

Flags of Every Nation Made at Lightning Speed in Brooklyn Navy Yard

Thirty Women Supply Uncle Sam's Fleets with 24,000 Wind Whipped Bits of Bunting Every Twelvemonth—The Only Quarterwoman in the Government Service Has Had Thirty Years' Experience in Cutting the Patterns.

IN THE course of a year the United States navy unfurls a great number of flags. They are flags of many countries. They are caught by the breezes of many waters. They arouse a great quantity of enthusiasm among millions of men. And most of these flags are made by thirty women in the Brooklyn navy yard.

If this is news to you do not feel too much ashamed. There are a number of persons who spend most of their time at the Brooklyn navy yard to whom this fact is unknown. Looking for the place where these emblems are made, the Tribune man stumbled over several breathing examples of this kind of innocence a few days ago. Finally, a bright mannered assistant in an office grinned, and offered a suggestion. "Maybe you're looking for what they call 'the harem,'" is what he said.

For a stranger to enter a Turkish harem is an enterprise fraught, it is said, with almost insurmountable obstacles. Even if the barriers are overcome, the penalty is often death, so that any feeling of satisfaction is of a more or less stunted growth. It is hard for a stranger to enter the flag factory. The clerk's suggestion was not bad.

You must get a pass. The way to start to do this is to identify yourself in the presence of an officer of the United States navy.

It is well to explain that your interest in the making of flags is purely patriotic. Mention glowingly the names of Betsy Ross. As adequately as you can, describe how proud you feel when the fleets are in the river, the scenery snapping with the emblems of all nations.

When the officer signs the cardboard it becomes a vital thing. You are then told to go to building No. 3. A glance convinces you that, to the office, there is nothing suggestive in the number. You discover an unromantic looking brick building that resembles all the other brick buildings, except that over its door are painted in black the celebrated combination of digits.

Your pass is addressed to Thomas Maloy, flagmaster. A pleasant faced man, standing in shirt sleeves in the lower hallway, is superintending the unpacking of many boxes of bunting. You inquire of him if he is Mr. Maloy. He studies your pass, and then—and not till then—permits you to discover him.

Immediately thereafter the flagmaster becomes your enthusiastic ally. Flags fire him.

You note, however, that he continues to stand in the hallway. There are several bolts of bunting to be carried to the third floor of the building. The flagmaster has constructed it to be his duty to count the bolts.

The last roll is called, and Mr. Maloy mounts a bolt under each arm, two flights of stairs and opens a door that is painted white. The hum of thirty electric sewing machines, each with a capacity of making three thousand stitches a minute, at the rate of twelve stitches to the inch, greets the ear pleasantly. It is like a beehive working double turn, a flock of silver aeroplanes circling for altitude, or a busy, bright company of women making flags of forty-four countries, at the rate of 12,000 yards of bunting a year, or 24,000 flags.

"Are most of these women related to veterans in the country's wars?" asked the reporter, when the flagmaster sat at his desk in the corner of the large, light, well ventilated room. It suggested itself as an inspiring thing that only the mothers, sisters and daughters of the heroes of the war should be employed in stitching the flag of their country.

"We had one of them once," said Mr. Maloy. "She was the descendant of a man who had fought. We have had peace ever since she went away. I don't suppose she missed anything by it," Mr. Maloy continued, "and I can't be positive that her peculiar ways were all the result of the fact that she knew she was the only one employed here who was related to a man who was in a war. But she was odd, whatever the cause might have been, and, answering your question, we haven't at the present time any descendants of veteran soldiers or soldiers at work here. This is a place where any woman may get her name. It is necessary first to get her name on the general civil service eligible list."

and shamrock leaves, the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, French eagles, double headed eagles, black eagles, the latter crowned and displaying on their breasts the arms of Savoy; shields surrounded by a crown, escutcheons containing the arms of Castile and Leon.

There are lions of Scotland, red on a yellow ground; eagles of France, and stripes richly powdered over with the golden bees of the Napoleons; Red suns, rising over Japan; golden chrysanthemums on a red field, it being essential that the chrysanthemums should have just sixteen petals, or exactly the same number as there are rays in a Japanese emblematic sunrise.

Over here a woman is sewing upon a flag the symbols of Diana, the patroness of Byzantium. Another is stitching a white elephant on a red ground. A blonde is coloring a ball, half red, half blue, the colors curiously intermixed, the whole like two commas of equal size, united to form a complete circle.

A serious looking, rather stout woman is arranging on a yellow ground the emblem of a dragon devouring the sun. Others are busy with triangular, right angled, swallow-tailed, round, square and oblong flags.

