

Five Yankee Girls Win Opera Prizes in Paris



This quintette of youthful American vocal students won the annual prizes of the American Conservatoire of Paris, at Fontainebleau, having sung there in the pretty little royal theater built at the order of Marie Antoinette. Left to right—Miss Hilda Grace Berkeley of Pittsburgh, Pa., first honorable mention in opera comique for singing the "letter scene" from "Werther"; Miss Vivian Hiles of Mason City, Iowa, second prize in opera for singing an aria from "Faust"; Miss Gertrude Courtney of Spartanburg, N. C., first prize in opera for singing an aria from the "Damnation of Faust"; Mrs. Tess Davidson of Sioux City, Iowa, first opera comique prize for singing an aria from "Manon"; and Mrs. Rachel Morton-Harris of New York, first prize in this class for singing an aria from "Herodias."

Fire Torpedoes From Seaplanes

Newest Development in Navy Air Service Proves Success in Series of Tests.

STIRS UP TACTICAL OFFICERS

In Experiments at Hampton Roads a Hit Amidships Was Scored by Missile Fired at an Angle of 90 Degrees.

Washington.—The newest development of the navy air service, the firing of torpedoes from seaplanes, the success of which has just been demonstrated in a series of remarkable tests off the Virginia capes, with the dreadnaught Arkansas as a target, is causing no end of concern among the tactical officers aboard these monster fighting ships.

While the fleet officers are considering methods of defense against such torpedo attacks, which admittedly presents many obstacles, work in perfecting offensive tactics is going ahead at the naval air station at the Hampton Roads naval base. The tests just completed have been valuable not to the flyers alone, but to those officers whose duty it is to keep in action what they believe probably always will be the backbone of naval warfare, the battleship.

The success of firing torpedoes from seaplanes admittedly has brought the science of naval warfare into a new phase, with the result that, while battleships will continue to be essential to supremacy at sea, that fighting force which is superior in the air will be dominant. It is the problem now of Admiral Jones and other high officers of the fleet, who control naval aviation as well as surface craft, to co-ordinate the two for the best results.

The development of firing torpedoes from aircraft has been the work of a year and a half, largely in the hands of Lieut. H. T. Bartlett, and it has been conducted at various stations along the Atlantic coast, Hampton Roads, Yorktown, Pensacola and Newport. One of the problems has been the perfection of a launching gear so that the torpedo, carried under the seaplane, may be let go at the proper time; another has been the manufacture of a torpedo which when dropped into the water at from twenty to fifty feet will withstand the jar, recover itself and function properly; still another has been the training of pilots and the working out of tactics for attack.

The tests just completed with the battleship Arkansas as the target showed that these obstacles have been overcome to a large extent, although it must be said that this kind of torpedo firing is as yet not fully developed. The tests have demonstrated that there are many things yet to overcome—for instance, the necessity for a better type of seaplane, to provide greater speed and endurance; a longer range for firing torpedoes, so

that it will not be essential that the seaplane get dangerously near the target, and a still greater problem, that of dropping a torpedo from a distance higher than forty or fifty feet from the surface of the water. These weaknesses are recognized, and the airman are trying to overcome them.

Flew Ninety Miles to Rendezvous.

In the attack on the Arkansas the seaplanes carrying torpedoes flew from the naval base at Hampton Roads, a distance of 90 miles, to the scene of the operations. The torpedoes were slung under the seaplanes, each seaplane carrying one. The Arkansas, accompanied by two other battleships, the Wyoming and the North Dakota, were under way, steaming at 17 knots an hour.

The problem for the seaplanes was to get to the target, launch the torpedoes to register hits and get away again. The comparative success of this was demonstrated in the tally, which showed that of seventeen torpedoes launched nine hit the target. The Arkansas was able to dodge three of the torpedoes by quick maneuvering, although one of these went on and, by accident, hit the North Dakota.

The torpedoes, of course, were dummies, but in every other way except as to explosive charge they were of the navy standard type, weighing about 1,600 pounds.

