THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1896.

Entered in the Post Office in New York as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month.....40
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year.....$4.50
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Month.....30
DAILY, Without Sunday, Per Year.....$3.00
SUNDAY Alone, Per Year.....$1.50

Twice the above rates in all foreign countries, except Mexico and Canada.

All money remitted at risk of sender.

In order to secure attention, subscribers wishing their addresses changed must give their old as well as new address.

THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that there will be snow in the afternoon. Stationary temperature.

England has forgotten that she ever was angry because Mr. Cleveland recommended a Venezuelan Commission.

Brer Harrison's frosty smile continues to cast a wintry glow around the boom of Allison.

The Venezuela difficulty has shown America who her real friends in England were. They are all in the Liberal party.

A Syracuse professor says that Edison cannot photograph the brain. It will be mighty lucky for some statesmen if he can't.

The general celebration of Lincoln's birthday shows that it is destined to be one of the most popular of our patriotic holidays.

Governor Morton seems inclined to hasten slowly in the matter of Greater New York. Will political exigencies delay it another year?

Municipal control of street railroads may not be advisable, but no city board would ever pass such an impertinent ordinance as that which has just emanated from the Bridge Trustees.

DETROIT'S IDEA IN BLOSSOM.

Everybody will remember that in the Summer of 1894, when the hard times were doubly hard for the great numbers without employment, Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, conceived the idea that vacant lots in and near that city could be cultivated by the unemployed poor, who could thus obtain sustenance for the Winter. A committee was appointed and thousands of acres of land were generously offered, but for lack of funds only 430 acres, or 8,760 city lots, were accepted. The land was ploughed, harrowed and staked into lots of one quarter and one half acres each. Seed and tools were furnished free by the committee. Nine hundred and forty-five needy families then received plots of land, which were cultivated under the direction of a volunteer superintendent. Thus the Potato Patch Farms, as they were known, were inaugurated, and were destined to be a great success. At an expense of $3.60 each to the Mayor's committee, nearly one thousand families were enabled to support themselves throughout the whole Winter by their potato crops alone. This was a magnificent outcome, which has encouraged the beneficent people of Detroit to repeat the experiment, and has, indeed, led to its adoption in most of the great centres all over the country.

The Detroit experiment was brought to the attention of Mr. Bolton Hall, a son of Rev. Dr. John Hall, of this city, last year. It was due to his efforts that the co-operation of the heads of the principal boards of charities in this city was enlisted, that the subject was brought before the "Monthly Conference of Charities," and subsequently before the "Federation of East Side Workers." Finally the management of an experiment similar to that of Detroit was placed in the hands of the "Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor," whose president was to be the chairman of the "Vacant Lot Committee," which at once purchased in Long Island City three large tracts amounting to 138 acres, or 1,656 city lots, all well adapted for cultivation. An appeal for money to carry on the work was then issued, and was promptly met. The committee urged that the cultivation of the city lots by the unemployed was not a mere charity, but a relief scheme which aimed to establish habits of self-reliance. The committee expressed its opinion that hundreds of families who would otherwise be a burden to the taxpayers and to the charitable could be made self-supporting at a cost of less than $10 each. The association then advanced the money for seed, tools, fertilizers and superintendents; engaged the services of practical farmers who had made a special study for the association in connection with the causes of agricultural depression in New York State, and then established "application stations" under the care of various societies in different parts of the city.

Applications came in slowly, but finally eighty-four families received allotments. After a little the workers, who belonged to the very poorest class of laborers and who were in absolute need for food for their families from day to day, spent most of their time on the lands allotted to them, and finally began to have paying crops. In some cases as much as eight hundred bushels of potatoes were raised on a single acre. In nearly every case the committee found that the amateur cultivators made their land pay and were making good provision for Winter sustenance. Of course, they had seed, tools and fertilizers free, but everything else they had to provide for themselves. Some of the cultivators who kept count of the number of days they worked showed that they earned not merely farmer's wages during their Summer's experiment, but actually skilled mechanic's wages. There were no complaints from the poor people who participated in the experiment. All went away happy and encouraged when the Winter came on.

The committee claims that it has demonstrated the direct possibility of providing work for the unemployed with very little capital. The superintendent says: "If you will let the poor of your large cities get to the soil, and properly guide them for a year or two, they will become not only self-supporting, but will in a little while do much more." The committee begins the season of 1896, with hopes for largely increased results of the best character, and appeals with confidence to the generosity of the city. The response should be immediate and voluminous.

