WOMEN WORKED LIKE MEN.

Present Day Millionaires Tell of Money Made by Their Wives.

In the early days of the Republic most of the women worked as steadily as the men.

It is true that they did "home work" mostly, but it was hard work none the less, and it helped support the families and earn the slowly accumulating surplus.

In those days the women did the work that is now performed by half a dozen different kinds of factories. They spun the yarn for the stockings that were worn by every member of the family, and knitted them, too, and they did most of the weaving.

Now-a-days even the knitting is done chiefly by machines. Not only was the cloth for the garments of every member of the family manufactured at home by the diligent housewife, but she and her deep-chested, strong-armed daughter wove the carpets besides.

All this "factory work" was done in addition to the "housework," now so generally done by servants; every bit of it was then held to be distinctively "woman's work," and had been so regarded since work first began.

Although this labor was mostly done in doors, the woman never hesitated to help in the harder, outdoor work of the men when called upon, and by all accounts this was pretty often. Farmers' wives and daughters were frequently seen in the fields. They planted and husked the yellow corn, they made hay, they helped in the harvest and they drove teams.

Some of the vast fortunes on which the famous "families" of to-day—whose women marry dukes and princes, and would be scandalized at the thought of any kind of work—are founded, were built up by the help of woman's work. It is said that the wife of the first Vanderbilt toiled as hard as he did.

When he was a young man he was a ferryman between New York and Elizabethport. At first he used a schooner in his business. He commanded the craft, and his wife did the cooking. Sometimes she had her hands full feeding the passengers and crew; for, although when the wind and the tide were right the trip was easily and quickly made, when they were adverse the passage sometimes occupied days.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was a good cook and a frugal woman, and it was due quite as much to her industry and thrift as her husband's that he was able to discard his sailing vessel when steamboats came in.

But for years after that the passengers were often fed on the boat, and she remained the cook until the Vanderbilt surplus had attained to considerable proportions.

Suicide of the Unfit.

It is boldly affirmed by Dr. C. H. Hughes, of St. Louis, in a recent paper read before the Missouri State Medical Association and published in the Alienist and Neurologist that the world would be better off if there were more suicides. He says:

"Not all men who commit suicide ought, and more ought to that do not for the good of the race.

"As elfish man living as though all the world was made for his sport or gust, giving free course to every impulse of lust and passion, bringing the natural satiety, disgust, disappointment and disease on himself of unregulated indulgence, who destroys himself because he has made himself miserable and unfit to live, is a benefactor to his race in taking sudden leave of the world, and the world should 'speed the parting guest.' The act, though selfish and thus unmanly, is also unintentionally philanthropic to his race, because he thus insures the cutting short of his kind, so far as he is concerned, in the community.

"If the breeding of the unfit to live could be stopped by more frequent suicides of the morally and physically unstable and viciously endowed—the neuropathic cripples, the mentally squint-brained and obliquely visioned, the lame and halt and blind in mind and morals, the cataract-covered consciences—the millenium of early happiness would begin. As it is and has been, the suicides, though they have given much sorrow in special instances, have as a rule done the world far more good than harm by taking themselves away, their departure averting the compounding of the world's misery through the multiplication of such miserable beings, unable, unfit, or unwilling to lift and carry their share of life's burdens or do a proper and manly or womanly part in the world's work and duty."—Literary Digest.

Counted the Matches.

Up at Towanda a few days ago a thrifty housewife bought for 3 cents a box represented to contain exactly 200 matches. When she arrived home she carefully counted the contents of the box and found that there were only 196 matches in it. Under such circumstances some women would have laughed, some would have cried, and still others would have dismissed the subject as of no account. The Towanda housewife was made of different material, however. She took the defaulting box back to the store and compelled the storekeeper to give her a full box. And still there are men who say that women have no capacity for business.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Heidelberg's Ancient Castle.

While repairing the Heidelberg castle ruins the other day some workmen came across a window group, the style of which revealed the fact that that famous castle was not begun in 1411, as heretofore believed, but about 200 years earlier.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who knew how to make elderberry wine for sacrament at her church?

