look upon than soldiers? Oh! well, there's nothing like a soldier anyhow.

Walking around the camp one meets "Nigger" and "Ambrose." The reader will wonder who they are. Well, they are not soldiers, but two faithful dogs that know all the regulations of the camp. "Nigger," a Mexican by birth, gave his services on the border, and was so well thought of by the soldiers that he was brought to New Orleans by the troops. His name indicates his color.

Looking up, one is attracted by three tents which are separated from the rest, and are designated as "guard tents" (prisons). Nearing them, one sees prisoners who do not look like prisoners by their polly mood and merrymaking, that mentally Shakespeare's words echo: "Condemn the fault and not the actor of it."

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done."

Pursuing one's way eastward, one enters the camp of the First Louisiana Infantry. This is commanded by Colonel Frank P. Stubbs, assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Eddy. The First Louisiana Infantry is the finest organization of national guard troops in the service. This was the verdict of regular army officers on the Mexican border, where the regiment served for three months, and then was sent home as thoroughly trained. The machine gun company is commanded by Captain John B. Johnston, as-

sisted by First Lieutenant Philip H. Daniel and Second Lieutenants Edward G. Toujaque and R. V. McCarty. The non-commissioned officers are: Mess sergeant, S. Rankin; first sergeants, F. E. DeFrance, F. H. Morris, Louis Wolbratte, W. K. Lewin and John Maxwell Beret; supply sergeant, W. Reed, corporals John Beret and Hymel Ockers.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent by the writer in partaking of the mess and the witnessing of a tug-of-war by two teams of the machine gun company, one commanded by Sergeant Rankin and the other by Sergeant Maxwell. The team of Sergeant Rankin won.

After having viewed the two camps through and through, one is surprised to see the setting sun indicating the retiring time to visitors. One's time is spent so agreeably that it seems too short. The bugle sound awakes your attention, and the glorious air of the "Star-Spangled Banner" echoes to your heart, while "Old Glory" is lowered.

One leaves the camp thinking, "What marks the perfect soldier? Is it the man of skill, one that can shoot well, or is it the man with a big heart, full of cheerfulness? Such a question is often mentally pondered while visiting a camp, and remains unanswered. Still, the man of courage and cheerfulness forbears all the odds and ends of life as well as those of war. Why not laugh at the thorns of life? Washington was once a mere soldier; so the soldiers of to-day will be the generals of to-morrow. For the life of the man is his heart.

As one leaves the camp and walks towards the historical Bayou St. John, the scenery is grand and solemn. The blue tints of the heavens melt away into the fresh green of the distant landscape, while there are tears in your eyes, sadness is in your heart, in the hope of a great triumph and of a greater hope, that of a prompt and eternal peace.

LIFELONG RESIDENT OF CITY

Was C. H. C. Brown, Whose Funeral Occurred Yesterday

Funeral of C. H. C. Brown, 71 years old, Confederate veteran and cotton broker, was held yesterday afternoon from his residence, 5213 Prytanina street. Members of the Washington Artillery Veterans' Association were in attendance. Mr. Brown was a native of New Orleans and a member of the firm of H. & C. Newman, cotton brokers, for many years. He served as a lieutenant in the first company, Washington Artillery. He had been married twice.

ORIGIN OF FIRE UNEXPLAINED

Efforts are being made by the police to ascertain the origin of the early morning blaze yesterday which destroyed the dairy of George Barousse, Villere street, near Palmyre, his residence, an adjoining tenement house and damaged other dwellings. The loss, partially covered by insurance, is \$2,825.

The fire originated in the dairy and gained considerable headway before discovery. By the time the fire engines arrived it was well under way. In a short while flames spread to Barousse's home, which, adjacent, and the tenement, a small row of two room dwellings. The latter was condemned by the board of health and was empty for a long time. The name of the owner, who is out of town, is not known.

Damage was done to the rear sheds of the premises at 1301-03, 1405-1407, 1409 and 1411 Independence street.

