

BIG OCEAN FERRY BETWEEN HALIFAX AND ALLY PORTS

Chief Among Transport Boats Is the Former Giant Liner, Olympic.

CARRIES 7,000 MEN ON TRIP

Another of the "Ferry Boats" Employed in Transporting Soldiers and Munitions is the Laurentic—Great Secrecy Observed.

New York.—Less than 600 miles from New York city, less than 48 hours' distant in the matter of time, Great Britain is maintaining one end of the longest, most dangerous and most important ferry service in the world.

"Ferry service" may sound like an odd phrase, for the moment, to be used in describing an overseas transportation system, but so frequent are the sailings, so great the numbers of men and tons of munitions and supplies carried that the expression is really the aptest to be found.

Halifax, N. S., is the western terminus of the great ferry. Its eastern ends are Liverpool, London, Havre and Bordeaux.

Few Americans, unless the thing falls directly under their eyes (and unless they are helped, even then, with a little information that is mighty hard to get), can realize what an important seaport Halifax is and how much is being done there.

On a vacation trip a few days ago I steamed into the harbor of Halifax—through a narrow space, a "gate" they call it, between two lines of floating mines that extend from shore to shore—on the little steamer Florizel of the Red Cross line, writes Joseph J. O'Neill in the New York World.

As we straightened out for our dock there came into view an immense four-stack steamer a mile or so away from us. She looked rather familiar at first glance, and even more so when viewed through the glasses. Undoubtedly she was one of the huge passenger liners that all New Yorkers are used to seeing in their own bay; but there was something wrong about her. She looked different. She was of the dull gray of the British navy, and on each side of her, forward and aft, protruded long, wide-mouthed guns.

The Twenty-Eight Ten. "What ship is that?" everyone asked.

But the patriotic British officers of the Florizel were not telling.

"Probably something in the transport service, or an auxiliary cruiser, or the like," they replied.

But if this was a transport or an auxiliary cruiser it was an unusual one, for there are mighty few boats afloat the size of this great gray monster.

By dribblets information about the vessel in the harbor came to the ears of the curious vacation voyagers after they got ashore. The town is filled with khaki-clad Tommies, of course. Appealed to for the name and business of the big craft they would usually reply: "Caw'n't say, sir, really."

Finally we got this far: "They call her Twenty-eight Ten—Transport Twenty-eight Ten."

Then, at last, I chanced to meet and fraternize with a Canadian soldier, a chap who had just returned from the other side, wounded, and one who was glad to get a bit of news about the United States (because—this was confidential—he belonged here himself, and showed me proudly his United States citizenship papers which he had carried with him throughout two years of scuffling in Belgium and France).

"That's the Olympic." "That big hooker out there? Why, that's the Olympic!" he said. "I just came over in her, and tomorrow morning she's going out with a pretty full cargo of Tommies. She's nothin' but a bloomin' ferry these days!"

And that's what she was—the Olympic, the former pride of the White Star line, sister ship of the ill-fated Titanic, and formerly one of the most luxurious passenger liners afloat.

But now she is Transport Twenty-eight Ten.

And next morning, so early that the dawn-pink hadn't yet shown over the eastern horizon, the Olympic went out on one of her regular ferry-runs. She just slipped out, without a whistle blast, without a sound, indeed. And, as my friend in khaki had said, she took with her a "pretty full cargo of Tommies."

Now, if you had rambled about Halifax the night before and asked privates or officers here and there, "What's the big boat taking away when she goes?" you'd have been told, "Oh, a few hundred men, maybe; a bit of supplies, too." And watching the Olympic slide off through the semi-darkness you wouldn't have been greatly impressed.

But if you had had better sources of information—as I had, thanks to my original Tommie-pal and some others—you might have learned that inside the dark gray hull were 7,000 men consigned to the French front—7,000 stalwart young chaps from the forests and wheat fields and towns of the vast Dominion of Canada, for the most part.

That was impressive enough, that great number of fighting lads housed

within one great hull. But far more impressive was the information that came to me casually from the wounded man, and then was corroborated by others.

