

'GOD BLESS YOU,' SAYS BRYAN TO WILSON; HE'LL CARRY FIGHT FOR PEACE TO PUBLIC

Woman Poses as Man; Girls Kill Selves in Hopeless Love for Her



Neil Pickerell, the "Man-Woman"

When a deputy sheriff brought "Harry Allen" from the city to the county jail, one day last week, and turned "him" over to the matron of the women's department, the matron said:

"I guess you've come to the wrong place." But he hadn't. "Harry" dresses in men's clothes; "he" looks and acts like a man. But "he" is a woman nevertheless. "His" name is Neil Pickerell. Nell has been in jail a lot of times, and in a lot of jails for that matter, but she and the matron had never happened to meet before.

A few minutes later the matron, blushing rosy, exclaimed: "My goodness, Nell, I know how to search most women, but I don't know how to search you!"

Nell 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 is a cigaret smoker, but trying to understand her daughter. She is as puzzled as a hen that has hatched out a duckling.

Nell is in jail for "vagrancy." The law cannot compel her to put on petticoats. She isn't masquerading as a man. She doesn't wear petticoats part of the time and trousers the rest of the time. She doesn't tell anybody she is a man. She wears trousers "because she wants to," and she calls herself "Harry Allen" for the same reason.

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.

Two girls have committed suicide for love of her. Gertrude Samuels shot herself in the temple when "Harry" failed to show up at the church. Hazel Walters left a note, "I love you, 'Harry,' tho you are a living lie," and hurled herself off a cliff at Madrona park when she made the discovery that "Harry" was a woman.

When Nell was arrested this last time, the police found her in a saloon in company with a man and two girls, drinking. Neither the man nor the girls suspected that Nell was not a man.

Nell started wearing trousers when she was a little girl. The bicycle craze was new. Nell 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, tho 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. Nell has a son 18 years old. He is in Alaska.

Nell's mother lives in Seattle. She is a woman of refinement, a thoroughly womanly woman, and Nell's eccentricities and waywardness grieve her. She long ago gave up

The Seattle Star

The Only Paper in Seattle That Dares to Print the News

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NIGHT EDITION

Unsettled; probably showers
 HIGH 48
 LOW 34
 11:59 a. m. 13.1 ft. 9:55 a. m. 2.5 ft.
 4:41 p. m. 12.9 ft. 8:50 p. m. 9.4 ft.

Our Telegraph Is Clacking News of War! Forget This Note Stuff! War! What Is It--the Real Thing?

By Fred L. Boalt

A BAD MAN, made worse by whisky, was running amuck, shooting up a neighborhood somewhere—we don't know where.

Perhaps the befuddled fool thought, if he killed enough people, he would break into the newspapers and so acquire a fleeting near-fame.

We would have printed the story of the bad man's exploit if much bigger news had not crowded it off the wire. As it turned out, the bad man had his trouble for his pains.

We don't know where it happened, or how many innocent bystanders were slain, or what happened to the bad man. The interrupted story fell to the floor, was tramped on and forgotten.

Later the janitor swept it up, with other rubbish, and chucked it in the waste basket.

The bad man's story was interrupted late yesterday. The telegraph operator shoved a sheet of flimsy thru his little window and shouted to the managing editor:

"Bryan's resigned!" The managing editor and the staff were instantly galvanized into furious action. We got out an extra. We beat the town.

This morning I am, I believe, the only man on the staff who has any curiosity as to what became of the bad man who tried to shoot up a neighborhood somewhere or other.

The nation's premier has resigned! What does it mean? War?

Between editions we are discussing the prospect. Ever since the commencement of the war in Europe, we have argued the theory of war. How about the actuality of war?

The telegraph sounder is keeping up a constant clatter. The operator, fast as he is with his typewriter, can scarce keep up with it.

Washington: Bryan was at his desk at 10 this morning. When he entered his office he handed his hat to Eddie Savoy, the doorkeeper. The doorkeeper hadn't expected to see the secretary of state this morning. He was so surprised that he dropped the hat. Bryan stumbled over it. The premier was "haggard and pale."

He stayed but a few minutes. As he was leaving, Counselor Lansing, his temporary successor, entered. It was an embarrassing moment for both.

They nodded, smiled, waved their hands and Bryan departed.

Washington again: President Wilson left the White House shortly before 11. He was accompanied by a secret service operative. He went for a drive. A party of tourists saw him and cheered. He bowed and smiled. Trivial stuff!

"Clackety-clack!" shouted the wire. Came, then, news of graver import, tho lacking official confirmation.

