

## FENCE WAR IN ARVERNE

H. C. Friedman and Ignatz Modry  
Have Been Shutting Off Each Other's  
Pretty Suburban Views.

### A NEW COTTAGE THE CAUSE

Mr. Modry Claimed that It Interfered  
with His Privacy and He Used  
Carpenters and Lumber with  
Great Results—Mr. Fried-  
man Did Likewise.

The Modry-Friedman fence feud is making history for the residents of Arverne, Long Island.

This is not a feud of the Kentucky kind, with Winchester rifles, revolvers, and ambulances along lonely roads. The feelings of the families are perhaps just as intense in their way. Instead of blood flowing, fences are building, and if the present plans are carried out, carpenters in the pretty little Summer resort will have much work to do this Summer.

Henry C. Friedman, who is senior partner in the brokerage firm of Friedman & Co., at 10 Wall Street, lives at 16 East Ninety-second Street in the Winter. But he spends his Summers at Arverne, where he is said to own much real estate. Part of this property is on Summerfield Avenue, whereon, up to this Spring, he had two cottages. These were situated at the north and south end of his lot, so that there was an open space of 75 feet between them.

Just to the westward of Mr. Friedman, and facing on Carlton Avenue, is the Summer home of Ignatz Modry, whose place of business is at 489 Broome Street, and whose Winter house in this city is at 140 East Seventy-fourth Street. Mr. Modry's Queen Anne cottage is built on a lot the rear end of which fell within the open space of the Friedman lot. He thus had an uninterrupted view to the north toward the ocean, to the south, and to the east, across Mr. Friedman's property. Now comes the beginning of the feud. Mr. Friedman built a cottage on his vacant seventy-five feet of space last Winter. Some of the residents of Arverne say they understand it is built dangerously near Mr. Modry's line; Mr. Friedman says it is not within three feet of the line, and Mr. Modry will say nothing about it. But he does say that the new cottage, which is to be used as a boarding house, not only shuts off his fine view, but is so arranged that the occupants of the cottage can look into all the rear rooms of his house. It will entirely destroy the privacy in search of which he bought and built in Arverne.

It cannot definitely be learned when Mr. Modry saw the new building, or what his remarks were at the time. It is believed, however, an intimation was made to Mr. Friedman that the cottage was objectionable. Anyhow, several weeks ago the lace merchant went to Arverne and retained a carpentering firm of the village. Early the next morning piles of lumber were brought to the Modry cottage and men began digging holes, bracing up high posts, and nailing up boards. When they finished, a day or so later, a fence twenty-five feet high and seventy-five feet long extended along the entire rear end of the Modry lot, making a blank view from the windows of the Friedman cottage. There was nothing graceful or artistic about the fence, but the occupants of six rear bedrooms in the Friedman cottage will see nothing else so long as it stands.

When Mr. Friedman heard of this fence he wanted to know "why," and was told at once. Suggestions of a compromise were delicately made by him in vain. Mr. Modry's answer to all this was short and crisp. One of the replies was reported to be, "Move that cottage and I'll move the fence." When Mr. Friedman recovered from the surprise this remark caused, he adopted other tactics. To the north and south of Mr. Modry's cottage are vacant lots. Negotiations were at once entered into by him with the owners of these lots with a view to purchase. In one of these negotiations he was successful and the lot to the south became his property.

But Mr. Modry's eyes were not closed in the meantime, and just as Mr. Friedman was about to close the purchase for the lot on the north, on the ocean side, there came a halt, then a full stop, and finally Mr. Friedman was informed that the lot had been purchased by Mr. Modry. Nevertheless he owned the south lot and straightway his purpose became evident. Almost the same carpenters appeared on the scene last Sunday morning and started to dig and saw and pound.

At this juncture Mr. Modry appeared on the scene and after a survey of the place he went to the village police and informed them that Henry C. Friedman was violating the "Sunday law." He won the move, for the police made the carpenters stop work while Mr. Modry smiled. But the next morning the work was resumed with double vigor, and now to the south of Mr. Modry's cottage is a counterpart of the fence on the western side just as high and fully as inartistic. Thus the matter stands to-day while all Arverne waits for the next move.

Mr. Friedman, when seen yesterday, said: "No one hates this unfortunate affair more than I do, and no one will do more than I to end it, but these are the facts: I built the cottage as a connecting link for the two cottages on the end of my lots. The cottage in no way interferes with Mr. Modry and it is entirely on my property. He says the occupants of the rooms at the rear of my cottage can look into his bedroom. How ridiculous, when the only rooms at the rear of his house there are a kitchen and a laundry.

"Why, if he had suggested to me in the first place that the cottage was objectionable to him on account of the overlooking rooms I would have put up a lattice fence, something that would not be an eyesore, but he did no such thing. He simply built that monstrous fence, and now I find trouble in renting my cottage. A Mr. Ashton was to take the place, but now he objects. Why, I even offered Modry \$100 if he would take down the fence, but he absolutely refused to do anything. I have no other alternative but to fight fire with fire, and I am going to do it until he comes to his senses."

Mr. Modry will not say much. "Move that cottage and I'll move the fence," he declared yesterday morning. "Going to make me come to terms, eh?" he added. "H'm!"

"Yes," he chuckled, "I got the lot away from him. That's all."

### Perrin H. Sumner Sentenced.

Perrin H. Sumner, who has been before the public as "The Great American Identifier," was sentenced to six years in Sing Sing Prison by Recorder Goff, in Part I. of General Sessions, yesterday. Sumner was convicted on a charge of grand larceny last week on the complaint of Charles H. Goodwin of Boston, who charged Sumner with swindling him out of \$1,200.

### Dead Man Identified.

The young man who was killed on the Greenwood Lake branch of the Erie Railroad, between Jersey City and Newark, on Monday, was yesterday identified as Henry Reeves of Niles Avenue, West New York. He was twenty-three years old. The railroad employes says that he stood in front of the approaching train and made no effort to escape.