

Bride Takes on Garb of Man; Not Detected for Nine Years

Deserted by Husband, She Casts Her Lot in New York Restaurants.

Believes Johanne Hoch, Bigamist, Was Her Husband, But She Loved Him.

NEW YORK, July 6.—Seated in the matron's room in the Jefferson Market prison, Augusta Seib, who was penetrated by the heat at Broadway and Sixty-second street Saturday night and taken to Bellevue, where it was discovered that she was a woman dressed in male attire, told the remarkable story of her life and the reasons why she determined to pose as a man. According to the woman's story, her life has been filled with sorrow, because, she declared, three months after she became the bride of George Untermyer on December 16, 1887, in Newark, she discovered that he was a bigamist. The authorities came to their home, arrested the young man and took him away from his girl bride, whom he had married under an assumed name.

It was because she hoped better to be able to find her husband, and because, too, she did not want to be bothered with the attentions of men when her heart was wrung with its poignant grief, that Augusta Seib became just "Gus Seib," dressed masculine attire, and came over to New York to begin a new life.

The woman told her story with a faltering voice, and time and again her big eyes filled with tears, and she nervously clasped her thin, well-shaped hands together as she spoke.

Nothing about the woman indicated mental unbalance or other than a normal point of view. She had figured out what seemed to her the best way to hide her great sorrow and at the same time find her recalcitrant husband.

Didn't Want Sympathy.

"I didn't want to have people sorry for me, and I didn't want to create a disturbance by hunting for my husband, for I knew that it might get him into more trouble, and I loved him too well for that, even though he had left me. I seemed to get further away from being a woman with a heart that hurt, and hurt and hurt and hurt," said the little woman with a break in her voice.

Augusta Seib says that she is thirty-six years old, but as she sat in the prison in man's clothes she scarcely appeared twenty-two. While she has been wearing this attire for nine years without once having been taken for other than a man, one who watched the thin, nervous hands, and looked at the smooth, fine complexion yesterday in the jail, would have found it hard to believe.

On the other hand, "Gus Seib" said that "he" could smoke cigars, that "he" had drunk things over the bar, and that "he" had been a waiter for eighteen months in the Marlborough Hotel, and for some weeks had acted in the same capacity in the Savoy Hotel.

"I used little swear words, too, when I was a boy," she said, "but I wouldn't do it any more. I am afraid you will think I am most commonplace, but do you know I just had to play the game while I was at it, and I don't think anybody ever thought that I was anything but a young man. It was something that had to be done well or not at all, and if it hadn't been for the heat that made me faint on Saturday, I would still be a boy. I wish to goodness I were. I don't know what I am going to do as a woman again."

"I don't know what they wear any more or how to put on their kind of clothes, and, besides, coats and vests and trousers are jolly comfortable and easy to get in and out of. But back to the skirts and froon-trops I must go, I suppose."

"But tell how it all began. What made you think of it?" the reporter asked.

Tells of Her Love Affair.

"Well," she faltered, "it brings back the old heartache to think of it. Somehow one can never get very far away from a sorrow, though, can one?—a sorrow that grows and grows at the heart, a sorrow so great that it ever-shadows everything else. That's what my sorrow was. It came of a great love—a love that comes but once to any man or woman and it came to me when I became the bride of George Untermyer. He was so handsome, and so kind. I gave him all the money I had in the bank. I would have given him anything in the world that I could, and I still would give him all, if only, some day, he would come back to me."

"I had hoped that, while I went about among men, I might run across him or hear some word of him. Three years ago, when I was a waiter in a lunch room in Eighth avenue, between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth streets, I read in the papers of Johan Hoch and his wives and how he tried to poison them, and I saw pictures of this man Hoch printed, and my heart stood still within me, for he looked so like my husband. From the papers I learned that this Hoch came from the same part of Germany that my husband told me he came from and I have often wondered if I, too, was the drape of that man."

"I read how he always got his wives' lives insured and it made me remember how anxious my husband was from the day we were married that I have my life insured for \$1,000. Finally he had it insured. I also recalled when I read of Hoch's methods how I had become mysteriously sick about three months after our marriage, and how he sent for a doctor, who gave a prescription, and how my husband himself administered the medicine he ordered. It made me very ill. In fact, I had convulsions and almost died."

"It was about this time that my husband, who had been acting very queerly, was visited by detectives from Paterson and taken away by them on a bigamy charge. Knowing all these things I was more convinced that Hoch and my husband were the same man."

"Even if he were a Bluebeard, if he had been the most terrible man alive, I loved him and still love him. I can never know happiness, and now it will be a thousand times harder to bear."

Wanted to Avoid Attention.

