

THE JOURNAL.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for today indicate light and warmer; northeasterly winds.

Does the red ball, just as the mercury goes up, too.

Senators has not resigned. It is in style to resign in exciting times.

Business are going up, and a good cheap saloons will have to follow.

Boers are very hard people to deal with. But England seems determined to win.

Madam Victoria has already forgiven Willie to say that he mustn't be so about the Transvaal.

Heartless evictions, begin on the side as soon as the poor folk find the weather almost intolerable.

Don Dickinson says Congress ought to be ashamed of itself for not having recognized the Cuban patriots long ago.

The Spanish authorities continue to insist that Havana is in no danger from the insurgents. Campos is very alive.

The Canadian Ministers who resigned are all trying to humiliate the Premier, and Canadian political affairs are at a standstill.

Brooklyn is expending so much sympathy on the Armenians that she has none left for the poor victims of trolley accidents.

Judge Cowing's charge to the Grand Jury seems to prove conclusively that the spirit of the criminal classes needs driving at once.

England says she must build more ships. But she doesn't speak about buying larger armies, because she can't do it very readily.

Push-cart men have some rights, it appears. The Corporation Counsel has decided to protect them against the Board of Aldermen.

The crowding and discomfort at the City Hall station of the "L" railroad on Monday night was a disgrace to the management of the company.

MAYOR STRONG'S OPINIONS.

Message is very full of interesting things, not the least of which is his avowal that the price of reform for one year has been no less than \$5,306,668.64.

This is the costliest year, all things considered, that New York has had for a good while; and it is difficult to perceive with the naked eye improvements which are worth quite so much money.

The Mayor touches very lightly on this topic, and intimates that he will write the city another letter on the subject of the tax levy; which leads us to suppose that some of the artful politicians from Albany have been down to see him, and have given him this glittering chunk of wisdom to meditate upon: "When in doubt, never admit too much." The taxpayers are in no hurry to hear the unpleasant news which they know to be coming, and they already have a shrewd suspicion that the rate will be in the immediate vicinity of 2.10. Which leads them to wish that reform itself may be reformed before next municipal reckoning comes round.

Most people know that the Mayor is by no means so much of an enthusiast in relation to certain police methods as his Commissioners are. He personally thinks "Sunday opening" should be accorded in New York City, and he says it so loudly that Raines and his men can hear it in Albany. His remarks on this matter are in good taste, and extremely sensible. He wants to see the question of Sunday opening submitted for decision at the polls at a time other than that of general elections. "Within the last half century," he says, "the character of our population has rapidly and radically changed. There is a varied large element among us to which the use of certain beverages means not dissipation, but proper indulgence." His Police Commissioners have evidently forgotten this, but the Mayor is very clear about it. His views will be quoted in Albany, and Mr. Raines will attempt to shelve them. But he will not do so without some very vigorous protests, in which he will hear his own intolerant course frankly characterized. The Mayor thinks the espionage system admirable, and believes it creates suspicion either as to its fairness or to the manner in which it is exercised. This part of the message is recommended to the earnest attention of Vidouc Fouche Roosevelt, President Commissioner. The Mayor hints broadly at the need for a "properly drawn law" or the establishment of a public sentiment that will repeal an unnecessarily repressive one.

On the subject of Greater New York Mayor Strong speaks very cautiously. He does not hint that it is the aim of

the majority in the Legislature to create new commissions in case the vote for Consolidation encounters no insurmountable obstacles, and to legislate some of his appointees, notably the present Police Commissioners, out of office. He contents himself with saying that to future legislation will be left any change of existing conditions. As the last Mayor, presumably, of this city in its present form, he must naturally expect to have some part in the transformations which would ensue upon Consolidation, but he prudently abstains from any opinion as to what they may be or how much he himself will be shaken up by them.

Van Cortlandt Park seems a good site for the new Zoo. But the Polar bear is about the only animal that would enjoy being moved now.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN DISPUTE.

