

THE JOURNAL.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair, with westerly winds.

Mr. Croker says that it isn't so, and he is the only one who knows for certain.

Burglars seem to be acquiring a taste for curios. They are certainly agitating the curios themselves.

Mr. Raines finds his defence weakening since the rains of public opinion have begun to descend upon his bill.

United States Senator Cannon will not have to go off, as he draws the long term, and Senator Brown gets the short one.

The rural politicians are wilder than ever for appropriations, since Governor Morton has threatened veto. They mean to coerce him.

The London Times is still doubting that Russia has taken charge of Turkey. It reminds one of the ostrich hiding his head in the sand.

England wants Italy for an ally in the East and West, but Italy seems very much in need of England's assistance in Abyssinia just now.

The new Senators from Utah must wonder why it is that their colleagues of all shades of opinions are pulling at their coat tails so vigorously.

Congressman Hepburn is too precipitate. By severing diplomatic relations with Turkey we might lose our last chance to save the Armenians.

Spanish commanders who still know how to tell the truth say that they have never been so near to losing Cuba as now. Yet still the Senate lingers.

The policeman in disguise who begs a man to sell him a drink of whiskey from his bottle, and then "pulls" him, is just a little too fin de siecle for comfort.

Mrs. Waller's petition on behalf of her husband ought to remind the Administration that it has been singularly remiss in doing what clearly seems its duty.

SAFEGUARDS FOR LABOR.

If anything additional were needed to prove the pressing necessity for a greater number of inspectors of factories and of all establishments in which industries are carried on, it could be found in the annual report just issued by the factory inspectors themselves.

One feels, in perusing this document, that they are in the position of the ten men who tried to restrain the advance of an army. Until they can muster respectable forces their efforts will be derided, as, despite the conscientiousness of their endeavors, they are at present. Take, for instance, the one evil of the "bake shops" in New York and Brooklyn, against which the factory inspectors invoke the operation of the law. It is still bold and universal, and the present force of inspectors is utterly inadequate to deal with it.

There are hundreds of these unhealthy dens, located under tenement buildings in hideous basements, better suited for the habitations of rats than of men. In these noisome holes the "staff of life" is baked for distribution to tens of thousands of people. The wretched workers are required to toil nineteen hours a day, and to sleep on the premises.

It is observable that the slave drivers of the sweating industries in all their multitudinous branches dread the light of publicity, and hide away their workers from it. This makes it doubly hard for the inspectors, who sometimes have to manifest talents worthy of the best detectives in their search for the workers whom they wish to deliver. But one man cannot do the work of a hundred men, and the insufficient force of inspectors is a constant temptation to the hard taskmasters to extend their empire and redouble their harshness. In their despair the inspectors recommend the total abolition of the underground "bake shops." But how can that be done without the enlistment of a force ten times as great as the little inspection army?

The constant, unabashed, and triumphant multiplication of "sweat shops"—which all the labor leaders have noticed recently—goes on in defiance of the State factory inspectors, who themselves admit that "possibly nothing but a national taxing law will ever eradicate the worst features of the evil." Perhaps it might be well to apply the provisions of Congressman Sulzer's sensible bill—recently introduced in Congress—to the bake shops as well as to the sweating business in clothing. To these industries which directly concern health and life—such as the preparation of bread and the manufacture of clothing—State and General Government can well afford to pay close attention. Death lurks in the garments sent broadcast throughout the land, infected with the contagion born of foul surroundings. Death lurks in the burrows where the bread is

made to be sent forth to thousands of families.

The State inspectors cannot grapple with these dangers unless we create two or three more brigades to help them. The Legislature must manage to find time to look carefully into this matter, and the United States Commission of Labor will find it well worth its earnest attention. In this country, where labor is independent, we do not want to find it burrowing in the earth, or hidden away in the maldorous shams of a tenement house district.

While differing upon most things, there is one subject upon which Thomas Collier Platt and his foes seem to agree, and that is that there is quite as much out-and-out rottenness in the Republican camp as in some other political organizations that we wot of.

WITH REGARD TO MR. PLATT.

Roused from his retirement in the private office of No. 49 Broadway by the possibility of calamity to his fellow-countrymen, that eminent Johnsonian patriot, the president of the United States Express Company, flies to the rescue. The President of the United States Express Company is direct, and he comes to the point. He says that when he meets Republicans from other States they inquire if the people from New York have gone crazy, and if he (the President of the United States Express Company) does not know that there is a chance to elect a Republican President and a Republican Congress this Fall.

