

WOMEN REPLACE MEN

FAIR WORKERS DRIVING BROTHERS TO LEISURE

Only a Few Decades, According to Government Statistics, and Females Will Do All the Work—Increase at Big Rate.

Washington.—There is not the slightest doubt in the minds of persons engaged in statistical work for the government about the truth of the assertion that women are crowding men out of occupations. All the figures compiled by the government show a steady increase in the number of women engaged in gainful occupations.

During the last decade the increase has been a little more than five per cent. That is, the number of females over ten years of age engaged in work for wages has gained at that rate, while for the same period the gain among males has been only a fraction over one per cent.

Whether, as declared by Factory Inspector Bodine, in his address at Detroit, that means the early driving of men to occupations where their greater physical endurance will save them from further competition with females, of course, are not prepared to say.

"The figures given by Mr. Bodine are all right," said Chief Clerk Rosier, of the census bureau. "His inference, however, that man is destined soon to be only a drawer of water and a hewer of wood is a pretty big explosion to result from such a comparatively small mass of figures. The base is too small for the big superstructure reared upon it. But the tendency is unmistakable. Women are doing work that men formerly performed in such numbers that the effect is noticeable in returns upon that subject."

"Women are quitting domestic service, as nearly every housewife can testify, in numbers large enough to show in the figures. Between 1870 and 1880 the number of women employed in domestic service increased. During the last decade the current has been the other way. There are, of course, a large number of female servants, but the proportion is not so large, while the number of males in servants' places is greater."

"The whole number of persons employed in gainful occupations during the last census year in the continental United States was 29,073,233, of which number 23,753,836 were males and 5,319,397 were females. The percentage of males engaged in gainful occupations was 80 of the whole male population. Of the females 18.8 per cent. were engaged in employment for wages. In 20 years the percentage of females earning wages increased from 14.7 per cent. to the figures before mentioned. In that same period the number of males so engaged increased from 78.7 to 80 per cent."

The figures for separate states are even more illuminating than those for the entire country. In New York, for example, 23 per cent. of the female population over ten years of age are wage-earners. Twenty years ago the percentage was 17.7, which is exactly the percentage for the whole country in 1890. In the last census year 30.3 per cent. of the male population of New York was at work. That is two-tenths of a per cent. greater than the number in 1890. In that decade the number of female workers for wages increased within a fraction of 1 per cent. on almost ten times as much as the increase in male workers. From 1880 to 1890 the increase in percentage of female workers was from 17.7 to 21.1.

COLLIE RAISES CHICKENS.

Scotch Dog Guards His Brood with the Solitude of a Hen—Nestle in His Coat.

Springfield, Mass.—Raising chickens with the aid of a dog is the work of Mrs. W. J. Houghton, of this city. The little chicks are hatched by the score in an incubator and a handsome Scotch collie is their guardian. He drives off straggling dogs, keeps hungry cats away and hustles the little fluffy creatures under cover when a hawk is near. He checks their wanderings abroad by gentle little pokes with his nose, and he is as anxious as a mother hen if they show an inclination to rebel from his rule.

Mrs. Houghton finds the dog a great saving of labor, as he is as solicitous about the welfare of the chicks as she herself is. At her word, "Mind the chickens!" he takes up his station in the henyard and keeps a sharp watch in every direction for a foe. Sometimes he pretends to sleep in the sun, but he has one eye open all the time, and is alert at the first sound of trouble. In the absence of a natural mother, the incubator chicks have adopted him, and they love to nestle against his soft coat. They perch on his head and cuddle down between his paws and peck gently at his nose.

A brood of chicks was given the dog to raise as an experiment. Mrs. Houghton looked after their feed, but she paid no attention to them in other ways, and the dog was shut in a little yard with them. He showed the utmost patience and care, drove them in their tiny house occasionally when they were playing him too much, until finally they were grown into young hens and able to take care of themselves.

Like Buffalo Bill.

The shah of Persia declares that Buffalo Bill's show is more entertaining than grand opera. But the shah can speak as he feels without being afraid of losing social prestige.

NEW YORK'S PUBLIC BATHS

They Are Enjoyed by Nearly Three Million People of the Slums a Season.