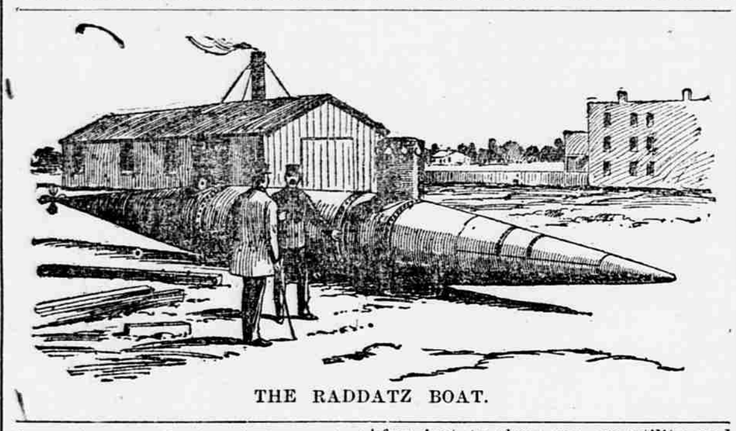
SUBMARINE BOAT.

Invention of Richard Raddatz Swims and Dives Like a Duck.

The Raddatz submarine boat has been recently submitted to various tests, which, it is claimed, amply prove its approximate perfection. The young inventor is Mr. Richard Raddatz, whose fame had not extended beyond the limits of his native town of Oshkosh, Wis., before he became the inventor of a boat, the principle of which has been a problem that has absorbed inventors and men of science for many years.

The boat as she is to-day looks very like a war vessel of the most aggressive type; her steel prow being strong enough to pierce the sides of any armored cruiser, and very likely that of any man-of-war. In appearance she is shaped like a huge cigar or torpedo, tapering gradually to either end, and presenting to the water a surface in which the resistance is practically reduced to nothing.

She is 65 feet long 4 feet wide and 7 feet 6 inches high, and is built on a



THE RADDATZ BOAT.

heavy framework of angle irons, steel plates closely fitted over one another. Her weight is 31 tons, and her construction for resisting the enormous pressure of the water at the depths in which she will at times be submerged is perfect. Once in the water, if for a surface trip, there is little to be seen, nothing, in fact, save the two turrets projecting above the water, and as these are only two feet high the spectacle is not suggestive of the great interest that is below.

Under the aft turret is the engineer, the outlines of the hot air engine showing just forward of the turret. The propeller shaft runs forward to the air engine, and near this engine are the storage battery cells in the sides of the boat. On the under side of the boat forward of the propeller is a long and rather slender rudder. One of the most interesting things to men of science is the method by which the boat is lowered and raised, and this is one of the secrets which the inventor is not yet ready to make known. Certain it is that a method which might with profit be employed by elevator companies, for in the sinking, and raising again, as well as in all the turnings in the water, not the slightest shock is observable. Every motion is made with the most perfect ease and grace, and this thirty-one-ton man-of-war disports itself in the deep as naturally as a porpoise.

The interior of the boat can be made as light as desired. A wire loop runs from the dynamo, on which are three incandescent lights. The boat can be raised and lowered at the rate of three feet a second, and she dives in the water as readily as a duck in response to an almost imperceptible pressure by the pilot. As experimented with up to date the boat has been run at a rate of fourteen miles an hour on the surface of the water, while an approximate speed of ten miles has been attained under the water, but for all ordinary trips she has been run at a rate of from three to five miles per hour. The inventor and the members of the syndicate express themselves as satisfied with this speed as being sufficient for all practical purposes, at least at present.

The problem of the air in the boat was a vital one, in the full sense of the term. Here again one encounters a carefully guarded secret as to the full details, but it is known that the air is mixed on the boat—"mixed" being the term employed by Mr. Raddatz instead of "manufactured." It is kept pure by the chemical generation of oxygen and the carbonic acid gas in the air in the boat is absorbed by caustic potash, caustic soda and lime.

A Profitable Failure.

"When I was old enough to strike out in business," tells a citizen who attained prominence years ago, "Bowley wanted me to go into partnership with him and build up a big hardware trade. Having won the prize debate at college, and made several campaign speeches in the back school districts, I flattered myself that I was destined for something more brilliant than a prosy business career. I was bent on gaining a reputation, world-wide and enviable. As an initial step I proposed to take to the lecture field, and made my first appointment at a little town in Indiana. I charged a pretty stiff admission price for those times and in such a locality, and it swelled my head considerably to make my bow before a crowded house.

