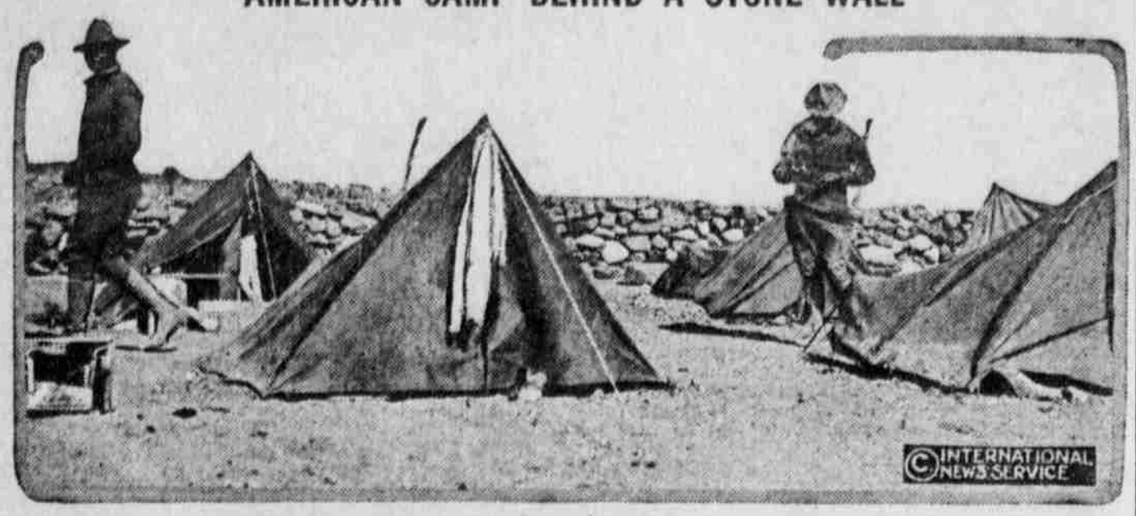
AMERICAN CAMP BEHIND A STONE WALL



View of a small part of the camp of the American troops at Espia, Mexico, protected by a stone wall.

WANTS GIRLS TO TAKE TO FLYING

Girl Who Loops the Loop Says Aviation Is Woman's Profession.

NOT THE LEAST BIT AFRAID

Catherine Stinson, Southern Maiden, a "Gypsy," Thrills Spectators With Stants High in the Air—Hangs Head Downward.

New York.—A gypsy girl, brown-skinned and with curls flying free, a girl who weighs only 104 pounds and is a trifle over five feet in height, and not yet twenty-one years old, has just looped the loop in her own aeroplane at Sheepshead Bay speedway. It is the first time any woman has performed this feat in New York city, and Catherine Stinson probably is the only woman on earth who can perform it.

It was at twenty minutes to eight, long after sunset, that Miss Stinson's biplane, with a vicious spurning of the gravel beneath it, soared into the air—soared up, up, till it seemed nothing more than a dark dragon fly playing aerial tag with the moon and the evening star. The buzzing beat of the engine came to me more and more faintly as I shaded my eyes from the crimson flare beside me, which was to keep the aviatrix from landing on her spectators.

She Hangs Head Downward.

She made two long, loose circles of the speedway. On the third time around, when she was about 2,000 feet—so she told me afterward—above the earth, she made a swallow's smooth

Miss Catherine Stinson.

downward curve, then sheered up and back over her own path, her head and the upper part of her machine downward toward the ground.

For a moment the engine stopped. Then the tune of it began again. Catherine Stinson, for the several hundredth time, had looped the loop, and three minutes later she landed without even a jolt. She had been in the air not more than ten minutes.

The keen wind had sent the tears streaming down her cheeks, but she was smiling and utterly unconcerned.

She's Not a Bit Afraid.

"What in the world induced you to attempt looping the loop?" she was asked.

"I didn't want the men to be getting ahead of me all the time," she said naively. "I just thought that I could do what they could. When I first tried the loop last July I had never even been passenger with anybody who was attempting it. I lost my sense of direction entirely for a few minutes. But nothing happened and the next time it was easier. Now I don't mind it at all."

"You're not afraid?"

"Not a bit. That does no good. And if you have a proper machine, test it before you go up and know how to run it, you're as safe in the air as you would be on a train or in an automobile."

"How old were you when you began to fly?"

"Sixteen. I was in my last year at high school. I lived in Jackson, Miss. I read everything I could find about airships and aviators.

"I teased for a long time before I could induce my mother to let me fly. I'd get her to the point where she was almost willing, and then some aviator would be killed and I'd have my work to do all over again. I used to wish I could hide the newspapers.

