

LOVE
LETTER
TO
HARRY
ALLEN

© Elijah Janka 2020

@elijahjanka

This zine was made on unceded Duwamish land in the
city of Seattle, WA.

This story could almost be
allowed to write itself.

e Notorious [REDACTED] **WANTS A JOB AS LONGSHOREMAN**

DEADLY LOVE TRAP OF THE YOUTH WHO IS A GIRL **Returning to Jail** **Girls Kill Selves in Hopeless Love for He**

Why [REDACTED] **Will Not Wear Women's Clothing**
FIGHT **Fighter, Bootlegger and "Bad Man" is** [REDACTED] **IN**
[REDACTED] **For Love of Whom Three** **THE TOILS AGAIN!**

Women Have Killed Themselves **haracter, Who Parades**
MAY DIE OF WOUNDS [REDACTED] **TENDED**

POLICE GET WOMAN POSING AS HUSBAND **BAR IN MONTANA TOWN**
A WOMAN BY NATURE— **Seattle Woman Appears in Men's Clothes**
A MAN BY CHOICE **Because She Says Her Features Make it Possible.**

Discards Skirts When a Girl and Adopting a Man's Name.
Dresses Like a Man, Acts Like a Man and Associates Entirely With Men **ED TWENTY**

East Side House **IN BOY'S APPARI** **DENIES HER SEX**
AGAIN IN LIMELIGHT [REDACTED] **OF INC**
Wellknown Character Arrested **MAKES MASQUERADE** **Woman Who Dresses in Male Attire**
for Dressing in Men's Clothes **Valdron Shoots Herself on Ac-** **Starts Story She Is a**
and Posing as a Man **TWO SEATTLE GIRLS** **"Real Man."**

POLICE ARE **COMMITTED SUICIDE** **RUMOR CAUSES SENSATION**
OVER **TROUSERED WOMAN** **WOMAN JAILED**

NOTORIOUS **BITES POLICEMAN** **WOMAN PRISONER**
[REDACTED] **LANDS** **BALKS AT SKIF**

IN YAKIMA JAIL **Man-Masque**
Her Trial for Throwing a Spittoon at a **Defies Jailor to Make Her I**
Saloon Man Is Con- **Feminine Garments.**

ASKS **TACOMA STRONGBOX**
\$50 PAY FOR **Girl Who Insists on Wearing Men's**
Clothes Is Believed to Be Member
STARRED of Dangerous Gang.

Your story has already been told
too many times, most of them
during your lifetime. I know
this, yet I still couldn't resist.
My deepest apologies. Bear with
me. I'll try to do it right.

Dear Harry,

You were born in South Bend, Indiana in 1882. Later, much later, while jailed in Portland, you told your story to a young anthropologist, Miriam Van Waters. How much of what you told her was the truth?

Case history: Obtained July, 1912: Verified by letters from girl's mother, evidence of jailors and police records.

Born: Indiana, 1882.

Nationality: Both parents born in America.

Parents: Mother married at age of 20: Age at birth of H. A. was 27; father's age 42. Both parents had common education. Occupation of father: laborer, later a small farmer. Both parents and grandparents free from disease or poverty. No criminal record for any other member of family. In physical appearance H. A. resembles father.

Childhood: Spent on farm. As baby acted in boyish manner. In early childhood excelled in games of skill and strength. Tractable, even disposition. Preferred out of door work, did plowing, general farm work. Had no sickness, nor children's diseases.

Brothers: 1.

Sisters: 1.

Education: Through grades of common school.

Age of first menstruation: 15 years. Mother noticed no change in her boyish disposition at this time. Health continued good. Shortly after puberty, H. A. married a man several years older. There was a child born, a boy now 13 years of age, in sound health. Boy lives with H. A.'s mother. Is now pubescent.

Soon after birth of this child, the father either died or deserted. H. A. was forced to contribute to child's support. She left home, endeavored to find work, but could earn only small sum as domestic servant, waitress, etc.

(Here is a truth: How many of us now, today, have near-identical letters filed tidily away in psychologists' offices? How many of us tell our stories because we have a choice?)

Personal traits: Tall (roughly 5 ft. 9 in.). Weight (in normal condition), 160 lbs. In jail about 130. Dark hair, fine quality, cut short, slightly thick. Dark eyes; regular features; clear olive skin. Looks younger than years, is usually thought to be about 23 or 24 years old. Wears masculine clothes with ease; muscles of hips and shoulders well developed. Breasts slightly under normal development, but rounded. No growth of hair on face—lip and chin normal in this respect. Hands and feet large, but well shaped. Nails of fingers delicate. General muscular development greater than average youth of 20.

I don't like the way they talk about you. But of course, times change; language changes. Did it gnaw at you? Did you mind?

