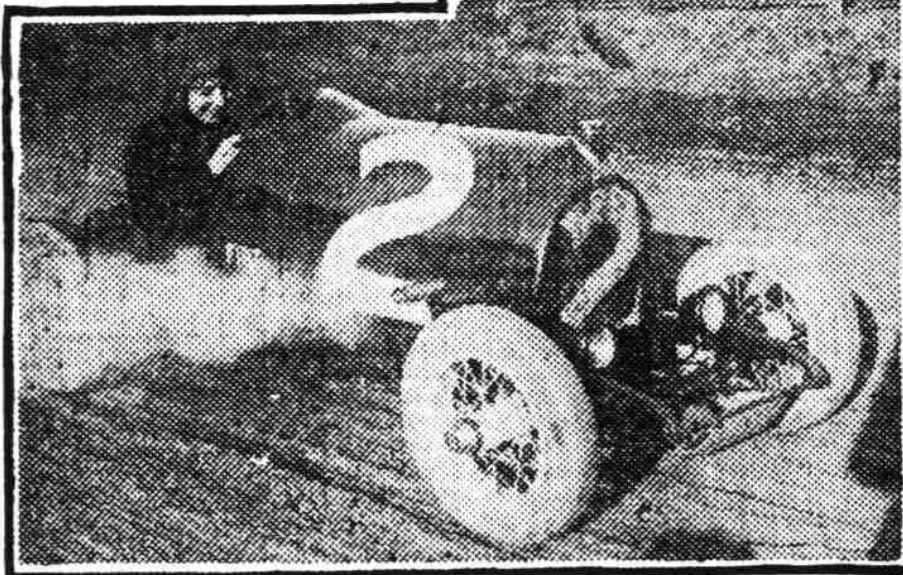




# Katherine Stinson - Bird-Girl Supreme

The Katherine Stinson Smile



On Land as Well as in the Air, Miss Stinson Can Do Some



Boosting for the Navy



Landing at Kearney Field, San Diego, Cal. After a Record Cross-Country Flight



The Game is Dangerous Enough to Appeal to "Dads"



She Would Make a Good Marine

## Holder of America's Cross-Country Non-Stop Flight - Trick Flying - Helping Uncle Sam, Bond Selling to Charting Air-Routes

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**K**ATHERINE STINSON, holder of America's cross-country, non-stop flight record, and the only woman flier to whom has been entrusted Uncle Sam's air mail, did not intend to make flying her life work when she went into the game, six years ago. Her ambition was not to be America's champion bird-girl. Flying was to be only a means to an end.

Miss Stinson is a musician, and the dream of the little girl in Jackson, Mississippi, was nothing more sensational than to become a teacher of piano. She did not believe in doing things by halves, and she wanted to be equipped with the very best musical education that was to be had. Her funds were exhausted before she had completed her preparation, which was planned to include study in the musical centers of Europe.

So she took up flying with the deliberate purpose of giving exhibition flights until the education had been provided for. She intended then to come back to earth and live in the same sphere as the rest of us. But the world has moved since the peaceful days of 1912.

**Pioneer in Aviation**  
Miss Stinson has been pioneering in American aviation in fair competition with men fliers, starting the world both with stunt flying and breaking records for distance flights, and has hung up an American cross-country non-stop flight record that surpasses all other distance flights of both men and women aviators in this country.

She can stop flying now any time that she wants to, and get the best that the musical world has to offer. But no one seriously expects her to, for the government has observed her work, and found it good, and since by her sex she is hopelessly barred from active participation in the war, she has taken up, with characteristic vim, the job of charting new air routes for mail transportation and carrying mail over the new highways in the clouds.

**Means To An End**  
Miss Stinson has also found a way to express her patriotism in a way that is more directly connected with the war. In many cities where she has been flying since the United States

entered the war she has volunteered her services to the army, navy and marine corps recruiting stations, and has been an earnest and enthusiastic "recruiting sergeant" pro-tem. This summer she is taking up, in addition to her recruiting activities, the promotion of the sale of War Savings Stamps.

Katherine Stinson has crowded a great variety of experiences and a vast number of thrills into her six years of flying. Before the idea of becoming a flier occurred to her she had been impressed strongly by the romance of the air sport, which was then far more hazardous than it is today, and John Moisant and Archie Hoxey—flying kings of their time—were her idols. It was a tragic coincidence, but one that failed to daunt her, that both of her heroes were killed on the same day, Moisant in New Orleans and Hoxey in Los Angeles.

