

# Changing Clothes to Make Men Women and Women Men



FOUR GIRLS AND A LONE MAN. GUESS WHO'S WHO



DO THEY LOOK AWKWARD IN THEIR FIRST TROUSERS?



WOULD YOU GUESS THAT THEY ARE THREE DAINTY MISSSES OF LOCAL SOCIETY?

**Did You Ever Try to Trade Your Suit and Your Sex at the Same Time?**

**Can You Tell at a Glance Which Are Men and Which Are Women in These Pictures?**

It largely depends on how good your status with the world may be whether you will find real pleasure in assuming the attire of the opposite sex. It also depends largely on your disposition. You will surely come in touch with excitement and you will experience unusual sensations. You may or may not care for these things. Yet of the few who have ventured out of doors in such disguise there are still fewer who have been out solely for pleasure. That person, the policeman, must be taken into account, and however much you may look like what you are not, you will feel very much like a curtailment of your real self as you proceed in his company to the nearest police station. You need have no hope of persuading him away from his suspicions concerning you. If you are a woman trying to appear as a man, you are presumably intent upon a vicious career; if you are a man trying to appear as a woman, you are attempting to cover vice with a cloak of virtue. In either case, you are equally culpable.

Aside from being out on a lark, the reasons for this sort of feigning are fear, evil intent, and convenience. All may be combined, or each exist separately. If the reason be either fear or evil intent, the danger involved may be no greater than that already existent, there may be wisdom in such a course; but if convenience alone be at stake there is a large possibility of convenience being trampled upon. Law and ordinance evince no approval of such irregularities of conduct.

For a member of either sex to simulate the other is extremely difficult, but the odds are in favor of the woman. And youth is a most desirable factor. Old age would have slim chances of success. If nature has made the soul of the opposite sex from the body she offers marked resistance to the masquerader. But if he has to go straight against nature, or cleverness he must know no limit.

There being claim of greater advantage in being a man, it is the woman who more frequently endeavors to dissimulate her sex. After perfecting her makeup she must learn a complete new code of manners and habits. The musts and must not of unconditional manliness will exact from her even more than have all her previous efforts at being a perfect lady.

She must inhale when she smokes, blow the smoke through her nose, and must spit; must not hold herself absolutely erect, but must acquire a slight curve at the shoulder blades in lieu of more natural curves; must not hold her hands in her lap when sitting nor have her knees close together unless crossed, but must sit on the end of her spine as nearly as she can, with all muscles at ease and hands in pockets if not otherwise engaged; must fold her arms only occasionally, and at such times must by no means fail to catch

a Napoleonic expression; must resort to ostentation in using a handkerchief; when pulling her hat down over her ears in a gale must not seem to care about spoiling its shape; must have a large and not overly fastidious appetite; must know the difference between good and bad cigars and liquors, and in tasting and giving opinion as to the latter must hold the glass toward the light and be supremely judicial; must never hesitate when any subject comes up, however remote from her understanding, not alone to express an opinion, but to settle the matter for all time with an appropriate oath, or, if speaking with women, to leave the impression of superior intelligence in a somewhat gentler fashion, but with the gusto to which they have grown accustomed; must adopt an ironic scowl for general use, smile but seldom and then not prettily or with head tilted backward and to one side; must never be voluntarily agreeable and, if unguardedly so, must check herself before it is too late; must refuse to carry

packages, but if coerced must try to get them into the pocket, or, failing, carry them awkwardly and unwillingly; must declare at frequent intervals that women never close a streetcar door after them, nor thank a man for giving up his seat, nor know any limit to absurdities in dress, nor by letting down their hair can ever prove it to be all home grown and attached. What a woman's face might be converted into should she resort to all possible artificial means to disguise her sex, is not easy to determine. A woman of 30 years or less, if she makes up well as a boy, will be taken for one of at least 10 years less. At that age of boyhood the face does not attract attention particularly, even if lacking an insistent beardiness. The small build of a woman also lends to a youthful effect. A plump face with small features is least likely to submit to a successful transformation. Most necessary of all is a large nose. The part that a woman's style of wearing her hair plays in giving softness and charm

to her face is never more apparent than when it is surrendered to the shears of a barber who replaces it with a man's short cut. The police records of this city do not show a great number of cases of captured masqueraders, but who knows how many there still may be at large? The most recent is that of Rose Driscoll, who now appears as pugnaciously desirous of clinging to a good looking princeness gown as she once was of continuing to seem to be a boy. In that line Rose was an artist. If she hadn't been sleeping on a doorstep when a night watchman was near she would not have been taken to the police station, and if that had not happened it would not have been necessary to admit that her name was Rose Grady—for Rose Grady it was only a few months ago. She had been living for three months with boy employees of a hotel without arousing any suspicion concerning herself. She is still in her teens and passed as a boy of a couple years



