STORY OF A MODERN ROSALIND

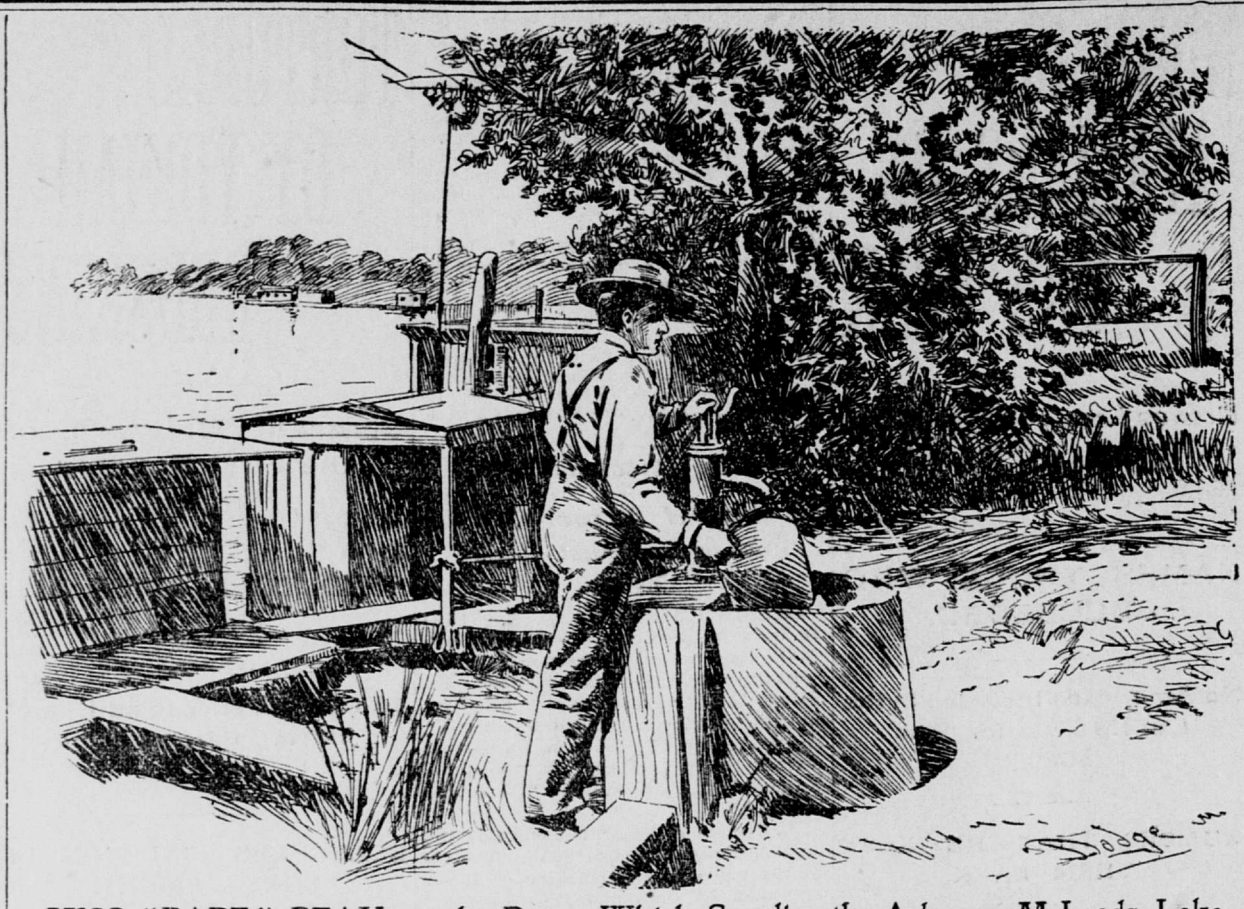
Strange Adventures of a Girl Who Roams in Male Attire.

MISS BEAN WRITES OF HER LIFE.

Her Experiences of the Pas. Few Years Portrayed in Her Own Words

CAMPED ON MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS ALONE.

Two-Sided Lives of Some Men She Has Met in Metropolitan Clubrooms.



MISS "BABE" BEAN at the Pump Which Supplies the Arks on McLeods Lake With Water.

STOCKTON, CAL., Aug. 26.—For a month past one of the arks on McLeods Lake in this city has been the abiding place of one of the strangest characters that the local authorities have ever had to deal with. For some time it was known to them that there was a woman living in Stockton in the garb of a man, but try as they would to locate her their efforts were without avail until Sunday night, when, as has been heretofore described in THE CALL, Police Detectives Carroll and Klech overtook Miss Bean masquerading in male attire while on her way to church to listen to the music. Music this modern Rosalind is passionately fond of, and she will go miles to hear anything in the musical line.