How great is the need for these public comforts in a great city! Here is a handful of facts to startle the dweller in ease. A few years ago, says Outing, a tenement commission made a thorough investigation of living conditions in the slums of New York—"slums" in point of poverty, but teeming with a hard-working, self-supporting population. It was found that of a total population of 255,055 souls in the districts investigated, only 396 persons had access to bathrooms in their houses. Of 1,737 families living west of Tenth avenue, one bathroom was found among an average of 217 families. A worse condition even than this was found among 1,321 families living between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, where there was one bathroom to 440 families. Here were three tubs among a population of more than 1,300 families, where families run big, perhaps one bathtub for 2,000 people.

Among this quarter million men, women and children 97 per cent. of their tenement dwellings investigated were without any bathing facilities whatever. In nearly 500 teeming tenements, a total of 17 were equipped with bathrooms.

During the summer months of last year nearly 2,000,000 bathers were recorded in the city's floating stations. It is reckoned that the average bather makes ten visits during the season, which makes the total number of patrons about 200,000.

A policeman, a lifeguard and two attendants have their work cut out for them in handling the crowds. Three million bathers for 15 houses, in a season of three months, gives each pool an average patronage of 200,000. The season lasts 90 days, wherefore each pool takes care of about 2,200 bathers a day, as an average, or more than 200 an hour. Of course the rush is greater on very hot days, but this conservative figure of an average stream of 200 bathers every hour of the day for each of the bathhouses is fairly impressive.

The cost of this benefaction is absurdly small. The buildings made an outlay of only \$12,500 each. The total cost of yearly maintenance for them all is only \$36,000, so that every bath costs the city a trifle more than one cent.

THE GRAVE OF SACAJAWEA

Shoshone Indian Woman Who Served as Guide for Lewis and Clark

Although the management of the Portland exposition has raised a monument at Portland, Ore., to the memory of the Shoshone Indian woman, Sacajawea, who guided the Lewis and Clark expedition on its travels through the northwest a century ago, her bones lie in the old mission cemetery at the Shoshone reservation north of Lander, Wyo. By the side of the woman are buried her two sons, Basil and Baptiste, who are both spoken of in the letters of Gen. Clark.

From old-time residents of the reservation information has been obtained which indicates that the grave is the resting place of this Indian girl who saved the Lewis and Clark expedition and guided the Americans on the journey to the Pacific. The Union Pacific railroad is making arrangements to disinter the body and move it to Portland, where it will be buried in some conspicuous spot. The grave is entirely unmarked, and but for the records in the books of the old Episcopal mission might have been forgotten.

There is said to be no doubt of the authenticity of the grave. Maj. Baldwin, when in command of Fort Bridger, Wyo., made a trip of exploration to the Lander valley, his guide being the Shoshone Indian, Old Basil. The latter told Baldwin of the journey of his mother, Sacajawea, with Lewis and Clark.

At that time Sacajawea was living with the members of her tribe in central Wyoming. Dr. James Irwin, the first agent sent to the Shoshones after the reservation was made, saw the old Indian woman and heard her story from her own lips.

When the Shoshones settled on their present reservation, Old Basil and his mother took up their abode at the agency, and there Sacajawea, no longer a copper-colored beauty, but an old woman, bowed and decrepit with age, died on April 9, 1834, having lived almost a century. She was buried in the Indian cemetery near the Episcopal mission.

Basil and Baptiste, who were mentioned by Gen. Clark in his letters, died soon after their mother, and were also buried in the same cemetery.

All the Traffic Would Bear. First Cabman—What did you charge that stranger for driving him around the corner to the hotel? Second Cabman—Four dollars and 97 cents. "Why didn't you make it an even five dollars?" "Because \$4.97 was all he had,"—Lippicott's.

Take Their Own Cooks. The hotel keepers of the Bavarian Alps have not yet learned of their Swiss rivals the importance of giving their guests good meals. For this reason Bavarians summering in their mountains usually avoid the hotels and take their own cooks along.

Keeping Up to Date. "My private secretary has struck for a raise in salary," said the politician. "What's the reason?" "Why, fruit's gone up, and he's a peach!"—Detroit Free Press.

FIND PHTHISIS CURE.

GOTHAM HOSPITAL ANNOUNCES A NEW REMEDY.