The President of the United States Express Company frankly admits: Well, now, I don't know what the matter is. I don't know why we can't get together. All I know is that the Tribune and John Milbank and William Brookfield are going to bolt. Where they're going to bolt, to what they are going to bolt for, is one of those mysteries which nobody outside of Bloomingdale is competent to solve.

But even as the President of the United States Express Company proclaims his ignorance of existing conditions, a gentleman outside of Bloomingdale comes forward and solves the mystery. Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, who has in the last five years given the evil-doers of New York more bad quarters of hours than any other one man, makes this explanation:

The Republican party in this city has now before it the opportunity to redeem itself and to open for itself a new and better chapter in its local history. The character of its Committee of Five Hundred is, in almost the entirety of its membership, a guarantee of the solidity and honesty of its purposes, but if there can be found towards enough to combine with the Platt-Lauterbach traitors to defeat the committee's intention it will not be the first time that timid righteousness has conspired with itself with the devil to the thwarting of the purposes of honesty and progress.

The President of the United States Express Company, though he gives warning that evil days are upon the Republican party, offers no remedy for its ills. He says of the Committee of Five Hundred, of which Dr. Parkhurst entirely approves: "Nobody knows whether they are dead or alive, and for that matter no one knows or ever did know whether most of them ever existed, nor does any one care."

The final utterance of the President of the United States Express Company produces what the late pantarch, Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, would have called "a terminal conversion into negatives." The Express Company's President states that he believes "in Republican integrity and in Republican uprightiness of purpose," while he asserts that he is connected with that party, and that, under the present reform Republican administration, "bribery and corruption have stalked through the streets day and night."

There may be other morals to be drawn from this pronouncement of the President of the United States Express Company, but the principal one is that he is an extraordinarily cheeky person, and that the Republican party and the public at large would be much better off if he ceased to meddle with their affairs.

Tamsen says in his defence that the jury did not believe "Uncle Bill Vosburg," and that his testimony was the result of a bargain. But he doesn't say very much seriously in rebuttal of the charges against him.

MORE LIGHT WANTED.

The Venezuela Commission certainly ought to make it part of its duty to take a saunter through that portion of the territory of our sister Republic which is in dispute between Venezuela and England. For in English publications that extensive tract is described as "very populous," there being twelve thousand Portuguese and four thousand English "subjects," while a returned American traveller, who presumably kept his eyes open, says that the whole population of the territory could be brought down the river which furnishes communication with it in a couple of boat-loads.

Perhaps there has been a recent rush of "Outlanders," and that may account for the sudden increase; or the census man may have been his rounds several times, in his enthusiasm to show signs of a growing State. If the proclamation concerning the Monroe Doctrine has not been published, the "four thousand Englishmen," more or less, might have attempted a raid, and a local "Dr. Jim" might have given them a better lead than his unfortunate prototype of South Africa gave his followers.

We really ought to know just how wide a colony England has established

in the disputed territory in Venezuela which she had given her solemn promise not to colonize in any way, shape, or fashion, until the dispute was ended.

Thumbnail Sketch No. 8.

Arthur Pue Gorman.

Washington, Jan. 27.—Until he came to the Senate Gorman never went beyond a local disrepute. Up to that time he had busied himself overreaching the Maryland Democracy like Ivy, and when elected to his present seat had succeeded in covering it trunk and branch and smallest twig. It was all Gorman in Maryland, on the surface at least, albeit some seeds of opposition slept below.

Gorman had never played the aristocracy of Maryland—the Worthingtons, the Plinckney-Whites. But their methods were antique; Gorman's modern. He used telephones, telegraphs, steam, while they still plodded with the old-fashioned school of horseback, saddlebag and politics. And Gorman beat them—crushed them—and was political monarch of Maryland.

Then it was he came to the Senate. And then it was he evolved in America the best of all possible things. He took his oath as Senator, back in the late '70's, he has held the White House in his eye. It is his aim today, although circumstances have made him lay by the enterprise for a season.

As Gorman stood in the Senate he secretly lusted for a chance to become national in repute. But wary, careful, a man of shadows and concealment, he said nothing and did nothing.