"Finally she said yes, and I went at it in earnest and learned all I could about the business."

Miss Stinson is thoroughly convinced that aviation is a woman's profession and hopes to see more girls learn to fly.

DEDICATES ACRES TO BIRDS

Commodore Benedict Plans "Sanctuary for Feathered Tribe on Connecticut Estate.

Greenwich, Conn.—Plans for converting his beautiful estate of more than 100 acres into a model "bird sanctuary," have been made by Commodore E. C. Benedict, who at the age of eighty-two attributes his good health to his love of the great outdoors and its wild creatures.

The first step in the creation of the "sanctuary" will be to drive out the English sparrows, the "gangsters" of the bird world, and the hundreds of crows which have been attracted by the food to be found on the estate at low tide.

Nesting boxes will be provided for such birds as will use them, from the smallest for the house wren to the largest box for the wood ducks. The big fresh water lake on the estate will be made attractive to ducks by planting suitable food, with the hope that now and again mated pairs will remain to nest.

Of the many big estates in Greenwich, that of Commodore Benedict offers the greatest natural advantages for scientific conservation work and prominent Audubon workers are co-operating with the commodore in carrying out the plans for the project.

One of the scientific advantages to be gained by carrying out this plan, it is pointed out, is that the birds will rid the beautiful gardens of the estate of their insect enemies.

The unusual interest in birds in Greenwich and vicinity is due in large measure to the fact that the Greenwich (Conn.) Press has a bird conservation editor and publishes bird stories and notes in each issue. It is probably the only weekly paper in the United States that prints a regular feature of this kind.

WARRING ON LAZY HUSBANDS

Charities Organization Forcing Habitual Loafers to Work or Serve Terms on Penal Farm.

Martinsville, Ind.—The executive committee of the Associated Charities is making war on lazy husbands. John Gourley has been fined $10 and sent to the penal farm for 30 days under the lazy husband law. Charity will be given his family while he is away. Charles Kenworthy, when before Judge Whitaker, charged with being a lazy husband, was permitted to go on his pledge to obtain work. He has left the city. James Padgett, when charged with failing to support his family, promised to leave town if permitted to go. The opportunity was given him. The charity association is willing to give assistance to all families in need of help, but it is not willing to encourage laziness of husbands.

SHOW TWO ERAS IN SHIPBUILDING

Old Whaler and Recently Launched Submarine Lie Side by Side in Docks.

OBJECT LESSON IN PROGRESS

Ancient Bark Recalls Romantic Days in Sea History—Her Neighbor Man-Made Whale No Tar Ever Dreamed Of.

Bridgeport, Conn.—Made fast to the dock of the Lake Torpedo Boat company are two boats brought together by the caprice of circumstances, yet furnishing a most striking and suggestive contrast. Each represents an era of American sea history—one that is already past and another that is just opening.

The bark Morning Star of New Bedford, over half a century a whaler, whose every yard and plank recall the romantic days when New England seamen brought home their cargoes from every sea, when voyages were three and four years long and wind the only motive power, stands for the past.

The L-5, in its fresh coat of gray paint, the newest submarine just off the ways, a man-made whale such as no tar ever dreamed of, stands for the new seamanship.

It is nearly seventy years ago that the Morning Star sailed out of New Bedford harbor carrying a crew of 31 on her maiden voyage. It is less than two years ago that she came in from her last cruise for whales bringing 500 barrels of oil in her hold. And it was only the other day that with her canvas and rigging stowed under her deck, with bare yards hanging like reversed muskets, she was towed down the sound, to be pulled out and overhauled. In a few weeks stripped and altered, her days of cruising and romance over, she will commence to serve out the balance of her life in some menial occupation, either as a tender or freighter.

Used for the Movies.

Last summer she was used in producing several "movie" features. Had it not been for the war it is probable that the Morning Star would have rotted the balance of her life away at some out of the way docks, but the demand for "anything that will float" is so great at present that even the old "square riggers" are being pressed into service.

Built in the shipyards of Dartmouth, Mass., in the days when boats were built on honor, when nothing but seasoned timber was used, and with her sides filled with rock salt to preserve her timbers, which have been soaking whale oil for over half a century, it is no wonder that there is "not a drop of water in her," although her pumps have not been touched for a year and a half.

On the way down she was visited by two men who shipped in her as cabin boys, one over thirty and the other over fifty years ago. Bolted to the floor of the cabin, which is reached by means of a little crooked stairway, is the table; on either side of it a long bench, and swinging overhead a wooden rack for glasses and cups. It was here that the "after mess" gathered to eat their "salt horse" and biscuits, to drink their grog and swap yarns. In the captain's cabin is the only concession to comfort, in the form of a bed hung on pivots at either end so that it would stay level as the vessel rolled.

