

TWO STORIES OF DEVOTED WIVES.

PLEADS FOR HER BRUTAL HUSBAND

Mrs. Mary Becker Is Carried Into Court on a Stretcher.

HAD ALMOST KILLED HER.

Faints When Justice Lemon Declared the Fellow Should Be Horsewhipped.

REVIVED TO PLEAD AGAIN.

She Cried for Mercy for Her Own Sake and Perjured Herself Like a Gentlewoman.

Here is a woman who yesterday exemplified the undying devotion that characterizes the sex:

She is Mrs. Mary Becker, of lowly station, for her husband is a hodcarrier. But the sublimity of her love for him, her desire to shield him from the consequences of his own brutality, exalts her to a place among the heroines.

To save her husband from the punishment as so richly deserves, she prepared herself like a gentlewoman.

At the time when a man should be most loving, most tender, most considerate to the woman who bears his name, this Becker, in sudden fury, nearly killed his wife. Skillful medical treatment saved her life. She was carried to court on a hospital stretcher yesterday, that she might ask mercy for the brutal fellow who, knowing her, had surrendered to the police. When the Justice expressed his contempt for the grinning prisoner Mrs. Becker, torn by conflicting emotions, fainted and revived only to ask mercy again.

Frederick Becker returned to his home, No. 985 Flushing avenue, one day last week.

"Give me nickel for beer," he said to his wife.

A Coward's Acts.

"Fred," said the woman, "we'll need all the little money we have. You know there'll soon be another mouth to feed."

Becker picked up a stone jug and beat his wife on the head until she dragged herself away from him and fell, bleeding, exhausted, on the sidewalk. The fellow escaped from the infuriated men who threatened to thrash him. His wife was taken to the Homeopathic Hospital, and for days was near to death.

Becker, who knew his wife, surrendered himself, and was charged with assault before Justice Lemon, in the Even Street Police Court, yesterday. His wife, pale, weak, agitated, was carried on a stretcher from the hospital to the courtroom, and, there supported by two hospital attendants, painfully walked to the witness chair and sank into it. Becker looked at her and grinned.

"He's not to blame, Your Honor," said the unhappy woman, who kept glancing from the grinning Becker to the Justice. "He's a good man when the liquor's not in

him. In the chair, her hand pressed to her side.

"I'm here to enforce the law, not to break it," the Justice angrily continued, "or I'd have you horsewhipped by two officers until you dropped."

"Oh!" cried the miserable woman and fell back in her chair. She had fainted.

She was carried into another room and after a time revived. Again she pleaded with the Judge, and this time, with a loving woman's wit, based the plea on her own needs.

"He's a good man," she faltered. "I'll take care of me. If you send him to prison I'll starve, Judge, I'll starve." "Becker," said the Justice, "I'd like to give you the full penalty of the law, \$300 fine and a year in the penitentiary. But for the sake of your wife here, for her sake, do you understand, that she may not starve, I commit you to jail for only two days."

CLEAN THE MILLIONAIRES

A Missionary Objects to Unclean Money from Unconscionable John D. Rockefeller.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 24.—"I say to John D. Rockefeller, or to any man who offers us money. First, consecrate yourself to God; make your gift clean, and we will accept it. Otherwise we should not touch it. I don't say this about John D. Rockefeller particularly, or alone, but to all who make such offers."

This novel statement was made today at the eighty-third anniversary meeting of the American Baptist Missionary Union by the Rev. W. H. Cossun, a missionary from China, who was opposing a policy of retrenchment proposed in the report of the Executive Committee with reference to foreign work. The statement caused a profound sensation, and for a moment there was a pun-

ning in the chair, her hand pressed to her side.

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COMFORTS HIM IN HIS ORDEAL.

Every Day Mrs. Anthony Accompanies Her Husband to Court.

WOULD LIKE TO KISS HIM.

Smiles and Pats His Back When a Point Is Made in His Favor.

LOVING, HELPFUL, CARESSING.

She Hopes for Acquittal for Both Their Sakes and Firmly Declares He Is Innocent.

