

"BOULEVARD PATROL" WORK IN PARIS IS HARD, BUT MISS ELIZABETH BAIN SCORES SUCCESS

Former Portland School Teacher Wins High Praise for Discharging Difficult Duty With Great Skill and Wonderful Tact—Her Business Is to Watch the Streets of the French Capital and Rescue Erring Doughboys.



Miss Elizabeth Bain, of Portland, the bravest 'Y' girl in France.

Miss Elizabeth Bain, whose remarkable work in Paris is described in this article, is well known in Portland, where she was on the faculty of Washington High school, active in the Association of Collegiate Alumnae and in other organizations. Herbert A. Jump, the author of the article, is a Y. M. C. A. lecturer in France, a former resident of Oakland, Cal., a staff editor of the Congressionalist and former pastor of the First Congregational church of Manchester, N. H.

BY HERBERT ATCHINSON JUMP.

WHEN the American Y. M. C. A. in Paris needed a particularly plucky girl to do a particularly unique, delicate and dangerous task in connection with its programme of service to the soldiers of the A. E. F., it had to draw upon Portland, Or., to find that girl. It is a far cry from the peaceful existence of a teacher of history in Washington High school to become the midnight boulevard patrol for the "Y" on the ill-fated and in some respects the sportiest street in Europe; but that is what Miss Elizabeth Bain is accomplishing, and the skill with which she is performing her work is fast making her one of the most honored and most beloved of all the staff of capable woman workers connected with the "Y" in France.

Three officers of the army followed her about one night a few weeks ago, with deepening amazement they watched her methods. Finally their verdict was, in the words of a colonial, "We don't see how you do it, Miss Bain, but you are certainly turning the trick. I regard your work as the most direct and valuable service being rendered our soldiers in Paris by any single worker of the "Y" or the army."

What is this job that brings cold-blooded army officers out onto the boulevard late at night to follow a school teacher around? Why is Miss Bain earning among those who know her work the sobriquet of "the bravest 'Y' girl in France?"

Her duty is to protect the lad in khaki from the prostitutes, who through the gaily lighted sidewalks of Paris; her mission, in her modest blue and green "Y" uniform, is to represent American womanhood to the boy who is in the clutches of a street harpy, and if possible to call him back to paths of rectitude.

She is out on the boulevard from 9 o'clock at night until 2 o'clock in the morning or later if necessary, accosting every soldier who seems to be at a loss what to do next or where to go, and more specifically, to invade the privacy of every couple going down the street if the members of that couple are an American soldier and a French street woman, and by becoming a third party to steal the lad if possible away from his new-found friend.

As she does it, the work seems so easy and simple. I have been out observing her art several nights, following along with the secret service man whom the provost marshal of Paris furnishes to be her protector. But when I try to put myself in her place and imagine what I would say under similar circumstances to a soldier the words do not come to my mind at all. But Miss Bain almost never fails and in token of her consent he usually goes off down the street arm in arm with Miss Bain, leaving the angered demimouelle cursing a blue streak in French and English. And what is more; instead of resenting this interference with his personal liberty, the soldier invariably thanks Miss Bain.

Only once have I heard a person roundly criticize her work. This was about 1 o'clock in the morning, and at a popular corner she had taken perhaps a half dozen soldiers away from a half hour she operated there. An American captain had been sitting on a boulevard bench and watch-

ing the drama unfold before his eyes. Finally as he went up, we friends of Miss Bain who were standing in the background of the events, to chat with the captain about the skill and the devotion which could plan and perform such service to the enlisted man, he let out much with language, plentifully punctuated with oaths, about the "stupidity," the "damn meddling," the "illness," which he characterized Miss Bain's work. And then, before we had time properly to remonstrate with him for his unfairness of judgment, he somewhat abruptly turned on his heel and disappeared. It is the first 30 seconds of her interview with a boy that wins the victory for her. When he turns round to see who this woman is, what does he see? Simply a pair of dancing eyes and a most winsome smile, so he is captivated, and a smile that reminds him instantly of all the clean things at home. Surely there is no harm in taking a moment with an American girl in uniform who cares enough about him, a poor lonely doughboy, to be out on the boulevard after midnight with her offer of friendship, and to stand by his side for a little talk, and he finds as he talks that somehow the net of argument is being drawn tighter and tighter. This American girl can talk all around him, he reluctantly admits.

A homesly girl could not do what Miss Bain is doing. A pedantic and too serious girl could not do what Miss Bain is doing.