It was with Garfield's election to the Presidency, when the control of the Senate trembled, Cameron negotiated a treaty with Mahone. The latter was to lend the Republicans his aid to Senate reorganization—it was then in the hands of the Democrats, and for that was to be permitted to name Riddleberger—afterward Senator, now dead—Sergeant at Arms Couling was to take charge in the Senate and lead the Republicans in their battle for possession.

It is just to say that the Republicans have succeeded where it not for Gorman. With Mahone voting with the Republicans, the Senate was tied between the parties. Couling and Cameron relied on Arthur as President of the Senate to cast the vote of decision.

It was Gorman who resolved first on objection. The Democratic Senators were to let the day go by default. Gorman made the point that Arthur, as President of the Senate, could only vote where a tie occurred on a legislative question; that he could not interpose a vote to decide a tie where the question was one of Senate organization.

Gorman—then young as a Senator—submitted this view to several of the leading Democrats of the Senate. They saw nothing in it. He took it to Ben Hill. The Georgian encouraged the Maryland Machiavelli, and they arranged to oppose Couling and Cameron.

Then began a battle which, lasting several weeks, was suddenly terminated by the resignation of Couling and Platt as a result of their quarrel with Garfield. This stepping down and out of the two New Yorkers left the Senate Republicans hamstrung, and they crippled down at once and the fight was lost. The Senate adjourned and the Democrats still held the organization.

Gorman gained much good fame for this war against the Republicans, and he exacted as he thought of it as a step toward the Presidency.

But such is fate's irony that this very battle and victory of Gorman was to have much to do in promoting the man of all men who for years has stood and is still standing in Gorman's path.

Over in Buffalo Cleveland as Mayor had backed into a fight on the right side, and had won. A war between Tammany and anti-Tammany, which raged about that time, caused the sage John Kelly to reach out for Buffalo's Mayor, just the thing for Cleveland's advertisement, and being neither to Tammany nor anti-Tammany besides, as a candidate for Governor. The civil war then eating the New York Republicans as the corollary of the Conkling-Garfield trouble, derailed in for Cleveland and aided his election to a degree which made the giant majority by which he won seem almost foolish.

And at this point, Cleveland Governor at Albany, and Gorman, with his new-born laurels in the Senate, began to make each other's acquaintance. It required no long time to be probable that Gorman distrusted Cleveland from the first. No man knew sooner than Gorman that the way which bore Cleveland into Albany would land him high as the next nominee of the party for the Presidency. As this same nomination was secretly the Gorman ambition, it is not hard to infer that his heart did not warm and yearn over Cleveland. But he dissembled, gave his hopes a recess and with a sign-doffing his hat, and with stated as he went, "I am Cleveland, and by victory or defeat I dispose of him and fling him from his existence as soon as he could."

A word about Presidential politics and the position of New York seems pertinent. The State is a pendulum of White House politics. Since the last Lincoln campaign it has swung impartially and exactly between the two parties. In '64 it was Republican; in '68 it was Democratic; in '72 it was Republican for Grant; in '76 it was Democratic for Tilden; in '80 it was Republican for Garfield; in '84 it was Democratic for Cleveland; in '88 it was Republican for Harrison; and in '92 it was Democratic for Cleveland again by about half a hundred thousand majority.

The State, too, divides itself between city and country. The first is Democratic and the other Republican; and the election questions—there are only two—are: "What majority can the Republicans bring down to the city?" and "What majority can the Democrats go up to the river?"

Speaking of Presidential politics, it might be added that the Republicans in the whole history of their party have never named a New York man, while the Democrats since the day of George B. McClellan have never named one who was not a New York man.

Under a spreading chestnut tree, in all probability, the Greenpoint (Long Island) village smithy stands. The smith a mighty man is, named Christopher J. Byrnes, with large and sinewy hands, and the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands. This circumstance, however, does not seem to have prevented Mrs. George P. Boyle from giving him a horsewhipping, because she alleged that he insulted her; and the only way the village smith could get even was by thrashing Mr. W. P. Roll, a Greenpoint citizen who took Mrs. Boyle's part. The lady, therefore, seems to have had all the fun that the episode generated, while Messrs. Byrnes and Roll suffered. And it turns out that the insult consisted in the blacksmith having asked Mrs. Boyle to come in and warm herself at his forge fire while she was on her way to a meeting of the Salvation Army on a cold night. Thus do historic incidents grow from small causes, like the mighty oak from the tiny acorn.

"A WOMAN'S REASON."

LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

They are inventing some really wonderful plays in London nowadays, and we got one of 'em last night at the Empire Theatre, new-laid, fresh from the nest. It was called "A Woman's Reason," and it took two men to write it. These men were F. C. Phillips, famous for "As in a Looking Glass," and Charles Brookfield. These proud beings gave a brand-new and deliciously ingenious "situation," occurring at the end of the second act, and pray forgive me if I mention it before anything else is high up in my mind just at present. As the French say, it talks to me.

Nina Bletchley, the incomprehensible daughter of an infamous yet aristocratic couple, has married Stephen D'Acosta. It was a mesalliance because he was a Hebrew. They emphasized that point in London. They cut it out at the Empire. At the time my marvellous "situation" arises, Nina has been Mrs. D'Acosta for seven years. She has a child six years old, and is, of course, perfectly happy. She has an unacknowledged lover, Captain Crozer, who is incessantly in evidence. It is little Algie's birthday. Popper brings him home a box of blocks—the dear little fellow. Auntie Leah helps him to build houses in the drawing room. Nina comes in at an inopportune moment, sees the boy utilizing her best Sunday-go-to-meeting-room, and grows indignant. Leah cries, "Crozer will lead to another, Captain Crozer arrives, satanic, in evening dress."

Vani! blif! bang! He asks Nina to fly with him, and without stopping to take off her blue silk dress, which is delightfully decocted, she slips on a wrap and elopes. A box of blocks caused it all. Incompatibility of temper has never been so exquisitely out-distanced. This is probably the first time in the records of the drama when a thirty-five cent box of blocks has occasioned the instantaneous elopement of a lady with her lover.

I call it lovely. I do really. It is something entirely new, and that is what we are after nowadays. And when she has fled with her hubby lover Stephen D'Acosta falls down on his desolate-fluted suit, and sobs as though his heart would break, and little Algie comes in—in the good old-fashioned way, warranted to produce tears in the eyes of every mommer, and says, "Never mind, popper; it will all come right."

I longed for a tear to trickle down my nose, but somehow or other it wouldn't trickle. Perhaps I'm hardened. Who knows? The spectacle of this lightning-eloping lady struck me as so eminently ludicrous that it drew up my lachrymal glands.

"A Woman's Reason," has some amusing qualities—I mean come voluntarily amusing qualities. The box of blocks episode was, of course, involuntarily funny. There is a comic minister—admirably played by Dodson—who is really quite delectable. New Yorkers don't mind comic clergymen, but they do object to the serious domies, as manifested in "Michael and His Lost Angel." A clergyman with a horse-drawn carriage, who preaches the maiden's turf-windings for his year's vestment fund, is a most hilarious affair. We all roared with laughter at him. We began to laugh before he spoke, and kept it up until he had finished. But if he had uttered one righteous sentiment, or even the semblance of a dogma, how utterly dismayed we should have been. Why drag religion on the stage, we should have asked in Augustine's saintliness? Ah, yes, we can't stand religion on the stage unless it is burlesqued. We want the parody, the travesty, and when we see it we throw up our hats and say "Tra-la-la!"—or words to that effect.

Phillips and Brookfield have given us plenty for our money in "A Woman's Reason." In the first act we get cynicism, and some rather brilliant dialogue. Lord Bletchley amuses us when he says to Nina: "A love marriage is an excellent institution in a thinly populated rural district." In the second act we get the box of blocks episode, and Nina flying away with Captain Crozer, for the admirable reason that she really doesn't like him, but really does like her husband. That, as I pointed out last week, is the Balaban's donkeyism of modern heroism. And in the last act like "From Frodo" I say like "From Frodo," "I've been told that they said it in London, and I must do the correct thing don'tcher know, and like 'East Lynde' we see her repentant, with a disgust for her lover, Stephen D'Acosta, who, for a man able enough to earn \$150,000 a year, is really an arrant fool, appears upon the scene, and when the final curtain falls you know that he will take Nina back to his manly bust. That is the "problem" part of the play, but I shan't discuss it, because I don't think that it is worth discussing. Phillips and Brookfield have surely earned in making D'Acosta such an ass, because—in America, at any rate—people are not inclined to look upon gentlemen who have built up \$150,000 per annum, on nothing, as simpletons. As a rule they know a thing or two—like little Willie.