DEFENDING THE COASTS.

It is a comforting to think that we are at last well launched upon an adequate project of national coast defences, and that neither the less aggressive attitude of England, nor any other modification of the situation, will influence Congress to give up so necessary a scheme and to sink back to the almost incredible negligence from which the Venezuela dispute aroused her.

It must no longer be said of a country like the United States that any European enemy can ravage her coasts and burn a dozen of her cities with impunity. One half of the insolence which we have received from Spain since the beginning of the Cuban rebellion has been due to a feeling on the part of the Spaniards that they could if necessary to their policy do a great amount of harm on our coasts. Since the scheme of coast defences has been agitated in Congress their attitude has been notably more respectful.

The Senate Committee which is charged with the matter will to-day report that a total sum of $87,000,000 may be expended in fortifying in ten years, and that $7,000,000 be expended on seacoast defences within the next seventeen months. This will be a good beginning. As these recommendations are the outcome of a careful catechizing of Major-General Miles, Rear-Admiral Walker, General Craighill, General Flagler and other competent authorities, the sum authorized may be supposed to be abundant for present needs, although Secretary Lamont says that twenty millions more could be advantageously used by the War Department before July of 1887.

Let us not err by meagreness of appropriations now that we have directed the attention of the Government to this indispensable work of protecting our coasts against possible invasion.

Mr. Raines thinks he is generous in conceding that only forty per cent of the excise receipts of cities should go to the State. It reminds one of the highwayman who after taking all his victim's money, returns him enough for car-fare.

TURKEY STRIKES BACK.

A little cloud has arisen upon the horizon of the relations of Turkey to this country. An attempt has been made by the Turkish officials of Bitlis to arrest one of the American missionaries there—Rev. George P. Knapp, on a charge of sedition and murder. This accusation, which bears its absurdity on the face of it, is said to have been wrung by torture from an Armenian prisoner. It is considered in some measure a response on the part of the Turkish Government to the vigorous criticisms of Turkish cruelty which have been made in the American Senate.

If the Sultan or his advisers hope in this way to bring about the final expulsion of the American missionaries from Turkey, they will find themselves very much mistaken. The odious charge should be resented with all the force which the American Government can muster, and the indemnity for the destruction of the American missionaries at Kharput and other towns should be pressed with vigor. If any trial is necessary for Rev. Mr. Knapp, it should be before the American Minister in Constantinople, and not before a packed court in an obscure provincial town.

The present condition of the missionaries is said to be very critical. Several of them, with their wives and families, are now at Bitlis, and were to be removed under guard to Van. But it was found that the road was very unsafe, and the local authorities would not respond for their security. Hostile Turks and Kurds ply back and forth between Bitlis and Van, and would take a ferocious pleasure in despoiling a little band of missionaries. It would seem as if Russia might exert her influence to procure for these pious folk who have made it a stern rule never to interfere in Government affairs, a little safer position until the inevitable "smash up" of Turkey comes and a decent government is substituted for the barbarous and decent one which now exists there.

TALL BUILDINGS POPULAR.

As was naturally to be expected, the architects offer a vigorous opposition to the recent proposed resolution of a subcommittee of the Chamber of Commerce, which sought to condemn the erection of high buildings. One of them very wisely remarks "that the trend of things in a congested city like New York will always be toward these lofty structures. "They are," he says, "the best in every way. They are healthy, comfortable and the offices in them are well lighted and commodious. They are also much cheaper than the old style of building, and, above all, are absolutely fireproof." So prominent is the taste for elevated offices in the metropolis to-day that the higher floors are more in demand than those lower down, and command better prices. It would require something more than the mild resolution of the Chamber of Commerce to turn back the tide of opinion in New York toward the six and seven story buildings of the type familiar to European cities, and once thought the only possible one, before steam and electricity had made such immense strides.

A gentleman at present engaged in building a twenty-three story structure on Broad street says the Chamber of Commerce has lately taken upon itself to regulate not only the domestic but also the foreign population of this country. But it has not yet accepted the resolution submitted against sky-scrapers, and it might be well for it to remember that when, some time ago, an act was passed by the State Legislature prohibiting such buildings, it was declared unconstitutional by the Court of Appeals as interfering with private rights. New York, with its solid stone foundation, is pretty sure to cling to the "sky-scraper," and were the island to be visited to-morrow by an earthquake, the probability is that the tall buildings, with their steel frames, would stand the shock much better than the smaller ones. A city ordinance compelling architects not to exceed a certain height is still in the far distance. As a prominent architect remarks, "You cannot stop the wheels of progress with resolutions." The "sky-scraper" has come to stay. It is not long since an application was made for plans for a two hundred story building. If this does not incline the Chamber to reject the resolution offered by its sub-committee, nothing can do so.