"There's 1,250 Yankee lads in that outfit, too. They're part of the American Legion that's been recruiting all over Canada."

A Retired U. S. Army Officer. More than that, there was an American army officer (retired from the service of the U. S. A. with high rank) acting as second in command of this battalion of Yankee lads, I was told by several persons who had ample means of knowing.

They named his name and said that so enthusiastic was he about the cause of the allies that he was content, even eager, to accept a lieutenant colonelcy in this battalion, although he had been of far greater position than that in the army of his own country, and was really one of the best known of the older "fighting men" in Uncle Sam's service.

I am not giving the name here, because it was whispered in confidence, and it was said that he didn't want it known just yet that he was fighting in the service of a foreign monarch.

But all this—the departure of 7,000 boys in khaki—was but the incident of a single day in the port of Halifax.

The men were assembled secretly, pouring in at night over the lines of the Intercolonial railway, at one of whose piers the big Twenty-eight Ten was tied up. And when the town was dark and quiet they were marched aboard her and, though you could get within a block or so, you couldn't approach near enough to see the throngs clustered on her decks, for you were halted by a bayonet pointed at your breast.

Great Britain keeps such movements pretty secret.

A few words more about the Olympic. There are several reasons why she is in the British transport service and is making trips across the Atlantic almost on a regular schedule which runs approximately like this: Five days crossing, three days loading, off again.

One reason is that she is commodious and speedy. She can turn off her 23 knots with ease and she can outrun (and several times has done so) the fleetest U-boats Germany can send after her.

Practically Unsinkable. But the most important reason is

that she is the nearest approach to an unsinkable boat that is floating. After the Titanic went down, it will be remembered, the Olympic was fitted with an "inner skin," a complete second hull, six feet inside of the outer shell of her.

Another big vessel slipped quietly out of Halifax harbor that day. She was not so large as Transport Twenty-eight Ten, nor did she carry such heavy armament. The guns that frowned from her sides were of no more than six-inch diameter, apparently. She, too, had a number. But before the letters were chiseled off her bows and stern she was the Laurentic.

"Just in a few days ago, from New Zealand and Australia with a load of gold bullion—millions," I learned. "She's off again, now, riding light. Secret orders."

A low-lying, slim-bowed, war-gray yacht with two rakish pipes and a mess of small guns slid speedily through the harbor. She was once the Winchester, well known on the Hudson and about New York harbor and the Florida resorts as the speed-craft of the son of "Broadway" Roush. She was sold early in the war and has since been a scout, steaming swiftly to sea to watch for possible enemies while the troopships and supply vessels prepare to make their regular runs over the Great Ferry.

Of these latter craft there are plenty.

Warships on the Watch.

The Leviathan, a high, heavy battleship of the class rapidly becoming extinct, goes in and out on unknown errands. She was going to be scrapped just as the war broke, but she's done splendid service since.

Four-funnelled cruisers, three and four-funnelled destroyers ply seaward, then harborward.

From the heights of the city, where stands the Citadel, now armed with modern and powerful rifles, heliograph mirrors wink to other heliograph mirrors across the mouth of the harbor a mile or so away. At night time huge searchlights scrutinize every ship which approaches anywhere near the entrance to the port.

From Halifax the little Red Cross liner Florizel carried the vacation voyagers, of whom I was one, to St. Johns, N. F., which occupies two days. Then we had four days ashore, and then two days at sea on the return trip to Halifax.

During the time we were away no less than 18,000 more Canadian fighters, in addition to those on the Olympic, had departed. Since the beginning of the war, I was told, more than 350,000 men have steamed from the port, and not one has been lost at sea through any action of the enemy.

It's a mighty interesting and mighty warlike place, this close to New York ferry terminus.

FIRST WOMAN TO SIT IN CONGRESS

Miss Jeanette Rankin Runs Ahead of Her Party in Montana.

CAMPAIGNS ON HORSEBACK

Makes Her Own Hats and Is an Expert at Making Lemon Pies—Intends to Push Extension of Child-Labor Laws.