**Exhibition Flights**  
The financial success which these men were making of their exhibition flights inspired Miss Stinson with the idea of going into the work herself to acquire the funds which her ambitious musical program demanded. It was an unheard-of thing for a girl—and a girl of seventeen at that—to attempt. But Katherine Stinson is an innovator. Deaf to the remonstrances and dark predictions of her terror-

stricken friends, she entered an aviation school in 1912, and in July of that year the Aero Club of America issued her license number 148. Few fliers alive today hold licenses with lower numbers.

Her first solo flight was for this license, and took place in Chicago. She used a Wright biplane, with a Wright motor that was good for only forty miles an hour. The model which she used on that occasion was the one with which Walter Brookings did the spiral dive—standing the machine on one end and sliding sideways.

Immediately after receiving her license Miss Stinson started giving exhibition flights. If she had simply gone up and come down it would have been all that was expected of this rare bird—this strange bird-girl. But Katherine Stinson has never expected special consideration because of her sex. She figured that the public demanded as much trick flying from her as it did from any other aviator. Whether the public expected it or her or not, she furnished the thrills.

She was having a new machine built—a military tractor—when Lincoln Beachey took his tragic crash. Beachey had the best motor in the world—a Gnome—and Miss Stinson

knew it. Hoodoos are nothing in her young life. She immediately effected the purchase of the wrecked machine's Gnome motor, which she installed in the new military tractor.

Twelve successful flights she made with the new outfit, and on the thirteenth—the thirteenth, mark you—she reproduced the loop-the-loop trick that Beachey himself had created. She was the first woman flier in the world to loop an aeroplane, and the feat was accomplished by only two men—Beachey and De Lloyd Thompson—before she did it.

Soon after this Art Smith found that he could amuse the public by risking his neck in night flying with fireworks—the most hazardous, foolhardy and suicidal stunt that any aviator has ever attempted and survived. Any bit of trick flying that any aviator does anywhere little Miss Stinson regards as a personal challenge. She felt that never again could she hold up her head as an aviatrix sans peur if she did not pick up Art Smith's gauntlet.

**Writing in Fire**  
So, out in Los Angeles in December, 1915, she rigged her plane with a lot of calcium lights and an electric igniter, soared to the heavens one dark night, touched the button, dump-

ed her machine, and the trick was done.

The morning after her first fireworks exploit Miss Stinson picked up a newspaper and found in it a time-exposure night photograph of her trick, in which the letters "C-a-l" had been clearly written by her plane in its fiery course through the heavens. Furious, she rushed to her manager and held the picture in front of him. "You know what I think of cheap press-agent stuff like this!" she exploded. "Isn't my flying good enough so you don't have to fall back on faking?"

"Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that you didn't mean to spell the name of the State?" "Of course not!" she returned, hotly. "It can't be done! I know faked photographs when I see them."

The manager had to call in two newspaper photographers, who had "shot her night flights," and get them to show her their negative before Miss Stinson was convinced that she had done what she thought impossible.

In November, 1915, the bird girl took her plane to the Orient to fly for the Chinese and Japanese. Two days before she sailed Ruth Law broke the American cross-country flight record, and Miss Stinson struggled hard against a burning desire to cancel the trip across the Pacific. She wanted that record herself. But honor prevailed, and over she went. She gave special exhibition trick flights for the Emperor of Japan and the President of China, and did the fireworks stunt over Peking.

**Flight for Red Cross**  
After six months in the Orient, Miss Stinson returned to San Francisco on Decoration Day last year. Her next big flight was a cross-country tour from Buffalo to Washington in honor of the first Red Cross war fund of \$100,000,000 then being subscribed. She picked up donations and campaign reports en route, and delivered

them to Secretary McAdoo on the Treasury steps in Washington. This was one of the few long-distance flights that have ever been made absolutely on time from start to finish.

