HOW WOMEN FIGURED IN ONE DAY'S NEWS

ROBBED AT THE POINT OF MRS. KOHLER'S PISTOL—

SHOOTING OF POLICEMAN McKEEVER—

POSING AS "MONTHS" FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

Pretty Women Willing to Be Either "May" or "December" at Sherry's.

Matters Not Which Season They Represent, So Only That the Money Comes In.

"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE SOCIETY."

Under That Old English Title These Ladies Are Banded Together for Work Among the Poor.

All the seasons run their race
In this merry trysting-place.

That is to say, at Sherry's, where the lady members of the "Doe Ye Nexte Thynge Society for Work Among the Poor" are holding their "Masque of Months." The twelve months of the year are represented by as many characteristically decorated booths in which characteristically attired young society women sell various articles for household use and adornment. A large number of these articles were sold yesterday, and the sale will continue to-day and evening. The proceeds will be devoted to assisting deserving poor whose cases are brought to the attention of the society during the year. The last annual report, just issued, shows disbursements of $2,788 in cash, besides the distribution of large quantities of clothing and food.

The officers of the society, who are active working members, are: Miss Annette B. Boardman, president; Miss Margaret L. Clarkson, vice-president; Miss Madeleine L. R. Satterlee, recording secretary; Miss Ewerette Kernochan, corresponding secretary; Miss Alice D. Clarkson, treasurer.

A May pole of blue and white was the sign of that month's booth. It and the quaint costumes well bore out the atmosphere of the verse from the old English poem from which the society takes its name:

From an old English parsonage
Down by the sea
There came, in the twilight,
A message to me;
And through the hours
The quiet words ring
Like a low inspiration—
"Doe ye nexte thynge."

A ten-year-old boy dressed as Santa Claus carried suspended from his neck a grab-bag. You were at liberty to grab for any article in the bag, and you were under obligation to take the article grabbed and pay for the same, whatever the price.

The booths are ranged about the walls of the ball room. December is devoted to children's toys, and to sell them are three December maidens wearing swansdown collars—Misses Satterlee, Hamilton and Sevan.

Misses Bacon, Reese and Swords, in the costumes of trained nurses, sold New Years' cards and various pretty trifles in the January booth.

The February booth is in honor of St. Valentine. Its fair attendants are Miss Alice Reese and the Misses Armstrong, in quaint, old-fashioned costumes. And, as you may readily imagine, the comic valentine is tabooed at their shop.

Misses Porter, Delafield and Lyon, in costumes of white and green, sell fancy articles in the March booth, which is sacred to St. Patrick.

Handsome lamp shades and umbrellas for decorative purposes are sold in the April booth by Miss Beekman and Mrs. Wells.

The Misses Clarkson and Miss Emily Norrie dispense for a fair price useful articles for house-cleaning time in the May booth.

In the June booth real flowers were sold by Miss Clarice Livingstone and Miss Eva Morris.

The July booth was draped in red, white and blue, and Misses Robinson and Strickland, its patronesses, were attired and made up as Goddesses of Liberty. Quite appropriately they sold old-fashioned candy in stripes to match their costumes and the colors in the nation's flag.

Miss Clemence Boardman, Miss Sarah Livingston and Miss Evelyn White, attired as fishwives—but a deal smoother of tongue—sold household goods and seashore novelties in the August booth.

The September booth was given up to the sale of light refreshments, and Misses Kernochan, Winthrop and Wilmerding delivered the same for cash down.

All sorts of sporting goods that may be used in polite society were sold in the October booth by Misses Grant and Patterson—and there are some left over for to-day.

Footballs and other playthings dear to the hearts of college boys are sold in the November booth by Misses Graham, Irwin and Stephens, who are attired in caps and gowns, and look stunning in them.

DAUGHTERS IN REBELLION.

Those of the American Revolution Led by Mrs. W. H. Trafton Against Mrs. Donald McLean.

Mrs. W. H. Trafton has received from the founder-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution a letter which is pretty sure to rekindle the fire of discord half smothered in the long battle at Sherry's in April.

Mrs. Donald McLean, in that contest, received 121 votes for regent of the New York City Chapter of the society, and there were in twelve long hours seventy-seven votes cast against her. It was left to Mrs. Trafton—formerly a Miss Kiersted, who comes from one of the oldest Knickerbocker families and who is a woman of indomitable will as well as culture and intelligence—to raise the present issue, and that she will have able support is shown by the following letter:

I have no ambition to re-enter the arena of strife, but am pleased to see justice at the front again and to know the original Daughters of the New York Chapter, formed by me and consigned to Mrs. Pryor, February 22, 1891, have demonstrated by action the self respect they should possess and assert.