Juice of Vegetables Is Secret of Properties—Test on Eleven Patients Is Successful—May Render Immune from Scourge.

New York.—Physicians of this city are much interested in a circular issued by the New York Post-Graduate hospital, announcing the discovery of a new cure for consumption. This new remedy is the juice of raw table vegetables—potatoes, beets, carrots, onions, celery and the like, procured by grinding and squeezing, a dose being two ounces after meals.

The statement is made that 11 patients with well-developed pulmonary tuberculosis have been absolutely cured and are now good subjects for life insurance risks. Fifty other patients are still under treatment, and said to be progressing satisfactorily.

Experiments along these lines have been going on at the hospital for several years, and occasionally brief accounts have been published of cures alleged to have been performed. The basis of the work has been that to cure consumption beyond the incipient stage an "unknown something" must be found in the diet. Now it is declared that this unknown nutriment or remedy has been at last discovered in vegetable juice.

Accompanying the circular are the names of two New York physicians, who, it is stated, were appointed by the hospital authorities to observe and report on the experiments, and they speak in most sanguine terms of what has been accomplished and what will doubtless follow as the work proceeds.

In addition to applying the raw vegetable juice as a cure for the most obstinate case of consumption, the hospital's circular announces that "it is believed, moreover, that this may lead to a means by which everybody may be rendered immune from the deadly tubercle bacilli, just as vaccination safeguards from smallpox."

It is stated that the experiments were begun on a small scale, with only a few vegetables ground by hand. Later machinery was introduced, and nearly every vegetable used as food employed.

FIND VULCAN'S WORKSHOP.

Indiana Place Where Mighty Smithy Forges Lightning Bolts—Queer Franks of Phenomenon.

Hammond, Ind.—A mysterious magnetic field in the southwestern part of Lake county is attracting no little attention among local scientific minds and arousing much interest because of queer franks cut up by lightning in that neighborhood.

The territory covered by the strange and weird electrical manifestations embraces only a few square miles in West Creek township, one of the southern tier of townships, and is located a few miles north of the great Kankakee marshes.

More havoc is created annually in the one spot with a radius of less than two miles than in any four entire counties in this part of the state. Every thunderstorm in the vicinity is sure to pass over the spot, no matter in what direction the wind may lie, and its passage is sure to be marked by terrific bursts of lightning.

At night time the displays are at times grand and magnificent, yet terrifying to the bravest heart and extremely dangerous. Bolt after bolt of molten fire is shot from heaven to earth, lighting the country up for miles with a blinding glare of light.

So much havoc has been wrought by lightning that some insurance companies refuse risks in the district and others are about to impose additional rates to cover the extra cost.

BRAVE GIRL SNARES SNAKE

Seizes Reptile with Bare Hands—Eats Weapons of Professional Charmers.

Altoona, Pa.—The far-famed Old Fountain inn, on the old Portage railroad, half a mile above the "Foot-of-Eight," where such men as President Martin Van Buren, the distinguished Hungarian patriot, Louis Kosuth, and others made merry in the days before the advent of steam railroads, is the abode of the champion rattlesnake charmer of Pennsylvania.

The person who captures and fondles the most venomous and vicious reptiles in the country is Miss Mary Goldie, the 20-year-old daughter of Richard Goldie, owner of the old house, a demure and modest little farmer's lass. Miss Goldie used nothing but her bare hands in capturing her dangerous quarry, but has never received so much as a scratch.

Many tales are told of the prowess of this amateur charmer, and her captures have run into many hundreds. Scorning the use of the pronged fork that is the instrument of the professional snake catcher, she saunters forth into the wooded hills with nothing but a basket, and it is but rarely that she comes back without a number of the dangerous reptiles.

First Bath in Eighty Years.

Sam Vint, Traverse City's hermit, with a state-wide reputation, has taken his first bath in 80 odd years at Traverse City, Mich. He was soaking his feet in the bay and was sitting on the dock. In some manner he slipped and fell in. He was rescued without difficulty. As he does not believe that bathing is healthy, his imprecations against the treacherous dock were many and varied. Vint is 89 years old and goes barefooted almost all year.

ATE 213 EGGS AT DINNER.

Guests of William C. Frick at New Jersey Resort Amazed by Appetite of Mr. Sloth.