The explosion of British feeling against Germany may have some dangerous results ere long. London is a cosmopolitan city, and has tens of thousands of German residents, against whom the populace has been uncommonly active for the last day or two.

But the first thought with the British always is that "the other side" will back down, because they cannot conceive of any one bold enough to put obstacles in their path and leave them there. Emperor Wilhelm has done that very thing, and in a manner peculiarly galling to English pride. Therefore when the first stupefaction is over, and it is found that the audacious young Kaiser does not draw back, it is to be feared that some sudden act will precipitate hostilities.

The rebuke of Queen Victoria to her grandson shows how completely certain the royal family feels that it yet wields some influence over Germany. The august lady will probably find in the young Emperor a rather intractable subject. If he cannot coerce England into co-operation with the Triple Alliance, he will perhaps take the risk of a quarrel, although it might cost him a pretty penny on the high seas. As for England's threat that she might go over to the Franco-Russian alliance, she would have first to find out whether she would be admitted. It is probable that neither Russia nor France would feel like espousing England's quarrel in South Africa.

The London Times has suddenly discovered that there is no sanctity in the Schomburgk line. This touches the bounds of humor.

BRUTALITY ON OUR SHIPS.

The courageous exposure of the brutality of officers on American sailing ships which was recently made by the Coast Seamen's Journal, of San Francisco, has now been taken up by the Liverpool papers. Many cases of horrible brutality to the helpless sailors are cited, and there is one peculiarly aggravated case in which the officers of one of our merchant ships had to apply to a British man-of-war to quell a mutiny which had been provoked by ill-treatment.

Congress should hasten to furnish the necessary legislation to prevent such scenes as this. "Brutality," says the Liverpool Journal of Commerce, "is so frequent and so flagrant on board American deep-water ships that it is nothing short of a national disgrace demanding a national remedy. Every citizen of the United States should shudder to hear that atrocities are every day in vogue under their own flag compared with which those in Armenia are mild." This last touch of fancy is an evident exaggeration, but that there should be ground for such complaint is subject for shame.

Until officers are compelled to behave themselves American boys and men will not ship as sailors. How could we man our ships if our seaward commerce should, as we hope it may, grow great and prosper? The time to vote for the reform is now, without any delay. Meantime the blood of the innocent cries for justice. Ask for educational fitness from merchant officers, and let every one know that he risks his own liberty when he maltrates a sailor.

Mayor Strong makes it pretty clear in his message that there is no proper enforcement of the law unless public sentiment is behind it.

THE WOES OF BRIDGE PATRONS.

Brooklyn, the City of Churches and home of organizations for the betterment of mankind, is in need of a Society for the Prevention of Profanity. Years ago, when there were but ferries to transport the people across East River, "cuss" words were as scarce in Brooklyn as weeds in a well-kept garden; but the big Bridge, the greatest accomplishment of engineering in the century, has brought epithets with its usefulness and periods of condemnation between the songs of praise. This is due not so much to the Bridge as to the men who control it. It is because of their management that Bridge cars have become erratic, as indicated again by a blockade of a half hour yesterday, and to the experimental tendencies of the trustees must be ascribed the mystery of the new Bridge terminal.

Under such conditions the profanity of Brooklynites is not to be wondered at so much as it is to be regretted. It

has been suggested that the tendency to forcible expression might be prevented by placing warning signs in the depots, but men who make the suggestion do not understand the temper of the oppressed. The Thirtieth Regiment, with leveled guns and the sign "He who swears will be shot" hanging from the bayonet of each gun, could not even diminish the torrent of condemnation when passengers are elbowed into uncertain outline within the new guess-where-you're-at depot; or when men in a hurry to reach their offices on a cold morning like that of yesterday find the cars blocked, and no prospect of starting them for from a half hour to an hour. Nothing but the perfection of humanity or a new Bridge management will again make those who daily cross the Bridge temperate in the use of language.

Mr. Howells wants a steel bridge expressly for railroads built alongside the Brooklyn Bridge. Let us get the one from the Eastern Division finished first.

