

SEATTLE MAN-WOMAN BARES "HIS" SOUL

She Longs for the Mental, Economic Freedom of Pants

BY A STAR REPORTER

PORTLAND, Or., Sept. 7.—My word of honor has been given to Robert Gaffney that I will not tell you where she is living. She sent for me and, because I knew something of her strange history, I went to her hiding place in an out-of-the-way spot in Oregon.

After 20 years she has returned to her right name—and petticoats. But, for the purpose of this narrative, she shall be known to you, as she was known to me when I first knew her, six months ago as—Robert Gaffney.

She was in difficulties in Seattle six months ago, and garbled bits of her story got into the newspapers.

WANTS PUBLIC TO KNOW

"I sent for you," she said, "because I want the public to know that 'Robert Gaffney' is not the strange, sinister creature the reporters judged her to be. I want people to know that 'Robert Gaffney' is a clean, honest woman, and that the practice of wearing men's clothes, which got me into a terrible dilemma six months ago, was not as outlandish a thing to do as conventional folks suppose. That is all I want. I want to be put right before the world. Will you carry my message?"

I promised, and I now fulfill.

Her mother and sisters were orthodoxly religious people. Perhaps she inherited her eccentricities from her father, who died when she was young.

She was brought up on a farm. She liked the out-of-doors.

She married when she was 17. Her husband, too, liked the out-of-doors. Together they went on long rambles in the mountains, fishing and hunting.

That she might the more easily keep up with her boy husband on their hikes, she wore men's clothes.

LEAVES HUSBAND

She tells me she was happy with her husband for 10 years. Then a matter of principle arose—I don't know what it was—and with a table between them they threshed it out.

They agreed to disagree. He went his way; she hers. She rebelled against the petticoats that imprisoned her. She says she wanted to be "free."

She disappeared from the city where she was so well known and turned up in another place as "Robert A. Gaffney, working man."

That other place was Spokane. She was, among other things, a photographer, a house painter, a farm hand and a janitor.

It was in Spokane, five years ago, that she met Margaret Hart, abandoned wife, with a baby and another coming. To Margaret Hart, Robert Gaffney was merely a two-fisted young Irishman who felt sorry for her.

COMES TO WOMAN'S AID

"Bob" Gaffney was touched by the woman's helplessness. "I will take care of you until your baby comes and you are

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CAR MEN FAIL TO RESPOND TO STRIKE ORDER

Normal Service in New York Keeps Up in Face of Strike

MEN ARE PEACEFUL

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—Despite a strike order intended to affect 18,000 employes of the subway, elevated and New York railway systems—the latter surface cars—and tie up the traffic of New York, normal service was being maintained today.

William B. Fitzgerald, strike leader, admitted that the motormen on the subway and "L" trains had not responded to the call. Trains on these lines are handling the bulk of the city's passenger traffic and were running on regular schedule. Places of guards on the cars were taken by strikebreakers in many instances.

Little disorder was reported, and such reports as reached the police were not serious.

Fight to a Finish

Mayor Mitchel is expected to reach town tonight, but both union leaders and company officers declare intervention by the mayor will be useless. Both sides seemed determined to fight it out to a finish.

Strike leaders claimed early today that 50 per cent of the subway and elevated employes had already quit. They asserted that by tonight the power houses of both systems will be closed down and that the tieup will be complete.