"My subject was 'Light,' and, after a scientific consideration of the topic, it was my purpose to turn on some light fun just to show my versatility and send the people home saying what a promising young man I was. I had talked about five minutes when I noticed some of the folks on the front seat nodding and yawning. Three minutes later there was only a person here and there whose eyes met my own, and at the end of ten minutes every soul within the range of my vision appeared to be asleep. Bound to arouse them, yet stick to my subject, I shouted at the top of my healthy lungs: 'Blot out the sun, extinguish the moon, obliterate the stars——'

"'And blow out the gas,' cut in a red-nosed old patriarch who pretended to awake with a snort.

"That settled it. The meeting broke up in a roar. I left town before daylight and was in the hardware business a year before I knew that my partner had bought every ticket and put up the job."—Detroit Free Press.

When We Grow Old.

One of the first surprises that people have as they begin to realize that they are leaving the record of a goodly number of years behind them, is that people think they are old. Casual remarks to that effect made before them come as a distinct shock. The spirit does not grow old; it is merely hampered by physical infirmities, and more particularly public opinion.

People are made old; they give up youthful practices because people think they should, though that was more in the past than in the present. There is no doubt that people, women particularly, lost much of their physical force because as they grew older it was "proper" for them to give up this and that and settle down. Now that grandmothers ride the bicycle, things have changed somewhat.

Almost anyone can remember, as a child, wondering how it would seem to be very old—in the child's estimation, 20, 30, even 40 years. Then when the 20, 30, even 40 years have passed, the child, who has become a woman, looks back and thinks that she feels little older and surprisingly little wiser than that child.—New York Times.

Ministers' Bible.

An Englishman has invented a Bible with two rollers set in the cover, on which may be wound a roll of paper containing a sermon, or the paper may be used for taking notes in meetings, et cetera.

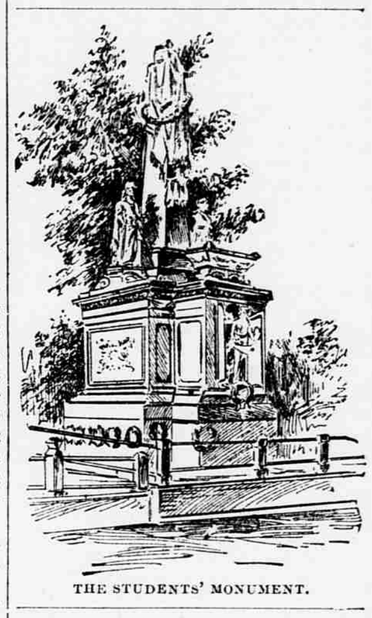
There is nothing more uncertain than a sure thing.

THE STUDENTS' MONUMENT.

A Beautiful Column that Commemorates a Bloody Event.