The story of her experience with the officers has already been related. To them she told very little of her past, but to THE CALL correspondent last night Miss Bean chatted on paper for hours. She has not the power of speech, but her heartug is keen. The police were of the opinion that she was shamming dumbness, but they are now convinced that the erratic young woman cannot talk. When the interviewer intimated that he believed she could talk if she wanted to Miss Bean burst into tears and declared on paper that her loss of speech was an affliction so keenly felt by her that it wrenched her heart whenever touched upon.

"Babe" Bean, as she calls herself, said that she was nearly 20 years old and that when but 15 she married a man who did not treat her as he should, and after a few months of married life she was separated from him, to drift about the world in the garb of a man. Last night she wrote the following for THE CALL, and while writing the tears welled up in the eyes of the pretty girl and the deep red lips trembled when the writing of some portions of her history recalled incidents of her early life. This is her remarkable story:

Has love had anything to do with my present mode of living? Such a question to ask! Listen, and judge for yourself:

My first recollections of loving any one is of a dark, handsome and noble face, with honor stamped upon every feature—a soldier; to me a hero. Who shall chide me for loving such a one? 'Twas my father. Mingle with this the sunny smiles of one of the fairest, sweetest and purest of God's women (my mother) and you have what is to me the dearest picture that ever graced a piece of canvas or "hung on memory's walls." This, sir, has been the only love I knew which has been the doing or undoing of a lifetime.

I was always happy as a child, but seldom so now. My mother I can only remember as a lady of elegance and refinement—gentle always, but proud and firm. I loved her with all my heart; but to me she was like an idol, and I feared even to talk to her at times lest my rough manner might offend her. Strange way for a child to think, you will say, but none the less it was so. Consequently this forced me to lean more toward my father. Though he never was partial he seemed to understand me better, and with his death my spirit died too. From a tomboy full of ambitions I was made into a sad and thoughtful woman. From that time I grew heartless. I wanted to be out in the air always. A desire for liberty and freedom took such a hold upon me that at night, when all were asleep, I would get up and wander about in our immediate grounds as if in search of something I could not tell what.

Shortly after this I commenced to grow rebellious—took interest in nothing save in listening to some caller telling of the wonders of the world. Oh, if I were but a boy! Just to be able to see all these beautiful things! What would I not have given? Mother and father had traveled extensively, and in narrating their experiences little did they dream that they were laying the first stones upon which my strange life was to be built.

My mother feared for my future. I must here say we had become and had been for some time reduced in circumstances, and only in late years have I realized the sacrifices that must have been made in order to keep me at school. Nothing but a convent could save me, thought my mother, and there I remained. How I yearned for the freedom I had dreamed of and how often I wished I could enjoy the liberty that the world sees fit to allow a boy! I was left in the entire charge of the good sisters, who did much to make me happy under the circumstances, and sad, too, I can tell you.

My brother visited me every vacation, and I am glad to say he loved me so that he often made vacations in order to see me. What would I not give for one of our old-time romps! I dressed in his clothes (for punishment, mind you) and he in mine. With wry faces we were inwardly tickled to death. Nothing ever pleased me better than to get this sort of punishment. Poor boy! With a tender, generous and loving disposition he was easily led, and with growing manhood he commenced to evince extravagant tastes, together with a desire, like myself, to roam. I mention him as it has much to do with my life.

His visits to the convent grew less frequent, which caused me much pain, until he came only occasionally, and then always accompanied by one of his schoolmates, a rather quiet, unassuming sort of a chap. The day came when the latter would call alone, notwithstanding the objections raised by the sisters. It was about the Christmas vacation and I was given permission to spend the holidays with friends. What joy, to again be away from all study and work and no play. What plans I had mapped out for seeing my brother and his friend. The day came when I saw the false friend without the brother. He—the friend—was about to go abroad. The dream of my life again awakened with a vim worthy of a better cause. Was I doomed to always hear of people who could travel and go about the world? Was I never to have my great wish gratified? "No," came the answer always, "how can you? Remember circumstances will not permit it." Well, then, how could our friend do so, he had no more than we? Oh, yes; he was to work part of the time. Well, I could not see what should prevent me from doing the same.

Well, sir, from that moment it was my sole thought. I told no one of the good people with whom I was stopping, but went and confided to my brother's chum. He thought it would be capital fun to get me to do such a foolish thing; and (I blush to say it) he succeeded very well. In two weeks we were married.