ERA CLUB'S BIRTHDAY MEETING

The Era club will celebrate its twenty-first birthday Tuesday evening, May 22, at 8 o'clock, in the Casino at City Park. All friends of suffrage are invited to share this pleasure with the members of the Era club.

RAIL ROUTE TO PANAMA CERTAIN

Special plenipotentiary for the republic of Panama, Jerry B. Wilson, rendered a very interesting discourse on the subject of bonded warehouses to be established on the Isthmus of Panama, which is equivalent to a "free port" before the members of the foreign commerce museum of the Association of Commerce Friday.

In the opinion of Mr. Wilson, who is an authority on international trade relations, New Orleans, with its natural facilities and geographical location, is destined to become the flood-gate of international commerce to Central and South America.

Mr. Wilson, who has made his observations on the models, methods and customs for many years in Central and South America, stated that the potential essential requisites needed to bring about a common understanding socially and commercially to perpetuate our present relations, would be to engender the same degree of social and commercial reciprocity abroad that we practice at home.

He stated also that in the inception of the inauguration of the Pan-American club, he hoped that the same true spirit of democracy would be exercised within the confines of the club that has asserted its prerogatives before the world. The United States government in the construction and subsequent to the completion of the Panama canal have been prevailed upon by the manufacturing interests at large in the United States to exercise its influence through diplomatic channels with the Republic of Panama for establishing bonded warehouses as a natural adequate point of redistribution for their products to Central and South America. He had great stress on the fact that this proposition had been advocated by such men as Robert McCall, Fletcher and Goodrich, besides the numerous endorsements that Mr. Wilson had received defining the bonded warehouse propaganda as the international clearing house of the world. He said his object in appearing before such a representative bureau of the Association of Commerce was not only for the purpose of soliciting tentative recognition of the proposition, but that he desired their unanimous indorsement in the premises, as he believes that through the good auspices of the bonded warehouses and the manufacturers, who would be associated with the enterprise, that same would accrue infinite commercial advantages to New Orleans as the natural gateway to Central and South America.

In conclusion, he thanked the members present for the honor and privilege of addressing them and incidentally said that he hoped to be recognized as one of their loyal exponents and constituents.

A special committee was appointed to go further into the matter with Mr. Wilson.

Funeral of Capt. Woodward was held at the residence of Mrs. W. H. McClellan, 2785 Napoleon avenue, yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Interment was made in Metairie cemetery.

FUNERAL OF CAPT. WOODWARD

Last Tribute Paid Memory of Veteran Business Man

Captain T. J. Woodward, former postmaster at New Orleans, Civil War veteran of note and long a prominent figure in New Orleans' business circles, was held from the residence of his eldest daughter, Mrs. W. H. McClellan, 2785 Napoleon avenue, yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Interment was made in Metairie cemetery.

Captain Woodward was born at Danversville, Me., December 16, 1831, and early in life became a seaman. During the Civil War he at different times commanded various ironclad boats. At the conclusion of the war he returned to the merchant marine, but left it shortly after and settled in New Orleans in 1865. He served on various state boards, and during Roosevelt's administration was made postmaster at New Orleans. He is survived by his widow and six children.

Active pallbearers were: Judge Rufus E. Foster, J. T. GKOefe, George Fuchs, Algernon A. Baker, Simpson Jones and Charles Hamilton.

Honorary pallbearers were: Earl Wight, Captain Aiden McLean, Captain A. M. Halliday, Harry Roward, Hugh McCloskey, Colonel J. T. DeFrance, Charles A. Mackie, George Nessler, Charles Perdue, John T. Whittaker, Wilmer Johnson, Frank E. Richmond, Dr. Paul Reese, William Taylor, Admiral Singer, W. O. Hart, Captain John C. Soley, Captain Barry, Captain James Dinkins, Dr. Joseph Hart, Jeff D. Harlin, Sr., M. J. Sanders, E. T. George, Major Armand Roman, Frank B. Williams, A. Bert Tabo, Colonel George Soule and Peter Vogt.