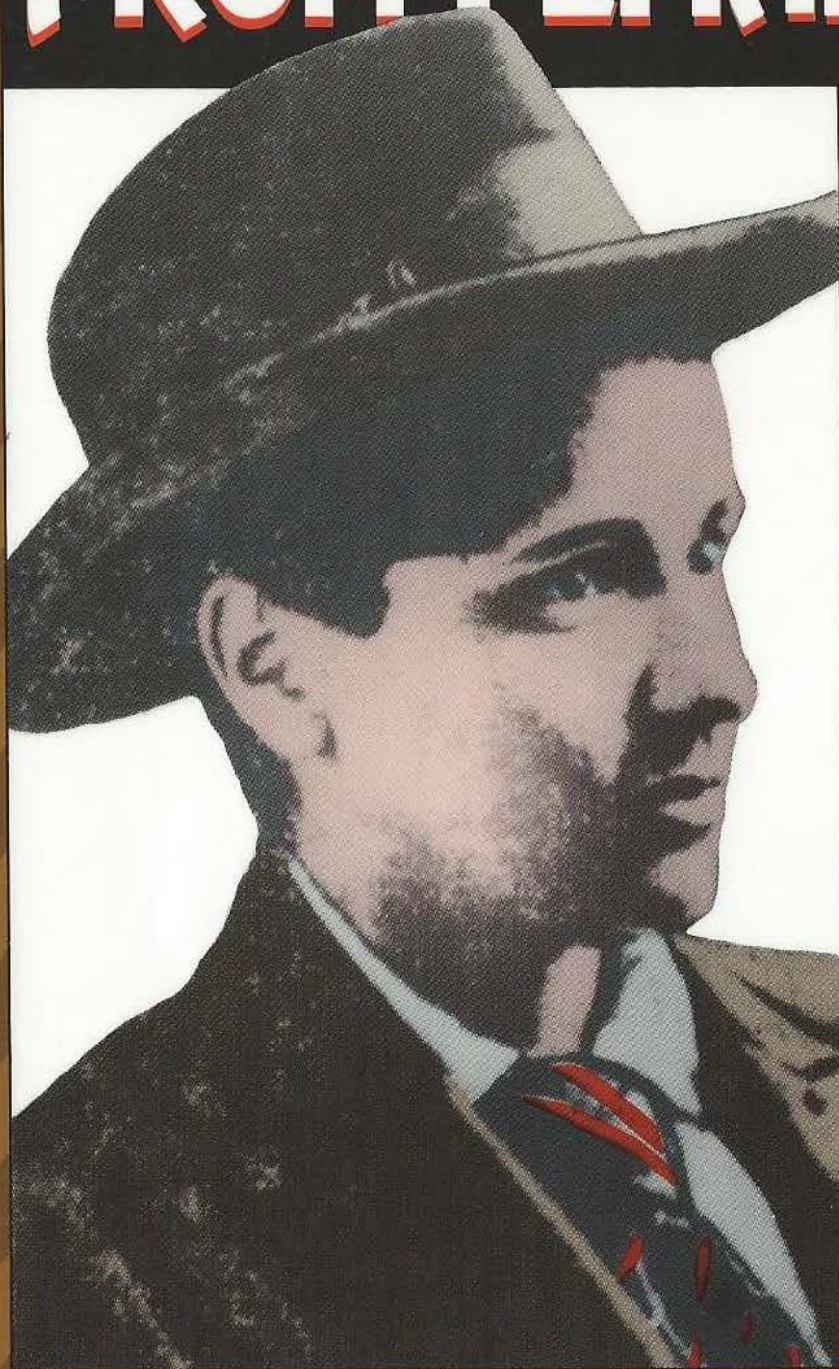


FROM FEMALE



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The Life of Jack Bee Garland

by Louis Sullivan

FROM FEMALE TO MALE

FROM FEMALE
❧ TO MALE ❧

*The life of
Jack Bee Garland*

by
LOUIS SULLIVAN



Boston : Alyson Publications, Inc.

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40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118.
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This book has been printed on acid-free paper.

First edition, first printing, April 1990.

ISBN 1-55583-150-8

Table of Contents

Introduction : 1

1. Death of Jack Bee Garland : 7

2. "A Woman in Male Clothing" : 13

3. "Girl-Boy, Man-Woman, or What-Is-It" : 31

4. The Naomi's Bean Dinner : 37

5. Of Babies and Gamblers : 49

6. B. Bean Looks at Women : 56

7. B. Bean Looks at Men : 76

8. B. Bean Looks at Society and the Family : 91

9. In San Francisco : 102

10. Bean Regains Her Voice : 112

11. "Lieutenant Jack" in Manila : 117

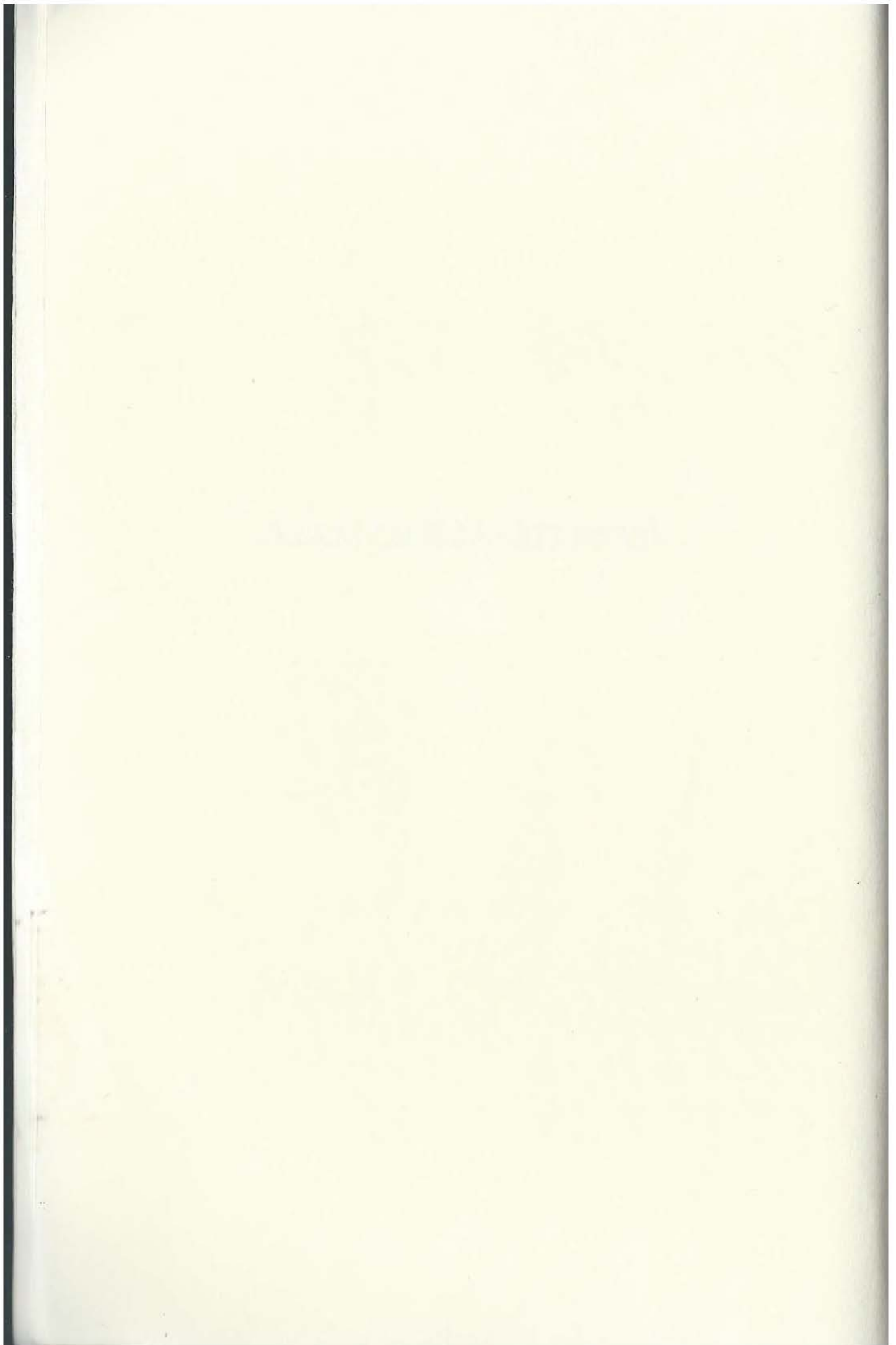
12. Jack's Last Years : 141

13. Childhood : 154

14. Burial : 170

Epilogue : 173

Bibliography : 179



Introduction

The story of Jack Bee Garland's life may have forever remained buried in old newspapers. But his story was meant to be told, and fate led Allan Berube of the Gay History Project in San Francisco, while scanning microfilm at random for clues to homosexuals in history, to stumble across article after article about crossdressing women.

In 1979 Berube presented a lecture and slide show documenting the stories of several women who had dressed and lived as men in late nineteenth-century San Francisco. These life stories were a revelation that moved me deeply; yes, it is true that women have passed as men from time immemorial, that female-to-male crossdressers and transsexuals are not modern-day freaks who have invented a new "perversion." That day, I resolved to learn more about one of Berube's subjects, Babe Bean, also known as Jack Bee Garland.

Dress was such a major topic in 1850 at the first national women's rights convention in Massachusetts that one commentator wrote: "It would hardly be outstripping facts to say that the husk and shell, so to speak, of every question now being raised for debate in America as between sex and sex belongs to the domain of the milliner and the tailor. What are the proper

kinds of clothes for a free woman to fold about her limbs? Is the gown a final form of dress? Is the petticoat a badge of shame? Does a man owe nothing to his hat, his coat, his pantaloons, his boots? In short, can a female be considered an equal to a male until she has won the right to wear his garb?"

By 1860, the Bloomer costume, a skirt with trousers underneath, had come and gone. But in 1869 (the year Jack Bee Garland was born), Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a friend of Amelia Bloomer and Susan B. Anthony, wrote in the Women Suffrage Association newspaper, *The Revolution*, that she believed the day would come when the sexes were dressed as nearly alike as possible. She mentioned how a young New York woman had travelled all over Europe and America in male attire and, thanks to it, had enjoyed a masculine independence and security. "When we have a voice in legislation, we shall dress as we please," wrote Stanton, "and if, by concealing our sex we find that we, too, can roam up and down the earth in safety, we shall keep our womanhood a profound secret."

In 1887 (when Garland was eighteen years old), the founder of the Rational Dress Society argued in favor of a woman's right to wear trousers, in "protest against the introduction of any fashion in dress that either deforms the figure, impedes the movements of the body, or in any way tends to injure the health. The trouser is not only more comfortable, healthy and clean, but also more decent, as less liable to derangement. The prevailing idea of decency, which exposes the whole of the upper part of a woman's body for the mere sake of display when she is in full dress, but shrouds her legs in layer upon layer of material is a very strange one, and it is time that it was altered. Let us combine to do this, ladies, and

prove to the world that union is strength. The maximum weight of clothing (without shoes) approved of by the Rational Dress Society does not exceed seven pounds."

In *The Psychology of Clothes*, J. C. Flugel noted: "There is little doubt that the drastic reduction of the decorative element in male costume has achieved its aims. Greater uniformity in costume has really been accompanied by greater sympathy between one individual and another, and between one class and another; not so much because the wearing of the same general style of clothes in itself produces a sense of community ... but because it removes certain socially disintegrating factors that are liable to be produced by differences in clothes. Take any ordinary social function. The men are dressed in a dull uniformity of black and white ... But if there is a lack of romance, there is also absent the envy, the jealousy, the petty triumphs, defeats, superiorities, and spitefulnesses engendered by the — doubtless more poetical — diversity and gaiety of the women's costumes."

Jack Garland demonstrated, through his lifelong adherence to his male identity, that his reasons for living as a man were more complex than just his dissatisfaction with the way society expected women to dress. He was a female-to-male transsexual, even though such luxuries as modern-day male hormone therapy and sex reassignment surgeries were not available options during his lifetime.

The few published accounts of females who lived as men delight in telling us of their adventures courting and sometimes marrying women. This was strong motivation to cross-dress for some women who loved other women. Before "gay liberation," it was nearly impossible to be a practicing lesbian in everyday life. Sometimes, to legitimize their relationship,

the more masculine of the two would pose as a male, the husband, so they could live together in peace.

But Jack Bee Garland was different. He dressed and lived as a man in order to be a man among men, calling into question our definition of sexual orientation (homosexual or heterosexual), which is usually based on a person's physical identity.

Of women, Jack wrote: "I have had so many who have asked to call that I have had to form the resolution of receiving no one in petticoats. Somehow, we never were very good friends. Their little deceits, and, I am sorry to say, petty jealousies, always had the effect of making boys my chums. It is only those whom I do not consider worthy the name of woman. So many are curious and it is the deceptions they carry on in order to satisfy this morbid curiosity that makes me repel most of them that I meet. The young women whom I have met are too vain and fickle — think too much, as it were, about looks."

But, if Jack was interested in relationships with men, why didn't he just remain a female? Wouldn't life have been easier than trying to gain their affections as a man?

"Many have thought it strange," said Jack, "that I do not care to mingle with women of my own age, and seem partial to men's company. Well, is it not natural that I should prefer the companionship of men? I am never happy nor contented unless with a few of 'the boys.' They talk and act naturally — without the conceit or affectations so often practiced in the drawing-rooms. Could women see men as I have, they would love them all. Why? Because they are, with one another, open and frank. They know each other's little secrets, and altogether are congenial. But, alas! when they leave their fellow men for the day or night, they are changed beings."

FROM FEMALE TO MALE

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Death of Jack Bee Garland

On Friday evening, September 18, 1936, around 8 p.m., a 66-year-old man with iron gray hair and brown eyes collapsed on the pavement at Post and Franklin Streets in San Francisco. Passersby hurried to his aid, and the little man, only 5'2" and 104 lbs., was rushed by ambulance to Central Emergency Hospital. He had been suffering from stomach trouble for some time, he told them in a deep but weak voice, and doctors at Central Emergency treated him for intra-abdominal lesions.

Hospital attendants found nothing unusual about this man named Jack Bee Garland, with his disheveled blue suit, large shoes and hat, his arms profusely tattooed from his wartime experiences in the Philippines. His keys were held in a Keytainer in his pocket along with a small knife, a fountain pen, and his wallet which contained only a dollar and miscellaneous cards and papers. He carried a white metal Westclox watch on a yellow metal chain, and wore cufflinks and a Masonic Lodge emblem pin.

Young male friends came by the hospital to visit Garland, addressing him affectionately as "Uncle Jack" during his one-day stay at the hospital. But that evening, a Saturday

night, Mr. Garland was transferred to San Francisco General Hospital and died at 1:15 a.m. the following morning of natural causes. With a final diagnosis of generalized peritonitis following perforation of a peptic ulcer, his body was removed to the Municipal Mortuary for routine autopsy Sunday at 10 a.m. Only then, after autopsy surgeon city physician Dr. Rolla B. Hess undressed the body, did anyone discover that Jack Bee Garland was a female.



“‘Jack Bee’ Was Woman,” shouted the front page of the *San Francisco Chronicle* the next morning. “The tiny, little ‘old man’ with the big heart, known to hundreds as Mr. Garland, writer, former newspaper man and social worker, was a woman,” it told the world, and that in fact he was the long-vanished Elvira Virginia Mugarrieta, born in San Francisco in 1869, daughter of San Francisco’s first Mexican consul and granddaughter of a Louisiana Supreme Court justice.

Only three people knew the secret Jack had kept for forty years. One was his close friend, Mrs. Mary L. Haines. Jack had walked to her home at 634 Guerrero Street in San Francisco two days before he collapsed. He was tired, Mrs. Haines said, and did not have carfare to his own room at 1241 Taylor Street, but he told her he was happy because he had met a scared runaway boy and had given the boy his last dollar.

Mrs. Haines wired Jack’s sister and only living relative, Victoria Shadburne in Los Angeles, of his death.

How to explain for the baffled press and the curious public the intricate motives of such a relative or friend in some quick, neat sentences? How to make sense of the complicated reasons Jack had for living his life the way he did? Mrs. Shadburne clearly felt embarrassed for herself and for her

family, and her explanation was probably the reasoning she used over the years to reconcile in her own mind her sister's life-long masculine identity.

"Elvira had high and noble ideals," Mrs. Shadburne explained. "Suppose you had noble ideals and wanted to do things for your country. Suppose *you* were a woman," she put the male reporters to question, "and the fact that you wore skirts instead of trousers prevented you from this. What would you do? Elvira did the only thing she could, since skirts prevented her from doing things for her country she might have done had she worn trousers. She wanted to help people. She was a woman; she wore skirts instead of trousers and that balked her.

"She wanted to go to the Philippines in 1899 to see the Spanish-American war front there. She couldn't go as a woman, so against my wishes and advice she put on men's clothes, went over on an army transport with a Colorado regiment, and served as a field hospital worker. She did splendid work as a freelance newspaper correspondent. She won high commendation as a Red Cross worker. Then she came home.

"Even in private, sister wore men's clothing. It fitted her somehow, although she never had an ulterior motive for the masquerade. It was just to realize her ambitions to be charitable and help the down-and-outers. My sister's death has been a terrible shock. I loved her and I understood her."

Mrs. Shadburne said that many times during the past forty years she urged Jack to discard his masculine lifestyle. "She was very beautiful when she was young. I think the choice that she made to live as a man was tragic. It's always been a bone of contention — this masquerading of Elvira's. Her insistence on retaining men's clothing always filled me with

fear. It is hard to talk about anything now. I am much too sad. She was all I had left. I'm all alone now."

Though hundreds knew Jack Garland, only a few came forward after his death to acknowledge their friend. One was Mrs. Ellen Juhl, the wife of a millman, who lived with her husband and four sons (a chauffeur, an engineer, a salesman, and a musician) just three blocks from Mary Haines. Another friend who came forward was Frank Rahmer, a State employee, who lived a few blocks in the other direction. Those friends who had not known his secret were understandably shocked and probably feeling mystified and betrayed after learning their friend's peculiar background. They would never know that they had been special to Jack in part because they did *not* know he had been a female. Jack loved them especially because of their unquestioning acceptance of him, and in many ways, he had been closer to those who knew him only as a man than he was to those who knew his unhappy secret.

Mrs. Haines said Garland had a small income which was augmented by occasional newspaper work. Every cent aside from his own expenses for the barest kind of living went to his down-and-out buddies. These were the years before the institution of Social Security pensions, or government assistance to the poor and homeless street people, who were mostly runaway boys and elderly men ostracized by the traditional family.

"Years ago," Haines explained, "she witnessed a heartless scene in the office of a professional charity and that determined her to go forth into the night streets to help all distressed. But she found she was handicapped while searching the streets for hunger's victims — so she put on men's clothing, a blue suit of modest make, big shoes to make her appear

masculine, and a hat pulled down over her thin, childlike face. The last three months Jack was literally dying on his feet. We, his few friends, begged him not to work so hard — begged him to see a doctor, but he smiled and said that 'hunger is a hard taskmaster and must be served.'"

Jack could not risk being exposed by a doctor, and even in the hospital during his last two days of life, he managed to hide himself from them.

The *Oakland Tribune* editorialized, "The story of that slight figure who was known as Jack Bee Garland and moved in the San Francisco streets at night to give pieces of money to the desperate is not only one of the sort which would have delighted O. Henry, it is of the stuff upon which a city's traditions are built. It may be that one day there will be a memorial to this man who was really a woman — and discovered as such only with her passing. Unless she left records we may only guess at the little adventures which were hers as she moved about the streets in the darkness to distribute charity direct, a resolution she took years ago when she found official channels cumbered with red tape. The San Francisco which has had many loved and picturesque characters may put the account of this one who 'died on her feet in service' in the archives of memories. She proved that the present may furnish its rich legend and there would be point in paying her honor."



The wonderful story of Jack's early adventures as a man was very nearly lost forever in library microfilms of old newspapers. But, as the report of his death spread to other cities, a Stockton, California, newspaper remembered Jack as an old-time character of that city:

"The threads that become lost in the years have a way of showing up. The question, Whatever became of Babe Bean? — often asked by old-time Stocktonians when talking in reminiscent mood — has been answered. Jack Bee Garland, 67, philanthropically inclined woman who died in San Francisco this week after successfully keeping her disguise as a man for many years, is revealed to have been Babe Bean, the eccentric character who lived in an ark on McLeod's Lake in the 1890's and created considerable of a stir in Stockton's long ago. Babe Bean dressed in male attire when living here, but there was no mystery as to her sex. Her true identity and her background were obscured in those days. She declined to reveal her real name or her history, but the story grew that her family resided in the East and was wealthy until meeting with reverses. With Jack Garland's death more is learned of Babe Bean and her family than was gleaned during her residence in Stockton. She was good company and a popular dinner guest of such groups as the Bachelors' Club. Even doors of some of the 'best people' were open to her despite her unconventional garb and mode of life in a primmer age than the present. In the ark-dwelling Bohemia of an older Stockton, Babe Bean was a unique character about whom the mystery will remain even in the face of present revelations."



"A Woman in Male Clothing"

Although Babe Bean had already been dressing and passing as a man for several years, page one headlines of the daily newspaper, *The Evening Mail*, in Stockton, California, brought her to the public's attention in 1897, four decades before death again revealed her secret:

**A Woman in Male Clothing
She Has Been Masquerading in Stockton a Week
Is Pretty and Shapely and is Accompanied
by a Male Companion — Both Strangers Here**

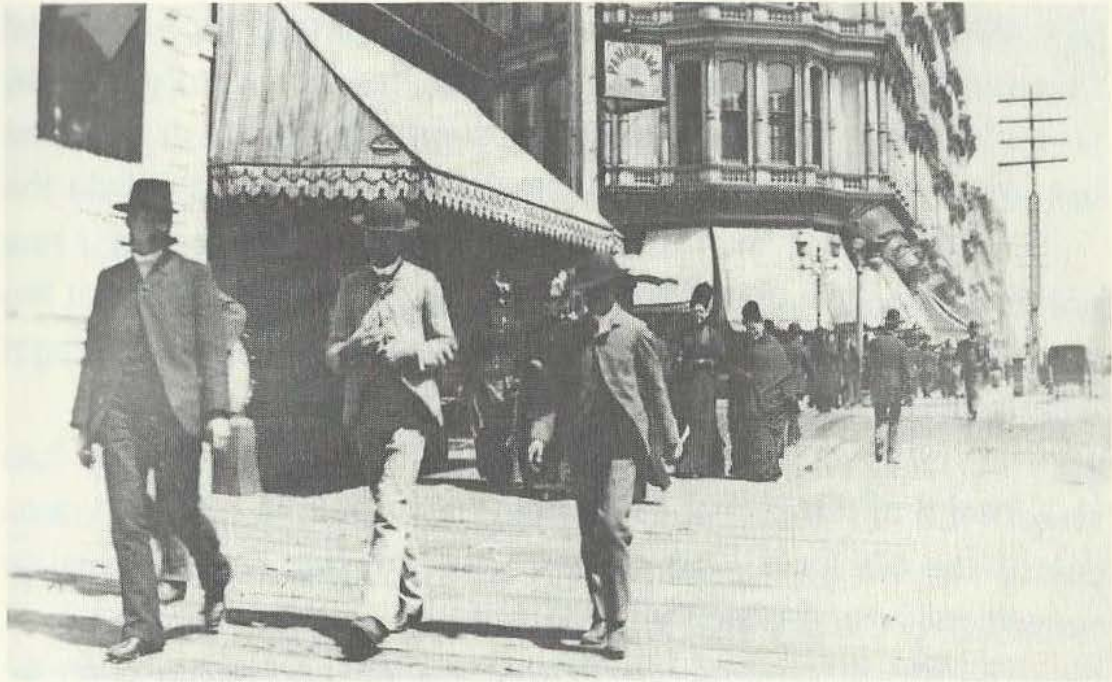
For nearly a week the officers of this city have heard that there is a woman in town masquerading in male attire, and they have been endeavoring to locate her, but either the officers don't know a woman when they see one, or the aforementioned female has been keeping pretty close indoors.

She is evidently a woman between eighteen and twenty years of age, or possibly younger. In fact, the circumstances are such as to cause the belief that it is a girl under age who is trying to conceal the fact. This theory is supported by the fact that she is accompanied by a man.

On Friday night she was seen at the theater in the top gallery, and one or two people who noticed her thought that it was either a very pretty boy or a young woman. As she was sitting down at the time and wore a sombrero, a good view of her could not be obtained. The gentleman who first noticed her said that when his eyes first rested on her face several others were sitting between, and he only saw the profile of her face. The thought then struck him that a lady was sitting in the gallery, which is a very uncommon occurrence. He leaned over in his seat, however, to get another view, and seeing that the person had on male attire, dismissed the incident.

On Sunday afternoon, while a reporter was standing in front of Friedberger's jewelry store talking with a friend, he noticed a man of about thirty-five years of age, accompanied by a mere boy, just turning down El Dorado Street. A second glance gave him the impression that the young person was not a boy at all, but a young woman in male attire. He communicated his impressions to the friend with whom he was talking at the time, and he, too, remarked that he had the same idea, and suggested that they keep an eye on the couple.

The couple continued down the west side of the street until they reached the El Dorado lodging-house between Main and Market. So convinced were the reporter and his friend that the young person was a woman that they informed Officer Dutschke of the fact, that officer being close by. He immediately went up in the building and made inquiries. He was informed by the landlord that a man had just come up into the house unaccompanied, but that a man and woman had come up some time before. The number of



The streets of San Francisco, 1897: To disguise her slender build, Babe Bean took advantage of the styles of the day and wore a coat with padded shoulders.

their room was given the officer, and he found there a woman about the size and appearance of the one described by the reporter, though she was fully dressed in female garments and wore a tight-fitting dress.

Whether or not it was the same person seen to enter the building could not be learned, but the statement of the landlord that a man had just entered the building unaccompanied was untrue, and may have been made with a view to throwing the officer off the track.

The woman is quite pretty, has rather a pale face, and she is about five feet and three or four inches in height. She was well dressed in a neatly fitting suit, consisting of a pair of black pantaloons, with a vest and coat of dark blue material, the coat coming below the hips, probably in an

attempt to conceal that evidence of femininity. The coat hardly accomplished the purpose, however, as the narrow shoulders and the broader hips were apparent. It could be seen, too, that the shoulders had been padded. While the woman is not "skinny" she is inclined to be slender. Her hair is black and abundant and has been cut off square at the base of the skull, though it has the appearance of having got a month or more ahead of the barber.

It was learned at the police office that the officers had heard of the fact of there being a woman in man's clothes in the city for a week or more, but they had not seen her on the street. A watch was detailed to keep an eye on the El Dorado lodging-house. As the couple had been given an inkling by the visit of the officer that they were suspected, it is likely that the woman will not again appear in men's clothing while in Stockton. She had not been apprehended up to the time the *Mail* went to press.



As Stockton in 1897 was a bustling city covering two square miles, with a population of 23,000, it took the police three weeks to catch up with the "woman in male clothing" at the post office. Officer Carroll brought her to the police station for questioning.

Again the story was page one news:

She was dressed in a blue suit with a white silk shirt, and her femininity was perhaps shown in her natty appearance and taste in dress. She wore her hat down over her eyes, and while the tile was on her head it was difficult to tell whether she was a woman or a smooth-cheeked boy. She claimed to be dumb and hence all her answers to the questions of the officers were written. "I have not always

been unable to speak," she wrote. "I could speak about five years ago. Fright was the cause. Met with an accident." She is probably faking dumbness, as her voice, which is most likely of the very feminine order, would disclose her deception.

For the last couple of weeks this woman has been living in an ark at the end of Miner Avenue. The other ark dwellers around there did not know what to think of the queer acquisition to their population. The dainty lad — for such at first they thought she was — remained in the ark all day, never showing herself, but toward evening a man would call and the two would go away together. He is the same individual who was seen with her by a *Mail* reporter when the two were observed to go into a lodging-house together. She said that she could do any kind of clerical work, but that she was hungry two days last week, not having the means to buy food. She says she reads and writes in the ark until 12 o'clock every night, and that the reason she chose to live in an ark was because it is cooler and "I like to be near the water, though neither the ark nor its surroundings are as I should like to have them. Here I find peace and quiet."

A neighboring arkman known as Romaine does her cooking. Sometimes he called her "Jack," sometimes "Jean," and sometimes other given names. She told the officers that her name was "Babe Bean."

"It is my only protection," wrote Babe Bean, when Officer Carroll and Police Chief Gall asked why she wore male attire. "I do it because I am alone; it is the best way in my condition."

She told the officers she was seventeen years old, "or will be my next birthday," that she came from the South (San Pedro, Long Beach, Catalina Island) and had one cousin in



*Wearing male attire
"is my only protec-
tion," wrote Babe
Bean when asked
about it by the
police chief. (This
drawing appeared in
the Stockton,
California, Evening
Mail, 1897.)*

San Francisco who could be contacted if there was anything they thought wrong.

The truth was, she was twenty-eight (or would be her next birthday) and her entire immediate family resided in San Francisco. Bean knew enough to consistently undercut her age, having learned, through many years of attempting to look like a man, that a crossdressing woman usually appears as a much younger man.

She said she had been in Stockton for only a few weeks and when officers told her they had been informed that there was a gentleman friend with her, she wrote, "You have d—— (excuse the expression) bad information about my being with any one." She said she had made the acquaintance of a Stockton fellow named Rodell, who was a painter. "The

landlord of the El Dorado lodging-house spoke truthfully when he said that only one man went upstairs. That person passed me on the stairs. I stepped in the doorway to tie my shoe. The man whom you mentioned is a stranger to me. I met him here. He has on all occasions been kind and respectful. I am sure, however, I know nothing of any of my neighbors' affairs. I have always found it a good plan to attend strictly to my own business, and always expect others to do likewise where I am concerned. I am at any time willing to have the police, reporters or anyone else visit me. I know I have been dogged, but as I have committed no errors I have nothing to fear."

She stated she had been wearing men's clothes off and on for five years. "For a person wanting to see the world and who cannot afford to travel in a private car, this garb is certainly the most convenient. For two very good reasons I am attired 'thusly' — for protection and for convenience. Yes, I have had some very interesting and varied experiences during my lifetime. Chief among them was my being lost in a forest, having to thrash some saucy urchins and visiting places where few, if any, women have entered."

The newspaper commented: "The woman or girl or what-not is strictly onto her job. She writes a good hand, uses good English, punctuates correctly, and her handwriting suggests that she is a newspaper woman. It might be possible that she is up here on an assignment from a San Francisco daily. It is more probable, however, that she had newspaper experience at one time or another, and that she is not on a private detective lay."

However, searching for anything suspicious, the police heard that Alfred Romaine, who had been living in an ark

near Bean's, had not been seen for three weeks. Bean told police that he went East to visit relatives. Police at first discredited her story, believing that Romaine, who lived by working at odd jobs, had no money. But upon investigation, the police learned that Romaine was an old soldier who had obtained a leave of absence to visit relatives in Kentucky and many of his friends saw him depart. The story that he did not have enough money to take him there was unfounded, as he had his ticket and cash to spare.

Another Stockton paper described the situation this way:

One of the strangest cases that has come under the eyes of the local police is that of a pretty, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl who is masquerading as a boy and whose life history would give the novelist a plot for one of the most readable books of the age. Babe Bean is the name the bright-faced girl-boy goes by, but what her real name is she alone knows, and is not liable to divulge it, as she claims to come from one of the best families in the land. Born in the South, Babe Bean has the dark hair and full mouth that tells the love of music, adventure and pleasure. She is passionately fond of music and was on her way to church in her boy's attire just to hear the music when Detective Carroll and Klench told her that they would like to have some explanation of her strange freak and took Miss Bean with them to see Chief of Police Gall.