You are entirely within constitutional limit of the charter granted by me under authority as founder and first vice-president of the D. A. R. organization. I have the original papers, also Mrs. Pryor's letter of acceptance and the organization of the N. Y. C. C., and her public resolution offered in my honor on that day, are not so remote as to be obscure or forgotten by those who were present.

I hold still the first organization book with the original signatures of the national society and New York Chapter, one of which was yours.

Mrs. Pryor's original number was 128. She has neither moral nor legal right to No. 2. How it was secured is a question yet to be met. I hope you will organize an honorable order, based in self respect, of ladies entitled to their heritage, free and independent, free from boss rule and double dealing, supported by anonymous letters.

With a full remembrance of your earnest interest at the very initial movement, I am, with every kind wish, yours sincerely.

FLORA ADAMS DARLING,
Founder-General,
D. A. R., D. R. and U. S. D., 1812.

Mrs. Trafton, when seen last evening, said: "Mrs. Pryor told me that a new chapter could not be formed in accordance with the constitution. Her husband is a lawyer, but, you see, she is mistaken. I do not know that I will form a new chapter. It is too much work. But I am collecting sentiments of the members with regard to the formation of a new chapter, nevertheless."

HE DISCHARGED 500 MEN.

Lieutenant-Governor-Elect Woodruff's Last Act as Park Commissioner.

Timothy L. Woodruff, who will be Lieutenant-Governor after December 31, was Park Commissioner in Brooklyn until Tuesday. He marked his retirement from office by discharging five hundred park employes, who will be idle all Winter unless they obtain work elsewhere. Mr. Woodruff's explanation was that the department would have to be managed economically until Spring.

Many of the men were employed during the campaign. They were set to work at Forest Park, in Queens County; Dyker Meadow, and other small parks. Election being over, the availiable fund for park maintenance is reduced, and as a result the men must go. Only two hundred workmen were retained.

Simultaneously with the news that five hundred laborers have been dismissed comes the announcement that Mr. Woodruff will give a dinner to some of his friends in the Farmhouse, in Prospect Park, Saturday evening next. It is one of a series of events which he will arrange during the Winter. Only "society people" will be invited to the new Lieutenant-Governor's functions, and only fifty invitations were issued for this Saturday night's event.

PLACE FOR WALTER DAMROSCH

Talked of for President of a Local Musical Union.

A number of prominent members of the Musical Mutual Protective Union are booming Walter Damrosch, the well-known orchestra leader, for president of their organization, to succeed Alexander Bremer. The election of officers takes place on December 9 at the clubrooms of the Musical Mutual Protective Union, Ninety-first street and Third avenue. Mr. Damrosch and a number of other distinguished musicians who have conducted grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, have been for some years members of the M. M. P. U.

The M. M. P. U. was once affiliated with the Central Labor Union, but was suspended a number of years ago because its members refused to go on a sympathetic strike in the orchestra of a theatre where some of the building trades were on strike.

The Manhattan Musical Union, which is affiliated with the Central Labor Union, has been trying for some time to control the music and some of the theatres where M. M. P. U. men are employed. So far the Manhattan Musical men have not succeeded, though they have nominally the support of the Central Labor Union.

WOMAN HAD A PISTOL.

When a Policeman Meddled in Her Quarrel with Her Husband She Shot Him.

AFTERWARD BIT ANOTHER MAN.

Maria Susani, having whipped her husband, Giovanni, in front of No. 17 Baxter street, before light, yesterday, pulled a revolver and put a bullet into the back of Policeman Bernard F. McKeever's head when that officer interfered. Then when Park Policeman Burns came to McKeever's assistance the woman bit him savagely in the hand.

Policeman McKeever had once warned the quarrelling couple, but as they continued their fighting in the darkness of the hallway he returned to arrest them. He lit a match, which went out just as he seized the man. The next instant there was the flash of a revolver shot and McKeever fell with a wound in the back of his head. He rapped for help and managed to drag himself across the street, where he became unconscious. Policeman O'Rourke and Park Policeman Burns, attracted by the shot, were soon on the spot and were directed to the upper floor of the number mentioned—a Raines hotel—where in one of the hotel rooms they found the Susanis, husband and wife, in bed with their clothes on.

