

PREFERRED TO DIE.

PATHETIC SUICIDES OF MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

The Mother Wanted to Take Her Boy Along, but Weakened as She Raised the Pistol to His Head—A Strange Story from San Francisco.



MOST sensational suicide, the details of which reveal a strange story, occurred in San Francisco several days ago, when Mrs. Dr. Charles J. Schmidt sent a bullet crashing through her body. The pistol with which she killed herself was the same one used by her pretty daughter Louisa, who took her own life about a year ago. Mrs. Schmidt, on the very day that she shot herself, was to have been arraigned in court for the murder of Louisa Hauser, who died July 13 last, after making a dying statement wherein she accused Mrs. Schmidt of performing the operation from which death resulted.

that I have taken along the baby, but I think it will be better off than if it were to live an orphan, like the boy in Texas, without father. I swear before God Almighty, who will judge me in a short time, that you have abused your wife, who was as good and true to you as a child. Good-by. Don't forget your unhappy wife. God pardon me for what I have done in despair, to which you have driven me, for you were my husband and your will may be done."

Louisa, the pretty 16-years-old daughter of Mrs. Schmidt, who shot herself a year ago, did it because of alleged cruelty on part of Schmidt, her stepfather. About a week before committing suicide, Louisa said she was



LOUISA SCHMIDT.

thinking how cruel Schmidt was, and made up her mind to shoot him if she lived until his return from Europe, where he was then visiting. The girl believed he had ruined her family, and said: "I want to be out of the house or dead before he gets home." When word came that Schmidt was coming home, Louisa became very despondent, and the following Sunday night ended her life by shooting herself through the heart, first writing a letter to her mother. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the girl committed suicide "because of extreme fear of her stepfather."

Mrs. Schmidt was formerly Mrs. Caroline Dietrich, of Dallas, Tex., where she practiced midwifery. It was there that she met Schmidt, then a soldier. Shortly thereafter she was separated from her husband, after which she removed to San Francisco, and was soon married to Schmidt, who was then studying medicine at the Hahnemann college. They never lived happily.



MRS. CAROLINE SCHMIDT.

let through her own heart in the little fellow's presence.

Mrs. Schmidt left a letter to her husband, which tells the story of a broken heart and shows why she fled from the life of life rather than face further fortune. The letter is as follows:

Dear Husband: Your wish is answered now. These eyes, which were in your way, are closed now, but your eyes will be opened when with the sun your star will set. God knows how you have treated my poor children and me. The bullet which you shot at us can be found yet as witness in the kitchen, No. 1211 1/2 Mission street. Oh, God, how many nights had we to go on the street; how many nights had we to close ourselves up, and wept when you were going to butcher us with your butcher knife. How many times you wanted to put me in an insane asylum if other people had not kept you from doing it. Better this death than to be placed in an insane asylum with clear senses. Now you have your liberty. Do you think you will enjoy that better than to live in an honorable way with your family? I thank God that my angel Louisa, whom you drove to death a year ago, does not need to experience all this. By day and by night we will appear before your eyes and cry, "Triple murderer! Your conscience will be awakened and will haunt you, as you have driven, by meanest methods, a true, honorable, diligent wife to death. I once worried you, but I pardon you, and will ask God to pardon you for all we have suffered. But remember one thing:



DR. SCHMIDT.

We are the third family you have driven to ruin. Remember that woman you have brought away from her home in Vienna and have left in misery in America. Remember your wife and child in Texas, whose maledictions will follow you. I knew nothing about those unhappy people until I was long married to you.

"My last wish is, leave everything the way I have arranged, and put it in one grave. Take a plain, cheap coffin; no flowers, and never come to visit our graves. You hated us in our life and shall not claim to have an affection for us in death. Louisa, my angel, shall be buried with us. Please pardon me

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

INTERESTING GOSSIP FOR MAID AND MATRON.

Business and Social Relations—Where She Hides the Key—Veilings and Furs—My Lady's Card—Household Hints.

The woman in business who succeeds in winning the good opinion of the men with whom she comes in contact is the one who is not continually on the lookout for evil and who understands thoroughly the difference that exists between social and business life. The girl who starts out expecting men to fall down and worship her will have a very rude shock some day when her employer gives her an order without the preface "please," and her whole soul will revolt when she finds that there are men so thoroughly calloused to the claims of womanhood that they can keep their hats on when they ride with her on the elevator and have no scruples about taking their coats off if the day is inclined to be sultry.