The Nicaragua Canal Commissioners seem to have pitched their estimates too high. Several responsible contractors express their willingness to complete the work for $70,000,000, instead of $136,000,000.

THE NAVAL MILITIA'S GROWTH.

The growth of the naval militia demonstrates the great interest which the nation takes in the creation of solid materials for marine defence. A battalion has recently been organized in Louisiana. Ohio talks of getting together a regular force, and Illinois will soon have a uniform reserve of several hundred men. Louisiana seems to have organized her naval militia on a most generous scale. The commander of the battalion has invited the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to visit New Orleans and make an inspection. He has promised to do so, and from there, to go to Brunswick, Georgia, where another promising battalion has been formed. With the fine naval militia organizations of New York and Massachusetts, and these Southern ones, we shall shortly have something very like a uniform and efficient coast guard, as well as a corps which can be called on to man ships in case of hostilities.

The Navy Department is shortly to make the annual allotments for the reserves. Congress provides the meagre sum of $25,000, to be annually distributed among the different States on the basis of the strength of the several battalions. Of course, the creation of the new militia in several States makes the proportionate amount less than heretofore. Congress might well double if not treble the sum, for no money spent in the preparation of shore defences can be called wasted. There was a time when the Legislature of this State promised to do something for our naval militia, which has done so much for itself. But nowadays the Solons at Albany are interested mainly in seeing how they can extract money from the treasuries of the cities, or how they can build armories and asylums in country towns without depleting the provincial money bags, and they have little taste for granting aid to patriotic organizations.

Representative Livingstone will do well to accept the invitation to visit Venezuela. His presence will tend to calm the ardor of the Venezuelans, who need to be very prudent just now.

Secretary Morton will have to give the farmers those seeds. The wild Western agriculturist yearns for giant pansies and exotic flowers, even though they come high.

The re-entrance to Parliament of the "Grand Old Man" would bring the Sultan to his knees, and would save the lives of thousands of Armenian Christians.

Weyler is a clever tyrant. As soon as he arrived in Cuba he released a few political prisoners unjustly held, but he took occasion to transport a few patriots on the same day.

The harbor defence ram Katahdin cannot be put in commission for lack of men. Why does not Congress authorize the enlistment of men enough to man the new navy?

Thomas Sexton will have to work hard to make a better leader of the Irish Parliamentary party than that able and industrious publicist, Justin McCarthy.

Some Stories About Abraham Lincoln.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 12.—"As a boy I knew Lincoln," said Senator Voorhees. "The circuit he was wont to travel in his law practice in the early days swept the west border of Indiana, and while I studied and when I began the practice of the law I found myself frequently in the same court room with Lincoln.

"Of course no one thought of him as the coming President; the central figure of a great war and the victim finally of an assassin.

"In that day every one conceded Lincoln's persuasive powers with a jury. His humor, his good nature, his absolute honesty, as well as a potent trick with English made him a dangerous opponent before the twelve men who passed on the facts in a law case.

"Physically, Lincoln was as powerful as an ogre, and his courage was proof. I don't believe he ever feared anybody or anything. During the hours of civil war Stanton and others were wont to be afraid for him, but no sign of anxiety for himself personally ever shone in the eye of Lincoln. Nor did he ever limit himself in his excursions about Washington or withhold himself from the public in any fashion. He went where he pleased, when he chose; saw all fashions of callers.

"Lincoln was a tender man of others, with sympathies as harmless as air. I was in Congress while he was in the White House, and saw a good deal of him, although our politics differed. He said to me one day:

"'Voorhees, doesn't it seem strange to you that I should be here? Doesn't it strike you as queer that I, a man who couldn't cut the head off a chicken, who was sick at the sight of blood, should be cast into the middle of a great war, with blood flowing all about him? To me, when I think of it sometimes, it is the most amazing thing on earth.'

"Yet," concluded Voorhees, "when I look back at Lincoln in the White House, with armies in the field and fleets on every sea, and think of the work he must have done, I wonder what some Presidents who have followed him and who regard themselves as over-worked, would have thought if their daily desks had been plied like Lincoln's."