The yellow, blue and red of Venezuela is criticised as heretically an abomination. You turn from it and meet designs on every hand that, from their more pleasing color schemes, would seem better able to arouse to enthusiasm those sentiments of esprit de corps, of family pride and honor, of personal devotion, patriotism or religion upon which, as well as



A BUSY CORNER OF THE MACHINE ROOM.



WORKING ON FOREIGN FLAGS.



THE PROPER PLACING OF STARS ON BLUE FIELD REQUIRES WORK OF AN EXPERT.



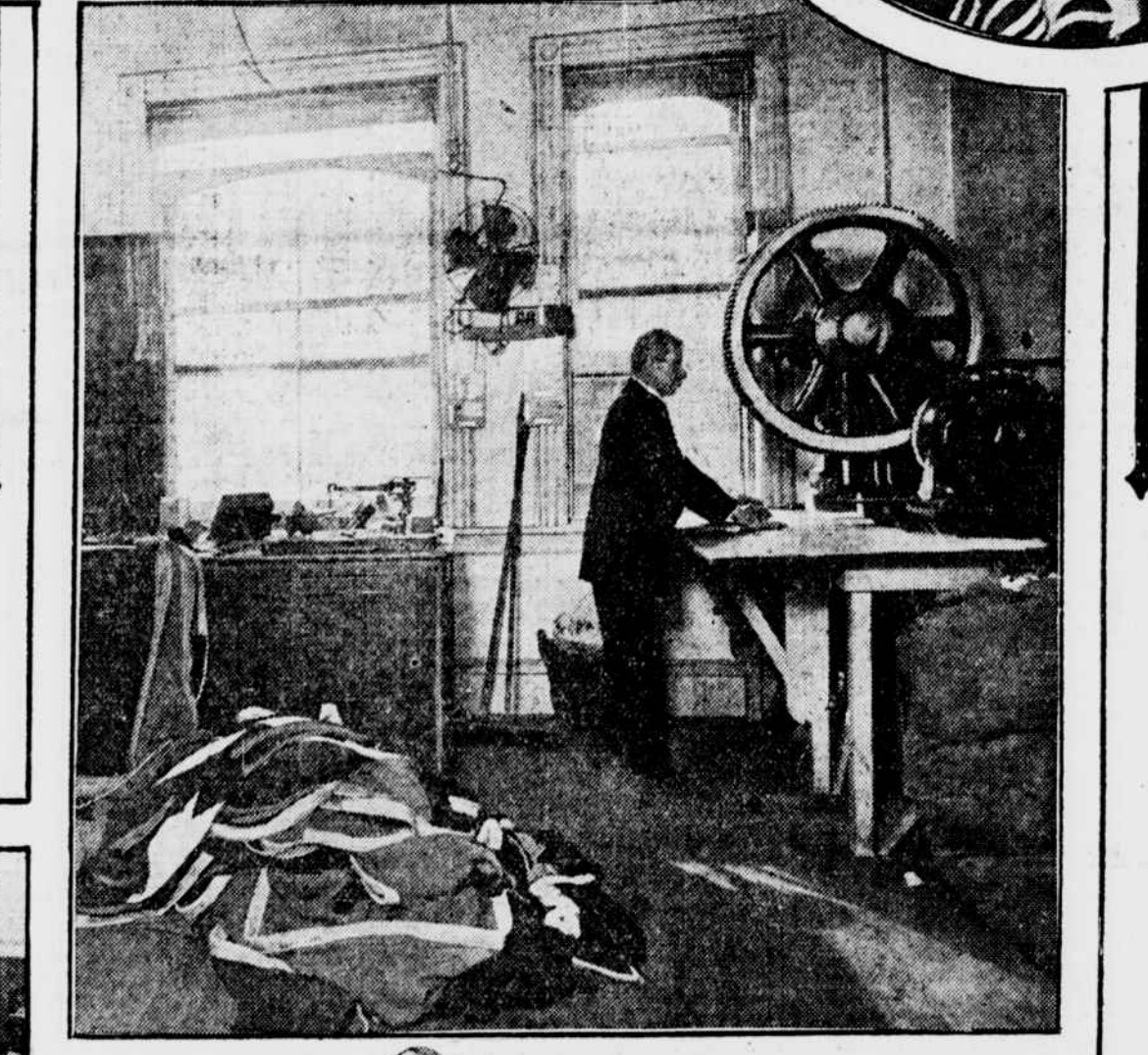
AT WORK ON THE PRESIDENT'S FLAG.

upon good leadership, discipline and numerical force, success in warfare is said largely to depend.