The planes, from an altitude of about 2,000 feet, swooped down to within 40 feet of the water and when about 1,000 yards from the target let go the torpedoes. It was easy enough, from the bridge of the Arkansas, to see these drop. When they were let go the planes would get up again and duck out of the way, turning off and making for the base.

The torpedo would land in the water with a great splash and then go out of sight. It required a minute and a half or two minutes for the torpedo to recover itself in the water and then make for the target. Its course was easily discernible, as it traveled beneath the water at a depth of 18 feet. It left a rippling wake as it made its way nearer and nearer.

Nine Torpedoes Found Target.

Observers, stationed all over the battleship, reported by telephone to the bridge, where the navigator shifted the position of the vessel, sometimes in time to dodge the torpedo. In spite of this, however, nine of the torpedoes hit, regarded generally as a remarkably high score.

Of course the conditions of the test were largely in favor of the seaplanes. The weather was ideal and there was no opposition, excepting, of course, the ability of the battleship to dodge the oncoming torpedoes. In battle, naturally, the seaplanes would have had a far less easy time. But conditions on both sides would have been reversed.

The operations conducted with the Arkansas as the center of attack demonstrated what is regarded among navy officers as highly important—that the torpedo attack and the necessary maneuvering to avoid such an onslaught threw the battleship formation into such confusion as to destroy the firing program. Rapid maneuvering was necessary to avoid the torpedoes, with the result that the guns were swinging back and forth to an extent where a firing program could have been carried out only with the utmost difficulty, part of the time not at all.

Rear Admiral W. A. Moffitt, chief of the bureau of naval aeronautics, who observed the operations from the bridge of the Arkansas, a battleship aboard which he was at one time the executive officer, commented on the confusion caused by the torpedo attack. He regarded this as one of the essential results of the maneuvers.

New to the Service.

An interesting detail of the whole performance was the firing of a torpedo at an angle of 90 degrees, distinctly new in the service. In the pre-

liminary part of the attack the airplanes, in order to let go their torpedoes, headed straight for the battleship, coming as close as 800 yards. In spite of the large number of airplanes hovering about, it was easy enough to tell which was about to fire a torpedo, so that the dodging by the ship was simplified.

But all this calculation was upset when one of the seaplanes swooped down in a direction opposite to that in which the battleship was traveling. Nobody thought that the plane expected to launch a torpedo, but it did that very thing, sending it off at an angle of 90 degrees.

Within two minutes the torpedo had recovered itself and was turning at right angles, making directly for the battleship. It was too late to swing around to escape the hit, which was amidships, on the port side, a blow sufficient, had the torpedo been loaded with explosives, to have sent the battleship to the bottom.

Altered Views of Officers.

The natural tendency of some officers aboard the fleet to belittle aircraft as an essential agency in the future has been changed materially by the tests with the Arkansas. The tendency existed, even after the bombing tests of a year ago, which succeeded in the destruction of the ten one-time German warships turned over to the United States under the terms of the armistice. The feeling then was that bombs would be effective only if properly placed, under the most favorable conditions, and then in engagements which were not far from land.

Protective decks might easily be constructed, it generally was held, which would make it almost impossible to destroy a battleship. With limitations, this is true, but the torpedo has changed the situation materially. Nobody knows better than the navy the effectiveness of torpedoes.

In furtherance of the torpedo firing the naval air service has drawn up plans for a new type of seaplane, to be called the Davis-Douglas plane. This will have greater cruising radius and greater lifting ability, overcoming several of the disadvantages now recognized with the inadequate type of ship now used. In the tests just held the seaplanes did not go above 1,000 feet, whereas in actual operation they might be called upon to go to 10,000 or even more, that safety might be assured.—Donald Macgregor in the New York Herald.

MOST PERFECT OF BACKS



The osteopaths started something last year when they began to search for the most perfect back in the world. As soon as they had discovered what they thought was perfection, some one always came forward with a back a little better. In order to make a lasting decision it was necessary to hold an elimination contest, and Miss Rose Harvey of New York has scored first prize in four out of five of the contests she has entered in different parts of the United States. Today she is conceded to have an absolutely perfect back.

