

MY ADVENTURES IN TROUSERS

As Told by Mabel Edison.



MABEL EDISON IN TROUSERS.



GETTING HER INSPIRATION



BEATING HER WAY TO SAN FRANCISCO.



AS A BELL BOY.

A Study of the Girl Bell Boy

one who had stepped quite without the pale. To any normal girl the idea of living among men in men's clothing is abhorrent.

THE case of Mabel Edison, Edison changes her voice as well as "girl bell boy," serves a purpose that is somewhat exaggerated. young woman's intention when she enjoys the notoriety that her fancying her disguise complete, she action has thrust upon her. Modestly into the delectable arms of esty was forgotten when she first the law the other day and was overstepped; the bounds and became profly imprisoned for adopting a bell "boy," and modesty is a pre-mat attire. It proves conclusively tious possession. But this fact is that no woman can wear a man's beyond the ken of the girl bell boy, clothing and adopt a man's vices. Miss Edison's manner and tone without degenerating to a level do not indicate coarseness, but her from which, in all probability, she conversation reveals a mind responsive only to the evil about her. She will never rise.

Deluded by a deplorable ignorance of better things, Mabel Edison imagines that her freakish performance in relating how successfully she once in floating feminine refinement and womanly conduct reflects credit upon her. From her point of view, to Prison in charge of the matron strangely twisted, it seems a rare. She was provided with "smart" trick to play, but there are clothing suitable to her sex, and the many millions of mentally sane, Associated Charities secured a post-sweet, morally sound girls of her tion for her. Upon her promise to age in the United States to-day work in women's clothes she was who would think differently and released from custody and given a who would shrink from her as from chance to begin life over again

under proper conditions and a different name. This, however, is not to Miss Edison's liking. She believes in nothing and in nobody, and she has no respect for the law. It is not difficult to predict Miss Edison's future. She longs to be a bell boy again. She believes in a trousered career. Her recent escapade is a commentary upon the pernicious results of trashy novel reading.

Miss Edison's Story. ALWAYS wanted to be a boy. I cannot remember the time when I did not detect petticoats. My hatred for them was what finally landed me in jail in San Francisco. But the officers need not think that they have cured me of my liking for trousers, nor the folks who have preached to me about what they term my "bad behavior" in masquerading as a man. All the arretting and all the preaching in the world can't change a person's nature. It is my nature

to hate skirts. As for the law that compels men and women to wear different styles of clothing, I do not propose to obey it. Of course, I am obliged for the present to give in, because I would never have got out of prison otherwise, but I have my own's clothes handy—they had the decency not to take away my property when I was interfered with—and I shall have the pleasure of outstripping

make a living ever since. I am now 22. When I was 21, I decided to become a man—I was of age, so why not? Being slight in build I knew that I could carry the part, and it would be a comparatively easy way of making my way in the world. First I had my hair cut short; then I bought a complete boy's outfit and practiced the stride thoroughly, for a woman's funny little mincing steps would give me away to the first person I met. I decided to christen myself Theodore Hoffman.

This was in Los Angeles. I was a little nervous when I walked into the Nadeau Hotel and asked for a job as bell boy, but the clerk did not even suspect my identity, and I was given work right away, and that made me feel more confidence in myself. I chose to be a bell boy for several reasons, but mainly because I wanted to see life. No matter how wicked it might be in any phase, I wanted to see it with my own eyes. To be a bell boy is like getting behind the scenes at the theatre. You find out just how much is make-believe and what people really are.

Some of the things I know about the men and women I have seen in hotels in San Francisco and Los Angeles would surprise you. It may surprise them, too, one of these days, if I get out a book of my experiences in trousers, which is now my intention. But, of course, I will never give away the people who have tipped me liberally. That would not be fair.

I never saw very much of a success at anything I tried to do as a girl. Petticoats are my hoodoo. But I did make a record as a bell boy. Nobody I have worked for can say that I did not attend to business and give satisfaction to the guests as well as themselves. It is too bad to spoil a good bell boy by trying to make a woman of him. None of the boys I worked with suspected I was not a boy. I took good care that nothing in my actions should attract attention as being more refined than theirs. I do. I struck out for myself when I was twelve years old and have managed to profanely with my companions. I had a

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SHOWING HER PROWESS AS A PUGILIST

When I was about ten years old my parents died and for a while I lived with relatives. I have a sister, but I lost track of her some time ago. We did not get together very well. I haven't much use for relations anyhow. They always want you to do something you don't want to do. I struck out for myself when I was twelve years old and have managed to profanely with my companions. I had a

ARRESTED.



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If I intend to marry and settle down, but I have no such notion. I haven't any romantic ideas about men. If I had ever been inclined to get sentimental, the past three months of my bell-boy experiences would have cured me. The trouble with most young women of my age is that they see a halo around a man's head and imagine he is a hero. But a man can't stay a hero very long in the eyes of a bell boy.

Reference Catalogue. "A Complete Art Reference Catalogue" is published by the Soule Art Company of Boston, the well known publishers of lithographic reproductions of famous pictures. This book is by far the most complete work of its kind ever published in America, and should be extremely useful to those who are looking for photographs of well-known pictures. It has occupied several years to prepare. Its purpose is to be for the art buyer what the "Book Publisher's List" is for the book buyer.

A publication like this brings a certain familiarity with the great works of art, both ancient and modern, within reach of everybody. Hitherto it has only been possible to find photographs of pictures and other works of art by looking through a large number of catalogues, including some in French, German, Spanish and Italian. This work will undoubtedly fill a long felt want by a large class of people, including artists, writers and many of the general public who wish to inform themselves concerning works of art. The book is indexed under the names of the artists.