The young missionary who enters an office expecting to revolutionize the moral tone of it will probably occupy her position about a week. She is too much of a mental disturbance to be endured longer, but the girl who buckles down to the duties of the day with no question in her clear eyes regarding the moral tone of it will probably win the good graces of those about her and without any fussing or frowning on her part the minor courtesies to which she is accustomed will little by little be given to her naturally until the missionary work is really accomplished without so much as the elevation of an eyebrow on her part to indicate her wishes in the matter.

No practical business is run on the basis of charity; therefore the woman who aspires to a prolonged stay in one place with the assurance of an increase of salary some day must prove that she can give an adequate return in good work for the money paid her. A pretty, winsome creature in an office is not the power she is in a drawing room, unless she proves herself capable. Mere prettiness will not bring a salary to her if she is employed to accomplish anything of consequence. Even the pretty typewriter has had her day, and now the plain one who attends strictly to business occupies the best positions.

If you start out in the broad field of labor with men as competitors you must lay aside the idea that you were born to be adored by the opposite sex, and replace it with a determination to do the best you know how, working fairly for the money paid, but never, even in the hardest strife, laying aside the garment of pure womanliness which is the most winning factor in both business and social relations.—Philadelphia Times.



One way to trim sleeves.

Perfumes for Women. A word is due about the dainty woman's perfumes. Scent out of a bottle she should never use, but instead should bathe herself with delicately-perfumed soaps. She uses violet bags in her morning tub; she sprinkles fine refreshing toilet waters in her basin; she lays delicate smelling things among her garments. What these things are will be according to the varying tastes of different women. One of the nicest is that root of tropical lemon grass known as vervivert. Orris root in loose silk bags is excellent and some women like lavender. One has been known to use dry balsam fir, and certainly the odor of a pine forest in the sun which emanated from her belongings was very pleasant to the dainty and fastidious nostril. Another never uses anything but sprays of lemon verbena. The best the most costly of all, is dried rose leaves; not the soapy-smelling stuff sold in Oriental shops in potpourri, but big, fresh roses laid to die in one's drawers. Three fresh American beauties will so potently perfume a drawer that anything laid away in it for 24 days will bring an odor more subtle, penetrating and intoxicating than anything the scent shops have to sell. It is said that only those who have the blood of nobles in their veins can smell the perfume of strawberry leaves, and the high-bred dainty nose is required to perceive the true flavor of dead roses, which will be hunted in which Wagner lived when composing "Faustal," found in the drawers and wardrobe that delicious smell, though it was six or seven years after the musician died, who had found it impossible to compose unless he wore a dressing gown impregnated with that stimulating perfume.

My Lady's Card. A lady's card should be almost square, of moderate size and fine texture. If married Mrs. should precede her husband's name in full. The address is placed in the lower right-hand

corner, with the at home day in the lower left-hand corner, the engraving in plain, simple script. There was a time when it is not in good form for any lady, married or single, to have her number and street engraved upon her visiting card, that being a custom with a class of women who never move in respectable society; but that prejudice seems to have died out, and in this day, when one has such a large number of calling acquaintances, the address is perfectly correct and admissible in polite society. The usage of the visiting card in the social world has, from its importance, commanded a certain language of its own. Society has recognized its value, and now puts upon the small piece of engraved pasteboard the many duties which in the past were considered to require personal attention. It greets and bids adieu in the most graceful manner, congratulates most delicately but decidedly, and oftentimes tells more than written or spoken volumes could convey. Its story of fondness or disinterestedness is told in the promptness or method of its arrival.

Velvets and Furs. Furs will be in greater favor, and employed at a rate larger than ever heretofore. Fine like sable, marmoset and sealskin will be the principal ones for consideration, while ermine will in all probability be not seen at all, except, perhaps, as lining for coats of pressed or plain velvet or plush.

Pressed cloth will, during the winter season, be a prominent nouveauté. Velours, from the Lyons looms, as well as those of cotton, will be again in urgent demand; especially the decorative velours, printed with Indian designs and very similar to the nice fustard blouses, that are so well liked. I saw most charming regal evening cloaks made from this stuff, in a soft fancy shade, with fine patterns upon a light cream-colored ground. The sleeves are very wide and furnished with nice sable fur cuffs; a high standing collar of the like fur surrounds the neck, trimmed with narrow fur and within lined with velvet of bluish sheen. The hood is in front, tied with a full bow with pendant ends of moire ribbon, the color of which harmonizes with the inner lining of the hood.

