

PETER STUYVESANT

New York Tercentenary

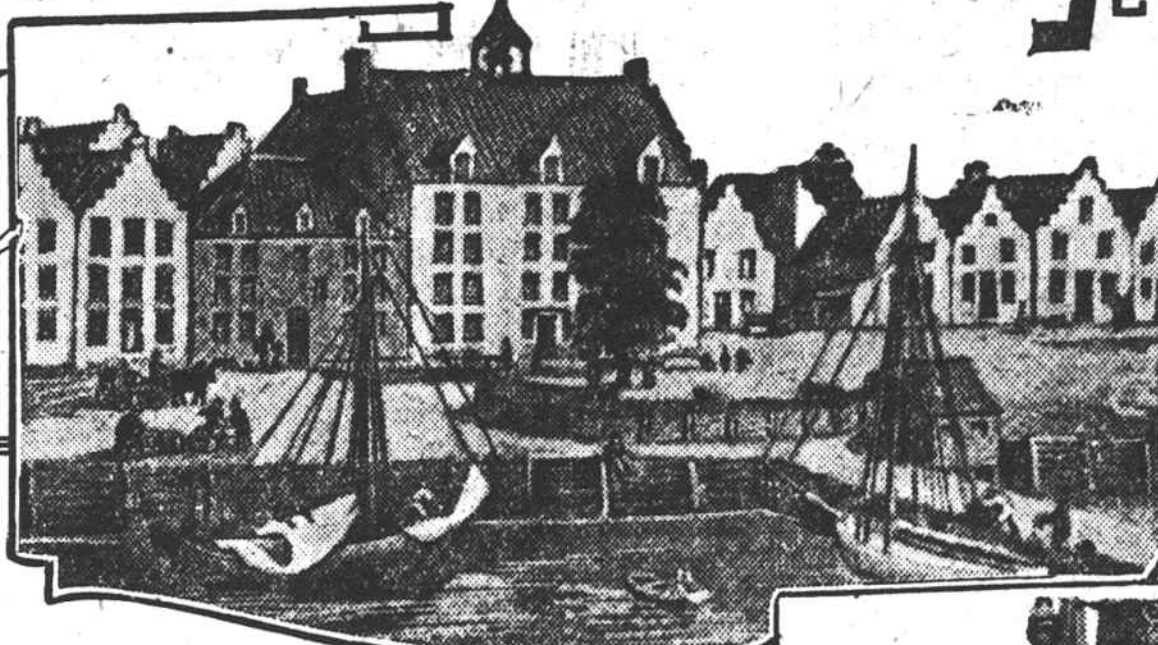


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GREATER NEW YORK having annexed pretty much everything in sight that does not belong to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Connecticut and thereby accumulated a population of about 6,000,000 is going to celebrate its tercentenary. In fact, there will be at least two celebrations and probably more. The reason is seen in the following outstanding dates in New York's early history:

1623—The Dutch West India company founded a permanent settlement on Manhattan island.

1624—Peter Minuit, director general of New Netherlands, purchased Manhattan island from the Indians.

1664—King Charles of England granted to his brother the duke of York (afterward James II), large tracts in America, including the Dutch possessions of New Netherlands, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Connecticut and thereby accumulated a population of about 6,000,000 is going to celebrate its tercentenary.

1673—A Dutch fleet retook New Netherlands and temporarily restored Dutch supremacy.

1674—A peace treaty between England and The Netherlands turned over New Netherlands to England and New Amsterdam became New York for all time.

So the founding of New York will be unofficially celebrated this year. Peter Minuit's historic purchase will be officially celebrated in 1924 by the city and the acquirement of the name of New York will probably be celebrated either in 1964 or 1974.

The unofficial celebration of 1923 is largely religious and will run over into 1924. It will begin with a Huguenot pilgrimage to Europe, including the Huguenot centers in France, Holland, the Rhine country, Switzerland and the Waldensian valleys of Italy. It will continue with local celebrations in all districts and cities associated with the Manhattan island settlement of the Huguenots into April of 1924. Practically all the colonial societies in America, including the Huguenot society, Founders and Patriots of America, the Holland society, the Society of Colonial Wars, the St. Nicholas society, the Descendants of Colonial Governors, the Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution will take part.