Missoula, Mont.—Jeanette Rankin, the first congresswoman, is thirty-five years of age and makes her own hats. She is more interested in children than in anything else in the world, with the possible exception of votes for women.

She is about five feet four inches in height, slender, with light brown hair—not red, her friends insist—and has an unusual store of energy. She is the daughter of one of the best-known of the Montana pioneers, who went west when the state was so sparsely settled that it resembled a wilderness, and she and her three sisters have learned to "rough it" in the big western state. She was graduated at the University of Montana, became an ardent suffragist while a girl, and went to Seattle to study voice culture, and then came to New York city to take a course at the School of Philanthropy in that city.

Ardent Suffrage Worker.

Miss Rankin was among the early and most ardent workers for suffrage in the West before any states had granted women the vote, it was said, and fought actively for amendments in Washington and California. In these campaigns, it is said, she went into mines and to farms to argue personally with men and women to induce them to fight for suffrage. She obtained a place as a field secretary of the National American Woman Suffrage association after leaving New York city and went to Florida to establish suffrage organizations there.

She is credited with having done more, perhaps, than any other woman in the state to obtain suffrage for the women of Montana. Then after a hard fight she was nominated for congress by an overwhelming vote in the primaries, and election day, it is reported, she had to fight some of the Old Guard Republican leaders in her own state as well as the Democrats. She did a large part of her campaigning on horseback.

Her friends joined her in creating electrifying innovations. She didn't finish her campaign until election night, it is said. On election day her



Congresswoman Jeanette Rankin.

friends telephoned to practically everybody in the state who had a telephone, according to reports received here, and greeted whoever answered the telephone with a cheery: "Good morning! Have you voted for Jeanette Rankin?"

Makes Famous Lemon Pie. "Miss Rankin is a very feminine woman," one young woman who had known her here and who is now a reporter on a New York evening paper said. "She dances well and makes her own hats, and sews, and has won genuine fame among her friends with the wonderful lemon meringue pie that she makes when she hasn't enough other things to do to keep her busy."

"She is the sort of girl who won't stop until she has got the results she is after, and it will be lots of fun to see her in her first fight in congress."

Among the things which Miss Rankin has announced that she will fight for in congress is extension of the child labor laws—she intends to represent children as well as women in congress—national woman suffrage, mothers' pensions, universal compulsory education and similar propositions. It is expected that she will introduce a new national suffrage bill as soon as she has the opportunity.

GOOD ROADS

VALUE OF CONCRETE ROAD

Engineer Compares It With Other Types of Highways and Shows Its Many Advantages.

"A concrete road will tend to pull any community out of the mud and stay out," according to A. N. Johnson, highway engineer, who for a number of years was connected with the office of public roads, United States department of agriculture.

In speaking on the subject of concrete roads, their construction and value to a community, he said:

"Clean, hard, well graded sand and pebbles or crushed stone, mixed with cement and water to form a mass of quaky or jellylike consistency, eventually hardens into stone. When such a mixture is laid so that slabs 16 feet wide by from 30 to 50 feet long are formed, you have a pavement with a durable, non-skid surface making possible higher traffic speed with large loads drawn by fewer horses or less tractive power—a road open to traffic 365 days in the year—briefly, a concrete road.

"Successful concrete road construction requires, first, proper preparation of a foundation or subgrade. This means compacting the soil where the concrete is to be laid and providing drainage so that water will not remain under the concrete slabs. Upon the properly prepared foundation concrete is placed in one or two layers or courses. This means that some concrete roads are built after what is known as the one-course construction.

"The first consists of a relatively rich concrete mixture throughout; the second of a somewhat leaner mixture for a base, with a richer top or wearing course applied before the concrete in the base has commenced to harden. Usually where the slabs forming a concrete road are greater than 16 feet wide, or where the roads must cross low, frequently wet and hence poorly drained spots, re-enforcing in the form of mesh fabric is embedded in the concrete while placing. This assists to prevent the slabs from cracking, either as the result of settlement of the foundation or from the heaving due to frost action.