A Weather Breeder

By H. IRVING KING

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With Philip Holt and Helen Carey the course of true love was running altogether too smoothly—there was not a ripple on the surface, not a shadow in the depths. They were deeply enamored of each other, her parents were pleased with the match, Philip had a good position, money of his own and expectations from his great aunt, an aged spinster, one Catherine Geoghan. In short, the conditions were abnormal.

Any one at all weatherwise will tell you that there are sometimes days so superlatively beautiful that a severe storm may be looked for in the near future. Such days are called weather-breeders. One day Philip, who was calling upon Helen—he spent a good share of his time now at that occupation—said suddenly: "There! I forgot to write to Aunt Kate today. This was my day for writing her; but my head is so full of you that I forgot everything else, you dear girl!"

"Sit right down there at my desk and write her now," replied Helen. "I'll play you some of that Harrigan and Hart music you like so well while you write."

A word about this rich Aunt Kate. A part of her time she spent on a farm she owned in New Hampshire and a part of her time in New York. Except that she was a rather eccentric body this was about all that Philip had told concerning her. Kate had never seen her; but they were to visit her on their wedding tour.

Helen seated herself at the piano and began those airs once so popular; presently breaking into song with "Love, bring out your orange blossoms, put on your snow-white veil," from "Cordelia's Aspirations." There was in the living room one of those dinky little writing desks which women adore and men exorcise. Philip seated himself at it and wrote. He had completed his letter, put it in the envelope, sealed it and directed it when, so awkward was he in handling Helen's foolish little ivory-handled pen, a great glob of ink dropped on the face of the envelope. He tore off the ruined envelope, crumpled it up and threw it into the herb-boned little wastebasket by the side of the desk, substituted another envelope, directed it, pressed it on the blotting pad, sealed the letter and put it in his pocket.

"There, that's done! Now come and look to me," he said. It was late when Philip left. How desolate the living room looked to Helen after his departure.

"Dear Philip!" she sighed. Then her eye caught the discarded envelope—she had happened to be looking when he threw it away—and she picked it out the basket and smoothed it out. And this is what met her eyes: "Miss Fife La Tour," with the addition of a New York address.

Fife La Tour! If that name did not suggest the footlights then nothing did. And he had said he was writing to his aunt! Out of the shadows which the piano lamp left lurking in the room the green-eyed monster crawled and seized upon Helen. She crept up to her room like a wounded dove with a broken wing.

During a wakeful night and the dreary morning hours that followed Helen did a lot of thinking, her mood alternating between fearful despair and righteous indignation.

Helen took a resolution. She informed her mother—her father was away on a business trip—that she was going to New York. She packed a traveling bag, put her month's allowance in her purse and departed. Arriving in the big city, she took a taxi and drove to the address of Miss Fife La Tour, from whom she proposed to wrest the truth. The cave of the siren proved to be an old-fashioned dwelling stranded in that part of the metropolis once known as Chelsea Village. A neat housemaid admitted her when she frigidly demanded to see Miss La Tour.

It was an old-fashioned parlor into which she was shown, with "tides" on the chairs, ghastly "enlarged crayon portraits" on the walls and a gilt basket of wax fruit under a glass on the marble-topped table.

"These chorus girls do get up the respectable in a thorough manner," thought Helen. "I suppose there will be a respectably got-up guardman to match the parlor."

There was a considerable delay, and then entered, to her, the most astonishing person upon whom she had ever set eyes. It was a little, bird-like old woman, dressed in many colors, beflowered and befringed. From an obvious wig yellow curls hung down to her shoulders, and keen, merry old eyes looked out over heavily rouged cheeks from either side of a very beak of a nose.

Helen half expected her to go pecking at the wax cherries under the glass globe on the center table. She came in with a motion half flying, half dancing; her feet, clad in the tightest of white slippers, seemed scarcely to touch the floor.