SCIENCE VS. THE SIDE DOOR.

If the report from Vienna of the discovery of a powerful light by Professor Routgen is correct, science will solve the problem that has puzzled the police since Commissioner Roosevelt inaugurated his Sunday side door crusade. Professor Routgen is of the faculty of the Wurzburg University, and claims that the new light which he has found will penetrate wood and flesh and almost all other organic substances. By the use of it the bones of a man's hand can be photographed while he has his gloves on, and an amateur with a camera can stand on one side of a board fence and get a snap shot of what there is on the other side.

The utility of the invention has been demonstrated, it is asserted, by photographing bullets to be removed by the surgeon's knife, and broken bones that are to be set. The powerful rays have even penetrated a wooden case when a cloth was thrown over the camera, and it wasn't a clear day at that.

All this is a triumph for science, but if Professor Routgen wants to become greater in the minds of men than our own Edison, more mighty in affairs of state than Napoleon, and a veritable terror to the violators of law, he will don the blue of the New York police force and join the side door brigade. With his bottled light and a camera he would become the chief ally of Mr. Roosevelt and the dread of thirsty Gothamites. Imagine the consternation he would create in Jefferson Market Police Court, if on a Monday morning he should hand up, as exhibit A in an excise case, a photograph of the interior of a saloon taken by sending the penetrating light through the wall or a side door.

When the Cubans have cut off Havana's water supply Grandpa Campos may begin to think about capitulating.

Magistrate Mott says that bicyclists must not go more than eight miles an hour in the streets, and he fines all who contravene this dictum when they are brought before him. If he has as much trouble making them toe the mark as Brooklyn magistrates have with the trolley cars his brain will reel.

Brooklyn's quarter near the Memorial Arch is assuming an aspect so tastefully ornate that it is a pity two such monstrosities as the effigies of Lincoln and Grant on the arch itself should ever have been permitted. They should be removed at once, and not allowed to spoil the effect of MacMonnies' exquisite bronzes, when the latter are put in place.

A few more valiant strokes by the Cuban army, and we shall hear of a revolution in Spain. There is little doubt that the fermentation and unrest in many Spanish provinces would result in a declaration of the Republic if the Spanish generals seemed to have their hands full in Cuba. And if a Republic should break out in Spain, Campos would have to hurry back to Spain to look after the safety of the Queen Regent, whose especial guardian he is.

M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu continues to harp upon the string of an alliance between some of the European Powers against the United States. That theory—which was never anything but a theory—seems pretty well exploded now, and it will be a bold economist who will continue to menace us with it simply because we protect ourselves from aggression. Judging from the trend of the times, the European nations of consequence have about all that they can handle, without picking a fuss with the inoffensive Republic of the West.

There are said to be 9,032 places in this city where liquor is sold. Of this number 7,600 hold liquor licenses. The increase in the amount of licenses to be paid will weed out at least a third of these places, among which will, of course, be those which have been vegetating without paying any licenses. When the license is high, the saloon keepers will take care to see that all illicit competition is destroyed. In this city the licenses will aggregate not far from a million dollars. The forfeiture of bonds for each infraction of the Excise law is said to be likely to be insisted upon hereafter. With such regulations there would seem likely to be few infractions. There should be a "Sunday opening" possible to all respectable saloons. Will the Legislature provide it? Not unless it is coerced by public opinion.

HAS TO STEAL OUT AND IN

Strange Predicament of a Man Who Owns His Own Home Above the Harlem.

The Land Surrounding His House Is Claimed by Another, Who Bars His Way with a Fence.

WAITING FOR HIM WITH A HOSE.

Sometimes He Is Met with a Volley of Stones—Summoned to Court for Chopping Down the Fence, but Let Go.