The other factor explaining the apparent ease of her work is the state of mind of the soldier lad himself. Usually his mind is not bent on vice as such. Simply he is lonely, especially the lonely for a woman's society. Unless the "Y" girl or the Red Cross girl gives him this society, he has to find it where it lies near at hand, easy to pick up, on the city boulevard. But if, on the other hand, the reminder of home and the home-women is brought to him by an American "Y" girl just at the strategic moment of his loneliness and temptation, he really in a majority of instances had rather do right than to go wrong. Miss Bain knows this, so she merely rearranges her day so that she can speak her words of friendly cheer not at high noon when he doesn't especially need them but at dark midnight or later when perhaps his heart is loneliest for love and companionship.

When Miss Bain returns to Portland, Portland must make her tell her story. I have had the privilege of introducing her to a dozen audiences of soldiers around France. Universally the boys have testified that her work was "the real thing," and that she herself was "a brick," or "a peach," or "a wonder," as the case might be. One enthusiastic lad declared it was the best piece of religion that was being practiced by the "Y" in France today.

The stories of her adventures, her finding hotels for drunken officers at 2 o'clock in the morning, her personal combat with violent and outraged prostitutes, her helping more than a score of street girls to law-abiding and virtuous lives during the half year of her work, her long, long trail of helpful ministry touching thousands of boys from every state of the union, and every lad who once had an encounter with Miss Bain is bound to remember it. These things are part of the thrilling tale she must be made to stand and deliver modestly or no modest, when the "Y" releases her back again to her own city.

Meanwhile in the list of all the many wise and devoted servants the "Y" has drawn from the Pacific coast the name of Miss Elizabeth Bain of Portland, the one woman whom the "Y" trusted to do its boulevard patrol work in Paris will have to be written high up near the top.

JIMMY MONTAGUE TRIES TO KEEP APPOINTMENT WITH HIS WIFE

Experience in Woman's Dresses Section of Department Store Harrowing to Masculine Mind.

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

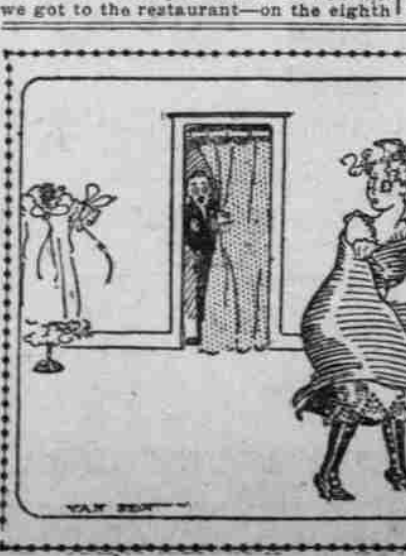
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"MEET me in the woman's dresses," said the head of the family, "at 2 o'clock, I'll be there somewhere."

I do not like to go to the woman's dresses, which is the name of one of the floors in a department store where men are looked on much as Germans are looked on in France. But men must work and women must shop, and it was necessary for us to meet at the hour of 2 in order to keep a common appointment with a commutation train. So, little recking what I did, I promised.

I found on applying to a handsomely dressed man in the door of the establishment that the woman's dresses were on the fourth floor. But if I had been able to dip into the future I would have taken the stairs. But I wasn't, so in the company with perhaps 16 women I routed myself by the elevator.

on that trip. They stayed where they were, looking me in fast in my corner. There was no use to be unpleasant about it. I stayed where I was till we got to the restaurant—on the eighth



floor, where there was a general disembarkation. "Restaurant, all out," said the elevator man. I looked at him haughtily and stayed where I was. "All out, restaurant," said the elevator man, trying a new combination on me. "I don't want to get out," I said in the low voice I employ when I want to hide embarrassment.

"Because I want to go to the woman's dresses."

"That's on the fourth floor."

"I know it."

The elevator man gave me a searching look, heaved a long, helpless sigh and started the car down once more.

We picked up a couple of other women, on the various floors between us and the women's dresses, but I managed to get into a fairly strategic position. There were only two women in front of me when we reached the fourth floor. But, as I was presently to discover, there were several ranks of them behind me.

I tried to get out quietly and gracefully, but several waves of women in my rear were in a hurry and I was propelled forward with such violence that my hand, aimed to steady myself on the door casing, came into sudden contact with the shoulder of the lady just ahead.

I avoided her eyes as she looked swiftly back at me, and attempted to execute a flank movement and escape. But it was no use. She overhauled me before I had gone five steps, and observed in a tense voice:

"Gentlemen don't prod ladies in the shoulder."

