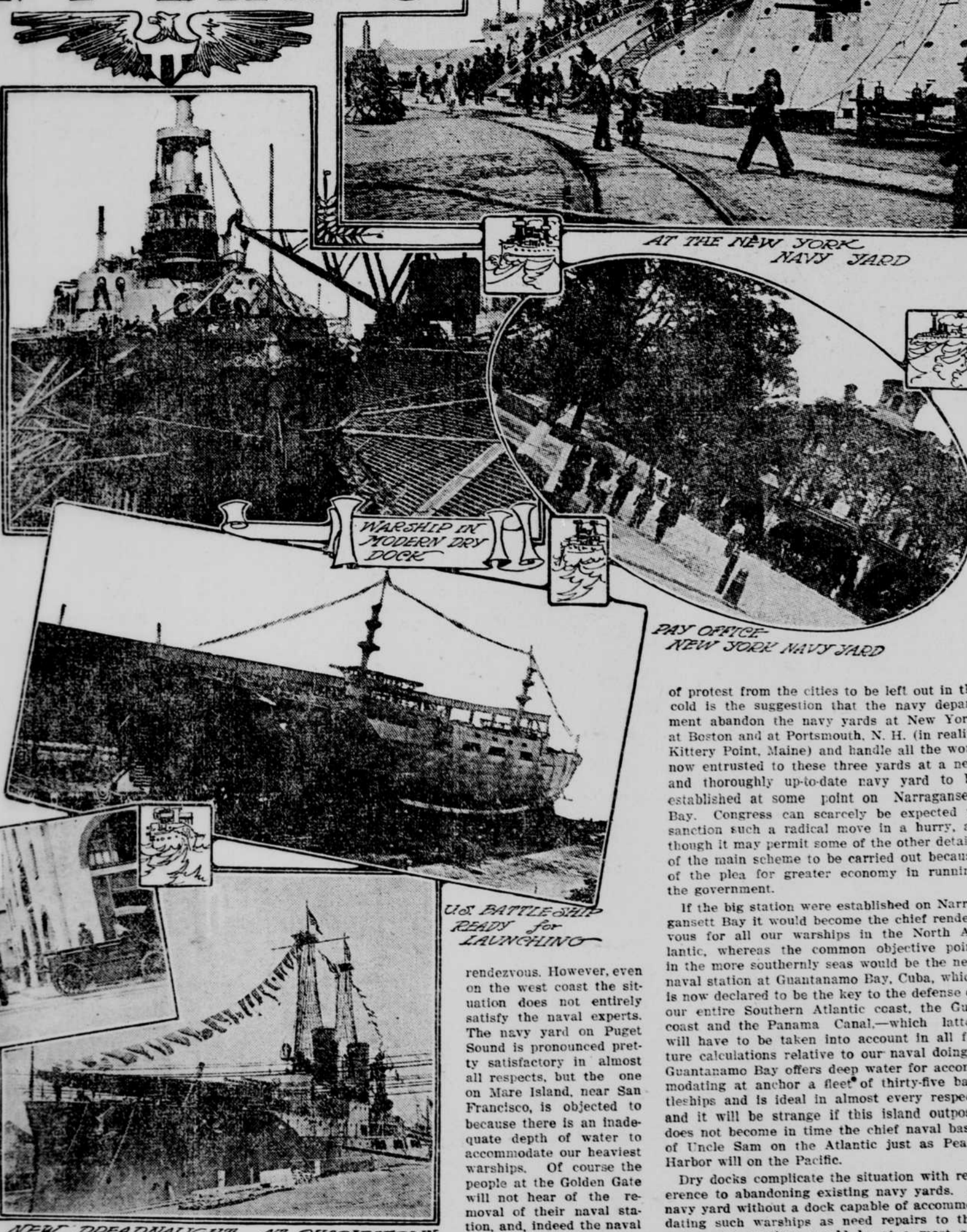


TO CONSOLIDATE OUR NAVY YARDS

The secretary of the U. S. navy, backed by that coterie of experienced officers who are his counselors, has been cherishing for the past year or two an important new scheme which many persons believe congress will be compelled to endorse, ultimately if not in the immediate future. The new scheme is nothing less than a project for consolidating a number of our navy yards and thus eliminating a considerable portion of the industrial plants now scattered along our coast as outfitting and repair stations for Uncle Sam's war craft. Various advantages are claimed for the new method of managing things, but one of the principal arguments, as may be surmised, is that it will enable the government to save a lot of money every year.