A man who has to fight his way in and out of his home in this city has applied to the Supreme Court for deliverance, and his case will be heard in a few days. He is Edward Jones, an engineer on the Sixth avenue elevated railway. His industry and thrift enabled him to buy a lot and build thereon a splendid three-story apartment house. Six years ago Jones purchased the plot, 20x100, situated on the west side of Summit avenue, which runs out of Jerome avenue, northerly, just across Macomb's Dam Bridge, at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street. Deeds for the property bearing date of 1852 were given by Harris Wilson and John M. Martin. Jones bought from a grantee of Wilson, according to a map of Highbridgeville, then on file. When he went to build he found that Summit avenue was fenced in at both ends. He was told that those fences would have to come down, as the street had been dedicated to public use. Believing this statement, made by the Wilson grantee, he erected his home, intending to live in the lower portion with his wife and children and rent the two upper floors.

After much tribulation, Jones and his family and two sets of tenants managed to get into the house, but when they wanted to leave, to go in and out, they were met by resistance on the part of Ann Eliza Raynor, who owned property all around them and maintained the fences. Jones could not get out by way of Ogden avenue on the east, by Jerome avenue on the south nor by Devoe street on the north. His only method of ingress and egress across a strip of disputed territory three feet wide, which ran westerly down the hillside into Sedgwick avenue. Whenever a sortie was made from the house he had to run the gauntlet of a powerful hose and a stream of water which was directed at him by the Raynor defences. When the father and son, with a volley of stones, if the people in the house wanted coal or other supplies they had to send them up Ogden avenue to Devoe street, then back again down Ogden avenue, opposite the disputed strip, and get them in that way. The tenants moved out, and the house did not propose to pay rent in a prison.

Exasperated beyond measure, Jones took his wife and children and chopped down the fences. The next day they were put up again. Again the engineer demolished the barriers, and again the Raynors replaced them. When the father and son tried to smash the fences he was met by one of the Raynor police. A scuffle ensued, blows were struck and the father and son were taken to the police court at 250 Broadway, appeared as his counsel, and the judge was justified in resisting unlawful imprisonment. The father and son were hauled in to the court, and the judge was justified in resisting unlawful imprisonment.

The charge is not assault, but trespass, said the Justice. "If Jones promises not to cut down the fences, and then does it, I will dismiss the complaint." The case was finally carried before Judge Dugro, in which the father and son were being accused of causing the trouble on Summit avenue. She is the daughter of David McLean, a large landowner in the district bounded by the Harlem River, Jerome avenue and a line westerly to the Hudson river, which runs north and south.

They deny, however, that they were ever in the land, and they insist that the abutting owners and the public the right to its use. Having had the fences up for twenty years, they claim the right to keep them up until the regular condemnation proceedings, under a resolution of the Board of Street Opening, have been completed.

Mr. Jones continues, pending the trial of his suit, to dodge in and out of his six-room house, although he was a scout in an enemy's country.

The Place to Train.

Before Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson make another attempt to steal a State they should come over here and take a few lessons in American politics.

Condemned by the Record.

Every time the most documents of diplomatic correspondence are rummaged through, and every time the pages of history are turned over, the more misty and worthless Great Britain becomes. It seems to be in order for John Bull to back down.

Chicago's Jealous Rage.

Chicago, having been a national convention nor an \$80,000 diamond at New York said St. Louis.

The morning room at Mrs. Ponderbury's was the most remarkable scene I have ever beheld. Portiers separated the "morning room" from huge iron gates set in granite columns. All the characters seemed to walk along a little corridor, and manoeuvre themselves around the gates, which were never opened. These gates opened upon an exterior that methinks was a Russian or a Chinese bazaar of that other farce, "The Story of Rodion, the Student." As "Mrs. Ponderbury" was laid in the "quiet little town of Dalton-on-the-Mole," it was cruel to get this souvenir of St. Petersburg and the Neva.

ALAN DALE.

Bonds and Patriotism.

For the next thirty days every small or large capitalist in the country will be enabled to invest in United States 4 per cents on the most favorable conditions. It will be an act of unbounded patriotism to run over and get gold bonds. But there will be no patriotism in first exchanging greenbacks for gold, and then offering the gold bonds to the Government.