"We didn't shoot him!" both exclaimed, when the officers made their appearance.

They were arrested after a struggle, in which the woman bit Burns's hand, and between the mattresses of the bed the officers found a revolver with one chamber empty.

McKeever, who had regained consciousness, instantly recognized the man and woman as his assailants. They were locked up. McKeever was taken to the Hudson Street Hospital, where the bullet was extracted from his head. He will recover.

MOTHER'S LOVE WON THE DAY.

Bessie Bloom's Children Coaxed Her Home When Her Husband Had Failed.

George Bloom's wife, Bessie, left him a week ago. He says she took with her $200 in cash and $100 worth of jewelry belonging to him.

On Tuesday night George found Bessie on Chrystie street with Harry Karp, of No. 151 Orchard street. He had Karp arrested. Bessie followed all hands to the Eldridge Street Police Station, where Bloom in vain tried to get her to return home with him. They quarrelled on the sidewalk, when she told him she loved him no more, and they were also arrested.

In the Essex Market Court yesterday morning Magistrate Mott discharged Karp, as there was no evidence that he knew anything about the money or jewelry. The husband and wife were fined $5 each.

Bloom had the couple's children—one a baby of seven months—in court, and begged his wife to return home, for their sake. The woman caught the baby in her arms and left the court. Bloom followed with the older child.

GIRLS IN BLACK FACES.

Hide Their Comely Features Behind Burnt Cork in a Minstrel Show.

MASCULINE FROM THE WAIST UP.

Comely young women in the guise of negro minstrels amused a large audience in St. Mary's Institute Hall, Jersey City, last night. The occasion was almost a sensation, but not so much of a sensation as would have resulted from the original plan of Professor Joseph Ferrie to transform these young ladies into regular professional "lady minstrels," which would mean exceedingly short skirts. At this the girls, who are as demure as pretty, rebelled. They took the matter into their own hands and appeared in a costume that made male minstrels of them from the waist up, and ordinary, decorous young women from the waist down.

There were eleven of them, all pretty with a prettiness that even burnt cork in thick, black layers could not efface. Some of them who had gained confidence from several seasons of singing in church choirs allowed their skirts to stop at their shoe tops.

The programme included songs, end men's jokes and so forth—in fact, it was an orthodox minstrel programme. Following, the first part, there was an olio in which specialties were furnished by Miss Elizabeth Dooley, soprano of St. James's choir; Miss Margaret Law, of St. Antonius's choir; Miss Elizabeth Dalton, Miss Mamie Ogden, Jennie and Kittie McLaren, Gertrude Hill, Annie Duffy, Cora Farley and little Flo Perry.

Enthusiastic persons in the audience declared that they noticed the presence of certain New York managers in the minstrel line, presumably in search of new material.

ICE FORMING ON PARK LAKES.

Good Skating in a Few Days if the Cold Weather Lasts.

The lake in Van Cortlandt Park yesterday afternoon had a coating of ice an eighth of an inch thick, and it was said at the office of the Park Board that if the cold weather continued for a few days longer the ice will have thickened enough to allow the lake to be thrown open for skaters.

No extra preparations are necessary, for the portable house put up last year for the accommodation of skaters will again be used.

On the large lake and Harlem mere in Central Park a thin film of ice formed in various parts during the day.

Cloakmaker Commits Suicide.

Joseph Persky, twenty-one years old, a cloakmaker, who occupied a furnished room on the fourth floor of No. 274 Cherry street, committed suicide on Tuesday night by inhaling gas. He had been out of work for a month and was naturally of a despondent disposition.

DISOWNED HER IN COURT.

Husband Said to Have Tricked His Wife Into Signing Another Name.

DENOUNCED BY AN AGED LAWYER.

The spectators in Yorkville Police Court yesterday were treated to the spectacle of a wife disowned by the husband whom she had brought into court charged with non-support. She is Mrs. Emma Davison, of No. 237 West Twentieth street. Edward Davison, the husband, is secretary of the Butterick Publishing Company. He was accompanied to court by J. B. Sheehan. The plaintiff was accompanied by Thomas F. Givens, an aged lawyer, in whose family Mrs. Davison has lived since her separation from her husband. The couple were married about six years ago. A year ago they separated, he agreeing to pay her allmony amounting to $8 per week. They separated, Mrs. Davison said, because their home life was unhappy. The sensation of the trial occurred when Magistrate Crane asked Davison:

"Is this your wife?"

