

Sees "Gibraltar of the Pacific" for America in Little Isle of Guam

Rear Admiral Mahan (Retired) Has Vision of the Conversion of Area Valued by Senator Rayner at Something Less Than \$1.50 Into a Stronghold of Immense Power.

THE Gibraltar of the Pacific, a fortified island whose menacing guns will control the insatiable desire for conquest of the Japanese, check the dreams of avarice of Great Britain and Germany in Polynesia and reduce the fierce Malayan pirates, if there be any of them extant, to a state of gentleness rivaling that of doves, such is the dream—kindness forbids the use of the adjective Utopian—of none other than Rear Admiral A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. (retired).

For this purpose Admiral Mahan would employ the little island of Guam, recently described by that erudite statesman, Senator Isador Rayner, as "a charming spot, and one of the most lustrous jewels in our Oriental galaxy." Still further light did Senator Rayner throw upon the natural resources and strategic potentialities of the little island, on both of which Admiral Mahan would practise his theory of naval military conservation.

Said the Senator, addressing the Senate: "Its principal products are vipers, snakes, lizards, wild swine and castor oil, and if the island were put up at auction to-day, with all the inhabitants in it, beyond its value as a military post it would not bring \$150 in any of the markets of the world. It must not be lost sight of, however, that Guam is the key of communication upon the Pacific Ocean and the relay point for cables to Manila, Tokio and San Francisco. It is necessary to relay messages to Guam because of the resistance which the submarine current encounters in its journey from Honolulu, and if Japan ever came into possession of Guam we would be cut off from communication with the Philippines, except by way of the Azores and the Suez route and thence to the Indian Ocean."

Butacular as the utterances of the Senator from Maryland may have been, there is nothing jocular about the proposal of Admiral Mahan, whose opinion on the value of Guam as a naval base was recently invited by the Secretary of the Navy, following more or less extended discussion of the question by the Navy General Board.

Of the importance of Guam from a strategic point of view Admiral Mahan is firmly convinced, and there is a possibility, albeit a remote one, that some recommendation in this connection will be made to Congress by the Secretary of the Navy, once he has induced Congress to abolish all obsolete and superfluous navy yards, to appropriate sufficient funds to construct as many new battle-ships and auxiliaries as may be needed and to increase the enlisted personnel to a point in consonance with the views of the naval authorities.

As there is an entire absence of super-

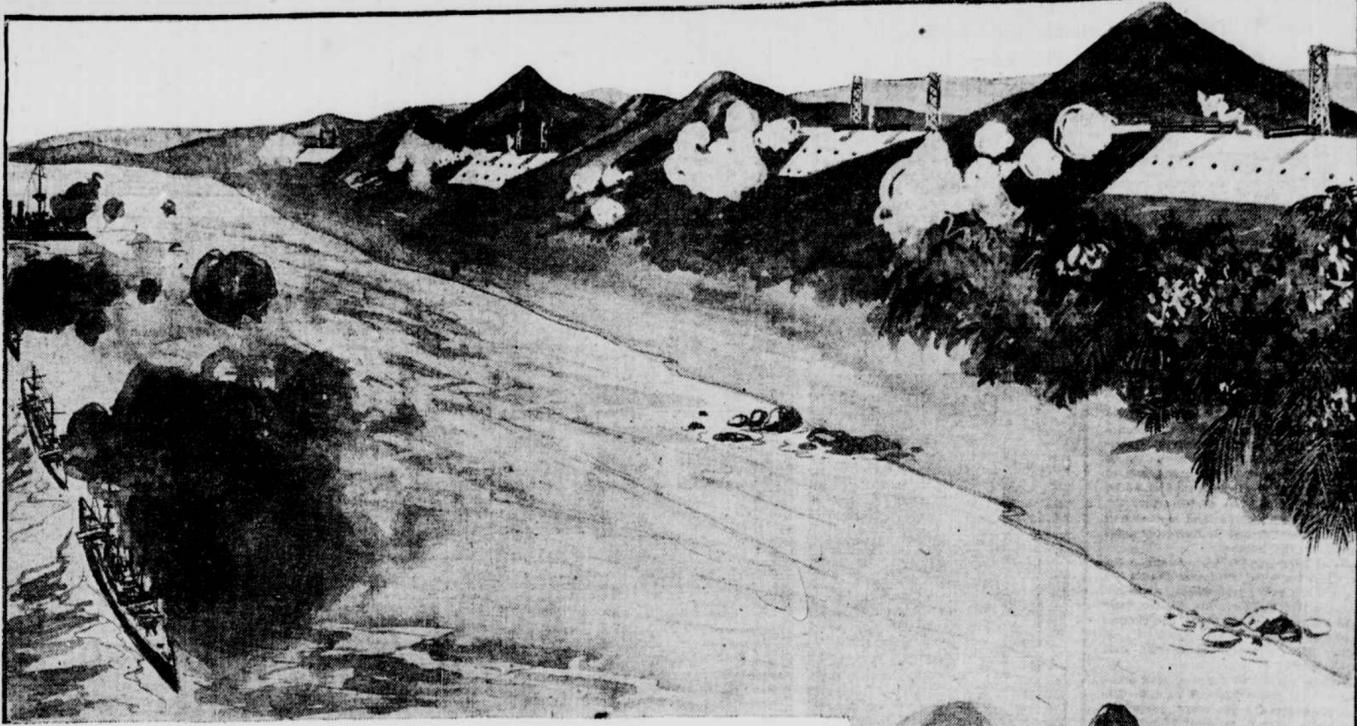
fluous detail about Admiral Mahan's proposal, there remains abundant opportunity for the imaginative naval constructor to exercise his fancy unhampered by narrow facts or economic restrictions, and consideration of the following plans and specifications should be given with a clear understanding that they are submitted with no pride of parentage and that the General Board and other military authorities are entirely at liberty to make such alterations in or even deviations therefrom as circumstances may require or economic necessities may dictate.

