

MEN OF THE NAVIES LIKE BIG FAMILY

American and British Sailors Best of Friends, Says Writer.

JACKIE LIKED IN ENGLAND

Fight Among Themselves and All That Sort of Thing, Says Charles Dawbarn, but No Happier Crowds Could Be Imagined.

London.—Writing in the Daily Chronicle on "The United States Fleet in Being" and discussing America's invaluable services, Charles Dawbarn says:

"It is not the American way to fear publicity. Uncle Sam likes to act in the broad eye of day and to have his deeds emblazoned for his own encouragement. But the English are secretive—perhaps this is one of the revelations of the war. In any case, a veil of silence has been dropped over American naval action in the service of the allies—in conformity with British traditions. Being in Rome, the good Americans do as Rome does. In this particular Rome holds its tongue and looks wise. Not the least of American services to England is her readiness to become dumb and anonymous, because that is the immemorial way with the British navy.

"And yet it would not do to suppose that our cousins have not contributed very sensibly to the reduction of the peril which awaits us on the water front the coast. Sir Eric Geddes paid handsome tribute to them in his maiden speech as first lord in the commons. The United States 'Jackie' is a fine fellow, and one of his finest attributes is his speedy adaptation to the new conditions of service in European waters. He has become our own Jack Tar's firm friend.

The Family Feeling.

"Gratifying examples of co-operation between the two services are furnished every day. Officers and crews of the two fleets like each other so well that they 'get mad' at each other, as the Americans say—just as if they were members of the same family.

"In courts of inquiry both services participate when both are involved. Perhaps the senior officer will be Brit-

WAITING FOR CUSTOMERS



Despite the presence of food administrators, fuel directors, and other enemies our bitter and undefeated enemy, Hicest of Living, holds sway in the capital itself.

Rich and poor alike patronize the stalls of the well-stocked markets and the products of the near-South appear in great abundance. There is no scarcity of food here, but there are no deliveries and no charge accounts. Saturday is the big market day and no doubt our food directors received many of their inspirations while passing through the crowded lanes of the markets, where every conceivable edible is offered for sale.

MAKE REAL CITIZENS

Americanizing America Feature of D. A. R. War Work.

Calls on Women to Make All-American City or Town of Place Where They Live.

A new opportunity for women to help in the war is offered by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, through their war relief committee, of which Mrs. Matthew T. Scott is chairman. It is sending out a call to the women of the country to make an all-American city or town of the place in which they live. It asks enlistment for this special service which works directly with the unassimilated immigrant, ignorant or indifferent to America's history, customs and laws, pledged to support our flag, rearing a family with un-American views of life and reading only foreign language papers.

ish and the two juniors American, or the senior will be American and the others British. The unity is such that British and American destroyers swing at the same buoy and follow each other in their sea practices. At sea they exchange signals; on shore they use the same clubs and hats. At one rendezvous the bluejackets of the two nations. There they fraternize in the most cordial manner. Between scenery painted by sailors and in front of an orchestra of destroyer musicians English and American artists sing their songs and deliver their monologues to their brothers of the sea.

"The incessant work of the destroyers and patrol boats in conveying troopships or merchant ships, or in chasing the submarine, has not blunted the edge of the sailor's keenness. If you speak to him about his present 'metier,' and compare it with his peacetime labors, he will declare that the latter were heavier to bear. There was the eternal maneuver for the action which never came, and, after it, officers had to analyze the theoretical results. Navigating and engineer staffs lived in an atmosphere of paper problems. Nowadays they are swept away. There is no time for them. And the spice of danger has given zest to the daily round. To understand that, one must understand the psychology of the sailor.

Danger Is Real.

"His danger is real enough. Hydroplanes and other appliances have not proved a sufficient solution. The only

MATA-HARI DIED AS SHE HAD LIVED

Dancer Convicted of Spying for Germany, a Stoic to Last Moment.

EYES ARE NOT BANDAGED

Gazes Calmly at Execution Squad Awaiting Order to Fire Fatal Volley—Confesses She Was in the Pay of Germany.

Paris.—In the gray dawn of a Tuesday morning a tall, graceful woman stood erect before the targets on the Vincennes rifle range. Her unbanded eyes gazed calmly at a squad of zouaves from a Moroccan regiment. A signal from their commanding officer and the sharp crack of the zouaves' rifles cut the early morning air. The woman fell backward to the ground, her face upturned to the sky. Mata-Hari, the dancer whose charms had captivated the capitals of Europe, had paid the price of being found out. She died convicted of being a spy in the service of Germany, of having betrayed for money the country that had sheltered her and had applauded her art.