This other woman daily proves her devotion, and, like the true wife she is, helps and comforts her husband, whom justice is weighing. She is Mrs. Edgar Anthony, a modest little being, about thirty years of age. As the Journal has told, Anthony was the receiver of the National Mutual

Insurance Company, and was indicted for the alleged theft of about \$8,000. He is in Ludlow Street Jail charged, too, with contempt of court.

A different Deputy Sheriff takes him to court each day. For should he escape Sheriff Townsend, in whose charge he is, would be liable for the \$8,000. So the Sheriff will not give one of his deputies a chance to become too well acquainted with Anthony.

Mrs. Anthony awaited her husband yesterday morning. He entered the court room, the Deputy Sheriff at his elbow. She hurried to Anthony, took his hands in hers and smiled in his face silent, but saying plainer than words, "Here's one who loves you and believes in you." She might just as well have kissed him; every man in the room knew she wanted to kiss him.

And all day long, while Assistant District-Attorney Carpenter and the lawyers squabbled, while witnesses testified against Anthony, his wife sat by him. Now she patted him on the back, stealing her hand around him when she thought no one was looking. Now she squeezed his hand under the table, again she smiled at him, love beaming in her eyes. It really was not fair the jurors might have seen it and the thought would surely induce them.

"If a woman so loves this man, there must be some good in him." From the very beginning of her husband's trial, Mrs. Anthony has been a help to him. She watched the examination of the witnesses more carefully than his husband's lawyers. For, after all, lawyers are paid. She studied the faces of the jurors as they were chosen, modestly glancing at them from under her half closed eyelids. She paid particular attention to Mr. Carpenter's opening address, as he unfolded the charges against her husband, and smiled the faces of the jurors who will decide his fate as allegation after allegation was made in regard to him. When it had finished, she smiled, and said, triumphantly to a friend, "I'm satisfied. I don't believe they're against him."

Since the trial proper has been going on Mrs. Anthony has appeared at the opening of court as regularly as the counsel for both sides. She has attentively listened to the testimony. She smiles when an objection made by her husband's counsel has been sustained, and her face shows she feels keenly when the Judge has ruled adversely to Anthony's interest.

When the case comes Mrs. Anthony is the first to ask the lawyers what they think of the day's work so far, and an encouraging answer delights her. She takes luncheon with her husband and the Deputy Sheriff. That she is polite to the Deputy Sheriff under such circumstances proves she is well bred. When the court adjourns Mrs. Anthony has a few minutes' whispered conversation with her husband, while the Deputy Sheriff stands at a respectful distance—a distance that does not risk \$8,000.

Anthony is taken back to Ludlow Street Jail and his wife goes home. Such is the custom of which Anthony leans in the hour of his tribulation.

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UNION CLUB MEN MUST GO THIRSTY IN THE MORNING.

Neither That Nor the Metropolitan Is Incorporated.

RAINES LAW APPLIES.

Millionaires Will Parch While Topsy Men Stagger from Saloon Clubs.

ONE O'CLOCK—ALL'S DRY.

The Best Lawyers Agree That Unincorporated Clubs Are Within the Rule.

WHAT IF THEY DO NOT OBEY? Why, There's the Shocking Possibility—Speak It Lightly—of a Raid on Big Bondholders.

It is true that the club is not incorporated, and, according to the law, it would seem we have not the right to distribute liquors in the clubhouse during the prohibited hours.—J. G. K. DUER, vice-president of the Union Club, in an interview.

The Raines liquor tax law distinctly orders that a social club which has not been incorporated and whose certificate of incorporation was not filed prior to March 23, 1896, shall not sell or distribute liquors to its members between the hours of 1 a. m. and 5 a. m. on any day, nor at any hour on Sunday.

In a word, under the Raines law an unincorporated social club is subject to precisely the same restrictions as a liquor saloon.

Neither the Union Club nor the Metropolitan Club is incorporated. That fact greatly worries the members of those two organizations—members distinguished in all the professions for their wealth and for their fashion. But it is not fashionable to show emotion of any kind, so these clubmen try to hide their worry, nor will they talk about the Raines law and their clubs.