House About Wheel.

The wheel which was built on the arm of the rudder traveled from side to side as it moved the rudder. It is housed in so that the man at the wheel could only see that part of the deck where the mate paced back and forth giving him orders, and a glimpse of the sails, through an opening in the roof for that purpose, in order that he could keep them steady.

Above the main deck of the Morning Star are two "boat decks" on which were nested the whale boats, an extra supply of which was always carried, as sometimes an extra lively whale succeeded in destroying one or more. Amidships under one of these is the kettle for trying out the oil.

Away forward down through a little opening is the "fo'c'sle." It is dark and small, with rows of bunks on either side, resembling bins in a stock room. No light, no ventilation, it is small wonder that rum and tobacco were in demand here. But gone are the days of whale cruising and along with them the men and the stories of the whalers. Even as we peer into the dark and try to repeople in imagination the old "fo'c'sle" we are called sharply back to the present by the rising note of the hammers ringing on the plates of the new hulls.

PUBLIC ROADS

CANADA TO MARDI GRAS CITY

Ribbon of Concrete, Rock and Gravel Unrolling Between Winnipeg and New Orleans.

(By FREDERICK J. WRIGHT, President of Jefferson Highway Association.)

In New Orleans on November 15 and 16 of last fall, after six months of systematic agitation, more than 400 good roads enthusiasts from eleven states west of the Mississippi river met and organized the Jefferson Highway association. Now a ribbon of concrete and rock and gravel is rapidly unrolling between Winnipeg, Canada, and New Orleans, La., which latter city aspires to be known as the winter capital of America.

In less than six months of its official existence, the Jefferson highway has become second in importance among America's great new national highways. The Lincoln highway is naturally and rightfully given first place, connecting as it does New York and San Francisco, and spanning the entire continent from east to west. The Jefferson highway, on the other hand, traverses the great agricultural center and connects the Dominion of Canada at Winnipeg with the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans. It crosses the rich agricultural states of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Louisiana, with a possible branch through the Ozark mountains in Arkansas.

Thomas Jefferson is justly entitled to the honor which the Jefferson highway is expected to confer upon his name. The great north and south highway traverses the Louisiana purchase territory with the exception of a short dip into Texas, made to provide a level route around the mountains of Arkansas. This diversion makes the Jefferson highway a farm land, level country route from beginning to end.

The actual work of graveling, rocking, macadamizing or surfacing with concrete is now being arranged for with surprising energy. Single counties in Texas and Louisiana have voted $300,000 and $400,000 bond issues. Counties and road districts in which it would not have been supposed that ten per cent of the voters would approve of bond issues for building roads have won their bond issues easily because of enthusiasm for the Jefferson highway.

Highways must be built on the ground as well as on paper before they

Jefferson Highway.

are satisfactory for purposes of traffic. The Jefferson highway was a dream in men's minds for a few months, then it became a highway on paper for a matter of a few weeks. Rapidly now the ribbon of gravel and rock and concrete is unrolling through Winnipeg, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Des Moines, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Joplin, Muskogee, Denison, Shreveport, Baton Rouge and New Orleans, traversing the agricultural heart of America, the most broadly developed agricultural country in the world. In less than three years' time the great highway not merely ought to be but will be transferred from men's mind and from paper to the ground, a 2,000-mile, hard-surfaced, 365-day road from Winnipeg to New Orleans.

Social Advancement.

Good roads always contribute to the social advancement of the community. Town and city folks are greatly benefited, but farmers are real beneficiaries on account of the saving in time and labor in marketing farm products.

Encouragement to Birds.

Were our highways bordered with trees, we should find such feathered visitors as our bluebirds, robins, thrushes, catbirds, song sparrows, bluejays and orioles living within our view.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Two Sons of a Cabinet Member Learning a Trade

WASHINGTON.—"Joe and Jim? Oh, they're good fellows. Both of them work 'on the floor,' and work hard, too. They seem to like it. They'll get better jobs soon, if they stay around here." This from a veteran out at the Washington Steel and Ordnance company, at Giesboro Point, concerning Joseph B. Wilson and James Wilson. They would have no trouble getting a recommendation from their "section boss" any time they wanted another job.

They do not need—in fact, have never availed themselves—of any "pull" from their father, Joseph Bauchop Wilson, secretary of labor.

The fact that they are sons of a cabinet member does not disturb them one bit, as in overalls, they carry steel bars around and "do anything that comes handy."