Mata-Hari died as she had lived—mistress of herself and her emotions. When awakened on the fatal morning in her cell at Saint Lazare she knew that the end was at hand. She quickly attired herself in a dark dress trimmed with fur, which she had worn at her trial. Putting on a long coat and a large felt hat, she announced that she was ready. The little procession passed through the dark corridors to the office of the warden. Here Mata-Hari wrote two long letters. She was the least affected by the suspense of any in the party.

Says Last Good-Bys.

Handing the letters to her lawyer she bade the prison officials good-by and, escorted by the prison guards, she entered a military automobile accompanied by the two nuns and Captain Bourchardon. Arriving at the fortress of Vincennes she calmly stepped out of the motor, turning to help one of the nuns to alight. Then the condemned woman was taken to the office of the governor, where the last formalities were quickly gone through, after which Mata-Hari again entered the automobile, which started for the rifle range, this time escorted by a squadron of dragons.

On the range all preparations for the execution were ready. A detachment of infantrymen in their blue-gray uniforms were drawn up, forming a hollow square—the targets being at

real solution is man and ship power; the policeman on the spot to catch the thief.

"A hit, a palpable hit, perhaps, and yet the result is uncertain. This is the common experience of submarine chasing. You are never certain of your bag. But whatever German apologists may assert, the number of 'tin fish' disposed of by our ally steadily grows greater, and the system of convoys—a number of ships 'in a bunch,' surrounded by destroyers—has at least this advantage, that it brings the enemy to the defense force and thus obviates a search for him. And in 'taking care' of the traffic, British and neutral, in the sea lanes leading to these isles, the United States navy is performing a duty essential to our existence and reaffirming the old maxim—consecrated once before at sea—that blood is thicker than water."

6 FEET 7 INCHES NOT TOO TALL FOR ARMY

Little Rock, Ark.—W. E. Hale, a farmer, appealed to the local draft exemption board to discharge his son, W. P. Hale, because the lad is "just naturally too tall for the army." But the board rejected the application. The young soldier is 6 feet and 7 inches from the soles of his feet to the top of his head.

Umbrellas \$15 Each.

Havre.—The price of umbrellas in occupied Belgium has been fixed at 75 francs (\$15) each by German authorities.

the further end. The firing platoon of zouaves was in the center, the men standing at attention. The automobile stopped at the entrance to the square and Mata-Hari stepped out. She gazed unmoved, almost disdainfully, at the setting prepared for her final appearance, in much the same manner as she had regarded the audiences that had applauded the exotic dances with which she had startled Paris. In the background stood a group of officers from the Vincennes garrison, many of whom had been witnesses of the condemned woman's stage triumphs. With her lawyer on one side and one of the nuns on the other she passed unshaken in front of the silent, waiting troops.

Arriving in front of the targets, Mata-Hari bade these two good-bys, embracing the nun as she stretched out her hands to a waiting gendarme, who held the card with which they were to be bound. The commander of the platoon raised his sword and the volley rang out, the corpse was taken to a military cemetery and buried in a section set apart for the interring of executed criminals.

Mata-Hari, whose name was Marguerite Gertrude Zelle, gave Paris a new sensation to talk about when some fifteen years ago she made her first appearance at the house of a well-known opera singer, where in a mystic dance she divested herself of a number of veils which were the only garments she wore. She was a remarkably handsome woman, tall and dark, with a skin that was almost bronze in color. This gave rise to the statement that she was a Japanese, but she was of Dutch parentage and had married in her youth a Dutch army officer, from whom she was divorced.

At her trial her guilt was so conclusively proved that she finally confessed she had been in the pay of the German secret police for a number of years. She had utilized her wide acquaintance in France to collect information of military value which she transmitted through secret channels to Berlin, receiving in return large sums of money.

Profit on Sheep.

Eau Claire, Wis.—A clear profit of \$20 a head from a flock of 275 ewes, with the wool clip averaging eight pounds, and an increase in numbers of 168 per cent is the cheerful outlook reported by a Bayfield county sheep raiser. This flock master expects to market 85 ram lambs averaging from 90 to 95 pounds each this fall. Each of the 275 ewes carried on the farm will produce an average of more than \$36 a head this year, represented by her wool clip and the sale of her lambs for mutton.

AMERICAN TO REBUILD TOWN

Dun-Sur-Meuse in France Is Promised Restoration by Man of Same Name.

Paris.—The inhabitants of the little town of Dun-sur-Meuse are convinced, that, after all, there is a lot in a name. For, thanks to the fact that its patronymic happens to be the same as that of a wealthy and generous American, the ravages caused by war will soon be made good.