The hit of the evening was made by the clever little child I have ever seen—Master Welch. This little showed a genuine piece of apparently untaught acting. There was nothing of the cymbal-box about his methods. He was delightful, and even when he rushed in and said, "Popper, never mind"—everybody liked him. Miss Robson, perhaps the cleverest character actress on the American stage, was also highly successful. Miss Robson, who, I hear, is at least seventeen, managed to lead seventeen in the first act, and every time she spoke the audience laughed. The young woman is an artist to the finger tips. I believe she could play Ieyl and not disgrace herself. W. H. Crompton, as Lord Bletchley, looked like the head waiter at a second-class restaurant, and Miss Viola Allen—of whom I have never yet written an unkind word—was lamentably stager, artificial, insincere and uncomfortable. Miss Estelle W. Wolf was strikingly good, for hitherto we have only seen her in comedy roles. She was extremely good in her impassioned championing of the box of blocks. Edgar Davenport, as the tempter, was just the kind of man who couldn't possibly tempt anybody, and Miss Genevieve Reynolds, as Lady Bletchley, said "photograph" for "photograph," which was original enough to be nice.

"A Woman's Reason" is a mixture of entertainment and cheap amusement, but it has a better chance—albeit—than poor old "Michael and His Lost Angel," for the box of blocks is an absolute novelty. It has never been used before on any stage.

ALAN DALE.

A Roast for Frye.

[Hartford Times.]

The Republican Senators have done the worst possible thing in picking out Frye of Maine to set as president of the Senate pro tem. He is, because of his blind and unscrupulous partisanship, wholly unfit for the place.

No Vacancy? Sorry.

[Hartford Times.]

A New York paper says that "all the up-to-date girls are busily trying to learn the Netter, 'sue kiss.'" Is there a vacancy in the corps of instructors?

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

He is an Italian Count—so he says—and he keeps a tontorial parlor in a basement between One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth streets.

Third avenue. He declines to give the reasons why he is in the city, wherefore he left his beloved Naples, thereby surrendering, for a time at least, his territorial possessions, but he acknowledges that he has hopes of regaining his property in years to come, when he has accumulated the fortune necessary to resume his former station in life. At present he shaves all sorts and conditions of men at the very low rate of 5 cents, which is increased to the sum of a dime should they need an application of bay rum. Count Petrosi—for that is his name—is a very communicative man, and has supplied and will supply you with details as to how to make a slow but sure fortune in scrapping beads and cutting hair at the cheap rates in the city.

"I have," he will say in a lingo that needs an extremely clever linguist to translate, "about two hundred customers a week. Some are shaved, some have their hair cut. Of those that are shaved, incredible as it may seem, half of them ask for bay rum! The latter I supply with a clean towel; the others have to put up with a dirty one, provided it is not too dirty. I have three rooms—a kitchen, a bedroom and a formal parlor—in my bowery flat. It is necessary. For these rooms I pay \$15 a month; for my gas about \$6 cents a week. I have two assistants, one of whom I pay \$3 a week and the other \$4 a week, and I have an extra assistant on Saturday and Sunday, to whom I pay \$4 for the two days. My receipts come to, on an average, \$25 a week, and after deducting a little for the expense of soap, razors and bay rum I make a very good living. No, I was in the Italian navy for some years and went all over the world to many countries, but I like New York best. How long will it take me to make the fortune I wish? I cannot tell you, but I have a dime savings bank. Ah! we Italians are thrifty, and one day I will ask you to my estate. Next, please!"

I have referred to the Irish "longshoremen" of this city as a representative class. Among them the prolific writer of "Irish" jokes might find some useful object lessons, and the artist who adds and abets him in his misrepresentations enjoy the unique experience of drawing a real Irishman from the life. Both writer and artist would, however, find no justification for their customary caricatures. They would find a man of a fine physique and possessed, moreover, of a high and humorous mentality. As a class, the Irish "longshoremen" in New York are tall, stalwart, regular featured and often of military bearing. The side-whisker of comic journalism is not prevalent, but you will find mustaches in manifold variety. The men represent well that Irish type which has done such heroic service in the ranks of the English army. I have met among them more than one ex-soldier, and of such as they might Kipling's Mulvaney have been. The latter was no new discovery, as any one knows who is familiar with barrack-room life in the United Kingdom, but he was something new to the reading public. His counterpart exists in this city, in the vicinity of the piers and docks. I was once told by a police officer of superior rank, at the Old Ship Station, that the South street "longshoremen," while physically powerful, are ordinarily of tractable and peaceful disposition. One of their favorite amusements is to congregate "between shifts" in some quiet sidewalk corner, and play a game of checker-board on the pavement. They are adroit checker players, and while two engaged in a game the others look on with critical interest.