"Are all the navy flags made here?" Mr. Maloy was asked.

"Mostly all, though a few are made at the Mare Island Navy Yard for the ships on the Pacific, as, of course, we are too far away from the base of the Pacific squadron to supply readily their demand for flags. Some flags are also made at Cavite for our ships in the Philippines, where, also, the flag repairing for that fleet is done. But as most of our ships are always on the Atlantic Coast we naturally do nearly all of the flag making and repairing here."

Miss Woods, a kind, gentle woman, has been making flags for the United States navy for thirty years. When she came to this country from Ireland thirty years and three months ago she could not draw a map. Now give her a blue print of a flag calling for equilateral triangles, their apices pointing inward, some to be alternately yellow and white, others alternately scarlet and black, or give her orders to cut out a pattern of an eagle, crowned and wearing a collar of the most sacred



MR. MALOY AT THE STAR CUTTING MACHINE.



It is an ideal workshop, in striking contrast to the others in the navy yard, where, for the most part, the oil and dust and grime consequent upon the whirl of machinery give to each the aspect of an ordinary foundry. The flagmaking floor extends the whole length of the building.

On all sides many windows, reaching from floor to ceiling, admit light and air and sunshine. On extremely warm days electric fans cool the workers. The room itself is scrupulously clean, and the floor is as smooth and shiny as in a ballroom. The walls and ceilings are painted white, which is as bright as enamel.

Incandescent lamps hang in alternate rows from the ceiling, each light being directly over a sewing machine. The wires to which are attached the electric bulbs for lighting purposes also carry the motor power for the sewing machines. These are in double rows on the east side of the room. On the west side are long, broad tables piled up with rolls of bunting and muslin of various colors.

In the corner, on the west side also, are the desks of Mr. Maloy and Miss Mary Woods. Miss Woods is the only quarterwoman in the government service. She says she believes she is the only one in existence, and it seems reasonable. She cuts the patterns for the flags. Some of them are extremely intricate.

You would realize this if you should see the strange accumulation around the machines of the thirty star performers. There are rampant lions, leopards passant on a red field, fleurs-de-lis powdered over a blue ground, Irish harps on blue shields, palm



FLAG OF THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

NEW ENSIGN OF PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC.

Annunziata, and she will deliver the goods. There is scarcely any other way to put it, she does it so well.

These men and women (there are three men) spend their days in knee-deep in signals, banners, colors, streamers, standards, ensigns, tricolors, jacks and, of course, the Stars and Stripes. The messages that these pretty pieces of bunting will later carry they do not know. They only know that where the United States navy goes their flags will be, and that a ship without flags would be in a sorry plight.

"How many different varieties of flags do you make?" was asked of N. C. Henry, shop superintendent of the whole division.

"We make 150 different kinds of flags, of which forty-three are the colors of foreign nations," he replied. "These must be carried by our ships in addition to their own colors, as the former have to be used for saluting and other purposes on foreign stations."

"On a first class battleship there are flags called Nos. 1 and 2, each of which is 25 by 12 feet on the hoist. The length of a flag from the part near the staff to the free end is called the fly, and the measurement at right angles to this is known as the hoist, height or depth," he explained.

"There are also on a first class battleship twenty ensigns, eleven pennants, four jacks and a veritable confusion of signal

Now the work is done by a machine operated by electricity. After the stars are cut out they are turned down on all sides to a size indicated by a model, properly stationed, basted and hemmed down, and then another one is sewed directly at its back, fitting in so perfectly that they look like one solid star. This is an achievement not so simple as it may appear.

When the flag is ready for binding it is sent to another department, where a sailor puts on the canvas binding and makes it strong enough to defy the winds of heaven on its three years' cruise, which is its estimated period of usefulness.

The national ensign on board a ship of the navy at anchor is hoisted at 8 a. m. and kept flying until sunset. Whenever a ship comes to anchor or gets under way, if there is sufficient light for the ensign to be seen, it is hoisted, although it may be earlier or later than the time specified.

Unless there are good reasons to the contrary, the ensign is displayed when falling in with other ships of war or when near the land, and especially when passing or approaching forts, lighthouses or towns.

No ship of the United States navy may dip her ensigns unless in return for such compliments. When a vessel salutes a ship of the navy by dipping her national ensign it is returned dip for dip. If before 2 p. m. or after sunset the colors are hoisted, the dip returned and, after a suitable interval, the colors hoisted down.