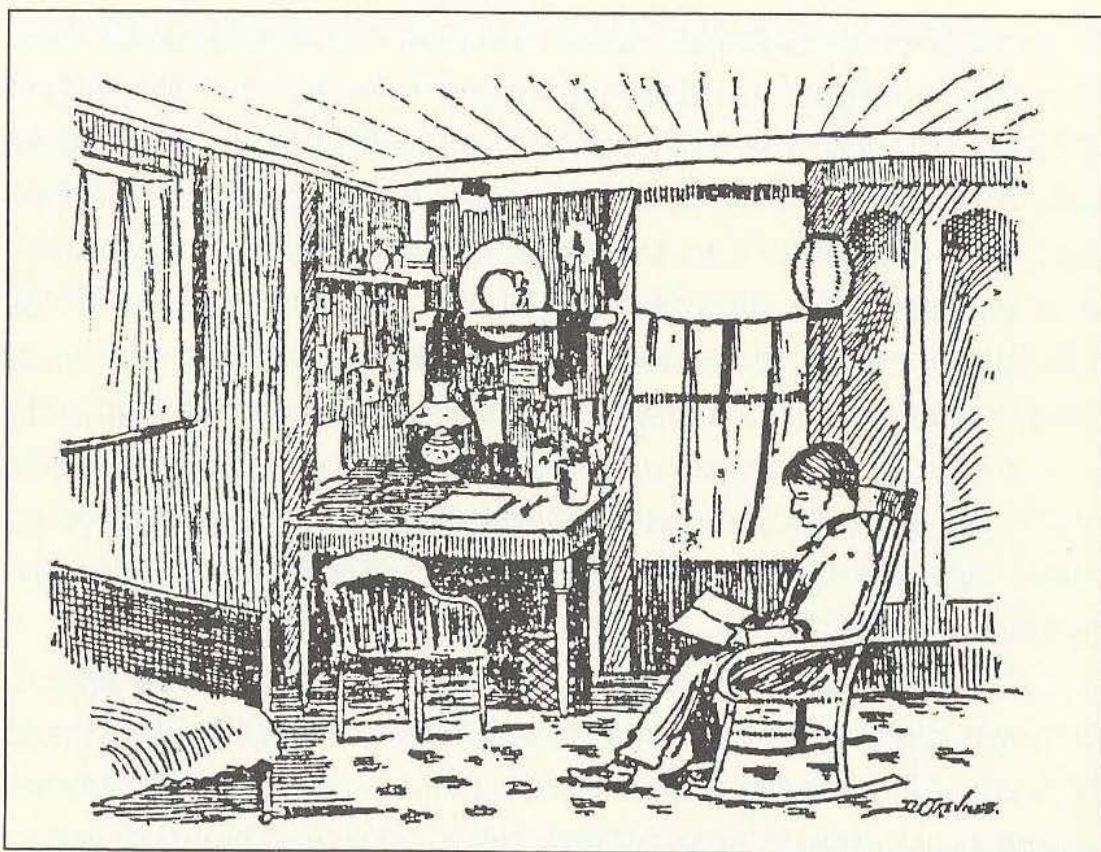
The girl in men's clothes came off first best in her encounter with the officers, as she was posted on the law governing such cases, which only admits of an arrest being made when it is known that the masquerader intends to commit some crime. To the officers Miss Bean disclaimed any intention of violating any law and said that she preferred

to travel in male attire as her chances for securing work were made better. All this she said on paper, for the girl-boy cannot talk. The police thought that Miss Bean was shamming when she pulled out her little notebook and answered with her pencil the questions put to her. They found out, however, that she has not spoken to a soul since she has been in Stockton, and that she always makes her wants known by means of her pencil. This she uses with a rapidity that would be the envy of any shorthand reporter. What she says on paper, too, is always written in the best of English, and it is evident that Miss Bean has generally traveled in the better walks of life.

"I am not as pleasantly located as I have been accustomed to, or as I should like to be," she wrote. "I am in need of quiet and rest and so far have been able to attain it in my present dome. The Chief of Police has told me that I might remain as I am, having no other clothes, as long as I desire to. I have always been aware that so long as the laws have not been broken, and that this dress was not used to either appropriate the rights of a male or another's property, I was safe."

Last night Detective Carroll and a reporter visited the ark where the girl-boy is domiciled. There everything was as neat and clean as a pin, in marked contrast to the abodes of the other arkdwellers. Everything showed the feminine hand in the care of the apartment. The walls were the only thing that told a different story. One large felt hat was hanging on one peg, and on another a soft gray hat and a necktie hung. Another nail held a double-breasted coat of dark blue serge.

Miss Bean does not seem to be afraid of being molested



"The neat and tasty interior of Babe Bean's ark," read the caption for this drawing in The Evening Mail

in her ark. She keeps the door locked and has a huge butcher knife handy to protect herself with. She seems to lack the usual fear in the feminine make-up, for she showed the reporter a huge spider that she recently caught and preserved in alcohol, and still another bug of gigantic proportions that would ordinarily strike terror to the feminine heart.

After convincing the officer that she was the sole occupant of the ark and that she had no male companion with her, Miss Bean chatted for a while on paper, and then suggested that it was her usual hour for indulging in a drink or a smoke, and that if the officer and scribe would accompany her to some place where there was a capable dispense

of liquid refreshments she would take pleasure in "setting them up." There was not much trouble in finding such a place, and when it was reached, out came the little notebook and inside one of the covers was this standing order, "soda lemonade." This is what Miss Bean places before the bar-keeper's eye whenever she visits such a place to try to do as men do.

This forenoon the erratic young girl told the reporter something of her life. Since she was 15 years of age — and she is now 19 — Miss Bean has traveled around the world as a boy. She first took to donning boy's clothing when riding horseback, and finding the costume more comfortable than that worn by her own sex, she adopted it when she started out in life alone. For years she has been a wanderer, the love of travel being so strong in her that she is always "on the go." When quite a child she came to California from her old Southern home and has since been in Mexico and even as far down as the Isthmus of Panama.

"I was always happy as a child, but seldom so now," she wrote.

The police were very anxious to know how Miss Bean made her way through the world and she told them that she had a regular income that generally kept her from want, but that when hard pressed she did any work that she could. The police had been told that Miss Bean had been working with gamblers, "tipping off" the "hands" held by one gambler to the one with whom she was working, but this she denied, and also denied the statement made to the officers by someone that she was not alone in the town.

Babe Bean remains a puzzle to officers. It has been suggested that she is eluding her husband. Of course, those

who father that theory take it for granted that she is married, an assumption which, perhaps, they have no right to make. Others say it would be a pretty smooth way to do crooked work. By changing her attire to the regulation feminine costume, and by curling her jetty locks with a curling iron, she would meet with no difficulty in getting out of town. That is, of course, before she was detected as a masquerader. The theory that she is a private detective still has a number of adherents, but the suggestion that she is a newspaper woman seems to be the most likely. She herself says that she is looking for "news and health." Her writing indicates that she has had newspaper experience. She writes a large, round, masculine hand, and leaves a large space between the lines, as newspaper writers are required to do.

Stockton will not long be honored with the presence of this peculiar girl, as she expects to be speeding across the continent before many days.

"Now, there's a show for a Stockton bachelor," remarked John York in the police station that night.

"Pwhat's thot, Profissor?" queried Tom Horton, removing his pipe.

"Why, that girl who is masquerading in male attire. She's pretty and dumb; I should think she'd be quite eligible for matrimony."

"Yis," said Tom, meditatively, "but I'm afraid she'd wear the pants."

Almost 100 miles away, the San Francisco newspapers immediately picked up the story with a few extra details:

She visits the saloons and has a standing order on the back of her writing pad for a "soda lemonade," which she drinks as if she had been familiar with a barroom all her life.

She says she will leave Stockton soon, but there is some chance that she will not be allowed to go until she explains herself more fully than she has thus far. The officers working on the case cannot get her to contradict herself on a single question, and as she is very bright, they have decided they will have to work the case from another standpoint if they wish to accomplish anything.

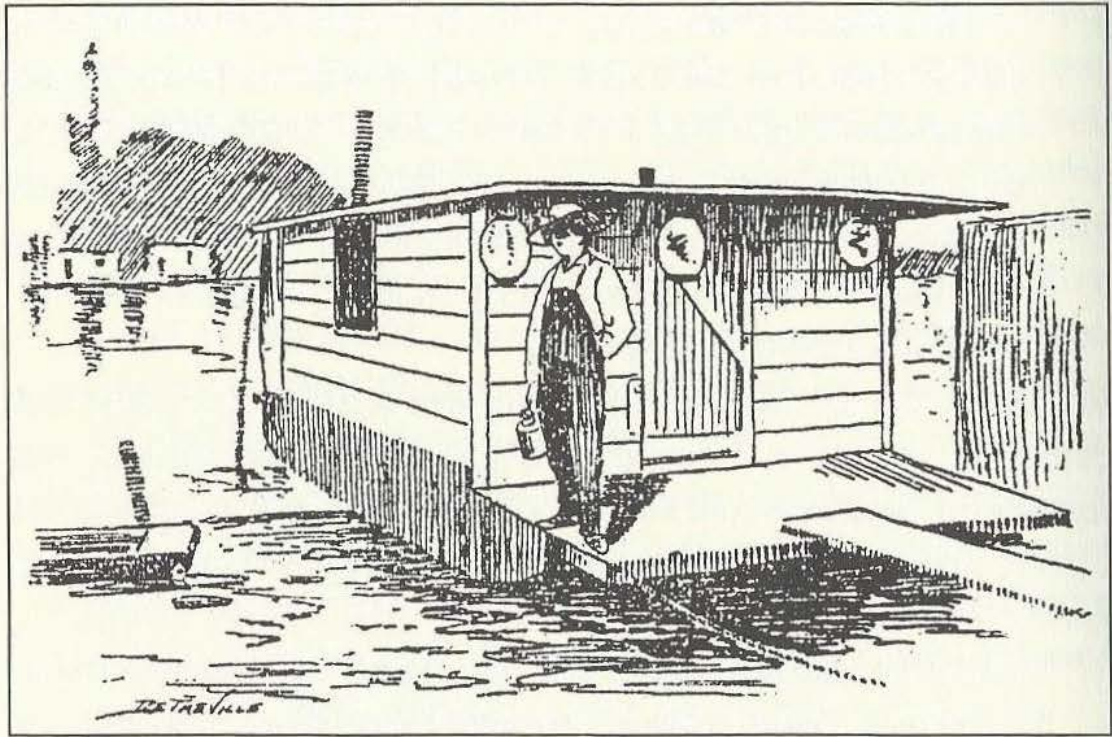
Referring to her inability to speak, she wrote: "My affliction came on me on account of a fright, a fall which hurt me internally. Sickness followed. I could with an effort speak, but I grew so accustomed to write out my wants that even that power left me."

"Could you be surprised into speaking?" someone asked.

"That was tried today," wrote Babe Bean. "Really, it seemed so absurd that it amused me. Someone said, 'Look out there', and at that moment something went BANG at my feet. I think the other fellow was the most surprised, for I merely stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and divided a bunch of grapes with a horse and walked on. Some foolish people are of the opinion evidently that by taking me un-awares I shall in one screech divulge some dark and hidden secret, something a la dime novel."

"Where were you when this affliction came on you?"

"That really I do not care to say. You must remember I reserve the right to some privacy. We all of us have some motive for not wishing names of places or parties to become public property. I do it with the very best of intentions. I am willing to give answers in any and all questions that cannot bring about the publicity referred to, but questions as to my family and those with whom I am or they might be acquainted I must be excused from answering. I assure you I



Babe Bean on the front porch of her floating home: From a drawing in The Evening Mail.

am quite alone and have been for years. There is no mystery about me whatever. I have a small income, but I need a little more than it to go through the world, and so I write some.

"I have been very ill since my arrival, which in part has been the cause of my long stay. I have not regained my strength as rapidly as I had hoped. However, I expect to leave within a day or two. I have given all the explanations of myself I have been asked for, and have been led to believe that they are satisfactory.

"I should like to say a word for Stockton men," wrote Babe Bean. "If the courtesy shown me by the police department and the newspapers alike is a proof of what sons of this pleasant little burg are, then you have more good and generous fellows together here than it has been my lot to meet in

any other one place. I have made no plans for the future — that is, as far as having my trip laid out. Respectfully yours, B.B.”

Detective Carroll declared her the “slickest piece of furniture that was ever in the police station.”

**Babe Bean’s Thrilling Narrative of her
First Night’s Experience in her Floating Home in
McLeod’s Lake**

Whenever it is possible I travel by water, live near it, upon it, or spend a goodly portion of my time in it. In Stockton I did the same as I usually do in all strange places — tried to get located in some private place where I should at least have a marine view. No such place seemed to be at hand, and a young man whom I asked to direct me suggested my renting an ark. As we were in the vicinity, I inquired of an old man whether there were any arks to rent. He in turn called upon the woman who had charge of two. The one was in a most dilapidated condition — the floor sunken in various places, with here and there an old piece of oil-cloth by way of covering. The location, however, was most picturesque, and I regretted to find the only other ark that was for rent not so pleasantly situated.

I was bent upon getting a place as near the water as possible, but my heart sank at the sight of the one I am now occupying. The place had not been opened for a fortnight; spiders’ webs hung from the ceiling to the floor; the stove, which I had removed later, was covered with old dishes, bottles containing pieces of candles, rusty knives and forks, tin tea and tablespoons, with old tin cooking utensils hanging on nails back of the stove. On a shelf above the stove was

a portion of a prayer-book and a string of rosary beads.

Constant cleaning and continual scrubbing for almost a week made this, my humble ark, appear more presentable. My health had been poor and the thought of finding rest and peace away from the buzz and din of the busy streets uptown helped me make the sacrifice of giving up the convenience and comforts of home-life for a life in an ark.

But, shall I ever forget my first night here? Alone in a strange city, with no way of calling for help, and amid a class of strange and hard-looking characters! I had not yet put a lock on my door, and the least effort made by a child would have forced it open.

The wind was blowing a regular hurricane. We have not had such a windstorm since. The water, which rose much higher then at high tide than it does now, splashed and foamed about in a most alarming manner. I feared lest the ropes, which were all that held me to earth, would break and cast my "bark" adrift. This was by no means pleasing, for I had not even an oar.

From sheer exhaustion I again dozed, this time to awake by what I thought was someone trying to cut the wire screen over one of the windows. With me it has been "to think is usually to act," so I sprang up, with revolver in hand, expecting to find some hideous face close to the window, if not a head already thrust through the opening made in the wire netting, but it was only a screw-eye hanging on the end of a rope, which had got caught in a break in the screen. I was so wide awake now that I felt it useless to try to sleep, and longed for the dawn of day. I looked about me for something to read, or to find something to do to divert my mind. It was impossible to write and, as I had read all the papers in the

place (I never read novels), I was about to settle myself for a night of planning when I happened upon the prayer-book and beads that I referred to in the foregoing.

These I had left where I found them. I have a great regard for all things religious and I had kept them because it would seem like a sacrilege to throw them into the channel, making them toys, as it were, for the fishes. I am an ardent believer in Providence, and these seemed to say to me that I was not so entirely alone. I was trying to decipher the almost obliterated names and dates on different pages, when my attention was again attracted by the shaking of the gang-plank. Mustering up all the courage I could, I held the lamp over my head and with my "steady" in the other hand I swung open the door, and what do you suppose I found? A poor tramp of a dog which came to drink from out the water pail I had forgotten to take in. We have been staunch friends ever since.

If people would only go about in search of the cause of mysterious noises, I dare say that in nine cases out of ten they would find them as absurd as I did.

I have always gone uptown at least once a day, though often it was with a great effort that I did so. I frequently heard remarks to the effect that it was a pity for a "boy" of my age to look so delicate. This gave me an inkling that my former sunburn must have worn off, so I made up my mind to go out more. I grew tired of going about aimlessly, so I bought me a little paint brush and purchased some varnish. Then I started out, not to do the proverbial painting of the town, but to varnish doors. The first day I made 25 cents on West Magnolia Street. For several days I walked and walked, in the blazing sun, without earning a penny, and thanked

fortune that I had not to do this sort of thing in order to gain a livelihood. As I walked many blocks I would grow tired, and more than once I have stretched out on a lawn in front of someplace where there were papers strewn about, showing that the occupants were away.

Upon my return "home," after one of my days spent mostly in resting under some shading tree, I was accosted by an old man who claimed to be "piping me off" for an officer. He was very kind and sympathetic and in the course of our conversation I learned that at police headquarters they had been apprised of the fact that a sickly looking boy was suspected of going about during the day as a painter only to "spot" places which he robbed at night. I could scarcely believe my senses. Good Heavens! What if I should be arrested on such a charge? For it was, indeed, a strong case of circumstantial evidence. Would you believe that two places had been burglarized in front of which I had so innocently lain?



“Girl-Boy, Man-Woman, or What-Is-It”

Four days after the police first questioned her, the newspaper asked, on page one:

Has Babe Bean, the mysterious girl-boy, man-woman, or what-is-it, skipped out? Last night there was no light in the house-boat and her nearest neighbors, who number among them old tars, fishermen, and gamblers, said in response to inquiry that they had seen nothing of the human enigma. Last night a man came and Babe Bean went away with him. That is nothing very startling, however. Other men have come and “she” went away with them. Where, no one seemed to know. Then she would return and the morning would find her up and around. This morning, however, she was not there. Her house-boat was closed and it was said that she told a friend that she would not be seen again.

The mystery is still unsolved as to whether “Babe” Bean is a boy or girl, a man or a woman. It is true that this peculiar personage could be taken for a male or female. As a matter of course, people have used the pronoun “she” in reference. Because of a certain feminine appearance she was arrested

some days ago for masquerading in male attire. The girl-boy stated at that time that she was a woman. That, however, might have been done to deepen the doubt as to the truth of sex.

She denied the question that she was living with a man, but stated that she had a companion by the name of Rodell, a painter, with whom she had become acquainted here. This relation with Rodell has been the cause of the most speculation. Rodell has not been seen for two or three days and it was thought that "Babe" Bean went to join him, if she really has left town.

From what can be learned it appears that no one has yet attempted to insult the walking puzzle through improper proposals, although once she flared up in company when some such suggestion was made. If "Babe" Bean is not dumb she is simulating to perfection. What she may say to others when curious people are not around is a question, but when questions of information are asked, out comes a pencil and paper and not a word of mouth. That is one of the mysteries, too, of the girl-boy, and all her actions seem to be done with an idea of deepening that mystery, now that she has been found out.

It is certain that she would rather have remained entirely incognito, but now that she is discovered there is no fear of publicity. She went to "Rosemary" at the Yosemite Theatre Wednesday night and bought a seat in the men's gallery. She smoked a cigarette on her way home and met a friend at her ark. But now her neighbors say that she is gone. She may not be, but whatever there is in it, she is still a mystery. Bean had not "skipped out," but had taken a steamer ship to San Francisco.

The newspapers were unrelenting:

This unconventional young creature is a character, indeed. She sleeps mostly in the daytime, for she is on the streets at all hours of the night. She is usually alone. She drops around to the police station in the afternoon once in a while and writes a chat with Chief Gall. She feels quite at home in her masculine attire, and she carries a switch of willow. She takes in the theaters, going up with the gallery gods. She saw Drew in "Rosemary" the other night. Then she strolls about town by night, and not infrequently takes supper at Campi's at midnight. She is a good spender, and while she always takes a soda lemonade, she buys cocktails for the boys — that is, for the few who happen to know her.

Letters come here from San Francisco addressed to Babe Bean.

Day before yesterday a San Francisco newspaper sent a lady reporter up to interview the "Babe" and the queer young woman told her various things. The lady reporter tried to get a photograph of the odd wearer of male attire, but she refused to be photographed. A snapshot was taken of her ark, and also a snapshot of the woman, but her face was turned the other way.

Babe Bean would not tell the reporter — and she was paid for all she wrote — what her name is, where she came from, nor what her mission is. In fact, the mystery about her is as deep as ever. She says that she receives a small income. Then she earns some money herself — earns it by being such a freak that newspapers pay her for telling them about it.

If Babe Bean could hear all the theories that have been advanced about her, she would at least have to smile.

Somebody told a reporter that a man named Romaine, who occupied an adjoining ark to Babe Bean's, had mysteriously disappeared. He also ascertained that Babe Bean used to eat in Romaine's ark. "At last," he thought, "I've discovered it all," and his eyes flashed as he thought of the sky-scraping headline that he'd build over the item. "There can be no doubt about it," he thought. "She's a cannibal, and when the food in the ark was gone she ate up Mr. Romaine. How's that for a scoop?"

The reporter was nearly broken-hearted when he was told by a kind friend that Romaine had gone East before Babe Bean had come here at all, and that his ark was occupied by a different party altogether when she ate there. Then it was also suggested to the reporter that a slice of roast arkman would be pretty tough eating, especially as Romaine is no Spring arkman, being on the other side of sixty. Thus the cannibal story was knocked out. It was really too bad, from a newspaper standpoint. It is just things like that that make reporters old before their time.

Chief Gall thinks that Babe Bean is an actress and learned how to wear pantaloons on the stage. She told the head of the Police Department that she had a letter to him from a prominent actor who is a personal friend of the Chief's, but she did not show it to him.

Mr.-Mrs. Bean says that she is 20 years old. She told the officers 17, and it wasn't three years ago, either. But then, a woman is excusable in a case like that, even though she does wear trousers. She said that she was married when she was fifteen. She ran away from a convent to wed. She's now wearing the pants herself, as Tom Horton suggested. That might be true, or it might be just a fib. It was a pretty

romance, though.

Babe Bean is a great curiosity to people living on Lindsay Point. An urchin of that neighborhood has made a wretched pun on her name, and if she was at all inclined to be a cannibal, she'll surely have roast urchin for supper. He calls her Baboon.



The flames of mystery were fanned when Bean visited Jackson's Baths, a popular Stockton recreation center with swimming, dancing and mineral baths. On the last cable car coming back after 11 p.m., Bean "tried to play the boy" by stepping off while the cable car was still moving, and was thrown to the pavement, turning two or three somersaults. If they did not know who the "boy" actually was, no one would have taken her for a female. The dark trousers, red sweater, and white cap were covered with dust as Bean lay on the street. The cable car was stopped and Babe was brought to a nearby drugstore where a doctor soon had her conscious, although it looked at first as if she were dead, a lump as big as a door-knob forming on her forehead. And since Bean was said to drink only soda water, those who whispered that the young "chap" had a load-on were quite wrong.

This incident brought forward a longshoreman who claimed to be keeping tabs on Bean. He claimed to have heard her say, "Oh, but that bump hurt my head," and said Bean's friend Rodell told him that her inability to talk was all a fake and "that she could use her tongue fast enough to exemplify the old saying that the reason why woman had no beard was because she could never keep her chin still long enough to be shaved."

The longshoreman further stated that "if Babe does not

drink anything stronger than 'soda water,' the latter is a good name for the Kentucky product."

The newspaper publicity also brought forward a rough-looking man named Engels from Montana, who was convinced that Bean was his long-lost sister who had run away from home dressed as a man. He threatened to take her back by force, if necessary, because a considerable estate had been left to him and his sister jointly and, until he found her, neither could collect. Babe Bean denied having any such relative. Police kept watch for him, as Bean had made fast friends of the officers and they kept an eye-out for her safety. When Engels again appeared at Bean's ark, Detective Carroll was sent for. In his presence, the man interviewed Bean and concluded that she was not the sister for whom he was searching after all.

♥ 4

The Naomi's Bean Dinner

Not all Stocktonians were shocked by Bean's lifestyle. The Naomi Bachelor Club had set up housekeeping about seven months previous, and consisted of upwards of twenty young men, including several clerks, a bookkeeper at the bank, a liquor dealer, and several telegraph operators — one working solely for *The Evening Mail*. While sending news articles back East, Bean used the telegraph lines often and met many of the Bachelors there. Since the Club attracted "Bohemian" young men committed to bachelorhood and not actively interested in women or marriage, it was a natural social gathering place for the gay men in town, and the Bachelors recognized Bean as one of them. In fact, just three weeks after she made newspaper headlines, Babe Bean was made an honorary member of the Naomi Bachelor Club. The newspaper told all:

When it was announced at the Bachelor Club last week that on Sunday Miss Babe Bean would be the guest of the club, there was great excitement among the bachelors, and every man of them got out his best bib and tucker so as to make a presentable appearance on the occasion. The supper hour is 6 o'clock, but on Sunday every member of the club was home at 4 o'clock, waiting expectantly for the arrival of the

honored guest.

Miss Bean arrived a few fashionable minutes late, and when she inquired, per pencil and paper, if she had kept them waiting, a chorus of voices assured her that they had not been kept waiting at all, and that they had just at that moment returned from Sunday school.

The menu for the occasion had been especially prepared after consultation with several noted chefs, and there were upwards of forty courses. They were elegantly gotten up and Miss Bean wrote her name on each one as a souvenir.

The address of welcome was made by Dan Harris, on account of his great command of language. It was as follows:

“Miss Bean, on behalf of the Naomi Bachelor Club, I extend you a hearty welcome to our modest abode. We want you to feel that we offer you the hospitality of this club, not in pity, but simply in good fellowship. Ever ready to share whatever we may have that is good with those whose lot has not been so pleasant as ours; ever ready, in our small way, to contribute some happiness where happy moments have been few, we ask you to feel that you are among those whose every wish is for a bright future for yourself, for those whom you love, and for those who love you; that you are among those who have no desire to uncover any part of your past or future over which you may desire to throw the cloak of sacredness; that you are among those who are ready at all times and in all places to offer you the protection that every American is ever ready to offer a defenseless woman.”

Of course, Miss Bean could not reply in spoken words, but it could be seen that she was deeply affected. However, on a tablet which had been placed at her plate she wrote: “Gentlemen of the Naomi Bachelor Club, I can only thank

you from the bottom of my heart." Deacon Campbell, who presides at the table, read the words aloud and each member extended his right hand in turn to the guest of honor. Each was grasped and shaken heartily by Miss Bean, and then the dinner proceeded.

Each member tried to outdo the rest in gallantry, and when she wrote on a piece of paper, "A glass of water, please," and held it up so all could see, ten glasses of water were simultaneously placed in front of her, whereat the Deacon remarked: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, not so fast; do you presume that the lady desires to bathe?"

Babe laughed lightly and then inadvertently selected the glass passed her by Beverly Botkin, and nine other bachelors looked daggers at him. The glasses of water were so thick about her that she accidentally tipped one over on Horace Vincent's trousers, and as she mutely apologized and hurriedly wrote "Excuse me," Vincent said it was all his fault, that no apology was necessary at all. "I assure you, Babe, or Miss Bean, I should say, that it's all right; it don't bother me at all."

Then Harlin tried to monopolize the guest's attention and began telling her all about the ball game, but Joe Edwards chipped in with: "Let go, Bill; do you think she's the sporting writer on some sheet?" As the meal progressed the guest was continually bothered by different members passing paper and pencil to her to get her autograph or some little bit of sentiment, but she finally headed them all off by writing "Let me eat" on a piece of paper and pinning it to her jacket in front.

Then they took to asking her questions which she could answer by a nod or a shake of the head. Lewis couldn't think

of anything but a question about the weather, while Charette asked her if she was good at guessing riddles. He seemed anxious to propound a few, but she shook her head negatively and then Al Baum told her that if she thought he was the handsomest man in the crowd to remain silent and he would know she meant yes. Billy Greenwald says that her attempts to talk were simply heartrending at that time.

Toasts were drunk to the health of the invited guest, and after supper was over she was entertained with vocal and instrumental music, recitations and funny sayings, Billy Greenwald giving several of his Irish specialties. On departing from the house, Miss Bean wrote a note, thanking all and expressing the hope that she would someday be in a position to reciprocate.

This is how Bean described her Bachelor friends:

There are many who will think it almost incredible when I say that I have many times been alone and unprotected with a dozen or more of those savage youths known as the heartless band of Naomi Bachelors — yes! and have actually dined at the same table with them; but, worse still, have felt innumerable horrors after an over-indulgence of iced distilled water, which is always kept on draught. After having been properly initiated and having passed through all the requisite forms necessary before an applicant can be counted one of the band, I was voted, much to my delight, to be their only honorary member. What better proof of brotherly love is there than in such an act as this? I feel morally certain that the Bachelors shall never have cause to regret the honor conferred upon me. “Just think of it?” some unreasonable people will say; “why, it is something too

awful." I dare say it is just "awful" for folks of this type to get through their heads that all men like to have women as their companions and friends, as well as to have them for their sweethearts. But then I must not dwell upon this subject, as love affairs are never discussed around the Bachelor board.

To all who are laboring under the false impression that it is impossible for a house to be kept in good order without a woman to at least oversee things and manage the general routine of household affairs I will say, Ask any person who has been fortunate enough to gain admittance into this little Bachelor circle and he will tell you that few homes, if any, can equal this one in cleanliness, taste and originality in its furnishings, and with such an air of comfort about the place that one hates to leave it. Evidently the boys have a place for everything and everything is kept in its place, for you will find hats and coats on the hatrack, instead of being thrown upon the first chair or couch that is the most handy, this being the usual way for boys at home to do.

I failed to see any boots or gaiters strewn about the floor in the parlor or in front of the fireplace of the very pretty little diningroom. The crystal tumblers upon the sideboard are not all piled up after each has been used, but straightway to the pantry it is taken to be washed and dried and put back in its place, keeping all so uniformly bright and clean that it is a pleasure to look at them.

Passing from the diningroom into the kitchen you must go through a pantry, the shelves of which would be the envy of the most fastidious housekeeper. Pretty blue and fancy white papers cover them, showing off to better advantage the dainty bits of Dresden china. Oh, dear, if you could only see the kitchen that is run by the boys.

Even savages are fond of their own peculiar style of music, so it is not astonishing to learn that all the members are great lovers of music.

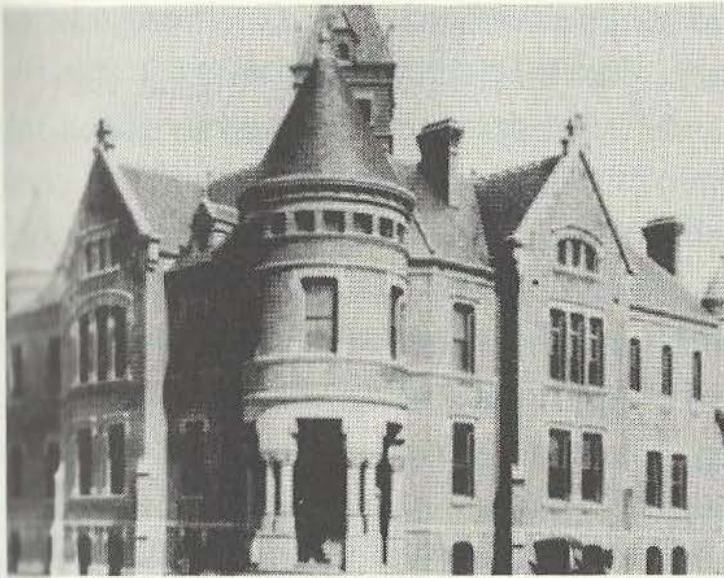
But Dan Harris can do nothing so well and gracefully as he plays the piano — no wonder he is always expected to be the accompanist for the quartet and for Eddie Winders and young Hopkins, who vie with one another in the rendering of new and comical songs. Mr. Taylor, though an able and pleasing musician, rarely plays other than sacred music. Fortunately, he confines his practicing to Sundays. We also have dramatists as well, Joe Edwards being the tragedian and Will Greenwald the comedian. I belong to this latter class, always taking the silent part, while Ed Charette takes the photographs.



Stories of Babe Bean had now appeared for over a month in front page articles of Stockton newspapers. Men and women alike were fascinated by this lady who had the freedom men had, in pants.

Romaine, the owner of the ark in which Babe Bean lived, finally returned from Kentucky and was surprised to hear the rumors that he had mysteriously disappeared or drowned. He shoo-ed reporters away, saying, "I am sure I don't understand Babe Bean myself. She is very clever, though, and she has made my old ark a regular little palace. I don't bother her. I went over and looked in the door today. She pays her rent right up to date, and as that is what I have the ark for, her identity is nothing to me."