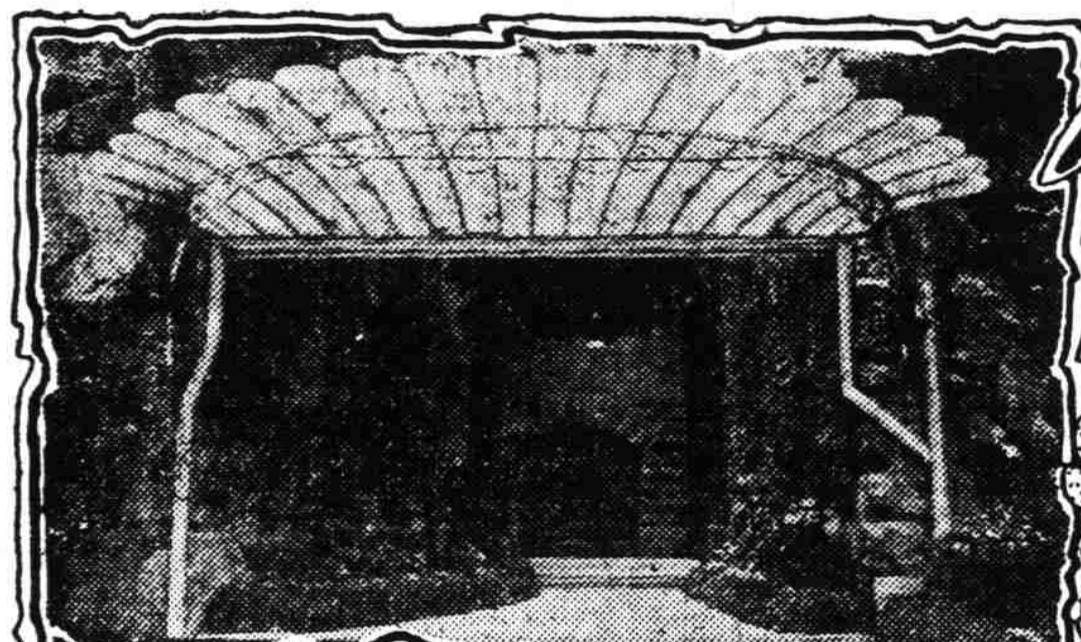
Miss Stanton now found that she had made a name for herself as a cross-country flier, and followed the Red Cross achievement with others of greater risk. One was from Chattanooga to Birmingham, 2500 miles through tricky currents over bad mountains, where there was no chance of landing in case of trouble. Her course took her over Fort Payne, Alabama, the town where she was born, and she dropped Red Cross and Liberty Bond "bombs" en route.

Still greater fame came with a flight from San Diego to San Francisco over the Tehachapi Mountains, a hazardous course that many fliers had tried and failed. She did the 610 miles in nine hours and ten minutes, and was the first person who has ever had breakfast in San Diego and dinner in San Francisco.

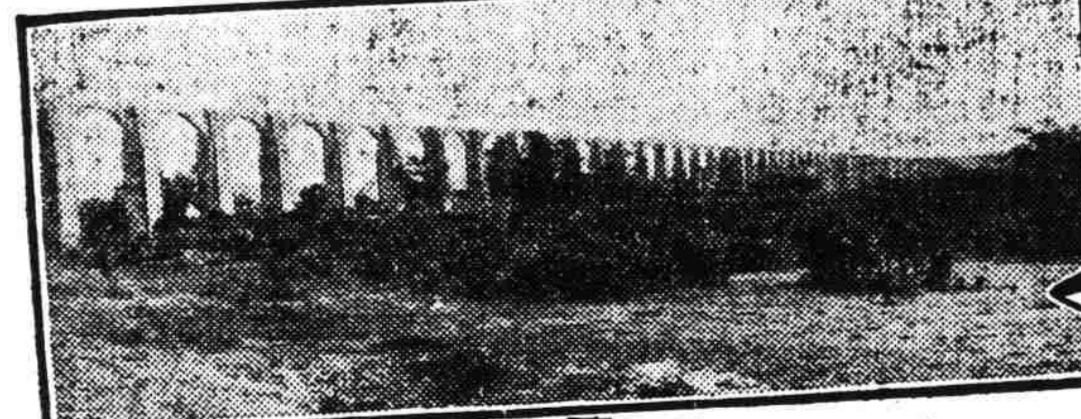
**Breaking a Record**  
Miss Stinson's flight of all flights up to date was made only this last May, when she hung up a master record by making a non-stop, cross-country jump from Chicago to Birmingham, N. Y. She followed the route of the Erie Railroad over this course, which measures 783 miles. But the Aero Club of America figures all distance flights as the crow flies, and her official distance record will be a little less.

Thus did Katherine Stinson break the American cross-country record of 610 miles held by Miss Law, and become the undisputed cross-country champion of all fliers in the United States. She had already, in California, broken all long-distance records for men and women, and in the Chicago-Birmingham flight she broke her own record.

She hopes to do even better before the summer is over.



