

WOMAN'S HAND STIRS AN ARMY SCANDAL



Mrs. Lewis B. Chandler, The Woman in the Fort Niobrara Scandal...



Mrs. Grace Taggart—Defendant in a Sensational Divorce Case.



Mrs. Peter C. Hains...



The Trouble She May Make and the Difficulty of Suppressing Her

EVER since the trial and acquittal of Thornton Jenkins Hains upon charges connecting him with the sensational killing of William E. Annis at the Bayside Yacht Club, Long Island, last summer, the country, and army circles especially, has been awaiting with fevered interest the trial of Captain Peter C. Hains, his brother, scheduled to come off this spring.

It has been expected that the trial of Captain Hains will bring to light sensation after sensation, as the curtain is lifted in court from the inner doings of army posts. Several times during recent years the country has been treated to similar sensations. Whether the "treat" has proved interesting or nauseating depends upon the point of view. One thing, however, has stood out prominently—where a woman's hand stirs an army scandal there's the very deuce of a time.

Some time ago former Adjutant General H. C. Corbin was quoted as saying: "One fool woman can make more trouble in an army post than all the officers and men. We can control the men of an army post, but we cannot control the women."

However this may be, women have succeeded, during recent years, in stirring up some of the most malodorous scandals ever known in the army, and no persons regret this more than the great majority of clean, patriotic officers and men, and the self-respecting, home-loving and home-making women of army posts.

TWO recent army scandals were marked by the grimmest tragedy. Captain Hains killed the man who, he declared, had violated his home. Mrs. Lewis B. Chandler, overcome by the ignominy which had fallen upon her, died by her own hand.

Both tragedies were marked by sordid and unpleasant details. Accounts of high living, gambling, drinking at army posts, were given in both cases. What will transpire when the case of Captain Hains comes up is now only hinted at. The Chandler case set the army by the ears.

It was a blustering night in March, 1905, and a woman sat alone in a room in the Paxton Hotel, Omaha. She sat by a table, in her hand a bit of paper on which were written two verses from the Rubaiyat. She repeated them over and over again, in a dull, hard voice—a voice which had in it a hopeless ring:

Ah, love, could you and I with Him conspire,
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits and then,
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?

She broke down and wept. Her awful plight burst upon her, she realized the unutterable disgrace attached to her name, she knew it had become a by-word throughout the country, that her relatives scorned her, that the husband she had deceived had spurned her.

And as she knelt there her life passed again before her. She remembered when as the famed Essie Kenly she was admired as a reigning beauty of Baltimore. She remembered how men praised her beauty—her peach-and-cream complexion, her great brown eyes, her bronze-brown hair, how, in cities far and near, that beauty became famed.

And she knew that now the once courted and petted society girl was a disgraced woman, a woman whose name was not only ruined, but one who had brought discredit upon the United States Army. In her girlhood she had married a race-track man, from whom she separated, resuming her maiden name. During the short period she lived in Baltimore she became exceedingly popular, and it was with regret that her admirers learned of her elopement with

young Lieutenant Lewis B. Chandler, then stationed at Fort McHenry. Chandler had enlisted in the Twenty-second New York Regiment for service during the Spanish War. He had been promoted because of bravery, had gone into the regular army and was regarded as one of the rising young men in the service. Sitting alone in her room, the events of her life passing before her, the woman, doubtless remembered her trip to the Philippines, the drinking parties to which she, for the first time, was invited, and the attention of the officers. She returned to Baltimore, where she waited her husband's coming from the Philippines. Then came the assignment to Fort Niobrara, in Nebraska. It was a dreary place. There was little society. Possibly her flirtations were innocent at first. But ah! if now she could only take her life and "remould it nearer to the heart's desire."

It happened that Lieutenant Chandler was sent to Fort Riley, Kansas, to attend army maneuvers. In his absence Captain George W. Kirkman, it was charged, began paying attention to the wife. They rode together, dined together, walked together. She remembered that she knew there were whispers, and she still tingled with shame when she recalled her being asked to leave the fort. She went to Omaha, Captain Kirkman following.

