

"BIG HEN" HEARING AFTER HIS RIGHTS.

Wants the Grand Jury's Help in His Effort to Get Even.

His Feud with the Town Committee is on Again, with No End in Sight.

He's the Tallest Man in Bergen County, and Flourishes a Revolver in an Artless Way.

HE'S A SQUATTER WITH AN INITIAL "S."

Builds a Shanty on Disputed Land and Declares the Officers Who Moved It Away Must Be Made to Account.

The feud between Henry G. Herring and the Corporation Committee of Washington Township, Bergen County, N. J., has broken out again. It usually becomes rampant at the end of the hay fever season and dies out toward Spring.

If Henry Herring lived in the West people would call him "Hank." In Jersey they call him "Big Hen." He is the tallest man in Bergen County, has a megaphone voice, and a very clear understanding of his rights.

For the last two weeks he has been trying to get the Township Committee indicted.



ed by the Grand Jury now in session in Hackensack. He also wants an indictment against Will Bell, boss carpenter of Hillsdale. They are charged with stealing and taking away a building and the contents thereof.

The Town Trustees have been trying to get an indictment against "Big Hen" and his sister, Mrs. Rachel Ackerman, charging them with maintaining a nuisance on the public highway. The chances are that neither side will get indicted.

Twenty years ago David Patterson, president of the New Jersey & New York Railroad, gave to the town of Hillsdale a plot near the depot to be used as a public square. Mrs. Patterson, after the death of her husband, tried to get back the ground. The Bergen County Court decided she had no title.

"Big Hen" Herring, is a civil engineer. He was employed to make a survey of the plot. He discovered there was a strip of land near the edge of the park that seemingly belonged to nobody. He said it was not in the park, nor was it in the highway. He squatted on it.

With money furnished by his sister he built a shanty on the strip and there conducted the business of auctioneer, civil engineer, notary public, insurance agent and investigator of titles. The shanty was fifteen feet long by eight feet wide, and occupied all the space on which he had squatted.

The shanty was objected to by residents of Hillsdale. It blocked the view of the railroad station from the town. Efforts were made to force "Big Hen" off the property and townsfolk took sides on the question, and many and bitter were the arguments.

One morning last June Town Committee-man John S. Londer, millionaire stock farmer of Orford, Washington Township, walked into the grocery at Hillsdale and asked for chalk. There was no chalk, and Londer complained on a case of soap. Arised with this he went over to the shanty of "Big Hen" and wrote on the outside of the door, "We move to-day. Soap Bure arrived. Town Committee-man Thomas Clinton Demarest, John Hogan and Dan Lockwood, accompanied by Will Bell, a boss carpenter, and a crew of ten men. They put rollers under "Big Hen's" shanty and moved it up the road five hundred yards.

While they were doing this "Big Hen" sat on the steps of the Hillsdale House and fired a pistol in the air in an artless way. The next day "Big Hen" had the road resealed before the magistrate at Hillsdale. He was charged with maintaining a nuisance on the highway. He, too, was discharged. They were all discharged.

The committee had "Big Hen" arrested, charged with settling up and maintaining a nuisance on the highway. He, too, was discharged. He tried to get the other side arrested again, but was unsuccessful. The other side tried to get him arrested again, with the same result. Finally the matter was taken before the Grand Jury.

"Big Hen" threatens, if he cannot get redress through the Grand Jury, he will bring civil suits for damages against all the members of the Town Committee, and against all who assisted at the moving, even to those who shifted the rollers.

The other side claims grounds for several different sorts of lawsuits, and four loving citizens of Hillsdale look for interesting times all winter.

No Floating Chutes on East River.

At a meeting of the Dock Board yesterday Captain Paul Boyer's permit for "Floating Chutes" at East Ninetieth street was cancelled. The complaint was made to Mayor John W. Mitchell, who referred it to the House of God. They objected to the floats crowded to the dock and the nuisance.



Old Hoss Hoey and Fair Anna Held. Two of the stars in the entertainment which will be given in the Herald Square Theatre to-night in honor of those wheelmen and wheelwomen who won prizes in the bicycle parade. General Collis will make the speeches and Miss Held will give the prizes to the winners.