Diaz's Private Entrance, Chapultepec Castle



The Famous Old Aqueduct of Queretaro—Best Preserved of Any in Mexico

## Life in Historic Mexico Practically the Same As for Centuries Past - Magnificent Scenery and Abject Poverty Go Hand In Hand

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**P**RESIDENT WILSON'S speech to the representatives of Mexico, in which he depicted us as a Big Brother nation, will have a tendency to convince the Latin-American people that we have no desire to be highwaymen, and that we have no ambition to gain territory. In other words, what we desire is that we are champions of liberty. We wish to hold a position of protection toward smaller nations. It is to the credit of our country that we are not seeking territory, but are fighting for the triumph of certain principles. We are trying to make Mexico and some other nations understand this.

**Carranza Has Big Job**  
Those who know Mexico appreciate what a task Carranza has in keeping his country quiet at home and neutral abroad. If war had meant less of life to Mexico that would have been bad enough, but railroads and mines were disabled, and public enterprises of all kinds suffered by the Mexican revolution. Carranza needs money to rebuild railroads and carry on govern-

mental work, and he has been facing a difficult proposition.

Mexico City, though shot riddled in places, keeps a brave front to the world. Her shops were always fine, and they are apparently doing a good business. The Paseo de la Reforma—the grand boulevard of the city—is as beautiful as in the days of Carlotta, and the Castle of Chapultepec, indissolubly connected with Mexican history, rears its head as proudly as ever on the hill from which it gets its name. It is true, there are soldiers on the streets, and that in the country bands occasionally fire at passing trains, but there is a generally optimistic feeling that the worst is over, and there is a great big hope that Carranza will prove equal to the situation. Villa may be instituting a sort of Hoover food control among his followers; at any rate he is credited with this, but Carranza has the brains and better social position. It is a sad Mexico, but it has certain things warfare cannot injure. There is the same blue, blue sky, the same magnificent white-capped volcanoes, and everyone

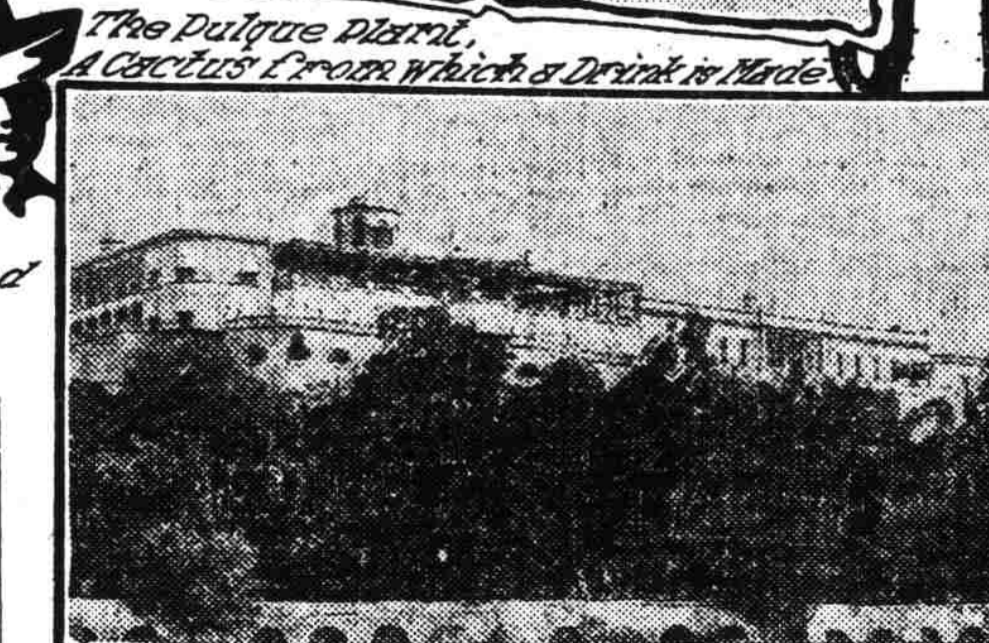
# WAR-RIDDEN MEXICO



The Dance Plaza, A Caculus From which a Drink is Made



Beautiful Statue in Puebla



The Castle of Chapultepec

who knows Mexico is glad that Chapultepec remains the same, for it has the most magnificent setting of any home occupied by the head of any government, and it is historic in a marked degree.

**Queretaro the Present Capitol**

Early in his assuming control as chief Carranza established his capital for the time being at Queretaro. This city is to the north of Mexico City, and has a historic setting that makes it of unusual interest. To the casual visitor it is associated with its opals, for of all towns in Mexico this is the one in which to buy opals. They come in all varieties and hues, and are worth from a few dollars up to several hundred dollars. But the traveler must be wary, for he may be met at the train by a vender of opals, some of which are merely glass, with gilt paper pasted on the back. Only as the train moves out does this pur-

chaser see that he has been swindled most outrageously.