Mental development: So far as hasty use of Binet test (revised) shows, is a normal adult. Attention good: Memory span normal: Comprehension normal or above. Has alert, forceful manner of speaking, gesturing, etc., but shows few secondary masculine characteristics. Has well developed aesthetic sense. Reads Browning as favorite poet; reads rather widely in fiction. Does not appear over developed emotionally; lacks the excitability of the usual homosexual type.

█████ started wearing trousers when she was a little girl. The bicycle craze was new. █████ had a bicycle. For ease in riding she put on a pair of boy's short pants. Nobody was shocked.

She has worn trousers ever since.

Probably she is in revolt against that law of society which says women must confine their legs in clinging, hampering petticoats, the reason she gives for wearing men's clothes is the typical woman's reason—"Because I want to."

Somewhere in the background is a husband of whom nothing is known. █████ has a son 18 years old. He is in Alaska.

█████'s mother lives in Seattle. She is a woman of refinement, a thoroughly womanly woman, and Neil's eccentricities and waywardness grieve her. She long ago gave up trying to understand her daughter. She is as puzzled as a hen that has hatched out a duckling.

Ah yes, the visceral need to identify the root cause, a single, digestible answer to which the complexity of our lives can be reduced. I wish I could tell you this had gone away by now.

Be honest, Harry:
did riding a bike turn
you trans?



In your own words, then:

"I did not look like a girl; did not feel like a girl. I seemed to have nothing in common with my own sex. My hair was short and coarse. My shoulders were broad and square like a man's. The lines of my figure were straight. My hips were a little broader than a man's—that was about the only distinguishing feature.

"So it seemed impossible to make myself a girl and, sick at heart over the thought that I would be an outcast of the feminine gender, I conceived the idea of making myself a man, and mingling with men as one of them. I put on men's clothing, and have not discarded it since, though now I am almost twenty-four years old. I will never go back to the conventional style of dress; that would make my life so unbearable that I could not stand it. Better anything than that."

Changed Dress to Get Work.

██████████ first started to wear boy's clothes about 16 years ago. For two months after she had left school she hunted work. It was a town in one of the southern states and business men did not take kindly to girls in business. At any rate she found it impossible to get just what she wanted. The manifest injustice of the case struck her. There she was, a girl, young, competent, able and willing to work, but everywhere hampered by skirts. She saw boys without either her brains or enthusiasm snap up positions for which she had applied in vain. Her southern blood rebelled. She resolved to do a man's work and earn a man's money. But it was necessary to leave home. That was the hard part. Then ██████████ reflected that everything worth while involves some sacrifice. She went to San Francisco dressed as a boy. The second day she was there she got work. It was on an ocean liner, plying between Fresno and Sydney. She made the trip twice and managed to see something of city life in Australia. The work was hard, but she stuck it out. After that she had a trial at many other occupations, always with more or less pronounced success. She is educated, and could of course fill clerical positions easily. She will not speak of her people, nor tell the name of her home town.

"For," she says, "if I do my folks will hear of it and it will hurt them more than it does me."



██████████, the "Man-Woman"



You
went
where
the
work
was.

She then put on man's attire, and did a man's work in farms, lumber camps, freight depots, stables, dock yards, and cattle ranches, earning a man's full wage.

Wickedest Spot in the World.

It Is Where the Great Northern Is Driving

a Three-Mile Tunnel Through the Mountains.

Nestling at the foot of one of the Cascade peaks, in a canyon which the sun seldom penetrates, only six miles from Seattle, is the wickedest railway camp in America.

A thousand men, the scum of the West, have gathered there to drive a tunnel through the mountains for the Great Northern Railway company. Murderers fleeing from justice, desperate and lawless hoboes, driven thither by the Western winter, gamblers and bunco men; saloon-keepers whose home-manufactured whisky drives their patrons into a frenzy, and the most degraded women that Pacific seaboard towns can supply, combine in making the camp an inferno.

"Drunk day," as pay day is termed in the camp, is on the 24th of each month. Pay is then circulated. Six days later men who are not permanently on the pay roll are permitted to draw what money is due them, and to continue work if they wish.

Law and order are set at naught during the pay day revels. There is a deputy sheriff, paid by the company, but he seldom interferes, knowing that if he did so his stay would be short. Ex-convicts prove the most desperate of the fighters. While at work in the tunnel they are uncommunicative. Once in the saloons they exhibit the worst side of their characters.



TUNNEL CITY, THE WICKEDEST
TOWN ON EARTH.

And you were noticed.

Before the revels are concluded, a fight is usually arranged between two women. Sometimes there is a coarse love-story at the bottom of these fights. The women take the middle of the room, and, egged on by the men, they bite and gouge and strike each other until one becomes insensible.

One of the women favors male attire. She is a handsome girl, ~~known~~ by name, whose respectable parents live in this city. She is only eighteen years of age, but incorrigible. The ambition of her life is to act like a man.