It remains uncertain just how much the Stockton police chief knew of Bean's true identity, as it was never revealed to the public, but she became a regular visitor at the police



*Stockton police
station and city jail,
1897.*

station. When a report came in the night of a train robbery, Bean happened to be in the police station, and begged to be allowed to go with the officers. The request was refused.

But, when the police did not catch the men after several days, Bean went hoping to find and interview them, if not decoy them into capture.

"Yes, I had a fruitless chase," wrote Bean. "I heard as late as last Saturday where the robbers were supposed to be."

"Where was that?" was asked.

"At Lathrop," she wrote, a cunning smile and twinkle of a brown eye telling that she did not care to be too definite in the matter.

In fact, Williams and Schlagel were captured about fifty miles south of Lathrop that very day.

"I went to the head constable," she wrote, "and had a few moments' talk. Then I went to have a very bad supper. At the telegraph office all were willing to give me any aid I might require." Again, Bean found friendly young men working as clerks in the telegraph office.

I followed up a bunch of gypsies, and also waited for some

tramps around the accustomed rendezvous, the large water tank near the yards. There I had hoped to meet "my man." Instead I found a poor old cripple, who seemed so absolutely in want that I gave him a few cents. Presently he commenced unwrapping one of his limbs. It was about the worst piece of deformity I have ever looked upon. Just imagine — his instep where his heel should be. The limb from the knee down to the heel, if I might call it such, was exactly the shape of a chicken's leg. His toes were all doubled up and he is compelled to creep along on his knees.

A young fellow came in on one of the freight trains while I was there near the tank, and he evidently thought I was a "gay cat," in tramp parlance, for he called out to me in anything but a gentle voice: "Say, kid, where's yer goin'? Anyt'ing pull out fer der Sout' tonight?"

I shrugged my shoulders, as useless to say, I did not know, and he walked on. He was in appearance very much like Williams, and I felt satisfied at first that he was the man whom I had gone in search of. He was tough enough, in his language, to be a tramp of many months, but his general appearance told that he was just starting out on the road.

At Lathrop, coming back, the conductor evidently told those at the station who I was, and three horrid-looking women almost broke their necks to come through my car (the smoker, by the way), just to get a glimpse of me. They stood in front and stared in such a way that it caused the rest of the car to inquire who that was. From Lathrop to Stockton I had a regular army of starers. I don't know what kind of a being they expect to find in B.B., but if I must judge from appearances, they all seemed somewhat surprised. I hope it was a pleasant surprise to them.

I must tell you a joke that a friend of mine played on a group of acquaintances. Standing in front of a certain place where many men congregate, they were discussing my noble self and, as it was known that one had had an introduction, all turned to him for information. He described me as follows: "About 40 years of age, long flowing locks (he failed to say whether they were gray or not), stooped shoulders and dressed in overalls and jumpers." Just then an old gray-haired man passed. He too was about forty or more, stooped, and was dressed in overalls and wore a Prince Albert coat and a high hat that had seen better days. "Is that she?" asked they in chorus. "Why, I would have known it right along," said one. "Well, at any rate, we will know her now when we see her again," said they.



A San Francisco grocery house requested a picture of Bean and her ark for use as an advertising brand and she told them "you can have all but my face." She received several letters from playwrights who wanted to make her the heroine of their dramas.

Even Bean's appearance when stepping outside of her houseboat was an item of interest. Once she playfully jumped onto a horse behind the newspaper delivery boy. The horse took fright and bucked. The ruckus caused neighbors to poke out to see Bean wearing overalls, a large sombrero and Japanese sandals.

Not everywhere did Bean find tolerance and not all were accepting of this very unusual behavior in a young lady. There was considerable shock at this wearing of pants, this roaming around unescorted at night, consorting with men of questionable character.

The *Evening Bee* in Sacramento used a much less understanding tone when she visited that city. "Babe Bean, the woman who persists in wearing men's apparel, and who was arrested in Stockton for masquerading in men's clothes," said the page one newspaper article, "is in Sacramento. She escaped conviction on the charge placed against her in Stockton, it being shown that she was not 'masquerading' and that she never attempted to conceal her identity. Inasmuch as it is merely a whim on her part to dress as she does, and is not done for the purpose of disguise, there is said to be no legal reason why she should not wear pants instead of a skirt."

This was quite slanted reporting, as Babe never was arrested in Stockton.

A Sacramento detective was intent upon "standing her up," or frisking this brazen young woman with all the pockets. In Stockton's newspaper account, Bean is referred to as "Rosalind," the crossdressing female in Shakespeare's play, *As You Like It*.

Babe Bean, who goes by the equally fictitious name of Bebee Beam, went to Sacramento last Wednesday afternoon, but returned at noon yesterday, thoroughly disgusted with the Capitol City. She did not exactly call it a jay town, but she seemed to think harder names than that.

She met Captain of Police Green, whom she knew, and the two called upon Detective Higgins. The latter the Babe doesn't like at all. He suggested to the Captain that they should lock her up, but the Captain said that she was not disguising her sex. She admitted that she was a girl, and had the right to wear any kind of apparel that she chose. The detective declared that the Captain ought to "stand her up," a slang phrase which has a deal of significance, especially

as Sacramento officers use it, Miss Bean thinks. The Captain would not consent to Stockton's Rosalind being "stood up."

Miss Bean declared upon her return that the detective was impertinent. He demanded to know where she was going to sleep. She declined to tell him. She says she could discern the detective's motive, but agreed to tell him the next morning where she had slept. A reporter from the *Sacramento Bee*, she says, tried to persuade the officers to arrest her. She thinks the *Bee* wanted a "story" — wanted it "very bad."

Miss Bean started for home next morning, as she would probably have been jailed by the detective had she remained in the Capitol City, as that officer was very much nettled at her refusal to give him the information he craved.

To get back at the "impertinent" detective, Bean let the public know that gambling of all kinds was running in back of Sacramento's Golden Eagle hotel and that faro was going full blast while authorities were "winking at it with both eyes."

One man reported having seen Bean and her husband in a Stockton lodging house three months earlier and said her husband left for Sacramento, remarking that "somehow or other he had married wrong." The informant also revealed that Bean was part Spanish and that her maiden name was Clara Garcia, but this was quickly refuted in the newspaper the next day: "Beebe Bean is her name, and she has elected to carry out the mission she has to perform here and elsewhere by donning men's clothing."

Bean was indignant at the thought of being taken for anyone else, or that she should be thought to be doing anything wrong simply because she wore men's clothes. An officer on the San Francisco detective force spoke highly of

her and said she was on her way East on some big case, but he would not say what it was. "Don't spoil her case. She's all right," was his only comment.

The news reporters were perplexed: "The Stockton Rosalind has said from the first interviews that were published with her that she is attending to her own business and not interfering with that of others, and for that reason does not care to have others interfere with hers. She is a 'spunky' little woman and commands the respect she demands. This is the way she puts it: 'When I am found infringing on the laws in any way, criminal or moral, it is time enough to place me on trial.'"

"Therefore," the newspaper remarked, "when she was taken for Clara Garcia, her indignation knew no bounds."



Of Babies and Gamblers

About five weeks after Babe Bean's story first hit the papers, *The Evening Mail* in Stockton hired her and gave all of her articles front-page treatment. Perhaps in an attempt to "keep her in her place," her first assignment was to cover the Baby Show at the San Joaquin County Fair! But Bean used this vehicle for commenting on motherhood, and for defending the rights of a black woman to enter her baby in the contest.

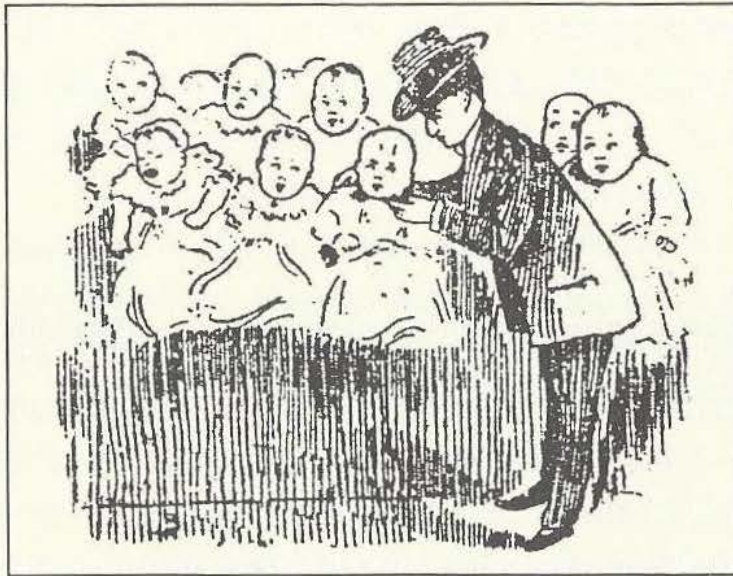
What is home without a baby? Surely not a Baby Show! I was agreeably surprised, as I have been in many other things, in Stockton's display of the various tiny blessings we call babies.

No wonder gloom is cast over a household upon losing one of these precious darlings.* Why, I felt sorry myself when the "show" was over, for I could not help loving them all. Who that saw them did not?

"Do you like children?" and in the next breath, "You seem fond of little ones," was asked me on all sides.

Yes, I do, but I do not think I would be capable, nor would I care to take the great responsibility of bringing one up. For

* By age six, Babe had already lost a baby brother and a baby sister.



"Babe Bean visits the baby show," as portrayed in the Stockton newspaper.

is it not a monstrous responsibility to make of tots good men and women?

An instance of woman's vanity was evidenced yesterday when she allowed her love of show to endanger the health and perhaps the lives of many innocents by taking or sending her child to be placed on exhibition, although the babe was suffering with the whooping cough.

Little Miss Carrie was one of last year's show babies. Dressed in orange silk, with its little costume decolette and its hair curled either on rags or irons, it would have made a pretty picture for a doll, but to me it seemed rather out of place to dress a child in this fashion. This sort of thing makes vain women. Had it only been white silk, even of the same quality, it would have created less comment.

In marked contrast sat a colored woman with a baby, not dark enough to be called a pickaninny, but just enough to make it conspicuous among the rest of the infants. The mother of this child had as much right to seek a prize as any of her fairer sisters. Had it not been for fear of criticisms I do believe that the committee would have given this darkie baby a higher prize than the one it received, for they stood

long and talked earnestly before deciding what to do. What attracted the attention of all the people who witnessed yesterday's event was the taste and simplicity used in dressing this particular one. All in white, with just a suspicion of pink baby-ribbon about its little yoke and a tiny bit encircling its wrists! The mother was neatly attired in a gray street costume.

In addition to this reporting duty, Bean was also given the honor of supervising the counting of seeds in a grizzly squash at the County Fair, a contest for which the person guessing closest received \$10.

But nipping in the bud any possible fate of being assigned only traditional "female" topics such as Baby Shows, the very next day Bean published an article proving her well acquainted with tougher subjects:

"Mr. Blank, do, please, take me with you. You are going in search of a man — I wish to go in search of news."

"What! You want to go into a place that is almost more than a man can stomach?"

"Yes, I do," answered I; "for from all accounts it is a place well worth seeing."

"What do you think, Mr. Reporter? Babe wants to go along to see a keno joint?" asked my friend, Mr. Blank, of a man who was also in search of news.

"Well, why not take her?" spoke up Mr. Reporter, after he had received a good poke in the ribs, by way of "putting him on" that I was in earnest about wanting to witness something entirely new to me.

So it was managed that I was to complete the party, and off we started.

As we turned into El Dorado from Main Street, a dim light,

two blocks below, going south, was pointed out as our destination. Passing the usual crowd of loungers in this particular part of the Tenderloin district, we reached a dark-looking, low building, with only one dim gas jet burning high up over the main entrance — for there are two, the other one being to the right and leading into a small room set apart for the ladies (?) [sic]. Just as I, walking in the middle, was about to step into the archway, before getting through the door which opens into the saloon, I heard an awful shout of what I thought — “Key - Know! — Here, card 13!” “Well,” I thought, “I’ll play that number if I can, for 13 is a very lucky number for me.” Up to this time I had not the remotest idea of what the game would cost, nor whether it was a chance or a scientific gamble. I was determined to play it if there was any way possible.

But, horrors! When the doors swung open to admit us I feared I would not be able to stand the stifling atmosphere long enough to risk a game. The night was a sultry one — being one of those we had in the latter part of August. This heat, combined with the aroma of very bad cigars, old pipes and cigarettes, the spillings of beer, tobacco juice, which was spat upon the floor in all directions (I thanked fortune here that I had not on petticoats), not to say anything of the oily and dirty working clothes worn by many — was enough to make anyone turn away in disgust. Disgust is a feeble expression of what I felt, but I had gone so far and I was determined to see it through.

When I became partly used to the smoky atmosphere I commenced to look about me. To put it in a word, to save space, I shall only say that almost every nation in the world was represented in this very queer concurrence. But what

faces! 'Tis well that I have grown hardened, for some of them would have raised fear in a more tender-hearted being.

To my right was the room I have already mentioned as being given over to the ladies. Here curses were mingled with the clashing of glasses and the boisterous peals of laughter. In a line with this room is the bar and counter. The liquor supply did not seem very large, if I must judge from the display of bottles. A little further and I could understand why I did not notice many bottles. Beer barrels in abundance spoke for themselves.

Looking down again at the table in front of me, I espied — card 13.

"I am going to play this," I informed my companions; so Mr. Reporter and I sat down, while Mr. Blank went over to a table about which were congregated opium fiends, petty criminals and tin-horn gamblers.

"Number 13," called out the dealer.

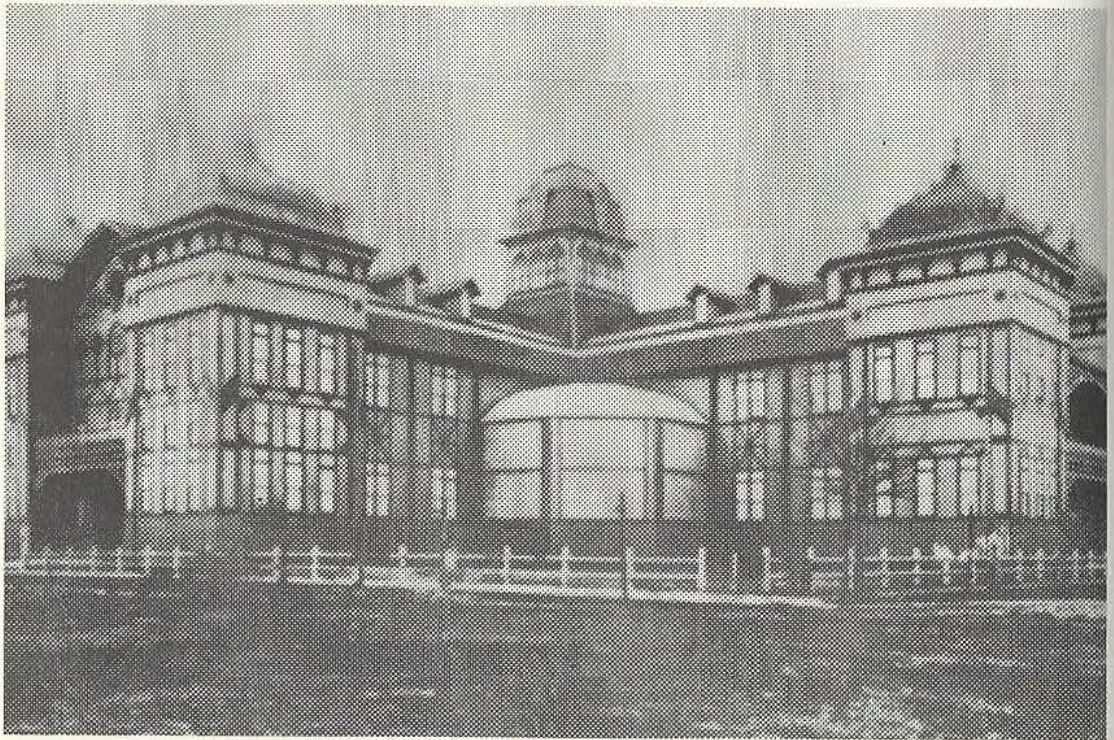
My first bean (for all places use large Lima beans) covered 13; two more numbers were called; I had one more. Cries of "Give us eighty," or "Thirty wanted over here!" — meant that a "case" had been won and only one more number was wanting to make a keno. I felt anxious, now that I had two and both on the same line.

"Necks numba iz nine-ten (90)," called out the dealer.

I had 90 — my heart commenced to flutter. The pick-up, a namesake of mine (another Babe), was standing back of me, looking over my shoulder. "Gee! he's got a good chance," with that he snapped his fingers.

"Necks numba is thirty—"

"Key - no-o-o-o!" howled Babe G., in almost deafening tones.



Bean attracted attention at the Stockton Pavilion (above) by dancing with other boys.

I had won on my lucky number — 13. The pot held \$6, which was paid over to me — minus the price of drinks.

I was glad to get out of this place, and did so after getting rid of \$2 of my winnings.

After leaving the Fair last night and having done the rounds, I landed in front of the first place of this kind I had ever entered. I must confess I felt a little scrupulous about entering alone, knowing full well the types that I had met before would be likely to offer me some insult. But, on second thought, I remembered that on every occasion that I had visited this place, all was hushed and quiet in my presence. At first it was not so until the pick-up or dealer would whisper to someone: "Can't you get onto yourself? Cheese! cheese! Cull" — and so on until all was quiet.

It is not long that these games have been running, but just see the stronghold they have gained. Should they be allowed to continue, imagine the enormity of crime and mischief they will be responsible for. Many of these places are resorts and meeting places for all kinds of crooks. Those who have just started on the downward path fall an easy prey to the wily ways of older heads, and they are soon engaged in some nefarious work. This or that lad might have found employment somewhere with honest people, whose honest influence may have urged him to give up the broad path for the narrow one. Besides, as it is a cheap game, the worst elements patronize it. It keeps not only men (who should know better), but boys as well away from their daily duties and studies.

Exactly two weeks after Babe's article appeared, Stockton's mayor signed an ordinance prohibiting the playing of keno, calling it "a bane to the young men of the city."

The management of the Pavilion, Stockton's entertainment center, presented Bean with a season ticket. There Babe danced with other boys and, since she appeared to be a "willy boy," the women in particular gawked to see the "two men" dance together. But when several fashionable ladies invited her to spend the evening with them, Bean declined, not wanting to "put herself on exhibition," as she termed it.



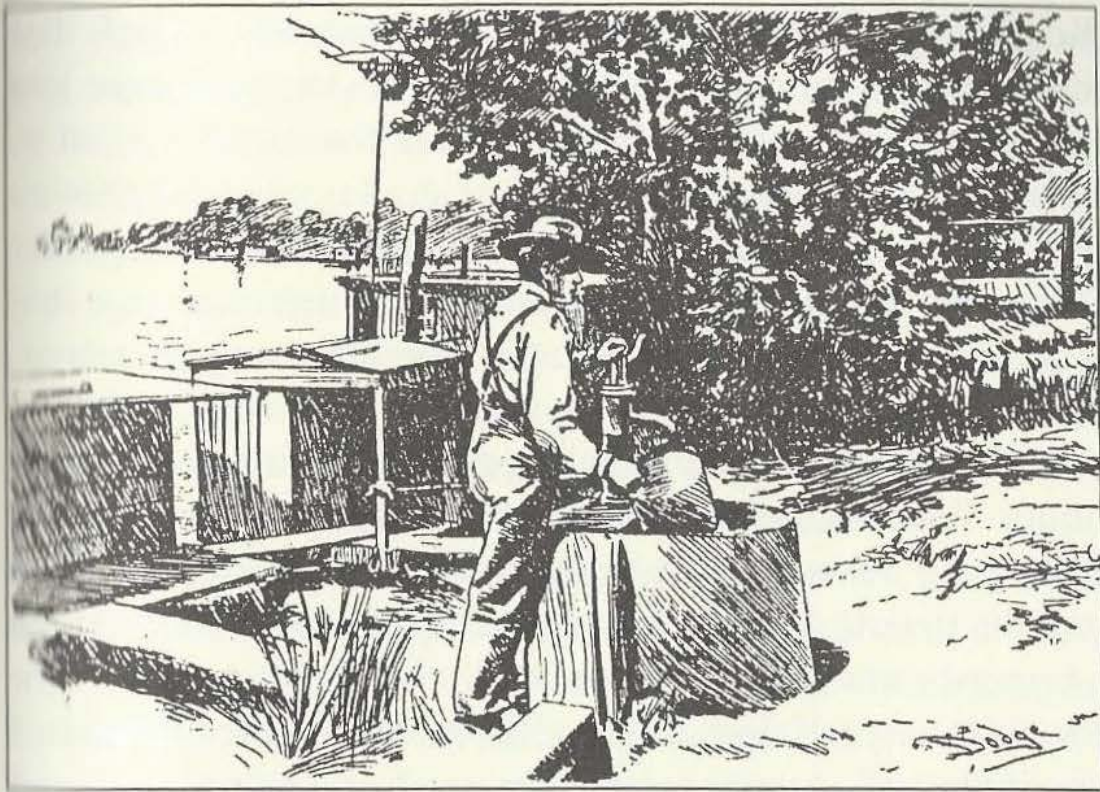
B. Bean Looks at Women

“Although Babe Bean has gone a step further than even Susan B. Anthony, inasmuch as she has discarded petticoats for pantaloons,” the newspaper remarked, “yet she is not a new woman. Clothes might make the man, as the tailors declare, but they don’t make the new woman in Babe Bean’s case. Since she dined with all those nice young men who compose the bachelor club, so-called, many women, both young and old, drive or walk past her ark in order to catch a glimpse of her.”

But when asked whether she received lady callers, Bean answered:

“Well, I have had so many who have asked to call that I have had to form the resolution of receiving no one in petticoats. Somehow, we never were very good friends. Their little deceits, and, I am sorry to say, petty jealousies, always had the effect of making boys my chums. I had only my brothers as my playmates,” explained Bean, although in reality she had two sisters near her age, “and, in part, that is what made me in my early youth such a Tomboy.”

“You appear to be a veritable woman-hater,” someone observed.



A drawing from the San Francisco Call depicts Bean at the pump which supplied arks on McLeod's Lake with water.

"No, *indeed*," Bean wrote, underlining the "indeed" several times. "It is only those whom I do not consider worthy the name of woman. So many are curious and it is the deceptions they carry on in order to satisfy this morbid curiosity that makes me repel most of them that I meet. All true women I admire, even if it be at a long distance."

Typical of the gender dysphoric female, Bean did not consider herself a woman, and even subscribed to sexist male attitudes. When questioned about women's right to vote, Bean answered:

"No; no new woman for me. Some, of course, are sincere, but the majority put me in mind of the old saying, 'Monkey see, monkey do.' The better class of women would not go to

the polls and it is just those that we want. Still I think that inasmuch as women are property owners to a greater or less extent, they should have some voice in the matter — that is, in having a say about who shall or shall not have full sway over things. I think that if those women would pull together they would in the end be successful. It seems a pity that women who pay large taxes and who help support a community are kicked out, as it were, in preference to some unprincipled fellows who sell their vote for a few drinks of liquor. For these women I have a heartfelt sympathy. But for those who are so presumptuous as to want to rule the State and the people, I have nothing but contempt. Wouldn't it be a fine state of affairs? Goodness, I should like to be Governor for a day myself, just to travel in state, but I think when I should be called upon to perform some of the duties exacted of a Governor, I would be only too glad to go back to where all women belong. I think there are others who would do the same."

The *Evening Mail's* female columnist L. Claire Davis (nicknamed "the *Mail's* Girl") wrote of masculinity and femininity while berating a school board member who made a negative comment about women teachers affecting the sturdiness of boys:

What does sturdiness mean? Vigor, strength of character, a certain hardihood or steadfastness which we are in the habit of attributing to the masculine character. And which we women rather admire in the masculine character — when we find it. And when we don't find it we put in a good deal of time trying to brace up the dear fellows who lack it, if we happen to possess a good deal of it ourselves. For it isn't an attribute that goes with the habit of wearing trousers and

carrying about fourteen pockets. It's as often found in a small woman whom you could twist in two as in a great bulk of a man who looks as if he were the embodiment of all the manly virtues.

Go over the list of your intimate acquaintances and see if you can't count more sturdy, gritty women standing behind husbands whom they help to brace and strengthen than there are women who are held to the path of duty and honor by men. And if the ability to stand upright before the world and take the knocks isn't sturdiness, what is?

Sturdiness as an attribute of character is not a matter of sex at all. The more one comes to know men and women, the more does one find that the higher qualities, such as truth, honor, moral steadfastness, charity, and love, which go to make the finest character, are as admirable and necessary in woman as in man, and that most of the talk about "masculine characteristics" and "feminine characteristics" is bosh. There are as many coarse women as coarse men. There are men with as much delicacy and tenderness underlying and woven through their natures as we are in the habit of attributing to women only.

But in the same column, "the *Mail's* Girl" was not so understanding when it came to Babe Bean's "habit of wearing trousers and carrying about fourteen pockets."

"Really," Davis wrote, "I don't see why the *Mail* artist hasn't been down to see Bebee Beam. (Please notice, dear, that I get the latest twist on your name.) Miss Beam scorns the petticoated sex and refuses to entertain a single angel of us. Reporters seem to enjoy a good deal of her society and we are treated to stories about her until we wonder what sort of looking creature this tramping Rosalind may be. Miss Beam

should relent and admit femininity or be punished. Let's have her picture, trousers included."

Of men and women, Bean wrote:

The young women whom I have met are too vain and fickle — think too much, as it were, about looks. But, poor girls, they are not to blame for their vanity. Mothers are the only ones to be criticised for this detestable failing. Make your daughters from childhood admire cleanliness and simplicity, both in person and in others, and you will not have to regret, when they shall have become women, any craving on their part for the fineries and luxuries that must be sought elsewhere, whenever circumstances do not permit of the indulgence at home.

Late pedestrians frequently see couples in closed hacks "taking in the town." But many a young person's downfall commences from a few hours devoted to "taking in the sights." There are places, presumably respectable restaurants, which are little short of assignation houses. To these places a party will usually go in the early part of the evening. When the first step has been taken it is a matter of a short time only when a woman is classed with those of the demi-monde. Oh! the shame of it! For a woman to permit herself to be made the plaything of a man that has little principle and far less respect for her! Then a girl is shocked because her male companion tells of it about town. If a woman lays herself open to such scandalous charges she must and should bear the consequences.

In many instances I have found the men exactly alike. Others I have been forced to think better of after having traveled with them for a time. However, I find them all too ready to condemn a woman (not speaking of myself) without

first giving her a fair trial.

It has been my lot, during my most varied and pleasant stay in Stockton, to meet with that class of men who, when they find that a woman is in earnest in trying to lead the sort of life that all true, good women should, are the first to offer a helping hand. These are the men I have been forced to alter my opinion of.

I do wish I could have the power to make men and women see what wretchedness is caused by the lack of confidence in one another. Always be frank and candid if you desire to be honored, respected and loved, for there is nothing that women detest more in men than deception. Men take advantage of the fact that women are shut out entirely from places where a man shows up in his true colors. My advice to a young woman would be to try to learn how her "ideal" treats his mother and sisters before she flings her heart at his feet.

If men would only practice at home a little of the kind considerations shown to some possessor of a pretty face and a fascinating manner there would be less heartaches and fewer bitter tears.

One word more to the boys: Do not be ashamed to tell a girl you like or love her, if you are, of course, sincere. The same advice to the girls. How in the world are people to know if you do not tell them? A true woman cannot help but admire a man who offers her the greatest honor that can be shown a woman when he offers to give her an honorable name; perhaps so far unsullied, to be, perchance, dragged in the dust and mire. A girl who laughs at a young man's declaration of love is simple and shallow-minded, and you should feel thankful for finding her out in time.

If young men would hesitate and weigh the meaning of what marriage is, they in turn would know less of misery in after years. On this score I must say I have found more happy young couples in Stockton than in any other place I have visited. I am sorry to say I have found here, as well as elsewhere, men who, for a night's carousal, would part with their last dollar; whereas, if one-tenth of the amount spent in having a good time would help to place a young woman in the position which she should strive to win, they would absolutely refuse to proffer the aid. I speak here from experience.

The woman who dared to wear men's pants, and her attitudes about the sexes, were more than some could tolerate. This letter appeared on page one of the *Evening Mail*:

Oh, Babe, Babe, Look Out!
Twenty-Five Girls Are Going to Visit You
All Attired in Male Garb and Breathing Terrible Threats—
Does Babe Bean Talk?

Oct. 1, 1897, To the Editor of the *Mail* —Sir: And so Babe Bean condescends to be agreeably surprised at a good many things in Stockton! Wonder why? What had she heard about Stockton? She must have heard something very bad, anyhow, or she would not have come here dressed in men's clothes, expecting to be tolerated and received into good society. She wasn't disappointed in that, though.

But what puzzles us girls is why Babe Bean should be allowed to dress that way, while if any of the rest of us wanted to walk out in that kind of costume for a change we would be arrested quicker than quick. There used to be a law against females dressing like the male human, but it

seems not to apply to Babe Bean. Perhaps it's because she writes for the paper; but Alice Rix, Helen Dare and L. Claire Davis don't go around in men's clothes. By the way, L. Claire D. is not the *Mail's* Girl anymore; it's Baby Bean. Maybe it's because she keeps her mouth shut and don't talk where anybody can hear her.

It's an awful puzzle. But the *Mail* says she's a girl, and the *Mail* is always right.

Babe Bean says "No new woman for her." But we girls think she's about the newest kind of woman out. But the biggest wonder of all is that the *Mail*, which has always a sarcastic word for women, and is always the first to speak when anybody does anything against the law, now seems not to know that Babe Bean is above the law, and pats her and pets her, while the police look on and smile, and it's all serene with Baby Bean.

Well, the long and short of it is, if Babe Bean is a girl and continues to dress in boys' clothes, the rest of us ought to have the same privilege, and we are going to do it. Some fine evening there's going to be about twenty-five young women on the streets of Stockton, all dressed in men's clothes, and we're going to the ark and get Babe Bean and duck her in McLeod's Lake till she cries "Nuff." She can talk if she wants to.

The Girls Of Stockton

To this, the *Mail's* editor replied:

Oh, dear, dear, dear girls, don't you know that there's no law in Stockton against lovely women appearing in men's clothes? Well, there isn't — not the least wee bit of a law. There used to be in the days gone by, when women were just beginning their struggle for men's privileges, but the

ordinance dropped out of the municipal statute book long, long ago.

And there isn't any State law, either; no, there isn't — at least none that bears on this case. There's a sort of a State law, but it is only a sort of one. The State law is to be found in section 185 of the Penal Code, under the heading, "Wearing mask or disguise, when unlawful." It reads as follows:

"It shall be unlawful for any person to wear any mask, false whiskers, or any personal disguise (whether complete or partial) for the purpose of (1) evading or escaping discovery, recognition or identification in the commission of any public offense, (2) concealment, flight or escape, when charged with, arrested for, or convicted of any public offense. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor."

So Babe can even wear whiskers if she wishes to.

There is a good deal of speculation as to who Babe Bean really is and what in the world she wishes to appear in masculine attire for. Her history is known to several prominent peace officers, among them being a Sacramento officer and a San Francisco detective, and they speak in high terms of her. Her writing shows that she is an educated woman and it was at first supposed that she had been sent here by some newspaper. The Babe has evidently had experience in writing for the public. Her diction and her manner of treating subjects indicate this. Afterwards a theory started that she was a detective, but neither suggestion seems to fit the case. The local officers, and the newspapermen as well, have tried to fathom the mystery, but failed. Letters sent by the "Babe" have been followed to their address in other cities, and the officers known to be

conversant with her history have been interviewed, but nothing tangible has come of it all. The San Francisco detective, when spoken to, merely replied that she had certain work to perform and should not be interfered with, and he added that she was an excellent young lady.

