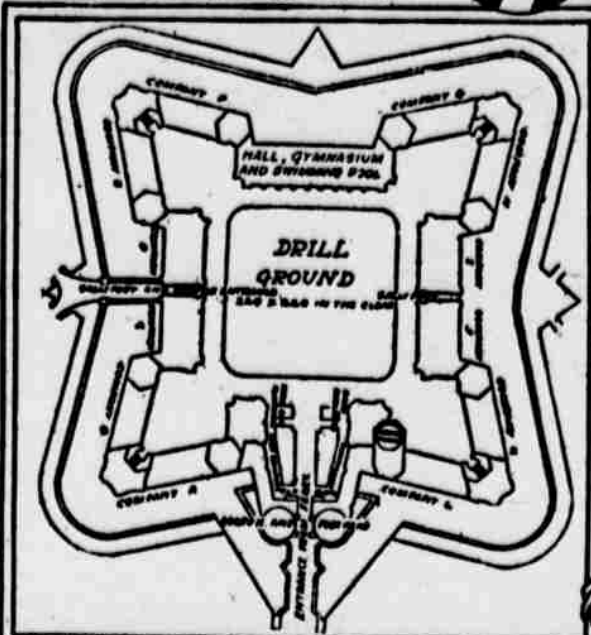


PLAN TO IMPROVE NATION'S MILITARY POST DE LUXE

"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



PLANS FOR IMPROVEMENT OF GOVERNORS ISLAND



BAND AT GOVERNORS ISLAND



ELEVATION TOWARD YACHT

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 saltpore 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 sunning themselves under a large placard bearing the inscription "Do Not Loiter." With this example of military obedience in mind, you cross the sward 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 balustrades recall the gingerbread work of the Dutch housewives preparing some special form of ornamental 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, Notting, Nutten or Nut. It was so called, obviously, for the splendid orchards of nut trees, but with the exception of the chestnuts—horse, not edible—there is no trace at present of them.

tion 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. McVickar, 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 posts 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 Reilly 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, Cakapetelon and Pehiwas, 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 to the Dutch colony, daughter of Joris Janson de Rapalye, 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

this was set aside by the assembly as being "Part of the Denizen of His Majesty's Port 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, Lord Cornbury, 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 1710 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-Clarence, 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 speaking 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 three pence 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.

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."

WAR REMINISCENCES

LITTLE FIGHT "ON THE SIDE"

American Soldiers in Trenches Before Santiago Stop Firing to Witness Most Amusing Scrap.

A "scrap" between an Irishman and a Teuton in the American trenches before Santiago, while the battle was on, was so funny that the soldiers stopped firing at the Spaniards to watch the disension in their own ranks, says a volunteer in an exchange.

Private Cassidy of company E, Sixteenth U. S. Infantry, Private Mueller and Corporal Mulroney were facing the foe side by side when Cassidy was hit by a Spanish don's bullet and sent to that "bourne whence no traveler returns." Mulroney was so busy pumping lead toward Santiago that he failed to note his comrade's death until the poor fellow was being removed from the firing line. Then he saw Mueller in the act of appropriating two cartridge belts, one filled and the other almost empty. Now ammunition was to be had in abundance that morning. Every soldier in the regiment was supposed to have all the cartridges he could shoot away, regardless of accuracy of aim, so it galled Corporal Mulroney to see another—and a German at that—taking possession of what once belonged to his chum.

"If ye had anny respect for the dead ye'd lave thim cartridges alone," said Mulroney with a scowl on his face that would have scared a Spaniard into surrender. "It isn't the likes of yez, ye Dutch duffer, that can fall heir to me friend Cassidy's belongings. I'll thank ye, an' with a bad grace at that, to pass me thim belts before I take a punch at your dirty face."

"Dot vas all right," replied Mueller defiantly, his phlegmatic blood stirred by the heat of battle. "Cassidy vas a good feller, all right, and he toldt me I could haf dose ammunitions ven he vas—"

"Ye lie, ye Dutch robber!" cried Mulroney, dropping his rifle and shaking his fist under Mueller's nose. "Ye'll put thim cartridges down this minnit or I'll make yez wish a Mauser had struck ye instid of me fist."

"I vas no liar," retorted Mueller, also dropping his rifle, "undt I can vip any Irish dog robber who—"

This pointed allusion to the fact that Mulroney had once been a "striker" for his captain was more than Mulroney cared to stand, and his brawny arm straightened with stunning effect on Mueller's cheek. Almost as quickly the German's fist landed on Mulroney's nose, and then, to the wonder of their comrades on either side, the two men went down together, striking, kicking and biting with complete indifference for the fierce battle in progress. Before either combatant had inflicted any particular harm upon his opponent a young lieutenant interfered and ordered the men back to their places, with the assurance that each would suffer severely for such a flagrant breach of discipline.

For a few minutes both men pulled their triggers with a fair degree of regularity, notwithstanding the constant exchange of civilities which they could not forego, but Mulroney changed the situation suddenly when he discovered that no commissioned officers were near enough to balk his scheme of vengeance.

"If ye're not a coward ye'll roll down the hill a bit of a ways behind the trench," Mulroney muttered to his foe, "an' when I meet ye at the bottom may hivin hev mercy on ye before I'm t'rough wid ye!"

Mueller looked to the rear and saw a steep slope of nearly fifty feet and a tangled growth of shrubbery at the bottom. He glanced along the line in both directions and saw no shoulder straps nearer than a dozen files, and then accepted the challenge by casting himself out of the trench and swiftly rolling toward the shrubbery. Before he had traversed half the distance Mulroney was descending in the same fashion, and a resumption of hostilities ensued immediately upon his arrival at the foot of the slope.

It might be stated parenthetically that a big captain separated Mulroney and Mueller and sent them back once more to their places on the firing line, where they acted like good soldiers the rest of the day. After the fighting was over Mulroney lost his chevrons and several months' pay, and Mueller suffered even worse punishment.

Fixing It.

"Why were you late in returning to camp last night?" asked the lieutenant of a private at Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati.

"Train was very late, sir."

"Well, the next time the train's late take care y' come by an earlier one."

Expedience.

Few can afford to take the position taken by the captain of a company of guerrillas. The story is that this captain, at the head of a company of 300 men, when informed that the enemy, numbering 500, was approaching, said:

"Well, boys, we'll look 'em over, and if we can't lick 'em we'll fine 'em."

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Quite Superfluous. Mrs. Ellsworth had a new colored maid. One morning, as the maid came down stairs, the mistress said: "Emma, did you knock at Miss Flora's door when I sent you up with her breakfast?" "No, ma'am," replied the maid, with preternatural gravity. "What was de use ob a-knockin' at her do' when I knowed fo' sure she was in dar'?"—**New York Evening Post.**

Thoughtful Papa. "I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Staylate. "You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me he seemed quite worried for fear I had not proper courtesy."

"Indeed! What did he say?" "He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."

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