Guam is approximately twenty-eight miles long by twelve miles wide in its broadest portion. It may be seen, therefore, that by erecting solid concrete emplacements, sloping toward the sea, say, fifty feet high, around the entire island, or a total length of not to exceed eighty miles, an impregnable fortress could easily be created—one to which the name of "Gibraltar of the Pacific" could most fittingly be given. In view of the fact, however, that at the southern extremity there are some peaks of over one thousand feet in altitude, that Alatum, near the center, is 1,082 feet high, and that the northern portion falls to an altitude of five hundred feet and less, it would probably be just as well to fortify only the southern half, thus effecting a great saving in funds and effort, and yet insuring for the 16-inch rifles and 12-inch mortars a platform of sufficient height to enable them to drop their 1,000-pound projectiles on the deck of any vessel approaching from the desired direction without the necessity of entering into complicated calculations of comparative trajectories.

N. B.—All physical characteristics here given are as recorded after the last volcanic outbreak, and are subject to correction in accordance with changes made by subsequent and reported earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

There are many features of Guam which lend themselves peculiarly to the construction of impregnable fortifications. The southern portion of the island—perhaps the fraction is slightly smaller—is surrounded by a sort of natural rampart which at no point is less than three hundred feet in height. This natural rampart, inclosing an area of about seventy square miles, is abundantly supplied by water, and were the interstices between the irregular edges of this natural rampart filled with earth, lined and topped with concrete, as is the practice in constructing coast forts, the island would certainly constitute a base as impregnable as Gibraltar.

On the west side of the island is the harbor of Apra, which incloses an ample roadstead of not less than seventeen fathoms depth. Here, in the opinion of



AN ARTIST'S ATTEMPT TO REALIZE REAR ADMIRAL MAHAN'S DREAM OF MAKING GUAM A SECOND GIBRALTAR BY ERECTING CONCRETE FORTS BETWEEN HER COAST HILLS AND ARMING THEM WITH BIG DISAPPEARING GUNS.

Admiral Mahan, should be established a navy yard where small vessels, at least, could be repaired, even if no extensive drydock were constructed. But whether or not such a yard is constructed the necessity of fortifying the island is not the less imperative in the opinion of this naval expert, for the reason that in the absence of fortifications the island would certainly be seized by an enemy in the Pacific and from which to menace the entire Pacific coast of the United States, to say nothing of Hawaii. So generally do naval and military experts concede the weakness of the Philippines as a military or naval base that most of them found their calculations on the probable course of a serious war on the assumption that the Philippine archipelago would promptly pass into the hands of the enemy. But the safety of the Pacific coast, they argue, would depend in large measure on the impregnability of the Pacific naval bases, one of which is already established at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and the other of which Admiral Mahan would establish at Guam.