I moved away. She followed me, remarking to another woman who was passing:

"He prodded me in the shoulder." The other woman adjusted a long earring and looked me over. There was nothing for me but flight, so I made for a providentially placed telephone booth and pretended to put in a call.

For a few seconds I affected to be in earnest conversation, then I looked over my shoulder.

The lady I had collided with was there, together with half a dozen others. The telephone booth was sound proof, but her lips moved, and I knew what she was saying to my fake telephone conversation.

To my surprise the company dissolved without calling the police. After 10 minutes of suffocation I was able to escape and take up my quest for the head of the family.

In those alien areas of department stores which are peopled with women, I never know whether or not to take off my hat. It seems the thing to do out of deference to the prevalent sex, yet one sees very fashionable-looking men, who seem thoroughly at home there, sitting or standing with their hats on.

This time I decided to do as the dictates of courtesy demanded. I removed my hat and twiddled it uneasily in my hands, as I cast about for her whom I sought.

Presently I saw several customers eyeing it with disfavor. It was a hat of which I am fond, but it was neither new nor handsome. I set it on a chair and continued my search.

I was suddenly conscious that a lady was addressing me.

"I want to see some of your voiles," she said.

"I am sorry, madam," I replied, "but I haven't a voile to my name."

"Do you mean to tell me," she said, "that you don't have a voile?"

"If you will just ask one of those gentlemen," she stalked away.

A man easily wearies in a department store. It is a singular thing, and one which experience has never explained, that a man who will stand for four hours in front of a bar will find the pregnant hines of the knee caving under him after three minutes of standing in a department store.

There was a little dismayed cry as I sank gratefully.

"I shot back into a standing position while an angry hand pulled from under me a section of mosquito bar I had mistaken for a chair."

There was still no sign of the Head of the Family. I was getting nervous, but long experience had taught me that the head of the family is not of the slightest use. You must just stand in one place and if she is there she is bound to pass you sooner or later.

I looked at my watch and it was half past two—which, making the regular allowance, was just 15 minutes before the time I might expect her to make the two o'clock appointment. Since the episode of the voile I could see that I was getting talked about.

Little groups were whispering here and there, and I observed that I was the center of a large circle in which there were no men. No man likes to be the observed of all observers when the observers are shoppers in a department store.

I strolled over to the window to look out on the traffic. I strolled a trifle too close to a stand that was busy with bewitching garments and upset it.

I caught it just in time to avoid a catastrophe, but precipitated a disaster, nevertheless. Three women lifted garments to the floor and at least a dozen stock girls—as I believe they are termed—leaped forward to pick them up. All of them regarded me as a cat regards a dog. I glared my face to the pane, not daring to look around.

A soft hand fell on my shoulder. "Your wife," said the owner, as I started guiltily, "is trying on a dimity and wants you to come and look at it."

I didn't know what a dimity was, but I was delighted at the diversion. Furthermore I had succeeded in my quest. She must have seen me and sent for me.

My way in the wake of the saleswoman through a series of mahogany flanked corridors, ducking carefully to avoid ladies who swished through there and at last, as the lady stepped aside, walked through a door and beheld in what appeared to my terrified eyes to be a nightie, a perfectly strange woman.

I stood for a second transfixed while she hastily caught up a pile of fluff from the floor and threw it about her bare shoulders and down over two extremely long stockings.

Then she gave tongue. "Take that man out of here," she shrieked.

The Head of the Family thinks I am going to keep another appointment with her in this same department store Tuesday week when we are again going to meet in the city. But she is wrong.

THIRTY THEATERS REMAIN OPEN DESPITE LATENESS OF SEASON AND WARM WEATHER

Most Important Personage Along Broadway These Days Is Elsie Janis, Recently Returned From Entertaining Uncle Sam's Fighting Men in Overseas Service—New Follies List Includes Stars.

BY ELIZABETH LONERGAN.

NEW YORK, June 21.—(Special).—More than 50 first-class theaters are open along Broadway, on this middle of June. This does not include the roof attractions, like the Follies and Century Grove nor those that are playing high-class pictures. It has been an unusually profitable season and the coming summer promises to be a successful one.

The one opening of the past week was George White's musical revue, "The Scandals of 1919." The production is particularly notable for its excellent dancing numbers. As one critic describes it, "This is George White's show and the clever dancer is naturally very much in evidence."

"He dances with Ann Pennington and with Mabel Withee and with Ethel Delmar, Dorothy St. Clair, Lois Leigh and Ona Munson. In fact, White dances with about all the women in the company, either singly or collectively."