Nevertheless, the order of these clubmen deeply feel that the law invades their very home, for, like all good clubmen, they believe a man's club is his castle, just as much as is his house; while the younger members of the club vote it a confounded nuisance, don't you know, that a fellow can't get a cocktail or a Remsen cooler or some Scotch and seltzer if he wants it after 1 o'clock in the morning or on Sunday. And 1 o'clock in the morning is very early at the Union and Metropolitan clubs.

Oh, the Pity of It! Everywhere have sprung up clubs, revived under old charters, for bibbling only, and any thirsty Tom, Dick and Harry who can pay for a drink can join these clubs. On the other hand, the Union Club is one of the oldest and most exclusive organizations in New York. It was founded in 1836, its clubhouse is at Fifth avenue and Twenty-first street, its limit of membership is 1,500 and hundreds of men are on its waiting list.

Seriously, seriously, it is distressing to think that such men as Clarence A. Seward, James G. K. Duer, Henry De Forest Weekes and Franklin Bartlett must go without a drink in the club, they're thirsty, while a few blocks away tipsy men and women go reeling out of such clubs as "The Deuce Club," so called because it is west of the club.

The Metropolitan Club is popularly known as the "millionaires' club," but very many of its members are distinguished for much else than their wealth. The club's house is a marble palace at Sixtieth street and Fifth avenue, and more than a thousand members frequent it. The clubmen often entertain their wives and daughters at the club-house, but under the Raines law J. Pierpont Morgan, Sidney Webster, Chauncey J. Ingham, W. W. Watts Sherman, William Whitney—all the clubmen and all their guests must become strict teetotalers as the clock strikes 12.

The governors of the Union and Metropolitan have consulted the very best lawyers as to the operation of the Liquor Tax law in the club. The club men, who belong to the Metropolitan, not long ago gave a written opinion that the law does not operate in the clubhouse; that one's club is in effect his home. Other lawyers as good disagree with him.

Admits the Lack. J. G. K. Duer, the vice-president of the Union Club, was loath to talk of the matter yesterday.

"It is true," he said, finally, "that the club is not incorporated, and, according to the law, it would seem we have not the right to distribute liquors in the clubhouse during the prohibited hours."

"My opinion is that we have, but various lawyers with whom I have talked say we have not. They ought to know. I do not know what will be done. The officers of the club may decide upon some action, but I am not a prophet."

Excise Commissioner Hilliard was very decided as to the course the clubs should pursue.

"If they are not incorporated," said he, "they have no right to sell or distribute liquor during the prohibited hours. That is plain enough. They may take out all the liquor tax certificates they please, but they cannot break the law."

The law is not at all complicated as to the duties of the police where the Liquor Tax law is violated. It distinctly states that violators shall be promptly taken into custody. Some days ago the police of this city were made "Special Excise Agents."

As such they have the right to enter all clubs, and, if they find the law being evaded or violated, to arrest the guilty ones.

Chief Cavallo is in the mountains with his wife, who is ill. So his opinion could not be had. But what if the police raid the Union or Metropolitan Society would

Both Mr. Havemeyer and Mr. Seales came to Washington to-night, surrounded by a brilliant array of counsel, and prepared to fight the cases to the end. Mr. Havemeyer and his party registered at the Arlington and Mr. Seales secured apartments at the Shoreham. The attorneys in the case who arrived to-night are John E. Parsons, of New York, with John G. Johnston, of Philadelphia. They will be assisted by Nathaniel Wilson, of this city.

Shortly after the arrival of the party a conference was held in Mr. Havemeyer's room. Mr. Seales came over from his hotel and was joined by Judge Jere Wilson, who defended Chapman. The plans of the defence were discussed until a late hour, but the attorneys declined to give out any information. Messrs. Havemeyer and Seales were equally disinclined to talk for publication.

Prosecution is Confident. District-Attorney Davis, who will conduct the prosecution for the Government, believes he will secure the conviction of the two sugar magnates. As there are no questions of fact involved he says it will not take more than thirty minutes to present the Government's side. He thinks all the cases can be disposed of in a comparatively short time.

