

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

MORE BOSTON REFORM.

RELIGIOUS PEOPLE ATTACK THE SUNDAY CONCERT.

They go before the Police Commissioner and Report, but do not Want Their Names Printed—A Shaking up in Boston Police Circles—Lively Times Expected.

Boston, Dec. 17.—The chief products of the United States, just at present are independent politicians and half a dozen varieties of reformers. Every well informed person knows what is going on in New York; how the Lexow committee has been going higher and higher with no idea of stopping at a police captain who has paid \$15,000 for his appointment.

Here in Boston reform is also in the air; everybody believes there is a good deal of rottenness at the city hall and in the police department and several well organized societies are insinuating to such an extent that has made the people curious as to just what the outcome of it all is going to be.

There have been a number of investigations and one or two are still in progress, but so far no action has been taken which would give any indication of how matters are going to be.

The public institutions have been undergoing an investigation for some months, and a very bad condition of affairs has been made public in connection with the poor houses and penal institutions.

A week or so ago a number of very religious gentlemen had the board of police commissioners investigate the Sunday concerts given at the different theatres, with the view of having the licenses revoked. This investigation was of a decidedly interesting character, for the Sunday concerts given in the Boston theatres are not at all like those given by Sunday school children, and the recital of what was said and done as interpreted by the very religious gentlemen who went before the police commissioners was of even greater interest than the original performances.

There is no way of telling where this mania for investigation is going to stop. Take this Sunday concert question for instance. It is difficult to understand the necessity for having 20 or 30 very religious gentlemen, ministers and theological students, who did not want their names printed, go before the police commissioner and tell them what they saw. These gentlemen were such poor actors and singers that it would be simply impossible for them to give anything like a good idea of what went on at the concerts. There was nothing whatever to prevent the commissioners themselves from taking all the shows themselves, and there is no doubt that even if they had to go in disguise in order to be sure that the programme would not be out on account of their presence the results would have been very much more satisfactory.

But that would have been cheating the public out of an investigation.

The investigation into charges preferred against two police officers alleged to have taken money from the proprietor of a fast house and from barbers who wanted to do a Sunday business, has proved of the greatest interest on account of the testimony given by the witnesses for the prosecution, who, in their anxiety to convict the men, differed from each other, and some of them told a different story every time they were called. The case has not been decided at the time of writing, but the decision is looked forward to with a great deal of interest. If it is against the officers it will mean a great deal.

Although it is generally believed that the police have been receiving protection money from law breakers, it has been a hard matter up to the present time to get any of those who have paid money to come forward and admit it.

If the present case goes against the officers, it is expected that the decision will start the ball rolling and others will be encouraged to come forward and tell all they know.

Since Gen. Martin has been made chairman of the police board some months ago, there has been quite a shaking up in police circles. A determined effort has been made to the city of questionable houses and the police say that they do not know of one in Boston at the present time. Whether it is so or not, it is a fact that a great deal has been done, and that there has been a decidedly large exodus of a certain class of people.

Gen. Martin rather likes investigations and so far he has lost no time in getting at the bottom of everything that has been reported to him. He has been very busy.

Boston has almost as many reform societies as it has street lamps, and every one of them is dead anxious to rid the city of some evil or another. Now that they have somebody who is anxious to listen to them they have become exceedingly active.

The recent municipal election was somewhat of a setback to one class of reformers, for Mr. Curtis, who was elected mayor, had been the counsel for the board of public institutions and it was claimed that owing to this fact his election as mayor would place him in a rather uncomfortable position in regard to the investigations, which are not yet at an end.

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When elected, however, Mr. Curtis retired from his position as counsel for the commissioners, and things are going on much the same as before.

Curtis is a republican and his election is looked upon as a very decisive blow against ring rule in Boston, for everybody here is aware of the fact that Gen. Peabody, the democratic candidate who attended the North end dances, was nominated by the select three or four who control the democratic machine.

The shake-ups and changes continue to come, and some very interesting times are expected in the near future.

R. G. LARSEN.

THE ROOT OF EVIL WAS THERE.

A Cool Thief Carries off the Contributions After Praising the Preacher.

The first Presbyterian church, Germantown, was crowded with a fashionable congregation Sunday morning when the Rev. Dr. Charles Wood preached on "The Love of Money is the Root of All Evil." At the conclusion of the service some one stole the contributions, which amounted to about \$300. All the congregation had not left the church when the fact that the money was missing was discovered by Treasurer Samuel Dennison. He immediately informed Dr. Wood, who was conversing with several persons. A search was made immediately by those present. It was thought that possibly the bag which contained it had been mislaid. It could not be found, and the conclusion was reached that it had been carried off by a thief.