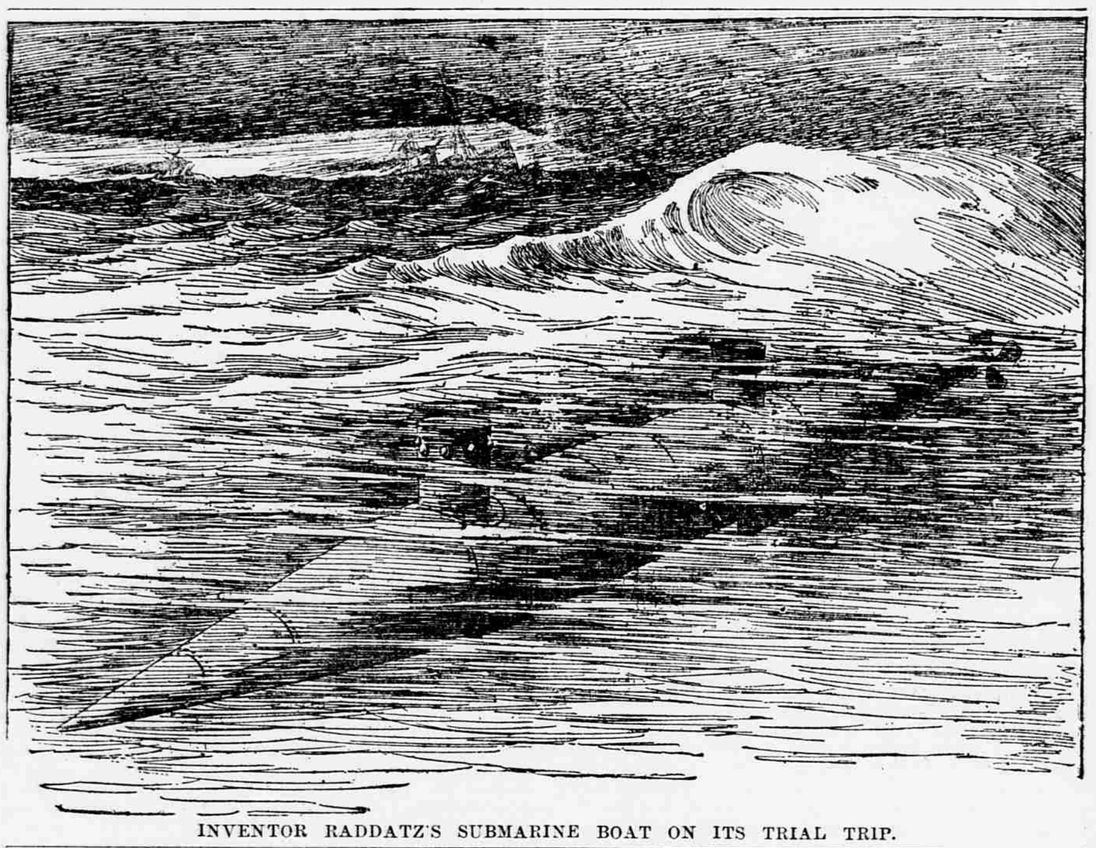
Havana has one of the most beautiful cemeteries on the western hemisphere. Money has been lavished upon it and its costly monuments are works of fine art. The long, narrow passages of the city of the dead are closely fringed with magnificent marbles, but in the midst of this vast collection towers a beautiful and impressive pile which, in view of present conditions on the island, possesses considerable interest. Americans in Cuba always visit the spot where it stands and gaze in admiration upon its symmetrical outlines and figures.

The beautiful memorial is called the Monument to the Students. Sons of Cubans attending the University of Havana have always been against the Spanish rule on the island and have had anti-tyranny clubs. One night fifty or more years ago a party of these incipient revolutionists, bubbling over with the foolish patriotic enthusiasm of youth, climbed the cemetery fence and smeared the tomb of a dead captain general who, in his time, had been tyrannical toward the native population. The deed was a foolish prank properly punishable by expulsion or some such penalty. But the Spanish loyalists, the wealthy shop keepers of Havana—the Catalans, as they are properly called—demanded that a lesson in loyalty be taught. An investiga-



THE STUDENTS' MONUMENT.

tion was held and the offense was charged to certain students. No one knew if they were guilty, but the Catalans insisted that they were. They said the offense was an act of treason. They called upon the captain general to inflict the death penalty. Spaniard though the executive of the island was, his mind revolted against such severity. The Catalans would have it. The students were led out one morning and shot to death. This was in no time of war. It was in accordance with Catalan policy to suppress and punish rigorously the slightest symptoms of revolt on the part of the native population. To the memory of these students the massive monument was raised. It stands to-day as silent evidence of deep-seated antagonism between Catalan and Cuban.



INVENTOR RADDATZ'S SUBMARINE BOAT ON ITS TRIAL TRIP.

Sea Otter Becoming Extinct.

The sea otter is an animal which is fast becoming extinct. So precious are their skins that the otter has been hunted with vengeance, and only a few, comparatively, remain. There is one fine speciment in the National Museum which is mounted in a most lifelike manner. The institution bought the skin and paid $250 for it, which is not deemed an extraordinary price. In a few years, it is thought, they will have disappeared altogether.—Washington Star.

New Paper Material.

A mill employing fifty men is now engaged in making paper from the bagasse or sugar cane refuse, which was once the greatest nuisance to the sugar grower.