"Dressed as a man, I was able to avoid any attentions that men might have paid me as a woman. I hated the thought of such things. Fresh from the love and attention of the only man in the world that I had ever known and loved, I could not bear to go out in the world and earn my living as a woman when I might receive attentions from men. I hated the thought. Nor did I want the sympathy of people who knew my husband had been accused of bigamy."

"These thoughts haunted me day and night, until one day it came to me what I should do—dress as a man. That solved the problem. I could leave my little home in Newark and go to New York and become a man and nobody would know of my sorrow."

"I came here, but I could not do as I planned right away. I was too timid, but I have a strong will, and at last I made the plunge. I had gathered up the wardrobe piece by piece, and I



Sketch of Augustus Seib, Showing Her as "Gus Seib," the Waiter.

finally had everything, even the neckties and collars. I had my hair cut and I was ready.

"In the first place I tried I was a success, for I went to the Marlborough and was a waiter there for eighteen months. I never dropped any trays or spilled the drinks—no. I was a good waiter, and nobody ever thought I was other than Gus Seib. And I wasn't," laughed the woman, "for, that was the shortening up of my real name—Augusta Seib."

The woman says that she was born in Wurttemberg, Germany, and that her father, now dead, was mayor of that city. As a girl she was highly educated. She speaks excellent English with a slightly German accent, but her choice of words shows a more than ordinary education.

For several years she worked at Collins' restaurant and also at Mink's on Sixth avenue.

She saved up \$400 and recently bought a little restaurant at 641 Sixth avenue, where she hopes to make enough money to become independent.

"I have had a hard struggle to save up this money, for always there are so many people whom I want to help, but now I have put all I have in this restaurant and have nothing even to buy clothes with to become a woman care more. I do hope they won't let me go out of here looking horrid," said the former boy, at once a woman in her anxiety to appear well. "I have no money to buy any clothes, and women's clothes are so expensive, I remember," she added with a little laugh.

Played the Gallant.

Asked if she had ever played the part of gallant during her life as a man, Mrs. Seib said:

"Oh, I met many nice young women who liked me and wanted me to call and to take them out to parties, but, while I promised, I never kept my engagements. I just couldn't do it, for I was too honest for that. But I told many a girl pleasant things. I paid them compliments—just what I knew women liked. You see, I had that advantage over the ordinary man, for I knew what women really liked to hear, and I did a lot of little nice things for girls, but I was sick in my intentions, of necessity," laughed the little gray-eyed woman.

"But I have to go now to the Island for five days as punishment for something that never occurred to me as a crime. I could see no harm in it when I meant no harm. But I suppose the law must be strict about such things."

"Of course, I shall never attempt such a thing as being a man again, but in the meantime I shall have to look like a strong-minded woman, for my hair is clipped short, and oh—this is terrible! I have tried to raise a mustache by shaving. I shall have to keep up that part of my disguise at least, won't it?"

BANK IS BLOWN UP; 3 HOUSES BURNED

Lives of 250 Tenants Imperiled in Another Outrage Ascribed to Black Hand.

NEW YORK, July 6.—A mysterious explosion to-day in the cellar of 422 Marcy avenue, Brooklyn, which the police suspect was caused by a bomb, blew up the bank of Capaton & Caboni, ripped up the sidewalk, destroyed the building next door at 48, and fire destroyed two houses and a stable around the corner on Flushing avenue.

The shock of the explosion was felt for blocks, and the neighborhood was thrown into a panic. The two structures on Marcy avenue were demolished and the ruins strewn over the street.

Fire followed the explosion and spread to the three-story building at 100 Flushing avenue. The tenants were all gotten out in safety, but the house burned to the ground. A one-story feed store, next door, and aivery stable, were also burned.

Francesco Gilloranzo, owner of a seven-story apartment house at 24-26 Mulberry street, failed to comply with the demand of blackmailers for \$500, and the building was set on fire today and the lives of 250 tenants imperiled. A mattress saturated with oil was found blazing in a vacant apartment on the fifth floor by Policeman Bruns, who aroused the tenants, who rushed out in panic. The fire had not gained much headway and was quickly extinguished. The firemen found a second oil-soaked mattress in a vacant apartment on the seventh floor.

APPEAL FOR ACTION AGAINST VENEZUELA

WILLEMSTAD, Curacao, July 6.—Petitions have been dispatched to Queen Wilhelmina at The Hague by the chamber of commerce, the naval league, and the General Dutch Union appealing for action against Venezuela because of the seizure by the South American Republic of three Dutch trading vessels.

The petitioners ask that some permanent agreement be made with Venezuela, which shall put an end to friction between it and the Dutch colonies. The governor of Curacao assured the delegates of the petitioners that both the home and the colonial governments were now engaged in trying to improve the relations with Venezuela.