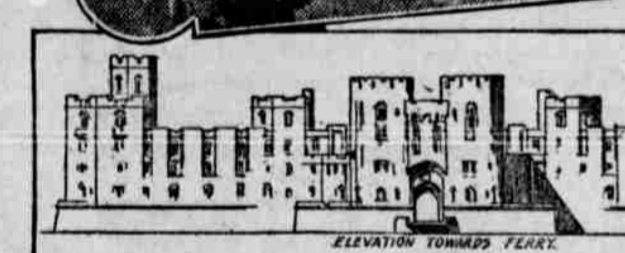
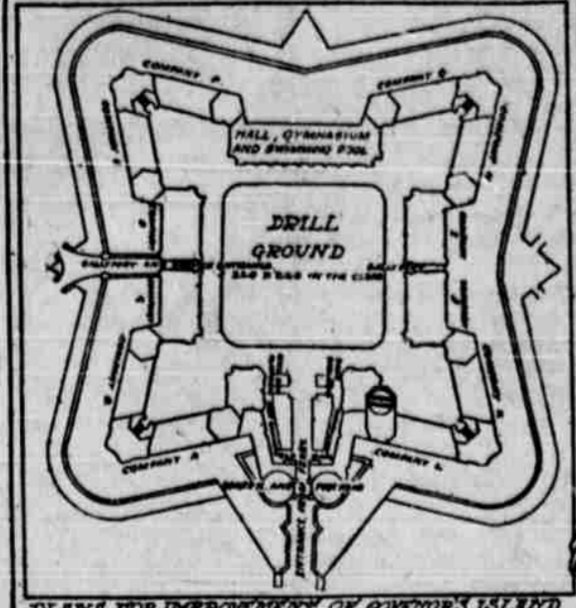


PLAN TO IMPROVE NATION'S MILITARY POST DE LUXE

GOVERNORS ISLAND," says one of its chroniclers, using the Indian name Pag-ganck, lies like an emerald gem pendant on the green chain of Long Island. Certainly it never deserved such a picturesque description more than it does this spring.

It suggests among other things a fitting place for future peace conferences. It is true that there are warlike touches—Fort Jay, the one time Fort Columbus, and Castle William, the six acres on the north shore where is situated the arsenal of the ordnance corps, the commissary buildings, battered and gray as seasoned veterans, the green turf, marked off here and there with huge cannon balls, but the general atmosphere is so peaceful that if it were not for the skyline of minarets and towers, seen through a purplish smoke whenever you make a turn, you could not believe yourself near the noisiest city in the world.

Governors Island is the headquarters of the department of the east. On this small plot of ground, which one of the staff described as being "two miles



There are six Lombardy poplars, remnant of the hundreds sent by Louis XVI. At headquarters, a large house with Georgian front and high ceilings, roomy offices, the affairs of the island are managed. Here Lieutenant-Colonel Haan, in command during General Barry's absence, receives the reporter and gives some of the information contained herein.

He mentions, particularly among the active work of the post, the branch of the Y. M. C. A. conducted by Chaplain Edmund B. Smith, the classes for enlisted men and the drills supplemented now with the more picturesque music drills or silent manual.

The military student finds at present little to interest him, for the island is not fortified, being in no way a part of the scheme of fortifications, which embraces Sandy Hook and the mouth of the harbor. Fort Jay, for 100 years known as Fort Columbus, but originally named for John Jay, was during the Civil War manned with heavy guns, although not even threatened. When Fort Lafayette was too crowded with prisoners at that period Castle William took charge of the overflow and at one time housed over a thousand prisoners. Among the noted prisoners who have been confined there was John Yates Beall, the Confederate spy.

Castle William was completed in 1811 and is built on bed rock. In one of the departmental reports it is described as "a stone tower with fifty-two 42 and 32 pounders maintained on two tiers under a bomb roof and a terrace intended to mount twenty-six 50-pound columbiads." In several other reports Castle William is referred to as an "example of outgrown science."