Queretaro is one of the chief cities of the Bajio Valley, and associated with much of Mexican history. It was here that Maximilian fought against the liberal forces, was defeated and executed in 1867, together with his generals, Mejia and Miramon. Everyone knows the story—how Maximilian, deserted by Napoleon, rejected by the Mexicans, was condemned to be shot by Juarez; how the Princess Carlotta eventually became insane. On the spot where that tragedy was enacted the story seems doubly real, and regrets arise that a life should be needlessly taken. The Austrian Emperor erected a small chapel in memory of his brother and the two generals, and the place is filled with tragic memories. The town has fine churches, architecturally considered,

and many are the works of noted designers who have chosen the Oriental motif. A table, said to have belonged to Maximilian, is in the museum, and it is said his death warrant was signed on it. There is also the coffin in which his body was brought from the Cerro de las Campanas, or hill of execution.

**Quaint Old Customs**

War has made little difference with the main features of this town, and the queer street scenes continue here as in other towns. Strangers still register their names on blackboards plastered on the office walls of hotels, keys are unknown in many places, and funeral cars seem a prominent feature of the street scenes—only in time of war they are more frequent. Often twenty pass the Plaza Major, as the heart of the city is called, in an hour. Gambling in a small way still continues—Carranza has been strict with trying to stop it—and it will in some form always be dear to the Mexican heart. At one time even the street car tickets were good for a chance. Always in war times there is a certain happy-go-lucky spirit that says, "What's the use of worry; let's toss up the money, and our ticket may win."

**Life in Mexico City**  
The Mexicans have seen scenes of



Cathedral, Mexico City

terror, but they are a volatile people, and rebound quickly. That is one reason why life in Mexico City seems to the casual outsider to go on the same as in the peaceful days of Madero.

Many times a day the streets are sprinkled, pieces of paper are tied to door gratings to let passers by know that within rooms are to let, and the fire engines dash down the streets drawn by diminutive mules. Sometimes they stop to feed these small animals while the fire burns serenely on. All the Saints' days are still celebrated by total cessation from work, and the letter writers still sit on the street corners ready to indite a love missive or a business letter as occasion demands.

One of the sights of Mexico City—which still remains a sight despite war and all its havoc—is the procession of automobiles and carriages down the famous Paseo de la Reforma. Like all great capitals, Mexico's fashion drives have shifted from one part of the town to another. Once the most beautiful boulevard was the Paseo de Bucarell, then it was the Paseo de la Viga, and after Maximilian and Carlotta came they planned the Paseo de la Reforma. Up and down this paseo, especially on Sunday, there is a constant procession of the rich. War has injured the paving, but this makes no difference in the number of automobiles, carriages and horseback riders. The throng is dressed in its best, women are beautifully gowned and wear brilliant jewels, and it is a show of the aristocrats, worthy of any European capital in times of peace. Down this driveway passed daily Carlotta, Maximilian, Juarez, Diaz, Madero to their summer home in Chapultepec Castle, and now that Carranza is at the helm the procession still continues, though the riders may suffer from bounces occasioned by want of repair due to neces-

sary curtailment of the city's expenses.

**Castle of Chapultepec**

This magnificent boulevard ends at the "Hill of the Grasshopper," which is the historic Castle of Chapultepec. Every ruler of Mexico has used this castle more or less, for it dates back to the time of the Aztec Montezuma. Nearby it is the Military Academy of Mexico, somewhat like our West Point. Here boys are trained for the army, and when this hill was taken by the Americans under General Scott the young cadets bravely defended it. To commemorate this a handsome monument has been erected at the base of the hill. A memorial to the Americans who died at that time is in the American Cemetery. It is fortunate that this castle has not made havoc with the city, but no matter what man may do to it the magnificent setting and view will remain unchanged. A winding road leads to the brow of the hill, and passes a cave in which Montezuma is said to have disappeared for a time.

It is said that Carranza is not in sympathy with the church system of Mexico, but that is no new thing in that country. Juarez was so opposed that he took the gold and silver from the altars, and used it for various purposes, and he issued many decrees which are in force now. One was that no religious meeting could be held on the streets.

When one sums up the country to the south of us he stands amazed at the incongruities and difficulties. Temperamentally the two social classes of Mexico are wide apart, and what suits one does not appeal to the other. The admixture of Indian and Spanish blood, the years and years of warfare, and the large number of people must be considered. Carranza is successful, and he is entitled to great credit, for his task has been far from easy.