

SHE PLAYS MAN.

Mary Johnson Says She Had to Live Up to Her Face.

New York, Oct 5.—In the steerage of the American liner New York, which arrived on Saturday, was a slight, middle aged passenger with a rather delicate face made masculine by an aquiline nose and a black silken mustache turned up at the ends, in Emperor William style, so as to reveal lips thin, firm and sensitive. The passenger occupied a compartment with two men and was known to them as Frank Woodhull. They did not form a warm friendship for Woodhull, who seemed to want to be left alone, and did not encourage questions about the Woodhull pedigree.

An immigration boarding officer who questioned Woodhull learned that that individual had lived in the United States thirty years but was not a citizen, was born in Canada and was bound for New Orleans. Woodhull had made a living as a book canvasser in New Orleans for several years and had plenty of money to get there.

At Ellis Island Woodhull was asked the usual questions and answered among others age 50 and health perfect. The clerk doubted the last declaration because Woodhull's cheeks were a little sunken. The clerk suspected tuberculosis and Woodhull was sent to the doctor.

"I'm a woman," said Woodhull, demurring to a physical examination.

The doctor looked at the full black mustache and doubted.

Woodhull insisted and a matron who was called in corroborated her. Thereafter Frank Woodhull became known as Mary Johnson. To Commissioner Watchorn she said that she had been compelled to put on man's clothing because she could not earn a living as a woman. She had been compelled to live up her mustache, a disfigurement to her as a woman that prevented her from obtaining work except of the hardest kind on ranches in the west or farms elsewhere.