The belief that Babe Bean can speak if she wishes to is not confined to the "girls" who wrote the foregoing communication, by any means, but as far as the *Mail* is aware no one has heard her talk.

Two days later, Bean personally blasted the "25 Girls" in rebuttal:

Oct. 4, 1897, To the Editor of the *Mail*—Sir: In the first place, a woman should never declare herself to be a lady. She always proves that she is one. And you girls have done just the reverse. "'Tis better to be alone than in bad company" is a fitting answer to your remark about my expecting to be received into "your" society. I may associate, for the time being, with women or men in the shady walks of life, but it is with a good object in view that I do so. These, however, are neither my friends nor companions, at home or elsewhere. That is more than any of you can say. For how many of you have ever seen me with disreputable or questionable characters? Don't you wish, now, that you could say as much?

Permit me to ease your burning brain about the weighty question that seems to have eaten up all else that should have been in a head less shallow and light, viz.: Why I am allowed to dress as I choose. Since when, pray, do you girls take it upon your shoulders to dictate to strangers what they shall or shall not wear in the way of apparel? It is your privilege to dress as you see fit, whether it is after the fashion

Venus or Babe Bean. I wish to state that boys' clothes are still selling in Stockton at reduced rates. You are quite welcome to this information. No thanks necessary; do keep the change (of clothes)! If my boys' clothes are so shocking to the fine sensibilities that none of you seem to possess, it is a wonder that you would come down from the high pedestal upon which you have, without any reason, placed yourselves, long enough to do the very thing that you are finding fault with.

No puzzle at all, girls. I have declared repeatedly that I am a female, and I consider I am old enough to know.

Yes, I presume I am, in your shallow minds, "the newest woman out." Why? because you are so ignorant of what the world is like, and because your minds are so shallow as not to permit of any deep reasoning, that it is hard for you to comprehend how a woman can live alone; visit places where I have gone to do you a service; dress in boys' clothes because it is at once for me a convenience and a protection; keep you girls in your respective places; ask odds of none of you, and, above all, try by my conduct to command the respect of people and the public authorities.

I receive no callers whatever who are in any way likely to lay me open to public criticism, so this fear of censure will not permit me to receive that delegation of twenty-five. I think, however, I shall be equal to the task of shocking you all, so when you call I may feel prompted to give you just duckings "nuff" (I like that word) to revive you.

What kind of women will these twenty-five make?

Babe Bean

This exchange caused the *Mail's* editor to speculate: "Shrewd guessers are betting ten to one that the 'Girls of Stockton' are

not 'Girls of Stockton' at all, but are a fond mamma whose precious darling was mentioned disparagingly in the Babe's write-up of the baby show at the Pavilion."

But soon, more liberated and sympathetic letters followed: Oct. 2, 1897, To the Editor of the *Mail*—Sir: According to a recent letter, the girls of Stockton are thinking of ducking Babe Bean. I am afraid the green-eyed monster is moving around amongst us.

If that threat is to be taken as an index of character, is it any wonder Babe Bean does not favor her sex? I would suggest these "Girls of Stockton" take a few pointers in good manners from this same little woman whom they threaten. She is attending strictly to her own affairs, molesting and slandering no one, and, as this is a free country, does not have to talk if she wants to keep silent. Perhaps it is no worse than saying too much. What do you think? But if she cannot talk, ours is the loss, for if she could talk as well as she writes, it would be a pleasure to hear her. At any rate, it is best to suspend unkind judgment until one has proof that it is warranted.

The letter before referred to, in my opinion, voices the sentiments of — perhaps — two persons. This one contains the sentiments of perhaps more, but at least,

One Friendly Girl

Oct. 4, 1897, To the Editor of the *Mail*—Sir: In Saturday's issue of your popular paper there is a communication signed the "Girls of Stockton." Now, what a shame for Babe Bean, or any other stranger, to think the girls of Stockton so narrow-minded and spiteful as the person or persons who wrote that communication must be. Even if it is the combined

effort of twenty-five girls, they should not presume to echo the sentiments of the girls of Stockton. In the first place, they show their ignorance by not knowing that there is no law against wearing any kind of clothes you please. Girls, why didn't you find out before you made such a break? What are you thinking of to show your petty spite and jealousy? No one will think more of you for it, and a great many will think less.

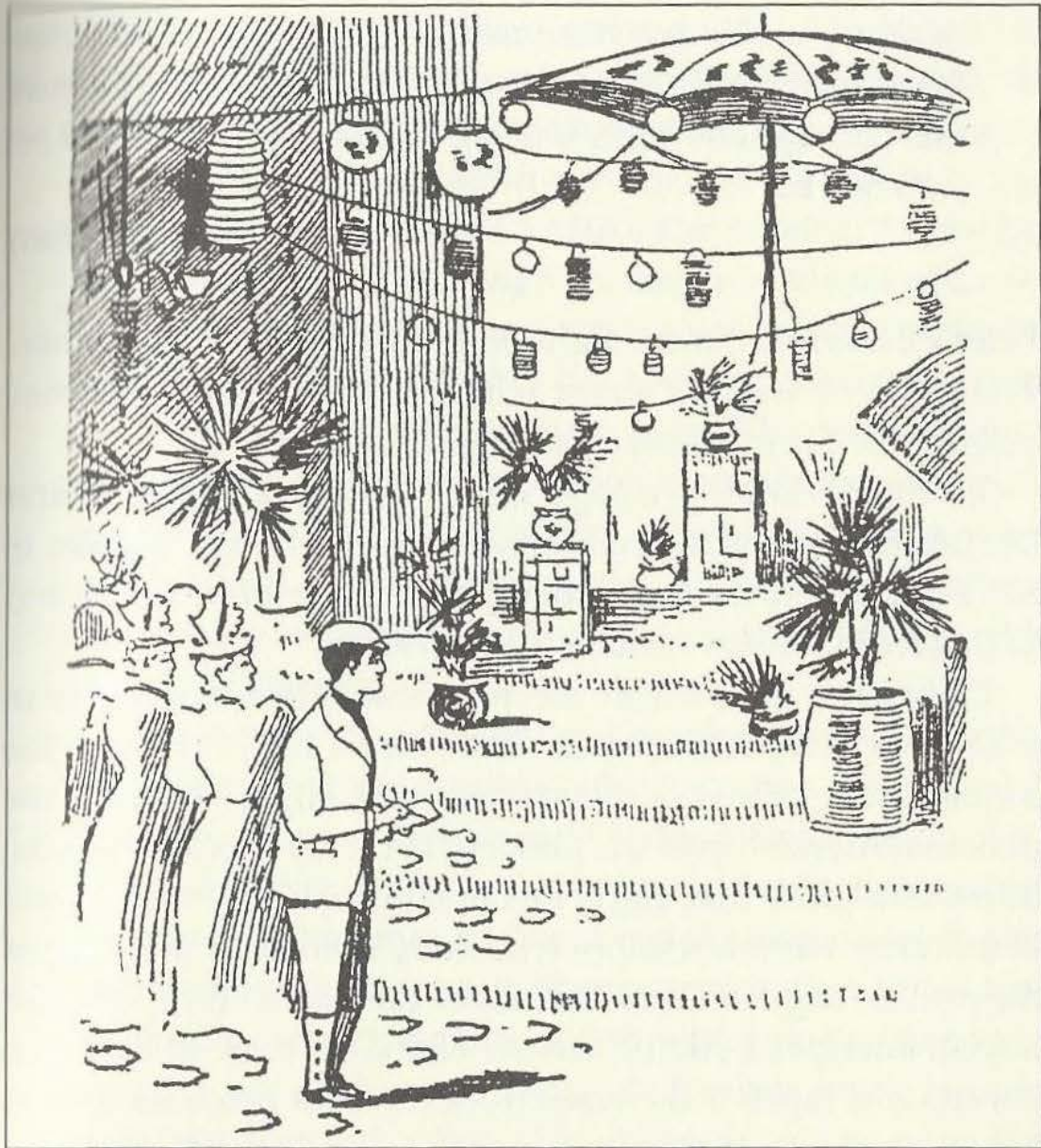
I do not know Babe Bean, but she is a woman, and I do not think it a woman's place to try to injure a sister because she does not happen to live just as we do; and if she wants to wear men's clothes and have sixteen pockets, it is none of our business, girls. As for her talking — if she can talk and won't — just think of the will-power she has, and of the unkind things we would all leave unsaid if we had to hunt through our coat pockets to find a pencil and paper to write our speeches. And if she really cannot talk, what an affliction it is. She should have our pity instead of our sneers.

Now, girls, go back to working impossible violets on linen and try to cultivate a better disposition. Babe Bean does not look like a woman that would care a fig for your Wills and Toms, Eds and Georges, for, of course, everyone knows that their evident respect for her is what has stirred up your wrath.

D.

Oct. 5, 1897, To the Editor of the *Mail* —Sir: I have been reading the different items in the *Mail* concerning Babe Bean, and I wish to say I think she is one of the most sensible young women in this city.

If she wishes to dress in men's clothes, let her do so; it



"Babe Bean inspects the Japanese Booth at the Central M.E. Church," read the caption for this newspaper drawing, which clearly depicted Bean's style of male dress.

does not concern the rest of us girls. If she wanted us to know why she does it, most probably she would tell us. But as she doesn't, let her do her work in peace.

The girl who wrote that article about her must have been

jealous, or else provoked because they could not find out her purpose in wearing men's clothes. For my part, I admire her courage and, in saying this, I express the opinion of not one girl, but

Many



Bean's essays cast more light on her perceptions of women. The types of women about whom she chose to write may perhaps be the most revealing aspect of all.

In the following essay, Bean visits bohemian writer Miriam Michelson, a predecessor of beatniks and hippies in San Francisco, who wrote about the Nevada silver mines and daily scenes on San Francisco's waterfront.

Only a few days before meeting Bean, Michelson wrote in a San Francisco newspaper, "If I were a boy, I'd make the acquaintance of a waterfront reporter. I might yearn for the personal friendship of the policeman on my block, or for the honor and glory that might be mine in boydom could I boast of intimacy with the despot who daily exercises the horses of the nearest engine house. But all the thousand horsepower of boyish energies I should devote to the waterfront reporter. For him I'd fag. For the waterfront reporter holds the key to living stories, tales whose charm is greater than the Arabian Nights and Robinson Crusoe put together. True, in the course of the years of experience that make him the glorious being he is, the waterfront has lost its poetry to him. But, if you're a boy, you've stores of romance safely concealed in the depths of a nature that pretends to gruff disillusion. Let but the genius of the boy give the opportunity; boyhood will do the rest. If you're so unfortunate as not to be a boy, the waterfront will not have quite so potent a charm."

It is no wonder this personage interested Bean, who wrote: The sharp air seemed invigorating, and the day was so beautiful that it made my drive a most delightful one. Reaching an unpretentious dwelling almost on the corner of the block, I alighted in front of a house that is called "home" by one of the very few women I have met in my travels who can be reasonable and unbiased long enough to forget my boy's clothes and treat me with the same consideration and cordiality usually accorded a lady caller. The door was ajar, and while I had waited for someone to answer my ring, I took notice of the decorations in the hallway. There were immense palm leaves in abundance, arranged in a manner that plainly showed it had been done by someone with artistic tendencies.

The maid who answered the summons reached over the night chain and took my letter of introduction. She asked if there would be an answer and I nodded. She looked rather strangely at me, and left me standing on the door-step while she carried the letter to her mistress. In a moment she returned, looked at me even harder than before, with a half frown and half puzzled look upon her face, and ushered me into the reception room. Poor girl! She was ready to drop with astonishment when she observed me to pass the hatrack and enter the room and sit down before removing my hat. The expression upon her face seemed to say: "Well, I declare!"

When she had closed the door after her and I had a moment in which to try to picture to myself what Miss Miriam Michelson would be like, I actually forgot where I was and looked about for a couch or a little stand with pipes, cigars and tobacco upon it. Why, the room was an ideal bachelor's

quarters. The place had such an air of comfort about it that it seemed to invite one to make one's self at home. Surely the people who love ease and comfort and who have books, pictures and flowers in profusion, are usually those who earn their living by some profession, or else who work for the love of art. Even the piano was fixed in a careless sort of way. Nothing studied nor stiff about the place, which gave the room that delightful appearance of careless comfort so often found among the class of wage-earners known as Bohemians, and which one seldom sees in the homes of the truly conventional folks.

I felt so much at home in the room I have described that I almost imagined I had known for a long while the young lady who entered smiling and cheery and who extended her hand in such a way as to make me feel that I was really and truly welcome.

"So this is Miss Bean — well, well, I had made up my mind that it was a myth, and that no such person existed," laughed Miss Michelson.

She insisted upon my taking, as she thought, a more comfortable seat, never for an instant glancing at me, at my clothes, as most people do when they meet me.

Thank fortune that the liberal-minded and broad-viewed woman still exists, but I have only found those who have been "tomboys" in their youth, or else who have had numerous male friends, or who have either through work or choice been constantly with men, who can be called such.

Miss Michelson, I am sure, expected to meet with a very different being, and she was honest and frank enough to let me know it. It did not seem at all as though I was having an interview with a reporter, because the questions that were

asked me had a tone about them of genuine interest, which could not possibly be mistaken for idle curiosity. To me, Miss Michelson could easily have passed for a 'Varsity girl.' She wore glasses, which made her seem doubly interesting and student-like. Her manner and dress corresponded; nothing affected about her. She had on a warm brown skirt of heavy material, with a black satin waist, both cut in the latest fashion, but oh, so simple and pretty. With a jaunty linen collar and cherry-red satin tie, she looked the picture of taste and simplicity.

I wrote her a note remarking about how prettily she had her reception room arranged.

"Do you think so? Well, my sister and I are such good friends that we have bachelors' quarters here" — and they are, indeed. This is the first time that I have ever gone to interview a newspaperwoman or to the home of one. I had always fancied the apartments about as I found them at Miss Michelson's home, but the occupant herself surpassed my most sanguine expectations.

Bean's interest in the unfortunate prompted her to interview a woman who had been charged as an accomplice to her husband's murder, and also a young woman who had attempted suicide by swallowing carbolic acid.

From one essay to the next, Bean's deep compassion is penned for those despairing and ousted from society. Her empathy for these disenfranchised sprang from Bean's own sense of isolation from the world.

A sense of pity was often woven throughout Bean's portrayals of women. But, as Bean revealed why she preferred the company of men, she took a few final jabs at the 25 "Girls of Stockton," while describing a day out with the boys:

The members of the Giant crew of the Stockton Athletic Association were waiting for me at the clubhouse last Sunday forenoon to take me with them as coxswain.

"Now, don't step in the bottom of the boat," spoke up a young fellow with curly hair. His locks and the medals he wore, with "1896" engraved on them, were the most noticeable things about his person.

In making inquiries about names today, I was asked for a description of his clothes.

"Why, he didn't have any on," I wrote.

One of the modest girls of "the twenty-five" fainted. They resuscitated her in time to let her hear my friend reading the fact that all the boys who made up the middle-weight crew wore their regular swimming suits. It looked as though the young woman was (apparently) never going to regain her former composure. Had we been near the channel I should have been called upon to act as doctor and duck her just "nuff" to bring her to.

To go back to the starting point: For a wonder I did just what I was told not to do. Down went my 7-1/2 shoe with a thud! I was up to my ankles in water, and I was afraid to look down for fear I would see a hole in the bottom of the boat. When well out into the stream I heard yells ... and the middle-weights were kind enough to let me know I was in the wrong boat.

What would you girls have done?

Oh! no; I didn't. I just kept my seat and had a fine ride about two miles down the river.

The steady gliding of the boat showed that only careful training could make such uniform oarsmen. Coming back, I took charge of the ropes.

"Whatever you do, go straight through between those boats ahead and hug the seawall," were my instructions.

The only thing I know of that could hug the wall with any enjoyment was the wall on the other side of the stream — that is, if it got close enough. I finally understood what the end-man said and steered for the space between the boats and missed the near steamer by a length.

We reached the clubhouse wharf with no more damage than cold feet, owing to the compulsory cold foot-bath we had down and back, one of the boys having forgotten the can with which to bail out the boat. I was prevented from going my way until I lent my aid in assisting the crew to carry the barge up the wharf and into the clubhouse. They received all the assistance that one little finger could give.

What a pleasure to see each one help the other, and willingly, at that!

"No, you do this," and "someone else do that," and "I just won't do a thing," and "make Susie do this, she has not done a lick of work today." This is what I always heard wherever a crowd of girls had gathered for recreation or perhaps around a camp. Not so with the boys at the clubhouse. All was as regular as clock-work.



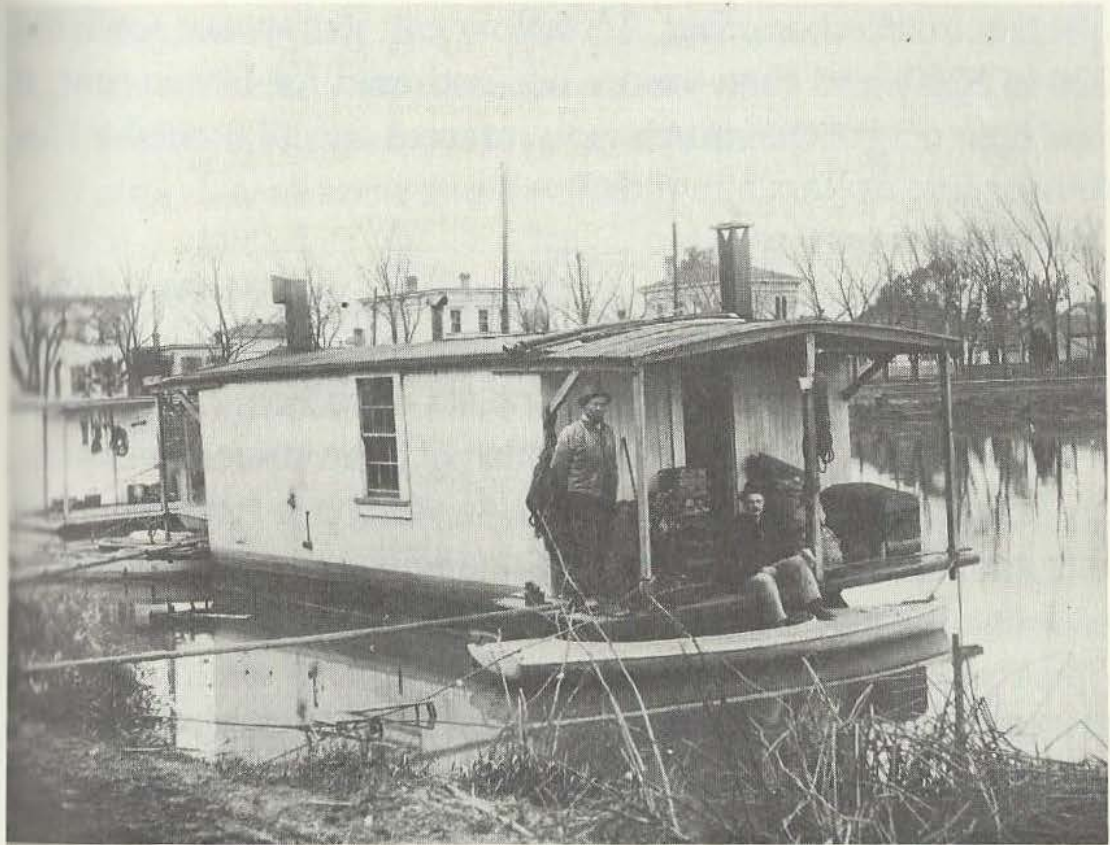
B. Bean Looks at Men

Many have thought it strange that I do not care to mingle with women of my own age, and seem partial to men's company. Well, is it not natural that I should prefer the companionship of men? I am never happy nor contented unless with a few of "the boys." I like to sit and listen to the conversations of cultured men — men who have traveled and studied. Why, it is a perfect schooling. Men soon forget that a woman is among them and they talk and act naturally — without the conceit or affectations so often practiced in the drawing-rooms.

I have always in my travels met with good, true and noble fellows, but again it has been my lot to meet the reverse. I have referred to men in the better walks of life. To discuss those belonging to the lower walks would require more time and space, though I can here state that I have, on more than one occasion, found more principle in a criminal character than in one in which a gentle woman would be most likely to seek it.



Some seventy or seventy-five arks were permanently located on McLeod's Lake and between 110 and 125 people lived in



The arks on McLeod's Lake, including the one in which Bean lived, were similar to this one.

them. In the evening the murmur of voices, the flickering lanterns and the splashing of oars might remind one of Venice. Most arkmens were well satisfied with their places of abode and had much to say in favor of the life.

"It's cooler down here for one thing," explained one arkmans. "If there's any breeze, we get it, and the shade of these willows can't be beat for a lounging place."

"I am a duck hunter," said the next, "and got tired of chasing ducks in a duck boat and living in a tent, so I got an ark and wouldn't give it up for anything. You can't hunt ducks without an ark."

"I got in because it saves rent and is a comfortable way to

live," remarked another. "A fellow can get an ark for from \$20 to \$200, and then you're not bothered for house rent. If you haven't got that much, you can rent one all furnished for four or five dollars a month."

In Bean's own words:

Instead of conforming to the general way of living, most ark-dwellers live a happy-go-lucky sort of an existence. No home can be more modest; no life more free. I have found these people, with the exception of a few dissolute characters, a truly interesting study. As yet I have heard no cries of lamentation, of mourning nor weeping, notwithstanding the majority of my neighbors have seen better days.

In my immediate neighborhood there are three arks owned by men who keep and rent boats for a living. Though two are married, there is but one child in these places, and, as far as I can learn, she is the only juvenile ark-dweller on the lake.

To me she is quite as much of a character as the rest. She has followed my example, inasmuch as she now goes about in overalls and sombrero. Well, it is a pleasure to watch her with her pet dogs out for a row, and it is surprising to see one so young handle a boat like a veteran, for she is not more than ten years old. Morning, noon and night, as regular as clockwork, she takes this sort of exercise, and as she always sings a merry lay, she must take genuine pleasure in it; but it seems rather sad that one so young should be so entirely shut off from the influence of other children.

The most picturesque of all is the ark known as Nelson's boathouse. Any morning or evening a flock of pigeons can be seen swarming about a man with venerable whiskers and

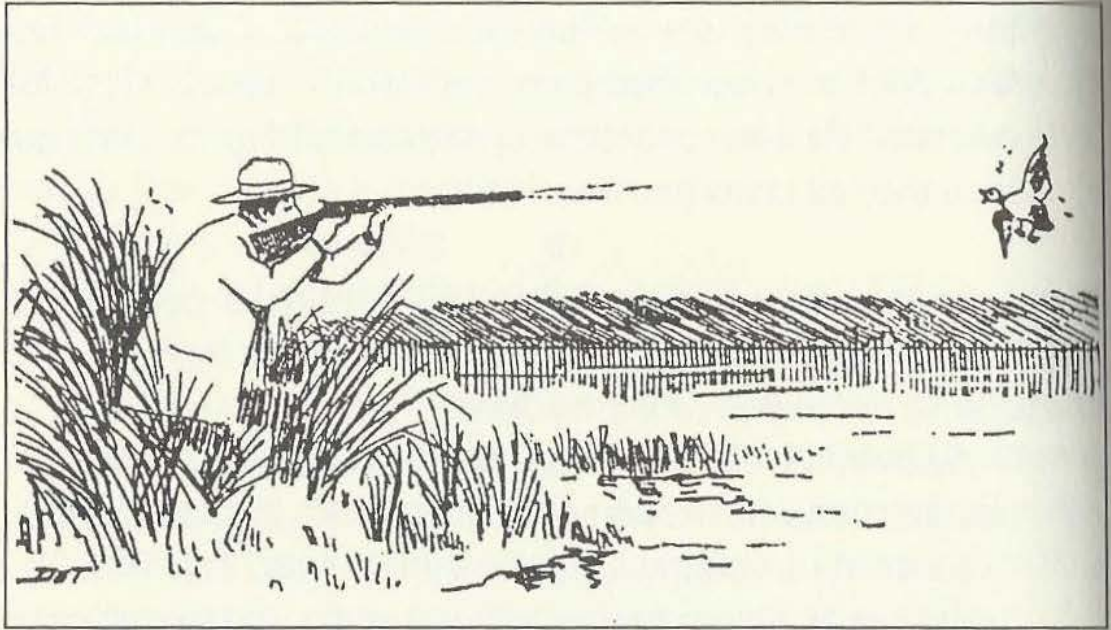
long, white hair. Boys often call him Santa Claus and Rip Van Winkle. I, too, thought of both when I saw him for the first time. He seems to love his little family of birds; and I am sure they all know and love him.



Bean's male companions were not without their prejudices, and this is what Babe had to say about a duck hunting trip she took with several of her buddies:

"I declare, I'll not go if Bee Bean is allowed to carry a shotgun," said Mr. Robertson to "Our Dick" (the *Mail's* artist). "Neither will I," promptly spoke up the artist. But Dick De-Treville is by far the braver of the two, for he helped make up a party of five which included Phil Francis, Willie Davis, Jack Clifford, and, it is almost needless to say, myself. All were willing to bet that it would be absolutely necessary to fire a few cannon balls through my dwelling before I could awaken to the fact that a hunter, of necessity, must arise long before daybreak. This meant at 4 a.m. I had made up my mind to stay up all night, so I could win the bet, but had the good fortune to have a friend in the vicinity who was equally as anxious to show this learned gentleman that there are some women among the living who can brave and face the terrors of a broken sleep to go out into an icy atmosphere, ride down some ten miles in an open boat, lay around upon ground that has a mantle of frost as thick as old-fashioned pie-crust over it, waddle in the mud and mire up to one's knees and then have the effrontery to say, "I had a delightful time."

This little friend and I planned to set an alarm clock for 4 a.m., leaving everything in readiness before retiring. I had some work to do and it was 1:30 a.m. before it was com-



Babe Bean, as Stockton Evening Mail artist De Treville claimed to have seen her in the act of shooting a duck.

pleted. Just as I was in a sound sleep I was awakened by my little friend rapping at the door and calling for me to arise. Lordy, but it was hard work to get up! I had half a mind to get back into bed, when I thought of the little girl coming out on such a morning to awaken me, just to help me prove to these ill-informed sirs that it was not altogether an impossibility for a woman to do many things that a man can. Suffice it to say that I waited three-quarters of an hour for the first hunters to put in an appearance. The satisfaction was so great that I forgot all about the discomfiture I had felt while trying to make up my mind to leave a comfortable and warm couch.

Such a looking crowd too! The customary midnight marauder would appear genteel alongside. On we went at a dog trot until we reached Mr. Clifford's boathouse. Here "Our Dick" had to take his regular morning plunge, for he has

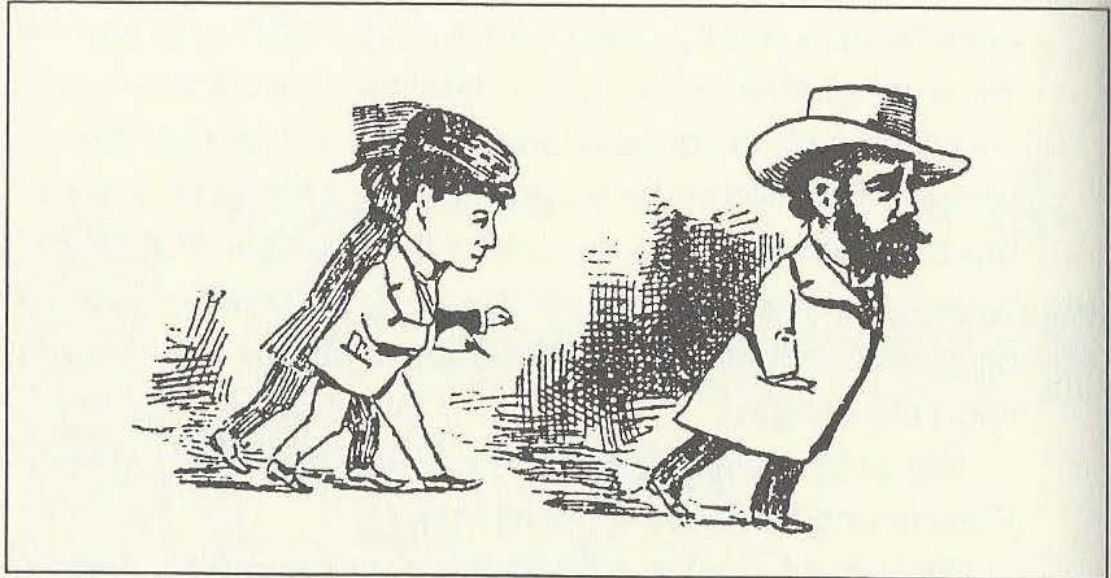
developed a strong mania for taking "dips" into icy-cold water every time he goes on a hunting expedition. So after his bath he shook himself and seemed to feel cool and full of vigor. This part of the program over we formed a line from the bank down the gangplank to the platform of the boat-house. If one was asked at home to be seated on a damp chair he or she would take it as an insult, but when out for sport it's all right.

We at last reached a bend in the river, where Messrs. Francis and Davis were put ashore.

Dick and I were put off at the next projection, and the "skipper" went far out of sight to scare up the ducks. Way far off we saw what appeared to be fat and healthy Mallards, and after waiting in breathless expectancy, with eyes expanded, nostrils dilated and gun cocked, Dick fell in a faint as he saw floating toward him a string of "decoys." The sharp air soon revived him, and as he laughed he explained how comical it would be to see the two hunters below emptying their barrels into these poor, inoffensive decoys.

After straining my eyes (in the direction in which the launch had gone to scare up so many ducks) in a vain endeavor to try and see upon what object Dick had his eyes pinned, as it were, I was almost paralyzed to see him spring to his feet with the agility a young goat would have developed going over a stable roof and in an instant he brought his gun to his shoulder and fired. Well, it was as pretty a shot-on-the-wing as one would care to see.

During the remainder of the time we stayed out all had a chance to distinguish themselves as hunters of considerable note, and there was game to spare in Mr. Clifford's brave little launch when it reached home with its load of hunters.



"After seeking him for half a day, 'Babe Bean' finally overtakes the governor," explained this cartoon in The Evening Mail.



In keeping with Bean's attraction to exceptional men, she interviewed the Governor of California, James H. Budd, a native Stocktonian.

In Bean's undisclosed past, Governor Budd had released her younger brother from San Quentin Prison only the previous year, and surely this kind act was on Babe's mind.

Why, just an everyday man is the Governor of California! After trying for half a day to find Governor James H. Budd, we finally were told at a stable that he had just turned the corner. So round the corner we started; and behold, there stood a gentleman with his hands buried deep down in the pockets of a most comfortable-looking chinchilla overcoat, listening, no doubt, to the supplications of some aspirant for a political job. To me he appeared like a medical gentleman or a lawyer. When he bade good-day to the fellow I referred to, it was just as pleasant in tone as was our greeting — I

say "our," for we were three. He struck me as being rather pale, which really made him look even more interesting.

"Why, hello Ben; what have you got there — a runaway?"

"No," answered Mr. Ben, "this is B. Bean."

"Well, this is strange," said he. "Would you believe it, coming in from my ranch I was just thinking about her article on ark life, and about the old-time ark-dwellers. I thought if she could write up certain things about Stockton and sign it 'An Old B. Bean,' what good old times it would recall to many Stocktonians."