A woman always feels as if another burden had been put on her shoulders to support, when a baby is born to her minister's house.

LONDON'S DOG CEMETERY

Queer Inscriptions on Beautiful Stones —No Race Prejudices.

Near Victoria gate in Hyde Park there is an inclosure reserved as a burying ground for dogs. Life is always full of contrasts. On one side here we witness the pleasures and the joys of life, and on the other we find the vanity of all existing things. That, at least, was the opinion of the old keeper who brought me through the burying ground confided to his care. The dogs' gravedigger is an honest fellow with a face marked with wrinkles. The place is about thirty meters in length and twenty in breadth, and granite and marble monuments with the names and characteristics of the departed are very numerous. This respect for animals presents an unexpected aspect in which the touching is strangely mixed with the grotesque. There are about two hundred tombs in the inclosure. The plots are given gratuitously. The stones and the inscriptions are put up at the expense of the bereaved families. Some of the inscriptions are worthy of notice.

The first stone that meets the eye of the visitor is erected to the memory of "Beloved Roby, died 20th of August, 1896, aged thirteen months and a half."

Then comes "Flick, a faithful friend, and Maudie, an old friend."

On another tombstone are the words: "Dear old Priny."

But real grief is silent, or nearly so, and the word "Jacob" upon another marble slab doubtless covers a heap of regrets.

Further on there is another superb tomb, upon which the name of the dog is inscribed in very small letters. It is as follows: "Pompey, the favorite dog of Miss Florence St. John." And under this the following quotation from Byron:

> In life the firmest friend,
> First to welcome,
> Foremost to defend.

But here is a still stranger inscription. It is to the memory of "Dearest Topsy, the firmest and most devoted of friends and companion of her mother."

Another is to the memory of "Our dear treasure Jock, a Scotch collie, died 31st of August, 1895, aged 15 years. He was the most intelligent, devoted, gentle, tender and affectionate dog that ever lived, with the best of tempers. He was adored by his devoted and afflicted friend, Sir H. Seton Gordon, Bart."

Here are others:

"Dear and affectionate Duke, and Tippy, his beloved grandmother."

"Dear little Peter, who died suddenly."

On the tomb of a she dog is the following:

She brought a ray of sunlight into our existence,
But, alas! she carried it away with her.

"Adored Spot," "Our Friend, Darling Chin Chin" and "Sweet Carlo" lie close to each other.

"Dear Minnie, brave, intelligent, singularly beautiful, loving and loved," has a splendid monument.

But, as if to prove that race prejudices necessarily disappear with death, in this cemetery of dogs there is a stone erected "To the memory of our dear little cat, Chinchilla, poisoned July 21."

During my visit a live dog somehow got into the cemetery, and was chased away by the keeper for irreverently attempting to bury a bone on one of the graves of his fellow creatures.—Figaro.

Record Cargo.

Probably the largest cargo brought to London by one vessel is now being discharged in the Millwall docks. This has been brought by the steamer Milwaukee, one of Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co.'s line, running between London and Montreal. The Milwaukee's cargo capacities are 11,500 tons dead weight, or 18,000 tons measurement of forty cubic feet. What this means in actual carrying may be gauged by the enumeration of her present cargo, which was as follows: Five hundred and fourteen head of cattle, 132 horses, 18,412.12 bushel oats, 1,209 bales hay, 13,149 sacks flour, 51,629 pieces deal, 16,328 boards, 4,393 pieces lumber, 195 tierces lard, 200 bags starch, 640 sheep, 189,200 bushels corn, 20,025 boxes cheese, 399 cases apples, 11 cases machinery, 16,737 deal ends, 5,723 pieces birch planks, 134 radiators, 830 pails lard, 5,730 bags grape sugar.—Glasgow Weekly Mail.

His Earthly Possessions.

"Well, Uncle Jim," said the lawyer, "the doctor says there is no hope for you."

"Yes, suh; dey tells me I'm gwine to cross over."

"Have you made your will?"

"Yes, suh; I done will ter go."

"I mean," said the lawyer, in an explanatory way, "have you got anything to leave?"

"Oh, yes, suh!" exclaimed the old man, joyfully; "one wife an' de rheumatism!"—Kansas City Journal.