The municipal council of Dun-sur-Meuse has met in Paris to be presented to its "godfather" who has undertaken to rebuild the town.

Sees Belled Buzzard.

Martinton, W. Va.—The belled buzzard was actually seen near here by Jasper D. Dilley while at work on his farm. Dilley heard the tinkle of a bell, the sound apparently coming from overhead, and in looking up he saw a large buzzard sailing over, with the bell tzed around his neck. The bell tinkled at every movement of the bird's body.

HEARD and SEEN at the CAPITAL

Thanksgiving Day Especial Event in Washington

WASHINGTON.—Thanksgiving time brought a brightening of Washington in national livery who are far from home and mother. Raze the Thanksgiving board this year that did not boast a khaki-covered guest or so. Father and mother piled high the strangers' plates jocosely. Never mind the mist in their eyes.

"Yes, I'm proud of my Jimmy; but I'm not a heroine. I'm just his mother!" Exalted eloquence! They had a grand memorial service for Jimmy at Evansville, Ind., his home town, when the dread word came that Private James B. Gresham, enlisted at nineteen—such a kid!—was one of the first three Americans killed in the trenches of northern France. And Jimmy's mother in her anguish, thanking God for the proud gift of such a boy, sobbed out to those who would faintly console her. "I'm not a heroine—I'm just his mother!"

And I'm rather inclined to think that she was both. "Please invite me where there's a kid that I can mind while its mother is getting dinner," an enlisted man urged when Washington's Thanksgiving invitations began to circulate among the camps. And almost every mother of a baby, touched in her tenderest spot, bid to have that especial man to turkey. A kiddie always seems to touch the soft spot underneath a khaki coat.

The other night there was an interesting vaudeville entertainment given by patriotic light talent before the men at Washington barracks. The wee daughter of Representative Kincheloe of Kentucky accompanied her mother to the performance. Mrs. Kincheloe, a versatile artist, was one of the headliners of the excellent bill. The orchestra was filling up the space between two numbers with a strenuous rendition of "Over There" when tiny Miss Kincheloe, just three years old, escaping from her protector, inspired by the stirring strains, scrambled up on the low stage and began to dance in a spontaneous baby way that overwhelmed the soldiers with delight. The regular program had to wait. The kiddies wanted more of the baby. Grown folk were everyday affairs. A kiddie was a treat.

Government Departments Hard Pressed for Room

THE treasury department is in the market for 185,000 square feet of floor space for office purposes, and is having great difficulty in getting even a small portion. Other government departments are hard pressed for office accommodations for employees, and it will not be until various new buildings authorized by congress are completed that real relief will come.

The government's executive and administrative activities are now so badly scattered throughout the city that persons having business with Uncle Sam often find trouble in locating the particular bureau or division they are looking for. Many times they are sent from one place to another. The war and navy departments, which partly solved the demands for floor space at the beginning of the war by taking over a large number of apartment houses, and are still badly in need of office accommodation, are expecting relief by March 1, when it is contemplated that the big wooden buildings at Sixth and B streets, the site of the old Union station, where Garfield was shot by Guitenu, will be ready for occupancy.

Three sections of one large building will be ready before March 1, it was said today by an officer of the government. The treasury department has not such good prospects for early relief, although the supervising architect of the treasury is rushing plans for the new treasury annex to be built at Pennsylvania avenue and Madison place, adjoining the Belasco theater. It is planned to have this \$1,250,000 building, which will be a permanent one, ready for the treasury by September 15, 1918.

Would Fight to Prove Nationality of Bambino

IT IS a street of second-hand smells. Also, there are noises—the Babel shrill of foreign parent voices outclashed by the raw Americanism of their juniors; the insistent call of the push cart, and always, always the comings and goings of job-lot humanity that must buy other people's cast-offs, because—everybody knows why.

But at one corner the other morning the sun lay like a yellow blanket on the pavement and the leaves swirled down from the trees as if dying were a gay sort of dance. Also, there was a box, and on the box sat a small girl in blue holding a baby with rings in its ears. The girl was a skinny little tacker, with a dark face, mostly eyes, and as she cuddled the baby her crooning voice somehow suggested olives, Vesuvius, wayside shrines and banana carts. But there was nothing Latin about the fat, bald-headed baby, except the rings in its ears. As the two made a picture worth looking at, the woman paused and offered the baby an apple from a bag.

"She Amerry-can baby"—the girl explained it with a pride that was something fine to see. "She is not no dago. She have earrings because my mar-mer she say so, and her saint name is Magdalena—but my par-ber he say it is Maggie for Amerry-can and if she be a boy she be president, maybe."