"I beg pardon," said Helen starting up, "I wish to see Miss La Tour."

"Well, my dear, you see her—all that's left of her, anyway. There was a time when people paid big money for seats to see Fife La Tour. But that was years and years ago. One can't be young forever, though I do

pretty well at it, don't you think, my pretty dear?"

"Do you know," stammered the bewildered Helen, "a young man named Philip Holt?"

"Know him?" cried the old lady. "Why, he's my nevy."

"You—you can't—be Aunt Kate?" gasped Helen.

"And why not, pray? And whom might you be, you little ducky?"

"I—I'm Helen, he's going to marry," faltered the girl. And then she just broke down and shed tears—tears of repentance for her own mistrust of her lover and tears of pleasure that Philip was guiltless—and told her whole little story. The funny little old woman fairly cackled with laughter; she picked up her skirts and exercised the most astonishing pas de seules; Helen was really afraid she would come to pieces. Then sinking into a chair and catching her breath she said, "This is just too delicious. It's years and years since Fife La Tour has been mixed up in a love affair before, but in my day, my dear, thousands of women were frantically jealous of me, I am sure. La, la! And here I am over eighty and still suspected of being a siren." Then, in a serious tone, she went on: "You see, my dear, I was once a ballet dancer—La Tour was my stage name, and I still keep it for general use and have all my letters so addressed. I know I am an old fool, but it helps me to pretend to myself that I am still young."

"Philip has never told you that I used to be a dancer at courts. That was a subject tabooed among the Holts and Geoghan—when they were alive, I mean. All dead now. All gone and under the sod. All but Philip." And a great tear slid down one of the rouged and wrinkled cheeks.

When Philip reached his lodgings that night he found a telegram from Helen awaiting him saying: "Am on a visit to Aunt Kate. Will be home tomorrow."

He could scarcely wait for the morning to know what it all meant. But the morning came, and with it Helen and her explanation and confession. She forgave him, of course. In these matters it is always the man who gets jockeyed into the position of being forgiven, and the course of their true love went running smoothly on again. Among the wedding presents was a beautiful silver tea service from "Miss Fife La Tour."

ARMADILLO ENEMY OF BIRDS

Feathered Creatures in Uruguay and Argentina Careful to Build Nests Out of His Reach.

Armadillos are so plentiful in Uruguay and Argentina that visitors will perceive in the novelty shops dozens of their shells, usually turned upside down and ornamented by silk or quilted characters, so that they can be used as ladies' work baskets.

He can be found as far south as Patagonia, and here it is alleged during the tertiary period existed the giant armadillo, known as the Glyptodon, which grew to be as large as a present-day elephant.

The fondness for birds' eggs of the armadillo and other members of its family, in which they are joined by the big lizard, the iguana, induces many birds to build their nests from mud and reed and attach them to the twigs of trees overhanging some river, where armadillo, sloth or iguana cannot possibly jump, climb or swim.

The sloth is usually a climber and generally swings from the branches of trees, hanging downward, but he again regards a dish of nice fresh ants as a delicacy. The ant eater of South Africa is often found on the veldt far removed from wooded lands, and here he makes his bed in a hole just under the sand. It is not unusual to see a Bear riding across the veldt suddenly fly from his mount, while the horse sinks down to his shoulders, indicating that he has placed his feet on the spot above the burrowed home of an ant eater.

His habit is to find a nice ant heap and to fashion a round hole at the base, whence his long tongue will penetrate all the corridors and lick off the antish inhabitants. American mining engineers and others trekking across the veldt often make ovens of their holes.

Phosphorescent Light.

Often has the ocean traveler remarked the greenish light which follows in the wake of his vessel. This is one of nature's firework displays. She rejoices in light, and has given many of her humblest creatures the power of creating it. On land we have the glow-worm and the firefly with their brilliant torches. The creatures that illuminate the summer sea are not fishes. They are tiny beasts which are almost invisible to the naked eye. Millions of them, each giving out a tiny point of light, make the waters glow as if countless electric lamps were burning beneath them. Almost all sea creatures possess this wonderful power to some degree. It is caused by the presence in their bodies of phosphorus, the substance which is used for making matches. If a box of matches is opened in the dark, a similar lurid glow may be perceived, coming from the head of each.