THEIR TRAIN OF TRIUMPH.

Northiders Celebrate Their Victory with a Continuous Trip from Tremont to Battery.

A train of five cars, decorated with flags, bunting and colored lanterns, and drawn by engine No. 94, left the Suburban Rapid Transit Road station at One Hundred and Forty-ninth street, at 7:05 o'clock last night, carrying 250 members of the Twenty-eight associations of the Property Owners' Alliance of the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards. They were enthusiastically celebrating the inauguration of a continuous service from Tremont across the Harlem and over the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad to the City Hall and the Battery.

The passengers were looked after by a Committee of Arrangements, composed of police members of the Twenty-third Ward Property Owners' Association, John Lynch, Thomas F. Coleman, E. A. Acker, Sigmond Faust, Richard Stoker, Julius Ientler and George C. Hillman. Engineer Peter Forshaw was at the throttle, Fireman William Ralph rang the bell and Conductor Edward Weismann was in charge of the train. Acting General Manager Frankfort of the Manhattan Railway Company, Superintendent of Transportation, R. D. Smith and Trainmaster J. H. Sparling were also present.

As the train swept over the rails connecting the Suburban and Third Avenue roads, the passengers celebrated their continuous trip victory with a mighty shout of triumph. On the way to the Battery the unusual decorations of the train, the cheers and singing of the rejoicing Northiders and the rattling of the engine attracted much attention. A mammoth cake was presented to the best appearing engine company.

The trip from One Hundred and Forty-ninth street to the City Hall was made in forty-five minutes. At 8 o'clock the return trip was begun. When it was over the excursionists marched to Protection Hall, One Hundred and Fifty-second street, and "outland affairs" were a collection at which John Haffen, president of the Property Owners' Association of the Twenty-third Ward, presided. The evening speeches were made by J. James R. Croes, Tax Commissioner James L. Wells, Louis A. Risse, A. C. Hottenrath and others.

HE ROBBED BOARDING HOUSES.

William Elliott, Said to Belong to a Wealthy Noble Family, Made Them His Specialty.

William R. Elliott, twenty-two years of age, of Mobile, Ala., who is known to the police as a professional boarding house thief, pleaded guilty to grand larceny yesterday when arraigned before Judge Fitzgerald in Part I, General Sessions. Elliott was charged with stealing \$75 worth of property from Bruno C. Barbeau, of No. 34 West Twenty-seventh street. Elliott admitted after being arrested that he had stolen diamonds and jewelry valued at \$150 from Le Fontaine and Margaret M. Butler, who lived at No. 25 West Thirty-third street. He gave the police information as to the places where he had pilfered the stolen property, and most of it was recovered. He was remanded until Monday for sentence. He is said to come from an old and wealthy Mobile family.

APPROVES OF QUARANTINE.

Mexico's Chief Health Officer Commends Dr. Doty's Disinfecting Plant.

Dr. Edward E. Liceaga, president of the American Public Health Association and Chief Health Officer of Mexico, accompanied by Drs. Carlos Santa Maria, Jesus Mouniras, Miguel Marrus, Molcher Ayala, Dr. Garcia and Ferdinand Liceaga, chief doctors of the different States of Mexico, visited the New York Quarantine yesterday.

The party returned to the city about dark, and Dr. Liceaga said: "Your quarantine is perfect. I was delighted to see such a thoroughly equipped place. We have watched the working of the new plant with deep interest, and can only say it is one of the greatest inventions of the day."

GLAD HER BULLET FOUND THE MARK.

Laura Cooley Has No Pity for William Meserole.

Arrested on Complaint of Her Victim and Held for Examination.

Resented a Cobblestone "Shivaree" by Firing Her Toy Pistol at Random.

INJURED MAN TELLS ANOTHER TALE.

Says He and His Friends Merely Stopped in Front of the House to Ask Her "Steady" to Join Them on the Way Home.