Bitter must have been the memory of those days together, the visit of her husband, who followed, to prove the infidelity of his wife, and the sensation when he applied for divorce. Again she suffered the

bitterness felt when Kirkman, disgraced with charges of passing worthless checks, left her. Still more galling was the memory of how she returned to her husband and at his feet sobbed for forgiveness, when he turned and left her, without a word. And this after Kirkman had been arrested in Brooklyn and brought back for court-martial. With her head buried in her arms the woman sobbed throughout the evening. She burned with the knowledge of the shame she had brought upon herself. And it was not for herself so much that she cared, but for her little boy. His picture was on the table. She covered it with kisses. And then she determined to follow out the suggestion that had come to her days before.

Late at night a shot was heard in her room. When the door was broken open they found her on the floor, a bullet wound in her head, her child's picture clasped to her heart. When Kirkman heard of the suicide he unsuccessfully tried to end his life twice by opening his wrists with scissors and by taking morphine. Then came his trial. The sixth army officer to be confined



Capt. Geo. W. Kirkman, whom a notorious scandal landed in jail.

to prison within seven years, the unhappy man entered the prison at Fort Leavenworth to serve a three-year sentence three months after the woman's death.

Less than a year later the army was convulsed with another scandal. In the suit of Major Elmore F. Taggart for divorce he named a number of well-known officers as co-respondents. The testimony in this case was sensational in the extreme. The scandal left its trail from the Philippines to Kansas.

Mrs. Taggart before her marriage had been Grace Violet Culver, prominent socially in Chicago, and heirless to a considerable estate. In the divorce suit the woman's name was connected with those of a number of army officers.

In his petition for divorce the major asserted that his wife was guilty of misconduct at Fort Leavenworth, that she figured in episodes with a captain who later married a celebrated authoress. At Fort Thomas, Kentucky, he alleged, she was guilty of misconduct with another officer, and that at Fort Leavenworth she figured with at least two others.

The stories of drinking parties told by the traitor

to prison within seven years, the unhappy man entered the prison at Fort Leavenworth to serve a three-year sentence three months after the woman's death.

Less than a year later the army was convulsed with another scandal. In the suit of Major Elmore F. Taggart for divorce he named a number of well-known officers as co-respondents. The testimony in this case was sensational in the extreme. The scandal left its trail from the Philippines to Kansas.

Mrs. Taggart before her marriage had been Grace Violet Culver, prominent socially in Chicago, and heirless to a considerable estate. In the divorce suit the woman's name was connected with those of a number of army officers.

In his petition for divorce the major asserted that his wife was guilty of misconduct at Fort Leavenworth, that she figured in episodes with a captain who later married a celebrated authoress. At Fort Thomas, Kentucky, he alleged, she was guilty of misconduct with another officer, and that at Fort Leavenworth she figured with at least two others.

THE DAWN OF SUSPICION

In telling how suspicion first dawned upon him regarding the fidelity of his wife, Captain Hains told of a trip to the Philippines when he left Mrs. Hains at Fort Hamilton. "When I left her she was as loving a wife as a man could want," he said. "Up to that time we had never had a harsh word. I kissed her good-bye and told her to take good care of herself and the children. She promised me would."

He made two trips to the Philippines, the first one ending in January. When he returned to San Francisco I was ordered back. I was there two weeks, when I returned to San Francisco. I had received no letters from my wife, as she did not know where to address them to.

On my getting off the steamer at San Francisco a bundle of letters was handed to me. Impulsively I tore them open. What I read in the first one amazed me. My wife spoke of drinking and smoking at Fort Hamilton. She told of disgraceful times. I could not believe what I read. I read the letter over and over again. Then I opened the others. What I read nearly stunned me. For in these letters she described drinking orgies that were terrible."

Upon his return Captain Hains learned of the gossip about his wife and of the association of her name with that of Annis. It was afterward, he declared, she made her confession.

Some of Mrs. Hains' letters were read during the trial of Captain Hains' brother, Thornton Jenkins Hains. The following is typical of a number:

My Dearest Husband: I went for Mrs. — to go to the band concert, and they were just finishing dinner; so we heard what the first one sang over again. I didn't drink any booze, so I am simply tired. I had a fine edge; in fact, he was puffed. I was the only one in the party who didn't tinkle, and the most I could do was to go to the bathroom. Well, it's most 11 o'clock and I am going to turn in for the night. Mrs. — had a very nice time. CLAUDIA.

Naturally, when these letters were published, there followed a great furor. Mrs. Hains' parties during the absence of her husband, it is alleged, did not lack in merriment. It is asserted that prisoners at the post, paroled for good behavior, were marshaled into service as waiters at her parties and that members of the post orchestra were employed at the house to furnish instrumental music. Complaints, it is said, were made at times because of the noise at the post, which was continued when people in adjoining officers' houses wished to sleep. These allegations have been vehemently denied by Mrs. Hains, and their truth or falsity will be brought out at the trial.