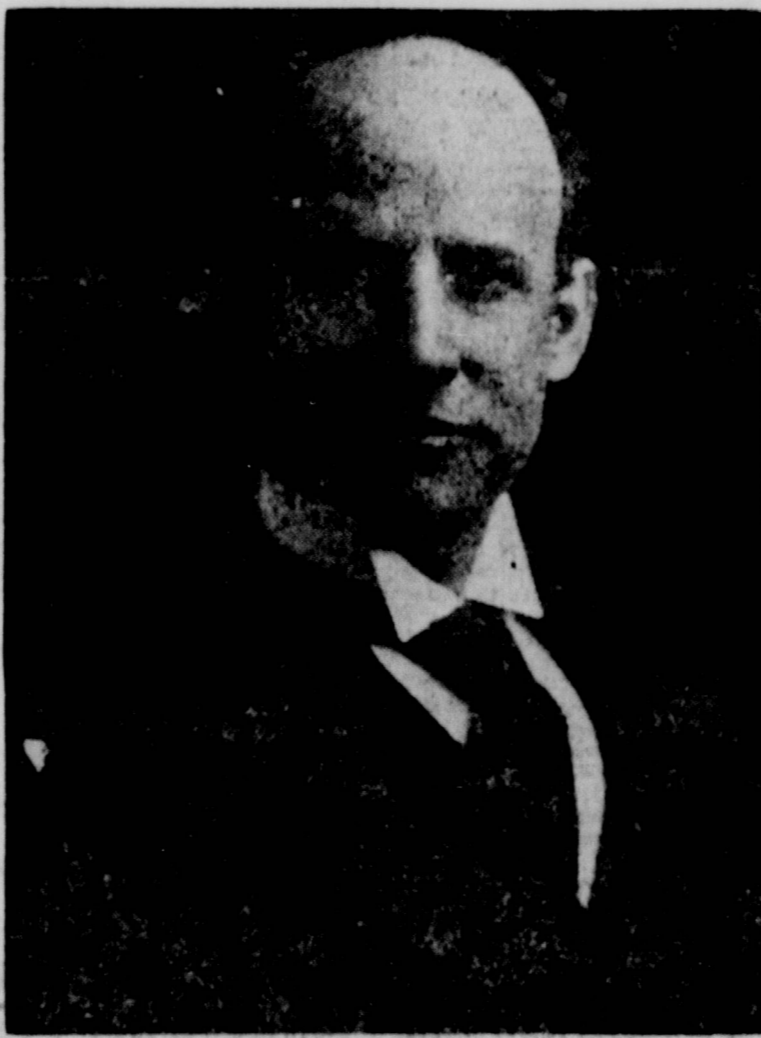
BOY BEATS U. S. GOLF CHAMPION

MERION CRICKET CLUB, Haverford, Pa., Sept. 7.—"Bobby" Jones, Atlanta juvenile golfer, held 2,000 persons spellbound by his masterful playing against Robert A. Gardner, Chicago, in the third round match play of the United States amateur golf championship here today, finishing the 18 holes one up on the national champion. Gardner played in top form, but the youngster had him outclassed at nearly every stage.

The cards for the morning were: Jones, out, 456, 575, 442—42. Gardner, out, 765, 453, 453—42. Jones, in, 444, 345, 445—36—78. Gardner, in, 445, 454, 534—37—79.

BILL TO AID LOCAL FISHING IS KILLED

U. S. SENATOR MILES POINDEXTER



A LANDSLIDE AGAIN FOR SEN. POINDEXTER

Six years ago standpat papers which were fighting Poindexter printed the same kind of polluted political news as they are doing today. They printed fake stories from various parts of the state, lying about Poindexter. They told in glowing terms about the big votes that Poindexter's opponents would get, and so on. Their poisoned publicity fooled nobody. It didn't stampede the voters at all.

Poindexter polled more votes in Eastern Washington than all of the other candidates combined. In Tacoma and Pierce county, where Gen. Ashton, a strong Tacoma man, was among those running against him, Poindexter received 50 per cent of the vote.

In Seattle and King county, where Judge Burke had the solid backing of all the papers except 'The Star

BOY BANDITS ROB SEATTLE MAN ON ROAD

Stop His Car Near Sumner and Grab Many Articles of Value

ESCAPE IN BIG AUTO

Three young auto bandits, who drive a big Winton car with no license number on it, are robbing motor parties along the country highways, according to the police, and Wednesday night took \$50 in cash, a \$100 watch and a diamond ring from C. F. Martin, 627 Northern Bank building.

The robbery took place on the road one-half mile south of Sumner at 2 a. m.

Martin was on his way to South Bend when the big car, with the top up, standing alongside the road, loomed up in the field of his headlights.

"Stop," one of three young men yelled.

Martin slowed up, but did not stop. The men looked suspicious to him.

One of them whipped out a gun and fired broadside at the car, hitting it near the door.

Two of the men pulled him out of his car then, and quickly searched him. They stripped off the ring, took the watch and money from his pockets.

"Now open 'er up and get out," one of them commanded.

He did.

Escape in Auto
But he looked back and saw the trio jump quickly into their big touring car and bowl off toward Seattle.

Martin hurried to Sumner and telephoned the Seattle police to be on the lookout for them.

The sheriff's office was notified, and city motorcycle officers detailed to watch all the roads leading into the city.

But they failed to find any trace of the bandits.

According to Martin two of the young robbers were between 22 and 25 years of age, and wore light colored suits. A short, heavier set fellow, probably older, remained at the wheel.