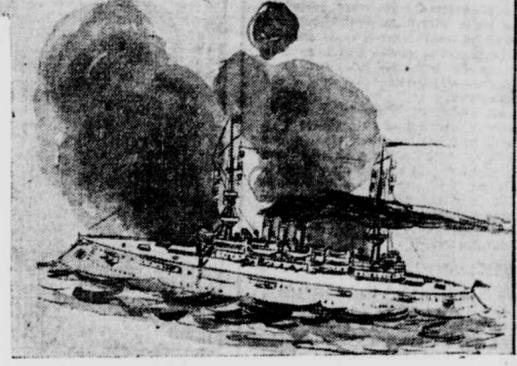
A large amount of important work had already been done at Guam under the supervision of the navy, not, perhaps

with any idea of fortifying the island, but with the purpose of improving it as a naval station, which it now is. Good roads have been constructed, dams have been built, water impounded in great reservoirs, and many other steps have been taken which would contribute materially to the ability of the fortress, were it converted into one, to resist a siege of many months' duration. Were so large an area included within the fortified walls, the garrison which manned them might be almost self-sustaining, being able for a considerable period to produce a material portion of the ration, and with fortifications far too high for assault, disappearing guns of the highest known power and a moderate force of trained gunners, no vessel would dare approach within such distance as to menace the safety of the fort or seriously to imperil the lives of the gunners.

One obvious advantage, although one on which Admiral Mahan has not dwelt, is the facility with which target practice could be conducted at Guam. It is probable that the great guns could be fired continuously both day and night, for weeks at a time, without menacing any shipping within two thousand or three

thousand miles, or exciting the slightest protest from nervous neighbors made hysterical by the detonation of the heavy ordnance. There is a possibility that the negotiations of a general treaty of arbitration with Japan may retard the day when Congress will consent to make the vast appropriations necessary for the fortification of Guam on such a scale as is contemplated by Admiral Mahan, but that is a possibility which will in no way deter the naval experts from giving to the project all the serious consideration it may deserve.

There is little likelihood that any steps in the direction of fortifying Guam will be taken until Congress is completely committed to the plan and is ready to make appropriations with a liberality which will permit of the work being carried on with the utmost expedition. The capture of the island by an enemy when the work was in a partial state of completion would obviously convert the works from an asset into a grave menace to the safety of the Pacific Coast, and for this reason the military authorities believe that if undertaken it should be pushed forward to completion with all possible expedition. In fact, this same feeling is entertained with regard to the



naval works at Pearl Harbor, which include a monster drydock which would prove an invaluable asset to any enemy into whose hands it might fall.

Admiral Mahan, as is natural in advancing a new plan of such stupendous proportions, devotes himself almost entirely to the strategic advantages which must accrue from the adoption of his idea, contenting himself with almost cursory reference to the physical aspects of the proposition. His contention that with a powerful navy provided with an impregnable base within one thou-

sand miles of her shore, Japan would never risk an attack on the country to which that navy belonged, is admitted by all the experts to be pre-eminently sound. But until some preliminary survey conducted with this idea in mind has been made it will be impossible to make even an approximate estimate of the cost, an element which must enter materially into the final determination of the feasibility of the scheme.

When singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

'Tis a Dauntless Band That Plans Crusade Against Rapacious Hat Check Pirates

Valorous Brokers Have Universal Sympathy, but the Bets Are Laid Upon Their Opponents.