IN BOY'S APPAREL,

OF INDIANA,
MAKES MASQUERADE.

Wears Male Attire—Versed in Pugilism and Wanted to Be a Fighter—Was a Good Bartender, a Splendid Hotel Clerk, a "Rough Rider" in Horse-Breaking and a Crack Shot.

_____ a 19-year-old young woman living near Seattle, dresses like a man, works like a man and fights like a man.

Her ambition is to be a prize fighter. When she wears dresses she is _____

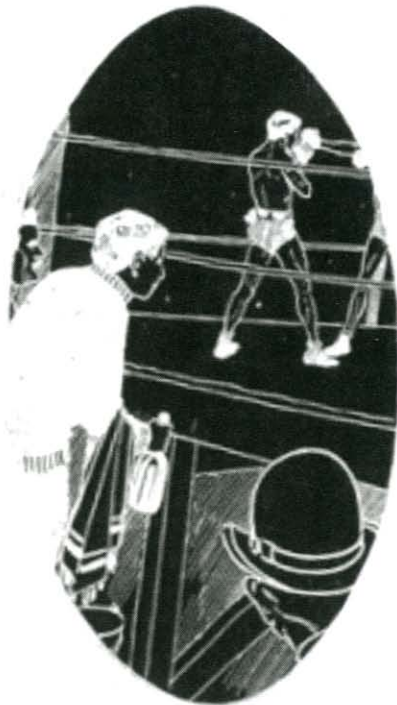
When she dons trousers she becomes Harry Livingstone, and insists on being called by that name. So strange is the _____-Livingstone combination that it offers strong proof of the double identity, which many psychologists of the day insist upon.

As Harry Livingstone, dressed in Jewish clothes, a silk hat, and carrying a cane, _____ attends all the prize fights and fistic encounters in Seattle. So far as is known, she has never taken the part of a principal, but she is a good boxer, very agile and wiry, and withal, has the science that counts for as much as muscle. She has acted as a second a number of times at fights, and acquitted herself creditably—from a prize-fighting standpoint. Not long ago, while acting as a second, she was recognized by a man in the crowd, who yelled:

"Git on to de girl in pants!"

_____ jumped into the ring and invited the offender to "come on and get the worst punishment you ever had."

I can whip you in
three minutes."



The man disappeared in double-quick time, amid the jeers of the spectators, who were keen for an impromptu mill.

_____ 's latest escapade took place last Saturday evening, when she was arrested for scorching and riding her bike without touching the handle bars. For this she was fined \$2, but, not having any change in her vest pocket, she left the bicycle in the tender care of her captors at police headquarters.

The girl first won notoriety about a year ago, when she was arrested for masquerading in male attire. There being no law in this State providing for the punishment of this deviation from accepted notions of propriety, she was released with a reprimand and cautioned to mend her ways. This did not disconcert her, however. She has repeatedly been arrested, ostensibly for creating a disturbance of the peace, but really for wearing the wrong clothes. On the elastic charge

of disorderly conduct she has invariably been found guilty and fined, the fine being in one case as high as \$20.

About two weeks ago Policeman Cameron attempted to arrest her, but she got away. He fired two shots in her direction without attempting to hit her, but intended to scare her. She took no more notice of the bullets than if they had been paper balls.

About six years ago the [redacted] family came to Seattle from South Bend, Indiana. For some time they lived on a ranch and [redacted] donned male attire, herded cattle, broke bronchos, and participated in round-ups with enthusiasm. She became such an adept at riding that she was selected for difficult posts and could beat any of the men at "busting" a broncho or breaking a stampede. No restraint was placed upon her actions by her parents; she was allowed to do exactly as she pleased. She learned to shoot, and to-day, with a twenty-two-caliber rifle she can smash three out of five glass balls thrown in the air in rapid succession at a distance of twenty paces.

Since [redacted] came to Seattle a revolver has displaced the rifle and a man's bicycle the tricky mustang of the ranch. She has relegated her cow puncher's clothes to the junk shop and taken to wearing tailor-made coats and trousers. She always dresses fashionably, wears the latest style Derby hat, alternates between a sack and a cutaway coat, and is careful to have a pronounced crease in her trousers. She seldom associates with girls. Among men she is a good fellow. The girl has never been accused of being "tough." Apparently she scorns all of the weaknesses of her sex, either good or bad.

"Yes, that's the dickens of it," said an old police officer yesterday. "If [redacted] was 'tough' we could lock her up. But she's not. She's merely a sort of a sporty gentleman."

"...merely a sort of a sporty gentleman."

