

THE WAYS OF WOMAN.

PROOF OF HER PLUCK AND PRESENCE OF MIND.

Two Instances of Invalid Husband, Captain, a Thief Who Steals Her Jam, Shoots a Policeman and Proves Himself a Heroine at a Railway Wreck.



T MAY BE that men are deteriorating in bravery and resourcefulness, but you

have only to read the news with a watchful eye to learn that the women were never more apt in grappling with unexpected exigencies than at the present time. The pluck and bravery shown by Mrs. Maria Kerrigan is a case in point.

She is musically inclined, and she recently located in New York with her musical talent and training and a rare old violin left to her by her father—a "Strad." In fact—and no other possession. Her husband, a helpless paralytic, was with her, and she began to look for music scholars at once in order to earn support for him and herself. Of course the couple had to live somewhere, and because of her slender means Mrs. Kerrigan rented a few rooms in a tenement at the corner of First avenue and Second street, a house which sheltered 89 families of more than 100 persons all told. Mrs. Kerrigan did not have very good luck. Money, she found, was scarce among the people she visited, and of pupils she secured none.

One night she returned to the human tribe in which she lived, weary, worn and well-nigh disheartened. That night a fire broke out in the basement of the tenement. At once there was a panic, for the tenement was a death trap. Her first thought was for her beloved "Strad." She hurried to the corner where it was kept, and, folding it tenderly in her arms, started for the roof. For a second she had completely forgotten her helpless husband. But it was for a second only. Dropping the instrument, she lifted him bodily and carried him to the top of the house, where others took charge of him. Then, though fearful of being too late, she returned for the violin which she rescued just in time. Her husband and her inheritance safe, she fainted, of course. Properly completed, the story should tell of her subsequent success as a music teacher, but it is yet too early for that.

Quite different were the experiences and the achievement of Mrs. Bertha Richter, who makes ideal jam and is greatly admired by her neighbors because of her ability in that and other directions. A night or two ago she heard a great noise among the jam jars and started to investigate. She couldn't believe her ears were "working." It must be a cat had got among them. But neither cat nor fermentation was the cause of the commotion. It was a burglar. Mrs. Richter saw him, screamed and—flung her strong arms so close about him that he was effectively pinned. Then she screamed some more and kept it up, occasionally knocking his head against the wall, until a policeman came and lugged the burglar away to the station, where he was enrolled as John Doherty.

Mrs. Marie Sussor is another New York woman who has recently distinguished herself. As her name indicates, she is from Fair Italia, and she has lived for years with her husband near Mulberry bend, one densely populated, but now being turned into a park. In the main Marie and her life partner are good friends, but occasionally they fight. They were engaged in this pastime a few days ago when Policeman McKeever interfered in her behalf. Did Marie thank McKeever? Yes, with a 38-caliber revolver, which she aimed so effectively at his head that a surgeon had to dig a bullet out of the officer's skull. They say you never know how to take a woman, but she was taken all right a few hours later. The chances are the policeman will be out first.

It is a popular notion that women are like cats in their friendship for one another, with claws sheathed, ready for attack on the slightest provocation. But the devotion of Mrs. Woods to Mrs. Conlin proves the theory wrong, in one case at least. They lived in adjoining flats on the top floors of separate houses. Speedily they became great friends and used often to "visit" across the airshaft and through the open windows. Sometimes they would exchange calls, when, with sewing in hand, they would make elaborate plans for new window seats and other improvements. It was a pleasant friendship and whiled away many another weary hour. One night Mrs. Woods had gone home, and all was quiet. Mrs. Conlin sat down by the open grate to darn a few socks. Feeling uncomfortably warm, Mrs. Conlin looked down and discovered, to her horror, that her dress was afire. She ran screaming to the bathroom, turned on the water and jumped into the tub. Mrs. Woods heard the screams, but in her haste failed to open any of the doors of the flat. Seizing an ironing board, she placed it on the window still opening into the deep airshaft and bridged the space to her neighbor's flat and slowly

and perilously made her way into the next house. It was too late, however, for Mrs. Conlin was fainting in a tub of scalding water, having turned the hot water faucet by mistake. She died that night, but the courage of Mrs. Woods in taking the risk of such an attempt to save her friend was worthy of celebration.