Do these women, whose conscientious labors are highly complimented by Mr. Henry and Mr. Maloy ever dream while stitching these flags of the sentimental and dramatic, gay, grave and heroic scenes destined to be shared in by the product of their hands?

It is a shame for a poet.

On all occasions of celebrating foreign national anniversaries or festivities, when salutes are fired, the ensign of the nation celebrating the day must be displayed at the main during the salute and for such further time as the ships of such nations present may remain dressed, and in case of an anniversary of the nation in whose waters the ship is lying, where no ships of that nation are present, until sunset.

Sentinel under arms come to the position of "present."

At the end of the third roll the ensign is started up and hoisted smartly to the peak or truck, and the bands play "The Star-Spangled Banner," at the conclusion of which all officers and men salute and the beautiful and impressive ceremony, calculated to bring tears and thrills to the most hardened reprobate, is ended.

Bridge Approach Will Doom "Crush"

tracting in any way from Commissioner O'Keefe's good intentions or the plans of the architect, it may fairly be said that when the idea of a new and proper terminal was first broached it did not contain any such radical and progressive departure as this women's waiting room. That, along with many other features, grew into shape as the planning progressed, but it is a feature for which every woman who has to use the Brooklyn Bridge will undoubtedly be thankful.

In the same way it developed that from other portions of this extra space the city of New York might just as well not make some money in rentals. On the four levels of the new terminal there will be a small amount of space, comparatively speaking, which will be needed for ticket booths, and the design of the entire terminal is such that the space along the north and south walls could not well be appropriated for anything that would stand out too far from the walls. Such appropriation would not only destroy the spacious effect of the interior, architecturally speaking, but it would also be an impediment of a practical nature to the free passage of the patrons for whose use the new terminal scheme has been developed.

The net result will be that there will be for rent something like one hundred booths of a depth of about ten feet and a width graded according to how much rent the tenants want to pay over to the city.

In addition to all this space, there will be commodious office room for the Bridge Department, an item of some importance to the city of New York, which is now paying a high downtown rental for the use of offices to accommodate that department. Aside from its exterior appearance, which will make it one of the noble sights of the city, probably the most impressive feature of the new terminal will be the giant double escalator—two sets of moving stairs, that is—there will be a total width of nearly twelve feet. It will be divided into two sections by a handrail, and each section will operate independently of the other, thus guaranteeing that even in case of a temporary breakdown on one section there will be service on the other.

To give an idea of the size of the undertaking of providing sufficient accommodation for the thousands who use the Brooklyn Bridge daily, Commissioner O'Keefe in a recent statement said:

"During each of the rush hours there are being operated approximately out of the Park Row station of the Brooklyn Bridge sixty-two six-car trains, the elevated road system and 593 trolley cars, which carry sixty thousand persons an hour, or a thousand persons every minute."

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similar side escalators that came up from the Park Row street level, will also aid in distributing the crowd which is bound for the L. lines, because one may take the first small side escalator from the Park Row level to the mezzanine floor, and then walk directly on to the continuation escalator running from that floor up to the L. line level on the second floor.

As for the prospective trolley line passenger street-span across Park Row will land him on the mezzanine or distributing floor, to which he would have to come even if he came in directly from the street doors opening on Park Row. He will then be in the same relative position to his trolley car that our friend who was bound for the Green-Gates avenue car was when we got him aboard that escalator, and his further progress will be unimpeded by any one trying to go in a direction different from himself.

The double street span, which as well as serving as a passageway from the Municipal Building across Centre street and Park Row and from the new Centre street subway station, which will be in the basement of that building, also acts as an architectural screen for the straggling structure of the Third Avenue elevated line, will likewise give on to the terminal structure at this mezzanine floor distributing level, and will therefore serve alike for both trolley and "L." passengers.

Incidental to the plan of getting a bridge terminal building which would give practical service in eliminating the terrors of the bridge crush, and which would also be a structure of such architectural beauty as would match up with the other municipal buildings in its section, it was found when the plans began to take shape that there would be a great deal of space in this new terminal which would not be required for actual terminal service.

As it is designed and will be built and operated exactly as a high class modern railway station, Commissioner O'Keefe decided to put aside a part of this extra space for use as a women's retiring room. So this new terminal will have such a room, well equipped with all the comforts that usually go with such an accommodation.

For the woman who now uses the Brooklyn Bridge, with its wind-swept platforms, its crowded corridors and its compulsory climb up two long flights of stairs, the idea of the city of New York providing such a luxury as a women's retiring room seems almost too good to be true. Without de-