Still Going Strong.

"The idea!" stormed the handsome movie star.

"What's the trouble?"

"A firm of collar manufacturers had the effrontery to offer me a job as model."

"Cheer up, my boy. That's a sign you haven't lost your manly beauty."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

GRAY AUTUMN DAYS

AFTER the summer with its cheerful skies, charming flowers and airy pleasures, come the gray days of autumn, suggesting in withered leaves and puffs of chilly winds the approach of winter.

If you will open your imagination you may perceive the kinship that exists between human life and the seasons, each season bringing with it a message which few of us stop to interpret.

Mother Nature, like the true mother she is, never forgets her children. Every hour she writes with her own fair hand sweet letters of love and solicitous notes of warning, which if we understand them would take us safely through the shadows.

In the somber woods, in the silver streams, in the blades of grass, in the fields of golden wheat, in the rustling rows of corn, she is trying to make her pleadings comprehended, but we romp along the primrose path with deaf ears, bent upon having a merry time in the sunshine.

Event succeeds to event with just the right touch of variety and levity, so away we go quite regardless of what may befall us in the days to come.

We fall into the smiling habit of mind and build ourselves up in false conceptions of life, which we do our utmost to accept as real. In the chill of the autumn atmosphere there comes a ghost of doubt.

When the first fire is lighted and we turn to the crackling logs for warmth and cheer, our vision clears and we see then the error of our way quite frequently though not in time to escape our self-inflicted punishment. On the verge of winter, with bent shoulders and a painful tug at the heart, we realize how we have wasted opportunity by frittering away our allotment of precious time.

The summer-span of life is gone forever. Our substance is lost and possibly we are shivering in rags. We are creatures now of another world. The sky is blue no more. The larks are not singing, the trees are bare and the brooks are still.

In your summer-time, Oh happy youth, consider the days of gray autumn. Prepare to meet them by avoiding idleness, by practicing thrift, by forming good habits, thus making yourself worthy of respect and unafraid of life's dreaded perils.

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YOUR HAND How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

ILLNESSES SHOWN IN THE HAND

ILLNESSES that are not severe are shown by a line of life that is cut by a number of small bars. If there is hereditary illness, it will be indicated by an island near the beginning of the line of life. If an illness that is incubating threatens to be fatal, the line of life will be seen to be broken in one hand and continued in the other, with the broken fragment starting toward the interior of the mount of Venus, or ball of the thumb. The disease may be checked or cured if the fragment of the line of life starts toward the palm.

Past illnesses are marked by a cross line on the line of the heart or the line of the head, or both, and a small gap in the line of health. A coming illness is marked on the line of health by a little deep cross line. If the line of health is thick and much cut, it is a sign of illness in old age. Preservation from threatened illness is seen in a bar across the broken ends of the line of life, and recovery from a serious sickness is shown by the line of life broken inside a square.

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ONCE IS ENOUGH



Page Golfers by Radio. It is announced that the Winged Foot Golf club may install a radio system on its links at Mamaroneck, with receiving stations on each tee so that it will be possible to page golfers anywhere on the course. Fortunately, the remarks made by a player who misses his putt because while on the green he hears he is wanted at the telephone will not be recorded on the far-flung waves.—New York Herald.

No Seat Large Enough for 216-Pound Pupil

The regret of Walter Winkley of Little Rock, Ark., over opening of school was turned to joy when he found he would have a couple of days of fishing and swimming until a special chair could be constructed for him. Walter is sixteen years old and weighs 216 pounds. T. C. Abbott, school superintendent, tried to find the new pupil a seat, but all were too small, and an effort to fit Walter in sideways was likewise unsuccessful, so a chair was ordered built to fit Walter.