A woman whose name has not been made public won much admiration because of the courage she displayed in the recent wreck on the Pennsylvania railroad near New Brunswick, N. J. She waited until the rescuers had saved all who were in sight before she called their attention to her own condition. She was pinned tightly in one of the windows of an overturned sleeping car. She directed the work of releasing her until she was finally cut out from the debris and then quietly dressed the wounds of the injured until they were all made as comfortable as possible. Then she slipped away after positively refusing to give her name or any clue to her identity.

In the very face of death Miss Parropa of Mount Vernon, N. Y., composed a piece of music entitled "Unseen Wings." The title is appropriate enough to suggest inspiration. She was only 24 years of age, and she knew she was dying, yet she followed her impulse and rounded out her life with composition to be seen to be very beautiful. "The Lost Chord" and the "Broken Melody" are bits of romance, but "Unseen Wings" is a drama.

Hilda Bergeson, a New York domestic, is another woman who has recently distinguished herself. Her opportunity to get found out was furnished by a Weary Rags, who asked one day recently for any old thing to eat. He didn't get it, and so took the handsome dormouse, wherein was inscribed the word "Welcome." A moment later Hilda missed the mat. She hesitated not, lest she also be lost, but quickly put on her jacket and hat and followed the hole, sure she would know him. Two blocks away she overtook him. She didn't scream or scold. She just offered 25 cents for the mat. The offer was accepted, and the man accompanied her a block or so to where she was to get the quarter. But, instead of rewarding him, she handed him over to a policeman on patrol and gave him no quarter. He was held in \$300 bail, the mat was held for evidence, and Hilda was held in general esteem.

Mrs. Cohen, another Gotham woman, doesn't faint as often as occasion requires. She had a beautiful opportunity recently when she discovered an unknown gentleman robbing her flat. She raised a window and yelled for assistance. Then she raised another and yelled for more. As there were only two windows, she couldn't raise any more, but she raised chairs and things and let them fall on the uninvited tramp until the help she had advertised for arrived. The man was held for burglary under the name of John Clarkson. John will confine his efforts to bachelor apartments hereafter. LOTTIE GERMAIN.

THE CHAPERON IDEA.

Mrs. Mary Kyle Dallas Ficks the Bubble With Shaft of Common Sense.

A few of those idiotic society writers who are always doing mischief have been making serious attempts to force upon the plain folk of our republic as necessary laws of propriety what are, after all, only the rules of millionaire society, adopted by those persons who expect and desire to marry their daughters to the nobility of foreign lands. One of the rules, on which great stress is laid, is that a young lady may not attend any place of amusement under the escort of a gentleman unless a matron accompanies them.

The solemn way in which this law is set forth is extremely ludicrous, and the conternation it creates is more so. Of course it is a fact that the daughters of the millionaires are thus chaperoned, but why?

Because the foreign nobleman, whether English or European, who had sufficient position to tempt rich Americans to buy them as husbands for their daughters demand that the girls they marry never have had an opportunity of meeting that dreadful creature, a young man, alone; that until the wedding ring is on her finger a girl shall be watched as though her heart were full of evil wishes and every man a villain.

After she becomes a married woman much greater liberty is accorded her than American matrons dream of desiring. The American father who hopes to marry his daughter to one of those impudent persons of title who flatter about the American robusads as do flies over a honey pot desires to offer the "line of goods" that is in favor abroad. The mother who has a pretty girl to dispose of keeps her in a bandbox, as fashionable milliners do their finest bonnets, until she is sold, when she is sent to a couch, chafers on servants' plates and eats her dinner, while the maid of honor, in a room across the hall, is sent to a chair in the dining room to sit and look at the young savage, and in a moment there was something very like a mob. She stood her ground pluckily, however, and could not immediately find the key to the teachers' dressing room. At the same time she heard an uproar among the boys in her classroom. She hurried to quell it, not remembering in her haste that she was still wearing her bicycle dress. It was not a bloomer suit. It had the conventional skirt women wear on the wheel. But her appearance in the room raised a howl among the hoodlum boys. "Blooms! Take em off!" roared the young savage, and in a moment there was something very like a mob. She stood her ground pluckily, however, and could not immediately find the key to the teachers' dressing room.

At the same time the teacher who is to receive the class in the University of New York, in which great stress is laid, to a young lady who had been sent to a room across the hall, was sent to a chair in the dining room to sit and look at the young savage, and in a moment there was something very like a mob.

