



AUGUSTA SELB



WORLD BALLOON

Balloon Must Have Speed of Light

WASHINGTON, July 11.—Captain Thomas Baldwin of New York today notified General Allen, chief of the signal corps, that a spherical balloon had been completed and would be shipped to Washington early next week. It will be sent to Fort Myer, where it will be assembled. The balloon, Baldwin said, will take place the latter part of next week before the army board, consisting of officers of the signal corps now stationed in and about Washington. The balloon is 100 feet in length and 22 feet in diameter. It is required to have speed of 18 miles an hour, with

IMPOSTOR WINS REAL APPLICANT

Publication of Man's Attempt to Get Another's Job Leads to the Original.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11.—The publication of the fact that a certain Patrick McMahon of this city had endeavored to obtain a position in the Fire Department by impersonating another man of the same name led to the discovery of the original McMahon, who is now in Buffalo, N. Y.

Secretary McCarthy of the Fire Commission received the following dispatch from McMahon yesterday: "Note that my name has been reached for appointment. May I have sixty days to come West?"

MAYBE HE'LL WALK.

"From his request for sixty days' time in which to report for duty," remarked Secretary McCarthy, "it would appear he intended to walk to San Francisco. However, he may be in some position which he cannot give up at a moment's notice. His request will be referred to the Civil Service Commissioners, whose province it is to arrange for extensions of this character."

The spurious Patrick McMahon received a letter intended for his name, saying the name had been reached on the eligible list for appointment as a member of the Fire Department. He applied for the position, but made a slip in stating to Secretary McCarthy that he had taken the examination in a building which had no existence at the date when it was held. Put under cross-examination, he acknowledged he was an impostor and was allowed to go with a warning.

TO FURTHER THE CAUSE OF TAFT AND SHERMAN

Club Formed at Stockton Will Have Membership of Over One Thousand.

STOCKTON, July 11.—A Taft and Sherman club has been organized last night with a membership of 250, though no particular effort was made to secure members. It is the intention of the officers to have at least 1000 members inside of thirty days. The policy of the club will be strictly national, and it will not mix in local or local fights. The officers are Charles Light, president; W. H. Briggs, vice-president; J. D. Finney, secretary; A. E. Gordon, treasurer; ex-Mayor C. E. Williams, E. F. Fols and L. M. Neal, constitution and by-laws committee.

PETALUMA COUPLES ARRANGE WEDDINGS

PETALUMA, July 11.—A double wedding will take place at the beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McMillan, near Petaluma, in October, when their eldest daughter, Miss Marie, will be given in marriage to Fred Kyle of Petaluma. On the same day their son, Thomas, will marry Miss Beadie Smith of Petaluma. Messrs. Kyle and McMillan are prominent business men of Petaluma.

PRESIDO BAND DELIGHTS CROWD

Hearst Greek Theater Filled at Third of Series of Concerts.

BERKELEY, July 11.—Weather that threatened an unpleasant evening did not keep the people away from the Hearst Greek Theater at the University this evening, for there was a crowd that packed every tier of seats and row of chairs in the beautiful open air auditorium. While the first two concerts of the series had been big successes, there was a doubt about a large attendance as the wind that blew was chilling. But the crowd was the record through of the series.

The program was a delightful one. It began with the crashing "Triumphal March" from Ben Hur and was tempered throughout with the softer number of popular and classical selections. The rendition of Tschaikowsky's slave was such that the big audience continued the applause until the "Strike of the Band," by Schift, was produced. This relieved the program's burden of masterly music by its ludicrous trend of events. The desertion of the band leader by the members of the organization caused much laughter.

DEATH OF WIFE.

Bandmaster Armand Puts was un- to attend this evening owing to the sudden death of his wife, Chief Trumpeter Gaudet, the ranking sergeant of the band, acted as his substitute and conducted the band in admirable fashion through the difficult program.

Signor G. E. Wanzell, who sang the prologue from "Il Pagliacci," was given a great reception. His fine basso voice rang into every corner of the theater and he proved himself the artist that he is.

NO USE FOR BRYAN OR DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM

Congressman Leake of New Jersey Declares That He Will Vote for Taft.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Eugene W. Leake, Democratic member of Congress for the Ninth district of New Jersey, has written to William H. Taft announcing that he will vote for Taft, and offering his services to the Republican nominee during the campaign. Leake's letter follows: "JERSEY CITY, July 10.—Hon. William H. Taft, Hot Springs, Va.—My Dear Mr. Taft: I cannot subscribe either to the candidate or the platform of the Democratic convention. The conservative citizens of this country, who are neither reactionary nor the representatives of predatory wealth or special interests, but who desire a just enforcement of the law with equal justice, must look to you for protection against the wave of reaction and class prejudice which will follow the Denver convention. You will have my vote on election day, and if during the campaign my services will be of any value to your national committee, I will cheerfully render them. Very respectfully yours, "EUGENE W. LEAKE"

SHE AS MASQUERADES FIGHT FOR LIFE

Played Manly Part, Too, Did Gus, After Her Husband Left Her.

NEW YORK, July 11.—There was nothing about Mrs. Augusta Selb, when she was arraigned in the Night court, to indicate that she was anything else than the stolid little German that she appeared to be.