There was a special collection Sunday for the Sunday school in connection with that which it has been customary to take up every Sunday. After the money was received in the contribution boxes it was dumped into a little bag as had been the practice, and Treasurer Dennison took charge of it. Mr. Dennison has been in the habit of depositing the money in a corner of a pew until the service ended and when leaving the church taking it with him. On this occasion he did not, unfortunately, deviate from what had been his method of attending his duties for years. The money was carefully laid in a corner of the pew by Mr. Dennison, and while the congregation was leaving after the service was finished he joined in conversation for only a few minutes with several persons. When he went to the pew the money was gone.

While Pastor Wood was talking with several of the parishioners, a man who was a stranger, and who is supposed to have been the thief, stopped up and complimented him on his oratory.

"For years," said the stranger, "I have heard repeatedly of the fashionable character of your congregation, of your eloquence as a minister, and of the magnificence of your edifice. I am now convinced, after attending service today, that none I have heard about this church has been magnified."

Dr. Wood patted the stranger on the back in his customary friendly manner and said he would be glad to have the pleasure of numbering him among his congregation.

The man's face beamed with smiles at the reception accorded him by the popular pastor, and after repeating very briefly again his impression of the church, he bowed to those standing close to him and walked out. Several of those who were near the minister remarked that they had never seen the man before.

It was after he had left the edifice that Treasurer Dennison informed Pastor Wood that the money was missing. In order to overtake the stranger, who was suspected of being the thief, a courier was dispatched immediately to the Fourteenth district station house. Special Policeman Cairns was detailed on the case and ordered to make an investigation at once, and within one-half hour a description of the man was forwarded to the Central Station. A squad of police was sent in search of the man to the several stations on the Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia and Reading railroads, but no trace of him could be found.

THE CARTRIDGES WERE BLANK.

And that is why the Colonel's Fame as a Sportsman was Short Lived.

Colonel Z—, a gentleman with a reputation of being a crack shot, was recently included in a shooting party staying at the mansion of a well known M. P.

The gallant colonel was an early riser, and on two or three occasions he brought in a respectable "bag" before the host or the other members of the party had risen from their beds. This was the more annoying when it was considered that the colonel, when accompanied by the other guests, missed almost every bird he fired at.

Some of the guests derided the colonel's conduct as ungentelemanly, and prepared a little trap for him.

The gamekeeper was instructed by his employer to provide the early sportsman with blank cartridges only for his next expedition, which was arranged for the following morning.

The rest of the party rose earlier than usual to witness the return of the gameless colonel, who duly arrived carrying—five brace of partridges.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed. "Lazy sportsmen again. I've had rare fun this morning." "So it seems," remarked the host drily. "How you managed to shoot five brace of birds with blank cartridges, however, I can't understand."

The gallant colonel was fairly caught and left the hall that day. After his departure his dealings with the underkeeper leaked out, the latter being forgiven in the general laughter.

A NURSE ON A STRIKE.

SHE OBJECTS TO THE LADY SUPERINTENDENT'S ORDER

And is Suspended, as was the House Surgeon—The Victoria General Hospital Authorities do not Think That the Order was a Wise one, However.

HALIFAX, December 20.—The Victoria general hospital, of this city, is one of the noblest charities of the country, and a triumphant evidence of our christian civilization. It is a grand philanthropy and, though maintained by the provincial government, is none the less a credit to the people, who eventually pay for its support and efficiency. Though the main object of this letter is to enable the public to see one defect in its management, and thereby secure improvement, yet the Nova Scotia Victoria general hospital is an admirably conducted institution. The unfortunate patient who is fortunate enough to be taken to it for treatment is sure of as careful treatment as could be secured anywhere outside of a very wealthy home. The staff of physicians and surgeons is made up of an enthusiastic body of men, whose very rivalries often tend to make their work more successful. The medical board consists of the best doctors in Halifax. Dr. A. P. Reid, the medical superintendent, and his resident staff, could hardly be improved upon, and the corps of nurses is a company of ladies of culture and genuine refinement.

This is all true, yet it is regrettable that there seems to have from time to time, been more want of harmony, or actual hostility, between members of the medical staff and those directly concerned in the management of the hospital than has been seen in any other philanthropic institution in this city—and we have many of them.