New York.—Perhaps tired of the reputation for laziness his family has borne ever since man noticed its habits, a South American sloth has shamed all trappers by showing as much energy as 70 men. "Appetite," however, is a better word than "energy," inasmuch as it was in eating eggs the sloth showed his prowess. Figuring that the average man is satisfied with three eggs at a sitting, the arithmetical comparison is borne out, for his slothship swallowed 213.

The feat was performed at an "egg dinner" given at the Deal Beach (N. J.) Country club by William C. Frick, a relative of the steel millionaire. The guest of honor was Article VIII, the sloth, who is named appropriately after one of the sections that have caused such delay in the Portsmouth peace negotiations. There were eggs in every style and egg only, and the climax was reached when the host announced that he would produce the greatest egg eater in the world. Then the sloth was brought in and backed up his sponsor nobly.

Frick gave the dinner for the prospective members of the Water Wagon Brigade, which will adorn a sprinkling cart in the parade preceding the amateur circus to be given at Deal for the benefit of the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic churches. Mr. Frick will drive the wagon and announced after the dinner that he had more than enough men to fill the vehicle. He said the plan was for everyone to fall off the water wagon in front of the Country club, just before going to the circus.

PLAN A COYOTE ROUND-UP

Fremont County, Col., Is to Have Greatest Chase in Years—Organized by Warden.

Florence, Col.—Fremont county is to dispose of her coyotes. These pests of the western plains have gradually increased in this vicinity until their number is legion, and some concerted effort is necessary to check their depredations.

The game warden of the district has organized a general coyote round-up, in which no less than 100 men, mounted and armed with revolvers and repeating rifles, will take part. Every town within 100 miles of Florence will participate in the general hunt, the riders meeting at a central point in the foothills and driving the animals into open where they may be run down with dogs.

There are not many dogs in this western country that are able to try successful conclusions with a coyote in the matter of speed, and the entire state is being scoured for greyhounds. So fast is the speed when a coyote is sighted that men and horses are always outdistanced and there are frequent accidents as a result of fast driving over broken ground.

Coyote hunters are regarded in the west with as much interest and enthusiasm as an eastern chase after the bluest blooded fox that ever gave scent to dogs and the local affair of next month will attract the best hunters in the state.

SNAIL THAT WEARS WINGS.

Queer Insect Flies Away When Woman Entomologist Attempts to Capture It—No Explanation.

Depere, Wis.—Entomologists, naturalists and scientists, sit up and take notice! The emancipation of the lovely snail has arrived.

"As slow as a snail." "At a snail's pace," and other such phraseology will not apply.

Minnie Le Claire, one of Depere's best known young women, was enjoying good fishing recently when she ran out of bait. While engaged in a search for worms Miss Le Claire saw on a wet stone an ordinary brown-shelled snail, and she thought that by breaking the shell from the snail's back she might be able to fasten what remained on her hook.

She bent over to seize the snail, when suddenly it spread a beautiful pair of wings, and with a slight noise resembling that of the humming bird, glided swiftly over the beach.

Some hundred feet away the snail settled down, and Miss Le Claire approached stealthily, hoping to capture the curious creature, but despite her caution, the insect flew high in the air and disappeared across the river. Miss Le Claire is an authority on entomology.

POPE OWES HIM \$50,000.

So Says Eccentric Philadelphian Who Goes to Washington and Is Arrested.

Philadelphia, Pa.—To collect \$50,000, which he says the pope owes him for some literary work, James J. Ryan, an old man who lived for some time at a cheap lodging house in North Front street, went to Washington recently.

After being arrested there and examined by two police surgeons, who declared he was of unsound mind, he was taken to St. Elizabeth's insane asylum.

He told the police that he was a native of Ireland, and had been living in Philadelphia since 1855. He said he spent three years writing a book on papal history and the Catholic church. In referring to his writing, the old man excitedly shouted:

"My works are great. They can't be beat. The pope will go wild over them when he reads them, and a copy will be sent to every Catholic in the world. I came here to make financial arrangements with Father Falsonio, I told him I would not take less than \$50,000."

WATCH AUTO-BOATS.

GOVERNMENT EXPERTS KEEP CLOSE TAB ON MOVEMENTS.