"High wearing quality of the concrete road results from using properly graded, clean, hard sand and crushed rock or pebbles. These must be combined with cement and water in proper proportions. Cement makes a firm binder. It holds the sand or broken stone so tightly together that modern traffic produces but little wear on the surface and cannot dislodge the particles.

"Concrete roads cost in the neighborhood of \$15,000 per mile to build. When built the cost of keeping them in repair, owing to the permanence of concrete, is an average of only \$50 per mile. The enormous annual saving in the maintenance of a concrete road compared with other types is shown by statistics gathered from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey and New York for eight years. These combined statistics show a total average cost per mile of \$608 for maintenance of roads built with material other than concrete, while a concrete road costs only an average of \$50 per mile per year.

"Reduced to an average basis and distributed over a period of 20 years under a \$1,500,000 bond issue, the average cost of a concrete road to a farmer living on land valued at \$30.63 per acre is 8 1/2 cents per acre per year. This estimate is based upon proposed concrete road construction in Vermillion county, Illinois, and Vermillion county has just accepted bids for 141 miles of concrete highway. Distributed over a period of years and equalized among the farmers and taxpayers who are thus enabled to reach their market town 365 days in the year—and more quickly than ever before—with larger loads drawn by fewer horses, the cost of a concrete road is negligible. So a concrete road is relatively cheap because a profitable investment."

MONEY FOR IMPROVED ROADS

Big Taxpayer Is the Man Who Foots the Bill for Every Improvement of Public Nature.

More than \$18,000,000 was paid in fees for the registration of motor-driven vehicles in the United States last year. Ninety per cent of this was spent in the maintenance of old roads and the building of new roads.

Additionally the motorists paid by far the larger proportion of all taxes which were levied for good roads purposes.

As a rule the big taxpayer is an automobile owner and he is the man who foots the bill for every public improvement.—Houston Post.

GOOD ROADS IN NEW JERSEY

Total Mileage at Close of 1914 Placed at 14,817.19 Miles—39 Per Cent Surfaced.

The total road mileage of New Jersey at the close of 1914 was 14,817.19, exclusive of streets in towns. Of this, 5,897.45 miles, or 39.8 per cent, were surfaced. Of the latter, 2,858.52 miles were gravel, 1,809.24 untreated macadam, and 417.63 miles bituminous pavement.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Washington Taxpayer Slowly Easing Conscience

WASHINGTON.—Who is "H. D. V.?"—Haunted, apparently, by a sense of remorse that demands complete atonement, a person signing these initials is sending every month to the collector of taxes of the District government a five-dollar bill, urging each time that it be credited to the "conscience fund" of the District.

There is never an explanation as to why the sender feels called upon to contribute the money, nor any indication as to how many of these five-dollar bills will have to be sent before full recompense is made.

From the fact that the money is sent in monthly installments, however, officials in the collector's office assure that "H. D. V." is not any too well off, and that many self-denials must be made to meet the payments.

Thus far a total of \$15 has come from the mysterious contributor. Two of the three installments were sent from Atlantic City, and the last from Washington.

With no other clue as to the address of the sender, all that Collector Prince has been able to do each time is to issue a general "Thank you."

Has Funniest Job in District of Columbia

VARIOUS members of the District government may claim to have the hardest, the most irksome, the most complicated, and the superlatives of all sorts of jobs. Charles F. Nesbit, superintendent of insurance, says he has the funniest. Not that he doesn't work—no, he is some claimant there, too—but the leaven of humor is his almost daily.

The other day a series of complaints began coming in against a concern with a high-sounding Biblical name. This was only one of a score of such organizations, claiming to pay sick and accident benefits, which turn up continuously to lighten Nesbit's busy life.

Superintendent Nesbit summoned the "president" of the concern, a dapper, red-bow-tied, gentleman of color.

"I hear your company hasn't been paying claims. Don't you know you can't do business in the District? You haven't any license," the visitor was told.

"Now, boss, you're surely said a mouful. We sure can't seem to do business—that's why we ain't paid them claims. But we tries to collect mos' regulah, suh."

Nesbit told him he would have to stop collecting in the absence of a license.