What Do Children Think? I wonder what women suppose their children think when they hear them tell a deliberate lie?

It is a continual street car experience to hear arguments between conductors and parents as to the ages of children.

"I'll have to get a fare for that one," says the guardian of the indicator.

"I never pay for her," replies the parent haughtily.

"Well, I'll have to ring up 5 cents for her; she's over age."

"Why, what do you mean? They never charge me on any other line," is the response.

"Ain't that child over four?" asks the rigorist.

It is obvious to any one with half an eye that the object of discussion is fully six, and not small for that. The mother has avoided making the statement, but when questioned point blank she says:

"No, she ain't; she's only three and a half."

And I wonder how she can look the child in the face.—New York Recorder.

When She Hides the Key. It is a singular instance of the simplicity of the average mind to watch the cutting good faith in which the country housekeeper, when she takes her walks abroad and locks up her house, hides the key for its discovery by any other member of the family. As a matter of course she tucks it away under the doormat. It never seems to enter her dear, motherly head that every other woman in the place does precisely the same thing, and perhaps every other woman in every other suburban town. She never seems to think that that is the one place that any student of human nature, who had burglarious inclinations, would seek entrance to the house by simply lifting the doormat. He would be sure to find the key ready for him there.

Household Hints. How much more happy and comfortable the baby will be if the laundry is not allowed to put starch into its clothes.

To remove a rusty screw, apply a red-hot iron to the head for a short time, the screwdriver being used immediately afterward while the screw is still hot.

A delicious tutti-frutti cream may be made by taking a tablespoonful each of many kinds of preserves and adding to it a quart of sweetened cream, using half a pound of sugar to one quart of cream.

A slice of bread toasted to a delicate brown and moistened with the juice from a hot, rare beefsteak is a little variation from the regulation toast and appreciated by the invalid to whom small attentions mean a good deal.

Among the new pieces of odd china is the pancake dish. It is a deep, dull green in color, like a great saucer in shape, and has a cover that fits closely and is pierced with several small holes to allow the steam to pass out.

The stove about to be polished should first be cleaned of cinders and ashes. It should then be thoroughly freed from all dust and all grease spots should be wiped off with a damp cloth. A pair of stout leather gloves should be donned for the occasion, the best being those known as housemaid's gloves, and which are made expressly for the purpose; then, the blacklead should be applied by means of a small, round, soft brush, after which the stove should be well polished with another and harder brush in a rapid and vigorous manner, and with light, even strokes. The final polish could be given with a bit of leather, or by means of so homely a device as soft paper bags, which are said to be excellent. The black lead is usually bought in a solid substance, which should be grated into a saucer or any other suitable dish, and mixed with equal quantities of water and turpentine, the latter giving a much greater luster than water alone could do.

NOW YOU CAN LAUGH.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF RIN-TICKLERS.

Echoes From the Dens of Our Most Humorous Pencil Pushers—The Funny Man Extracts Fun From Everyday Incidents.

"You think you never spoke of this except to the deceased do you?" queried the lawyer.

"That's what I said," answered the witness.

"Now, don't you know, as a matter of fact," pursued the lawyer, rising and pointing his long finger impressively, at him, "that the deceased had been dead for ten years when these events took place? If you talked to him at all you talked to his bones. Will you please tell me how you would communicate with the skeleton?"

"I would wire it, sir," stilly rejoined the witness.—Chicago Tribune.

Aunt Is Rebuked.



Aunt Grace—You speak very lightly of me. In my younger days an engagement was equivalent to a marriage.

Pencopie (with gloe)—How shocking! But surely some of the more respectable had ceremonies performed!

Not Sound in the Faith. Free Silver Orator—I repeat it, my friends, we are bound hand and foot by the infamous money power! Unless we arise in our might and free ourselves from the deadly, blood-sucking vampires of Wall street we are not worthy to bear the name of American citizens! Silver, my fellow citizens, is the metal for the people! The grasping gold bugs—

Earnest Auditor (down in front)—Your talk sounds all right, but I can't get your proposition any more than your mouth, by George.—Chicago Tribune.

How the Colonel Made Room. "Do you think," asked the colonel, as he cocked his revolver, "that you can make room to-morrow for that communication of mine which has lain on your desk for six weeks past?"