She had on a suit of neutral gray color, a man's striped shirt, a man's collar and necktie, and above all, a man's pair of heavy, black, pointed shoes. And in her hands she fumbled a low-crowned derby hat, in exactly the same way that a thoroughly embowered man might

MANNISH APPEARANCE

Her face, except that it bore no sign of beard, was as utterly mannish as her costume. Broad below the eyes, the mouth straight across, the jaw squares and unfeminine. Made more masculine still by skin of a dark olive coloring, it was further than that, as literal as the face of a clock. With nothing about it to show that its owner cared a jot for the lighter side of living, it seemed merely the face of a very plain young man, who had lived a hopelessly matter of fact way a life that had had little laughter in it.

The bluesuit who had brought her to court mounted the bridge and related in a stinging way how "this lady" had thrown a fit of some kind on Ninth avenue and how, after he and his side partner had taken her to Roosevelt Hospital the doctors there had discovered that she was a woman.

"Anything to say?" asked the court.

A STRANGE HISTORY.

The pen was full of a motley aggregation and the mill of justice must needs go fast.

"No, I don't say anything," "Workhouse—five days," and the next case pressed her on.

It was already part of the record that she had been masquerading as a man for nine years and was the proprietor of a restaurant at 441 Sixth avenue.

How tragic a masquerade it was and what manner of a restaurant there is at No. 441 Sixth avenue was learned from a talk with the restaurateur herself and a visit to the little place, where another woman sat wondering why the "Gus" did not return.

It seemed that Augusta Selb came here newly wed from Germany nine years ago. She and her husband settled in Newark, New Jersey, and there after a few months her husband deserted her. He left her quite penniless and without a friend in the world.

She managed, after a while, to get a little work as a waitress in a mechanic's eating house, and there she picked up a knowledge of English and after a few months, in administering to hungry men.

Then she was shifted to the kitchen, where she learned to cook and carve. From an older woman there she learned that men waiters made a good deal more money than women. So she resolved to array herself like a man and win some money for her husband's deserted her. He left her quite penniless and without a friend in the world.

She succeeded in getting herself hired as a man at a little German beer garden not far from her home, and there she learned to speak like a man and walk like one. She has played man for so long now that she almost thinks she is a man. Little by little she saved money and little by little advanced to employment in the best New York hotel. She said yesterday that she has been a janitress in the Marlborough and a waiter at the Astor and Savoy. Life was moving along nicely when a cousin of hers, a woman with two children, appealed to her for aid. The cousin, by name Katie Clark, was herself penniless and friendless and had weak lungs.

STRANGER SENDS SHIP BIDS ON JUNE 1

Unexpected Offers at City Auction Raises Prices, to Surprise of Regulars.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11.—The junkmen who make a business of bidding in, generally at absurdly low prices, the old iron and other discarded or condemned property that Washington dumps on the city from time to time disposed of at auction are much disgusted by the last auction.

The junkmen were present in unusual numbers and the bidding was unusually high. A quantity of old metal was about to be knocked down, with no actual bid, position to one bidder at 3 cents a pound, when a stranger raised the offer and forced the surprised and disgusted junkmen to bid the regular bidders flurried in the proceedings, and the offers raised slowly to \$60, when the stranger came again and raised the bid to \$120. This was the bid of the "regular," and thereupon the stranger laughed, and walked away from the group and sold Mr. McKannay, the auctioneer, looked contented at the end, but the junkmen did not.

..... days a week and the children imagined that she was their uncle.

BUSINESS OF HER OWN.

A week ago she and her cousin opened the restaurant on Sixth avenue, near Thirty-sixth street. They had the front and rear dining room. It is a long time, and when they found themselves installed they were sure that they had at last conquered. Their fortune was fairly within their grasp. They named the place the "Gotham," and paid \$11 for a flamboyant enameled sign to go over the door.

It is a very unpretentious little establishment. It is only half a store width in size, and is filled mostly by a counter, and a long table, which is displayed a not too plentiful array of cakes and pies. There is a coffee machine in the rear and a narrow gauge dining table in the front. Otherwise, except for a few chromos on the walls the place is as bare as a washboard.

VENTURE DIDN'T PAY.

Mrs. Clark told yesterday how the venture has been no success at all. "Gus" (Mrs. Selb), in apron and white jacket, used to preside at the counter, and Mrs. Clark sat at the cashier's desk. Such patron as came their way took them for granted as man and wife, and they let it go at that, feeling that any touch of nature helped out Mrs. Selb's role as a man. "Gus" used even to go to the customers about their gentlemen callers, who, on account of their dress, and frequently after the doors were closed the two women used to sit back behind the coffee machine and cut the coffee.

Saturday, the glorious Fourth, they did less business than any day since they had started. By evening they were out of the business and then Gus took off his white jacket and put on his street coat and his derby hat. He announced that he would go out and be a hotel waiter for a few weeks again and in that way meet the bills of the restaurant until trade began to pick up.

Arrived in her man's street clothes Mrs. Selb went from hotel to hotel asking if they didn't want an extra hand for the holiday.

COULDN'T GET WORK.

They didn't. The holiday was no holiday at all in the city's fashionable season generally they were laying off men and not taking them on. From hotel to hotel the woman went, determined to get a hotel and work somewhere, and late at night, worn out by fatigue and the heat, she collapsed on the sidewalk. At Roosevelt Hospital, where she was revived her sex was discovered.

She spent yesterday in Jefferson Market prison, from where she will go to Blackwell's island for a few exercising hour she walked with other women in the corridor, carrying herself with a curious dignity in her man's clothes.

"It is hard on me," she said—as a man might—"but it will be harder still on Katie. She will have to sell her home, and she will have to go back there and be laughed at. I wonder if we can get a customer? Yes, it is very hard on her, and our money is all gone." Then she smiled. "For myself I do not mind, I must try and bear it like a man."