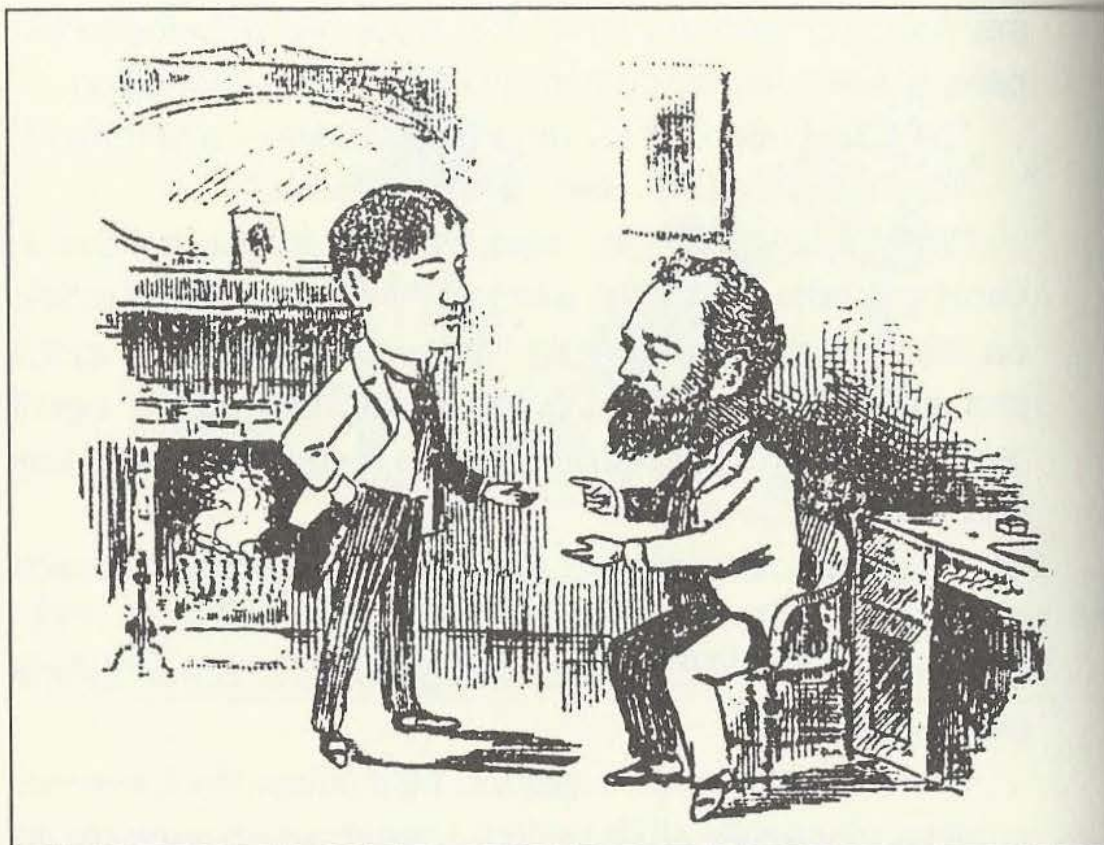
"Give me some pointers, Governor, and I shall do so with pleasure," said B.B.

"Why, of course I will; but let's get off the corner, as it is pretty cold here."

So we all started down to the *Mail* office, the Governor chatting pleasantly all the while. I could not imagine for an instant that such a frank, outspoken and evidently patient person was occupying such an exalted position as that of the head of the great Golden State of the universe. Once inside, sitting where the firelight shone in his face, I had a better opportunity for making a study of his classic features, and after feeling positive that he would be patient and kind, I wrote him on several slips of paper many questions, including:

"What is your own personal opinion of a woman who dares to go about in male attire, but who always strives to keep within the bounds of decency?"

"About your present style of dress, I shall only say that if you can talk and for some reason or other you do not, you are a phenomenon, and as a sort of compensation you should be given the privilege of wearing pants, for no other



"What is your own personal opinion of a woman who dares to go about in male attire?" Bean asked Governor Budd.

woman who could talk has ever been known to hold her tongue. Besides, I consider your attire not only becoming, but for your work and mode of life, it is the most convenient. Speaking of male attire, you are the second person I know of who has ever appeared in Stockton in boys' clothes. Let me see; it must be fully twenty years ago that the authorities arrested a young woman for going about in male attire. They locked her up, but as they could find nothing wrong about her they permitted her to go on her way.

"Our people are becoming more sensible and are more civilized than they were twenty years ago. There's nothing more daring in the fact that you don pants because you can

accomplish your work with more ease than it was for the woman who first created and donned bloomers, because she too found them the most convenient."

One or two other questions I asked the Governor, but he did not feel disposed to answer them at random and promised to give me his answers the next time he paid a visit to this city. The most important of the questions I asked was this:

"In one of my articles, I once stated that I should like to be the Governor of California for a day. Won't you be kind enough to give me an idea of what it is like?"

The Governor looked at me in wonderment, and then, looking down in rather a pensive way, pointed to the fire, and said that were it not because a lady was present he would call that fire by a more forcible name, which would explain all.

What in the world did he mean? I am now anxiously awaiting his reply, that I may learn what an innocent fire has to do with the various and intricate duties the Governor of California is expected to perform in a day.



Despite diligent efforts of families and society to erase all mention of these embarrassments, historians have identified vast numbers of females at the turn of the century who crossed over into the realm of men and lived as one of them, undetected. Most explained that they did so to obtain a man's wage in the workplace. Many were lesbians, who found they were permitted to live and love women freely if society perceived them to be men. But Bean was different.

Her lifelong allegiance to men of all classes suggests her motives for joining their ranks as that of a man craving the company of other men.

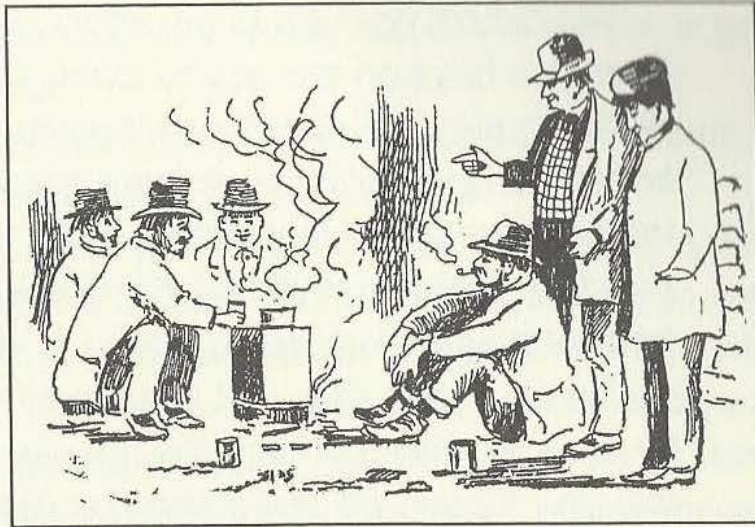
Throughout life, Bean's deepest affinity and concern were for the young and old men of the streets, who formed important partnerships with one another. Sleeping away the days, Bean roamed the city at night to meet up with these singular characters, to learn and share their experiences. In presenting herself as a "punk" (i.e., a young homosexual), Bean found the society of men she sought and could never have found as a woman. One essay, plump with Bean's empathy for these independent souls and the warmth with which they regarded each other, eloquently tells why Bean kept them in her heart for a lifetime.

Seeing so many tramps in and about the city, I made up my mind to visit a camp if possible. First, I found it necessary to go to their many haunts and become acquainted with their singular slang phrases. A Chinese restaurant was the place I visited most frequently, as it seems a favorite eating-house with them; it can hardly be called an up-to-date restaurant.

For those who have no idea of what their style of language or of living is, I shall endeavor to narrate what occurred to me from the beginning of my strange introduction to tramps and tramp life in as clear a manner as possible.

I had been spotting a rather decent-appearing tramp when he stopped to "strike" a fellow for "a bit to get a cup of coffee; just got out of hospital and am a strange guy in these quarters" — that was about what I heard him say. I walked ahead and, when in the middle of the block, a woman coming out of a doorway pulled my cap off. I motioned for her to return it, and she said if I would give her the price of a drink she would. I was just trying to pull it away from her when someone in a rather gruff voice called out:

"Babe Bean, disguised as a tramp, visits a camp of 'hoboes';" explained the caption for this Evening Mail drawing.



"Hey dair; give der kid his hat; what's eatin' yer, anyway?"

"Ah! Hello, Smudge; when did you get back to town?" she answered, at the same time handing me my cap.

I was almost at the restaurant when the young tramp tapped me on the arm and asked me if I had run away from home, and what my "graft" was now — meaning what I was doing at present, or what I intended to do. I told him yes, that I had run away from home.

"Say, kid, you puts me in mind of a pal I had when I first left home, and if I can be yer friend I'll do it," said he; and he meant it. "If you'll go along down wid me, I'll give yer a knock-down to the gang and put 'em next to yer being a tramp."

Lordy! but I looked like one, if a looking glass tells the truth. An old pair of faded blue overalls that hung way below my waist, and a clean flannel overshirt of good quality, with a tie; one black shoe and one tan kid, and a light overcoat which I had dragged in the dust before starting, made up what I considered a dirty-looking bum. Not so, however, for my shirt was too clean for the rest of the outfit and consequently the tramp thought I was "decent."

We did not have far to go, and as I passed some of the boat-club boys on our way to camp I smiled at the look of disdain that they gave to those "hoboes." But near "Old Bill's" boathouse and Nelson's ark there is a pile of bark and wood, leaving several feet free to the edge of the water. It was here that five vicious and filthy-looking specimens of humanity had congregated to cook supper. Oh, what a supper it was, and what a table they set! In the center of the ring formed by the men sitting around the fire was an old coal-oil can, with the top cut off and a wire handle fastened across it. Each man had in front of him a tin can — oyster can or tomato can, it did not seem to bother them which. We arrived just in time to see what the soup consisted of. Here is the recipe: Old pieces of turkey, beef, chicken, tomatoes, potatoes, onions, garlic and greens. And, I must confess, it did not send forth a very bad odor. They had not noticed us yet, and when they did one cried out:

"Gee! Get on to der punk dat Smudge is arnto."

"He is no punk, I'll have yous to know," spoke up Smudge.

"Den he's a gay cat, if he's anything," continued the first speaker, wishing to imply by "gay cat" that I would work, which is considered a disgrace and dishonor to a tramp.

"Now, look here, cull, dis kid's me friend and he's a tramp, he is." So saying Smudge motioned me to sit down and join in. The oldest of the gang then commenced to inquire of my friend what I could do.

Good at anything, was the response; dump crusher (to break in stores), private (to rob private dwellings), holster or shoplifter (to steal from off counters in stores), and a boss moochar (to go about begging for money only). This was supposed to be an excellent record, but nothing more was

asked nor expected of me than the rest of the men — to go out as a “moochar.”

“Well, got any money, kid?” they all sang out in chorus. I shook my head as much as to say “no.”

“Den go out and show der boys what yer kin do,” commanded Smudge, and I was glad of the opportunity to get away for a few moments and let some friends know where I had gone to. I left two at my place, for the camp was just opposite, and my friends could see every move that was made. I went back not feeling the least bit of apprehension and turned over \$1.35. The sight of the expressions of content and satisfaction on their faces was worth the \$1.35. I threw the coins in the center of the ring, and it made me a king of “moochars” in their estimation.

After drinking up the last cent in camp, they stretched out in all sorts of positions on the ground, with an old newspaper or two underneath them by way of a couch and also for warmth. There was genuine sincerity in Smudge’s wanting to be my protector, for more than once he compelled the others to discontinue asking impertinent questions and in other ways showed he would be a friend. They commenced relating incidents of their lives that sounded like stories from some five-cent novels, and told over and over again the history of some tramp who had been a prince of good fellows in their midst. At this part of the conversation Smudge turned to me and said: “Kid, yer see; don’t be a gay-cat; be a tramp and I’m wid yer every time,” and for the time being I consented to be a tramp.

It was growing dark and I made the pretense of going out to beg again — addressing “Smudge” always, as he seemed to be the one in authority. Again he mentioned the strange

resemblance he seemed to find between his old-time boy pal and myself. With something that seemed like undue moisture in his eyes, and in half a dreamy way, he continued, "Yes, poor old Soxy would have been a right good tramp today hadn't he greased the track pullin' out from Oma." (His boy pal had been killed while stealing a ride on a train pulling out of Omaha.)

While he was musing thus I stole out of "camp," leaving him behind to dream of other days, when he was, no doubt, a happier and better youth.

8

B. Bean Looks at Society and the Family

"Any mail for me today, Chief?"

"Don't know," answered the Chief of Police, "but just take a seat a moment and I will see."

So I stepped into the cubbyhole called the private office of Chief Gall and, as requested, took a seat in one corner, for the only other chairs were evidently waiting to be occupied by two colored women, who preferred to stand. I commenced to read a paper, but was interrupted by an occasional sob and sigh coming from one of the women.

Presently she turned, and her great, mournful eyes seemed so sad and so full of pathos that I pretended to read, for fear that she might see a tear that got loose and started to run down my cheek. I am not so sentimental that I cry just because someone else does, but it appeared to me that she had good cause for shedding tears.

"Don't cry, daughter, for I will die sooner than see you deserted by that man." This was said with a caress that only a mother can give, and which at all times seems most encouraging.

Presently the Chief returned and I was about to leave, when the younger of the two told me they would be going soon and for me to remain. I was glad enough of the opportunity to stay and learn more of this wretched girl, for she certainly was not out of her teens.

"Oh! Chief, we must get him here some way, for he intends leaving tonight," was said, as if her whole life depended on "his" being detained long enough to lose boat or train.

In less than fifteen minutes the officer returned with his charge — a short, not very dark-colored fellow, with a face — well, it appeared to me that the girl was much too good for a fellow like him. Being rather close in the office, the mother and daughter stepped into the corridor. The fellow was soon apprised of the fact that the girl he had treated so shamefully was about to have him arrested unless he should marry her at once, for her condition demanded that no time should be lost.

"Well," spoke up this fellow, so full of bravado that it angered me, "what if I refuse to marry her?"

"Then to the jug you'll go," was the very encouraging answer he received.

"Say, Chief, I'm willing to marry the girl, but I can't now."

"Why not marry the girl and go to housekeeping later on?" inquired the Chief, who was determined to see this girl's wrong righted, and I admired him for the cool and unpretentious way he handled this shameless fellow. "See the girl and her mother, and I'm sure all can be arranged for the marriage to take place today."

"I'll see the girl," calling her by name, "but I won't see the old woman."

Yes, he must indeed have talked to the girl, when he had been able to win from her the most precious jewel on earth — her honor.

“No, you had better see them both,” said the Chief, and he stepped out to call the mother and daughter into the office.

I was at this time sitting at the desk, and the fellow must have taken me for the Chief’s secretary, for he commenced to tell me that Wednesday had been set for the marriage, but something had turned up to prevent it.

I stepped into the outer office and heard the clerk say he could issue a marriage license, and that a Justice could be found in the Courthouse to tie the knot that meant so much for this unfortunate young woman and for her seducer, too, perhaps. The man’s only excuse was that he had not enough to pay for the license. This time the Chief was a little more severe in his manner.

“I’ll advance you the \$3,” he said, “and now you have no further excuse to offer.”

I heard the jingle of money, and I knew that the kind-hearted Chief had procured the license for them. He may never again see those three dollars, but it is a consolation (not a poor one, I hope) to know that he had been instrumental in making at least one life less sinful and drear.

Bean again addressed the issue of childrearing and the poverty-stricken in her portrait of six motherless children and their father. Deeply moved by the plight of the man’s adolescent son, Bean calls him the “new boy” for the familial responsibilities he shouldered, as opposed to all the talk about the “new woman.”

I entered the dilapidated house, and as I gazed upon the

face of the man seated in front of a little table, apparently annoyed at being molested, I thought it best not to "say" anything that might raise his ire. Goodness, how he glared at me! Why, he seemed like some wild beast held at bay. But, after a few moments of close inspection, I noticed that the man's eyes seemed soft, really soft, compared to the rest of his features. The deep furrows upon his brow and the heavy eyelids, together with the lines about the mouth, made his expression, at first sight, though, a repugnant one. "Well?" he drawled out.

I had been offered a chair, and I sat down, handing my card to the thoroughly astounded man. "Oh, yes," said he, in most agreeable tones; "don't you know, I thought it was B. Bean when you pulled out your card-case and did not answer me. I have read and heard a good deal about you, and this is the first time that I have ever seen you. But won't my boy and girl be surprised when they see you!"

Mr. Paine is not half as hard as he looks, I am sure, but he is densely ignorant of the way to rear a family, and lives and permits his offspring to live in a den of filth past my ability to describe.

"Why, won't you let your children be placed in good homes until you can again be ahead a little?" I wrote.

He shook his head, and in a most emphatic way replied that there would be no institutions "in his" nor for his children. "Not much," said he; "they'll not leave this place. I've kept 'em together for two months and I'm going to see that they stay right with me, or else I'll know why. No siree; if one goes, I'll see that they all go."

This last sentence was said in such a tone that I felt more than ever that this man's unhappy children should be cared

for by more experienced hands. I asked him how long his wife had been dead and the cause of her death.

"Just two months and a half," he said, "but I'll just tell you how it happened. She never was what you could call sickly, but had some bad spells, when she used to just hold on to her side and look like the game was up with her. Well, she kind of complained that Saturday night, and says to me, 'Pa, going out? If you do, get 15 cents' worth, for it will be enough for me to have a toddy; I'm not feeling well.' I told her I wasn't going out, but I would go for her if she wanted me to. Lots of times I've kicked myself for not going anyway, when she asked me in the first place."

During this narrative genuine tears were in the speaker's eyes, for it recalled again the sudden demise of the woman who had been his constant companion of twenty years or more. If his tones were at all gentle, it was when he spoke of how he awoke at 4 a.m. and called to his wife to get up, how she reprimanded him, in a joking way, for awaking her on the day of rest, and how he fell into a sound slumber until about 7:30 a.m. He tried to rouse his wife, he said, and after repeatedly calling to her and shaking her, he finally pulled the child from off its mother's breast, as it was still nursing.

"Somehow I think she knew she was going soon, for the night before she looked at me and, in a strange way, said, 'Pa, you are going to miss me soon; you'll miss me someday, all right,' but it never struck me till after she died that she had an idea that she wouldn't be here much longer. I'd not raise any family if I could live the past few years over again, but so long as they're here I'm going to keep them together or bust," and he spoke as if he meant it.

I wondered what could have caused such an intelligent

The adolescent boy holding his baby brother formed "the picture of neglect and dejection," wrote Bean in The Evening Mail.



man to sink so low, and to be so persistent in wanting to drag his half-dozen innocent children down with him.

The next morning, some charitable women and I entered the house and found the baby sitting on the floor, with the same dirty little dress it had on the night before, and its little legs were blue with cold; for its skirt was dripping wet and there seemed to be no change at hand. The eldest boy promised to heat some water and wash the baby and put anything on it so long as it would be dry. I think my companion's kind words awakened sad recollections of his mother, for his head dropped, and, my, how he sobbed! Both of my companions tried to soothe him with words of encouragement. "Why, my boy, you are doing just splendidly. Just think, I couldn't do as much in a week as you do in a day," said the young lady, as she patted him on the back by way of approval. He smiled at her declaration of being such a poor hand at keeping house, but it seemed the kind attentions of both the ladies touched a tender chord some-

where underneath this poor boy's rough exterior.

"Now you folks go away, and I promise you that if you will come back at 10 o'clock tomorrow I'll have this house so clean you won't know it," he said. We all promised to call again and took our leave. I looked back to take another peep at the boy — he should be termed the "new boy" — who, with only the poor strength in his little body, can do immense washings, get up at 5 a.m. to cook his father's breakfast, wash, dress and comb his little sister's hair, and get her off to school, take care in a way of an infant, look after a half-witted brother, and still two younger ones, wash dishes and have all in order, besides cooking supper for the family, by the time the father gets home, besides doing most of the marketing. It is no wonder the poor boy looks pale.

I turned to see a picture I shall not soon forget. Sitting in an old wooden chair with his baby brother on his lap — his little face upturned so as to receive the tears that could no longer be restrained, his shirt open and his sleeves rolled up, showing how hard work was developing his young muscles, he sat there the picture of neglect and dejection. It was one of the most sad and touching scenes I have ever beheld. If this boy were placed with some family where he would have only good influences, something might be made of him.

Bean, actively involved in community affairs, was affected by more than just the misfortunes of other persons. In another article she called for the formation in Stockton of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.



"Babe Bean in the Asylum — First Woman Ever Admitted to the Male Department!" This page two headline must have

captured the *Mail* readers' imaginations, and surely there must have been much jumping-to-conclusions and insinuating remarks. Had not the times been so enlightened, Babe certainly would have found herself behind the locked gate — in the Female Department! However, upon reading the article (reprinted in part below), they learned that Bean had been given an investigative reporter's tour of the Male Department of the State Hospital for the Insane, and sobered Stockton with her observations from inside.

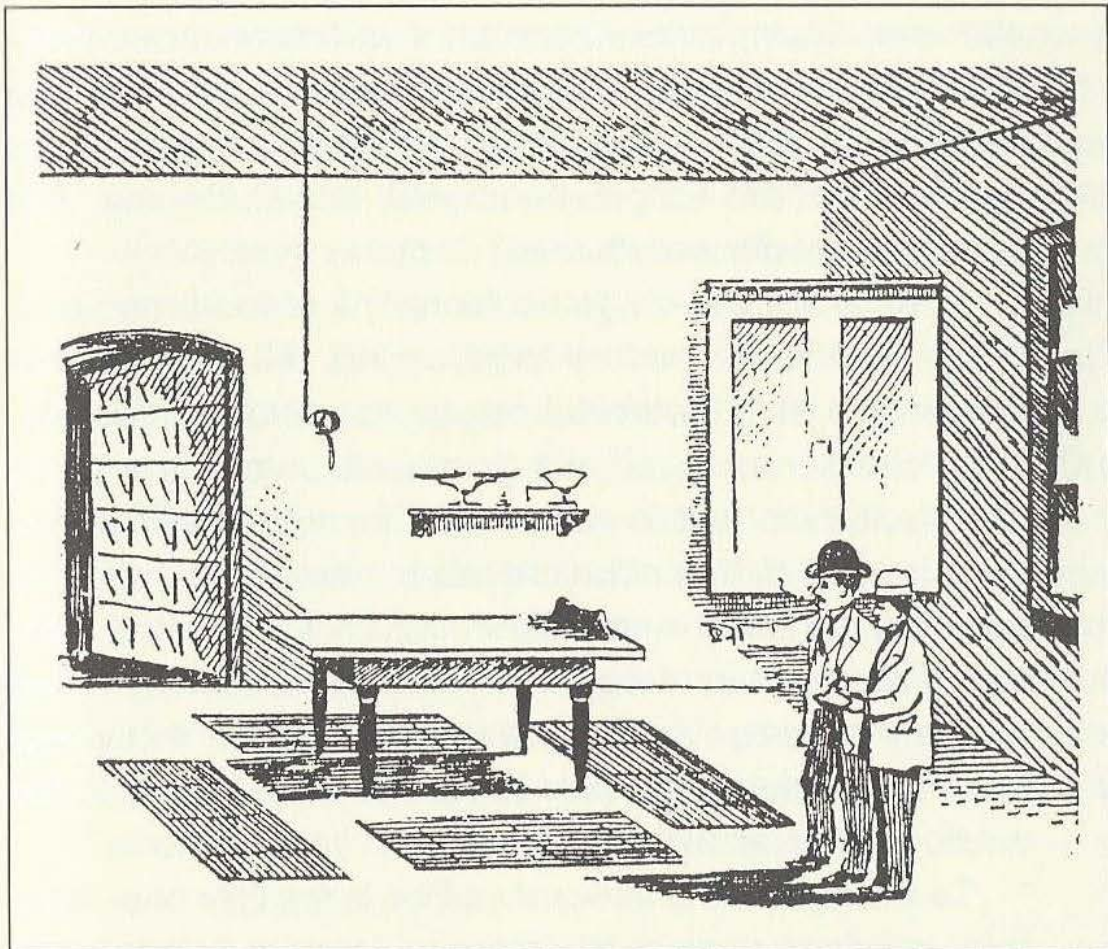
The very thorough manner in which I was shown every department of the State Hospital for the Insane which houses 350 patients took up the greater part of two days. I hope to have you follow in my footsteps that you may imagine you, too, have seen — from the beginning to the end — life in a madhouse.

The majority of the patients eat, sleep and drink from force of habit and not because reason dictates to them. Alas, poor, helpless creatures, they have no reason! 'Tis only the spark of life that is left them which enables them to move about in a mechanical way.

"Howdee, Mr. ——. How's everything today?" asked a man as we were about to enter the office.

The fellow, who was very neat in appearance, with gray hair, a white mustache and chin whiskers, was a harmless patient. I was introduced to him, and he shook my hand as if he was real glad to meet me. He was one of the few patients about the place who has left a pleasant impression.

When ready to go out to the kitchen to watch them prepare the meal served at noon, Mr. — cut several chunks of Battle-Ax plug tobacco, giving me enough to fill both my coat pockets, he doing the same. He told me it was



Babe Bean reported on her visit to the asylum, including the dissecting room "where the cause of peculiar deaths is investigated."

customary to give it occasionally to the men chewing and smoking tobacco. It was to be as much of a treat for me to be able to mingle in their midst distributing these little bits of "chews" as it would undoubtedly be for them to receive something that would bring with it a little solace. I was told that as far as it is known, I am the only woman who has ever been permitted in the yards, dormitories, hospital, dining room and workshops of the male department.

When the food reaches the diningroom it is served by attendants who have charge of this department, which seats

400 men. Though we entered at their busiest hour, there was no commotion, no confusion and everything was wonderfully clean. In one corner there was a regular "Latin quarter," for here I shook hands with an old Mexican who spoke to me with tears running down his cheeks.

"Eres amigo?" (Are you a friend?) I nodded my head. "Yes?" and he grasped my hand, saying, "Ah, no hai, quien me venga a ver" (Ah, there is no one who comes to see me).

I walked around a bit, not so much to annoy the men by staring at them, but to observe the manner in which they were being fed. When the attendant came around with his pail of soup, most every plate was extended in a most avaricious manner. Good God! what an existence; it can scarcely be called a life; and why must it be that these miserable, helpless burdens are to live on, a burden to the public and a burden to themselves?

To the right of the steward's office is the little one-story brick building known as "the morgue," and we dropped in to see it. I was anxious to see how they lay the dead out, and came near seeing it, for as we were crossing the road we met two patients, accompanied by an attendant, wheeling on a sort of little wagon the body of one of the old women patients who had died that same morning. How my heart ached at the sight of this, for she may have been once somebody's darling and, maybe, somebody's beloved and gentle mother, now so deserted and alone in her misfortune. I prayed that her spirit might have found rest and peace in her eternal sleep.

I happened to take a drive out through the cemetery last December, when I saw a little funeral procession of asylum patients going on a little distance from me. I alighted and

had to climb down and out of a ditch about nine feet deep and almost as wide in order to reach the part of the place given over to the asylum's dead. There was a scrimmage going on about the grave being too short for the coffin. All were talking at once. The coffin was lowered and hoisted two or three times, and finally it was forced in place with spades. The coffin with its contents was handled with anything but the respect and deference usually shown the most humble creature who dies in any place called "home." But what does it matter to the poor soul who is at last freed from a miserable existence? At least we shall all be on an equal footing when the time comes for us to be put under the sod.

In marked contrast to these humble and unknown graves are the handsome vaults and burial places of those on the "other side," but alas, all shall be alike in the eyes of God, when we shall have reached "the other side."



In San Francisco

“Who has not heard of Babe Bean?” asked the front page of the *Evening Mail* in October 1897:

“If such there breathe, go mark him well,” for he will probably buy a gold brick if not looked after, as he certainly has not been reading the papers. Nine-day wonders have come and gone, but Stockton’s curiosity has been in the public eye and in the public mouth for three months, and the interest in her has not abated; but, on the contrary, has grown like a Brownie who has been eating green apples.

The other day a globe-trotter struck town. “Say, pard,” he remarked to a citizen, “where can a feller see this ’ere Babe Bean? I’m taking in de sights, see? and I doan wanter miss nuthin’.”

But he is not the only one who is anxious to feast eyes upon the male-attired lady of the lake. The Babe makes no special effort to keep out of sight, but she naturally does not like the curious gaze of people, which seems to say, “Isn’t it playful?” “She won’t bite, will she?” “Don’t go too near her, dear.”

How many are there who would choose as an abiding place an ark hidden in a desolate and unlighted part of the



"Who has not heard of Babe Bean?" asked the Evening Mail in October, 1897. By then, few had not.

city? But such a place Babe Bean, the girl who has discarded petticoats and frills for trousers and pockets, has elected to call "Home Sweet Home."

"I should think she'd be afraid of her life to live all alone in that ark," remarked a young lady the other day in the presence of a *Mail* reporter. Many think the same thing, but she is not all alone. She has a little friend that has promised to protect her — promised, if a cylinder containing five grim-looking cartridges means anything. Her guardian looks down upon her from a shelf above the bed when she sleeps, or when she walks is ever her faithful companion. She slings the "gun" in her pocket and walks out by night as though it were midday. With a "gun," a clear conscience and a small purse, a person is ordinarily safe.

A question that has often been asked is whether Babe Bean cooks in her ark. No, she does not, but she says she can cook, which latter fact might remove an annoying ques-

tion from the minds of some.

"Does she go into saloons?" is another question that is frequently heard. Why, yes; she goes wherever a boy would go. That is one reason why she wears male attire, so that she can enjoy the freedom accorded to that kind of clothes.

"Can she talk?" She does not, and she says she cannot. If she can, there appears to be no reason why she should not.

"What is she here for?" That, reader, you are just as well able to guess at as anybody else who doesn't know.

She has remarked that some day she will write a book, and the title will be, *Truth Stranger Than Fiction*.

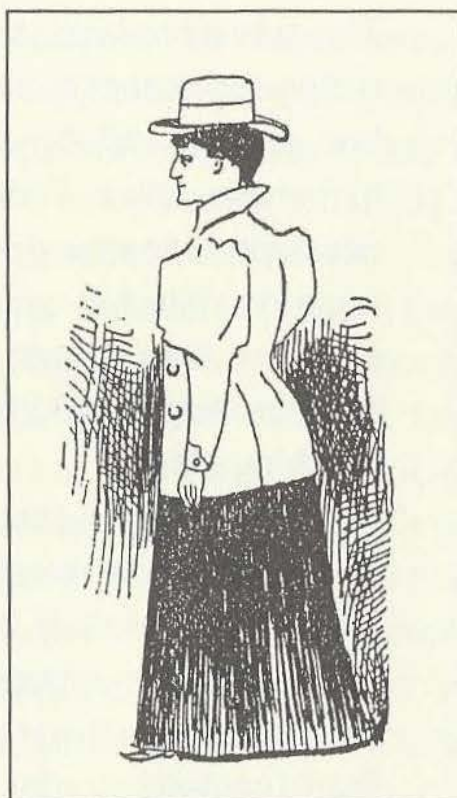
"You might write about my little companions," penciled Babe Bean — "Master Martin Walker, Harry Miller and Roy Littleton. Harry Miller and I are partners in marbles, whips and a collection of bugs and nests. We go swimming and boating together, play tricks on the older boys, and have daily sparring matches."

Every day Babe Bean receives letters from people in this city — people who have never seen her, but who feel that they know her through her own writing and what has been written of her. Many an encouraging word has thus been mailed to her. One Stockton lady stated that she did not particularly care to see her in the flesh, but hoped to meet her in Heaven.



Stockton was a major business center in California at the time. Two steamer ships loaded with cargo and passengers made overnight runs to San Francisco every evening. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad ran three trains a day to San Francisco.

*"Who'd 'ave 'thunk' it?"
marveled the Mail
when Bean appeared
in women's clothes.*



One afternoon Babe went to San Francisco, and a shocking headline on page one of the newspaper reported that she was spotted wearing *women's* clothes!

Who'd 'ave "thunk" it? Babe Bean has gone and dressed up in woman's clothes.

She looked out of sight. A white Fedora hat, a blue, jaunty jacket and a black brocaded satin skirt took the place of sombrero, boy's coat and trousers — boy's or men's.

Several Stockton people saw her on the Oakland ferry-boat yesterday afternoon. She was with a man from New York, who came here to see her, and a blonde-mustached gentleman who was introduced as an Eastern newspaper man. She went to Oakland on the ferry-boat with them, and after leaving them, returned to San Francisco.