WE of this easygoing generation stand for a lot of things that would have caused our fiery tempered forefathers to take down the old deer rifles from the mantelpieces and lay in heavy supplies of protesting lead and gunpowder. History records that up in Boston a bevy

of young men got all worked up over the fact that a light tax had been placed on the face of the globe that would become so enraged over a tax on that gentle beverage. Still, at that, there were plenty of other ways to get around it. They might have drunk something else. Tea isn't the only thing wherewith a man can moisten his so-called whistler. There are water, beer, root beer, coffee, champagne, cider, both hard and soft, and a whole raft of other drinks which many contend to be far and away better than the stonemastered tea. But be that as it may, these young men of old Boston rigged themselves up like a Hiawatha musical comedy chorus, paddled out into the bay, and there they threw the boxes to the resident fishes, who had no use in the world for them or their taxed contents. All that rumpus over a featherweight tax on a commodity that any one could easily do without! And yet we of this neck later age complacently hand out dimes and dollars when we go into a good restaurant for the enforced privilege of checking our hats with some jolly old fellow of Morgan-I refer to Morgan, the late pirate, and not the well known Wall Street man of the same name. Did I say all of us—well, that was wrong. Speaking of The Street reminds me that certain brokers have banded themselves together to fight the hat check pest. The betting odds, according to latest reports, are 20 to 1 on the indignant brokers and we are to sail in and stay with it most of us will enter a café the following minute and surrender our millinery to some son of decadent Athens who wears a blue suit studded with yellow brass buttons. Certain persons with sociological turns of mind have found an excuse for audible



smiles in the fact that Wall Street of all thoroughfares should begin this crusade. "Why," declare these long-haired boys, who themselves go without hats, and who will talk as long as their hearers are conscious, "what right has Wall Street to raise a cry against the parasites of society who grab your straw when you enter a high priced restaurant? Wall Street is knocking its own pernicious game—for brokers themselves are, strictly speaking, social parasites, and the attacked check boys have a perfect right to call them brothers. Ha, ha! Is it not amusing?"

In spite of such gibes from the long-haired ones, every man who sits in expensive restaurants and owns a hat is with the crusaders at heart, no matter how he may place his betting money. The check evil is still with us, and it's getting worse with every sunset. You enter the gold and marble lobby of a lobster villa with your hat at half mast. There in a reception committee arrayed across the entrance to meet you, and every man among them is trained to smell a hat a mile off and to get it into the check room or die in the attempt. It is vain for you to try to hide your headpiece behind your back or under your coat. They will have it from you. Some men have even tried wearing light caps, that could easily be folded in a pocket—but they and the caps have gone the way of the unanimous majority; the owners have surrendered the caps and paid the 19 cents toll. When you put up a show of fight and tell the blue-coated young man with the low forehead and the prominent chin that you want to take your hat in with you—that you sometimes talk through it, and feel uncomfortable when it is out of your sight—he has a machine-made reply, which he springs as he tears the debated pagama from your clinging hands.

"It is a rule of the house (sounds of rapping from the hat), and it is for the convenience of the patrons!" In other words, they will put you to \$10 worth of worry and trouble unless you turn loose your 6¢, and pay the unjust tariff. The hat check crime has been the father of many jokes up and down our Broadway, for it is a happy family as Americans have of being able to laugh while the man with the cold brick is doing us—all of which makes it much nicer for the man with the phoney building materials. One of these grin-and-bear-it stories has to do with a couple of gay young bloods who had saved up their money for a Night of It, with all the fancy fixings. The two left their stashes at home, put their cards of identification in their inside pockets, and bled them blithely forth with the deliberate intention of getting an "or-eyed souse." For a time all went well—as all usually does for a time. They visited café after café, saloon upon buffet, and gim mals interspersed with wine rooms. They had got along to the place where their shoes tickled their feet and kept them laughing all the time. If one of them said something funny they laughed at it, and if he didn't say anything funny they laughed

just the same, because it was so funny that he hadn't said anything funny. You perhaps know the state. They were about out to the half-mile post, and were just preparing to lap themselves and their thirst into a state of complete coma when the less happy of the two happened to notice, as he gave the hundredth dime to the check boy of the same number, that he was plumb cleared out as to pocketbook. His companion was in the same fix. The two immediately went into executive session and brought up the important question of ways and means. "We started out with plenty of coin," murmured one in a dazed way. "We haven't played any poker or bought any diamonds. Where could it have gone to?" "The other, assuming the part of the wandering echo, answered, "Where?" About this time the gaze of the first landed on the Spartan youth who had just taken over his last double nickel, and a great light seemed into his groping brain. "There's where it went!" he cried, pointing to the Greek youth as a symbol of his kind. "The check boys got it! We thought we had enough for a good, long souse with perhaps a 'D. T.' as a grand finale, and here

we have to go home with a 50 per cent of no hat and never wear one. But the youth, who had but recently landed from Ellis Island, and was determined to be true to his first employer, looked at the head of the musician and, assuming that his hair was some sort of a curious fur cap, went after it. The melody man was almost scalped before the assistant manager of the