"She is not," answered Davison. "I don't know her."

"You are a liar and a blackguard," shouted Lawyer Givens, who was furious, shaking his fist in Davison's face.

Sheehan, Davison's lawyer, also denied that the woman was his client's wife, declaring that she was living with another man to whom she was married. This incensed Givens more than ever. Mrs. Davison then told the Court that for some time past her husband had been trying to get her to marry a man named Buskirk, and had induced her to write him a letter, signing herself "Mrs. Buskirk." She did this because her husband did not want his employers to know he was married. This letter was produced, whereupon the court dismissed the case saying that his sympathies were with Mrs. Davison, but he could do nothing for her. Davison and Sheehan did not regent the trouncing Givens had given them, but hurried from court.

FREEMAN MAY GET OUT.

Judge's Decision as to the Amount of Bail He Shall Furnish Is Expected To-day.

A decision as to the amount of bail to be furnished by Walter K. Freeman is expected in Judge Lawrence's court this morning, and will probably be given unless the District Attorney succeeds in postponing the matter again.

Freeman is the man who was convicted of a heinous crime and who has been granted a new trial. He charges that his conviction was due to a conspiracy, and he wants his liberty to get witnesses.

Society Girls in Jersey City Give a Popular Minstrel Show.

NOT TOO LONG, NOT TOO SHORT

Members of the Rainy Day Club Decide What Shall Be the Proper Length of Skirts in Wet Weather.

Women to the number of a score or more met yesterday at the apartments of Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, No. 328 West One Hundred and Thirteenth street, and discussed the subject of wet weather costumes. They were members of the Rainy Day Club, and it was the second meeting of that organization.

The object of the organization is to bring about the general adoption of a rational costume for street wear in unpleasant weather. Among those present were Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Mrs. M. Emma Harris, Miss Laura Marisoma, Mrs. J. Alexander Brown, Mrs. Dr. E. B. Foote, Mrs. Prudhomme, Mrs. Harris Smith, Miss Margaret E. Lindley, Mrs. F. J. Mattison, Mrs. Dr. J. A. Barlow, Mrs. Anabel Fanton, Mrs. H. H. Danforth, Mrs. Kate Bostwick, Mrs. Walker Whiteside and Mrs. Bertha Welby, founder of the society.

In order that there shall be no going to extremes in the way of unduly shortening skirts, the club has passed a rule that no skirt shall hang more than eight inches free of the ground. And by way of enforcing the theory that no wet weather skirt should hang about the boot heels, this rule also specifies that no skirt authorized by the society shall come to within les sthan five inches of the ground.

No prizes for costumes were offered, and none of the costumes exhibited was officially adopted by the club. Three original designs were the subject of comment yesterday. The first was worn by Miss Ida Van Cortland. It consists of jacket, skirt, hat and boots. The hat is a flat turban with turkey feathers. The jacket and skirt are of navy blue waterproof cluet, the jacket being double-breasted on the Eton pattern and fastened with black silk frogs. The skirt, which is perfectly plain, hangs five inches clear of the ground. The shoes are of the leggin pattern, reaching to the knee. This costume was regarded as eminently practicable. It seemed to be light and comfortable, but not especially attractive to the eye.

Mrs. Harriett Hubbard Ayer wore her own exhibit, which was very similar to the one just described, except that it was made of some heavy black stuff.

Mrs. H. Herbert Knowles wore her creation of waterproof camel's hair silk-lined, which she described as real English Empire style. The skirt hangs six inches from the ground, and is perfectly plain. There is a sacque with a high fur collar fastened in front with tails of fur, and with frog fastenings at the sides. High shoes complete the costume.

HIS MUSCLE AND MONEY BOTH.

A Williamsburg Wife Who Required Her Husband to Work at her Tubs and Also Support Her.

Mrs. Thomas Morrison's husband could not live happily with her unless he helped her to do the family washing. She had so little objection to this arrangement that presently Thomas found himself doing the washing all by himself, while his wife looked on and found fault with the way he did it.

This obliging husband is a war veteran living at No. 108 Debevois street, Williamsburg. He gets a quarterly pension of $36. He made no objection to doing the washing without assistance from his wife, but when she found fault with the way he wrung the clothes he made up his mind that that was "rubbing it in." So, about two weeks ago, Morrison left his wife, and yesterday she brought him before Justice Lemon on a charge of abandonment. The husband said that his wife took his quarterly pension from him before he left and made no objection to his going. The Judge ordered Morrison to pay his wife $2 a week, but neglected to give any instruction respecting a division of the household duties in case the couple concluded to live together again.