She waved her hand at a Stocktonian who was on the boat and who had met her while she was toggled like a boy.

The transition was too much for him, and he grasped the railing of the boat to steady himself. Several others also saw her, and they all say she made a much better appearance in female attire. The masculine stride that she used in Stockton was discarded along with her trousers, and she tripped or flitted in cute, little feminine steps across the deck of the boat as though she was just out of boarding school. She handled her skirts as deftly as though she never wore anything else.

She has small feet, too. One would not think so to look at her when she wore boy's clothes, but those gaiters were evidently not full of feet. Insoles, cotton, newspaper and other bric-a-brac made up for the shortcomings of those tootsies. But when they were incased in dainty kid of feminine pattern, why, they filled the bill, also the shoe.

Babe met her Stockton friends on the boat in a nonchalant manner — just as though there was nothing strange about it. Probably it wasn't strange that a woman should wear the regulation attire of the sex, but that Babe Bean should thus retrograde surprised them terribly.

Those who saw her in boy's clothes and then saw her in the latest and jauntiest female make-up were startled in more ways than one. For while she looked quite small in male dress, attired as a woman she seemed to grow in dimensions. In fact, she looked to be quite a large woman.

Another rather startling thing was that she seemed to be carrying on a jolly conversation with her two friends. It is said that she was chatting just like a woman. It must have been a great relief to a woman to talk after being mute so long. Just think, girls, of not speaking for three months and then to get a chance to turn your tongue loose and go it. Her

friends were noticed to leave the ferry with both their arms, however, although it is said that they seemed to be pretty near off. Ever and anon a merry, rippling laugh rang through the boat and danced on the foam-crested waves of the bay.

On the boat she had her face turned toward the bay, not exactly to hear what the wild waves were saying about the cut of her skirt, but so that her lips might not be seen to move as she chatted — that is, according to the belief of the Stocktonians on the boat. Several say that they saw her lips move, and two declare that they actually heard her talk. One is a well-known clerk and the other is a lady whom she did not know, but who sat very close to her and had an excellent opportunity to hear her if she was talking. This lady says that Babe not only talked, but that she has a remarkably soft and sweet voice.

Before leaving Stockton, Babe Bean remarked to a friend that she would probably wear her “right dress” after leaving here, but that she would rather pay a fine than make the change in Stockton since so much was said about her here for dressing as a boy.

People are wondering whether she had her female dress with her in Stockton, or whether she got it after going to San Francisco. If the latter supposition is correct, her home is probably in San Francisco or at least she has lived there quite recently. She is expected home tomorrow.

The following day a strange man walked into the *Mail* office and told reporters that he had put himself in a clairvoyant trance and “this is what I saw: A picture presented itself to my mind of a recently-married couple. The one was a young woman with brown eyes and black hair that put a raven to shame. Her husband was also dark — rather swarthy, in fact

— with dark eyes and hair. This woman was a most estimable lady in every way but one, and that was that she was a most unrelenting and virulent scold. She talked from early dawn until late at night. Now, it chanced that her husband was on the verge of bringing suit for divorce when he bethought himself. He had practiced hypnotism and he determined to try to hypnotize his wife. It worked like a charm. He then forbade her to speak until he should release her. When she came out of the trance she possessed all her faculties, but her tongue was as though paralyzed. She then traveled over the country, wearing boys' clothes with fourteen pockets for protection and convenience, as she herself says; for, you know, it would be very inconvenient for a woman to carry pencil and paper in her one pocket which can never be found when it is wanted. She finally wound up in Stockton. While here she wrote many letters to her cruel husband, begging him to come here and release her from the hypnotic spell; but he had always refused to do it until the other day when, after coming here to see her, he promised to meet her in Oakland, when she should be dressed in female attire, and he would break the spell. True to his promise, he did. It was on the Oakland ferry-boat that he restored to her the power of speech."

At this, the stranger took his silk hat and strode out of the *Mail's* office, declining to answer any questions.

Two days after Babe Bean was spotted in women's clothes, a well-dressed woman was seen in the vicinity of Bean's ark, asking the ark-dwellers about the woman who wore pantaloons in Stockton and skirts in San Francisco. The woman claimed to be Babe's sister and wanted to see her very badly. Because she seemed to be just as anxious to get a peep at Babe's ark, no one believed her "sister" angle.

But Babe did indeed have two sisters, Victoria and Helen, who lived on Cedar Avenue in San Francisco with their mother.

Bean had occupied her ark for about six months when "Mrs. E. A. Muga" came to visit her and agreed to speak with *Mail* reporters:

"I have been a mother to Bee since her infancy almost, and I love her as though she were my own daughter. You will not find a mean streak in her. She is a little blunt at times in expressing her thoughts, but that is her native honesty. She says what she thinks and means just what she says. Trouble and misfortune have come to her, as you know. That is a sacred subject with her and with me, and I do not care to talk about it, so I will pass that over. She has already told me of the interest you have all taken in her, and the many little kindnesses extended her by the good people of Stockton, and I want to assure those who have been kind and thoughtful that the recipient of it is in every way worthy of it all, and that it is all deeply appreciated, not only by her, but by those who are near and dear to her. I can only add my thanks to hers and express the hope that the kindness of which she has told me will be continued. Bee may have some faults, but her many good traits overshadow and erase them all."

Mrs. Muga, a cultured and refined lady advanced in years, stated that her home was in Baltimore, Maryland. As to the parentage antecedents, home, or other matters connected with Bean, she said it was Babe's desire that they not be discussed, so she declined to have anything to say in that regard. She told the *Mail* reporter that she had come out to the Pacific Coast especially to see Babe, and that she would return East soon.



San Francisco's Market Street in 1898: It was here that Bean saved two lives by single-handedly stopping a runaway horse.

Then, dismissing the reporters, Mrs. Muga stated that she had caught a severe cold coming to Stockton on the boat, and would be confined to bed for the rest of the day.

The people of Stockton never learned that "Mrs. E. A. Muga" was indeed Babe's mother, who lived in San Francisco, not Baltimore.

As the year 1898 began, Babe Bean spent several weeks in San Francisco, rescuing a lady and a little girl one evening at the corner of Market and Mason Streets by stopping single-handedly a runaway horse harnessed to a light buggy. Babe was standing on the sidewalk dressed, as usual, as a man when the horse and the rig came dashing down the street. Darting into the street with a spring, Bean seized the bridle

of the frightened animal and was dragged several yards before the horse was finally brought to a standstill. This brave act was witnessed by a large crowd and, when the horse was finally stopped, a great cheer went up and the people crowded around to learn about the hero. Bean however managed to slip through and was soon lost in the throng. Later she visited a friend in San Francisco who said that Bean's hand was still shaking, the skin lacerated from the strain of grasping the rein. "While Miss Bean is rather frail looking," the friend intimated, "she is possessed of more than average strength for a woman."

Bean's wanderlust was aroused when she joined the hundreds who gathered to bid farewell at the wharf to nine Stockton boys on their way to the Klondike gold fields in Alaska. When someone yelled, "Three cheers for the welfare of our boys!" followed by "Three cheers for dear old Stockton!," Bean wrote, "even the ladies on board grew enthusiastic and not only waved their handkerchiefs, but joined the crowd in cheering heartily."

Among those leaving were an artist and his wife, who was said to be the first woman from Stockton to cross Chilcoat pass. Bean asked the artist's wife what clothing she was taking to keep warm. "I have made bloomers!" she laughed, summing up Bean's baggy overalls.

"It could plainly be seen," Bean observed, "it was with difficulty that some controlled feelings of joy. While on the other hand, feelings of grief, at parting from the city which had been home for so long, to go to parts unknown, were easily discerned in the faces of the young men, who realized that they must have hopes and fears alike for their futures in a new and strange land."

❖ 10

Bean Regains Her Voice

Bean continued to entertain and inform readers with articles such as the one entitled, "Babe Bean's Night Walks: Some of the Things the Ark-Dweller Has Seen After the Good Folks of the Town Have Put on Their Night-Caps and Gone to Bed."

In March 1898, Bean left for Tuolumne County to spend a week gathering for the *Mail* facts and opinions concerning the proposed Stockton and Tuolumne railway and to interview businessmen and public officials, pro and con. The large majority were enthusiastic advocates of the enterprise, and on every hand were words of praise. She visited Summerville, the proposed terminus of the railroad, and also inspected a few of the mines in that district which the new road helped to develop.

As a result, Bean produced an essay which, one hundred years later, an authority on the history of mining in California praised as the clearest description of those mines he had ever read. It is of special interest that, while Bean's male clothing allowed her the freedom to appear as "one of the boys," she still chose to retain the privilege of "clutching the friendly foreman" and "grasping a burly miner's arm."

A few days after visiting the mines, Bean was driving a

horse and buggy from Jamestown to Sonora. She stopped at a wayside house to get a carriage lantern, as the night was growing dark.

With this fastened to the dashboard of the buggy she started out, but instead of continuing on toward Sonora, she turned the horse around and went down the road leading toward Jamestown. A moment later, while the men at the place were still commenting on her strange action, a span of runaway horses, attached to nothing but a wagon tongue, dashed by in the same direction Bean had taken. The runaway horses made a sharp turn around a fence where the road narrowed, and immediately there was a terrible crash, instantly followed by screaming and cries for help.

Billy Nelson, who managed the roadhouse for his father, and his friend hurried out to find Bean clinging to a fence to which she had crawled after the collision. She had her pistol in hand and was just about to fire it, saying that she was afraid her voice wouldn't be heard. Nelson said she had no cause for worry on that score, as her yells could easily be heard five miles away. Bean, unable to walk, was carried to the Nelson residence and Dr. Bromley was sent for at her request. During the twenty minutes that it took Nelson to return with the doctor, the previously silent Bean told those present that she had been unable to utter a word for over five years, but that a physician had once told her that, if she ever received a sudden and severe shock, the power of speech might return.

Bean said she hardly had time to think before the accident was over. She heard the mad rush of horses' hooves, felt the crash, and was hurled out of her seat directly in front of the animals. Dr. Bromley found her suffering from many severe bruises, especially one in the center of her back where the

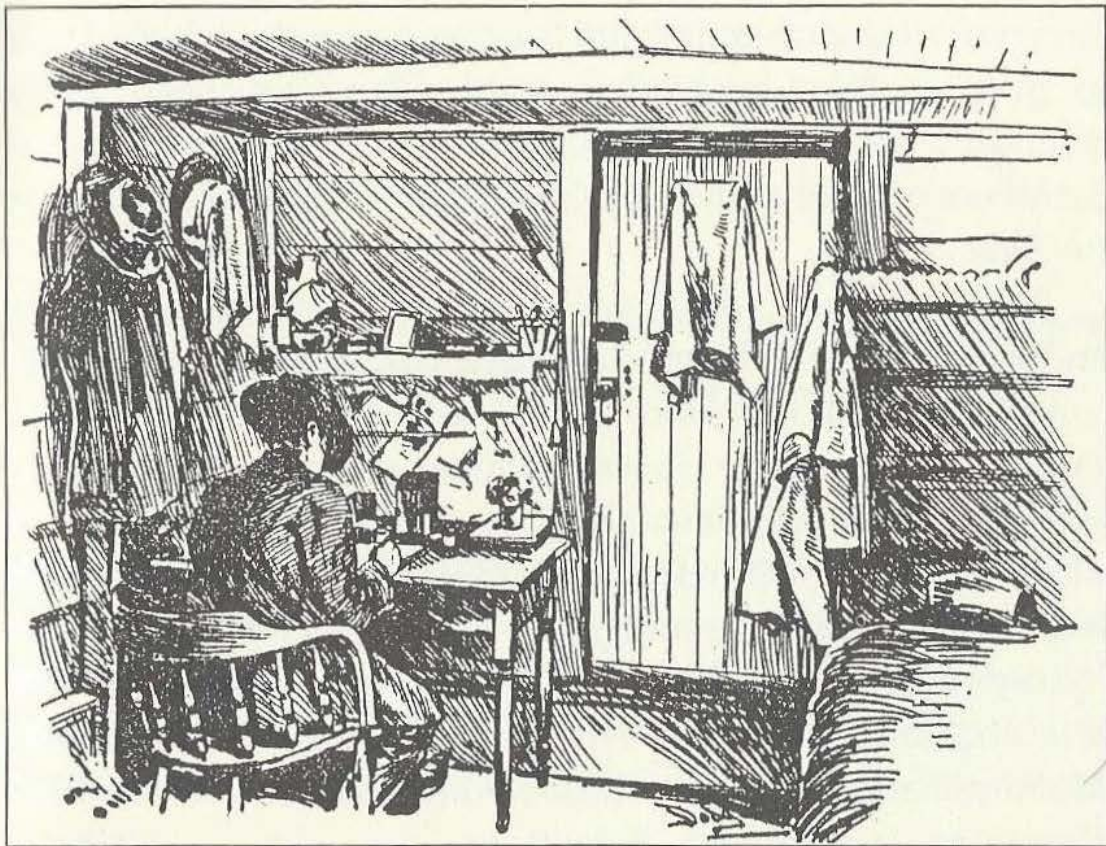
wagon-tongue struck her. He took Bean to her quarters in the Victoria Hotel in Sonora, and left her with nurses instructed to watch for possible internal injuries. Bean expressed gratitude for the hospitality of the people of Sonora who, she said, were anxious to show her every courtesy and attention possible.

There is no question that Bean had kept silent all those years as a means of preserving a male image, as was suggested in the second newspaper article about her in 1897: "She is probably faking dumbness, as her voice, which is most likely of the very feminine order, would disclose her deception." Especially since her female status was already public knowledge, this ploy may seem a great sacrifice. But it was only a small indication of the many greater sacrifices Bean made during her lifetime to maintain the identity of a man, and Bean's steadfast adherence to such techniques clearly proved the importance to her of that identity.

A Bakersfield newspaper had this to say: "Babe Bean collided with a runaway team the other day and the accident restored her power of speech. Now, if something would only jar her sufficiently to make her able to write."

Surprisingly, considering all the attention given her inability to speak, nothing more appeared in any of the papers concerning Bean's sudden ability to talk. Moreover, the "return of her power of speech" seemed to coincide with the end of her career as a writer for the Stockton *Evening Mail*.

Bean returned to Stockton at the end of June, and one night awoke to find that her ark had sprung a leak; the water was up to her bed. She lost some manuscripts and papers which she prized very highly, and the ark was so badly damaged that she was forced to move into another.



Although the Stockton Mail gave her the most attention, the San Francisco Call and other papers also followed Babe Bean's story. Their artist depicted the interior of her ark in 1897.

Bean attended lectures in Palo Alto, visited Los Angeles, and in December 1898 gave a Christmas tree to forty children in her ark. Invitations were sent out for the children to meet Santa Claus at the landing at two o'clock, but when they arrived, Santa's wife explained that her famous husband was unable to come. Mrs. Santa Claus then took them down to the ark, where a Christmas tree loaded with presents awaited the overjoyed children.

Did Bean truly wear a skirt as "Mrs. Santa Claus" for the children, as the news coverage claimed? If so, they must have been completely mystified by this strange creature!

In the summer of 1899, two years after forming, the Naomi

Bachelor Club disbanded and the sign was pulled down from in front of the former club room. The Club had finally dwindled to three members, two of whom were original members present at the Club's honorary membership dinner for Babe.

Bean's mother, whom we have met as Mrs. E. A. Muga, and who lived with Bean's two sisters in San Francisco, wrote to a friend about this time: "The struggle has been a hard and sad one. I have gone through almost unforeseen trials and sorrow and nevertheless here I am still as strong in hope, if not in heart, as ever before, for, thank God! the heart breaks but once. I have three daughters living. I depend upon two for my support, the oldest and the youngest. They are clerks in a large cloak store. My third daughter made a very unfortunate marriage, but now she is a widow and in poor health." That third daughter was Babe Bean.

Though she still kept her ark on McLeod's Lake, Bean was not in Stockton much that year. Newspapers reported that she went to Honolulu ("the object of her trip was to better her health, and she declares that it has made a new man of her") and that she planned to go to the Philippines on a pleasure trip. While these were only rumors, they prove that Bean was already plotting her next adventure.

11

“Lieutenant Jack” in Manila

While Bean was inspecting the mines of the Mother Lode in 1898, war broke out in Cuba between the United States and Spain. Admiral Dewey's Pacific Squadron set out for the Philippines, and President McKinley issued a call for volunteers to occupy these and other Spanish possessions in both oceans.

A National Guardsman joked about his strategy to defend Stockton from Spanish invasion: “If all defenses failed and a battleship passed, I would have massed at the head of the Stockton channel Companies A and B, Babe Bean and her ark heavily armored with two thicknesses of tin, Sheriff Cunningham with a warrant for the arrest of the entire Spanish crew, Chief of Police Gall, Jailer Benjamin, Poundmaster Horton in charge of the dogs of war, and Undertaker Jory. I am positive these preparations would prevail against a fleet of Spanish vessels.”

But it was no joking matter as the leading West Coast seaport, the Presidio of San Francisco, became for the first time a base for large-scale military operations, organizing and equipping 30,000 men to fight the Spanish-American War. Twelve companies of California Volunteers marched through

the City from the Presidio to the docks accompanied by the cheers and sobs of 200,000 people. It was the first home regiment ever to depart the mainland of the United States to fight a foreign foe, and the concentrated fever was something not to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

In May 1898 (the same month Bean "regained" her voice), the first Philippine-bound expedition departed, accompanied by the scream of every factory and ship whistle in San Francisco and every healthy young man pressed to sign up in a whirl of patriotism.

Meanwhile, Hawaii's strategic military importance in the Pacific and its potential threat if occupied by another great power forced the U.S. Congress to officially annex the Hawaiian Islands.

After three hundred years of Spanish rule in the Philippines, a peace treaty between Spain and the United States was signed in December 1898 transferring the Philippines to the sovereignty of the United States. Its ratification by the Senate two months later brought the war to an official close. But the Filipino islanders, under the leadership of Emilio Aguinaldo, staged a revolt against the treaty and demanded independence for the island. Fighting continued during the Philippine Insurrection.

While Bean's bachelor friends from the disbanded Naomi Club were returning to Stockton, telling of their adventures in the Hospital Corps in Manila, the Secretary of War and the Surgeon General of the Army issued an unalterable decision not to admit trained or volunteer women nurses or to accept women in any way in the war. It was felt they could not stand the bloodshed and carnage of war, would interfere with ordinary Army procedures and would generally be a

*On October 5, 1899,
Jack Bean and 750 men
set sail for Manila
on the "City of Para."*



nuisance. Women, they said, who were drawn to Army nursing were influenced only by a "morbid sentimentality, or even more questionable motives."

Recruited in the southern states, commanded by Colonel E. E. Hardin, and rendezvoused at Fort McPherson near Atlanta, Georgia, the 29th Infantry arrived in San Francisco in September 1899. The boys of the 29th had had some target practice, but most of their two weeks in San Francisco were spent at the ranges. On October 5 at 2 p.m., the army transport "City of Para" set sail for Manila from the Folsom Street wharf under Captain Zeeder, well-known to army voyagers of those days. Aboard were some 750 men (comprising regimental headquarters, a band, 3rd Battalion and three companies of

1st Battalion, 29th Infantry U.S. Volunteers, and about 100 recruits for the 11th Volunteer Cavalry), four months' rations and 400 rounds of ammunition for each man, plus clothing, tents, camp equipment, medical supplies ... and thirty-year-old Jack Bean.

A newspaper woman and the daughter of an army officer, all my ambition and interest and inclination naturally gave me the fever to go to Manila when things were at their liveliest there. So it was on the 5th of October, I was on the transport dock, with bag and baggage — and the privilege of a berth on a transport — ready to sail for Manila. But on account of the bag and baggage — a hitch in getting them to the dock — I was late, too late for the transport which steamed away without me. Fancy my state of mind!

For weeks I had worked for the privilege of a passage on a transport, and there I was left behind — and it was on a transport, and only on a transport that I desired to go, for my purpose in going to Manila was to see war from the soldier's point of view, with a woman's eyes.

Fortunately for me, four transports were scheduled to leave that day, and of these the City of Para was still at the dock with her gangplank just about to be taken in. Her captain was standing at the foot of the gangplank and, smarting with disappointment at missing my steamer and wild with anxiety to get to Manila, I approached and accosted him on the spur of the moment — without thinking what I was exposing myself to — and with only this last hope of getting away. A half-defined plan sprang into my mind.

"Captain," I said to him, "may I go aboard to see the steward?" I had a package in my hand, which he perhaps thought was for someone on board, and which perhaps was

the direct means of getting me permission to go on board.

"A fine time to be coming down," he said sharply. "Well, go on and be quick about it!"

I rushed up the gangplank and through the pantry with half a dozen messboys and men yelling after me to go around the other way. I was shown the steward's office and I asked him if he needed any extra help.

"You don't look like a lad that is in need of work. What can you do?"

I said, "Most anything." He gave me a menu card to copy and seemed pleased with the work. He asked why I wanted to go to Manila. I told him how I had just missed the transport upon which I had had transportation, and he drawled out, "Well, no; I guess I have a full complement of hands."

"I don't wish to work for money. I want only to earn my passage across," I hurriedly said, and it did the work. When he saw it wasn't a money matter and meant an extra hand, he promptly decided he had room for me. He told me I must first go to see the Captain and I lost no time in doing so. To Captain Zeeder, whose name I discovered after we were at sea, I presented the letters of recommendation which had already been shown to the steward wherein I was warranted a sober, honest young man. He glanced at the papers and told me to be d— quick about getting my box on board when he learned that the steward was in need of an extra messboy. In my disappointment at missing the transport and my heedless seizing of this last chance to make the trip, I had not stopped to consider details, not even the important matter of sleeping quarters. Ambition and disappointment had made me a little reckless. "But anyhow," thought I, "with the little money I have I can easily procure a berth."

At 5:30 p.m. we pulled out. For an instant my heart misgave me. I felt that I should like to be back on terra-firma, but only for an instant. I stowed my basket aft in one of the bathrooms and then I went to report. "Oh, wait till you get your sea legs," he laughed. He didn't know how anxious I was to get settled. I thought if I reported to him, my quarters would be assigned to me. I had had nothing to eat all day, having forgotten about such things in the excitement of getting away, and, growing so weak from seasickness that I could hardly stand, I longed for a place to lie down. I held myself together until the first rush of getting settled subsided, and then spoke to the steward about getting a place to sleep.

"Where in thunder do you think you are — in a hotel?" he roared. "If we've got anything we will give it to you, but we don't sell anything," he continued, for I had offered to pay cash for even a berth. I tried to brace up. I went back to the bathroom and managed to smuggle a little campstool in with me, so I closed the door and tried to make myself as comfortable as I could, with my feet braced against the bath tub and leaning against the wall. The ship began to toss and roll so that I found it hard to keep my seat. The wind blew a hurricane, and my! how cold it was. At about 2:30 in the morning I heard the guards changing the post and I did not dare to call them, for it would seem strange for a "boy" to ask for help to get back to the diningroom, so I crawled out just as soon as the new guards came in, and when halted I simply said "Passenger," and it was all right, for no one except officers and passengers were allowed in that part of the ship. I was trying my best to keep from falling when the nightwatchman came to my rescue.

"Why, you rascal, where have you been hiding? I have

hunted high and low for you, and thought you had tumbled overboard." He took me — in fact, almost carried me — shivering with the cold, into the pantry and made me a hot cup of tea, and it did taste so good. After I warmed myself beside the range he made a bed for me upon one of the cushioned settees in the corner of the dining room. After a little sleep I felt a trifle better, but still I was very ill. The boys came up to work, and John, the good faithful assistant steward, gave me a couple of blankets, a pillow and a counterpane and showed me where pieces of canvas had been stretched in the rear of the dining room to be used as hospital bunks. I climbed into the highest one and was just enjoying a most refreshing sleep when I was unceremoniously awakened by Captain Bailey, the Chief Quartermaster, who, seeing I had no uniform, asked who the boy was and what right he had to be sleeping upon a Government bed. All the stretchers had been removed save the one I was occupying and, as it too had to come down, I had no alternative left but to climb out. The pantryboys had offered me their bunks in the "glory hole" while they were at work, but I told them it made me too sick to go below.

My second night out I found a room — a sort of storeroom for mattresses that the assistant steward told me about — and slept there, and that was my only night's real rest between San Francisco and Honolulu — that room being taken for two sick sergeants the next day. After that I took my blankets and slipped up on deck to sleep in one of the officer's steamer chairs, getting as close to the smokestack as possible in order to keep warm. I was not molested because, luckily for me, Major Rodman's son, young and about my size, was a passenger. We were frequently con-

founded on the crowded ship and in that way I had the opportunity of passing the guards at all times and stealing a daily bath as well as a steamer chair.

On the second day out my work was laid out for me. I was given charge of the silver and it was my duty to wash and polish it and to count and record it after each meal. I ate with the messboys.

No one ever suspected that the happy-go-lucky cabin boy was a female, so meticulously was she crossdressed and so easy was it for her to behave as one of the boys. There was not even a hint that she was other than the young man she portrayed. Bean mingled easily, the years spent in the community of men having taught her well. "Jack Bean" spent hours squatting on the deck with the others, playing cards and putting up as stiff a hand as the veterans, arguing the issues of the day as faithfully as if a member of Uncle Sam's army. Whenever alone, Bean spent the time writing.

About three days out of San Francisco, orders were issued that all on board would be vaccinated against smallpox.

There was really little left for me to see when on the morning of the 9th I was watching the soldiers being vaccinated just as if they had been so many sheep being branded. Major Anderson, the chief surgeon, asked how long it had been since I was vaccinated.

"Oh, not very long ago," I remarked carelessly.

"Well, I want to see your arm, young fellow."

I made some excuse about having to go below to attend to my work and he said for me to come up after I had finished with my work, as he proposed vaccinating everyone on board and he "didn't want any monkeying about it, either." I watched for an opportunity when not many were about

before I entered the little laboratory and rolled my shirt sleeve as high up as I could to show the place where I had once been vaccinated, but I don't believe, even with the aid of a microscope, it could have been seen. Without a word the young medico commenced to scrape the skin. I tried to appear indifferent to the torture and to brace my arm by leaning on the table.

"Oh, no; just hold your arm straight out please." As he said this, he eyed me most curiously. After giving me a few extra scrapes to try my nerves, I presume, he told me to step aside a moment and be careful not to brush against anything. I thought I was going to faint. With the hope that he might still let me off, I told the Major-Surgeon I would be in a bad fix if fever should set in, as I had no way of keeping out of the cold.

"Oh, you'll not get sick," he said, and took me by the arm into the operating room again, when the vaccine was applied and I was permitted to go. I went straight to my basket and with the help of cotton saturated with disinfectants I endeavored to wash away the vaccine, for what would become of me should I become so ill that I would have to go to bed, and the ship so near her first port, too?

After this, Captain Bailey watched me very closely, and for fear he might spoil my chances altogether of finishing my voyage to Manila, I decided to tell him and the ship's captain who I was. I wrote a note to Captains Zeeder and Bailey, telling them who I was and asking to be allowed for a money consideration to remain on board after the transport reached Honolulu till the one I had expected to sail in reached port. I also begged, in case this could not be done, to be allowed to go my way in peace; for the quartermaster would have

done his duty by putting me off at the first port, and it was none of his concern where I went afterward, as I had committed no error, morally or criminally, for which I could be held. I decided to tell who I was in order to prevent Captain Bailey from turning me over to the Hawaiian authorities.

Both captains came to see me in answer to my note, and both seemed amazed at my having endured so much so long. Captain Zeeder thought it was a huge joke on him and assured me I need not have suffered any inconveniences if I had confessed at the very first. Captain Bailey did not enjoy the affair so much. Captain Zeeder assured me that I could go on to Manila if Captain Bailey was willing. He was not, but he told me that I should not be molested till I was ready to go on board the other transport. In the meantime they would arrange with the nurse to care for me.

When it was learned that a newspaperwoman was on board and was about to be put off at Honolulu, subscriptions were taken up by the officers and the enlisted men in order to procure for me passage to Manila, and these, of course, I declined to accept.

Colonel Hardin of the regiment was led to believe that I was sent on board by some newspaper desirous of spying on him. "Well, if she wants a story she will have to get it behind locked doors," he said.

After sailing for eight days, the *City of Para*, with five other steamers, made its regular supply stop in Honolulu. Many of the men stood on the decks bare-armed, waiting for their vaccination wounds to heal as none of the troops were allowed ashore the first day in, but Jack Bean was escorted off the ship that very day.

"She looked every inch a man," the Honolulu newspaper reported, "when she came ashore a day or two ago, with a large black slouch hat shading her comely features and matching her close-cropped hair, a black cut-away coat and shining patent leathers giving her quite a stylish appearance, and her manly carriage dispelling any suspicion of femininity that might be aroused by her womanly hands and feet." Another stated that she "wore men's clothes on the transport and insists that she will wear them always because she likes them best."

Bean immediately set out to find allies among fellow newspapermen in Honolulu, making crucial friends and connections in hopes that they would help her to Manila.

Though arriving on Friday, the Para was finally hauled aside the oceanic wharf on Sunday and the soldiers aboard were taken to Waikiki for a swim. The Para prepared to pull out for Manila Monday, and that morning some of the boys on ship amused themselves by attaching a tin cup to a line and throwing it over the whistle cord of a nearby merchant steamer, causing it to screech loud and long to their great satisfaction. They stopped only after irate men on the wharf presented themselves aboard ship.

The musicians of the army band marched onto the Para from the wharf playing 'Dixie' to cheer after cheer from the hundreds of Southerners aboard. In the confusion of the many transports, the Para hauled away minus one sergeant, three corporals and ten enlisted men.

Bean's friends on the newspapers in Honolulu helped add to the confusion of her whereabouts. They continued to report that she was in Honolulu under police escort, though police and military authorities claimed no knowledge of where she

was. Calling her act of smuggling on board the army transport a very serious violation of military law, one reported that she would be sent back to San Francisco with 400 Japanese immigrants via the S.S. China. Another article said she was bound for San Francisco on the S.S. Australia, doing duty as a fireman in the engine room, although this could not be corroborated as it was so close to sailing time when the rumor was heard.

"But," intimated U.S. Army Captain James G. Hutcheson, who was aboard the City of Para, "as most, if not all the officers and men aboard the Para admired Jack's pluck and were willing to give a hand to help her, it was no surprise to most of us when she appeared aboard the transport several days out of Honolulu."

I had been put ashore in Honolulu, but only after officers and men and members of the ship's company had encouraged me, if no other way offered of getting to Manila, to stow away again on the Para — and that was just what I did. I was provided with a ship's officer's uniform and at midnight, twenty-four hours before she put out, I went aboard in the guise of the ship's third officer, who was about my height. I was helped and hustled and guided down to a cubbyhole in the hole forward, where there were only damp ropes and rats, and the heat was suffocating. There I remained, almost gasping for breath, through three nights and two days, with only the occasional bite and sup that the assistant steward could smuggle to me, and during the time I was in hiding I heard the search going on for stowaways.

My friends on board had arranged to "discover" me when we were safely out at sea. I was duly discovered according to programme — and then real trouble began. Colonel

Hardin ordered me put under arrest, and for sixteen days, until we reached Manila bay, I was kept locked up, sweltering in a temperature of 112 degrees in the average. Captain Bailey, who was incensed at my stowing away after he had put me ashore, said that I should never be allowed to land at Manila, and my friends among the officers and crew, perhaps by way of relieving the tedium of the long voyage, made plans to get me ashore. I was kept carefully under guard and constantly watched, but I managed to keep acquainted with the plans and ready to act on them.

When we were almost ready to drop anchor in Manila bay, and the excitement of reaching our destination had caused a relaxation of vigilance, I escaped from my prison by a small window. I was dressed as a soldier, and the most thrilling feature of the escape was when, in going up a rope to the upper deck, I hauled myself plumb before the eye of the Colonel. He was busy packing and I slid down again, more willing to take a chance of going overboard than up to meet him.