* * *

"Lincoln was a shrewd politician as well as a great President," remarked Colonel William R. Morrison. "He gave evidence of it during my first term in the Illinois Legislature. It was late in the '50's. The Free Soil excitement was abroad. It came our turn in Illinois to elect a Senator. As I say, I was a member of the Legislature. The two parties were about equally balanced. Lincoln was the Free Soil candidate and on joint ballot had 49 votes. There were only an even 100 in all. The remaining 51 were divided between Shields—who was our candidate—with 46 votes, and Lyman Trumbull, who was the Free Soil Democratic candidate, with 5 votes. The 5 Trumbull votes were led by Senator Palmer, who was then a Free Silver Democrat and also a member of the Legislature. We stood through several ballots, Lincoln, 49; Shields, 46, and Trumbull, 5. Palmer and his five would not yield. They were Democrats, but they were against slavery, and nothing we could say or do would bring them to Shields. We had just begun to realize this and we were casting about for a candidate on whom the Free Soil and regular Democrats could unite, when, without a word of warning, Lincoln stole a march on us. He knew as well as we that sooner or later, with matters as they were, the regular Democrats would abandon Shields and the Free Soilers, with Palmer at their head, give up Trumbull and unite on somebody who might suit both wings of the Democracy. Now, Lincoln, if he couldn't win himself, preferred Trumbull mightily, and while our dickering with the Palmer crowd was in mid career he suddenly gave his whole forty-nine votes to Trumbull, and, to the disgust of the regular Democrats, made him Senator. A few years later the unexpected happened and Lincoln was in the White House, while Trumbull, one of his best and warmest friends, and who practically owed Lincoln his office, was in the Senate. During the whole war and up to Lincoln's death he never had a stancher supporter than Lyman Trumbull.

* * *

"From the Quincy district," said Secretary Morton, "during the early '60s, there was as representative in Congress a great friend of mine named Richardson. He was afterward in the Senate and was known to us who loved him as 'Old Dick.' My acquaintance with him began when Buchanan named Richardson as Governor of the Territory of Nebraska and he chose me as Secretary of State. 'Old Dick' Richardson told me more than one yarn about Lincoln, whom he dearly loved and much admired. Richardson and Lincoln practised law together and rode the same circuits. Often they went together in a buggy, and so saw and heard much of each other. Richardson told me how one day on returning from an eight-weeks' swing around the circuit they drove up to Lincoln's house. He had invited Richardson to dinner.

"Lincoln in his personal habits was careless to the point of being shiftless. It was notorious that his fences were always in need of repair, his gate wanted a hinge, the grass in his yard needed cutting, and the scene about his home betrayed a reckless indifference to appearances.

"As Richardson and Lincoln drove up they noticed a great and surprising change. The grass was mowed and the gate mended, the fence fixed and painted. Everything was spick and span; it didn't look like the same place. Mrs. Lincoln had taken advantage of Lincoln's absence to inaugurate a reform and was standing in the door as her husband and Richardson came up to enjoy the excitement her improvements would create.

"Lincoln pulled up his horse, but didn't get out of the buggy. He looked doubtfully at the scene of dooryard order and repair and then, turning to his wife without the slightest show of recognition, he bowed politely and said:

"'You will excuse me, my good woman, but can you tell me where Mr. Lincoln lives?'

"This nettled Mrs. L. and she replied: 'You get out and come in here. I'll show you personally where Mr. Lincoln lives.'

"Richardson," continued Secretary Morton, "was a great supporter of Lincoln while the latter was President and Richardson in Congress, and he told me frequently that he was certain that while slavery would be abolished the owners would receive compensation for their emancipated slaves, and that Lincoln would favor it; wouldn't, in fact, consent to anything short of it. I had a different view. I didn't know what Lincoln might personally be inclined to do, but I felt sure Sumner and others of his party leaders would not consent to pay for the freed slaves. They would have their way, too.

"One night, somewhere about two or three months before the Emancipation Proclamation came out, I was at a banquet in Washington. Richardson was seated four removes from me at the table. At one point I leaned back and talking behind the intervening guests I asked Richardson whether he had gained any new beliefs on the subject of how Lincoln stood on the question of paying for the slaves.

"'Yes,' retorted Richardson, 'I've got a new impression on that point. I'm beginning to entertain doubts. This is what has shaken me. I was up to the White House this morning to see Lincoln. I saw him and talked about this very subject of paying the planters for their slaves. Lincoln talked in a very general, but still a very encouraging way. I felt sure he took my view of the matter.