Suffice it to say that it was the cause of separating me from my family and friends. We traveled some six or eight months, and then separated. What I have suffered for that act no one can ever know. Shortly afterward my brother was taken ill and he, too, died. I had seen him but once. With this last blow mother retired, to lead as quiet a life as could be offered, in a place away from former scenes of both bright and dark days. She made some provision for me, and I was then quite alone. From that moment I have been like driftwood, tossed upon the sea of life. But in no other way could I have been contented.

My greatest misfortune then befell me, and when able to go about again I always did so, when I could in the guise of a boy. I had always loved horses and rode frequently, always astride, as I found it the most convenient and comfortable by far. I observed that I was always taken for a boy while in my "rather boyish riding habit," though to make up as one had never struck me any more than to go about on my horse at whatever hour I wished without attracting much attention. I commenced then to go about in search of adventure, always assuming my natural dress when in cities or when I made any long stays at places.

My first was of so strange a nature that I think it worth the while to relate. I had gone from San Jose to Alma—a place consisting of a handful of houses—and thence footed it, camping all the way, twenty miles into the Santa Cruz Mountains. The scenery I can hardly describe, but it seemed to me like some grand painting. The night before I reached my destination, Bights Way, I remained in a deserted woodchopper's cabin over night. With my inseparable companion, a revolver, I laid down to rest, with the only thought of being able to reach some brook or streamlet in some sheltered spot that I might indulge in the luxury of a bath. To these thoughts I attribute a dream that seemed like a prophecy.

I thought I was standing on the brink of some dark abyss, when I beheld on the other side the most inviting and pretty miniature waterfalls with a stream some seven or ten feet below, but how was I to reach this? I certainly could not cross this awful black space. While musing thus I seemed by some unknown power to be taken to the spot opposite. For a moment I was almost blinded by the sudden change from darkness into light, but soon recovered sufficiently to notice that I had yet another stream to cross. On looking closer I saw it was the same one I had noticed a few feet below the falls. Now my dilemma was, how could I reach the falls?

What was that I noticed! It looked like a gold bracelet—such as we see encircling the wrists of women in pictures belonging to the middle ages. Well, this must have been the favorite spot of some fair bather. I will try to reach it, and perchance I might meet with the one who lost the band; and how glad she must be, I thought to myself, upon having it restored to her. I could not get it though, as I could not cross to where the water seemed shallow, and I could have waded in. With one more effort I managed to just move it, and then I awoke.

The morning was beautiful and all should have made one happy in the thought of being in such gorgeous surroundings, but I felt depressed as though something was going to happen.

I could not shake this feeling off, and after making a breakfast on fruit and milk, that I had packed with me, I wended my way further up the mountain. On reaching the summit I stood as one transfixed, for behold! there was the very stream I had been unable to cross in my dream! I stood looking down with awe into its depths as I beheld the very bracelet I had dreamed of. Who can say that the hand of fate was not in this?

I threw my baggage across to the other side, intending to jump over. But I was spellbound, as I seemed to know for the first time in my life what fear was. Surely I could not yet be awake, but all showed me plainly that I was very much that way. A hurried glance through my dressing-case brought out a looking-glass. Well, will I ever forget the expression upon my face. I was trembling like a leaf, scarcely daring to move.

With a supernuman effort I determined to gain the bracelet at all hazards. I used my fishing-pole, which I had kept with me, as a staff and touched the golden circlet. It seemed even more beautiful in reality than it did in my dreams. I caught it in such a way that it seemed safe to draw up the pole. I did so and to my utter amazement and horror I found it to be a snake in the mouth of a water dog. Try to imagine, if you can stretch your imagination so far, what I must have experienced upon seeing this. Wasn't this too awful? This spot is well known to all lovers of sport in or about the vicinity of San Jose.

This was the most terrible of all my experiences. As many equally pleasant ones I have had and some doubly interesting. One of about the same time occurred between Colfax and Auburn. I had camped out for seven weeks—one of my most pleasant trips—and was close to a place I thought occupied by good law-abiding woodchoppers. We would always pass each other with a salute, for one of the two men who lived here was accustomed to driving livestock back and forth, and I had many an occasion to pass him on the road. I soon discovered a striking resemblance and came to the conclusion that they were brothers. The smaller of the two was always kind. He showed his kindness by offering me his horse to ride. I used to take the liberty of riding it while he was away, but not when he would make the offer.

There came a day when I thought it wise to leave, and a few days after I saw an account in one of the Auburn papers of an attempt to wreck or derail a train at Colfax. Who but my late neighbors were the culprits! The crowbar they used I had often seen. I have wondered if, should I have remained, I too might not have been arrested as an accomplice.