Sometimes, when one thinks about it, it is hard to see why women are born. They certainly would not be if they had anything to say in the matter. The battle they have had to fight even to be permitted to ride a bicycle, for one thing, takes more courage than it did to raise the standard of revolution in Cuba. Worst of all, the fight is not yet over. A young lady teacher in New York city rode to school on her bicycle, as she did occasionally. This time, however, she could not immediately find the key to the teachers' dressing room.

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Conditions of the room, however, were such that the teacher could not get out, and the maid of honor could not get in. The teacher was forced to sit and look at the young savage, and in a moment there was something very like a mob.

It is a case of laughter when the mechanic's wife, the farmer's wife, ay or the lawyer's or the doctor's, in this our good Yankee land, sees with bated breath whether such pleasant little outings are proper for her daughters. She has read what Mrs. Sticklor said last week in the society column, and she is afraid she must not let Jeannie go to Daly's with Mr. Brown.

My dear madam, did you not do it yourself when you were young? Did any one hint it was not proper then? What you did, and all your respectable friends, your children may do. Besides, it is not ridiculous to attempt to force the chaperon idea upon us in these days when coeducation of the sexes is advocated by so many?

MARY KYLE DALLAS

THE NEW WOMAN.

Was It Meidin Sympathy or Only Plain Justice?

If we are to judge from some editorials in New York newspapers, it would have given the writers the greatest pleasure to see poor Maria Barberi die in the electrical chair. You remember about her, the ignorant Italian girl who revenged herself after the fashion of the women of her native land for the greatest wrong that can be done to a woman. She killed Domenico Ostaldo. I do not believe in killing, but if anybody ever deserved it he did. Maria was tried, lay in prison a year, was retried and acquitted on the ground that she was subject to "physical epilepsy" and therefore not responsible. The real reason was those honest jurors, men with sisters and daughters of their own, thought in their hearts she had served Ostaldo right. He had certainly treated her with brutality, insult and falsehoods that justified anything except killing. But after her acquittal various New York editors took occasion to jeer at what they called the mandolin sympathy of the court and the public. One went so far as to say that it was another illustration of the fact that no woman could be exonerated in New York. He was quite forgetful of the fact that a few years ago Mrs. Druse was hanged for killing her husband, though she had undoubtedly been made insane by his cruelty before she did it. The bachelor governor of New York, now Senator David B. Hill, stoutly refused to interfere in her behalf and save her life, though overwhelmed with petitions to do so. Evidently there is no "mandolin sympathy" for women in the breast of Mr. Hill. But, seriously and truly, have men the right to hang any woman at all? They have not. A woman has no voice in making the laws. She has no vote in the election of men that make them. She is never under any circumstance tried by a jury of men. She is tried by a panel of men and women, and the jury is composed of pro and con lawmen who have never come to her defense. Under these circumstances it is murder, and nothing less, when a woman is exonerated judicially. It is not an expression of mandolin sympathy or sentiment of any kind when men jurors refuse to convict a woman. It is simple justice.

—D. H. DODGSON.

VENTES A L'ENCAIN.

PAR HARRY H. HODGSON.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE

Mardi, 9 Mars 1897. VENTE de PARTAGE Beau Magasin No 318 rue du Camp

Ocupé par le "Garcia Stationery Co."

Jolie Résidence, No 741 Avenue Esplanade,

à l'angle de la rue Bourbon.

Résidence en briques à deux étages,

No 1343 rue Annunciation,

Ecoignure Melpomène.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE

Propriétés Cottages — DANS LE —

SECOND DISTRICT.

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No 1217 rue N. Roman.

No 630 rue Nord Reparts.

Conditions faciles. À l'encan.

PAR HARRY H. HODGSON, Encanteur, No 143 rue Carondelet et le Mardi 10 mars à 10 h. à la Bourse des Marches, Division E.

Dans le District de cette ville, au 10 mars à 10 h. à la Bourse des Marches, Division E.

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Emplacement d'affaire No 1113

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À l'encan jeudi, 25 mars 1897.

Dans l'affaire de la succession de Manuel C. Roye.

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Bon placement dans le Premier District.

Maison simple à deux étages.

No 1109 rue Magazine entre Calirope et Untenite.

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