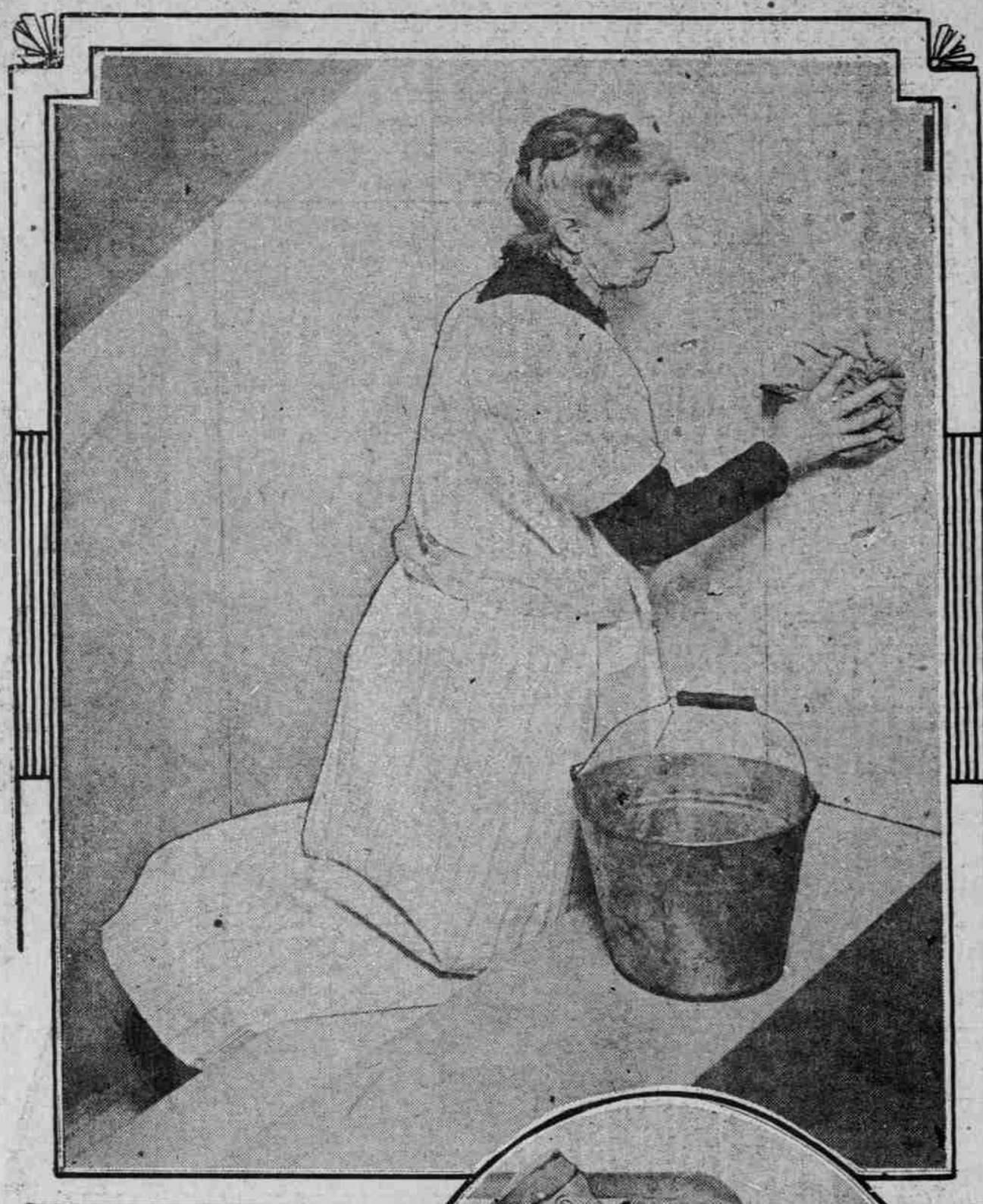




Their Day's Work Is Done At Night

Industry, Comfort and Protection Are Essential Even When Normal People Sleep



Women Janitors Labor When Others Sleep



Mrs. L.H. Blake
Photo Bushnell

Elizabeth R. Forrest
Fearless Women Police on Night Duty.

Mrs. Sophie King

Mrs. Gertrude Kinsey

BY DE WITT HARRY.

IN RECENTLY ailed days of hectic conviviality, dusk seemed to mark the line of demarcation between the normal and the irregular. With the abolition of the saloon and cafe, as places for the consumption of gay fluids, a great change was carried out, and people became more sane, the night owl and bat of yore finding little inducement to essay flights into the tempting void of darkness.

Over four years ago this change took place here, and it is now taking place throughout the remainder of the country. After the last of the late theater crowds leave the downtown districts for the snug comfort of their homes, Portland's city streets present a scene of desolate loneliness. It is as a city of the dead.

Civilization Exact's Toll.

But not everyone is asleep. Modern civilization is exacting and demands many services. Scarcely the average resident goes to bed, imbued with a feeling of security, knowing that his sleeping hours will be protected, that the city will be ready for another day of business, and that all of the many little conveniences demanded as the legitimate toll of Twentieth century life will be prepared for him when he awakes, refreshed. Metaphorically speaking the usual modern grownup lives almost the same existence as he did when a child in his parents' care as his hours of slumber are well guarded, he has legions of servants preparing for his every need and demand, and outside of being tucked into bed and kissed good-night, he leads a literal Sybaritical existence.