Laura Cooley, of Livingstone Park, N. J., has set a new fashion of protecting the privacy of courtship. She does not believe that charivari parties—they call them "shivarees" in New Jersey—have any rights, legal or ethical, which she is bound to respect. As a consequence of her views she is under bonds of \$200 to answer the charge of shooting William Meserole, and that young man is limping around his home and protesting that he will prosecute her so long as there is a law in the land.

Miss Cooley is a good-looking, pleasant-mannered young woman who lives with her grandmother in Livingstone Park, a pretty suburb a few miles out of New Brunswick. She does not look like a girl who would resort to a pistol to protect the privacy of her home unless she had found all other means useless. Her grandmother, who is gray-haired and feeble, has an income large enough to support both her and Laura, but the young woman wants to be independent and so, some time ago, she secured a position with Charles Hler Every morning she drives with her grandmother to the office, and in the evening her grandmother is on hand with the carriage to take her home. That is, she usually is on hand with the carriage. Sometimes she does not come and then Daniel Ryan is only too glad to act as the young woman's escort to her home. Ryan is employed in the wall paper factory of Janeway & Carpenter, and for three years has been paying constant attention to Miss Cooley. Every Sunday night he is at her home and frequently he manages to pass two or three evenings of the week there. But his Sunday nights are so sure to be spent with Miss Cooley that all his companions know of his whereabouts at that time. Some of them tried to make fun of his attachment at one time, but they soon gave that up, as Ryan resents any remarks made about Miss Cooley and is too much of an athlete to have his views disregarded.

As usual he went to see his betrothed last Sunday. He had been talking with her and her grandmother, who was slightly ill. The three were sitting in the front room of the cottage, which is about twenty feet from the road, and separated from it by a row of big maple trees and several rose bushes.

Mrs. Cooley was lying on the lounge talking with young Ryan, and Laura had gone to her room for a moment when there was a crash and the front door shook as though it had been hit with a battering ram. Ryan went to the window and looked out. He could see nothing, but heard the voices of several men who were standing in front of the house. Then there came another crash at the front door. Again Ryan went to the window. As he did so he heard Miss Cooley call from her room to the men who seemed to be crouching behind the rose bushes.

"Go away from there," she said. "You have no business here." The three were sitting in the front room of the cottage, which is about twenty feet from the road, and separated from it by a row of big maple trees and several rose bushes.

Neither he nor Miss Cooley gave much thought to the incident until the next day, when they heard that William Meserole had been shot in the leg. Meserole lives with his parents at Halsey street and Cooley Avenue, near Brunswick. He formerly lived in Livingstone Park, and was known by sight to both Miss Cooley and Ryan. Miss Cooley was not worried by the story of Meserole's wound, and thought that would end the matter. It did not. That night Mrs. Cooley drove up the story of Justice Ford to answer for shooting Meserole. Laura said she was ready to go, and the couple drove to the house of the Magistrate. There they were placed under \$200 bonds for trial. The date of the hearing has not been set.

TRIED TO KILL HIS BROTHER.

Joseph Stein Had to Be Clubbed and Locked Up by a Policeman.

Joseph Stein, aged twenty-two years, of No. 737 Elton avenue, attempted to shoot his brother, Frank, a saloon keeper, at No. 759 Elton avenue, yesterday noon. He also attempted to shoot Policeman Daly, of the Morrisania Station, and had to be clubbed into submission. Stein had a quarrel with his brother for over a year. He went into Frank's back yard, where masons and carpenters were engaged, and demanded some planks. Frank told him to take them. With no apparent reason he picked up a stick and knocked an Italian laborer backward from a lumber pile. Meserole then went into a saloon and demanded a drink, which Frank refused. Joseph fired a shot through the window and missed the revolver. Frank, shouting: "I'll blow your brains out and get rid of you!" Policeman Daly came in and Joseph pointed the revolver at him, and threatened to kill both Daly and his brother. With one blow of his club the officer knocked him down. There was a struggle for the revolver, which Daly won, and Stein was marched to the station house. A surgeon dressed the wound on Stein's head and he was held in \$1,000 bail.