That is about the most definite description of their present work obtainable. Officially they are classified as machinists' helpers, and they are working to be full-fledged machinists.

This is not the first "job" for either of the young men. The elder, Joseph, was graduated from Central high school in 1914, and since then has "carried a chain" for surveyors in the geological survey, and has worked with an automobile magazine. He has been attending Georgetown Law school in the evening.

James, aged eighteen, felt the call of his father's farm, up at Blossburg, Pa., even before he quit Central high. He is an expert in bees, and had a lot of hives on his father's farm. But he wanted to "learn a trade," so he and his brother both set out to do so.

The secretary is delighted. He is a believer in vocational education—and believes that such education, at times, can be acquired outside of school. Both boys likewise hold the opinion that a union card is about as valuable as a diploma.

The boys are only following in the footsteps of their father. He was a worker in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and later became secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America.

White House Chief Usher Talks of Presidents

"IKE" HOOVER, chief usher at the White House, is now serving his sixth administration, counting as two the Roosevelt "double-header," as he terms it. He began as an usher during the term of Benjamin Harrison, was retained by Grover Cleveland and every succeeding president.

Hoover's present post is an important one, as all White House visitors will agree, particularly those favored with private audiences with the president in the executive mansion proper. Perhaps no man living has had a better opportunity to observe the characteristics and the human side of presidents during the last quarter of a century.

Still a young man, Hoover probably will see many more presidents come and go. As might be supposed, he is not talkative and rarely does he reveal even in the slightest degree the opinions he has formed of the nation's rulers he has been privileged to present to thousands of distinguished callers. He was in an exceptional mood the other day, however, when he came upon a friend studying the oil painting of President Wilson, which hangs with those of McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft in the main hall of the White House. Asked if he thought the painting did President Wilson justice, Hoover replied:

"It did when he posed for it. The custom is to perpetuate the features of the president in oil as soon after his inauguration as possible. The features of Woodrow Wilson in that frame are not those of the Woodrow Wilson of today. Nearly four years have elapsed since that painting was finished. He has a stronger face now than he had then. That has been true of every president I have known. They all grow on the job, and as the years pass their faces show it."

Water Supply of Washington Was Threatened

PRECAUTIONS were taken by the war department recently to guard Cabin John bridge from attacks threatening the city water supply, and then placed strict censorship on the news thereof. The only admission officials would make was that extra civilian guards had been employed to patrol the bridge and the nine miles of conduit road along which the pipes supplying Washington with water are placed.

Secretary of War Baker said he had never heard that letters had been received threatening to dynamite the bridge. Col. C. A. F. Flagler, engineer officer in charge of the Washington aqueduct, also denied knowledge of threatening letters. Colonel Flagler denied positively that holes had been found at the four bases of the bridge, indicating that plans had been made to dynamite the structure. An investigation, he said, showed that this story was without foundation.

Widespread interest was aroused in the reported threats against Cabin John bridge because of its vulnerability and the realization that any attack on the bridge would wholly cut off Washington's only water supply. Such an attack would not only cause inconvenience to the people, but would result in the almost complete suspension of governmental activity until the damage could be repaired. It is the realization of this, water department officials declare, that prompted the extra precautions to guard the bridge and conduits.

Efforts have been concentrated toward protecting the bridge, it is understood, because it is the one point in the piping system from Great falls at which an attack might cause serious damage and result in long delays in restoring a cut-off in the water supply.

Army Could Not Feed Its Six Red Cross Dogs

CAPT. GORDON JOHNSTON of the Eleventh cavalry recently presented to the army medical department six dogs of a breed used in foreign armies for Red Cross work, but it is found that the war department has no funds at its disposal that are available for maintaining the dogs.

The dogs were sent to Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., and the commanding officer of ambulance company No. 1 at that place was directed to care for and train them. Then was presented the question of drawing rations for the dogs, it being found that they required six quarts of milk and four loaves of bread daily. An effort was made by the medical officer to obtain an allowance of 20 cents a day per dog to be provided for out of the appropriation for horses and other draft animals. The accounting officers of the treasury hold that this cannot be done, and also that the contingent fund of the army was not available for the purpose. It was thought that perhaps the medical department appropriation might be used, since that had been given a very liberal interpretation as authorizing "the purchase of anything necessary for the medical and hospital service for which no more specific provision has been made elsewhere," but the comptroller decided that the maintenance of the dogs had too remote a bearing upon medical care and treatment or the miscellaneous expense of the service to warrant an extension of such a principle to the purpose.

The secretary of war approved the recommendation of the general staff that, unless the medical department can maintain the dogs without expense to the government—which the comptroller now says is impossible—they be returned to the donor.