"Say, here, does this license cost money?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mister Nesbit, that's jest the way this gov'ment carries on. Now, I ain't got no money to pay claims with yet, you-all want me to pay for a license so I can pay dem claims."

The organization has stopped collecting, but has not started paying claims.

The next laugh came from the report of an inspector. A colored woman complained that she had been ill for two weeks, and no benefits had been paid. The insurance company stated that no medical certificate had been received from her.

The inspector called around to ask her about this.

"Laws, honey, I clean forgot. Just you lif up that scarf on the bureau and there's your certificate."

The inspector found the certificate, all right, and four more, for four successive weeks in advance.

Proposed National Forest in Washington Area

THE proposed and planned conservation of the power of the Potomac river, above Washington, the submergence of many localities and topographic features long familiar to Washington people, and the conversion of the river from Great Falls to a point near the Little Falls into a lake call to mind a plan for conserving the high wooded lands along the river. It was a plan to which considerable publicity was given at and following the National Conservation congress held at St. Paul, Minn., in 1910, and it is still alive.

William M. Ellcott of Baltimore suggested the creation of a great national park bordering on the District and comprising this by acquiring reservations along the Potomac, Patuxent and Anacostia rivers, covering territory between Washington, Annapolis and Baltimore, and preserving the Palisades and banks of the Potomac from Mount Vernon to and beyond the Great Falls. A committee of the American Institute of Architects on the conservation of natural resources—Glenn Brown, William M. Ellcott, James Knox Taylor and Cass Gilbert—drew up a report indorsing this proposition.

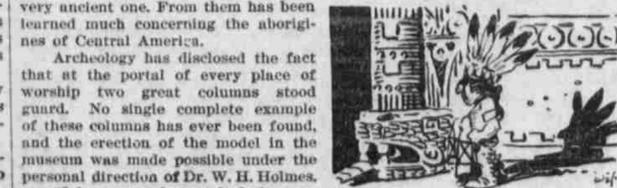
It is pointed out that the presence of cleared lands within the forest boundaries would not be a disadvantage because the best of the farm lands could be used as experimental farms in co-operation with the department of agriculture, while those less adapted for agriculture could be planted in forests. There are many foreign trees that have not been fully tried in this country under forest conditions. The rate of growth of most of our native species, under the most favorable conditions as would result in planting, had not been determined at the time of the discussion of the Capital National forest, and it was reported that "the field of forest experimentation is a large and promising one which would find here the ideal conditions for its fulfillment."

At the front entrance of the building have been placed two great columns surmounted by lintels of wood, the whole forming an arch. The religious history of the original columns is a very ancient one. From them has been learned much concerning the aborigines of Central America.

Archeology has disclosed the fact that at the portal of every place of worship two great columns stood guard. No single complete example of these columns has ever been found, and the erection of the model in the museum was made possible under the personal direction of Dr. W. H. Holmes.

"I have eagerly watched the construction of our model of those great-feathered serpent columns found in the neighborhood of Yucatan at the entrance of numerous temples and frequently scattered down the slopes of the pyramids or buried in the great mass of debris about their bases," said Doctor Holmes.

"The significance of the column is a very fascinating one common to nearly every branch of native art. The feathered-serpent god Quetzalcoatl of the Aztecs (quetzal—a beautifully plumaged bird of middle America, and coatl—the snake), and the corresponding deity Kulkulkan of the Maya people (kukul—bird, and kan—snake), held first place in the mythology of these peoples. Nearly the entire surface of the body represented in the column is covered with plumage typifying the bird element, while the general conformation, the projecting tongue, bulbous fangs, fear-inspiring eyes and beaded rattle symbolize the snake. The desire of the peoples was apparently for a god that like the bird could fly and yet had the readiness to strike characteristic of the snake."



Old Columns Reproduced by National Museum

AT THE National museum a weird and beautiful model has been erected. At the front entrance of the building have been placed two great columns surmounted by lintels of wood, the whole forming an arch. The religious history of the original columns is a very ancient one. From them has been learned much concerning the aborigines of Central America.