There are a great many secrets below the gaudy surface of the Tenders on which casual observers never learn, and one of them is the secret of where opium and morphine are sold. As you stroll along Sixth avenue, north of the old Sixth avenue, but the rejuvenated, reformer thoroughfare, you may notice, without paying much attention to it, the sign on many drug stores: "Open All Night" or "Never Closed."

This means nothing to the stray passer, but to the initiated the sign says quite plainly "Dope sold inside," for the chances are ten to one that the all-night drugstore has a large number of clients who buy the seductive product of the poppy. It is true that some of the chemists who keep open all night do not sell the poison except on a physician's prescription, but the majority sign the poison book. Such places abound in the vicinity of the piers, and the sign is a sure indication that the law-breakers are very cautious, and never sell to any one who they do not know to be a friend. Early in the evening you cannot find any such in these shops, but after midnight the flats and furnished rooms of the side streets pour out a conglomerate mass of men and women who are easily marked as denials. On Sixth avenue, not far from Herald square, is a little pharmacy with the seductive and ominous sign, "Open All Night" on the show window. Here, after 12, the little aisle is crowded with buyers, some handsome and well groomed, others exhausted and worn out by the drug, all eager to pass over their fifty cents and get the cherished "sue kiss." Sometimes the drug store is the rendezvous for the habitues of the uptown joint known as the "Pink Light."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Saloon Question Again.

Dear Sir—A says that when a saloon keeper's lease runs out and he moves to another store he cannot get a new license without the consent of the landlord. B says that the landlord has nothing to do with the license. I would state in your paper which is right and which is wrong. G. and F.

New York, Jan. 28, 1896.

[The landlord can refuse to lease his property for the purpose described, but has nothing to do with the issuance of the excise license.]

Two Courses Open.

Dear Sir—Five years ago father died, leaving mother, two sons and a daughter. The elder son is married and the wife has a child. The son is married and the wife has a child. The son is married and the wife has a child.

Apply to the Governor for a Commission.

Dear Sir—Kindly let me know through your columns how I could become a notary public? I am eighteen years and have obtained my money has no time to attend Cooper Union. Yours, a READER.

New York, Jan. 22, 1896.

Wants to Be a Soldier.

Dear Sir—Please inform me if I can buy a book of all the different drills of the United States Army. J. B. Jr.

New York, Jan. 22, 1896.

Hard to Find.

Dear Sir—I am a young lady of sixteen. I am an assistant bookkeeper in a dry goods store. I don't like it, as it is very dull and uninteresting. I think I have a talent for designing. Do you know of any place that would give me a small salary while learning? I am taking evening lessons in stenography at present. Which is the best to learn first, or do you know anything better for a young lady to learn? I am naturally small in stature. M. A. M.

New York, Jan. 22, 1896.

Flat-Footed Applicant Registers a Kick Against the Police Board.

Dear Sir—I am a citizen of New York and early in September last I put in an application for patrolman. On Saturday last I received a postal card telling me that I had failed the examination. I took the examination and did what I was told. I was perfect in my height, weight, chest, and all the other things. I was a fault with me and said I was flat-footed. They told me to dress myself after waiting ten days or five months. To think of being an American born, young and strong, to be rejected like that! I wish to get a letter from Ireland to go to Police Headquarters, No. 200 Mulberry street, and he gets a good job. How he gets there is a hard problem to solve. I would like to have the letter published in your paper. M. H. Z.

New York, Jan. 22, 1896.

His Improved Technique.

[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

Paderewski, idol of femininity, it seems to only human. He plays poker. He has improved in his technique since last he was here, and, after four hours' hard work, he arose from the table \$4.50 ahead. He was delighted as a boy with a red wagon.

[Mobile Register.]

Here a street Excelsior Harrison would delay his marriage with Mrs. Dimick until next year and get married in the White House—Is Cleveland—if he had any hope of getting to the White House.

[Hartford Times.]

There are a great many secrets below the gaudy surface of the Tenders on which casual observers never learn, and one of them is the secret of where opium and morphine are sold. As you stroll along Sixth avenue, north of the old Sixth avenue, but the rejuvenated, reformer thoroughfare, you may notice, without paying much attention to it, the sign on many drug stores: "Open All Night" or "Never Closed."

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