The latest clash has been between Miss Elliott, the lady superintendent, and her nurses, and in consequence of that difficulty, the medical superintendent also has come in conflict with the house surgeon of the hospital. As a result, one of the nurses, a most estimable young lady, and the house surgeon, have been suspended for a week. Miss Elliott has occupied her position for but a comparatively brief period. She studied the profession in the United States. When appointed lady superintendent of the hospital there had been some little dissatisfaction not long before in the department. It seems Miss Elliott determined on a rather vigorous policy, and an strict discipline. These were perfectly right if at all reasonable and justifiable, but it does seem as if some of the lady superintendent's rulings and orders went quite too far. The medical board of the hospital has failed to see eye to eye with Miss Elliott in regard to the order which gave rise to the present trouble. They could neither see the wisdom of the order nor assent to the regularity of its promulgation.

Miss Elliott gave instructions that in future the lady nurses should perform certain duties, though no record can be found authenticating the "order." A few days passed before an occasion arose for the enforcement of the obnoxious rule, the evidence of which was only unofficially known. The first nurse who was asked to carry out the new instructions refused to obey, as would any other of the lady nurses. The house surgeon, quietly sympathizing with the nurse, and seeing the utterly outrageous character of the order, tried to have the work done by some others in the hospital whose duty it plainly was. This came to the knowledge of the lady superintendent. She personally asked the nurse if she refused to carry out the order. The answer was decidedly in the affirmative, even at the cost of resignation, and the young lady was suspended. The house surgeon then came in for his share of attention. He was reported by Dr. Reid to Hon. C. E. Church, commissioner of public works, in whose department is vested the control of the hospital, and next day he joined the nurse in the suspended list. The charge was not given in writing until after the suspension. The charge to Mr. Church was originally made verbally, and amounted in effect to a complaint of insubordination. The medical superintendent doubtless felt that in reporting the house surgeon he was doing his duty, and possibly there was no other course open to him. He is a kind-hearted man who would err on the side of leniency rather than the reverse. It is difficult to find a reasonable excuse for apparently very arbitrary order issued by the lady superintendent, and her attempted enforcement of it.

The medical board could find no satisfactory reason for it. They held a meeting and, while expressing no opinion upon the wisdom or unwisdom of the suspension, because orders must be maintained, yet they were unanimously opposed to the order itself. Miss Elliott was asked to tell of any other hospital where such orders were given, or to inform the board whether she had herself been called upon elsewhere to obey

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them. It appears she was unable to do either the one or the other.

The question of the suspension was not considered for several days by the local government because of the absence from the city of Premier Fielding, but there was no reason to doubt the matter would be dealt with in a sensible and reasonable way.

EVOLUTION OF A PAPER.

A "Progress" Contributor Finds Old Copies of the New York Herald.

On my desk as I write lie two numbers of the same newspaper; one dated May 6, 1835, the other, December 6, 1894. They are both copies of the New York Herald. The first is a modest sheet of four pages, printed in an attic and published from a cellar, and bearing upon its face the impress of small and tentative beginning. The second is large and multipaged, a voluminous record of the world's happenings; published from a palatial office, and itself a powerful factor in forming the opinions and educating the public mind of two continents. Between these two issues intervenes a period of fifty-nine years, a spare of time replete with meaning in the world's history. Thrones have fallen and dynasties have been wiped out since that May day in '35; and the American people, not unlike this tiny paper in the weakness of their infancy, have waxed strong and grown powerful, and exert to-day among the nations an influence in quality and degree much like that which the veteran Herald of to-day does in newspaperdom.

The history of the New York Herald is the history of the American enterprise and progress during more than half a century. The tale of its growth from the acorn of 1835 to the giant journalistic oak of 1894 is the story of American success. A glance at its initial number will but exemplify this fact. "Morning Herald, Wednesday morning, May 6, 1835. Price One cent," such is the heading of the time-worn sheet before me. On the left hand upper corner of the first page, we read, "Published by James Gordon Bennett & Co., Office, No. 20 Wall street, basement story," and elsewhere we also read that the paper is printed at "34 Ann street, 3rd story." From a basement to the present quarters of the New York Herald is indeed a transition.

The first page, which is devoted to general reading, contains a biographical sketch of an imposter of that day, known as Matthias the prophet. The view we get of this strange personage—who by the way was no better or no worse than any other of the many religious charlatans given to the world by the empire state—is not an unpleasant one. As the editor remarks, "A philosophical view of thought and feeling runs through the memoir." A short paragraph or two treating of "April Fashions"—most unfashionable fashions to the modern taste—completes this first page.