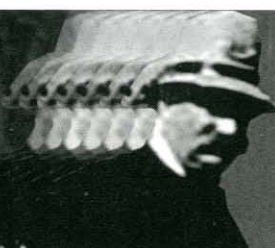
[redacted] does not look a bit like a girl when dressed in male attire. Her walk and swing are the same as a man's, but she shows her feminine vanity by insisting, as does her friends, that she makes a better looking boy than she does a girl. When dressed in the paraphernalia of a girl she looks awkward and ungainly. Developed like a man, she is tall, has dark brown hair, and brown eyes that flash with reckless abandon and defiance. She is headstrong and absolutely fearless. She wears her hair short, and is often seen in her favorite barber shop getting a haircut, and joshing the barber.

When she works, [redacted] is Harry Livingstone, and acts as a hotel clerk and bartender. [redacted] Livingstone is an expert at mixing the drinks. She has worked in two saloons, and it is said that while she was there the proprietor and his customers were ignorant of her sex.

A year ago she went to Portland, Ore., where she has an uncle in the hotel business. She heard that he wanted to hire a night clerk, and applied for the job and got it without disclosing her identity. Some weeks afterward, the uncle came upon a letter which [redacted] had received from her sister, and the true state of affairs dawned on him. [redacted] resented his inquisitiveness, gave up her job as clerk, and returned to Seattle.

She has been well educated in the public schools, and is unusually shrewd and quick. She is nearly always referred to as "he," and resents being addressed by her feminine name. Altogether [redacted] is an interesting study for the psychologists.

It begins as soon as you dare step out of line. You walk through the world unapologetically, knowing (I suspect) that there will be consequences.



POLICE BRIEFS

██████████, who, in man's habiliments is better known as Harry Livingston, was discharged from custody yesterday on a charge of being a disorderly person. Witnesses testified that she stayed at home a considerable part of the time and was an industrious young girl. Her peculiarity is the wearing of man's clothing. She absolutely refuses to don the garments of her sex and is a frequent attendant at dances, etc.

Again in Jail.

██████████, who has been arrested by the police many times in the last five or six years, was taken into custody again last night on a charge of vagrancy. The woman dresses in male attire and associates with men in saloons.

Woman called ██████████ has been masquerading as a man in Baker City, and is supposed to be a burglar.

Canned Again.

██████████, a noted Seattle police character, was ordered out of the city Tuesday afternoon by the police. "██████████ is a woman who masquerades in men's clothes, and has been in all kinds of trouble with the sound police. She was ordered out of town three hours after her arrival.

FINED TWENTY

██████████ the North Seattle girl who masquerades in masculine attire, was fined \$20 by Police Judge George today for smashing a showcase in a saloon on First avenue above Pike street last week. She dug up her fine and was released.

WOMAN JAILED

After an absence of upwards of two years from police headquarters, ██████████ a notorious city character, was brought into the toils last evening after having created a disturbance at her mother's home on the east side of Queen Anne Hill. On her way to the city jail in a street car she gave Patrolman J. W. Rose a bad half-hour, kicking out a window pane in the car and plucking the officer's star, which she threw away. The star has not yet been found. She is booked on a drunk and disorderly charge.

POLICE ARE PUZZLED OVER

██████████, alias Harry Livingston, picked up last night by Patrolman Fleming, was walked into headquarters clad in her complete outfit of men's clothing.

She is held without charge for investigation, and the police are at a loss to know what to do with her.

Last night after her arrest her mother called up headquarters by telephone and wanted to know if she could see "Harry," using the girl's assumed name.

She visited headquarters this morning and promised that if ██████████ were given her liberty she would see that the girl left the city permanently.

Permission for this was refused. The girl has been arrested so often that her face is familiar to all the police but she has never been convicted of a crime. Offering no explanation for the girl's strange behavior in masquerading in male apparel, her friends appear to accept the fad without protest.

THREE WOMEN IN A FIGHT, TO SAY NOTHING OF THE MAN

Officer Bevan Has Fierce Encounter on Grant Street Bridge
██████████ Leads in the Attack—Two Girls Land in Jail

Police Officer Tom Bevan had a desperate fight with three women and a man on the Grant street bridge at an early hour this morning. As a result ██████████ the North Seattle girl who masquerades in masculine attire, and a girl who gave her name as Carrie Kearly, were arrested and locked up in the city jail. The other woman and a man who was with her made their escape.

At about 1 o'clock this morning ██████████, Carrie Kearly, another girl and a bigger who was with them were on their way into the city from South Seattle. There is a transfer point near the Washington Iron Works and there a change from one car to another is made. In doing this the quartette became so boisterous that Officer Bevan had to caution them to be quiet. The girls and the man resented the interference and it did not take long for the fight to start.