If the kaiser's reply to President Wilson's note should be a blunt refusal to abandon submarine warfare on the merchant marine, what will Daniels do? Daniels, secretary of the navy?

Daniels is known to share Bryan's views on arbitration. Like Bryan, he is a pacifist. It is said "in well-informed circles" that Daniels, too, may resign.

Berlin: Carl W. Ackerman, United Press man, learns that our government has warned American business men in Berlin to stop all buying and conserve their funds until the conclusion of the negotiations between Berlin and Washington.

Clamorously Washington once more: Wilson stands firm. He emphasizes the doctrine of protection for Americans wherever they go.

Then London shouldered Washington out of the way. London: The newspapers interpret the resignation of Bryan as meaning that Wilson's note is so firm that war may result.

Berlin: Ambassador Gerard has sent to Foreign Minister on Jagow a scrapbook containing clippings from American newspapers showing the sentiment of

the American people with relation to the torpedoing of the Lusitania.

What is the sentiment in this country as reflected in our newspapers? It is, "Stand by the president!" who has told Germany that Americans will be protected wherever they go.

This, too, has an ugly look.

"For my part," said the city hall reporter, "I admire Bryan for being willing to sacrifice office for principle, but I think he's mistaken. You can't arbitrate with a man who has run amuck, or with a nation, either."

"If we go to war," said the cub reporter, "I'm going to enlist. I wonder what war is like to a man who is in the thick of it."

We all wondered.

Cynthia Grey had entered the big room from her hole-in-the-wall, and was listening. She has a copy, open, of Collier's. She shows us a reproduction of a photograph under the caption, "Glimpses of War-Mad Europe."

The picture shows a battle scene near Grodno, north of Warsaw.

The Germans and Russians had been fighting hand-to-hand.

A misdirected shell burst among them, killing friends and foes alike.

It's a fine picture, and full of detail.

You know by looking at it just how those soldiers died. You can see their bodies, staring eyes. You can see their twisted, broken bodies. You can see their torn flesh.

The corpses are all crumpled up. They lie as they fell, in grotesque positions. There are dark spots on the earth. They are blood pools.

In the lower right-hand corner you can see a hand and forearm. You can see the wrist band of a sweater. It isn't a regulation garment. It's a fine, warm sweater, such as a wife or a mother might knit for a husband or son who was going to war.

"I THINK," SAID CYNTHIA GREY, "THAT WAR MUST BE SOMETHING LIKE THAT."

DENY MERCY TO LEO FRANK

ATLANTA, June 9.—The Georgia state prison commission today refused to recommend that the governor commute Leo M. Frank's sentence from death to life imprisonment. The commission's jurisdiction in the case ends with this decision, and it is now up to the governor. The commission has only power to recommend, the governor has sole authority to grant clemency.

Gov. John M. Slaton must now say whether Frank shall hang as the murderer of Mary Phagan or shall spend the rest of his days on the prison farm at Milledgeville.

Now Up to Governor Frank has lost a point by the commission's decision, for it is customary, altho not obligatory, for the executive to act as the commission recommends.

The adverse recommendation was immediately forwarded to the governor. Commissioners Rainey and Davidson voted against granting the appeal. Commissioner Patterson voted in favor of commuting the sentence.

Sentenced to Die June 22 Should the governor refuse to interfere with the jury's verdict and also refuse to reprieve the prisoner, until the succeeding governor takes office on June 25, Frank will hang on June 22.

Should the governor reprieve Frank, he would probably allow him 30 days, which would place the date of execution on the 22nd of July.

Some time between June 25, the day Gov.-elect Nat C. Harris takes the oath of office, and July 22, an appeal to the new governor for commutation would be made.

DOESN'T WANT WOMEN JURY

OLYMPIA, June 9.—A. L. Miller, who shot and killed William Chatten, president of the Union Lumber Co., his employer, on May 2, when he found Chatten with his wife in the Millers' home at Union Mills, went on trial for his life here today.

The court room was crowded with spectators. Among them was Mrs. Miller, who was heavily veiled, and her three children, age 15, 10 and 3.

Miller, who sat between his attorneys, smiled and waved at his children and wife when they entered the court room.

Court adjourned at noon, with 10 men and one woman in the jury box. All but one name on the second venire had been exhausted.

Both sides have also exhausted their challenges. Counsel for the defense exercised its right of challenge on five women after questioning them closely.

Miller's attorneys have given no intimation of what defense they intend to make, but it presumably will be the unwritten law.