Prints Their Former Superintendent

Nearly four hundred ex-employees of the insolvent firm of Hilton, Hughes & Co. assembled in Webster Hall, at No. 119 East Eleventh street, last evening, adopted resolutions of regard for their former superintendent, George W. Johnson, and made arrangements to purchase a suitable present for him. Addresses complimentary to Mr. Johnson were delivered by George Wolf, D. McLeod, Charles Mulligan and F. J. McGoldrick.

A Flood Instead of a Fire.

An automatic fire signal, on the third floor of the building at the northeast corner of Second avenue and Third street, occupied as a piano factory by Charles L. Hershman, went off at 8 a. m. yesterday. The second floor is occupied by Drew & Rose, manufacturers of gas stoves, and the first floor, had their stock damaged to the amount of \$200. The damage to Drew & Rose was \$2,000, and the damage sustained by Hershman was about \$1,000.

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MISS COOLEY SHOOTS A STONE THROWN.



THE PISTOL ONE SHOT 22 CALIBRE



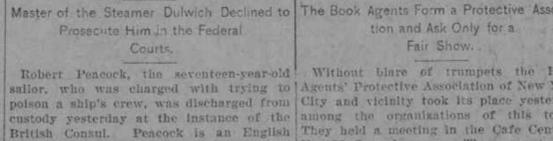
TYPES OF THE STONE THROWING GANG



THE COOLEY HOME SLIGHTLY ENLARGED



MISS COOLEY



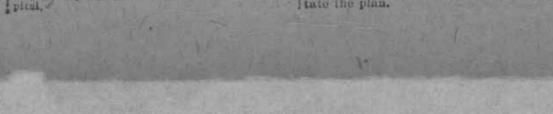
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COLLIS WILL GIVE PRIZES TO WHEELMEN.

Winners of Journal Trophies to Be Entertained by Anna Held.

McCorker Evans and Old Hoss Hoey Contribute to the Bicycle Fete's Last Act.

Bestowal of Awards for Unique Exhibitions Following a Bill Full of Fun.

PARADE PARTICIPANTS HONORED.

They Will Occupy the Herald Square Theatre To-night. Enjoy a Great Show and Hear About the Indoor Cycle Fete Which is Coming.

To-night will witness the closing act of the Journal's bicycle fete. After enjoying



DANIEL RYAN



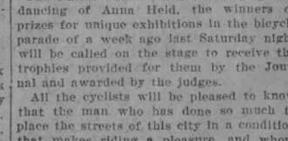
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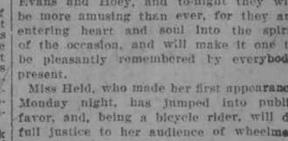
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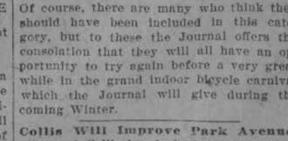
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BOY POISONER LET GO.

Master of the Steamer Dulwich Declined to Prosecute Him in the Federal Courts.

Robert Penock, the seventeen-year-old sailor, who was charged with trying to poison a ship's crew, was discharged from custody yesterday at the instance of the British Consul. Penock is an English foundling taken from a fishing reformatory school, and had often been punished on the steamer Dulwich for thieving.

Gilbert Fraser, Acting British Consul, advised Captain Cox that the offence had not been committed on the high seas, and that it was for the United States District Courts to act. Captain Cox said he was certain the lad had attempted to murder the crew, but admitted he had no absolute evidence of guilt. To prefer charges before the authorities would entail the detention of the crew as witnesses, so it was determined to let the boy go free.

The lad assisted to bring the ship to her dock at Pier 20, Brooklyn. He has \$25 pay to draw, and this will be used by the British Consul to pay his passage back to England next Saturday. His shipmates threaten to give him marks before he goes by which to remember America.

TOOK HILL AT HIS WORD.

Viola Diver's Logic Softened the Old Man, Who Accused Her of Robbery.

Policeman Mahoney, of the West Twentieth Street Station, arraigned in Jefferson Market Court yesterday morning Miss Viola Diver, twenty-seven years old, of No. 253 West Fifteenth street, on a charge of larceny, preferred by James R. Hill, fifty years old, of No. 101 West Eleventh street. Hill rushed into the West Twentieth Street Station on Tuesday afternoon and said that Miss Diver had robbed him. He said he had called at her house, and when she told him she needed money to pay her board bill, he went out and pawned his gold watch for \$40, and gave her \$15. Before he left, he claimed, she stole the balance of the money. She was arrested.