Naval Officers Have Set Their Object the Acquisition of Fast Engines for Use on Torpedo Boats.

Ever since the motor boat and the speedy auto-boat began to show what it could do, government men have been much interested in it. Whenever there are races or speed trials with some of the more important boats taking part, a representative of the navy is sure to be on hand and the work of each boat is carefully noted, states Pearson's Magazine. All possible data is collected, so that the officials of the navy know exactly what the auto boat and the gas engine can do. At the last power boat show in New York, Rear Admiral Charles B. Coghlan, represented the secretary of the navy at the opening, and many officers became familiar with every exhibit.

The gas engine has done so well with these fast launches that it is very probable that the gas engine will soon be tried in the torpedo boat. It is probable that the first experiments will be made in small boats that can be carried on the davits of the battleships and cruisers. Some time ago experiments were made with small torpedo boats that were to be run by steam engines. These boats were only 60 feet long, and were to be part of the equipment of some big fighting machine, but with their steam engines and boilers which, because of the speed required, had to be large, they were too heavy, and the experiment was a failure. Now if the gas engine can drive a boat 20, 25 or 30 miles an hour, it can serve the same purpose in a torpedo boat. Another advantage that it has over steam is that it is always ready to do its work. Touching a button or pulling a lever will start the engine working, and the boat is off at full speed at once.

Life boats fitted with gasoline motors have been built and are being used at the Sandy Hook and Fire Island life saving stations. The hulls of these boats are just the same as the regulation life boats. They are non-capsizeable and nonsinkable, being fitted with water-tight compartments. Saying a boat is non-capsizeable does not mean that it will not turn over, but that if an ugly sea should cause the boat to roll under the water it would right itself at once. This is accomplished by a proper adjustment of the weights on the boat and by making it very buoyant.

The trouble in putting a motor in one of these boats was that if the craft turned turtle, as the sailors call it, the engine would be swamped. Then, too, the screw would get out of the water, and with the pressure of the water off it would revolve at such a rate that probably the shaft, being unable to stand the strain, would break. An ingenious architect solved these problems. The motor is placed in a water-tight compartment, and by a little electric appliance the machinery is stopped when the boat rolls over beyond a certain angle and starts again by the same electric current when the boat resumes its even keel. These boats have been subjected to most severe tests and have proved great successes.

Perpetual Noon.

One of the oddities of our system of reckoning time is exemplified in the question as to what time the north pole keeps. In theory all places on one meridian of longitude keep the same time, therefore the north pole, being the central point of all meridians, must necessarily have all times. Should the pole ever become habitable the resident would be able to have day or night at any hour (in theory) by electricity to correspond. Should such an unexpected event ever occur there would have to be made some readjustment of our present system of reckoning time to suit the Arctic regions.

Strength of Mussels.

You must, some time, try to open the shell of a fresh water mussel or a sea clam. You will find one the size of your hand has great strength, although both his muscles may not be larger than those of one of your fingers. I have often seen a boy pick up a mussel and insert his fingers before the shell was quite closed, thinking he would open it again. Few boys can succeed. They usually have hard pulling to get their fingers free. A big mussel can bite hard. Were it not that the edge of the shell in big specimens, is smooth and thick, a boy might get his fingers cut to the bone.—St. Nicholas.

Not All "Fences."

Pawnbroking establishments are looked upon with general disfavor, but they are not all "fences" or places for the reception of stolen goods. Frequently they are a positive benefit to those who are hard-up, as was proved in the case of the clergyman's wife who falling, through misunderstanding, to meet her husband found herself stranded with her two children among strangers. She pawned her wedding ring, and thereby obtained the means to relieve immediate distress without undue publicity or embarrassing cross-questioning.

Her Style of Dancing.

She—You're not dancing with your wife to-night? He—No; it's bad enough to have her walk all over me when I'm at home!—Yonkers Statesman.

Alcoholic Air.

The wine cellars of Spain are filled with alcohol vapor, as much as half an ounce of absolute alcohol being found in six cubic feet of air.

WOMAN OF 93 RUNS HOTEL

Is Hale and hearty, Though Now Nearing the Century Milestone—Works About House.