"'After a long powwow, in which I seemed to have my way, and Lincoln, without promising any definite thing, still appeared to perfectly agree with me, I came away. I was smiling to myself. It was the smile of a man with whom the President agrees. If you had asked me your question at that moment I would have told you that Lincoln would pay for the niggers.

"'But just at that crisis I remembered that as I climbed the stairs of the White House to see Lincoln I had met Sumner coming away. It struck me, too, that as he came out from his interview with Lincoln he, too, was smiling just as I was. It sent a chill over me, and I began to doubt. I've been wondering ever since if Sumner didn't have a better foundation for his smile than I had, and I have about concluded that he did. There's no room on this subject of paying for the slaves for both Sumner and myself to smile, and I've about convinced myself that Sumner's joy was legitimate and that mine was not. To-night I do not think Lincoln favors paying for the slaves.'"

"The War of Wealth."

Charles T. Dazey, as a sensation-brewer, is a remarkably fertile gentleman. His mental vat is inexhaustible as a conjurer's cup, and if his screamers are not always brilliant, they are at any rate suited to the requirements of a "popular price" house. Last season Dazey coined money with a heroine who swung herself across a yawning chasm on a clothesline, and rescued a horse from a stable burning up with 50 cents' worth of red fire. And now he is at the Star Theatre—the house that once sheltered Irving, the Kendals and a troupe of educated monkeys—with a brand-new, agony-dripping, goose-fleshly-melodrama entitled "The War of Wealth."

There are four acts of it, and each act leads up, with exceedingly perceptible steps, to a sensation. The steps are tedious and very numerous. You are dragged fatiguingly up them. You smell the sensation as it approaches. It is the bait for which you are waiting, but Dazey is a cunning fellow, and he makes you stand up on your hind legs, so to speak, and beg for it. When he has thoroughly tired you out the sensation drops into your mouth, and you feel as though he were patting you on the head, saying: "Good doggy. Take it, and be happy."

For instance, in the first act, which takes place in the grounds of John Warfield's country place on the Hudson, there is an exceedingly lofty wooden balcony, precipitously overhanging the rocks. The characters have scarcely settled down to business before it is announced that the balcony has become unsafe, and that one step may hurl it to its ruin. Your nostrils instantly dilate. You sniff the gist of it. The heroine will, of course, go up into that balcony and get dashed upon the rocks below. The villain knows all about it. His face lights up with a "knowing look" when he hears of the balcony's insecurity. Mr. Dazey, however, dilly-dallies most provokingly. We sit gaping for the promised sensation, and listening to the tiresome prattle of a comedy major, who has lost the last button that holds his suspenders (which is surely dainty and original comedy), and to the inanities of the perpetual pair of juvenile lovers. Of course, it comes at last. The lovely girl, "about whose life the shadows have gathered," declares that she will go up into the balcony—for reasons that are not as logical or clear as they might be—the villain gives her a chance, for he has just a spark of manliness lurking about his thorax—she steps forward, and bang goes the balcony. Helen, and all the shadows that have gathered about her life, are precipitated to the rocks, and the hero, seizing an American flag that hangs there, star-spangled and ready, swings down and saves her.

It is very much like Bettina Girard's swing across the yawning chasm in "In Old Kentucky," but the slight similarity will not affect it disastrously. In the next act the lady bobs up, minus her mind, in a white silk dress. It would take a great deal more than a few Hudson River rocks to corporeally damage one of Charles T. Dazey's heroines. She is all there in Act II. with the exception of her mind, and melodramatic heroines can get along very well without that luxury. She pathetically tries to remember things and is always rubbing her hand across her forehead in the effort. The shadows, however, go on gathering around her. They get meatier and meatier as the play progresses.

The sensation of the second act is the rescue of a good young man from a safe, in which he has been locked up by the villain. He is gasping for breath, according to John Warfield, who rescues everybody from everything at a moment's notice, and who is really a wholesale rescuer. His blows grow feebler and feebler. He is smothering. Large "My gawds!" are on everybody's lips, when John seizes a clot of dynamite and blows open the safe. The front falls with a dull, canvas-sy thud, and the curtain descends.

The audience simply howled with enthusiasm, and a sympathetic maiden near me remarked that her heart was in her mouth. Any playwright who can induce such an entertainingly pathological condition is worthy of recognition. I hope that Mr. Dazey will consider that he is herewith recognized.