In the museum on the island is Sheridan's famous horse, Winchester, who bore his master in forty-seven battles.

In place of a regular army chapel, Trinity Corporation has provided the Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion for the use of the post. It is a charming Gothic structure of granite, built near the old frame building, erected in 1847 by Dr. McVicker, who taught ethics at Columbia college during the week and on Sunday preached in the chapel he built and presented to the island himself. Garlanding the chancel are several upright plaques connected with a heavy chain and a bronze tablet explains that they are cannons used in the several battles of the Mexican war. Over the choir, a double row of tattered battle flags hang. One is a mere cobweb and the light from the stained glass window shows a fringe of blood-red threads and a splash of blue where stars were once woven. This is the last flag pulled down in Cuba. Another of peculiar interest is the one under which Major Kelly died and which was carried from Tien Tsin in the Boxer uprising in China.

Chaplain Smith is about to publish a book on Governors Island, for with the exception of a monograph or two and some scientific articles on technical subjects, the place has practically been overlooked by chroniclers. The book is to be illustrated with several rare prints and engravings besides more modern work, and contains data that have never been printed in this country and represent years of the most untiring research on the part of the author.

Situated near what is considered today one of the most valuable pieces of real estate property in the world, Governors Island was purchased (1637) by that shrewd old barter, Wouter Van Twiller, director general of New Netherlands, for some axe heads, a string of beads and a few nails from two Indians whose names, Cakapetejon and Pehiwaa, would indicate a greater mentality than they seem to have possessed. Across Buttermilk channel, to the origin, naming and history of which Chaplain Smith devotes two chapters of his book, Sara, the first Christian child to be born in the Dutch colony, daughter of Joris Janson de Rapalyze, was taken in a tub at a very early age of her career and furnished the only thrilling narrative of the place for some time.

For several years it furnished a convenient landing place for the settlers' cattle, and the first building was erected (1698) by Van Twiller, and

was set aside by the assembly as being "Part of the Denizen of His Majesty's Fort at New York for the Benefit and Accommodation of His Majesty's Governors and Commanders in Chief for the Time Being." After this it became known in familiar parlance as Governors Island, but not all at once in legal documents.

In its early history it furnished examples of rapine and graft which put to shame the efforts of the present day. One of the early governors, Louis Corbun, cousin of Queen Anne, comes down to us as "being universally detested," principally for his questionable dealings in regard to this piece of land which the people at large were already beginning to cherish for its beauty and utility.

In 1770 the island served, in fact if not in name, as the first quarantine post of the province and in that same year shiploads of "Palatines," religious refugees, were housed there, "the proper place for their sickness and poverty," said Queen Anne, who financed them parsimoniously. One of these immigrants, Peter Zenger, was the first citizen to vindicate publicly the freedom of the press and personal liberty.

Nutten Island (Governors) was made part of the city of New York by the Montgomery charter (1730) and an act of March 7, 1788, included it in the county. It was in 1755 that it first fulfilled its manifest destiny as a military post. From 1755 to 1773 there were several royal regiments of England living there. These were the Royal Americans, His Majesty's Sixty-first Regiment of Foot under Lord Loudoun, and His Majesty's Twenty-second and Forty-fourth Regiments of Foot. Details of their life were found by the historian referred to in the private library of Colonel Fitz-Claude, Earl of Munster, who committed suicide (1842), and in the English army records 1754-1842. These regiments are in name existing today, and the leader of the band who played at the garden party of the Army Relief society is a lineal descendant of one of the officers.

In 1766 the first fortification was built, in 1776 a "Strong Castle" was erected. General Putnam writing at this time to the president of congress speaks of it "as a very important post." Washington wrote of "its strong works," the New York Gazette referred to the thousand Continental men stationed there; Lord Stirling considered it "better guarded than any other post." The brothers Howe stayed there until the evacuation of New York.