Nobody Holding Him Back.

General Harrison is once more retiring as a Presidential candidate. We see no objection to his doing so.

Quay's Mysterious Shyness.

Philadelphia Times.

"Mrs. Ponderbury's Past."

A gentle gentleman of a lascivious turn of mind is the leading humorist of the three-act farcical comedy, called "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," which was adapted from the French "Mme. Mongodin" by E. C. Burand and produced for the first time in this city at the Garrick Theatre last night. This gentle gentleman of the lascivious turn of mind is not new to farces that come to us from the French, and the idea is that as we have laughed at them once or twice we must continue to do so until the end of the story. In Paris the henpecked rove never fails to make a hit. His very senescence makes his libertine nature more fruitfully enjoyable. In New York—well, until American playwrights invent something else we must accept, I suppose, the toothless adulator, and consider him amusing.

Mr. Ponderbury is the culprit in question. He has looked through a hole in the wall that separates his property from that of his neighbor, and he has seen the beautiful Mme. Polacca di Lovinski, formerly Polly Stubbs, bathing. The sight has afforded him infinite joy. He says so a dozen times. Burand has translated or imagined some hilariously fascinating jokes on the nudity question, and Mme. di Lovinski's bath is a fertile field for this sort of humor. Mr. Ponderbury's wife is a terror, and she has a past in which she willingly poses as a modern Lucretia, resisting the blandishments of an Imaginary Tarquin.

Nothing at all happens except the cracking of innumerable living-picture jokes until Mr. Ponderbury, in the second act, contrives to meet the felicitous Miss Stubbs. He accomplishes this meeting by a rise, and it occurs at the studio of Mervin Thorpe, the young man (in this case I prefer to call him a young gent.) who is in love with Mr. Ponderbury's niece. Thorpe and Polly Stubbs had once enjoyed a liaison. It had been broken by her marriage—an interregnum, as she called it. At the studio she imagines she has come to meet Thorpe, and has donned a Galatea costume in order to pose for him. Ponderbury receives her and Thorpe leaves them together and takes away the curtain.

The gentle gentleman of the lascivious turn of mind tells her of the little episode of the hole in the wall, and waxes very amorous. He had dreamed of her by night, he says, and had pretended that his wife was the object of his nocturnal thoughts. Then comes the great situation. Mark it well, my friends. It is woven around an absence of clothes, which is the very backbone of "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past." The object of the playwrights is to devise a situation in which Ponderbury and Miss Stubbs shall be found in decollete together. She is already lightly attired. He removes his jacket, in order to try and force open the door. There they are—apparently in flagrante delicto. The wife appears, and confronts them. The evidence is complete. To save himself, Ponderbury seizes a candle, and pretends that he is a somnambulist, and the curtain falls.

In the last act the henpecked rove is able to assert his authority in the discovery that his wife's assumption of the role of an outraged Lucretia is not without certain risks and flaws.

The farce played by a company of Parisian touch-and-go artists, whose volubility gives one no time to get his jacket, in order to try and force open the door. There they are—apparently in flagrante delicto. The wife appears, and confronts them. The evidence is complete. To save himself, Ponderbury seizes a candle, and pretends that he is a somnambulist, and the curtain falls.

Stuart Robson played the part of Mr. Ponderbury in the way that his many admirers would have expected him to play it. He hisped. He squeaked, and he indulged in many solemn farcicalities, some of which were very well done. Robson is an acquired taste, and people who saw him in "The Heurietta," years ago, acquired it. Unfortunately, I didn't see him in that comedy. Mrs. Robson was miscast as the slightly musky ball singer. She wasn't slightly. She is far too chubby to light. She played the part just as she played Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," a few seasons ago.

Miss Henrietta Taders was the henpecked wife. This lady has had a large experience in "the legitimate," and taking that fact into consideration, her work was commendable. She lacks the distinction of a Virginia Buchanan or a Helen Tracy, but she might have been far worse. And you don't really know what a meaty measure of praise that seemingly unsatisfactory statement is at the present time. There was a lady in the cast named Geneva In-selars. I mention her name merely for the sake of her name, which is incomparably classic and comforting. It sounds so much better than Matilda Jones, or Fanny Smith.