"Certainly!" gasped the editor, "if we're crowded I can enlarge the paper, or—"

"That is satisfactory," interrupted the colonel, still eyeing his weapon. "I heard that you were crowded for space up here, and I thought that if I got you and your foreman out of the way there would be more room. Good morning."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Safe Side. "Sirrah," commended the monarch, "see that there is provided an extra current of a large number of volts for the execution of you culprit, with a second shift of doctors for the autopsy."

The royal executioner bowed him low.

"It shall be done," he answered.

"Because," His Majesty went on to explain, "that fellow is reputed to be leading a double life, and we must be on the safe side, don't you know."—Detroit Tribune.

The Only Safe Way.



Charley Checks—I say officer, old chappie, we want to make a trip through the slums doncherknow—can you tell us how we can do it in perfect safety?

Officer Farrell looking them over—Yez better hire a covered wagon.—Truth.

The First Deep Bars.

"Near as we can get at it," observed the professor of biking at the class, "this style of getting the head down and the hips up was instituted by Lord Marlton."

"O-o-h!"

"In his now famous road race across the Douglass bridge—"

"Um-m-h!"

"Critics and enemies of biking have denied this, but we have the historical statement that 'the bars descending grazed his plume.'"

(Great cheers.)—Cleveland Post.

A Dilemma.

"I'm in a quandry," said the eminent official.

"What's the matter?" inquired his wife.

"They are talking about having a prize fight under my very nose. I've got to do something or the law-and-order element will be after me."

"Well, issue a proclamation forbidding it."

"Yes—and if I do that maybe they'll go and have the prize fight somewhere else."—Washington Star.

It Harts Their Business.

"The papers say that the garment workers in New York are on a strike," she said.

"Yes, I've read something about it," he replied.

"What is the trouble?" she inquired.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered carelessly. "I suppose they're mad about this living picture craze."—Chicago Post.

His Remora. She was rather proud of her ears and she blushed with pleasure when he blurted out:

"I'm mighty glad you never had your ears pierced."

"Why?" she asked, in expectation of a compliment.

"Why, hang it all, it costs money to buy earrings," he returned.

"That's why she considers him a mean thing."—Chicago Post.

Memories.

The cowboys were flinking softly in the distance as the honeymooners sat on the porch of the old farmhouse.

"Isn't that a romantic sound?" asked she.

"Yes," said he. "Sounds just like the thud of the lee in the pitcher when I used to stay out and put up at a hotel till morning."—Indianapolis Journal.

Painful Effects of Intemperance.

"That was what you would call a Tribby cocktail, wasn't it, bartender?" said Rivers, setting down his glass and reaching for a clove.

"Tribby? I don't understand," replied the bartender.

"You tried to make something un-usually fine and you put your foot in it."—Chicago Tribune.

Not in Her Line.

"What are you going to do with all the men when you have monopolized the business situation?" asked the citizen.

"Is there anything that you will leave to us?"

"Yes," replied the wife thoughtfully. "There's one thing that we won't care to attempt. You can do the base ball playing for us."—Washington Star.

A Patient Boy.

The most patient boy in the world lives in Blightington, N. Y. He went to the house of a neighbor for a cup of sour milk.

"I haven't anything but sweet milk," said the lady of the house.

"Then," replied the obliging lad, as he took a seat, "I'll wait till it sours."

Illimitable Possibilities.

"I don't see any use in getting blue over it, old man. She isn't the only girl in the world."

"That's just what I'm blue about. 'Think of the chances I have of making the same kind of a fool of myself again."—Brooklyn Life.

Sure Thing.

Hogan—O! could stop all this chaff of the insurance companies by substituting in the wrong man as easy as within.

Grogan—And how?

Hogan—O! would not pay the money over till the dead man signed a receipt for it in his own hand.—Indianapolis Journal.

His Angel.

"What is that, dear?" the young husband asked.

"Angel food," said she sweetly. "—I guess you'd better eat it yourself. You are the only angel in the house."

And he helped himself liberally to the bread and beef.—Indianapolis Journal.

Out of His Mind Also.

Cholly—I told Miss Lenox that I was 'out of sight.'"

Dick—What did she say?

Cholly—That I verified an old adage.—Demorest's Magazine.

He Lost Cante.

Haverly—That policeman seems to be shunned by the rest of his brother officers.

Austin—Yes. When he was charged with violently clubbing an inoffensive citizen he proved himself quite innocent of the charge.