Action by the congress of the United States is required before this proposal can be carried out in anything like its full scope, but already a beginning has been made in line with the new policy. Thus we see two navy yards, those at New Orleans and Pensacola, Florida, virtually abandoned save for caretakers, and the work which was formerly done there transferred to other plants in the south where, with the larger forces of workmen available, it can be handled more expeditiously. If the officials have their way the navy yards at San Juan, Fort Royal, New London, Sacketts Harbor, Cuba and Cavite will also be abandoned in short order. But of course this is easier said than done, for no town or city wants to see its navy yard abandoned any more than it wants to see one of its local manufacturing plants removed to some rival city and consequently each community thus affected can be depended upon to fight the proposal through members of congress and any other national authorities upon whom influence can be brought to bear.

To appreciate the position of the naval officials on this mooted question it is necessary to bear in mind the functions of a navy yard, as they regard them. The head of the navy department contends that navy yards are primarily for use in time of war and only incidentally for use in time of peace. They are



supposed to be establishments for the docking, repair and refitting of war vessels and not ordinarily plants for the construction of new warships although Uncle Sam has from time to time constructed a number of warships in his navy yards and is building battleships in navy yards at the present time. The function of navy yards, therefore is to maintain the efficiency of the ships of the fighting fleet and they should be placed at strategic points. The officials contend that we have considerably more navy yards than the requirements of the fleet justify.

The secretary of the navy recently did some investigating to ascertain how Uncle Sam compared in possessions of this kind with the leading foreign powers and the result will surprise many people. It was disclosed that the United States has twice as many first-class home navy yards as are possessed by Great Britain, although John Bull has a navy about double the size of ours and that, furthermore, we have one more navy yard of the second class than Great Britain has. In other words we have eleven first and second class navy yards in the United States while Great Britain is worrying along with six of the same kind, Germany has three, and France five. Doubtless our far-flung coast line on two oceans, to say nothing of the Gulf of Mexico, has been largely responsible for our prodigal investments in navy yards.

All the same this pre-eminence in navy yards has cost Uncle Sam a pretty penny since he began to acquire such holdings more than a century ago. The sites for some of our navy yards and naval stations (also coaling stations) were gifts, but Uncle Sam had to pay good hard cash for most of them and in the aggregate such first investments totaled the tidy sum of nearly three million dollars. But that was but a drop in the bucket compared to the expense of equipping and maintaining these bee hives of activity. Indeed the total cost for buildings, improvements, machinery, etc., for these naval institutions has been to date more than \$169,999,999, while for the past half decade the yearly maintenance of these plants has involved an annual drain of more than twelve million dollars upon Uncle Sam's pocketbook.

The work of it is that some of our navy yards now in existence actually have not sufficient water leading to them to allow modern vessels to approach and lie at the docks. The explanation of this queer state of affairs is to be found in the conditions during the early history of the republic when our coast defenses were of a minor character and it was thought best to place the navy yards some distance back from the coast for the sake of protection. The vessels of the old navy were of light draft so that location did not much matter, but this does not help matters today when the navy men have to take into account battleships of 17,500 tons instead of sloops of 1,500 tons such as the famous old Kearsarge.

In the old days when the war craft were dependent upon sails for motive power and dis-

stances were not so easily traversed as at present it was considered necessary to have places for the repair of naval vessels at frequent intervals along the coast. This explains, in a measure, how it happens that we find on the Atlantic coast some ten naval institutions, whereas the Pacific coast has but two such

rendezvous. However, even on the west coast the situation does not entirely satisfy the naval experts. The navy yard on Puget Sound is pronounced pretty satisfactory in almost all respects, but the one on Mare Island, near San Francisco, is objected to because there is an inadequate depth of water to accommodate our heaviest warships. Of course the people at the Golden Gate will not hear of the removal of their naval station, and indeed the naval officials do not want to abandon this locality altogether, consequently, as the only alternative, congress will be appealed to for money to build a new and up-to-date navy yard on some new site on San Francisco Bay.