Nothing Short of Dynamite, It Is Feared, Would Rout the Ready Grabbers of Wearing Apparel.

that when a man has to take in \$2,000 in 10-cent tips before his profits begin, he isn't going to let many hat wearers get out the door without paying him the toll.

With these things in view, the lessees usually employ fresh Greek, Italian or Russian boys, who have the happy combination requirement of being navy and cheap. They get their \$25 or \$30 a month from the man who runs the checkroom, and are under few if any obligations to the restaurant keeper or his guests. All they have to do is get your hat, give you a check for it and receive at least a dime when you leave. They are instructed to stop at physical violence in getting the hat tip. There are a great many possible leaks that have to be watched by the "padrone." In the first place, to discourage the boys from "knocking down" their uniforms as made without any pockets. This fact, of course, stimulates the boys after the manner of human nature, to invent elaborate ways of outfitting the system. Since the manager assumes that they all will hold out on him, they nearly all try not to disappoint him in that respect. To get around their no-pocket uniforms the check boys stick away their little bits of bits of ill-gotten gain in their shoes or checks. Every now and then, on some pretext or other, they can get out and empty their footwear and mouths. Some of them become amazingly expert in this. It is said that a Russian boy who worked last winter at Maxim's holds all his money under the watching eyes of his manager in bulging checks, carrying the money five hours and talking often to his boss with the silver still in his mouth. All of our boys can't be geniuses, though. A few hotels, like the Belmont, employ women to take the hats and give out the checks and get the tip money. Women are cheap, and while they haven't the brains of the ignorant Cossack youths, it is harder not to tip a woman than a man. Without going into the delicate question of the comparative honesty of the two sexes, it must be said that women can also put away a little something for themselves, although they, too, are without pockets. There are always stockings and shoes as a ready hiding place for wandering dimes. And while it may be uncomfortable to walk about with a dollar's worth of change in the bottom of your slipper, one can think of nothing better worth the discomfort than the money.

Not all the hotels and restaurants follow the compulsory hat check and tip plan. Many hotels have gentle check stands, like that at the Waldorf-Astoria. There the check stands are not farmed out, and tipping for hat care is purely optional. A man can take his hat into a dining room with him, and no one will fight him for it. "There is plenty of reason for the check rooms when they are run on the right plan," "Jack" Hobbs, an assistant manager of the Waldorf declared recently. "The racks really clutter up a dining room. The check room does away with that. We have both boys and maids in our check rooms. There is no requirement that the boy or woman who hands you your hat shall get a tip for it. Most of them do, of course. You can't stop people tipping. You couldn't pass a law that would put an end to it—men may talk indignantly about the tip evil and all that, but they keep right on tipping, just the same."

"Another reason for our check room is the tax per hat, governed by some unscrupulous law, is always a dime. You may pay more, but if you try to pay but a nickel you may possibly get away with it. Not, however, without having been carefully insulted either by word or look by the boy who takes the blood money. You may think from the way the lad acts that you are keeping back a dishonest living from him. That isn't the case, unless the boy is one who is addicted to the popular knockdown habit. The hat check business in New York has grown in a few years into a great piratical industry. Most of the checkrooms are run by men who lease the privilege from the restaurant keeper or the hotel man. Thus the restaurateur sells to the pirate the right of holding up and shaking down his guests. Some very fancy prices are paid for the hat-checking privileges. There has been so much money made at it lately, and bidding for stands has grown so rampant, that the man who runs the hotel is the only person who makes much money out of it. The Hotel Knickerbocker receives \$3,000 a year from the man who has the hat-checking privilege. Louis Martin gets a like amount. The prices range down from \$5,000 paid to the Hotel Astor to \$1,500 at the Café Martin. It can readily be seen

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