██████████ Leads Off. The ██████████ girl was the first to lead off. She swung a heavy right to Bevan's jaw that landed. ██████████ is a woman, but has been raised as a man and has powerful muscles. Alone she put up a good scrap, but when the policeman had her nearly conquered the other three jumped in and for a few minutes there were "things doing." Bevan fought hard and finally got his handcuffs on the wrists of ██████████ and Carrie Kearly. At this time the other two made a run for it and escaped. The two prisoners had to be actually carried to the patrol box in Blackhawk and sent to jail. All had been drinking and were in a fighting mood. The prisoners were charged with being disorderly persons.

Our anthropologist, Ms. Van Waters, had the following to say:

To sum up criminal record: Arrests since adolescence seem to have been due to attitude of society to her non-conformity to conventions, rather than to criminal tendencies. Associations with common criminals in city jails, prostitutes, petty thieves, drug users, alcoholics—have given her experience of lower class social conditions, and a certain insight into adolescent phases of delinquency, which may prove helpful to the investigator.

But... let's be honest.
There does appear to
have been a smattering
of actual crime.

Don't worry, I'm not
here to judge.

Woman in Man's Clothes.

A woman the police officials believe is the notorious [redacted] who is well known to many police officers in the northwest, made her first appearance in Ritzville last night and was here but a short time when she was placed under arrest on the charge of stealing a travelling man's grip. As usual, she was clothed in the attire of a man.

She came in on the train, and it is charged that just before arriving she took the grip, and when she came to town left it with a bartender and got drunk and was asleep in a saloon when the officer found her. Her case was called yesterday, but was not concluded, a continuance being taken until Monday, when she will attempt to show her previous good character, it is said, with the hope of gaining favor of the court.—Ritzville Times.

TROUSERED WOMAN BITES POLICEMAN

[redacted], long known to the Seattle police, first as an incorrigible child and in recent years as the heroine of many escapades in male attire, which she persists in wearing, was arrested last night at First Avenue North and Harrison Street on suspicion of being a participant in the robbery of the grocery store of W. J. Roope & Co., 334 First Avenue North.

The woman was captured by Motorcycle Policeman J. J. Kush after a chase of several blocks and even after being captured fought fiercely, biting the officer severely on the hand before she was subdued. During the pursuit of the woman, a man who had rifled the cash drawer of the store managed to effect his escape.

IN COURT

Her Trial for Throwing a Spittoon at a Saloon Man Is Con- tinued.

[redacted], alias Harry Livingston, the young lady who has contracted the rather unseemly habit of wearing boy's clothing, appeared before Judge George this morning to answer to the charge of throwing a spittoon at H. Herman, proprietor of the Virginia saloon, situated at the corner of First Avenue and Virginia Street. After Attorney Page had listened to all the evidence the city could produce he asked for a postponement pending the arrival of witnesses for the defense. The postponement was granted.

[redacted] appeared in court as sweet as ever. She was dressed as usual, in boy's clothing of a dark green pattern. She wore a red and white soft shirt with a turn down collar. A pink carnation was in her buttonhole, and she daintily swung a little cane. Girl like, she innocently chewed gum during the progress of the trial.

Of course, you found ways to make the best of things.

██████████ WANTS A JOB AS LONGSHOREMAN



WANTED—Position as freight handler or longshoreman by an able-bodied woman; am capable of doing a full day's work six days a week. Maybe if I can get a job the officials will let me out. Address ██████████ city jail.

"Work? Indeed, I'll work. If you don't believe me, put me down on the steamer docks and let me hustle freight along with the longshoremen and you'll soon see whether I am a 'vag' or not."

That was the offer ██████████, the woman "vagged" for wearing pants, made to Chief of Police Slover when she was arrested.

"I've turned my hand to anything in the way of honest work that came my way," said ██████████, talking to The News representative afterward. "Say, I wonder if they would let me out if I could get a job bucking freight? Say, let's take a chance on that. You get me the job and I'll try to get them to let me go."

Hence the above add.

This strange woman's parents reside in Seattle, and the occasionally visits them. When she does, she wears her masculine habiliments, and they think nothing about it, having become accustomed to ██████████ and her ways.

"And you used to work on ranches and 'bust' bronchos?" was asked.

"Yes, indeed; and I'm some broncho buster, too, if I do say it myself."

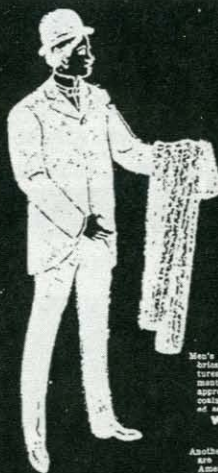
Then she walked over to the piano in Matron Simmons' parlor and played a couple of selections for the newspaper man.

Many times has the girl been arrested for frequenting the streets and resorts of North Seattle, and having no apparent means of livelihood. She was arrested in Colfax some time ago, accused of theft, but was not convicted. Her last appearance in court was very recently when the old charge against her was made, and she was allotted sixty days in the county jail, but her mother, with the security of the small home, arranged for her daughter's release, giving a peace bond for three months.