I stowed away again in the engine-room, back of the ice condensers, where the heat was so excessive that I came as near dying I believe as ever I did in my life. I stayed there seven and three-quarters hours — until the troops were taken off. A search was made for me, which was not even then relaxed. The Colonel offered a reward of \$300 for my apprehension, but he finally went ashore and my chance came to get out of the engine-room. For three days I was kept hidden on the vessel, and was taken away at dark one night on a Government launch — and so, at last, I arrived at the destination toward which I had made such a struggle — Manila.

Fearing that the police would interfere with her, Bean went directly to Caloocan, a municipality in northwestern Rizal Province, Luzon, just north of Manila, and rented a room from the wife of a railroad employee.

"Several days later," said Captain Hutcheson, "while the 29th Volunteers were stationed along the old La Loma line, who should appear but our old friend Jack Bean, all togged out in blue shirt, khaki breeches, campaign hat and boots!"

After only a week in Manila, Bean brazenly made a formal call aboard the City of Para dressed in a large blue serge square-cut coat, a pair of khaki trousers, tight-fitting army leggings and a campaign hat with the cross-guns of the 29th Infantry pinned on it, and notified Colonel Hardin that she proposed to "roast" him in the papers for keeping her a prisoner on ship and allowing her only twenty minutes exercise a day.

A government detective was almost successful at capturing Bean, who was seen entering the Saddle Rock restaurant in Manila by a Secret Service employee, who immediately notified his chief. The detective made a thorough search of the Saddle Rock, advertised as strictly a ladies' and gentlemen's resort and the largest American restaurant in Manila. Pantry, kitchen and boxes were all closely inspected, but he could not discover the least trace of her. She had disappeared so quickly and mysteriously that the detective was thorough perplexed.

But shortly thereafter, Bean was arrested by a member of the military police force and taken before Major Tiernon, the Chief of Police, to whom she presented her credentials as a space-writer for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Major Tiernon referred her to the Provost Marshal-General, who in turn



Bean was arrested in Manila, but explained that she dressed as a man simply to allow herself to better do her job as a reporter.

referred her to the Military Governor. She explained to Captain Green, secretary to General Otis and press censor, that she had adopted masculine clothing because it allowed her better opportunities to fulfill her duties as a newspaper correspondent. She cited the fact that there was no law in California forbidding women to wear masculine clothing and ventured to say that the fact was the same in Manila. Her stand was such a unique and daring one and based on such sound logic that she was allowed to go her way.

The Manila newspaper described Bean by saying that she "gave one the impression that she was an effeminate youth, a sort of a 'willy boy'," and further commented that "she now pursues her queer mode of life with full sanction of the authorities, and the romance and mystery which once surrounded her existence in Manila have ceased."

Meanwhile most of the military and naval forces of the United States in the Philippines, numbering more than 70,000 men and 45 war vessels, were arriving in Manila. Aguinaldo ordered the abandonment of open warfare and the Filipinos carried on the war by guerrilla units, with revolutionary activity concentrated in the Tagalog regions of Luzon. The Americans, who went in for a quick takeover of the island, were unprepared for the strength, numbers and military expertise of the native army, which consisted of some 20,000 men. The Philippine fight for independence was a nationalist movement against colonialism, representing two-thirds of the country's citizens.

"Most every day she visited one or more of the companies of our regiment," Captain Hutcheson said. "As all of our regiment knew she was a woman, she was called Bebe or Babe by most of our men. She much preferred to be called Jack, and when her work took her to regiments where she was not known, she passed as Jack Bean."

"Once arrived in Manila," wrote Jack, "I saw war as, I believe, no other woman ever saw it. In my boy's clothes I could go wherever the men did without hampering them. With the 16th, the 29th, the 42nd and the 45th U.S.I.V. Regulars, I went on hikes. I lived in camp and I saw army life as it is really lived. I shopped for the soldiers, I acted as interpreter for them — knowing Spanish — I nursed them when they were sick. I went out on Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom's hike to Santa Cruz, the longest hike made — a matter of twenty days, and I saw Luzon from Malaban to San Mateo. I lived at Caloocan. I went to Laguna de Bey and the Camarines, always traveling with our soldiers — who always from the first hour until the last treated me as only decent

American men treat a woman, with chivalrous friendliness."

But Jack's friends treated him with more than just "chivalrous friendliness."

He was detailed as buyer for the First Battalion and, while riding back to camp on the Caloocan road (one of the most dangerous) with commissary supplies for officers and men, the Filipino driver found a nice, isolated spot, refused to go another yard and became "very offensive." Jack, who had the reputation of never showing fear, got out of the rig and went to the horse's head to lead it along, at the same time covering the now timid driver with a six-shooter. This delay on the road kept Jack so late and all the camp became so anxious, knowing well the dangers of the road after dark, that the captain, at the unanimous request of all, sent two detachments out in search.

One day the "Picanniny Captain," or "Little Captain," as the natives called Jack, was stood up by three women at Tondo Station, who were immediately joined by five rough men. Jack had the presence of mind to keep his hand on his revolver until two priests came to the rescue and took him to the Jesuit college where, with the priests and soldier boys, Jack, as a "boy," made himself quite at home. He was given permission by the Padre Superior to go up into the choir loft where only boys are allowed, and then by special permission was given the keys of the organ and piano and so pleased all with his musical ability that they were profuse with their requests for Jack to pay them another visit.

Jack also joined the other soldiers in some boyish mischief, which sometimes brought the attentions of the native police. Bean was a passenger in a quilez in San Miguel when the driver, who was drunk, lost control of the horse and crashed

the vehicle, throwing Bean on the street. A native policeman found the "boy" unconscious, and it was some time before he came to. Jack suffered severe bruises and a shock to the nervous system, but when police asked if he wished to have the driver prosecuted, Jack requested that nothing be done in that direction. The police thought differently, however, and marched the drunken driver off to jail.

On another occasion Bean shot a soldier who was following him, wounding him in the leg, but the circumstances were such that Jack was justified, and officers approved of what he had done. On another occasion Bean leaped from a window and saved the life of an unarmed soldier who was about to be murdered by two natives.

While in the Philippines, at age 30, Jack already knew that his male identity would be lifelong. Hoping to emblazon a permanent masculine stamp upon a body which would never conform to his image of himself, Jack had this elaborate tattoo burned into his arm:

MANILA

8

(Picture of American Flag)

1899

29

(Crossed Guns)

C.A.

174

Jack

The '8' stood for Eighth Corps Area, the 'C.A.' for the Coast Artillery. Jack was with the 29th Infantry.

Nearly ten percent of the U.S. troops (considered a

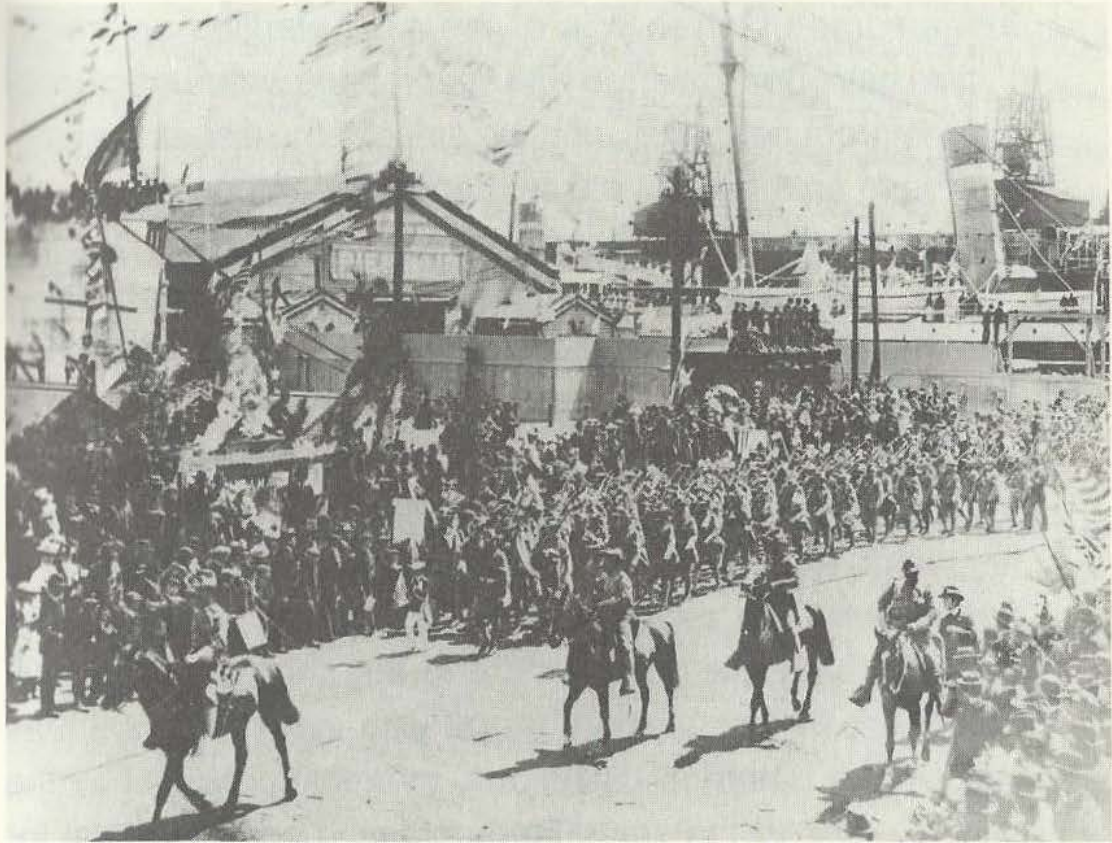
remarkably low number) were suffering from typhoid fever, malaria, pneumonia, diarrhea, dysentery, yellow fever and other diseases incident to tropical climates. Bean worked as a male Red Cross aide during the hardest trials of the Hospital Corps, and made the acquaintance and later the friendship of Frederick Funston, the Brigadier General of the newly-formed volunteer services.

One of the longest hikes Jack made, and one of the hardest battles ever fought in the Philippines, took place in December 1899 with the 29th, First Battalion, to San Mateo. During a drenching rainstorm, General Lawton set out at 9 p.m. through an almost pathless country, fifteen miles over hills and through canebrake and deep mud, the horses climbing the rocks and sliding down the hill to reach the valley before daybreak. They attacked San Mateo at 8 a.m. and the difficult battle lasted three hours. San Mateo sat below a high mountain, and a broad, shallow stream with a wide sand bar ran in front of it. The Americans were compelled to ford the river under fire. It was while the troops were lying in the rice fields and volleying across that General Lawton was shot. Jack was there with medical supplies, but to no avail, and Lawton died.

One soldier who served part-time in the Hospital Corps in Manila mentioned that Jack had secured about 150 pictures in the Philippines, including views of the fighting, to illustrate a series of articles for an Eastern magazine, and that Jack was anxious to go to China to see the battles there.

An admirer from The Freedom Publishing Company, which published the American soldiers' newspaper in Manila, wrote about Jack Bean:

"Jack" is very conservative in speaking about herself, but through the officers of her regiment and those of the 42nd



U.S. troops from Manila return victorious to San Francisco: The men of the 29th Infantry presented Bean with a medal.

and 45th, I have been told many stories demonstrating her kind attention to their boys who are sick or wounded, of her stability and fearlessness; how she would go on a long hike with the boys and be right up in front. Many are the times they have offered to make her a seat out of gunson on which to carry her, but in every case it was a refusal, or else a counter-proposition to carry some foot-sore fellow whom she had noticed amongst them. She also rendered good service as interpreter on outpost duty, which work she did for several months. She so managed to win over the friendly natives around the camp that she could practically get any information she wanted from

them, some of which was of the most startling nature.

We have been favored with several little write-ups of local interest from her pencil, and the sales of the issues containing these sold like hot cakes, especially amongst the regiments with whom she has become acquainted.

She has overestimated her strength and, I regret to say, has been a patient in St. Juan de Dios Hospital as a consequence.

I take it upon myself to say that it might please her friends to know that they have every reason to be proud of her work and efforts here while able to be about, and furthermore, we consider she has accomplished, though detrimental to her health, more in the short time she has been here, in acquainting herself with everything, such as visiting the different institutions, interesting herself in the schools, and at the same time obtaining good material for her book in the shape of data and souvenirs than many men (I am ashamed to admit it) who have been here a much longer time.

She had been a soldier with the best of them, known in the regiment as "Lieutenant Jack," and looked on as the regimental mascot, on the firing line whenever there was a firing line, sleeping in the trenches, having a plate at the officers' mess and ministering to the sick and wounded whenever there were sick and wounded in the regiment.

The boys of the 29th, as proof of their respect and appreciation for this extraordinary "fellow," collected over \$200 with which they had a handsome gold medal elegantly made with a suitable inscription, presenting it to Jack along with a flag during a flattering testimonial. Then, in August of 1900, Jack boarded the army transport Sherman back to San Francisco.

Its passengers numbered 53 cabin, 57 discharged soldiers, 138 invalids, 12 prisoners and 10 indigent steerage. The commander put his fourteen-year-old daughter in Bean's charge for the voyage, but after a day or so out, Jack's strength gave out entirely and she remained in her berth for the rest of the trip under the care of the ship's surgeon and stewardess. Making a stop in Nagasaki, the transport Sherman made a record run of 22 days from Manila to San Francisco. There had been three deaths during the voyage, but Bean, wearing the regular United States khaki uniform with the soldier straps of a second lieutenant, was carried off the ship.

Jack had been overseas about ten months. "I saw war, and I lived it," she wrote, "just as the soldier sees it and lives it, and for what I saw and learned I do not feel I paid too much — even in the illness that came to me, and in the discomforts and terrors of that voyage..."



In March of 1901, seven months after Bean returned to San Francisco, Brigadier General Funston captured the Filipino revolutionary Aguinaldo, who immediately swore allegiance to the sovereignty of the United States in order to heal his torn country. The following month, Bean's buddies of the 29th Infantry arrived back at the Presidio in San Francisco and were pleased to see Jack again. "Every day from April 21 to May 10," Captain Hutcheson recalled, "some company mess of our regiment was made gay by her presence."

Finally, on May 10, the 29th Infantry was mustered out of the service at the Presidio, requiring the final payments and handing of muster rolls to several hundred men. Colonel Hardin was presented with a beautiful gold and silver loving cup by the officers of the 29th and the ex-boys in blue cheered

as they were handed their finals. As soon as they were paid off, they proceeded to purchase all sorts of souvenirs from photographers and dealers in trinkets.

❖ 12

Jack's Last Years

"When she returned to San Francisco from the Philippines," Jack's older sister Victoria explained, "she resumed her true identity for a short while. But she found she wasn't free to prowl around the City alone at night. Again, she became a man and so remained."

Jack moved into a housekeeping apartment by himself, though his mother and two sisters still lived on Cedar Avenue in San Francisco.

"I tried to get her to stop masquerading when she returned to San Francisco in men's attire," said Victoria, who worked as a salesperson. "But she wanted to keep writing and she wanted to gather material. She held that a woman could not prowl around San Francisco alone at night, so she preferred to be a man. I always knew and feared that something would happen."

Jack wrote:

It is my custom to ramble about the valleys and mountains in the afternoons when the heat of the day is past. One of these strolls I will ever remember. The day had been exceedingly warm, but towards evening the weather became pleasant, and I determined on taking my usual walk. I

wended my way up till I arrived at a lake, whose placid waters greatly resembled one vast mirror of silver. With the intention of resting but a few moments, I threw myself on a mossy bank overhanging the lake, and soon I was fast asleep. In my sleep "a shape, if shape it might be called, that shape had none," appeared and, placing a parchment before me, requested me to sign it, saying that should I do so my every wish would be gratified. I gazed at the parchment, then took it from the inexpressible Something that held it towards me and eagerly devoured its contents. Horrible to relate, it was a contract with the devil, who promised that should I agree to his terms my life would be one of 5000 years, and, as I have before stated, my every wish would be gratified. I was spellbound but, without reflection, I seized the pen that the monster held and affixed my signature to the parchment. The devil took the contract and, placing it in a small casket, disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

Jack never returned to a female identity. "All this was done through curiosity," Jack explained, "and to gain a knowledge of men as they are in reality and not as most women fancy them. I have always traveled for pleasure and business, and for me the male guise is the most convenient besides being the best protection. The business I refer to is principally writing stories, all of personal experience and usually under agreement that those for whom I write should receive the credit (for what I am sure I don't know) while I receive the pay. I am in search of health and news. When my trip about the world shall have finished, I am to give to the world through periodicals my experiences, etc. etc."

"In order to continue doing the work she preferred, she continued to masquerade," Victoria rationalized. "Bee was

stubborn. She felt that she could do more to aid the unfortunate if she were known to be a man. From her visits to the Barbary Coast and other places she developed ideas for her articles and the sympathy for the poor that caused her to give nearly everything she earned to them."

Though women crossdressed and lived as men throughout history, many did so to legitimize their romantic involvements with other women. Often such couples presented themselves to society, and were known and respected as man and wife.

But Jack was different. His desire was to spend his life with the male outcasts of the evening streets; there Jack found the affection and emotional attachments he wished to experience, as a man in the company of other men. From its earliest days, San Francisco was known for its acceptance and numbers of men "of the Oscar Wilde sort," and homosexuality was characteristic of many of the homeless "tramps" who made their way to the City. These were Jack's friends and constant companions and he regularly took them in, giving them food and a place to stay.

There is scarcely a night that I have been out late but I am accosted by some person for enough money to get a place to sleep in or to buy food; not by the common "hobo," either, but by men and boys who have left their homes in search of lucrative employment. Very often I meet mere strips of boys who have run away from home after reading a book after the style of "Tom Sawyer," and who would gladly return home if they could only get their fare back. Many will say let them "go back the way they came." That, dear readers, is unreasonable, for invariably boys start out with some little means, and never fully awake to their folly until their money

has been spent and they commence to feel the pangs of hunger, which more than once causes them to commit some petty theft, for which they are arrested and punished.

If the money spent to prosecute them could only be used in paying for their passage home, or to the home of some friend, it would do far more in the direction of reforming them, for they would be willing in the majority of cases to return, humbled and better in many ways — owing to the hard times they had experienced.

More than once I have been walking along with a police officer when we would run across some young man stowed away in or behind some huge dry-goods box. He would be asked what he was doing there, and invariably his answer would be, "Waiting for someone," or "Nothing." "Where do you live and why don't you go home?" are usually the questions asked them, but one can readily see they have no home — no home here and perchance nowhere else, and after giving them enough for one night's lodging, I often wonder what will be the outcome the next night if they are not more successful. "Why don't they go to work?" Who wants to employ a young man who is poorly and miserably clad, without even a change of linen, and how many storekeepers would advance a week's salary, nay — even a day's wages for a man to secure board and lodging while he can earn enough to repay it? Supposing a young fellow, a stranger here, does get a position, how do you suppose he will live until he has earned a week's salary? Routed out from one place by one officer and from another place by another, until he is found sneaking and lurking about in a suspicious manner, it winds up by many an unfortunate but deserving youth being arrested and convicted as a vagrant,

to be sent to mingle with those who are hardened and unprincipled. This is the sort of thing that has crushed the very spirit out of many a young man I have met in my midnight travels.

One evening, I noticed a poor old man sauntering along toward the door where overhung the sign "Police Station." I was making a shortcut and reached the front of the police office about the same time that the old man did. I went in after him, and just could make out that he was tired and sleepy, with no place to lay his head. He had only a short while ago been discharged from a hospital and had not a penny to his credit. He was so old that his cheeks were sunken, he having long since lost his teeth. His form was bent, and the little hair he had left was white. For a man who had nothing in view but to be a tramp, he was poorly fitted out in the way of shoes. A flimsy pair of carpet slippers was all he had to keep his feet from being blistered by the sun-heated sidewalks and to keep them from being cut and torn by the rubbish in the road. The sight of this lonesome and poverty-stricken man was enough to make anyone feel thankful for ever so little.

I wondered why this old man was not being taken care of by some grown son or daughter, or happy in some little home with tiny grandchildren about him to help cheer him in his last days, now so sad and desolate. He was given a ticket which would admit him to the county jail, where he would be given lodgings and something to eat. Bad as it may seem, it is better than sleeping in some open lot, with only the broad canopy of Heaven as a covering.



The ensuing years brought a shift in the liberal attitude of San

Franciscans toward sexual minorities. Police Ordinance No. 819 of the City and County of San Francisco was approved in June 1903, "Prohibiting the Wearing of Apparel of Opposite Sex: Be it ordained by the People of the City and County of San Francisco as follows: (Section 1) It shall be unlawful for any person to appear, upon any public highway, in the dress, clothing or apparel not belonging to or usually worn by persons of his or her sex. (Section 2) Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this Ordinance shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not to exceed \$500 or by imprisonment in the County Jail for not more than 6 months, or by both such fine and imprisonment. (Section 3) This Ordinance shall take effect and be in force immediately."

Thereafter, Jack abandoned the name "Bean" (possibly the name of the husband she divorced at age 15), and took his mother's maiden name as his surname. He did a meticulous job of blending into society and keeping out of the law's way, quietly living as a man named Jack Bee Garland.

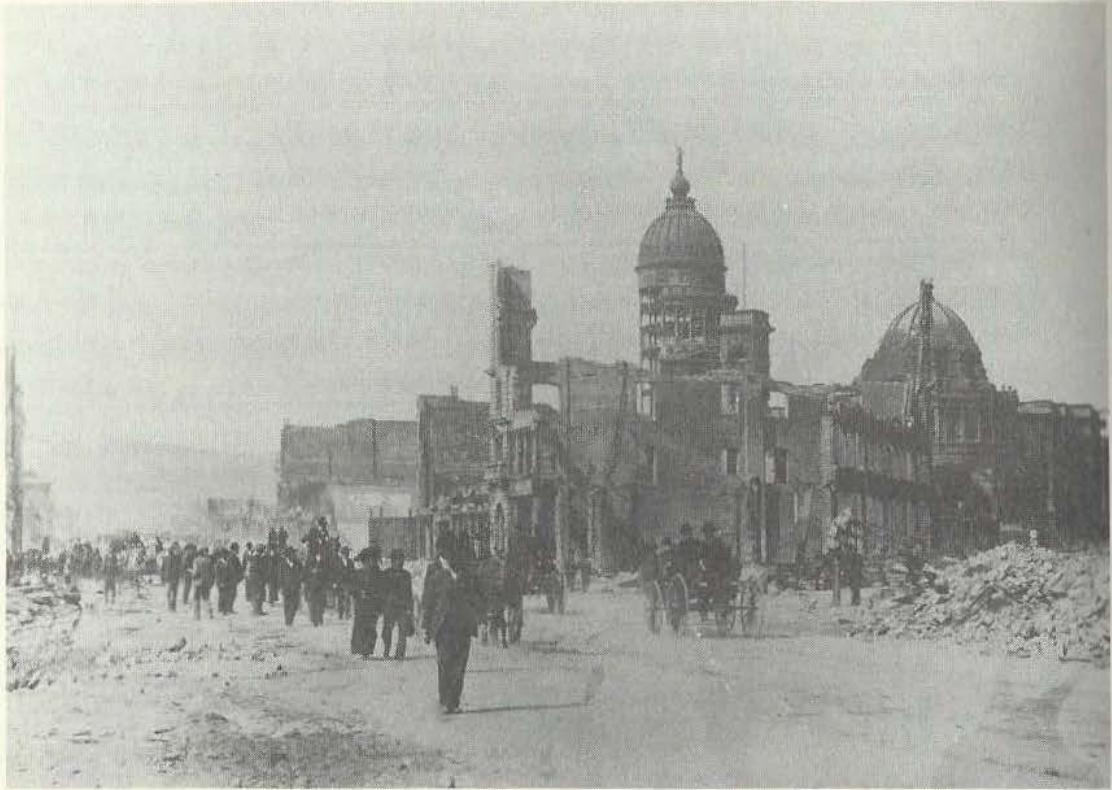
When at 5:13 a.m. on April 18, 1906, San Francisco's famous earthquake shook the City at an estimated 8.3 on the Richter Scale, San Franciscans, most clad only in their night clothes, rushed into the streets as walls and buildings fell into heaps of brick and timber. The earthquake lasted only twenty-eight seconds, but the aftershocks continued for three hours. Telephone and telegraph lines broke, and twisted streetcar tracks halted all transit. But only twenty percent of the ultimate destruction to the City was caused by the quake — it was the raging fire fed by overturned kerosene lamps, dangling electric wires, ruptured natural gas lines, and strong winds that leveled the City, as broken water pipes rendered



Only a fifth of the total destruction was caused directly by the earthquake; the rest came from the ensuing fire.

the fire department helpless.

Fifty-three separate blazes merged into one gigantic wall of fire: 28,000 buildings in 500 city blocks, covering four to five square miles, were destroyed. Jack's old pal, Brigadier General Funston, hero of the Philippine Insurrection, was in command of the Army's Division of the Pacific in San Francisco at the time and was quickly made military commander of the City. Funston ordered the dynamiting of scores of buildings to create fire breaks to halt the spread of the flames, and for two days the blasting sounded like an artillery attack in a war zone. The fire burned out of control for three days and it must have seemed like the end of the world to those who experienced it.



Stunned San Franciscans view the destruction: Jack Garland's experience in Manila had well prepared him to help respond.

Deaths were underestimated at 478 (probably so as not to alarm the tourist industry), but the San Francisco City Archivist has recently documented over 2,000 dead. Out of a total population of less than 400,000, an estimated 250,000 San Franciscans were left homeless. All stores of food and clothing were confiscated by the Army, which undertook the task of rationing to the hundreds of thousands who lined up daily in long bread lines. Tent cities were erected in the parks using Army tents, cots, and blankets, and relief kitchens were set up everywhere. Seventy thousand people camped in the Presidio alone, and some 200,000 refugees camped in Golden Gate Park and other open spaces in the City.

Jack Garland, then thirty-seven years old, worked as an



After the quake, Garland worked for the Red Cross, using his training as a nurse to help victims who came to the relief stations.

accredited male nurse for the Red Cross, which undertook the general rehabilitation of the disaster victims. Hundreds had been seriously injured, hundreds more required medical treatment, and the continued lack of sanitation and shelter from the City's damp, chilly weather perpetrated the overwhelming need for qualified caregivers. Jack's experience in Manila prepared him for this ominous task.

After abolition of the Army bread lines, the Red Cross established hot food kitchens throughout the City. Provisions were made for shelter and distribution of clothing and household items, and Jack helped relief applicants with the lengthy questionnaires required for eligibility.

Jack Garland received a certificate from his friend General

Funston, commending him for his contribution and efforts with victims of the Fire and Earthquake. Jack proudly kept this document for the rest of his life, and it was found among his papers after his death.

In 1920, when Jack was fifty-one, a 55-year-old widow named Mrs. Mary L. Haines moved from Illinois to San Francisco. Haines set up a School of Cooking and made her living as a "domestic science teacher." The exact time and location are lost to history, but Mary L. Haines and Jack Garland met.

"I was one of the few intimate friends Jack ever had," said Haines, "and I loved him. I always regarded Jack Garland as a man — an able, intelligent and kind man. He had been living with my family for some years when I offered to adopt him. He told me the truth, that he was a woman, not a man."

Exactly what relationship occurred between them, we can only speculate. Despite diligent efforts to find any mention or indication of Jack's love affairs, nothing remains. But what would possess an elderly woman to "offer to adopt" a man four years younger than she? It is more probable that Haines, wondering why Jack never proposed marriage, approached the subject and Jack felt compelled to reveal (one of the few times during his later years) the secret of his hidden female body.

"I pleaded that it made no difference," Haines explained, "that I preferred a daughter to a son. He refused to listen."

Obviously, Jack was not interested in being anyone's "daughter."

His heart was with the unattached, free-spirited men of the streets. "And he did do good," Haines said, "particularly among young men, stranded and in financial difficulties. He

was always helping them. The little money which came from his writing he gave away as fast as he earned it."

"Could women see men as I have," Jack wrote, "they would love them all. Why? Because they are, with one another, open and frank. They know each other's little secrets, and altogether are congenial. But, alas! when they leave their fellowmen for the day or night, they are changed beings."

Jack frequented the most notorious underground worlds and lived the bohemian life of San Francisco's Barbary Coast, a row of gambling dens, beer cellars, brothels, gin mills and honky-tonks frequented by sailors, miners, migratory workers and hoboos. When Californians voted on Prohibition in 1914, 83% of San Francisco voters said no, with a similar percentage voting against a proposition aimed at closing the Barbary Coast brothels.

But when the nation declared war in 1917 and San Francisco again became an active military port, the police department created a Morals Squad to suppress the "wide open" vice district. They got little support from citizens. One San Franciscan (who described himself as "an unmarried man for very good reasons") wrote to the City's mayor, "These dirty sneaking skunks of the Morals Squad are a stench in the nostrils of all manly men."

Though closing down the Barbary Coast made social purity official policy, the City's demand for pleasure kept its flourishing underworld alive in the 1920s and '30s.

"So much fun should not be made of the younger men," Jack wrote,

for I have found more genuine principle and loyalty in boys who are considered 'speedy' because they are frequenters of clubs and cafes than in men of education and unbounded

experience. We naturally look for common sense, at least, in men after they have attained the age of thirty. I myself do not consider 'males' men until they reach, in my opinion, the prime of life — that is, in about their fortieth year.

Young boys who have not yet reached the age of discrimination are seen tottering along in a way to cause apprehension for their future. Sons of respected and prominent citizens are often taken to some place that they may get "braced up" before entering the respectable shelter given them by unsuspecting and trusting parents, who are in a measure to blame for being over-indulgent with their idolized offspring.

I have been present in places where these young "bloods" have been refused anything that would help make their condition worse, and to hear the abuses heaped upon the "mixologists" would lead one to believe that the greatest wrong imaginable had been done them. But their acts are often tolerated because of the social position they hold and because of the interference of older and soberer comrades. Let some poor drunken outcast do as they do, and without friends, influence or money, he will be given a chance to sober up, not in the luxurious apartments of some friend, or at an uptown hostelry, but in a cold and very uninviting apartment at the City Jail.

I must here confess that, no matter where I have been, I have met with good and noble men — the kind you read about. The world is full of them, as it is with pure and noble women; but while the world goes on we shall hear more of evil than of good. So it will be in the case of good men and women; they will not be mentioned while a morsel of tempting scandal is left to serve the ever eager throng of people

we call mankind. Were the good deeds of our true men and women more freely discussed, both around the family circle and by the press, the appetite and craving for what is vulgar, coarse and sensational would soon die out, or at least become diminished.

From 1927 to 1930, Jack, now a man in his 60's, lived in Berkeley and had a host of friends in the East Bay. He often visited the newspaper offices of the *Berkeley Daily Gazette* to bring in publicity for various charity organizations. He did fairly well as a journalist until the last few years of his life. But as the years went on, necessity forced him to drop his old friends and he lost his newspaper connections.

Jack moved back to San Francisco, and during his last years, his sister Victoria, by then a well-to-do widow living in Los Angeles, helped support him.

For thirty-six years, "Uncle Jack" wandered the midnight streets in his lifetime disguise, often guiding a runaway boy home, or providing food for the hungry and a helping hand. Uncle Jack willingly supported them financially, if only to advance the money for a cup of coffee or a night's lodging. Though decades of an intensively active life brought him into close contact with thousands of persons in San Francisco and elsewhere, no more than three or four knew his secret.

Then, in 1936, at age sixty-six, Jack Bee Garland collapsed on a sidewalk at Post and Franklin Streets in San Francisco and died.