The morning room at Mrs. Ponderbury's was the most remarkable scene I have ever beheld. Portiers separated the "morning room" from huge iron gates set in granite columns. All the characters seemed to walk along a little corridor, and manoeuvre themselves around the gates, which were never opened. These gates opened upon an exterior that methinks was a Russian or a Chinese bazaar of that other farce, "The Story of Rodion, the Student." As "Mrs. Ponderbury" was laid in the "quiet little town of Dalton-on-the-Mole," it was cruel to get this souvenir of St. Petersburg and the Neva.

ALAN DALE.

The St. Louis or St. Paul.

Dear Sir—Kindly inform us through your valuable paper, which is the best steamer in existence for the route to St. Louis, N. Y., New York, Jan. 6.

The Venezuela Boundary.

Dear Sir—Have read with interest your editorial, "The Cause of the Dispute"—a lucid statement of the question. I have followed you in your understanding Salisbury, the western boundary, as claimed by the Dutch, was indefinite from the eastern point of the mouth of the Orinoco.

Schomburgk's line agreed to cede to Venezuela much of this inland territory, provided Venezuela claims the original boundary. GEORGE W. HARRIS.

This Way to Peace.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

If Congress should pass the appropriation bill and go home, the Administration go on an indefinite hunting expedition, and the Morgan syndicate go to work with its pile of gold, it might be all the better for the country.

The Conscientious Girl

and Her Little Story.

"I've just heard such a funny story," cried the girl in gray; "and I've been wondering ever since I left Florence who the girl could be. That is the worst of Florence; she has a conscience, and it gives her a twinge in the midst of a story and will not let her finish."

"It is a misfortune to have both a conscience and a talent for anecdote," returned the girl in blue. "Still if Florence had not the former, I'd either have to out her or dog her footsteps night and day lest she tell some of her delightful stories at my expense. She is so clever; why, I have seen her make a girl almost laugh at a joke on herself."

"You don't say so," exclaimed the girl in gray. "Well, to go back to my story, Florence says that one of the girls in our set is awfully stingy—her conscience wouldn't let her tell me who it was, but she said she'd make it so plain that I could guess—I can't, though."

"Tell me, and perhaps I can, I hate stinginess. Florence needn't talk, though; I almost always have to pay my own car fare when I go out with her."

"Do you? As I was saying, some of the girls were tired of being imposed upon, and determined to teach her a good lesson."

"And serve her right, too."

"Exactly. About that time some of them held a meeting at Florence's house; they thought they ought to do some good in the world, so they organized a committee to hunt up some nice, clean poor people, intending to provide for their wants. This girl wouldn't serve on the committee because, she said, she would spoil her clothes by going about the dirty streets."

"Well, so she would."

"Yes. She agreed to come to the next meeting, however, and the other girls wondered how she would get out of contributing to the expenses."

"Why, that must be the meeting I attended last night."

"Were you there? How nice; perhaps you can tell me who it was. Talking of charity; it would be a charitable deed to assuage my curiosity. Well, they met, and the committee told of a sick woman who had never tasted wine jelly in her life, and a girl who had to go to her work in her dancing shoes because she had no others. All the girls felt so sorry."

"I know it; I almost shed tears."

"Then they began to say what they would give. Florence contributed a dozen American Beauty roses to the sick woman on the spot, and Eunice said she'd give the girl a new pair of dancing shoes; then she could buy a pair of arctic overshoes herself and wear the old shoes under them to the shop. Oh, they were as practical as possible, I can tell you."

"I know they were; I made a lot of suggestions myself."

"Did you? This girl said she would give some sheets and pillow slips for the sick woman's bed, which, by the way, was without any. All the girls wondered at her generosity, and some of them were half ashamed of themselves, when—"

"Why, that was—"