Miss Diver blushed when she made her defence in court. She said: "I took the money, Judge, but he told me only a few minutes before that I was the sweetest thing on earth and I could have everything he had."

Hill admitted that he had said this, and said that he did not want to press the charge. Magistrate Crane discharged Miss Diver.

THEY DON'T USE HOOKS.

The Book Agents Form a Protective Association and Ask Only for a Fair Show.

Without blare of trumpets the Book Agents' Protective Association of New York City and vicinity took its place yesterday among the organizations of this town. They held a meeting in the Cafe Central, No. 80 Second avenue. These agents are not the ones who sell "Twenty Years in Congress" or "Persons' recollections," or a dictionary in 900 parts. They sell periodicals such as the Home Magazine, the International Weekly, the Ladies' Home Journal and the Family Visitor.

"They want more commissions. With each subscription to the periodical the editor gives a so-called gold watch, a pitcher that plays music when you put beer in it, a genuine Stradivarius violin, or a diamond necklace and a ruby necklace."

S. M. Fleishman, sergeant-at-arms of the association, said: "If the lady takes it on the weekly installment plan, she gets the premium at the end of a year. If she takes all the parts at once she gets it right away. When we turn in our subscriptions the boss sends out to see if they are genuine. What we want is to get paid without the boss telling us half the subscriptions are no good. We get 60 cents commission now, and we want 75."

William Silberkraus, the treasurer, took up the story. "We're tired," he said, "of being looked on as bums and tramps. Ten changes to one they slam the door in our faces. Is that polite? Is it decent? All we want is a fair chance. We don't use hooks. The public thinks we've got nerve. It's the public that's got nerve to yell 'Pollee!' when we ring the bell."

The meeting was secret. Sigmond Kahn was elected treasurer; W. M. Webb, vice president, and William Bloomingdale, secretary.

ERASTUS WIMAN'S NEW SCHEME

Promoting a Company to Handle Freight on the Erie Canal.

THE performance of Evans and Hoey in "The Parlor Match" and the singing and dancing of Anna Held, the winners of prizes for unique exhibitions in the bicycle parade of a week ago last Saturday night will be called on the stage to receive the trophies provided for them by the Journal and awarded by the judges.

All the cyclists will be pleased to know that the man who has done so much to place the streets of this city in a condition that makes riding a pleasure, and whom every bicycle rider delights to honor—General C. H. T. Collis, Commissioner of Public Works—will make the presentation speech, and the prizes will be handed to the winners by Anna Held.

The theatre will be prettily decorated for the occasion. As every one by this time knows there are no more popular and mirth-provoking actors on the stage than Evans and Hoey, and to-night they will be more amusing than ever, for they are entering heart and soul into the spirit of the occasion, and will make it one to be pleasantly remembered by everybody present.

Miss Held, who made her first appearance Monday night, has jumped into public favor, and, being a bicycle rider, will do full justice to her audience of wheelmen and wheelwomen.

In providing this entertainment as a sequel to the bicycle fete which was so successful in every way, the Journal has only desired to give the cyclists who actively participated in the parade a good time, and cause them to remember pleasantly the whole affair.

The huge theatre party is given by the Journal in honor of the prize winners. Of course, there are many who think they should have been included in this category, but to these the Journal offers the consolation that they will all have an opportunity to try again before a very great while in the grand indoor bicycle carnival which the Journal will give during the coming Winter.

Miss Will Improve Park Avenue. General Collis has had plans prepared to change the grade of Park avenue north of Fifty-eighth street. Accompanied by Mayor Strong, Engineers Towse and North of the Department of Public Works, and J. D. Crimmins and S. W. Bloomingdale, of the East Side Taxpayers' Association, the General visited the locality yesterday.

The idea is to reduce the arch of the tunnel and give unobstructed communication between the east and west sides of the avenue. The avenue will be asphalted.