PICK TWO GIRLS OUT OF THIS BUNCH

younger. She was put into a cell with two other woman occupants who wanted "that boy put out." Her hands were hardened and rough in the palms and she had the officers completely deceived. One of the woman attendants said when she was brought in, "I know him; he's been here before." Rose had been in jail at San Jose and served a short term without discovery of her sex being made. Two Los Angeles girls on a visit to San Francisco, who were anxious not to miss any of the sights, undertook to do the Barbary Coast in disguise. They were not willing to sacrifice their hair and that was what chiefly led to their undoing. They were very nice girls and with them were two very nice boys. But the quartet left all their discretion at home with their mammas and papas. Their case was dismissed. Next time they will have their hair cut and will learn some of the things that they must and must not do. Two years ago Helena Castle, otherwise Mrs. Gifford, created a sensation in police circles that seems to abide in the memory of officers who have entirely forgotten more recent cases of a similar nature. She was brought in on a charge of disturbing the peace. Her friend, "Billy" Girard, came also. Mrs. Gifford had created a disturbance in the lobby of a hostelry by way of eating peaches, throwing the inedible parts around on the floor and engaging in a tussle with the clerk in regard thereto. She had her hair cut like a man's, wore a man's hat and raglan and a narrow skirt on the lines of a tailored hobble, which, in those days, had an unwomanly look. The arresting officer accused her of being a man dressed in woman's clothes. Even the matron, into whose care she was given, took her to be a college boy and rather a handsome boy, at that. Mrs. Gifford's record discloses the fact that she was born a member of one of Boston's oldest families and married a banker of that city. She refused to lead a quiet life and for some time re-

mained in San Francisco's public eye. One of the longest sustained cases was that of a Galveston girl who, at the time of the flood, was bereaved of both parents. She was cared for by strangers, who, temporarily, lacking a more appropriate outfit, dressed her in boy's clothing. She found that employment was more easily obtainable by a boy, and so clung to her disguise. She was unusually strong and further developed her muscles by engaging in heavy man's work. At one time she drove an ice wagon with its load of several hundred pounds, at another worked in a boiler factory. Her hands were hardened and rough, very workmanlike, but her feet were too small. She tried to make up for that deficiency by wearing shoes that were too large for her. For nine years she maintained a complete disguise. Then she was unfortunately brought under the scrutiny of a keen eyed policeman who was raiding her lodging place in search of a criminal supposed to be lurking there. He noticed the smallness of her feet within the shoe and took her along to the station, from which she came out rehabilitated in her own right. She had played the part so well and so long that she had come to consider the mask perfect. It was with resentment that she submitted to changing her mode of life. From this case of masquerading, induced by a desire for more convenience in earning a living, we come to one whose sole motive was a desire for adventure. The girl was of the middle west and her home one of affluence. She ran away to St. Louis and, dressed as a fashionable young man in every detail of her expensive outfit, took up her residence at an exclusive hotel. She experienced the attentions of youth favored by the attentions of many women. How long the joy of living under those circumstances would have continued without palling is not known, for, running low in funds, she found it imperative to write home for

money and her irate father transported her to Europe instantly, hoping that those who knew would forget and the others not find out. Thugs frequently resort to this means to ply their trade, women to gain greater liberty of limb, and men to appear harmless in the dark. The case of a male thug dressed as a woman with a shawl over his head came up in the Oakland police court a year and a half ago. He succeeded in robbing a woman of \$6 and knocking down two women friends who came to her assistance. A recent case of impersonation by a man was that of C. T. Taletrio, a discharged soldier, who took passage from the orient, whether his wife had gone to meet him, on the Sheridan. He and his wife were compelled to be separated during the trip, she occupying a stateroom, he below in the troop quarters, spending his time with his fellows. The couple did not like that arrangement. So when they reached Nagasaki, they carried out a very skillful plan. The husband was not permitted to go ashore, but the wife could and she did, leaving for her husband a dress and hat in which to do likewise. He escaped without being discovered by those who might have detained him and from that port they sailed to this city as passengers on the Nippon Maru. Several accomplices were engaged in that bit of masquerading, which was of short duration but eminently successful. Stage impersonations there are in great numbers, of the past and present, with more to come. Among them are Sarah Bernhardt, Vesta Bliley, Hetty King and Julian Eltinge—even Lew Sully. But to be entirely convincing in stage disguise is not a requisite. It is the real life case that is vital and full of experience. And there must be a large satisfaction in being able to deceive the stupid world in one's own sweet way for any space of time, be it long or short.