Concord, N. H.—Ninety-three years of age, and hale and hearty as any of her daughters, Mrs. Ira Abbott, of this city, has opened her summer hotel at York Beach, Me.

Mrs. Abbott is perhaps the only active hotel proprietor in the United States who can make 93 marks on a slate and say truthfully that each one represents a year of her life. She is so strong and her faculties are so well retained that she doesn't like to be called "old." Her activity is something that has been the marvel of her friends for years.

Last year Mrs. Abbott did the cooking and washing for her hotel. The work consisted of caring for tubs, ware and bedding for ten roomers and about 20 boarders. She never complained of the work, in fact seemed to like it.

Mrs. Abbott was born in Stewartstown, N. H., October 14, 1812, and when 15 years of age came to Concord. Her husband died in 1870. She had seven children, of whom two survived. One is Mrs. Laura T. Baker, aged 73 years, and the other, Mrs. Jennie A. Speed, who is 65. She has several great-grandchildren.

Her health is extraordinary, her hearing and sight excellent, and on the whole she is regarded as an ideal of the "ripe old age."

ROWS A RACE WITH DEATH.

Boy Binds Companion's Wound with Twig, Then Pulls 17 Miles to Secure Help.

St. Paul, Minn.—George Bohm, aged 14, of this city, rowed a 17-mile race with death on the Minnesota river. Temporary victory is his, and if Matthew C. Taylor lives he will owe his life to the boy.

Alone with his companion, who was bleeding to death from a severed artery in the leg, Bohm bound a willow twig about the limb, partly stopping the flow of blood, placed his unconscious companion in a boat, and rowed three hours in a dark night down the river to Fort Snelling. Arriving early the other morning, almost exhausted, young Bohm tied his boat to the bank and staggered up the bluff to the post hospital, where he secured two physicians to attend Taylor. The latter was taken to the fort hospital, where the artery was tied up. He is in a precarious condition, physicians fearing he cannot survive the loss of blood.

Young Bohm and Taylor went up the Minnesota river on a fishing and hunting trip. They stopped 17 miles from Fort Snelling to pitch their tent for the night. While whittling a tent stake Taylor cut himself with his hunting knife. The blood flowed so fast that he soon became unconscious.

THIEF FOOLS RUBE'S DOGS

Chases Chase by Letter, Comes Back to Relieve Owner of Cash and Valuables.

Jenkintown, Pa.—James Helk, a farmer near this place, has had much trouble in the last few weeks with thieves at his henery and springhouse. Catching a negro recently in the act of forcing an entrance into his springhouse he grabbed him and gave him his choice of going to jail or having the dogs set upon him. The negro accepted the latter offer.

Helk promised to give the prisoner 200 yards start, confident that the dogs would overtake him. As it was dark and the farmer could not see far the negro was to yell when he reached the specified limit. Mr. Helk waited patiently for the negro to yell, but when he did not he let the dogs go.

Just as the faint yelps of the animals were dying away in the distance Helk was confronted by the negro, who had run down the road a short distance and then climbing a fence returned while the dogs were seeking him. Before Helk could speak the negro held him up in true wild west fashion, and relieved him of something over ten dollars, and got away before the astonished farmer could call help.

MAN HYPNOTIZES HIMSELF.

Stone Mason Becomes Helpless Whenever He Games on an Artistic Light.

Oil City, Pa.—Andrew Weidie, a stone mason, who has been studying hypnotism for a year, was sent to a sanitarium recently, as the result of peculiar hallucinations which have puzzled physicians. Weidie was arrested at an electric light plant, where his sudden appearance surprised the employes. He stood rigid, gazing at an arc light above his head, and the plant had to be shut down before he could be removed. He appears to be hypnotized by artificial light, being perfectly rational during the day.

His wife stated that recently when she lighted lamps in the house her husband would gaze intently at the flame and afterward would appear to be in a trance. Weidie is conscious of his own irresponsibility, and has destroyed all his books relating to hypnotism.

Medical men say the case is of peculiar interest, as his condition is due to self-hypnotism.

A King in Leading Strings.

King Alfonso's mother is worried about his forthcoming trip to Paris. She writes to the president of France that she is afraid he may "be carried away and get adrift." If Alfonso should get adrift in Paris there might be some trouble in getting him home.