In the third act the piece de resistance is a run on the banking establishment of Messrs. Warfield & Co. The supers do the running. They are excessively put out and annoyed. They say "Ah! Ah! Ah!" in hoarse, well-drilled tones, and they besiege the doors by standing in a compact mob and carefully examining the audience. John Warfield is there, of course. He is unhappy because there nothing for him to rescue from anything.

"Ah," he cries in gesticulatory distress. "We are ruined. We are ruined. The bank must close its doors!" At this critical moment an express wagon, containing half of million dollars' worth of gold, sent by the gentleman whose buttonless trousers furnished the comedy of the first act, rolls up. The supers all say "Ah! Ah! Ah!" once more, in less refractory tones, and the situation ends. This scene is really very well done, and although you are a long time getting to it, it is satisfactory when it reaches you. You feel that you have had your fill of sensations, and as the fourth and last act is the usual beatific conclusion, Mr. Dazey has nothing further to offer.

"The War of Wealth" is the most rabid sort of melodrama, but that is apparently what the masses want, and they will probably go to the Star for some weeks to come to be thumped into appreciation by Mr. Dazey's melodramatic sledge-hammer.

Lawrence Hanley, who plays the part of the gentleman suffering from rescuemania—really a most deplorable disease—has a rich Southern accent as a specialty, and he uses it in the impersonation of this Montana ranchman. I presume that he considers it better than nothing at all. Beyond airing this irrelevant Southern accent—which is so catching that it also afflicts Miss Marion Erle—Mr. Hanley does nothing that is worth a solitary word of praise. A. S. Lipman is the villain, with the usual uncomfortable and taciturn manner affected by the villains of to-day, and Thomas A. Wise is satisfactory as the major with the buttonless trousers. Madeline Bouton and Belle Bucklin are both charming. Miss Bucklin in particular is most felicitous. The girl about whose life the shadows have gathered is dolefully interpreted by Miss Fanny McIntyre. She gives you the impression that she dotes on the shadows; that there are not enough of them to please her; that the more the merrier, in fact. She is the sort of heroine that you hate to see rescued; the kind of lady you would select for a massive tragedy, to be killed in the first act, or the prologue, if possible.

ALAN DALE.

His Political Honeymoon.

[Bloomington Eye.]

Ex-President Harrison is bound to do something to attract the attention of the Republican convention. He will spend his honeymoon in St. Louis at the same time the convention is in session.

Letters from the People.

A Good Thing in Fenders.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I recognize the new Journal as the best newspaper to express an experience for the public good. Ever since trolley cars have become an institution in Brooklyn I have watched with great horror the terrible slaughter recorded in the daily press, owing to the necessity for some proper preventive. After a deluge of condemnation uttered by a shocked community for many months the trolley companies were at last compelled to comply with a city ordinance to supply fenders to their cars, and since then, with commendable zeal, they have been trying everything, and as a daily rider I have taken some interest in the designs of the fenders they have from time to time been trying. One especially came to my notice the other day at the Fulton Ferry, where the motorman and conductor were changing for return trip. It was on car No. 926 of the Third avenue route. Quite a crowd gathered about it. It is fastened to the truck of the car and adjusted at three inches from the rail, and so it rides, not affected by any oscillation, and when it strikes an object it instantly drops to the rail, or, as the motorman repeatedly illustrated to the crowd, he pressed a foot lever on the platform and down went the fender to the rail. His words, "I can pick up a chicken with that fender," seemed to be very true. CITIZEN.

Brooklyn, Feb. 11.

A Layman to Scientists.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I am not aware that it has ever been suggested that these same cathode rays, of which we hear so much, are the cause of the blue color of the sky. As a layman I have never been able to accept the theory of scientific men that it is due to a multitude of particles of dust floating in the upper air. We are told that some fifty miles or so above us the atmosphere ceases, and a perfect vacuum exists. Do we not have then all the conditions of an immense Crookes tube, coextensive with space itself, and if so, fluorescence becomes not only a probability, but a necessity. It may be that this little instrument has taught us a lesson which the firmament itself has since the dawn of creation been unable to impress upon the mind of man. A. W. COCHRAN.

New York, Feb. 11.

Apply to Dr. Edson.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Would you kindly inform me through the columns of the Journal the address of a physician that I can consult for the treatment of consumption, as I read in the Sunday Journal that it can be cured, for I am threatened with the disease, it being inherited from my parents. I am an orphan, and working girl, and have to support two younger brothers and a sister, and would not like to be a burden to them, for I am also suffering from catarrhal troubles for the last five years, and it is a great expense trying to be cured. Would you also state the cost of treatment, not being able to pay a large amount? I remain yours truly, BERTHA B.