It is a pitiful story that [redacted] tells.

"I have been persecuted and hounded by the police until I am almost mad," she declares, and so plausible a story does she recite that the sympathy of the hardest listener is quickly won. "I want to reform, but no one gives me a chance. It is the old story of the dog who is down."

With clear, well-spoken words does she tell her story, and there are detectives and policemen on the Seattle force who have sympathy for the girl who dresses like a man. "She's trying to be on the square," said one of them the other day, "and she ought to have a decent show."



Men's Suits of light weight wool fabric, in solid colors and fancy patterns; patterns very new; each garment made to order in the most approved style and careful manner; coats are single and double-breasted, made, all kinds of size cutting.

Worth \$9.75 for \$4.25

Another lot of Men's Suits. These are standard made products of America's best woolen mills, made up by the best manufacturers in an impeccable manner; all wool, every garment single and double-breasted, sack and cutaway styles; splendid linings; twenty different waists to select from; the present wear; Haideman & Brainerd's suits are the best ever made.

Worth \$9.75 for \$6.50

NOTORIOUS [redacted] LANDS
IN YAKIMA JAIL
WOMAN IN MAN'S CLOTHES
WHO SMASHES HEARTS IS
CAUGHT BY LOCAL CHIEF

Chief Short had watched the [redacted] woman for some days, and upon her arrest Monday told her to give her correct name, as he was perfectly familiar with her identity. She admitted she is [redacted]. On her clothes several dollars were found; tobacco and cigarette papers; a pawn ticket showing she had "soaked" a sparkler for \$55; a letter from a music house assuring her that her song poem under the name of Harry Allan would be published shortly and a small book. In this was a picture of herself taken from the Seattle Times. It also contained the addresses of several married women in Seattle and Tacoma and a number of affectionate verses dedicated to various ones of the fair sex.

She attempted to secure bail last night by sending a note to Lenora Kelley, First avenue, but it was not forthcoming. Late in the evening [redacted] was visited by two local women. She says she has friends in the city and merely came to Yakima to renew acquaintances.

But I wish you didn't have to. I wish they'd let you alone. I wish the legacy of your life amounted to more than a string of tragicomic police reports.

In your own words:

It is declared she ingratiated herself into the esteem and then into the affection of the women; that she married one of them, and when the girls made the startling discovery they had been duped by one of their own sex the shock was too much for reason to withstand.

The young woman is black-haired, has rather refined features when offset by her masculine attire, is neatly dressed and a confirmed cigarette smoker. Her voice is somewhat feminine, but she affects a slight Bowery accent, which perceptibly aids her in carrying out her deception.

"That Seattle story," she said in the city jail last night, "is a palpable fake. Some reporter made three or four dollars out of it, and that is all there is to the mass of junk. I didn't sue the paper because I shrink from notoriety."

"No woman ever committed suicide over me. I just have a name that's all. If your chief of police should commit suicide tonight you would blame it on me. Wouldn't you, now?" she added with an enticing smile.

Assured that her wish would be gratified, she continued: "I don't see what they always pick on me for. I feel so much more comfortable dressed as a man and can do so many more things. It is no fault of mine if people don't see that I am a woman."



And Ms. Van Waters':

Of the truth of the

charge that two girls committed suicide because of their infatuation with her, I have been able to discover nothing.

One girl committed suicide on the date given above; there is evidence that she was in an advanced stage of syphilis, was evicted from a sporting house in utter destitution, and was cared for by H. A.

On the stories of the alleged victims, the papers contradict themselves. Did Dolly Quappe drink carbolic acid on Christmas Day? Or was it Hazel Walters in March of 1902? Did Pearl Waldron die by gunshot on learning your secret? Or were you caring for her as she died a slow, awful death by syphilis?

How ugly, to be dogged by these rumors.

Fighter, Bootlegger and "Bad Man" is For Love of Whom Three Women Have Killed Themselves

ARRESTED.

Woman Dressed in Male Attire Is Again Sent to Jail.

[redacted] notorious [redacted] who has been in jail many times and released after a light fine as often, was arrested last night by Patrolman Martin on a disorderly person charge. [redacted] prefers to be known as Harry Livingston, and she dresses faultlessly in neat male attire. Two years ago a young woman committed suicide after she had courted [redacted], believing she was a man.

Lately [redacted] "the boss of the North Seattle gang," and the terror of all police officers, has been engaged in playing a piano in a disorderly house. It was there that she was arrested last night.

Arrested for Using Drugs to Excess

Following the arrest of two men and two women in a lodging house at Union avenue and East Ankeny street Saturday, on charges of using drugs to excess, the police are looking for [redacted] a woman who is said to go about in men's clothes. Detectives Coleman and Snow found a five-year-old boy in the place and the lad is being [redacted] quarters until [redacted] found for him.