The defence will maintain that Havemeyer and Seales did not pace themselves in contempt for the reason that the questions asked were not pertinent, and the committee had no right to ask them. District-Attorney Davis, on the other hand, says the questions asked were pertinent, and that their refusal to answer them is a plain violation of chapter 7, section 102 of the Revised Statutes. This law was enacted in 1857, and provides that any person summoned as a witness by either house of Congress who refuses to answer any question pertinent to the inquiry shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by a fine of not more than

MAGNATES ARE CALLED TO TRIAL.

HAVEMEYER TO THE BAR TO-DAY.

Sugar Trust Magnates Invade Washington Prepared to Fight.

DEFENCE IN CONFERENCE.

Noted Lawyers Carefully Consider Plans to Avoid the Fate of Broker Chapman.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY IS HOPEFUL.

He Only Needs Thirty Minutes to Prove the Government's Case, and He Looks for the Conviction of All Indicted.

Washington, May 24.—The trial of Sugar Trust President Henry O. Havemeyer, indicted for refusing to answer questions before the Senate investigating committee, the same offence for which Broker Elver-

\$1,000 nor less than \$100 and imprisonment in a common jail for not less than one month nor more than a year.

The principal argument will be made before the Judge on the question of pertinency. The defence will ask that the indictments be dismissed on the ground that the questions were irrelevant. If the Judge decides adversely he will instruct the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty, as the question of fact is a matter of record. In this event the defence will promptly appeal to the Court of Appeals of the District, which is as high as they can go. It will easily be six months before the appeal can be reached, and, pending a final decision, the defendants will be released on bail, the same as Chapman was. It took three years to get Mr. Chapman in jail, but as these cases cannot be carried to the Supreme Court, it is believed a final decision will be reached within eight or nine months.

The Questions in Dispute. The questions which Mr. Havemeyer refused to answer were asked by Senator Allen and related to the campaign contributions of the Sugar Trust. On June 12, 1894, Senator Allen asked him the amounts contributed to political parties in different States. He said he would produce the books of the Trust if ordered to do so by the committee. The order was issued, but Mr. Havemeyer asked for an opportunity to consult his counsel before complying with it, and the matter went over a day. Upon the resumption of the hearing he handed in this written answer:

"While I am perfectly willing to answer any material matters, on the advice of my

counsel, I decline to answer about outside matters. I decline to answer about local contributions. I know of nothing given to the national campaign. There exists no bargain of any nature, and we never claimed that the company was entitled to anything except what its merits required."

A little later Senator Allen resumed his examination of the witness. He asked:

"Since your examination yesterday you have consulted counsel as to the propriety of answering questions with reference to, divulging the amount of money that you paid for election purposes in the different States?"

"As to making any answer," was the reply.

"And in replying to answer the question put you I observe that you read your answer from a piece of paper?"

The Sugar Trust's Object. "Yes, sir."

"Was that answer prepared by you or by your counsel?"

"By me."

"Under the direction of your counsel?"

"No, sir; under the advice of counsel."

"You say the company is separate and distinct from the officers and stockholders, each man has his own politics?" asked Senator Lindsay.

"We have nothing to do with politics in any sense or manner. Our business is the refining of sugar at a slight profit that is consistent with a reasonable return on the industry," was Mr. Havemeyer's answer.

WOMAN CYCLER RUNDOWN. Not Badly Injured, but She Says Driver Edward Duffy Was to Blame for the Accident.

As Edward Duffy, driving a delivery wagon, turned into Lexington avenue from Thirty-second street last evening a young woman riding a bicycle turned from the avenue directly in front of the wagon. The driver did what he could to check his horse, but the woman rode directly into them. She was knocked from the wheel and when picked up by a policeman was unconscious. At Bellevue Hospital she regained consciousness and was found to have sustained only a scalp wound and bruises.

She went to the East Thirty-fifth Street Station House, where she said she was Miss Mary Padden, of No. 320 West Thirty-sixth street. She is eighteen years old. She said the missing was due to the driver's carelessness.

TROLLEY KINGS MUST ANSWER.

The Corporation Counsel of Brooklyn to Enforce the Fender Ordinance.

EIGHT SUITS ARE BEGUN.

Some