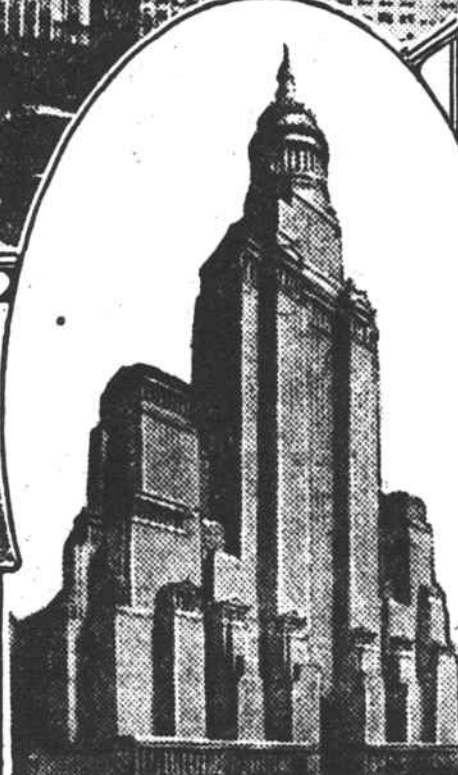
Protestant churches under the leadership of the Federal Council of Churches have established the Huguenot-Walloon New Netherlands commission, composed of men and women all over the country who are interested in the celebration from a religious point of view and have fixed upon Sunday, April 27, 1924, for special services. President Harding is the honorary chairman. The reason for this religious celebration is set forth in what follows.

New York's history really begins, of course, on that September day of 1609 when Henry Hudson, an Englishman in the employ of the Dutch East India company (chartered in 1602), sailed into the mouth of the Hudson river, looking for a passage to the Indies. He sailed his Half-Moon (90 tons) up the Hudson as far as tidewater went and then turned back.

Three years later the Dutch company established a trading post on Manhattan island (Man-na-hat-ta) at about where No. 39 Broadway is now. It consisted of a redoubt, storehouse and four log huts. The next year Adrien Block's Tigress, loaded with the first cargo of furs for The Netherlands, was burned. Block built the Onrust (Restless), of 16 tons, got another cargo of furs and (1614) took



1659



1928



PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL

guenots (French Protestants), Dutch and English. Settlements were made in all directions. Minuit was succeeded by Van Twiller, who is responsible for Governor's Island. Kelt, responsible for the Indian war of 1643 which nearly depopulated Manhattan, came next. Then came Peter Stuyvesant, of cherished memory.

Governor Stuyvesant was a one-legged, fire-eating veteran of the wars, but he could not make his people fight the English fleet under Nicolls in 1664. They did not intend to do anything that might take them away from New Amsterdam. And it's quite likely that they figured Nicolls might be less of a tyrant than was Stuyvesant.

Nicolls proved to be quite mild-mannered. He made the burghers swear allegiance to England, but confirmed their social, political and religious liberties. In 1665 the Dutch autocratic municipal government was wiped out by proclamation and the English system of mayor and aldermen was substituted. Thomas Willett was the first mayor. Of the five aldermen two were English and three Dutch.

When the Dutch fleet appeared in 1673 there were but eighty men in the garrison to withstand 1,000. So again the city changed hands without fighting. Within two years a treaty of peace restored New Netherlands to the English. Fort Amsterdam became Fort James and New Amsterdam became New York for all time, while Fort Orange became Albany (York's second title).

So this is New York—the American metropolis that in 300 years has become the second city of the world. Its only rival is London, a city that had its beginning in Roman times. Greater London has 693 square miles and 7,562,124 (1919) inhabitants. Greater New York has 315 square miles and 5,620,048 (1920).

Naturally New York does not hate itself. The Merchants' association has pointed out that if the great cities of Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore and Pittsburgh—the eight largest cities of the country excepting New York—were transplanted with all their people to the section lying within fifty miles of New York city, their combined population would not equal the number already resident in this area. The district surrounding the port produces a larger total of manufactured products than any other similar area in the world. In 1922 this port handled approximately 43 per cent of the foreign trade of the United States.

And really the whole country is more or less interested in New York, if only for this reason: New York each year buys from Minnesota more than 45,000,000 pounds of butter; from Wisconsin more than 14,000,000 pounds of cheese; from Virginia more than 3,700 carloads of white potatoes; from Texas

more than 500 carloads of onions; from California more than 100 carloads of tomatoes, more than 200 carloads of celery, and more than 5,000 carloads of grapes; from Florida 1,000 cars of cabbage and 1,300 cars of lettuce; from Washington more than 2,000 carloads of apples; from Colorado more than 500 carloads of cantaloupes; from Georgia more than 1,500 carloads of peaches, and from Illinois more than 400,000,000 eggs.

New York's history can be conveniently divided into five eras:

1623-1783—Colonization period. Population in 1790 was 49,401.

1783-1825—Recovery from damages of British occupation during Revolution; first attempt at a city plan; coming of the steamboat. Population in 1820 was 152,058.

1825-1865—Opening of Erie canal, which gave New York supremacy over Philadelphia as the premier trading city; introduction of gas; establishment of railroads; improved local transit facilities. Population in 1860 was 1,174,779.