After the battle of Long Island and the British victory, August 27, 1776, the "Liberty" boys came back under cover of the darkness and right under the noses of the victorious enemy secured munitions and food.

Tradition says that Governor Clinton loaned the island once for a race course (1784-5).

In 1794 a ferry was established which took passengers at threepence a head. The one in use now averages 30,000 passengers a month.

That year congress appropriated \$3,727.52 for the island's defenses. In 1796 the works were dignified as forts, and about this date Knox reports "On Governors Island, one bastioned square, commanding two low batteries quite finished." Between 1794 and 1806 more than \$110,000 was expended on the works.

In 1798 the faculty and students of Columbia college repeating their patriotic work in Harlem, came down to Governors Island with pickaxes and shovels to help erect breastworks when one of the French war scares aroused local fears and inspired the call for harbor defense. In 1880 it was ceded by the State of New York to the United States, and in 1821 the Federal military headquarters were transferred there.

and larger in winter," is transacted the principal business for the military territory extending along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Texas and west to the Mississippi, exclusive of the mid-western states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan.

One battalion of the 29th infantry is now stationed at Governors Island under the command of Gen. Thomas H. Barry, who came there from West Point last September, succeeding the late Gen. Frederick Dent Grant.

Several years ago congress appropriated \$1,100,000 for the reconstruction of Governors Island and 103 acres have finally been reclaimed from the bay. Further improvements were suggested, and in 1908 ex-President Taft approved plans for a regimental post, but nothing has been done since then to carry them out. It was intended to make of the island the finest military post in the world. All the old buildings were to be razed, Fort Jay, South Battery and Castle William alone to remain. The first was to be the center of a park with a castellated tower, its moat, draw-bridge, fine old gateway and saltport to be uninterfered with. The barracks were to be of the latest model, with every appliance for comfort and use and to house a full regiment of 1,200 men. Magnificent parade and athletic grounds, libraries, piers for passengers and freight and rows of commodious dwellings for the officers were included in the plans.

Following this a firm of architects presented an even more elaborate design. This latest plan has been approved by several prominent men and representative societies.

To the casual glance at present every house on Governors Island would be bettered by a coat of paint. But complaints are rarely heard, notwithstanding the dictum that an army officer who doesn't complain has something the matter with him. This military station is one of the postes de luxe; it is hard to get there and one has to pry an incumbent away. So when the authorities at Washington spell "economy" out loud the officers at the post are obediently silent.

General Barry's house, an old-time dwelling, is a three-minute walk from the landing, and directions to reach it are given by a trio of guards standing themselves under a large placard bearing the inscription "Do Not Loiter." With this example of military obedience in mind, you cross the sword resplendent with another sign saying "Keep Off the Grass," step up some cracked steps through which tender blades of grass are springing and turning a corner face the parade ground on which many of the houses, including General Barry's, front. Like the majority, his is a two-story-and-a-half structure and has an additional wing or two to distinguish it.

The architecture of these old houses is that of the late colonial period. The color is a saffron, dulled to a brownish tint, the trimmings white and the blinds green. The latticed porch and balconies recall the gingerbread work of the Dutch housewives preparing some special form of ornamented cakes.

Along Colonel's Row, as one of the residential streets is called, the names are printed in black letters on the rise of the veranda steps. Prize babies and young puppies freckle the parade ground. There is no profusion of flowers, but here and there are pansy beds kept trimly within wooden frames. A great snowball bush blooms riotously in front of General Barry's door and the perfume of honeysuckle is in the air. Most of the gardening attention is devoted to the lawns and park, and the general effect is that of cleanliness, order and discipline.