Brooklyn, Feb. 11.

Mr. Donohue's Dilemma.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I am a member of a temperance society, and we are going to have a time on the 17th of March, that being our fifth anniversary, and I expect to be called on to give a toast, and as I am not in the habit of giving toasts, in fact, I have not been in society much, and therefore I don't know much about a toast, and being a reader of your paper and seeing so many questions asked of you, and you answering them, I thought that you could give me some information. Trusting you may, please write me a little toast, and please write it plain, so that I will make no mistakes.

WILLIAM DONOHUE.

Westerly, R. I., Feb. 10.

Minors and Contracts.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Is a contract made by a minor (under twenty-one years) void? I am one of your readers, and you would greatly oblige me by answering the above in your paper. I am too poor to pay a lawyer to answer me the above question.

New York, Feb. 12. A MINOR.

[A minor's contract is binding only if it be made for the procuring of necessaries. The definition of "necessaries" is elastic, but the courts hold that a man who gives credit to a minor must convince himself that the minor's position and prospects in life warrant his expenditure. It has recently been decided by an English Judge that lessons in shorthand and typewriting are not necessaries, a ruling which illustrates the uncertainty of the law on the subject.]

About Hidden Treasure.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—An explanation about your article printed in your paper of to-day, "Spanish Treasure Hidden Near Here—Is in United States Notes and Amounts to $172,000." For the benefit of our citizens and readers of your valuable paper you will kindly accept these few lines. My uncle and more than a dozen of well-known families in Germany received, some good many years ago, the same letter as Mr. P. J. Halloran, the proprietor of a hotel at No. 10 West street, did some few days ago. All were swindled out of a nice amount of money by these chevaliers d'industrie, and exactly in the same way. Please give Mr. Halloran, through your paper, the advice to send his Spanish letters to the American Consul at Barcelona, who is well acquainted with this swindle, and have these swindlers and humbuggers arrested and punished. Very respectfully, P. W.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 10.

George and the Coal Combination.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—The hold your paper is gaining on the people will be enormously strengthened by a few such articles as that of Henry George on the coal combination, printed in your issue of February 2. That is a burning question in more ways than one. I have recently received newspapers from Delaware, which contain accounts of the fight that the concentrated single tax forces are making to carry that State and try their solution for social problems. The enthusiasm is very great, and the story of their fight reads like an early Christian history. I know very little of such things, but from what I hear I know that very many of your readers would like to know about this movement from a trustworthy source. Can't you tell us about it?

New York, February 10. M. C. DALTON.

About the "Stamp Language."

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Would you kindly give me the key to the "stamp language"—the placing of postage stamps in different positions on an envelope.

New York, February 10. PHILATELIST.

To Punish a Slanderer.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I am a daily reader of your paper, I am seventeen years old. A party has written to my former boss a terribly slanderous letter about me. It has hurst my character considerably, as I have two very good recommendations from two very prominent parties. I also have in my possession the letter which was written by this party and signed by him. I got the letter through the courtesy of my former boss. Can you kindly direct me to some lawyer who would take this case up; or, if you would like to see the letter and my reference, I would gladly show it to you. Hoping that you will favor me with an answer as soon as possible, I remain, yours truly,

CHARLES SUNSHINE.

New York, February 12.

Credit to Whom It Is Due.

[From the Mail and Express.]

To have matter clipped without credit is unfortunately the frequent experience of every high class newspaper, but to have the depredatory journal get the credit of the work as it goes the rounds is pushing a good thing too far. The attention of our valued contemporary the Journal is respectfully called to a little department of personal peculiarities called "Senators' Hair," published on page 20 of last Sunday's Journal, and credited to the Detroit Free Press. That child was born in the columns of the Mail and Express on page 7 of its issue of January 7, 1896.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

John Hays Hammond, the American mining engineer now in prison at Johannesburg, is a Yale boy. Cecil Rhodes heard of his work in the mines, sent for him to Cape Town and asked for his terms. Hammond, who was well satisfied where he was, named $5,000 per month—$60,000 per year—and was astounded when Rhodes took him up and engaged him for the British South Africa Company.

It is said that Sir Francis Jeune is the only Judge in the British courts who does not shave.

The portrait of Pocahontas which hung in the Woman's Building at the World's Columbian Exposition has been purchased by H. S. Wellcome, an American resident of London. He intends to present it to the United States Senate.