Ona Munson, by the way, had several fine mentions of her work in the "Scandals" and there seems to be no doubt that the little Portland girl scored an individual hit. The revue is beautifully staged and the chorus sings and dances well and are pretty besides. Though essentially of the dance variety, this sort of musical comedy has been very popular lately, so there seems to be no reason why it should not have the same good luck as the others. There are two women members of the long cast of principals who do not dance with Mr. White.

La Sylphe, a tall, beautiful dancer, does some wonderful acrobatic stunts by herself and Yvette Ruggel, as prima donna, sings but does not trip the light fantastic. Bennett and Richard, of vaudeville fame, give some of their act and dance well. George Bickel and Bert Handon are also featured and Lester Allen made a hit in his comedy role. Mr. White and Arthur Jackson wrote the book and Richard Whiting the music.

The most important personage along Broadway these days is Elsie Janis, recently returned from overseas, where she has been entertaining the soldier boys for more than six months. Among the affairs arranged in her honor was one that came as a complete surprise. Mr. Dillingham, her old manager, invited her to witness a performance of "She's a Good Fellow," his production at the Globe, in which Joseph Santley, Ivy Sawyer and Ann Orr are featured. Miss Janis, with her mother and a party of friends, occupied a stage box.

Directly opposite, in a box draped in flags and decorated with the insignia of the 27th division, sat Major-General O'Ryan. They were both greeted with great rounds of applause and later the significance of the double honor was explained. At the close of the second act the curtain was raised and Mr. Santley made a speech introducing Major-General O'Ryan. The applause and cheers shook the house. When it was silent the guest made a speech telling of the wonderful work that Miss Janis had done for the boys across the seas. Then he produced a medal and, calling her to the stage, pinned the gift upon her. It was from a number of the enlisted men from different New York regiments who wished to show their appreciation of what she had done for them. Miss Janis was almost overcome—and it was not stage emotion.

In her little speech of thanks she said that she did not feel that she was entitled to anything for having done her share. She was glad to be meeting the best boys in the whole world. Altogether it was a very joyous occasion.

The new Follies list of entertainers includes: Marilyn Miller, Eddie Cantor, Johnny Dooley, Ray Dooley, Nancy Brown, Lucille Chafonte, Delyle Alda, Maurice and Walton, John Steele, George LeMaire, Eddie Dowling, Bert Williams, the Fairbanks twins and others. It is Mr. Ziegfeld's 15th edition, but he is not a bit superstitious about the number which is supposed to be such a hoodoo. In fact, the be-

are in the permanent collection of the Luxembourg gallery and his etched glass "The Mint Canal, Port-Nieuw Amsterdam" is the first work by an American artist to be placed in the Louvre.

KLAMATH FAIR OCTOBER 2
Development of County Expected to Provide Great Exhibits.

KLAMATH FALLS, Or., June 24.—(Special).—Preparations are now being made for the Klamath county fair this year, which is to be held at the Klamath Falls fair grounds.

The first day of the fair will be devoted to the exhibit of the school industrial clubs, which have been doing such remarkable work in all parts of the county since they were organized three years ago.

A fair exchange brings no quarrel.—Danish proverb.

Have You Failed to Get Your Allotment?

Uncle Sam Wants to Pay and Is Seeking Information.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7.—Have you failed to receive from the war department your allotment from your soldier boy?

If so, Uncle Sam wants to pay you. There may be cases in which no allotments have been received, through error of address or name in the original allotment paper of the soldier or clerical error subsequently in the war department's great work of keeping records of its 3,000,000 fighters.

Do not write to Washington, but send a letter to the demobilization camp, Presidio of San Francisco, San Francisco, Cal., asking for the form for a letter requesting deferred allotments. Officers of the demobilization camp have announced that on such request they will furnish a form, which upon being filled out by the allottee must be sent to the adjutant-general of the army, as addressed on the form.

This will get action quickly, bringing a check by the return mail from Washington. By writing directly to Washington for information it is necessary for the busy war department officials to write back for additional information, which correspondence will delay delivery of the check. By getting the form from the demobilization camp and sending this to Washington the required check will be your reply.

Etcher and Painter Decorated.

PARIS, May 21.—Louis Orr, etcher and painter, has been decorated with the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his work for the Red Cross. He was born in Hartford, Conn. Thirty-three of his original drawings and etchings



Scene From "Three Faces East," Violet Heming and Emmeline Carrigan.



Constance Binney Marion Davies.

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