1865-1898—Realty booms; introduction of passenger elevator; commercial use of electricity; use of steel skeleton in building construction, which enabled the city to grow vertically. Population in 1900 was 3,437,202.

1898-1923—Rapid transit in all directions, enabling the city to grow horizontally. Population in 1920 was 5,620,048.

The future of New York and its immediate environs invites speculation. Certainly New York intends so far as it can to ignore artificial political boundaries. It has begun the constructive development of the metropolitan area within a radius of fifty miles from Battery park. A Committee on the Plan of New York and Its Environs has divided this area into six sectors with an expert studying each. These sectors include areas in Connecticut and New Jersey. The experts will report on the possible uses of land and the densities of population in the different sectors. The general question of regional zoning and the distribution of industries, business and residences will be considered, with indications of probable future tendencies and dangers. As relief from congestion of population is one of the things most sought, questions relating to decentralization with observations regarding the location of new industrial areas and business and social centers will receive considerable attention in the surveys.

Contrast New York's present skyline with that of 1659! Yet New York isn't satisfied. It has a new zoning system and a new "set-back" style of architecture and expects within five years to have buildings 1,000 feet high and even higher. "New York is bound to become the most beautiful and distinctive city in the world," say its architects.

Second-Hand Heart Throbs

By JANE OSBORN

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"Mother, dear mother, you couldn't really expect me to go to that hospital fair this afternoon," protested Molly Yates, between bites of toast and sips of coffee and glances at "Beginners' Latin" opened on the table before her. "I don't get through at high school until two and, believe me, it's no cinch teaching Latin when you haven't studied it for three or four years and never knew very much then. I told 'em at the board that I'd rather take math or even history than Latin, but it's the only vacancy they had at the high, and of course I didn't want to teach grade school if I could help. So you see I just can't go—it'll take me two hours to get tomorrow's lessons prepared and dear knows when I'll have time to correct my papers."

"Of course I'm interested in the hospital. You know I sent them \$5 and I'd have loved to have dressed a doll or something if I'd had time; and just you take those books upstairs in my room for the second-hand book stall. I think that's a fine idea. Who wants to keep trashy books after reading them once? Just you look through my bookcase—take anything that is cheap or trashy that you don't think we'd want. I think everything on the two bottom rows would be all right and when Mrs. Dawkins comes with her car let her take them over."

And after this monologue, Molly Yates, feeling rather important over her recent appointment to teach at the Mapleton high school, kissed her mother and departed.

Three blocks away this same hospital fair was under discussion at the Stockton breakfast table, while Mrs. Stockton and her son, the mayor of Mapleton, broke their breakfast rolls together in the stately dining room of the old Stockton mansion.

"Now, Bob, dear," Mrs. Stockton had suggested, "I know a man hates a fair, but in your position—"

"That's so," said Mayor Bob, looking really interested. "The hospital fair begins today, and I do suppose I ought to show my face."

"Bob, I'm so glad you didn't mind my suggesting it. The ladies will be so gratified—and since the ladies vote—"

"You arch-schemer, you," laughed Bob. "You'll have me governor yet, mother mine. But honest, I'd made up my mind to blow in and leave maybe \$50 at the fair. They'd rather have it that way than sent in a check. But I'll have to go this afternoon—I've a committee this evening."

Bob Stockton wasn't quite so keen about going to the fair as his speech might have indicated. He rather dreaded the ordeal of drawing up to any of the booths to face the charge of smiling saleswomen who would be so gratified to see the mayor and so eager to be able to boast that they had sold him a potted plant, a box of fudge, a tea cozy or a baby doll.

Bob Stockton glanced about the room from the vantage point of the entrance hall of the big assembly room. He wanted to see the lay of the land. Doll tables and fancy tables were especially embarrassing. He'd have to make the rounds eventually, of course, he reasoned, but he'd begin somewhere else. He saw at one end of the room a table that looked like the outside exhibit of a second-hand book dealer—tables crowded with books in neat array. It would be a simple matter to glance over these volumes and make a selection of a dozen or so—not that there'd be any book in the collection that he'd ever want to read. Still it would be easier than trying to make selection at a doll table.

The two young women in charge of the second-hand book stall were too flustered at having their table first visited by the handsome young mayor of Mapleton to start in any of the rapid-fire sales talk that might have greeted Bob at any of the tables manned by the older, more experienced hands. So Bob had a chance to let his eyes run over the titles of the books—just as if it really made any difference which book he bought.

