

MASQUERADING GIRL DEFIES MAGISTRATE

Arrested in Male Attire, She
Refuses Her Name After
Two Days in Jail.

PROBATION OFFICER HAS CLEW

Mysterious One Says She Lived in
Richmond Hill—Trying
to Trace Her.

"Catherine Clark," the woman in man's clothing who was arrested the other day by Detective Bridgetta of the Flushing avenue station as a vagrant, was called before Magistrate Voorhies, in the Adams street court, this morning, for an arraignment. The girl, well attired in the habit of a nun, was brought from the "pen" and stood, smiling, and not a bit ashamed before the court.

"Have you made up your mind to tell me who you are?" asked the magistrate, who was convinced that the girl was under a fictitious name.

Catherine simply smiled, showing a row of well kept teeth.

"I want to know, Miss, if you are willing to tell me who you are?" persisted the magistrate.

"I am not," she said, determinedly.

"I may send you to the House of the Good Shepherd for six months," the magistrate threatened. "If you tell me who you are the result may be different."

"I'll not tell you," said the girl. "I do not want my people to know about this."

"What is the crime charged against this girl, anyway?" the magistrate asked Detective Bridgetta.

"Masquerading in men's clothes," was the reply.

"That is no crime," decided the magistrate. "This girl has a right to dress as she pleases. It comes to my mind that Dr. Mary Walker has been walking around in men's clothing for thirty years, and yet nobody disturbs her. This girl has a perfect right to garb herself as she pleases."

"Dr. Mary Walker has a permit from Congress," persisted the detective.

"Of course," proceeded the magistrate. "Catherine was smoking cigarettes. But yet, cigarette smoking, even by a woman, is not against the law. And you tell me she was found drinking with some men in the rear of a barroom. That was bad, but not unlawful. I don't know what to do with her. I think I ought to send her to the House of Good Shepherd as a warning, for she declines to tell where her home is."

"Now, Catherine, will you tell me who you are, or do you want to be sent to the House of the Good Shepherd? If you do there your talk will know anyway," said the magistrate.

"I'll take my medicine rather than tell," answered the girl. "I'll stand for the sentence."

"Please don't send her away now," pleaded Miss Myrtle Fish, the probationary officer. "I have some information about her that I would like to investigate, and I wish you would postpone hearing in the case until Saturday at least."

"Very well, Miss Fish," said the magistrate. "I'll do as you say. I'll postpone hearing until Saturday."

"Catherine" was led back to the pen and she will stay in jail, in her man's clothing, until her arraignment. She had told Miss Fish that her true name was Elizabeth Tremble and that her home was in Richmond Hill. She did not give her address, and Miss Fish will have to make an investigation in Richmond Hill to find her relatives. She persisted today in giving her age as 24, but Miss Fish believes that she is not yet 18 and that she has had some previous record as a prisoner.

The girl admitted that she had been in the House of the Good Shepherd, but the records there do not disclose the fact that any "Elizabeth Tremble" had served time in the institution. The police do not know her, and they have been busily trying to find out something about her previous history. She told Miss Fish that she lived at home with her mother, and that she had a sister. Her father, she added, was not living there, but was somewhere "out West" making a living by gambling. Miss Fish thinks that part of her story is pure romance, but she is anxious to find out about it.