

: Trousers Good Enough :

A dispatch from St. Louis to the New York Globe announces that Augusta Seib, the most gentlemanly woman in the country, has been sent to jail again because she flatly refuses to give up wearing men's clothes—to which attire she has been addicted for eighteen years. She first donned trousers to track her husband, who deserted her in Newark, N. J.

In sentencing her to jail for fifty-six days, Judge Karl Kimmel of St. Louis, where Mrs. Seib now lives, said that the deserting husband was not worth the sacrifice the wife had made for him.

"I don't look upon it as a sacrifice now," said the woman. "I have lived among men for nearly twenty years, and have acquired the habits and manners of men. Skirts hamper me and make me uncomfortable. I can't find work as a woman. I have tried it, and I know how hard it is for women to get on. Any man can get work if he tries, and I am strong and able. I made money when I was a waiter in New York, and I have worked as a house painter, a track layer, a porter, and a driver of a delivery wagon. I could keep my jobs, too. I never drank much, but I smoke, and I can play ball as well as any man."

"Gus" Seib, as the woman was known for many years in New York, ran a restaurant at 641 Sixth avenue. It was a clean little place, and the woman in man's clothes did all the work of the place with the assistance of her sister-in-law, a Mrs. Clark, who the customers took it for granted was the good looking, energetic young proprietor's wife. "Gus" had been a waiter at the Waldorf and the Hotel Marlborough. "He" was smooth-faced, red-mannered. "He" raked in a goodly sum every day in tips, and when "he" had saved enough "he" fitted up the little restaurant in Sixth avenue and was in a fair way to prosperity when "he" was overcome by heat one day, fell unconscious on the street, and was taken to Bellevue and thence to the island for five days. At the end of the five days the prisoner promised to don skirts and was released. She used to rustle stiffly about her restaurant waiting on customers—alert, business and obliging, but somewhat sad.

"It isn't the same at all," she said. "Men come in now and try to make love to me instead of paying their checks. And skirts are no good 'o cook in. I am always catching in things. They are all right for ladies of leisure, but no good at all to work in. If I should give up this place and disappear people would say I was a coward, and I am not. I am not afraid of anyone. I want just a chance to earn a good living, and it's ten times easier to do it as a man than as a woman."

But in spite of her grit she was finally dogged out of her business by the notoriety her arrest had caused. People from far and near came to the little restaurant, not to eat and pay but to stare at and question the woman who for so many years had waged her battle for bread successfully because the world thought she was a man. One day the door of the place was found locked and a sign in the window told that the shop was to let. That was three years ago.

When Augusta Seib came to America from her German village home she was a young girl, blond, blue eyed, and pretty. She left her old mother behind in the fatherland and her one ambition was to earn enough money to make the old lady's life comfortable. She worked as a servant and as a drygoods clerk until she met a man calling himself George Unferzagt, whom she afterward said she believed was Johann Hoch, the notorious bigamist. She and Unferzagt were married.

After a few months he left her, and the young wife was again faced with the problem of supporting herself and her mother. She tried to get work, and the result was small salaries and long hours. She was pestered by the attentions of men and jeered at when she repulsed them. One day she saw a young man who looked like herself—a slender young man with smooth rosy cheeks, fair hair, and blue eyes.

It occurred to the worried girl that she wouldn't be such a bad looking man herself. That was the turning point. A week later she was working at the Waldorf as a waiter's omnibus. Later she became a waiter, made good wages, got big tips, and saved money. She associated with men and was liked by them; but she had the reputation of keeping a good deal to herself and not being much of a drinker. One of her fellow waiters has a sweetheart who used to make eyes at the fair and blue-eyed "Gus" and although the good looking young "man" did not encourage the girl's fancy for him, the lover became jealous and one night he started a fight with the masquerading woman—who knocked him down and strode off with a cut over her eye as a souvenir of her first real fight.

"I boasted of it too," she said afterward, "just like a man!"

She got to think much as men do about things, and she said it was a constant source of amusement to her, the way the women treated her just because she was young and good looking—and a man. She declared that her experience in being a man as well as a woman had taught her that both men and women are a pretty good sort all around, and that if they were only a little more honest with each other and more natural it would be a good thing for the world.

NEW REFRIGERATION SCHEME IS INVENTED

J. A. Bacon of Rock Island Road Patents Idea That Ought to Bring Him Wealth.

J. A. Bacon, who for a number of years has been connected with the Rock Island refrigerating system, has secured a patent on a refrigerator for domestic purposes. It is in reality the same system as is used in railroad cars. It consists of a number of galvanized cylinders set in an airtight room. Ice and salt are emptied into the cylinder from the top and there is an escapement provided at the bottom to let off water, a portion of which is collected and used as brine for preservative. Mr. Bacon claims to be able to secure very low temperatures in this way and at the same time reduce the amount of ice used nearly one-half.

For some time he has been installing this system in Greer's depot restaurants along the Rock Island system and finally decided to apply for a patent right. He now plans to install plants in the hotels along the road. He expects later on to introduce them into all business houses using refrigerators. Should he be successful he will realize considerably upon the idea. Already he has received liberal offers for his patent right but declines to sell.

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