The books seemingly had been arranged according to colors and then graded according to sizes in colors, with the result that Bob's eyes ran from a book on caring for pet dogs to a volume on meditations; one on the labor situation fifteen years ago, to a book of housekeeping—a book of instructions for playing bridge, ten years out of date to Bob's eyes caught the title of the book next—a twelve-month volume with yellow letters that said "Heart Throbs." From somewhere in the past of Bob's experience drifted up shadows of a memory that brought the color mounting to his cheeks and made his heart beat a little fast. He felt enormous embarrassment and then chagrin. At least, he concluded hastily, he could not examine the volume before the slithering gaze of the two young women behind the counter. So he lifted a dozen volumes from the table before him.

"I'll take this bunch," he said. "I like red books. No, never mind wrapping them. I'll just put them in the car."

There was a card bearing the inscription, "Fifty cents" on the table, but Bob handed out a ten-dollar bill and refused to take change. He had the book—that is all he realized. Incidentally he had established the political allegiance of two young voters for life. "Ten dollars for that handful of

volumes that weren't worth a piece—three cheers for Mayor Mapleton!" Somehow, with his eyes continually slipping under his young mayor made one round of other tables and mated to a of fifty or sixty dollars, making to make each group of saleswomen that he had bestowed a light attention, a little more favorably on their table, and he carried off a huge baby doll toy booth, refusing to leave it causing the enormous amount all the ladies—all by this time and true political supporters of Bob Stockton.

Bob hurried out to his car, the baby doll, a pompadour, cushions, sachets and dainty else unceremoniously into his home. At home he didn't trouble then to remove the books—save the titles of the books—and with these he went to the privacy of his own room.

It had all come vividly back by that time. Eight years ago must have been twenty years—selected this book from the city book seller as the one appropriate to carry the message, dared not express otherwise, eighteen-year-old idol of his, Molly Yates. He looked at the book—there was still the brief there—he had dared—"The Mayor Bob."

That was when Bob was just off to college. There had been a junior ball with him. Bob was Molly had made it clear that he was a rival. Then somehow the ball spun itself out. A few years later jewelry had been returned, that volume of "Heart Throbs" occasionally Bob saw Molly, there was never anything but a formal greeting, a greeting the ways left Bob with a queer feeling of rage or regret. And now he felt more rage—to think that Molly should cast off this book without taking the trouble to erase the inscription in the front.

While Bob was thinking this an agitated person had appeared at a second-hand book booth. It was his mother. She had sent a book mistake. Her daughter had feared the mistake. She must go back before it was sold. It was to whom? Mayor Stockton? relief! Certainly he didn't want thing, he just bought it to spend money and he lived so near! And hurried Mrs. Yates, so glad that book had fallen into Mr. Stockton's hands. She had forgotten if she knew that Bob Stockton had been of her daughter's admirers. They been numerous in those days. She'd been to the Stockton house without reporting to her daughter.

A maid summoned Bob Stockton who by that time was reading of the sentimental, love-laden page that went to make up the contents of the volume. He was rather glad any interruption. Mrs. Stockton sitting in the drawing room quite dated. She explained: "It was a batch of books," she said. "My daughter said to take all the trashy goodness knows that was trash, when she found it was gone she was so upset—said it was her dearest possession. She is so tired I suppose that's why she felt so upset. As matter you ought to look into the way the overwork the teachers. But now I can just take back that book—must let me pay for it—my daughter need never know it left the fair."

Bob got the book and insisted on taking Mrs. Yates back home. He insisted on talking to Molly alone.

"You really do care—a little," Bob began. "Molly dear—"

"Yes, Bob, I haven't quite forgotten." That was about all he said but when Mrs. Stockton slipped into the library five minutes later saw Molly and the young mayor standing solemnly there in the deep gloom.

One of the mayor's arms was around Molly and Molly's pretty face was resting on the mayor's shoulder.

Mrs. Stockton coughed nervously and Molly tried to free herself, but the mayor did not permit. "We have you to thank," he said to Mrs. Stockton in the least embarrassed. "Now may I ask for the hand of your daughter?"

SHOES FOR ONE-LEGGED MEN

Fellows With Only One Foot Get Choice Stock in Selecting Half Pair.

"Where do the one-legged men get their shoes?" the veteran proprietor of a busy shoe store was asked, according to the New York Sun.

"When a man with one foot missed comes in we give him his choice of the stock in the selection of half a pair," he said. "He may be fitted as carefully as the man with two feet and have as much liberty in adjusting his purchase to his personal tastes."

"What becomes of the other shoe?" "That depends on the style. If his choice means the breaking of a pair of normal type we have no difficulty in duplicating the shoe he has bought by ordering another shoe from the factory. In a case as simple as this we charge only a trifle more than the price of a full pair—just enough to care for the additional expense of placing an order for a single shoe. If the style is not standard, and we expect to have difficulty in replicating the shoe, we charge considerably more than half price."

Cost of Education Soars. Education in Scotland costs three times as much as before the war.