HOW LANE WOULD REPLACE SALOON

EVERETT, June 9.—The establishment of a number of buildings where transient and homeless men may congregate when the saloons close in this state next January, was discussed by Representative W. D. Lane of Seattle, in an address Wednesday at the charities conference here. He proposed the installing of smoking rooms, pool and billiard tables, libraries, lunch rooms and auditoriums in these buildings.

BRYAN'S LAST DAY IN OFFICE

WASHINGTON, June 9.—Secretary Bryan said his official farewell at the White House at 12:30 today. There was no reason, he said, why he might not call later in a personal capacity.

The retiring secretary walked from the state department to the White House, where President Wilson and Secretary Tumulty awaited him.

From the White House Bryan went to a photographer's, where he sat for a picture, and then returned to his home.

Bryan Receives Reporters Before going to the White House Bryan said good-bye to the officials and employees of the department.

Bryan seemed depressed and weighted by sadness as he bid the newspaper men good-bye. His voice was subdued, his face gray and deeply lined, and he was dressed almost in funeral garb.

"I have no news," he said, with a half smile. "I will talk about anything this afternoon." He continued, placing his arms about nearby newspaper men in friendly fashion, and walked with them from the corridor into his office.

Compares Himself to a Hen There he leaned against his desk with his legs swung over one corner. The secretary paused and sighed, but broke the tension by saying:

"Did any of you ever see a hen at night trying to cover up her chicks?" Did she seem funny and irritable?

"I have felt like that hen at times. I have tried to keep a number of international secrets covered, and sometimes have been cross and irritable. But you don't question the hen's good intentions, and I hope you will not question mine."

WILSON STANDS PAT IN NOTE TO GERMANY

By John Edwin Nevin

WASHINGTON, June 9.—Facing the greatest crisis in recent American history, President Wilson was today standing firm upon the policy that there shall be no surrender of American rights.

No matter what the cost may be, he is prepared to emphasize the doctrine of protection for Americans wherever they may go.

President Wilson's rejoinder to Germany was signed by Robert Lansing, as acting secretary of state, at 12:50 today.

Lansing said the note would be forwarded to Berlin at 2 p. m.

The resignation of Secretary Bryan, accepted by the president late yesterday, has solidified the administration. Wilson now has the support of his official family in his controversy with Germany.

The name of Robert Lansing, as acting secretary of state, is affixed to the new note, and the resignation of Bryan will become effective the moment the document starts on its way to the German foreign office.

Bryan declared today he will endeavor to enlist public support of his stand for arbitration of the difficulties with Germany, as against the president's answer, which he says is an ultimatum.

"I will do what I can to crystallize the sentiment of the country behind the suggestions I originally made to President Wilson," said Bryan. "As I explained upon resigning, the president did not feel he could change his position. That is the right way for him to look upon the matter, as he is entirely honest in his beliefs. But as a private citizen, I can tell the people of the United States why I believe my plan is better and the one that must be adopted if the nation is to keep out of this war."

"That is what I hope to accomplish. If I can convince the people that my plan will aid in preserving peace, they can let the fact be known and then the president can adopt new methods."

"You see, my position was much different from that of the other ministers. They merely voted to approve the note. But I had to sign it. I could not do this when I believed its proposals were not the methods I believed should be used."

Those closest to him declare, however, that he will appeal to the people to line up their congressmen to defeat any movement for war.

President Wilson and the retiring secretary conversed in the most friendly fashion for ten minutes in the blue room of the White House today.

When Bryan, extending his hand, arose to go, both exclaimed in the same breath, "God bless you."

Bryan's voice was husky and his eyes were wet as he bade farewell to the 150 officials and employees

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A MARRIED MAN'S TROUBLES



TOM, WHAT IS THERE TO THIS BLACKMORE SCANDAL? YOU PROMISED TO TELL ME AND I WANT TO KNOW

WELL—MRS. BLACKMORE CALLED THE POLICE AND HAD SOME FELLOW ARRESTED

WHY DID SHE HAVE HIM ARRESTED? DON'T KEEP ME IN THIS SUSPENSE!

WHY—YOU SEE—HE THREW HER IN THE BATHTUB FULL OF WATER.

IN A BATHTUB FULL OF WATER?

YEP—THREW HER RIGHT IN WITH ALL HER CLOTHES ON

CLOTHES AND ALL, HOW DREADFUL! JAIL IS TOO GOOD FOR THE BRUTE

EVERY ONE TO THEIR OWN OPINION—BUT I SHOULD SAY THAT THE FELLOW WAS DOGGONED MODEST ABOUT IT—OH HUM

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