There is no place of interest scarcely from Blue Lakes to Los Angeles that I have not seen in a shorter time than it takes to tell it. While in the City of San Francisco I visited every place of any note, even to Chinatown. I saw and played lottery on several occasions, as I went the second time because I won in the first—something like the story of the moth. I found the people like semi-barbarians, but of a most interesting type.

As a natural outcome of my roaming I have been thrown much in the company of men in all walks of life. I once attended some "jinks" where men who were accustomed to flatter and pay pretty tributes to their lady acquaintances took advantage of their exclusion to make fun of the ladies and in the most ungentlemanly manner criticize some one of their failings. These society belles were undergoing the most humiliating criticisms and still were not aware of it. I went with one Mr. Myer formerly of Myers & Co., tobacco importers of St. Louis, Mo. I venture to give his name, though as he has since passed away, thinking some one of those present may recall the affair, which took place on Christmas eve in 1892.

I must here confess that, no matter where I have been, I have met with good and noble men—the kind you read about. The world is full of them, as it is with pure and noble women; but while the world goes on we shall hear more of evil than of good. So it will be in the case of good men and women; they will not be mentioned while a morsel of tempting scandal is left to serve the ever eager throng of people we call mankind. Were the good deeds of our true men and women more freely discussed, both around the family circle and by the press, the appetite and craving for what is vulgar, coarse and sensational would soon die out, or at least become diminished.

In a few days Miss Bean will be speeding across the continent in search of other scenes, for she much dislikes the notoriety her discovery has brought about.

The Deming-Phœnix Railway.

PHŒNIX, ARIZ., Aug. 26.—Articles of incorporation were filed in the Territorial Secretary's office to-day of the Arizona Pacific Railway Company, which designs the construction of a railway from Deming on the Santa Fe line to Phœnix, Ariz.

Interior of Miss "Babe" Bean's Ark on McLeods Lake, Stockton.

BERNARDILLO A BIG SURPRISE

Baldwin's Colt Took the Dolphin Stake at Sheepshead.

Good Times, the Pronounced Choice, Not Among the First Three.

Dunois the Only Winning Favorite at Chicago—Talent in Clover at St. Louis Track.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, N. Y., Aug. 26.—The Dolphin stake, decided this afternoon, fell to the lot of the California turfman, "Lucky" Baldwin, whose colt Bernardillo, ridden by "Skeets" Martin, downed Imperator the shortest of heads. Good Times, the favorite, was unplaced. The winner was 8 to 1 in the betting. Two favorites only scored brackets.

Five furlongs—
Bromo 110 (Thorpe) 10 to 1.....1
*Rodermond 113 (Taral), even.....2
George Rose 110 (Sherrer), 6 to 1.....3
Time, 1:02 1-5. Hanwell 118, Sally Clicquot 119, Royal Rose 108 and Summer Sea 108 also ran. *Favorite.

Five furlongs, Autumn stake, two-year olds—
*Lady Marian 119 (Hewitt), 2 to 5.....1
Arquebus 112 (Doggett), 12 to 1.....2
Fonsavannah 119 (W. Martin), 4 to 1.....3
Time, 1:02. Coney 119, Danforth 119, Yankee Sam 115 and Lauderan 115 also ran. *Favorite.

One mile, handicap—
*Belmar 126 (Sloan), 8 to 5.....1
Cavalero 1 5 (Sherrer), 6 to 1.....2
Free Advice 116 (Taral), 5 to 1.....3
Time, 1:41 1-5. Dutch Skater 121, Skate 115, Miss Prim 90, Peat 114 and Cromwell 113 also ran. *Favorite.

One and an eighth miles, Dolphin stakes, three-year-olds—
Bernardillo 105 (H. Martin), 8 to 1.....1
Imperator 108 (Thorpe), 5 to 1.....2
Orion 108 (Hewitt) 15 to 1.....3
Time, 1:56 4-5. Good Times 118, Lady Mitchell 109 and Partridge 109 also ran. *Favorite.

Futurity course, two-year-olds, selling—
La Goleta 103 (Thorpe), 3 to 1.....1
Marito 99 (Nutt), 10 to 1.....2
Attainment 94 (Corbley), 5 to 1.....3
Time, 1:11 1-5. Ortoland 97, Junior 106, Allie Belle 99, *Handpress 102, Oxnard 102, Genoine 102, Brentwood 102, Napoleon Bonaparte 102, Philip 101 and Hardly 99 also ran. *Favorite.