The Dutch name for the island was Nutting, Nutting, Nutten or Nut. It was so called, obviously for the splendid orchards of nut trees, but with the exception of the chestnuts—horses, not edible—there is no trace at present of them.

explosion, a slight earthquake shock, or some other unforeseen cause, impossible to guard against, might shatter the dividing wall between the submerged river and the subway, in which event crowded subway trains would be submerged before the passengers would have the slightest chance to escape. I don't think this report will lessen travel on the subway. It's pretty hard to scare New York. Some years ago most of the newspapers shrieked for a week that the Brooklyn bridge was about to fall

down, and travel over it was not diminished in the least, except for three hours at the beginning of the scare, during which the police fought back thousands of persons who were trying to cross. However, a noted engineer to whom the theory of the possibility of a subway flood from the water tunnel was submitted, would say only: "Such a thing is highly improbable. It is not at all impossible."

But for the breath of suspicion, gossip would soon die a natural death.

NEW TERROR FOR NEW YORK

Should Water Tunnel Burst Thousands Would Inevitably Be Drowned in Subway.

Probably the story is based merely upon the hysterical imagination of one of these chaps who is always discovering some new terror in metropolitan life, but it is now told us that the most dreadful accident ever known will be a possibility as soon as the water has been turned

OCCUPATION.

"I haven't anything to do," complained Cholly. "A fellow gets tired of just twirling his cane, don't you know?"

"Of course," assented Algy. "Why don't you get a dog to lead, old chap?"

THE WORST OF IT.

"So you went out motoring with that ill-tempered Jaggers. Did his temper explode?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't have minded that, if his tires hadn't, too."

KNOW SECURITY WAS AMPLE

Bank Clerk, Married, Was Quiet Willing to Lend Girl Money on Her Personal Belongings.

One dollar and seventy-seven cents was advanced by Clarence E. Smith, loan clerk of the Mechanics' National bank here, on two pairs of corsets. They belonged to a well-dressed young woman, who was caught here without enough money to return to New York. She raised her railroad fare by leav-

VALUED HIS MEMORY.

He was a furniture remover's man, and his memory, as he cheerfully admitted, was "very convenient."

"No, I can't remember where Mr. Slylt has taken his family and furniture."

"Come, now," said the debt collector; "he hasn't been gone a week, and you drove the van."

"Did I?"

"You know you did."

"And it's only a week ago?"

"Of course."

"Funny how easily a fellow forgets." The collector produced half a sovereign and tendered it.

"That ought to rouse your memory," he remarked.

"It ought to do so, sir," he admitted; "but, you see, this ain't no common ordinary memory, and it'll take a deal of rousing. Why, it cost a sovereign to put it to sleep."

CASE OF NECESSITY.

Clergyman (to small boy)—"Don't you know that it's a sin to dig on Sunday, unless it's a case of necessity?"

Boy—Yes, sir.

Clergyman—Then why are you digging it?"

Boy—Cause this is a case of necessity. A fellow can't catch fish without bait.

HORSE TALK.

Assinine questions are apt to get unkind replies.

VOTES FOR WOMEN PUT TEMPORARILY IN BACKGROUND

Whether to Beat, or Not to Beat, Your Wife, Is the Latest Controversy in Order.

DR. WAUGH, AFFIRMATIVE; ROSALIE JONES, NEGATIVE

"Most Devoted Wives Fear Husbands." Says Dr. Waugh—"Joke!" Retorts General Jones—"Modern Suffrage Wife Does Not Expect to Be Ruled by Any Mere Man"—Mrs. Howard Archibald Samuels, Secretary of the Household Felicity League, admits that certain benefits may be derived from occasionally chastising your spouse.

Miss Rosalie Gardner Jones, known as General Rosalie, the particularly attractive conductor of suffrage tours to Albany, Washington and various points via the route route, takes the opposite view and maintains that no true suffragist will stand by and let her husband be the one to do the beating.

The question arose all because Dr. William F. Waugh of Chicago, dean of the Bennett Medical college and chief surgeon of the Jefferson Park hospital, came out in favor of wife beatings. But, then, Dr. Waugh is not married.

What Dr. Waugh Advocates.