Easily the most radical of all the proposals having to do with navy yard consolidation and the one that has resulted in the greatest storm

of protest from the cities to be left out in the cold is the suggestion that the navy department abandon the navy yards at New York, at Boston and at Portsmouth, N. H. (in reality Kittery Point, Maine) and handle all the work now entrusted to these three yards at a new and thoroughly up-to-date navy yard to be established at some point on Narragansett Bay. Congress can scarcely be expected to sanction such a radical move in a hurry, although it may permit some of the other details of the main scheme to be carried out because of the plea for greater economy in running the government.

If the big station were established on Narragansett Bay it would become the chief rendezvous for all our warships in the North Atlantic, whereas the common objective point in the more southerly seas would be the new naval station at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, which is now declared to be the key to the defense of our entire Southern Atlantic coast, the Gulf coast and the Panama Canal,—which latter will have to be taken into account in all future calculations relative to our naval doings. Guantanamo Bay offers deep water for accommodating at anchor a fleet of thirty-five battleships and is ideal in almost every respect and it will be strange if this island outpost does not become in time the chief naval base of Uncle Sam on the Atlantic just as Pearl Harbor will on the Pacific.

Dry docks complicate the situation with reference to abandoning existing navy yards. A navy yard without a dock capable of accommodating such warships as need repairs to the underwater portions would be at a most serious disadvantage. Thus while undoubtedly the repair and manufacturing work required for the navy could best be done in fewer yards the fact remains that Uncle Sam has a lot of money tied up in docks and repair facilities and the navy department cannot arbitrarily abandon yards with dry docks capable of receiving battleships.

MARRIED IN WHITE MAN'S WAY

John Lodgepole and Mary Steep Hill, full-blooded Indians, came over from the Crow reservation last week to get married in the white man's way, says a dispatch from Sheridan, Wyo. They brought with them numerous relatives, and when the Rev. Mr. Carney of the white church called them before him to perform the ceremony there were enough Indians around the court house to start a wild west show. But a marriage in the white man's way by the white man's preacher is not an everyday occurrence on the Indian reservations, and when one does take place every Indian within 40 miles comes, if he can possibly do so. So, in a great while there will be an Indian wedding performed after the white way, but a large majority of them take place under the old Indian customs.

The Indian word for marriage is the equivalent of "she followed him," and that phrase tells the whole story. Literally, when an Indian girl marries a "buck" she simply walks out of her mother's tepee and into that of her future lord. And likewise, when she wants a divorce she takes the back trail and returns to her mother. The Indian law will not permit the deserted husband to interfere with her in any way, once she leaves his tent. She is then free to "marry" any other Indian she may wish to. Where a divorce is so easily obtainable the marriage vows are not regarded very highly. In fact, there are no marriage vows whatever in the Indian ceremony.

The parents of the bride and bridegroom do most of the "courting," and, contrary to the general belief that the girls are sold to their husbands, this is rarely done. The older ones make all arrangements and then the young "buck" calls on the girl. They sit in the tepee with the other members of the family, but so close together that the old squaw throws a blanket over them, hiding them from sight of the others in the tent. Finally matters are arranged to suit, and the young man, for four

consecutive nights, serenades his inamorata, the serenade consisting of music made on a kind of flute. On the fourth night, however, instead of turning away after playing his tune, he boldly enters the girl's tepee and sits down. After a few minutes' wait he gets up and walks out. The girl follows him. He goes to the tent or cabin which he has previously prepared and enters. A moment later the girl enters, lays aside her blanket and starts cooking dinner. The marriage is over.