13

Childhood

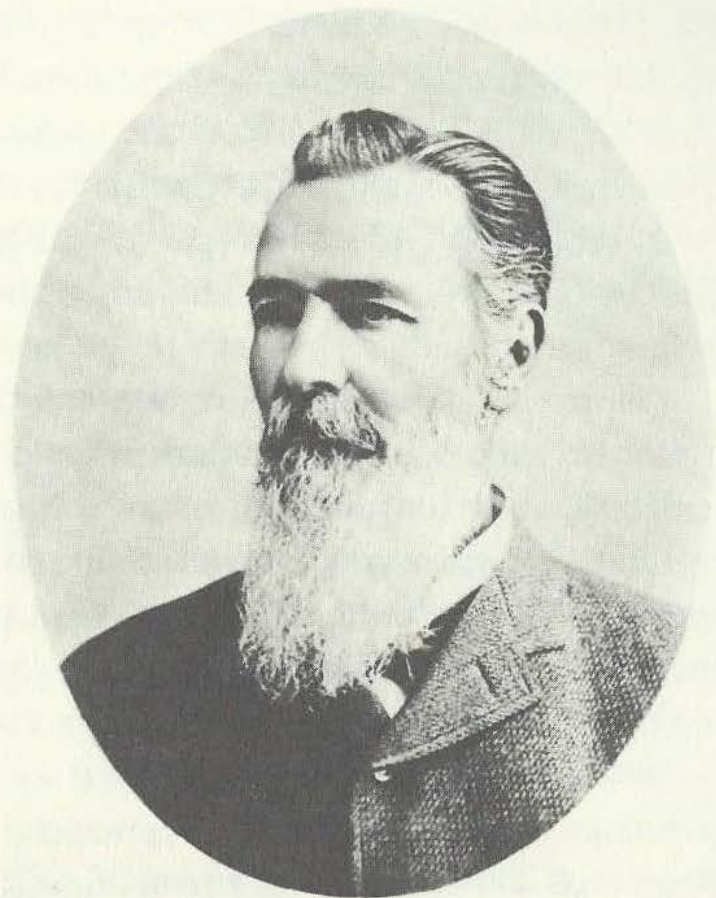
"Has love had anything to do with my present mode of living?" wrote Jack. "Such a question to ask! Listen, and judge for yourself: My first recollections of loving anyone is of a dark, handsome and noble face, with honor stamped upon every feature — a soldier; to me a hero. Who shall chide me for loving such a one? 'Twas my father."

Jose Marcos Mugarrieta served in the Mexican army from the age of fifteen and saw action in numerous battles and campaigns — Jamaica, under General Canalizo in 1841; Campeche, 1842–43; Merida, 1843; Veracruz 1845; Mexico City 1846; Angostura and Cerro-gordo 1847; Guanajuato 1848; and Sierra-Gorda under Bustamante 1848–49; and Matamoros 1849–50.

"Mingle with this," continued Jack, "the sunny smiles of one of the fairest, sweetest and purest of God's women (my mother) and you have what is to me the dearest picture that ever graced a piece of canvas or 'hung on memory's walls.' This, sir, has been the only love I knew which has been the doing or undoing of a lifetime."

Mugarrieta directed the Sierra-Gorda colonies until ordered by General Mariano Arista, then the Mexican Minister

Jack Garland adored his father, Jose Marcos Mugarrieta, a commandante in the Mexican army.



of War, to return to Mexico via New Orleans. It was probably in New Orleans that the dashing Mexican commandante met Eliza Alice Denny Garland, the blonde-haired daughter of Rice Garland, the United States Congressman from Louisiana who later served as Judge of the Louisiana Supreme Court.

In 1846 the California village of Yerba Buena passed from control of Mexico to the United States, and the next year, San Francisco was chosen as its official name. When the 1849 Gold Rush turned San Francisco into a busy town with lots of money, it developed from a frontier village to a city of brick and stone banks, hotels, theaters and stores ... the financial and commercial center of the entire West Coast.

When General Arista became President of Mexico, Mugarrieta became his aide; when President Arista fell from power,

Mugarrieta left with him for exile in England. Arista died soon thereafter and it was Mugarrieta, now known as "The Great Patriot," who fulfilled the former president's last request by returning to Mexico with Arista's heart.

Their marriage date has been lost to history, but Comandante Mugarrieta asked the Louisiana belle, Eliza Garland, to be his wife.

"Happily," Mugarrieta wrote, "my dear Eliza and I live better with a piece of bread than many other people with their richness, and we will be entirely happy the day we can mitigate the sorrows of our mothers. In view of the valuable gift heaven made me, giving me a mother and a wife who love me with greatest sincerity, I am fearful of not progressing with respect to fortune."

But in 1857 Mugarrieta received an appointment for the Mexican consulship in San Francisco. Meanwhile, the discovery of silver nitrate ore from the Comstock Lode set off another '49'er Rush' in San Francisco, as the most valuable mines were held by San Franciscans. The City prospered and built up from the mining profits. By now having established the Mexican consulate in San Francisco, Mugarrieta directed Mexican patriotic society activities in California and was involved in Baja California affairs.

The American Civil War affected San Francisco, as it was the port through which gold and silver needed for the military made its way to the East. In 1863 General Placido Vega of Mexico sent a commissioner to San Francisco to buy armament and ammunition, but Mugarrieta refused to assist, warning Vega that the exportation of arms was forbidden by President Abraham Lincoln, as the United States was in Civil War. This reply did not satisfy Vega, who saw thousands of

dollars in it for himself. Mugarrieta's refusal incensed Vega to such a degree that he managed to have Mugarrieta removed from his position as consul and Vega carried out his project of buying arms, but on shipping them to Mexico they were seized and even Vega was prosecuted. Mugarrieta published his private correspondence with Vega in the San Francisco Spanish-language newspapers, describing how he had tried to avoid the catastrophe.

Mugarrieta, who never received his full pay from the Mexican government, remained in San Francisco, broken in health. He sent a note to the War Department in Mexico City, asking for his fare home to collect his salaries and to demand explanations for the injustice done him. He never received an answer. To support his family, Mugarrieta took the precarious occupation of Spanish teacher and translator in San Francisco.

Soon their first child, Victoria, arrived; in the same year came a son, Jose Louis.

The following year, on December 9, 1869, Elvira Virginia, whom we know as Jack "Babe Bean" Garland, was born to the Mugarrietas at 806 Green Street in San Francisco.

Elvira was a little over a year old when tragedy struck the Mugarrietas. Jose Louis died of tuberculosis at the age of two-and-a-half. Another son, William, had just been born.

Two more daughters followed — Mary Ellen and Helen. While their young family grew, the Mugarrietas moved at least once a year, each residence within blocks of the last, on Russian Hill in San Francisco.

Elvira was five when her mother wrote of their home life: "I must say a few words respecting a neighbor of ours. During my sickness she has been a perfect mother to me. She has kept

me and the children as comfortable and as neat as the very richest woman could have been. I wanted for nothing. Muga had charge of the household affairs and she of me. She has a daughter, a dear girl of fourteen, who would come over every morning before school and wash and dress the children; and, after school, she could come and entertain them and keep them quiet until their bedtime. Besides all this, she has a cow and sends us every day three pints of rich milk."

But tragedy soon struck the Mugarrietas again as little Mary Ellen died before reaching the age of two.

Eight-year-old Elvira saw San Francisco filled with men out of work as never before. Jobless workers rioted in the City. Mugarrieta pleaded for help to transport his family to Mexico so that he could find work there, because, as he told a friend, he was "utterly deprived of means or resources for even going from one corner to the other." For the first time in San Francisco's history, organized methods of relief and free dispensation of charity were absolutely necessary in providing food and shelter for many.

"I was always happy as a child," Jack wrote. "My mother I can only remember as a lady of elegance and refinement — gentle always, but proud and firm. I loved her with all my heart; but to me she was like an idol, and I feared even to talk to her at times lest my rough manner might offend her. Strange way for a child to think, you will say, but nonetheless it was so. Consequently this forced me to lean more toward my father. Though he never was partial he seemed to understand me better."

Of her daughter Elvira, Mrs. Mugarrieta said, "She was always a most peculiar, original child, and a regular tomboy, never caring anything at all for the many little trifles which

*This photograph of
Elvira Virginia Mugarrieta
is the last known image
of her before she
embarked on her
life as a man.*



usually interest and delight youthful femininity. The finest doll in the world had no attraction for her if a top or a kite were handy. She delighted in the company of boys; she liked them as playmates and made confidants of them; she developed a dislike for girls in general at an early period of her existence, and subsequent events have only served to strengthen that dislike. Bee has always been proud, generous to a fault, quick to notice an insult and just as quick to resent it. Though a tomboy, she was lady-like in her bearing to her elders and her playmates always respected her. Quick to make friends, she had plenty of defenders had she required them, but, being brave and absolutely fearless, she has always been able to take care of herself under any circumstances. She will forgive an insult, but she never forgets.

“At school she was bright beyond her years, and in composition especially, she excelled her classmates. I will tell you a little circumstance which will give you an indication of her

inclination in that direction and also show you the depth and strength of her feelings. She saw somewhere a picture which depicted an old man asleep in his arm-chair. He had evidently been reading, for a paper was lying across his lap, his head was bowed forward, his limbs were extended, and the whole picture indicated rest after a weary day of toil. At the feet of the sleeper was a little mouse, looking into the face of the old man. The picture struck her fancy, and Bee wrote a most beautiful composition with it as the text.

"Nobody seemed to quite understand Bee," her mother recalled. "As a little girl she was always inclined to be mysterious, even about trifles, and seemed to love mystery for mystery's sake. She delighted in putting on a mysterious air; matters which were uncanny and weird were of special interest to her. The natural inquisitiveness of woman is strongly developed in her, and she has always had an uncontrollable desire to see and hear and know of things that the average woman would never think of. As a child she had a powerful will, and her mind once made up could not be changed by any ordinary means, I can assure you. She loved liberty; restraint to her was agony; she loved freedom and insisted upon having it. A great lover of nature, she had a fondness for birds, the flowers, the free, outdoor life. The blue sky above and the earth beneath were a joy to her. Always full of life and inclined to be high spirited, her vivacity and brightness made her a central figure wherever she went."

Jack wrote:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight; Make me a child again, just for tonight." What a beautiful sentiment this is, and yet, how many there are who have inwardly wished

that such could be the case, not once but hundreds of times. I know I have.

One day I happened to pass up the street, and as I reached the corner my attention was attracted by the merry-making of about a score of children. I stopped to watch them play, as it was the noon hour for recess. Wee bits of baby girls, with a wealth of golden hair, and others with raven locks made the place seem like a little doll show. And the boys — what a lot of roguish and interesting children they are! Why, they seemed to be running over with mischief, as I caught sight of more than one pulling some little girl's curl, or winking at one another with a merry twinkle in their eyes.

I almost forgot that I was "grown up," so strong was my desire to be one of them. Just the dear, innocent pleasures of years ago, and I will say I was pleased to see little girls who are just as much of a tomboy as I was when a child. Two of these lassies were playing "horses," and I did not like to see the little girls as the horses. Had I been playing I should certainly have been the driver. It is more fun to drive than to be driven.

I walked on and midway in the next block I stopped to watch children, just out of their babyhood, you might say, and entering girlhood and boyhood, playing games more suitable to their age. The temptation was too great and, as a preliminary, I commenced to turn ropes for the girls. I ended by jumping the rope. I went into the yard and mingled with the rest, as I knew at least a dozen of those present.

I happened to look up and the sight of a teacher brought me to my senses, as it were. I left the playgrounds wishing that I could again be a child. Oh! what would I not give to go back again to those days that will be no more. How I longed

for one of my old-time romps. My school days were to me, as are nearly all — happy, happy days.

Jose Marcos Mugarrieta died in 1886, leaving his wife and five children nearly destitute.

His widow appealed to the Mexican Consul in San Francisco. "I wish to take my husband's remains to Mexico with my children," she pleaded. "His wish was to be buried near Arista in Mexico City. They were closer than brothers. I wish to go to the Capitol with my children, taking the remains of my darling husband Mugarrieta." None of these wishes came true.

Elvira was sixteen when her father died.

With his death, my spirit died too. From a tomboy full of ambitions I was made into a sad and thoughtful woman. From that time I grew heartless. I wanted to be out in the air always. A desire for liberty and freedom took such a hold upon me that at night, when all were asleep, I would get up and wander about in our immediate grounds as if in search of something I could not tell what.

Shortly after this I commenced to grow rebellious — took interest in nothing save in listening to some caller telling of the wonders of the world. Oh, if I were but a boy! Just to be able to see all those beautiful things! What would I not have given? Mother and father had traveled extensively, and in narrating their experiences little did they dream that they were laying the first stones upon which my strange life was to be built.

My mother feared for my future, I must here say — we had become and had been for some time reduced in circumstances, and only later did I realize the sacrifices that must have been made in order to keep me at school. Nothing

but a convent could save me, thought my mother, and there I remained. How I yearned for the freedom I had dreamed of and how often I wished I could enjoy the liberty that the world sees fit to allow a boy! I was left in the entire charge of the good sisters, who did much to make me happy under the circumstances, and sad, too, I can tell you.

My brother William visited me every vacation, and I am glad to say he loved me so that he often made vacations in order to see me. What would I not give for one of our old-time romps! I dressed in his clothes (for punishment, mind you) and he in mine. With wry faces we were inwardly tickled to death. Nothing ever pleased me better than to get this sort of punishment. Poor boy! With a tender, generous and loving disposition he was easily led, and with growing manhood he commenced to evince extravagant tastes, together with a desire, like myself, to roam. I mention him as it has much to do with my life.

His visits to the convent grew less frequent, which caused me much pain, until he came only occasionally, and then always accompanied by one of his schoolmates, a rather quiet, unassuming sort of a chap. The day came when the latter would call alone, notwithstanding the objections raised by the sisters. It was about the Christmas vacation and I was given permission to spend the holidays with friends. What joy to again be away from all study and work and no play. What plans I had mapped out for seeing my brother and his friend. The day came when I saw the false friend without the brother. He — the friend — was about to go abroad.

The dream of my life again awakened with a vim worthy of a better cause. Was I doomed to always hear of people who could travel and go about the world? Was I never to

have my great wish gratified? "No," came the answer always, "how can you? Remember circumstances will not permit it." Well, then, how could my friend do so, he had no more than we? Oh, yes; he was to work part of the time. Well, I could not see what should prevent me from doing the same.

From that moment it was my sole thought. I told no one of the good people with whom I was stopping, but went and confided to my brother's chum. He thought it would be capital fun to get me to do such a foolish thing; and (I blush to say it) he succeeded very well. In two weeks we were married.

Suffice it to say that it was the cause of separating me from my family and friends. We traveled some six or eight months, and then separated. What I have suffered for that act no one can ever know.

When able to go about I always did so, when I could, in the guise of a boy. I had always loved horses and rode frequently, always astride. I observed that I was always taken for a boy while in my "rather boyish riding habit," though to make up as one had never struck me any more than to go about on my horse at whatever hour I wished without attracting much attention. I commenced then to go about in search of adventure, always assuming my natural dress when in cities or when I made any long stays at places.

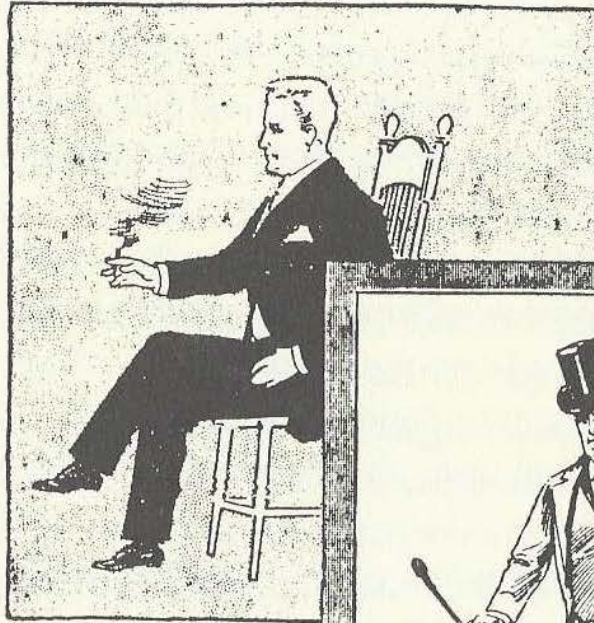
What motivated Elvira to reject life as a woman? Looking in historical perspective, women have mostly been hampered by their female status. In the late 1800s it was impossible for a female to enjoy the freedoms that men saw as their own. She could not travel unescorted, or even dare to take a stroll outside alone after dark. She was barred from many male-

only establishments; the idea that a woman had the right to vote in political elections was a flagrant joke. She couldn't even hope to live by herself until she became a widow; she was under her parents' control until a husband took her off their hands and, more often than not, she became his maid-servant. It was considered shocking if a female rode astride a horse, the only position which would allow her full rein of the animal. In addition, there were strict dress codes: women were expected to wear dresses only.

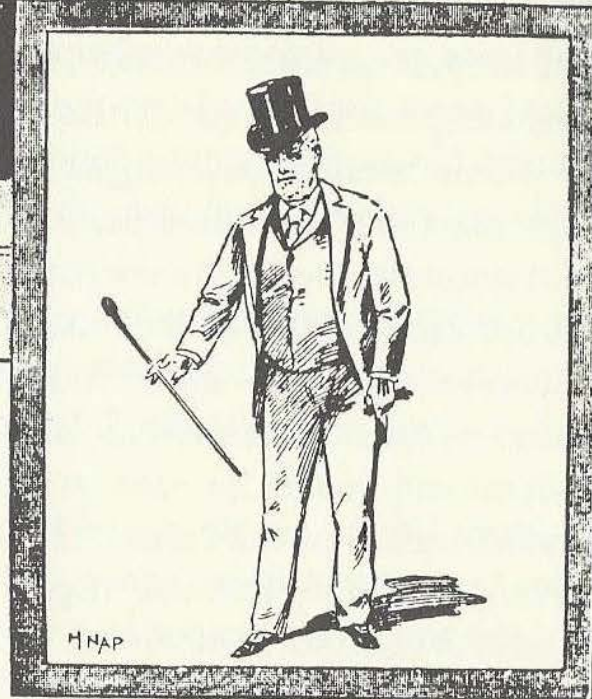
Many women challenged society's dictates and lived as liberated women of their times. But for some females, this was not enough: they felt they must dress in men's clothes and live as men lived in order to fulfill their life goals in peace and happiness. It was easy. During those times, anyone in trousers was *certainly* a male, and if the person in trousers was effeminate, well, he was perhaps a "willy boy." No one questioned that the rules of society would be broken. They were. For many females, especially those who passed successfully, adopting the dress, mannerisms and identity of the male sex was a simple task. Their curiosity and boldness carried them. Their independence forced them. Their most private and innermost consciousness of themselves was already firmly engrained from childhood in the fantasy of their male-ness, their self-concept of their bodies elusive at best.

At the same time Bean was passing as a man, San Francisco area newspapers gave much space to the story of Milton B. Matson, another crossdressing female. Matson was arrested for forgery when he endorsed checks made out to Luisa E. B. Matson, which upon investigation was revealed to be his real female name.

"It seems outrageous that a man cannot have any peace,



A female cross-dressing contemporary of Garland's was Luisa E.B. Matson, who also attracted media attention. She is shown here as depicted by the San Francisco Examiner in 1895.



but must be badgered to death by reporters!" Matson declared with a knowing grin. "When I became two or four or six and twenty, somewhere around there, I put on the entire male garb. I did not find it at all inconvenient; in fact, it seemed natural to me from the first. I have an abhorrence of corsets and, as for long hair — I wouldn't wear it for the world. I like a little drink, do not gamble, and have always conducted myself with propriety. Not once in all these years have I been offered an insult by any man.

"I'd like to see anyone arrest me for wearing men's clothes!" Matson boasted. "Why, I have been wearing this style of costume for the last 26 years, and I wouldn't wear any other. You wouldn't either, if you knew how comfortable it was. This thing of being skewed up in tight waists and subject to the flapping of petticoats is to me unbearable. I don't see how the women can stand them. I never did enjoy the feminine style of dress, and before I took to men's clothes out-and-out, used to get myself up as much like a dude as possible. When I was a young girl I never wore anything but tailor-made suits. You see, I was always more of a boy than a girl in my tastes. I didn't like the restraints or humdrumness of domestic life, and it was a relief to get out into the world. No, I have never worn women's clothes since I cast them off, and my experiences around the world have been those of a man."

After three weeks in jail, Matson was released, the charges dismissed. He left the jail in men's clothes and five days later signed a contract with one of San Francisco's dime museum managers. Faultlessly dressed in men's attire, consisting of a handsome dress suit, embroidered linen, a white tie and patent leathers, Matson sat in an easy chair on a little platform for viewing by the curious public, answering questions and chatting with the socially inclined. Matson accepted this fate as inevitable: "There is no way out of it now, and I need an honest dollar or two. Perhaps I shall even sell my pictures. It has been suggested to me. It is a horrible idea. But it's all in a lifetime."

Jack had already been crossdressing for years, and surely read the news coverage of Matson. Perhaps they even met at the dime museum.

"As a natural outcome of my roaming as a man," Jack wrote, "I have been thrown much in the company of men in all walks of life. I once attended some 'jinks' where men who were accustomed to flatter and pay pretty tributes to their lady acquaintances took advantage of their exclusion to make fun of the ladies and in the most ungentlemanly manner criticize some one of their failings. These society belles were undergoing the most humiliating criticisms and still were not aware of it. Some of those present may recall the affair, which took place on Christmas eve in 1892.

"Shortly afterward my brother was taken ill and he, too, died."



When Jack was twenty-five, her brother William, two years younger, a printer by trade and well known among men of the craft, was arrested in San Francisco's Union Square for snatching a purse containing twenty-two dollars. Even at that time he was in delicate health and his attorney made a strong plea on his behalf. However, the judge was not swayed and gave him the full sentence — five years in San Quentin Prison.

The Mugarrietas worked to get William's sentence commuted, as he had no previous offenses and his conduct as a prisoner was exemplary. But after only one year in prison, William's health failed rapidly and he suffered two severe hemorrhages. The resident physician of San Quentin informed California Governor James H. Budd that William was consumptive and his death but a matter of hours. Governor Budd commuted William's sentence upon condition that, should he recover from his illness, he be returned to prison until the legal expiration of his sentence. (When, a year later, Bean interviewed Governor Budd for the newspaper, no

doubt his actions on William's behalf were on Bean's mind.)

When the steamer ship from San Quentin Prison arrived in San Francisco and William was greeted by his mother and sisters, a violent fit of coughing seized him and blood flowed from his mouth. For a time it seemed as though he would die on the wharf. The police ambulance was summoned, but by the time it reached them, he had partially recovered. William was so weak that he had to be carried to the buggy which his heartbroken mother had in waiting.

A month later, William died at the age of twenty-five in his mother's home. Funeral services were held at old St. Mary's Cathedral in San Francisco.

"With this last blow," wrote Jack, "mother retired, to lead as quiet a life as could be offered, in a place away from former scenes of both bright and dark days. She made some provision for me, and I was then quite alone. From that moment I have been like driftwood, tossed upon the sea of life. But in no other way could I have been contented."

14

Burial

The day after Jack Bee Garland died, his friend Mary Haines wired the Adjutant General in Washington D.C., seeking a War Department order to have him buried in the Presidio of San Francisco with military honors, as befitted a soldier. Because of the several names he used, she feared Washington records would not carry the name Jack Beebe or Jack Bean; so she also sent the data from the elaborate tattoo on Jack's arm which he obtained in Manila, hoping the information would assist War Department officials in tracing his records.

Meanwhile, Jack's sister Victoria Shadburne announced plans to have him buried at Cypress Lawn Cemetery alongside their mother, although she was unsure that she could finance the burial.

"My sister had an honorable discharge from the army," Mrs. Shadburne argued. "She enlisted as a man and served during the Spanish American War, and I believe held the rank of Lieutenant. I'm asking no charity for her, but my sister deserves to be buried with military honors. I have been trying to find that discharge among her papers. She will be buried at Cypress Lawn Cemetery, but perhaps it will be possible for her to have a military funeral." Meanwhile, Mrs. Shadburne



Jack's sister, Victoria Shadburne, tried unsuccessfully to have him buried with military honors. This is the best available surviving photograph of her.

purchased the clothing in which Jack would be buried.

A female columnist for the *Los Angeles Times* commented, "This agitation to have the woman who successfully masqueraded as a man for 38 years given burial as an ex-soldier is waxing pugnacious. Some of the girls seem to think it's frightfully important. Jack Bee Garland had an interesting 67 years of life, enjoying male status for over half of it, and I don't believe she cares. Still it should remind the 'stronger sex' when they are feeling superior that it's a good idea to prove it."

At the coroner's inquest ten days after Garland's death, Mary Haines testified that Garland always thought that he was "middle sexed," obviously referring to his transsexual feelings. The newspapers, obviously referring to Garland's physical status, reported that "her testimony conflicted with that of Dr. Sherman Leland, who said that Jack Garland was

normally sexed." Then, in a bizarre retraction the following day, the newspapers claimed that Mary Haines was not even present at the inquest and did not testify or make any reference to Garland's condition.

As had been feared, the War Department was unable to locate any record of Jack, but suggested that because Jack was hired on as a messboy in the ship's pantry, no records would have been kept. Officers could hire private servants, but it was an arrangement between the officer and the person hired — no record was maintained by the War Department.

Jack Garland was buried in an unmarked grave of the family plot at Cypress Lawn Cemetery in Colma, California, just south of San Francisco.

"But what does it matter," Jack once wrote, "to the poor soul who is at last freed...? At least we shall all be on an equal footing when the time comes for us to be put under the sod ... alas, all shall be alike in the eyes of God, when we shall have reached 'the other side.'"

Jack struggled throughout his life to maintain his male identity, yet in a final symbol of rejection by family and society, and a final assault upon his body, this little old gray-haired man was buried in a woman's white satin dress.

Epilogue

There are records of women since the beginning of time who disguised themselves so they could live as men. In 1886, Dr. Richard von Krafft-Ebing wrote in his groundbreaking *Psychopathia Sexualis*, "...the physical and psychical characteristics of inverted sexuality are so plentiful that a mistake cannot occur. Psychically they consider themselves to belong to the opposite sex. They act, walk, gesticulate, and behave in every way exactly as if they were persons of the sex which they simulate ... The entire mental existence is altered to correspond with the abnormal sexual instinct ... the form of the body approaches that which corresponds to the sexual instinct."

Some, like Jack Bee Garland, passed their entire adult lives without anyone discovering their true sex, and in doing so endured profound isolation, loneliness, fear of discovery and legal prosecution every single day of their lives. Many pleasures of everyday living that others took for granted were out of reach for these people: they lived with a lack of physical intimacy, while wearing bindings and self-made undergarments in a desperate effort to alter their bodies. Peaceful daily living sometimes required the loss of family and friends

who knew them “before” in their original sex, and whose love and friendships had to be sacrificed to minimize talk and risk of discovery. Medical attention was often impossible to obtain, and many female-to-males died of diseases because they could not risk revealing their secret to a physician; often if they did confide to a doctor, they were exposed to the public and ordered by law to give up their male identity. Most left town instead. An educated understanding of transsexualism and modern medical treatment of those experiencing this condition are now righting those wrongs.

Information for the female-to-male transsexual is practically non-existent, and few stories of their lives have been published. Some documentation still survives, despite the diligent efforts of families and society to erase all mention of these embarrassments. Today, in 1988, there are an estimated 10,000 transsexuals in the United States, and even in our comparatively “liberated” society, one in every four persons applying to sex reassignment clinics wishes to change from female to male.

Specific cultural conditions of a certain time in history could be cited as motivation for one to “change” their gender, but these would only serve as excuses. What is happening in the world at the time, restrictions or freedom in sex-role choices, or in access to clothing fabrics and styles — none of these have much influence on the transgender person’s desire to be the opposite sex.

Dr. Harry Benjamin (1885–1986), the “Grandfather of Transsexuality,” identified four fundamental motives of those who desire to change their sex:

- 1) social motive — if the person has markedly opposite-sex manners or appearance

- 2) gender motive — to be free to live in their chosen role
- 3) sexual motive — to have a sexually functional body
- 4) legal motive — to legalize their lifestyle of crossdressing and living as the opposite sex

An individual's psychosexual gender identity is made up of a complex collection of inner mental traits and tendencies, some subtle and others emphatic. We take for granted that males will simply grow up to be masculine (whatever that might mean in our particular culture, time, and place) and that females will grow up to be feminine (and in our quickly changing times, no one is really sure what that means anymore). Usually, one's personality (with its many qualities and characteristics) resolves into a harmony that fits more or less with our present definitions of what a person of their sex should do and be. Not so, for transsexuals. Their bodies say one thing to the world — their feelings and natural behaviors say something else.

While many women prefer adventurous and autonomous activities traditionally described as "masculine," they see themselves as females and like being female. They have adopted a masculine gender-role preference but maintain a basic female sexual identity. Because tomboyishness usually arouses no concern in parents and society, few young masculine girls are brought to gender identity professionals, and consequently the understanding of the development of a lifelong masculine identity in females is minimal. Our culture has changed quickly and dramatically in its perception of what typically "masculine" things girls can do and still be considered "feminine." Girls are now encouraged to do things for which, thirty years ago, they would have been punished.

The influence of rigid sex roles on transsexualism is controversial. Feminists have argued that female-to-males should accept themselves as strong, liberated women, instead of crossing over to the male enemy and "denying their femaleness." But transsexuals don't go to the "other side" to conform to stereotypes. They go to the other side because it is the only way to express on the outside how they feel on the inside. Even the feminist movement has abandoned the hypothesis that men and women are the same.

The transsexual's inability to conform to sex-role expectations is not the crux of their predicament. Most people experience some discomfort with behavioral expectations, as clearly demonstrated in the women's liberation movement, but they have no question in their minds whether they are men or women. More accurately, the transsexual experiences a distorted body image. To identify strongly with the stereotypical thoughts and feelings of the opposite sex can be a problem, but to identify strongly with the physical attributes of the opposite sex is totally disorienting.

The female-to-male experiences a male body every single day of her life. Through strong engulfing fantasy, she "feels" her broad shoulders, "feels" her flat chest, her low voice. She feels a need to carry more bulk between her legs, and may wear padding. With this self-image, she is met in the mirror every single day of her life by someone she doesn't recognize. She *knows* she has a female body, but it is something that doesn't fit her self-perception. She knows she has breasts, but considers them growths that have no pleasurable sensation, and therefore wraps her chest and binds it flat so that her body conforms with this male self-image.

This strong daily identification with the physical form of

the opposite sex is what transsexuality is all about. It is the hardest thing for non-transsexual people to understand. It is what urges transsexuals to the seemingly unbelievable act of surgically adjusting their bodies to conform to their self-perception.

Our bodies govern our relationships with men and women. As long as there is heterosexuality and homosexuality, women will never relate to men the way men relate to men, and men will never relate to women the way women relate to women, despite the breakdown of rigid sex roles. This has nothing to do with being passive or aggressive, feminine or masculine. It has to do with relating to someone from the groundwork of our basic physical sexuality. As long as the naked body elicits responses from men and women, there will be transsexuals. Women who adjust their bodies to look like men do so to relate to men the way men relate to men, and to women the way men relate to women, be they gay or straight.

It is helpful to remember that sex reassignment does *not* change the person *inside* the body. The female-to-male wakes up every morning as the same person he was before. What does change is his outer appearance to others ... what does change is how other people act because they are responding to "him."

Is sex reassignment surgery moral or right? If someone wanted a surgeon to remove his normal right hand, should a surgeon do it? This is not a fair comparison, as someone with such a request would be acutely psychotic. Transsexuals are not psychotic. Transsexuals do not want a useful organ removed, reducing their functioning and efficiency in life; but they want what is to them useless sexual equipment *altered*

so that a more useful (to them) equipment will result.

Psychotherapy with the aim of "curing" properly diagnosed transsexuals to accept their sex of birth is generally accepted to be a useless undertaking. A person might learn to live with this dichotomy of mind against body, but the dichotomy never goes away. There is no cure, and gender specialists admit there is no case on record of a total reversal of symptoms. The mind of the transsexual cannot be changed. Coercion, threats, physical force, withdrawal of love, manipulation, or such "treatments" as electro-shock and aversion therapy, cannot help resolve the conflicts in their lives. Transsexuals must decide whether to live with their contradictory bodies, or to adjust them to agree with their hearts.

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