Among other interesting statements on the matter he made the following declarations:

"When you find your mate, rule her; she expects you to be head of the house."

"When you have her, live for her; she demands it."

"When she awakens your jealousy, beat her; she needs it."

Then the doctor went on to say that the most devoted wives in the world are those who fear their husbands. Such wives sit up nights trying to devise plans to please their masculine lord and win their approbation. And, take it from Dr. Waugh, the approbation of said lords is some tid-bit worth striving for.

"This way," the doctor goes on, "through their lack of beatings, some women escape from their husbands' control and are incapable of controlling themselves. They soon find by the absence of beatings that their husbands are not their masters. Therefore they seek other masters, and their contempt for their husbands has reached its limit. Once a wife holds her husband in contempt, not even beatings will win him back into her respect, for then she will know that he is merely making a bluff, and is not really the masterful being she believed him when she married him."

"Joke," says General Jones.

General Rosalie Jones threw up her hands in consternation and indignation when Dr. Waugh's remarks were called to her attention.

"Equal suffrage went into effect July 1," she cried. "He is having his last inning, for with women nearing their rightful position in the world, he knows it will be his last chance. Dr. Waugh knows who will hold the master hand when we get the ballot in his state, and this outburst of his is merely the feeble wall of an envious old bachelor because some one but himself is in for a bit of consideration from now on."

"No doubt Dr. Waugh is right, in some respects," said Mrs. Samuels, who is an anti-suffragist. "It is well known that women love best the men who are somewhat cruel to them, and I presume Dr. Waugh's statement is a just and proper warning against what will follow the granting of the vote to women in Illinois."

Fortunately, Miss Jones and Mrs. Samuels were not mutually present when these statements were made, so not one thing happened.

Couldn't Do It, She Says.

"You see," Miss Rosalie went on, "it would be the greatest joke in the world for a man to try to beat a suffrage wife. Just imagine, for instance, an ordinary man trying to chastise—well, it wouldn't be fair to mention any names. But you know some of our energetic suffragists in the city. Why, I wonder what would happen to him?" and General Jones laughed her merrily.

"I imagine Dr. Waugh hasn't much to occupy his time when he wastes it advising men to whip their devoted partners in life. After a few more years of suffrage there won't be much room for men of Dr. Waugh's type anyway."

"But to analyze his statements in detail, Miss Jones?"

"Well," said the doughty leader of suffrage armies, "take his remark about women expecting men to be the heads of the house. That's the old-

FOR AND AGAINST WIFE BEATING



DR. WAUGH: When you find your mate, rule her! She expects you to be the head of the house. When she awakens your jealousy, beat her; she needs it.

GEN. JONES: It is the feeble wall of an envious old bachelor.

Beating a wife when she makes you jealous is the most absurd thing I ever heard of; it is part of a woman's duty to make her husband jealous; he thinks more of her.

MRS. SAMUELS: No doubt Dr. Waugh is right in some respects. It is well known that women love best the men who are somewhat cruel to them.

A woman who fears the wrath of her husband loves him better than one who has no fear of him at all.



fashioned way. Suffrage expects the man and his wife to be equal heads of the house. Nor does the modern suffrage wife expect to be ruled by any mere man.

"The only speck of truth in Dr. Waugh's theory I can find is in his second statement, where he says, 'When you have her, live for her, she demands it.' Of course, she demands it. And it's her right to do so. Every woman demands her husband to devote himself to her alone, and, under the suffrage idea, if he doesn't he's going to hear from her in short order.

beat soundly the wife who awakens his jealousy. She cannot wilfully awaken your jealousy unless she is mentally, at least, on the border line of unfaithfulness. And an unfaithful woman needs to be beaten, just as an unfaithful man needs it.

"The reason we have so much domestic unhappiness today is the lack of strong men. Our forefathers were men of iron in their homes. Their word was law. How often do you read of unhappy marriages of 100 years ago?"