The men [redacted] L. Williams [redacted] women said they were Mrs. Gertrude Clark and Mrs. Anna Burns. The Burns woman's husband is said to be a cripple who sells shoestrings on the streets. Opium outfits were found on the men and all are being held for investigation.

Still, life goes on.

ASKS \$50 PAY FOR SERVICES

[redacted] who for a number of years persisted in masquerading as a man, and who has furnished the police department with any number of thrills, yesterday appealed to the city council to collect \$50, which she claims is due her and Addeline Hanson for work done for V. R. Putnam, former head of the dry squad.

TENDED BAR IN MONTANA TOWN

Seattle Woman Appears in Men's Clothes
Because She Says Her Features
Make it Possible.

SPOKANE, Monday, April 27.—

[redacted] or [redacted] Allen, the Seattle girl, who was arrested last week in a shooting gallery, dressed in men's clothes, has confessed to the police that she tended bar for a time at the Kalispell saloon in this city.

The proprietor has not been arrested, for it is evident that he did not know that his assistant was a woman. The [redacted] Allen girl, though comely in appearance, has such large hands and feet and such a deep voice that she is easily mistaken for a man, and says that she adopted male garb because women invariably distrusted her, thinking that she was a man in disguise.

The Notorious [redacted] in Town

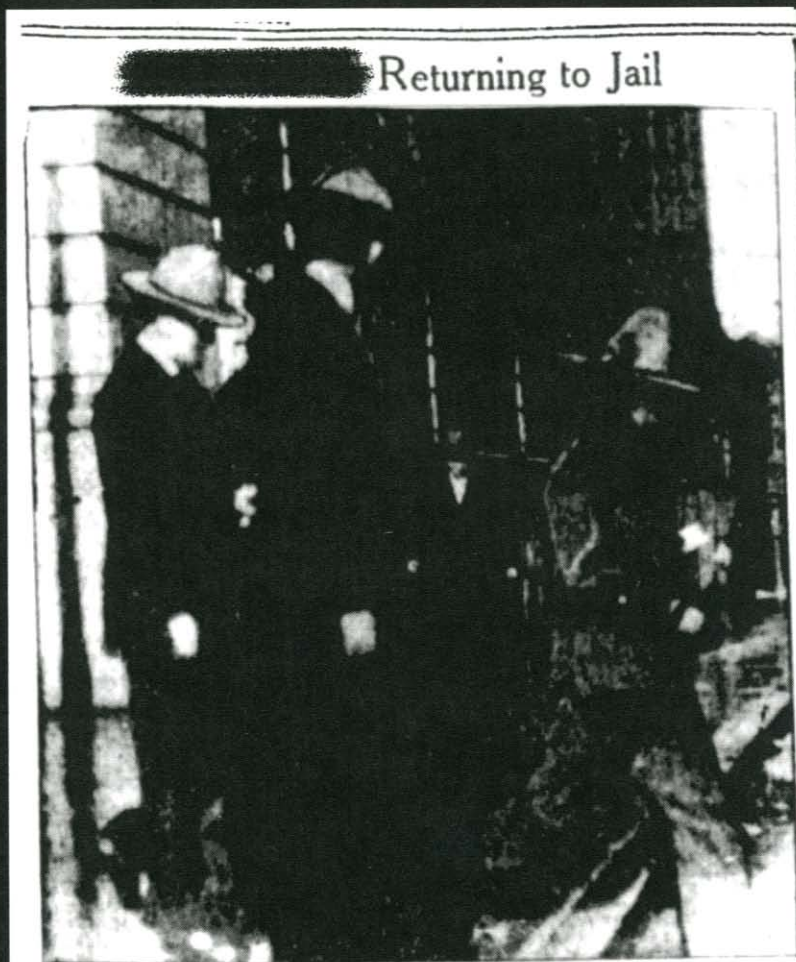
While the aggregation of hypnotic entertainers was here last week one of the members was noticed to be young, smooth-faced, close cropped brown hair, fair features and neatly dressed. This individual walked the streets, cigar or cigarette in mouth, performing various duties, such as distributing handbills, and preparing for the entertainments.

It soon became noised around that this dapper young man was really a girl dressed in men's clothes, and it was soon common talk that she was [redacted], a young woman who has been notorious in Seattle for years. It may be remembered that a girl committed suicide there a few years ago on account of her having made love to her. The case was a sensational one at the time, but had nearly passed out of the public mind.

Quite a demand for her arrest was heard, but she conducted herself in an unobjectionable manner while here, and it was reported that there was no law against her action. At any rate, she was allowed to depart without molestation.