The salutatory on the second or editorial page is short, crisp and pointed. It breathes of self-reliance and intelligent hopefulness. In this latter respect it ought fairly be called prophetic. Fair Ophelia's words, "We know what we are, but know not what we may be," are quoted as a promise of greater things, a promise, we need not say, that has been fully realized. In defining the Herald's platform we can discern the independent Scotchman, wary and cautious. "In debuts of this kind," says the editor, "many talk of principle—political principle party principle—as a sort of steel trap to catch the public. We mean to be perfectly understood, and therefore openly disclaim all steel-traps—all principles as it is called—all party politics. Our only guide shall be good practical common sense, applicable to the business and besoms of men engaged in every-day life." How refreshingly independent such talk is when compared with the insincere palaver of some would-be influential newspaper in our day.

In the same column with the editorial is the latest news from Europe, dated the 8th of April. Note this, ye children of the telegraph and telephone, in our fathers' day, fifty-nine years ago, in the babyhood of the New York Herald, it took four

weeks for news to travel from London to New York. Today the same paper is issued simultaneously on both continents and both issues are in the main identical. The principal items of English news refers to the defeat of the Wellington-Peel government on the Irish tithes question. In those days, as now, the Irish question was the bete-noir of the English government. A note-worthy incident also in this antique calendar of news is that a British ship-of-war compelled a Russian squadron of three vessels of war to return up the Dardanelles to the Black Sea.

Among the items of domestic views a balloon ascension at Cincinnati is recorded. Then follows a series of editorials remarks headed, "Empire State." From these we can glean much that is of interest. For example, we learn that in 1830 the population of New York city was 202,957. To-day it must be eight times that number, that in those days it cost \$1,500,000 to run the city government, what it costs to-day only Tammany can tell; and that there were only 100 miles of railroad in all New York state,—a mere decimal fraction of the railroad mileage in that state today.

On the same page we have some theatrical chat, and an anecdote of a worthy woman whose cerebral equivoque was not well established. This good lady invariably insisted on being corked up every Monday morning. The corking was done by pretending to drop a cork down her throat.

Advertisements occupy a page and a half the remainder of the paper being given to odds and ends. The curative properties of a porous plaster are lauded in the first ad. on which the eye rests, thus showing that the patent medicine men was abroad in '35. This one's claims of its plaster are of the same modest calibre as those of the ordinary man of his class in our own day. Quacks there were too in those days, as witness the unselfish note of warning that "a genuine M. D. of Philadelphia" gives against "puffing nominal doctors." From the same advertising columns we also learn that in 1835 a farm of thirty acres was for sale in Brooklyn, "just within one minute and a half of the new south ferry," and that Washington square marked the extreme borders of civilization in New York city.

Altogether, the first issue of the Herald was not marked by extraordinary precociousness of talent! A common-place, rudimentary journal, differing in little—and that little to its disadvantage—from any similar tentative experiment in journalism in some village or western town in our day. The New York Herald is not a literary paper to-day; it has simply kept up the promise of its youth. Hard-headed Scottish common sense was among its earlier endowments, and explains in a degree its eventual success.

Some Tower Bridge Statistics.

A return has been issued of the most serious accidents which occurred during the construction of the Tower bridge over the Thames. The total number was 29, the first occurring on the 2nd of November, 1886, and the last on July 3, 1894. Of these, 10 were fatal, the death verdict in 9 cases being "Accidental death," and in the other instances "Deceased's negligence." The number of men employed at any one time in the construction of the bridge varied between 76 in July, 1886, and 848 in December, 1892. The average for the whole period extending from June, 1886, to July, 1894, was 432.

A Lofly Ideal.

"I am perfectly willing to work, mum," said the tramp, "but the difficulty is in finding labour congenial to my tastes." "What do you think you would like to do?" inquired the compassionate woman. "I think I'd like to be a bank president, mum. Do you know where I could get a job of that sort?"

Mr. Scrimp—"My dear, I don't see how you had that counterfeit bill passed on you." Mrs. Scrimp—"Well, you don't let me see enough real money to enable me to tell the difference."

Times: Blanche—"Do you think, Mr. Waters, that hanging is a pleasant death?" Mrs. Scrimp—"Well, ladies, it is generally allowed that there is nothing so painful as suspense."

Men Talk

About Women

and women talk about men. But everybody is talking about UNGAR'S dyeing and cleaning work. These hard times all possible value must be got out of clothes, and the only way to do it is to have UNGAR dye them as soon as they show signs of wear.

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