PAYROLL PROBE IS UNDER WAY

County road district payrolls and warrants that may have

Local Businessmen Told By U. S. Expert of Chance in China

Seattle faces the greatest market in the world and it is up to the citizens of the city to accept opportunity while it is clamoring at her port doors, or else let it pass by and suffer some other less capable city to reap the harvest.

This was the tip presented to the officers and members of the Seattle Commercial Club Thursday noon by Julian Arnold, American commercial attache to Peking, China.

"China is on the verge of the awakening which has been heralded for the last few years," Arnold explained, "and within 20 years it will be without a doubt the greatest buying country in the known world.

"America is liked. Our citizens thruout the empire are liked and not hampered by race prejudice.

Nearest Port to China
"Seattle is the nearest port to China and has one of the best harbors I have ever seen. The products needed by China are made in this country. So, the only thing left for the businessmen is to get busy."

Arnold has covered all of the vast Chinese empire and made a comprehensive study of the needs of the Chinese.

Big Development
"They are building railroads, developing mines, and learning the use of new articles of our civilization. America has looked at China for the last few years with an eye towards existing conditions.

"It is high time we get over there and study them for future use. I recommend the formation of a Chinese society in Seattle for the purpose of studying the future of the country.

4,000 Autos
"There are 5,000 Americans al-

To Speak Tonight
He will impress but one thing while on this trip, and that is the importance of a unified and immediate commercial drive upon the business.

Arnold will give a public address Thursday night at 8 o'clock in the Chamber of Commerce rooms.

SENATORS ALMOST FIGHT OVER THE OLD "FRANKING PRIVILEGE"

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7.—The abuse of the "franking privilege" by senators and congressmen, by which the government is legally cheated out of thousands of dollars during every campaign, nearly resulted in a fist fight on the floor of the senate yesterday between Senator Ashurst of Arizona, democrat, and Senator Curtis of Kansas, republican.

It came up during a discussion of the Owen corrupt practices act, which the senate voted to take

plained of is that which permits congressmen to send letters and documents, of public nature, free of postage charges.

In some cases, however, the congressmen have used this means to have the government print alleged "speeches" free of charge and then had them out for private campaign purposes under the "franking privilege."

U. S. TO MUSTER

MAN-WOMAN BARES "HIS" SOUL; ASKS FOR FREEDOM OF TROUSERS

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strong enough to return to your father in Colorado," she said.

It is not strange if the woman misunderstood the nature of the proposal.

"Wait!" said "Bob" Gaffney. "Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes."

Then Robert Gaffney told her secret for the first time: "I am a woman!"

"Our relations," said Robert Gaffney to me, "were the relations of two women, a strong one and a weak one. She was helpless, so I fended for both.

It was Margaret who insisted, for the sake of "appearances," that they go thru the form of marriage before a justice of the peace. It was done.

They came to Seattle.

WORKED AS JANITOR

So far as any one knew who encountered "Mr. and Mrs. Gaffney" in those days, "Bob" Gaffney was head janitor at the Colman building, with five men and 10 women under "him." "He" earned \$90 a month.

"He" smoked a little and drank an occasional glass of beer.

The second child was born to Margaret. THEN CAME A THIRD!

"Oh, she was all feminine!" scoffed Robert Gaffney, smiting the table with her stout knuckles. "All woman was Margaret, and weak as so many women are—slaves of men and having no wish to escape from bondage. I knew, or suspected, who the father was. A married man! Poor Margaret!"

That's what she said to me, this strong, eccentric woman, who so wanted "freedom" that she wore trousers to get it—"Poor Margaret!"

But imagine the feelings of Robert Gaffney when the neighbors congratulated "him" on the birth of the third-born!

"It was plain hell," she said. "I couldn't reason with Margaret. So I flew the coop. Margaret didn't really want to be helped."

She went to California, bicycling all the way. She had the pleasantest time of her life rambling alone in the Siskiyou mountains. She got a job in California, lost it, got another, lost that, and, as work was scarce, she returned to Seattle.

ARRESTED AS "LAZY HUSBAND"

THEN THE BOLT FELL! A WARRANT WAS WAITING FOR HER, SWORN TO BY MARGARET, CHARGING NON-SUPPORT.

Robert Gaffney went to jail. Margaret visited Robert in jail.

"How can you have me convicted of non-support of your children, when you know they are not mine?" asked Robert.

"But, if you prove they are not yours," Margaret replied, "you will have to tell your secret—that you are a woman. You don't dare do that."

But Robert Gaffney dared. She was released.

"The prosecutor," she said, "thought he had an open-and-shut case against me, and he was flabbergasted."