"Why, that is splendid. And what is your name?" "I am Marree-ah, after the Mother of God. My mar-mer give me to her at the cathedral in Milan. I wear blue all the time I am a child. When I am beeg I have a pink ribbon bow in my hair and a green dress and felluh to go with. But the bambino—no, the babee she come when we get here. No boy shall call her dago. I will fight heem. I will keel heem if he call her dago."

That's about all, only— One would like to know in advance what America will do for Maggie, whose saint's name is Magdalena, when she is no longer a fat, bald-headed baby with rings in her ears.

Opinions as to the Training of Officers Differ

A COMPREHENSIVE plan to train reserve officers and their more systematic employment in the war has been submitted to the secretary of war by the Training Camps association. In addition to establishment of a school or schools for training of officers, to continue without interruption instead of for a few months only, as in the training camps, the association recommends that a certain number of reserve officers should be sent to France for actual experience with the troops in the field and later brought home to act as instructors of troops being prepared for war service.

The association also notes an objection to the understood purpose of the war department to abandon all quarters of the several military divisions.

Apparently the proposal that reserve officers be sent to France for training under actual war conditions and then returned to train the National army does not appeal to the war department. It was said there that reserve officers are being sent to France as General Pershing may require them, and that already about 2,000 have been assigned to the American expeditionary force in Europe at General Pershing's request. The explanation was made, however, that these officers would remain in France.

POULTRY

WHITE LEGHORNS FOR SHOW

Main Points Are That Fowls Should Be Snow White, Free From Color Foreign to Variety.

In exhibiting Leghorns the main points are that the birds should be white—that is to say, snow white, with due amount of luster and free from brassiness, creaminess, "greenness" (a term usually referred to the immature condition of the feather commonly found in young stock), gray specks and color foreign to the variety. The comb in single-comb varieties should have five points. The pullet should weigh three and one-half pounds, the hen four pounds, the cockerel four and one-half pounds and the cock bird five and one-



White Leghorn Cockerel.

half pounds. The ear lobes are required to be white, and should more than one-third of the surface be covered with red in cockerels and pullets, same would be disqualified, but this is allowable in hens and cock birds. Feathers other than white in any part of plumage and shanks other than yellow would also disqualify the White Leghorn. Other general disqualifications are as follows: The presence of stubs, feathers or down on the shanks or between the toes, side springs, squirrel tail, etc.

COMFORTABLE FOWL IS BEST

Poultry to Do Well Should Not Be Exposed to Severe Weather in Fall and Winter.

That farm flocks are often too much exposed to the weather, and that the farmer would realize more from his poultry if he did not allow them outdoors during the fall and winter, are, without doubt, established facts, says A. C. Smith of the Minnesota experiment station. The idea often advanced that poultry can withstand any amount or degree of cold weather provided it is dry, is not borne out by experience. Poultry should not be exposed to either wind or rain in the autumn.

House the birds comfortably if you wish eggs. Keep them in the house after the ground freezes. Let them out only during the middle of the day as a rule in the fall after the frost comes. If you cannot take the trouble to get them in early in the afternoon, keep them in.

HANDLE PULLETS WITH CARE

Make All Changes Gradually and Keep Roosting Quarters Dry and Well Ventilated.

Pullets beginning to lay should be handled with exceptional care. Do not think because they have started to lay that you should confine them in their winter quarters. Make no changes on them till the weather will permit; then take plenty of time in varying the ration. Make all changes gradually. Keep the roosting quarters dry, well ventilated, but boarded up tight on the north, east and west sides. They should then have a comfortable house, and when handled by a careful person who understands the nature of the hen they should produce abundantly.

FRESH EGGS DURING WINTER

Demand Far Exceeds Supply and Prices Rule Exceedingly High—Give Hens Summer Feed.

The demand for strictly fresh eggs during the late fall and winter months far exceeds the supply, prices rule very high during that period and the breed of hens and the system of managing them that will produce a good egg yield at this time of the year is being much sought after. This can be accomplished by starting in the fall with a good laying strain of fowls and managing them in a systematic way, giving them summer conditions in feeding throughout the winter.

RIDDING SOILS OF GAPEWORM

Effective Measure to Stop During Winter—Freezing Weather Kills Insects.

Winter plowing is an effective method of ridding soils of the gapeworm. This worm causes the so-called "gapes" in little chicks, and can only result from contaminated soil. Winter plowing turns the worms to, or near the surface, where freezing weather quickly ends their existence.