The bridegroom, before the courtship, has made a "present" to the girl's father. Sometimes it is a bunch of cattle or horses, or whatever may be agreed upon. The older man holds this present for several months and if the young people are getting along together nicely, he then gives it all back to them as a kind of dowry. If, however, they have trouble, and there is a "divorce," he keeps the gift and later gives it to the girl. And the mother-in-law is supreme. The girl's mother can, at any time she chooses, go over to the young people's tent, take her daughter by the hand and lead her home. The husband can say nothing whatever to an action of that kind, and for that reason, he cultivates the good opinion of his mother-in-law more than he does that of his squaw.

That is the kind of marriage relation the government has been trying to discontinue, and all efforts have been made to persuade the Indians to be married according to the white man's ways, but with so little result that a marriage a la "white man" is a rarity that attracts the attention of both the whites and the Indians.

"I should think," said the woman of the house, "you would have too much self-respect to make your living by begging."

"Lady," protested Ruffon Wratz, straightening himself up, "self-respect is not all mine! I wouldn't do this for no other man on earth."

When they heard the man on the sofa stir, they became engrossed in a low-toned conversation, appearing not to notice him when he slipped from the room.

While they were still laughing over what would be his feelings if he knew he had been seen at such a disadvantage, the member appeared before them, smiling and debonaire.

His short absence had wrought a great change in his appearance. The house barber had procured a trash collar for him, and with a few deft

DANDY WAS CAUGHT NAPPING

Joke the Blaines and Gail Hamilton Put Up on a New York Representative.

One evening, during Mr. Blaine's term as speaker of the house, Mrs. Blaine and Gail Hamilton went to the capital and were shown to the speaker's private room in a night session of the house, then in sight of the friend or acquaintance, tiptoes to the

The weather was frightfully hot, the hour late, soon after the establishment of the ladies in the apartment, which was dimly lighted, they were conscious that a deserter from the conflict had sought the same room and was audibly asleep on a luxurious couch in the corner.

Gail Hamilton, who was something of a tease, and loved to get a joke on a friend or acquaintance, tiptoes to the

When they heard the man on the sofa stir, they became engrossed in a low-toned conversation, appearing not to notice him when he slipped from the room.

While they were still laughing over what would be his feelings if he knew he had been seen at such a disadvantage, the member appeared before them, smiling and debonaire.

His short absence had wrought a great change in his appearance. The house barber had procured a trash collar for him, and with a few deft

touches erased all trace of his recent collapse.

The surprise and pleasure the three conspirators manifested on seeing him, quelling any lurking fear he had of having been seen en disabille.

Miss Hamilton played with him as a cat with a mouse, the speaker joined in the fun, and just as they had raised him to the height of his usual self-complacency, he was cruelly made aware by the distinguished author's vivid word picture that his feeling of security was groundless.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

IMPORTANT PRE-INCA FINDS



Dr. Hiram Bingham, assistant professor of Latin-American history in Yale university, who set out in June to find lost cities of the pre-Inca period in Peru, has returned quite satisfied with the results of his expedition. With him were Prof. Isalah Bowman, geologist; Kai Hendricksen, topographer, and H. L. Tucker, archaeologist-engineer.

The expedition found one of the lost cities covered with a cornfield on a plateau about 2,000 feet above the valley of the River Urumbamba. The explorers were attracted to the plateau by Indians who told them of marble relics there. A goat path led from the valley to the plateau, which was almost surrounded by precipitous rocks. Professor Bingham says: "We found ruins of buildings almost palatial constructed of white granite, or, as the Spanish despoilers called it, marble, some still more than ten feet above ground. We were the first white men, I fancy, that had ever seen this city since the time of Pizarro, 400 years ago. The stones of the houses were beautifully joined and the cutting was perfect. The buildings were made without mortar. The foundation stones were very large, some being eight feet wide, six feet deep and twelve feet long. We could not bring any of the specimens with us, as the Peruvian government will not let any of the ruins be taken from the country."

"The city is called by the natives Macchu Pichu. The pre-Inca remains are much more interesting and denote a higher condition of civilization than the Inca relics."

KAISER A BUSINESS MAN

If all the rulers of Europe should make a bid for the title of "business" monarch, it would undoubtedly go to the emperor of Germany. He is an untiring worker, and loves work better than all else except his army. Nobody can be in Wilhelm's employ, whether he occupies an important position in the army or is servant in the royal household, and be an idler.