And of course there's more to it than that. Things get worse. You're jailed again and again, on more serious charges. You argue with your 79-year-old father. He stabs you in the back, puncturing a lung, and claims it was self-defense. You don't die. But you're in pain. What options are left to you?

The story turns dark, and sad.



Returning to Jail
[REDACTED], who dresses as a man and refuses to return to female attire after wearing man's garb for several years, is shown on the left behind the United States marshal. She is dressed in a dark suit and a soft gray hat.



But maybe, like me, you're tired of sad trans stories.

And I promised to tell your story right. So here goes:

Your name was Harry Allen.

Your mother called you Harry.

You loved the outdoors, and hard work.

You were a talented musician and singer.

You wrote love poems to women, which I'm sure they appreciated.

You bit cops.

You had impeccable taste in fashion.

You weren't afraid of a fight.

You took care of your friends.

You refused to live life on anyone else's terms.

You survived for 40 years and by all accounts, looked extremely good doing it.

I want to say that I wished you'd had more time. But none of us ever knows how much time we have. The future is terrifying and uncertain. What we can control is how we decide to live. You were fearless and unapologetic and loud. I would have liked to have known you.

is 34. The police say she is "bad." She has worn men's clothes practically all her life. She has been arrested times without number, often for stealing.

She has been a cowboy, a bartender and a miner in her time. She is a "pool slicker" of merit. She takes her liquor man-fashion and swears like a man. When the police pick her up there is always a short, brisk fight. A welterweight, she has a punch in either hand.

She possesses unusual musical ability, can play several musical instruments, and has a baritone voice of pleasing quality. She has been offered engagements with vaudeville companies. These she refuses because of her love of open air work.

was asked to remove her cowpuncher dress. She refused, and expressed a desire to smear the county jailor's nose over his face. This was denied, but she was allowed to wear her cowboy dress every minute of her stay in the jail.

On her clothes several dollars were found: tobacco and cigarette papers; a pawn ticket showing she had "soaked" a sparkler for \$55; a letter from a music house assuring her that her song poem under the name of Harry Allan would be published shortly and a small book. In this was a picture of herself taken from the Seattle Times. It also contained the addresses of several married women in Seattle and Tacoma and a number of affectionate verses dedicated to various ones of the fair sex.

Since came to Seattle a revolver has displaced the rifle and a man's bicycle the tricky mustang of the ranch. She has relegated her cow puncher's clothes to the junk shop and taken to wearing tailor-made coats and trousers. She always dresses fashionably, wears the latest style Derby hat, alternates between a sack and a cutaway coat, and is careful to have a pronounced crease in her trousers. She seldom associates with girls. Among men she is a good fellow.

appeared in court as sweet as ever. She was dressed as usual, in boy's clothing of a dark green pattern. She wore a red and white soft shirt with a turn down collar. A pink carnation was in her buttonhole, and she daintily swung a little cane. Girl like, she innocently chewed gum during the progress of the trial.

The woman was captured by Motorcycle Policeman J. J. Kush after a chase of several blocks and even after being captured fought fiercely, biting the officer severely on the hand before she was subdued.

On her way to the city jail in a street car she gave Patrolman J. W. Rose a bad half-hour, kicking out a window pane in the car and plucking the officer's star, which she threw away. The star has not yet been found. She is booked on a drunk and disorderly charge.

Visitors to the jail are shocked to see a lone "man" among the women prisoners, strutting about with "his" hands in "his" pants' pockets, or hooking "his" thumbs in "his" suspenders, or adjusting "his" tie. "He" has a nice taste in ties.

Lately "the boss of the North Seattle gang," and the terror of all police officers, has been engaged in playing a piano in a disorderly house. It was there that she was arrested last night.

She is a cigaret smoker, but enjoys a cigar.

Several years ago was employed as bouncer in a combination saloon and dance hall in Spokane.

In this disguise, which she persists in adopting, she is remarkably handsome. When interrogated last evening at the morgue by Officer Cameron and Bert Butterworth, she wore a derby hat, a neat fitting suit of black, a ragless coat with a carnation in the buttonhole and well polished shoes. From head to foot she was fastidiously clothed. Her rather long black hair parted in the middle and her slight features, not too feminine in cast, gave her the appearance of a fine-looking boy.

Woman Who Dresses in Male Attire Starts Story She Is a "Real Man."

RUMOR CAUSES SENSATION

©ELIJAH

JANKA

2020

@elijahjanka



Her mania for appearing as a man prevails and she appears also not to be as well established in funds as when she came here as a "dandy" and according to an reports made a conquest or two among the susceptible young women of the city. Of her latest escapade the Spokesman-Review says:

"With hands hardened by toil in the harvest fields, muscles that stood out like those of a pugilist, hair closely cropped and wearing the apparel of a workingman, a woman of 29, was brought to the county jail yesterday under the name of Har-