One and a sixteenth miles, selling, on turf—
Ben Eder 126 (Sims), 7 to 5.....1
Thomas Cat 116 (Clayton), 8 to 1.....2
*Damien 126 (Taral), even.....3
Time, 1:53. Haphazard 116 also ran. *Favorite.

HARLEM TRACK, CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 26.—The talent had a rocky road to travel this afternoon, Dunois at short odds being the only winning choice. The track was very fast, the colt mentioned covering the mile and seventy yards in 1:43½. Lou Jones, winner of the first race, was at 150 to 1 at some stages in the betting and 100 to 1 at post time.

Six and a half furlongs, selling—
Lou Jones 99 (Rose), 100 to 1.....1
Protus 104 (Caywood), 5 to 1.....2
Diggs 102 (J. Woods), 5 to 1.....3
Time, 1:21½. King Galong 88, Alone 91, Swordsman 92, Kate Fisher 98, Gallante 99, Asaph 106, *Travis 106, Cora Havill 106 and Elsie Ferguson 105 also ran. *Favorite.

Eleven-sixteenths of a mile, selling, two-year-olds—
Patroon 108 (C. Gray), 4 to 1.....1
Molo 109 (Caywood), 4 to 1.....2
Li Hung Chang 103 (T. Burns), 8 to 1.....3
Time, 1:09. Tennie 99, Almante 103, Globe 103, Stars and Stripes 100, Mackin 103, Joe Sheiby 104, *Hosi 108 and Candle Black 111 also ran. *Favorite.

Six furlongs, selling—
Enchanter 102 (Cannon), 10 to 1.....1
*Botanic 107 (Caywood), 8 to 5.....2
*Lone Princess 102 (Clay), 8 to 5.....3
Time, 1:14½. Easter Eve 95 and Sea Robber 109 also ran. *Equal choices.

One mile and seventy yards—
Dunois 91 (T. Burns), 3 to 5.....1
Dr. Walmsley 99 (J. Woods), 8 to 5.....2
John Havlin 110 (Caywood), 8 to 1.....3
Time, 1:43½. Three starters.

Five furlongs, two-year-olds—
Presbyterian 107 (T. Murphy), 5 to 2.....1
*Forbush 107 (Caywood), 8 to 5.....2
Corder 107 (Barrett), 8 to 1.....3
Time, 1:01. Dulac 105 and *Ethelia 107 also ran. *Equal choices.

One mile, selling—
Lew Hopper 110 (C. Sloan), 6 to 1.....1
Cavalry 96 (J. Woods), 6 to 1.....2
Tilby 107 (Morgan), 5 to 1.....3
Time, 1:42¼. Tony Bonig 99, Colonel Gay 102, Zolo 102, Necedah 107, Jane 107 and Mandolin 107 also ran. *Favorite.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Aug. 26.—First choices in the betting nearly swept the board, capturing all but one event. Hall and Combs divided the saddle honors.

Seven furlongs, selling—
*Tragedy 107 (Parates), even.....1
Hand Belle 97 (Gilmore), 20 to 1.....2
Bob Millican 99 (Frost), 10 to 1.....3
Time, 1:29. John Corbin 92, Assorit 90, Briggs 92, Nellie B. Hill 97, Lou Martin 93, Peter Hill 93, Hibernia Queen 102 and Reuben Rowett 105 also ran. *Favorite.

Six furlongs, selling—
*Amelia Fonso 92 (Hall), 4 to 5.....1
Sidduola 92 (Combs), 4 to 1.....2
Addie Buchanan 92 (Stevens), 8 to 1.....3
Time, 1:15½. Lady Britannic 95, Joe O'Brot 94, Joe Hart 94, Harry Floyd 95, Braw Scott 99 and Astraea 105 also ran. *Favorite.

One mile and seventy yards, selling—
*Buckvidere 93 (Combs), 1 to 4.....1
Topmast 94 (Hall), 8 to 1.....2
Tranby 104 (Foucon), 4 to 1.....3
Time, 1:46¾. Virginia M 92 also ran. *Favorite.

Seven furlongs, selling—
*Ardath 112 (Foucon), 6 to 5.....1
Royal Choice 107 (Bonner), 12 to 1.....2
May Thompson 102 (Webster), 7 to 5.....3
Time, 1:28¾. Rose D'Or 97 and Can Gallop 100 also ran. *Favorite.

Eleven-sixteenths of a mile, two-year-olds—
Myrtle 96 (Hall), 12 to 1.....1
Leonag 96 (Rebo), 8 to 1.....2
*Empress Josephine 115 (Webster), 6 to 5.....3
Time, 1:09¼. Ismene 96, Esther Hawes 96,