PUBLICITY PROMOTES PURITY

A great stir was created by their revelations; however, it is said there is now much uneasiness in many quarters concerning the probable disclosures during the trial of Captain Hains. Officers at the posts maintain that the doings reported by Mrs. Hains are not representative of the division of the great majority of officers and their wives. Concerning Mrs. Hains' letters, Captain W. Johnson said:

It's the very best thing possible for the army to have these letters published. It's too bad the newspapers strike out the names of the people who give them no protection and no sympathy, and fear publicity more than anything else. In the interests of better discipline in the army, I am not opposed to letting such things be published for in the main it does good. A few dissolute people. Let the measure fall where it rightly belongs.

Typical of the disturbances which women can create within a disciplinary circle of the army, the case of Mrs. Charles G. Ayres, wife of retired Lieutenant Colonel Ayres, with the officials of West Point, has attracted attention. Some years ago Mrs. Ayres criticized the War Department because the commandant of the army ordered some girls to take off their coats during a dress parade at West Point. Thereupon Mrs. Ayres was ordered out of the reservation. Later her husband was retired from active service on the grounds that he was physically unfit. But Mrs. Ayres asserted it was because of the scandal. She was an object of spite and malice. Mrs. Ayres for some time kept things warm at the reservation.

So, all things considered, one sees how woman's hand can stir mighty scandals in army posts.

New Society Edict—Men Must Dance



"CAN you dance?" If this question is addressed to you, young sir, by a matron of society, your social future will largely depend upon your reply. If you can dance, very well; if not, you must learn or suffer social oblivion.

For this is the mandate that has gone from London, and which American matrons have echoed. Young men must dance.

Within the last decade there has been a decline of dancing among men; they have gone to receptions and balls and have stood about the walls. But this has come to an end. At least, so London has decreed, and so America has agreed, according to latest reports.

THE dancing class at a fashionable parlor was in full swing. On the floor were many young girls, most of them dancing together. Lounging about, watching them, were a number of young men.

"Aren't you going to dance?" asked the instructor of one young man.

"Oh, it's an awful bore," drawled the man. The instructor bristled.

"Why do you come here, then? Why do you pretend to learn? Do you mean to go out in society and let the young ladies dance alone? If you don't want to learn, don't come here. Go elsewhere. You find dancing a bore—well, you're too lazy, you're too selfish to learn; you're too thoughtless. Fact is, people ought to cut you off their lists if you don't dance."

Afterward the instructor delivered himself. "It's true; young men in society have given up dancing to a great extent. Most of them learn when they are children, but as soon as they grow to man's estate they give it up. Probably they'll go the back and wing, but they find waiting too tiring."

A change, however, has come. There is a movement on among society matrons to require guests to dance. A

young man unable to dance will therefore not find much popularity.

London hostesses began this social crusade. For many years the bad dancing of young men has been a thorn in the side of society. Several months ago a certain royal personage attended a function. He observed several young men ambling about the room.

"That is atrocious," he declared. "If they can't dance they should not be asked around."

Such things spread rapidly, one leader whispering it to another. Parties and balls followed, and young men who had always received invitations were uninvited. They took the hint and began dancing lessons.

Previously the young men did not care. The possibility of social ostracism, however, brought them to their senses—and the dancing masters. Dancing has improved wonderfully in London of late.

In this country society leaders have taken a decided stand. They have not yet begun social ostracism, but they are making it plain that they expect all guests to be able to dance, and dance well.

"Nearly all the children of society folk learn to dance when they are children," declared an instructor recently. "But when the young men grow up they simply give it up. Conditions are most deplorable. Sometimes they lose interest because of their inability to make acquaintances."

To facilitate exchange of partners and add zest to dancing a "tapping" dance has been devised for dancing schools. It has been quite successful in arousing interest. Take a floor where a number of couples are dancing. One man goes up to another, taps him on the shoulder and takes his partner. It is a fair exchange. There is a great deal of fun in this dance, and it has proven an incentive to young folk.

"American hostesses are in despair because of the decline of interest in dancing. 'What is to be done?' they have asked. They simply gave the matter up. And the young men, lounged about when they should have been out on the floor."