NO PARDON FOR M'KANE.

"God Help My Poor Wife!" Cried the Convicted Man When Told the News in Sing Sing Prison.

Sing Sing, N. Y., Dec. 2.—Word was received here to-day that the efforts made by the friends of John Y. McKane, the convicted Gravesend boss, to secure his pardon from Governor Morton, have failed. McKane must now serve out his term.

McKane's friends have all along hoped that the Governor would consider their application for his pardon with favor. It was thought that the letter sent by Judge Gaynor to the Governor, in which it was suggested that McKane be given his freedom without full rights of citizenship, would have a favorable influence.

The news of the Governor's refusal to grant the pardon asked for did not come direct from the Executive, but from his secretary. Although it leaves McKane with practically no hope of a pardon, his friends will not give up their efforts on his behalf.

When the bad news of the Governor's resolve not to interfere in his case was brought to McKane in the prison to-day, he bowed his head in his hands and sobbed out:

"May God help my poor wife and have mercy on me."

He was so affected over the tidings that he left his dinner untasted.

HAD THE WILL, BUT LACKED THE NERVE.

Unpleasant Experience of Obliging Mr. Schmidt with Mrs. Kohler.

She Pointed a Revolver at Him After Giving Him a Queer Drink.

BUT DIDN'T PULL THE TRIGGER.

He Thereby Saved His Life, Though He Lost His Money, and She, Womanlike, Is Prostrated.

Mrs. Ellen Kohler is a woman who had sufficient resolution to rob a man at the point of a pistol, but lacked the strength to bear up under the excitement which nerved her to the act. She is now in Bellevue Hospital too ill to be arraigned in court.

Gustave Schmidt, the victim, who lives at No. 30 Leroy street, told the story of the robbery in Jefferson Market Court.

"Mrs. Kohler fixed me up a drink," he said to the Court. "I drank it and immediately began to feel drowsy. Noticing my condition, Mrs. Kohler pushed me over on a lounge. When I attempted to rise she drew a revolver on me. I jumped up and ran out of the door, and as I did so Mrs. Kohler threw the revolver after me.

"At the bottom of the stair I met the woman's husband and told him I had been robbed in his rooms. He followed me out into the street and said:

"Don't say anything. I'll make her give up the money."

Policeman McCarthy went directly to the Kohler apartment and placed the woman under arrest. Schmidt had told the officer that he had seen Mrs. Kohler whispering to her husband before he left the house. The husband had disappeared.

The officer searched the apartment, but found no money. He took the woman to the station, where she was searched by a matron without other result than the discovery that Mrs. Kohler was so ill that her immediate removal to a hospital was imperative. An ambulance was called and Mrs. Kohler was taken to Bellevue in a condition of shaken nerves, with complications of considerable seriousness, that will confine her there as a patient, probably for several weeks.

If a thief came in the night to steal away your property, you would take prompt measures to prevent it. Why are you more careless when ill-health comes to steal away that more precious thing—your life?

You can see a burglar and you can't see a disease germ, but the latter is by far the more deadly. It finds lodgement in your body and multiplies with awful rapidity. It fills your blood with disease breeders. It saps your vitality—ruins your rest—steals your flesh.

You may get at your druggist's a remedy that will kill every germ in your body—that will fill your blood with vitalizing, purifying material—that will strengthen your nerves—bring sleep and rest—stop the loss of flesh. It is called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Its record of cures is the most marvelous in the whole history of medicine.

"My wife was troubled with prolapsus or 'female weakness' for several years," writes James Caswell, Esq., of Ocheltree, Johnson Co., Kans. (P. O. Box 67). "She was not able to do her work, she had such bearing down pains, and pain in the back. Her periods were irregular varying all the way from two to six weeks. At those times she would have fainting spells so bad I thought she would not live. She was attended by the best doctors in the country. They did her no good, and she grew worse all the time. I picked up one of your advertisements and thought I would try your medicines. Before my wife had taken one bottle she seemed better; so I got her another. By the time she had taken four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two of the 'Pleasant Pellets' she was completely cured. No more pain. Her monthly periods are regular now and she is stout and strong. When she commenced taking your medicines she weighed only about 125 pounds—now she weighs 160."

The above mentioned medicines, furnish a thorough and scientific *course* of treatment for all diseases peculiar to women.