Meals on Railways.

The Railway and Engineering Review says, in speaking of the meal service on railroads: "If railroads catered less to the wealthy classes and endeavored to furnish better accommodations to people of moderate means at reasonable prices there might be more of a disposition on the part of the public to regard such corporations in a spirit of fairness than is at present apparent."

From Both.

Mr. Cross—That baby over across the way seems to inherit its voice from both its parents.

Mrs. Cross—How so?

Mr. Cross—It makes a great deal of noise, like its father, and keeps it up, like its mother.—Detroit Free Press.

About the only people who get satisfaction by going to law are the lawyers.

KING OF THE WHEAT PIT.

Joseph Leiter Is the Most Successful Young Financier in Chicago.

During the past few years Joseph Leiter has made his way rapidly in financial circles and to-day is regarded as the most successful money king in Chicago. Now he is called the king of the wheat pit. All through the great grain speculations of the second half of 1897 he played a winning hand and showed even shrewd Phil Armour a few tricks.

Joseph Leiter is a son of Levi Z. Leiter, the rich Chicagoan whose charming daughter married George Curzon, the brilliant young English political leader. The elder Leiter has millions. The basis of his fortune was laid in a country grocery store and the great superstructure was constructed in the dry goods business in Chicago. Six years ago Joseph Leiter, then 24 years old, graduated from Harvard University. He didn't look like a man of business. It was somewhat of a disappointment and surprise to two sorts of friends of his that he went into business at all. All the men and women who knew him picked him to assume at once the profession of a gentleman of leisure. It was reported that he had a valet. It would have regularly followed in the natural order of things that he should have frowned upon markets and rentals and leases.

His father believed that he had business ability and placed $1,000,000 in the young man's hands. For a few months Leiter was a prey for the wolves. Then he tried a new game and succeeded. He studied the situation before investing. When he wanted some of the Chicago City Railway stock he learned the cost of operation and all of the minor details of the work. To-day he virtually controls all the street railways of Chicago's South Side.

When the father saw the son's ability he gradually turned the manage-

JOSEPH LEITER.

ment of his own properties over to him. By his cleverness they have fattened. It is considered a conservative estimate to put the properties under his control—and he is only 30—at $30,000,000. It makes him the youngest financial king in the world. The fortune is divided among the best institutions of the city, extends into the big railroads, out into ranch holdings in the far West and great pits of wealth in the hills of the ore countries. The more he spends the more he earns, and the men who help him to operate claim that one of the best reasons for his phenomenal progress is his devotion to the essential little things of his various interests. His own fortune has grown to great proportion.

A Rare Bird.

The rarest species of bird now extant, and one which is almost extinct, has its home in the jungles of South America. The ornithological curiosity is known to science as the palamedra cornuda, and to the common people as the "horned screamer." As a rara avis nothing could excel the cornuda, unless it should be the accidental discovery of a living moa, or an opinornis. But few of the bird books even let you know that such a horned paradox exer existed, let alone telling you that living specimens of the queer creature are occasionally met with. The only one now in captivity in North America, if the writer was not misinformed, is that belonging to the aviary of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, and which arrived in this country about three years ago. The creature is about the size of a full-grown turkey hen, and of a blackish-brown color. One of its distinguishing peculiarities is a ruffle of black and white which surrounds the head.

Effect of Lime on Iron.

A Paris journal says that the disastrous effect exerted by lime and plaster on iron should be kept in mind when building. If iron is plunged into freshly prepared lime rapid oxidation takes place. This soon reaches the heart of the iron, which in a short time undergoes a profound alteration in its resisting qualities.

To this result must be added the expansion caused by increase in volume of the mass. On the other hand, cement seems to be an excellent preservative against rust. Such a covering is preferable to painting with red lead.—Exchange.

The Siamese Army.

An English newspaper, in an article on the Siamese army, says: "In one respect the Siamese army is superior to any other, and that is in its elephant corps. Eight hundred of these animals, which are stronger, though smaller, than those of India, are organized into a special corps, commanded by a retired Anglo-Indian officer, and their heads, trunks and other vulnerable parts are protected against bullets by India rubber armor."

Bachelors are women's rights and widowers are women's lefts.