Calls Arguments Absurd.

"Now, take what he says about beating her when she makes you jealous. That is the most absurd thing I ever heard of. It is part of a woman's duty to make her husband jealous. That is one of the ways she holds his affections. It is human nature to want what you're not sure of, and when a man's not sure of a woman he wants her a lot more than if she was groveling about at his feet all the time. If a man beat his wife every time she made him jealous, she'd hate the ground he walked on in ten minutes.

"He says fear and devotion are synonymous. That's also ridiculous. Imagine loving anything you dread or fear. As for fearing wives sitting up all night, well, maybe they do, but it's trying to devise some plan to placate their lords and not to 'please' them."

General Rosalie went into a paroxysm of mirth over the gravity of Dr. Waugh's remark that the approbation of masculine lords was worth striving for. "Ha, ha!" chuckled the little general. "I knew he was a bachelor."

"The way for a man to hold a woman's love and respect is to be gentle to her. He can be firm without beating her on the head with a golf club or punching her in the eye. I doubt if any woman ever really loved a man better after he had kicked her in the shins or knocked her down and pounded her into a comatose condition. But I have known them to love him better because he was good and kind, and thoughtful and attentive, and strong, but not brutal.

Echo of Past Ages.

"As for women being unable to control themselves and needing to be controlled by a man, that is all a thing of the past ages. Modern women—I mean suffragists, of course—are not only able to control themselves, but I imagine are quite well equipped to control others when necessary. Dr. Waugh is simply a joke." And General Rosalie laughed again.

Quite different was the viewpoint of Mrs. Samuels.

"I do not agree with all he says," she declared, "but there is surely a lot of common sense behind his theory. No, I have never myself been beaten; my husband did not find it necessary to do so, but I know of cases where beatings would have been very effective among wives."

"The theory that man is master and woman his slave is as old as time. It goes back to the days of the cave men, who knocked their wives on the head and carried them back home on their shoulders. I doubt if any common woman ever loved a man as those women of old loved their lords."

This Woman Agrees With Him.

"It is woman's nature to be ruled. If she is not ruled she will search till she finds some one who will command her. That is the cause of much of the domestic infelicity of today. I do not know that fear and love are as closely allied as Dr. Waugh says, but it is certain there is an affinity between them somewhere. A woman who fears the wrath of her husband loves him better than a woman who has no fear of him at all, is the way I would put it. I concur heartily in his advice to

FEW WALK FOR PLEASURE

Writer Laments That "Tramping" Has Become One of the Arts That Are Lost and Mourned.

There are so many hestates nowadays that one hesitates to add any more. We are told that letter writing is a lost art, and conversation. We are sure that doing nothing must be, because so many women develop neurasthenia when they attempt to practice it. The critics of the drama assure us that acting is, and the critics of opera that singing is, and the critics of literature that poetry is.

Yet, at the danger of overcrowding the mortuary chapel of the arts, a long observation of our highways, byways and mountain trails has persuaded us that the art of walking has now perished also and must be assigned to the same mournful resting place. Nobody walks any more, except the Appalachian club, the Boy Scouts and President John Finley of the College of the City of New York really walks, that is.

Walking is still practiced (as little as possible) utilitarianly. Many New York women, for example, totter on dizzy heels from their motors at the curb all the way across the sidewalk. But as an art it is no longer practiced. The secret has been forgotten by all save a chosen few of whom, of course, we are one!

We hold no brief against motors. What's the use? Besides, they are very useful things in getting you to a convenient starting point for a walk. The only trouble with motors is that people stay in them. The Yankee type used to be lank and sinewy. Pioneers and pedestrians are always more of less lank and sinewy. But the motors are altering our type. The man who takes a 20-mile walk for the 50th of it is looked upon as a mild sort of lunatic. Why walk when a motor will get you there so much quicker?—Walter Pinchard Eaton, in American Magazine.

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