His rational mode of living is one of the main reasons for his ability to do so much work. Though he has a beautiful palace in Berlin the royal family live most of the time at Potsdam, a suburb, so that the emperor can work quietly. He goes into the city every day by means of a fast-flying auto car.

He meets the empress at eight o'clock and they breakfast together. The meal usually consists of coffee, rolls, butter and cold meat.

By 8:30 he is seated at his desk in his study, which belongs to his royal suite, where he has absolute quiet. Here he is awaited by his adjutants. A glance at the room shows that this is a "business office," not a lounging room for a king. On the wall are hung a few interesting but simple pictures. The polished floors are covered with a few handsome rugs, and there are several tables used for documents and typewriters. The secretary is always ready for work when the emperor reaches his desk at 8:30.

He is a hustler in the fullest sense of the word, and has such an appreciation for American energy that when he wishes to compliment Americans he says, "I can use only Americans for my work." He is a thorough business man, and has studied all the important industries of Europe and America. He has been most enthusiastic in improving the interior waterways, enlarging harbors and building new docks. He owns a large porcelain factory which he visits frequently, and every check paid out is signed by him.



TO BRAVE BRIGANDS AGAIN



Miss Ellen M. Stone who, ten years ago, while a missionary in Bulgaria, was for six months a prisoner in the hands of brigands, who held her and her companion, Mrs. Katerina Stephanova Tsilka, for ransom, is arranging to return to Turkey in the capacity of a missionary. Miss Stone is completely recuperated in mind and body from her terrible experience of a decade ago.

Miss Stone says she is interested in some pending legislation in congress and that as soon as this is settled she will go abroad. She is very hopeful for the future of Christian missions in Turkey.

Miss Stone is not afraid to return to Turkey. "I want to see young Turkey," she says. "I am interested in the attempt of the party to rise out of the ruck and embrace modern civilization. I want to help Christianize the Turks."

In September, 1901, Miss Stone was one of a party of sixteen persons traveling from Samakof to Salonica. Near Tamoko they were held up by brigands. Fourteen of the party were released, but Miss Stone and Madame Tsilka were held captive and carried off to a mountain lair. The brigands demanded \$110,000 for their release at the time. It was asserted that the affair was a plot hatched by Bulgaria to implicate Turkey in a diplomatic brawl with the United States.

NEW PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON

Princeton, N. J.—John Grier Hibben, Ph. D., LL. D., professor of logic and philosophy at Princeton university, has been elected the fourteenth president of the institution by the unanimous vote of the board of trustees.

He succeeds Woodrow Wilson, who resigned October 20, 1910, to accept the Democratic nomination for governor. Dr. Hibben is fifty-one years old. Many names had been considered by the board at various times, including that of Dr. Hibben.

Dr. Hibben said that he accepted the presidency of Princeton with a feeling of gratitude as well as one of deep responsibility. He said he wanted it understood that all factional feeling and strife had been eliminated at Princeton, and he felt he could enter his new office with no fear of hindrance because of any controversies among members of the faculty and the board of trustees.

Immediately after his election Dr. Hibben was summoned before the trustees in the Chancellor Green library, where he took the oath of office.

The popularity of the new president was demonstrated by the flood of messages and congratulations that were sent to Dr. Hibben from all parts of the country and by a huge undergraduate celebration which ended at Dr. Hibben's house, where he addressed the students. Educators throughout the country wired congratulations to him.

Dr. Hibben was born in Peoria, Ill., in 1861. After being graduated in 1882 he studied at the Princeton Theological seminary. From that institution he went to the University of Berlin, where he was graduated in 1887.



Man's Hard Lot. Gee, but it's tough to have to tell a bright, pretty, attractive, fascinating girl, the fervor of whose proposals shows how undying her affection is for you that you can only be a brother to her! —Boston Globe.

Hardest Kind of Work. "I want you to understand that I got my money by hard work." "Why, I thought it was left you by your uncle." "So it was, but I had hard work getting it away from the lawyers." —