Professor William B. Scott, of Princeton, in a recent lecture before the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, advanced the theory that Australia and the Antarctic Continent were once connected by land, and supported it by many comparative illustrations of plant and animal life. He is working in favor of an Antarctic exploring expedition.

Odd Occurrences Out of Town.

Five Times His Wife's Age.

James Rogers, aged seventy-eight, a man of considerable wealth, lives at San Dimas, in California. He is a man of family, having children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. But he was very lonely—until he came to know little Ida Nelson, a girl of fourteen years, the daughter of one of Rogers's ranch laborers. Rogers fell in love with Ida, and a week or so ago married her, despite cyclonic opposition on the part of her parents and his children. Now this tot of a girl is mistress of a magnificent home and seems happy. To all of his remonstrative friends Mr. Rogers points to the precedent created by General Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, in running his heart affairs to suit himself.

A Girl Wanderer.

Maria Michaelson, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Leopold Michaelson, of Randolph, N. Y., who early last week deserted her home after leaving a note saying that she was going out into the cold world to earn her living, has returned. Maria went as far as Jamestown, walking the entire distance and seeking employment on her way.

She was unsuccessful in getting work, and becoming discouraged, determined to return. Maria was entirely out of funds, and she was obliged to take to the road again. It took her two days to cover the thirty miles between that city and Randolph, and her experiences were the reverse of pleasant. She states that on Wednesday night she slept in a barn, and had little or nothing to eat during her entire itinerary.

It is believed the disagreeable experiences through which Maria passed has cured her of all desire to roam.

A Queer Monument.

At the request of John W. Simmons, the distinguished Free Mason, who died at Central Valley, Orange County, a year or two ago, and whose body was interred in the Highland Mills Cemetery near that place, no marble or granite monument was to be erected over his grave, but if anything should be used to mark his resting place it might be a pile of stones or a large boulder. One of the latter, a "pudding stone," weighing between five and six tons, has been obtained and will be put in place in a few days with appropriate ceremonies. The stone was slowly being moved to the cemetery yesterday by a yoke of oxen and a team of horses.

Cleveland's Summer Home.

When President Cleveland returns to his Summer haunts at Buzzard's Bay, his mail will be sent to Gray Gables, for a project is on foot, which bids fair of realization, to have a post office by that name in the section of the town wherein is the President's villa.

When nights in the vicinity of Buzzard's Bay are real dark a bright light will barely penetrate its inky darkness, and perhaps none of the visitors who spend the Summer months along the shores of the bay is better acquainted with the intensity of the darkness than President Cleveland. Returning from all-day fishing trips to inland ponds, he has had occasion to make long rides after dark, and has frequently commented on the inky blackness of the nights on Cape Cod, as he has ridden along the sandy roads, on each side bounded by dense woods, where at times he could not see the horse which was drawing the carriage. Not one of the adjoining towns has street lights, and until within a year Buzzard's Bay was similar to them in this respect.

President Cleveland is improving his estates by the erection of another cottage, intended for Brad Wright and family. Brad is the President's right bower, head farmer, skipper, milkman, fisherman, and, in fact, the Pooh Bah of Gray Gables. The new house, which will be ready for occupancy before the Summer season opens, is near the barn which was built last Spring, and is on that part of the grounds which face the lily pond. It contains seven rooms and was designed by William Crump, who built the barn for the President. The house in appearance closely resembles the barn, and will cost, when completed, $1,300. Its roof and sides are shingled, and there is a broad piazza on the front.

An Unusual Tramp.

Richmond, Ind., has a mystery, and one of an interesting nature. An officer found a young girl to-day in the woods endeavoring to warm herself at the side of a small fire. She was dressed in rags, and her feet were covered by men's shoes and her matted hair was uncovered. The officer questioned the girl, and she claimed that she was tramping around the country with her husband, who is a negro. She was taken to the city jail, and a search was made for the man, he being found an hour later.

The girl claims that she married the negro, who gives the name of Lee, at Alton, Ill., two years ago, and they are now tramping across the country on foot. For the past five weeks they have been on the journey, she claims, and every night has been passed out of doors or else beneath some farmer's barn. The alleged husband is a big, burly fellow, and he claims that he was married to the girl at Mattoon, Ill. He cannot tell his wife's maiden name, and their stories are so contradictory that the police believe that there is something being kept back. The girl is but seventeen years old, quite pretty and intelligent, but she manages to evade all questions which will lead to her real identity. She was taken to the Home for the Friendless, where she will be well cared for, and Lee will be kept in jail until something can be learned about him.