She bought woman's clothes, donned them, and came to her hiding place in Oregon.

Consider her plight! Her voice, her gestures, even her habits of thought are mannish. Her walk is mannish; so are her hands.

She feels as a man comedian in the movies must feel who puts on woman's clothes to perform before the camera. The petticoats bind her legs when she walks. The waist is too tight for comfort, and the sleeves retard the free swing of her strong arms. Her hat, a simple thing as women's hats go, has—oh, height of absurdity—a feather, a ribbon and a flower on it. And the brim flops!

Cook? She has forgotten how. Sew? She's as clumsy with a needle as I am. Fancywork? She laughs bitterly.

"I want a tool in my hands," she said to me.

Pants vs. Skirts

And, oh, the loneliness of the prison that she has been driven back to! Where shall she find

friends? When she was a "man" she could make friends anywhere, as all men can. Lend a man a match on a street corner, or share with him your "makings," and presently you have a friend.

"As a man I was never lonely," she told me.

But now? If she speaks to a man in a public place, he will say to himself: "A woman of the street."

If she speaks to a woman in a public place, she will be rebuffed with: "We have never been introduced."

When she asks for work, if work is to be had—janitor work, say—she is offered \$30 a month. When she was a "man" she got \$90 for the same kind of work. That's the difference, in wages, between pants and skirts.

When she was a "man" she went her way, striding freely. Now she progresses with a prim, mincing step, made awkward by the ridiculous garment—and it is ridiculous, when you come to think of it, for a two-legged animal to wear—with which women contrive to make walking difficult.

Wants to Be Free

"I want to be free again," said Robert Gaffney, "but I'm afraid I shall never be. I am bound by this!" She smote the hateful

WINSOME DOROTHY HERE AGAIN



Blanche Sweet, in "Public Opinion," Coliseum

thing. "Oh, it isn't the cut and the shape of it I hate. It isn't alone because it robs me of my bodily freedom, tho that's bad enough. It binds me in a thousand ways. It stands for all the follies of convention that makes men free and women slaves."

She asked me if I understood, and I said, doubtfully, that I thought I did. I asked if there was more to her message.

"Just this," she said: "Say that Robert Gaffney is and always was a real woman. It has been conceived by evil minds, I know, that no woman could do what Robert Gaffney did, and be normal. Evil motives, criminal probably, degenerate, perhaps, have been attributed to me. I want you to say that Robert Gaffney is and always was a genuine woman; that she tried to help Margaret Hart because she pitied her.

Feels Like Prisoner

"I shall never return to Seattle or Portland. My former friends will never see me again. But I want them to think of me kindly. I am eccentric, perhaps, an oddity, a crank—but clean, my friend, clean!"

"The only difference between me and other women is that I dared to strike for the freedom that men enjoy."

She had been wearing the hat with the flopping brim as we talked. Now she cast it aside. She wears her iron-gray hair short, man-fashion. She can't bring herself to let it grow and do it up in a knob with pins.

The effect made me gasp. The face was the face of a man.

I thought of the comedian in the movies, and my first impulse was to laugh. But there is nothing funny in Robert Gaffney's plight.

Having tasted freedom, she finds imprisonment now trebly hard to bear.

screen today, is the star of the Famous Players-Paramount picture, "Audrey," an adaptation of the celebrated novel by Mary Johnston, adapted into dramatic form by Harriet Ford and E. F. Boddington, which is the feature at the Rex.

STRAND

Robert Wayne, who has the part of the alert and sympathetic chief of police in "A Man of Sorrow," at the Strand, was mistaken for a real police officer during the making of that picture at the William Fox California studios in Edendale. Mr. Wayne, clad in the uniform of a police chief, left the studio and walked several blocks to get a cigar.

He was on his way back to the studio when he saw a man whom he thought he recognized. He was looking at the man intently when the latter suddenly developed marked signs of nervousness. Finally, the stranger approached Wayne, handed him a small object wrapped in a dirty newspaper and "beat it" unceremoniously after remarking in quavering tones that it was his first "job."

GRAND

Mme. Petrova, one of the foremost emotional actresses of the stage or screen, is seen at the Grand in "The Scarlet Woman," a five-part wonderplay. This feature was written by Aaron Hoffman, the author of "Playing With Fire," "The Soul Market," and other productions in which Mme. Petrova has starred.

MISSION

J. Warren Kerrigan, the favorite of millions, will be seen at the Mission in "The Code of the Mounted," for three days, starting today and ending Saturday night. The way Kerrigan can help a