How different from the old pioneer days when every man had to be his own servant! If he wanted cream for his coffee he had to get up early and milk the cow. His news was bruted about by word of mouth, newspapers were unknown. The good wife was up before the first bird to prepare the meal. He did a good honest day's toil, went to bed early and slept soundly, possibly after reading a chapter from the Bible before he said the evening prayers instead of taking the family to see the newest antics of some screen comedian or perusing the last thing in scandals from the evening paper.

Prophecy Lose Honor.

Could a prophet have risen and foretold the present amazing development of civilization he would have indeed been without honor. The undreamed of, and would have surpassed belief less than a century ago. But it now seems as if there was another change coming over this great country of ours. Recent events would indicate that we are getting back to the more normal mode and that future life in our rapid country will not be quite so fast. Ten years ago night life, of the furious type, began to inflict itself on our larger cities, they seemingly adopting all the varied dissipations of the world, with numberless refinements of their own. The period was a marked one and will be forever notorious for the birth of the cabaret (a la Americane), jazz, unprecedented profligacy, vulgar display, hard drinking, and the resulting numberless mental and moral wrecks. Indications now seem to be that the nation has forsworn frivolity of such a wracking type and will, in the future, take its enjoyment in a saner manner.

Back, in short, to the real Ameri-



Bridgetenders Regulate the Night River Traffic

can existence, plus the present additional conveniences. The butterfly that remained in his or her cocoon during the hours of daylight to dazzle the eye on emerging at dusk, will flutter by to a lesser and lesser extent. Indeed, in time, it is possible that the species will become as extinct as the dodo. With the passing of this multitude of queerly assorted humans who, in the near-past, thrived on the tippy-turvy life of late evening and early morn, it is becoming a novelty to have one's vocation necessitate remaining awake when other more normal humans sleep.

It is doubtful if the present day resident of a large city properly appreciates the value of the services that are performed for him when he is asleep. Doubtful if he ever even gives the matter a thought. He accepts, and not too gratefully in many cases, the tangible results, without troubling himself as to who was responsible. But there is a fair proportion of the residents of any large center of population who devote the hours of night to toil, that their fellow men may have the innumerable necessities that make possible the next day's comfort and toil. In Portland some of the wheels of industry whirl every hour in the 24.

Night Tollers Sacrifice Comfort.

In the clean cool air of early morn these tired workers, who have turned night into day, wend their way home to get their rest. When the more fortunate inhabitants of the city are making their way to the theater or searching for amusement, the night worker is just going to work. Oftentimes his toil makes possible the amusement and comfort of his more fortunate neighbor, and in the same sense the laborer of the dark is making their way to the theater or amusement on account of the nature of his work, and lives a life apart.

Essential tasks that require performance at night, such as public safety, are fairly well understood by

the majority, but do they ever stop to consider how large is the army on duty at night? The ratio is of course much larger in a big city than in the smaller towns and in the country, but almost wherever we may go there will be the night worker. And reflect, they are not all males, these abnormal toilers, for women also bear night drudgery.

20,000 Night Workers Here.

What of commerce, police, communication, mails, the firemen, your newspaper, manufacturing, bakeries, the clean streets, the lights and power, heat, street cars, janitors, hotels, the hospitals, druggists, taxi drivers, telephone, telegraph, cooks, ambulances and many more? Night work in most cases. And all serving you, making it possible for you to do a full, efficient day's work by their labor of preparation the night before. What would we do had we, now, to revert to conditions of even late 19th century times? In Portland it is estimated that fully 20,000 residents toil at night.

Every night, while we sleep, an efficient force of protectors make it possible for us to rest in safety. By no means are these all men, for on the Portland police force are five women who come on duty late and remain during the hours of darkness. These fearless women are ready at all times to undertake their night shift, meaning, as it does, greatly increased hazard. The guardians of the peace find that their work after dusk is much more dangerous than that accomplished during the hours of daylight, and these women share in the added risk.

Night work for the police is often fast and furious. They are more alert, if that be possible, as the majority of the serious crimes of violence are committed under the cloak of darkness. The highwayman, the yegg, the burglar, the footpad, the gunman, all choose this period for their operations

whenever possible as they frequently escape under the merciful cloak of darkness when the ordinary chances would be well against them.

For this reason the police are prepared for the emergency call at night, the women as well as the men, with this difference, that the women operatives of the protective division, are taking more risks than are the men, if that can be credited. Of course the woman operative is not placed on duty for combat purposes, she is mainly destined for the protection of her own sex, but in the performance of her manifold duties in this respect, she often takes long chances.

Women Police Unarmed.

For instance it is hardly known that the women police of Portland go out on their duty unarmed. It is a fact, armed with no other weapon than the extremely, and proven efficient one of their sex, tact, as developed to a high degree by the demands of their apical work, they venture forth and penetrate into some of the toughest dives in the city, when in line of duty, and almost every time emerge scathless and with their object accomplished. Motherly, experienced women, with big hearts open at all times to the stories told by the unfortunate members of their sex, their life is dedicated to salvation.

It is within the department of the women police to care for the dance halls of the city. These places are inspected nightly and in some cases several times each night. Efforts of the unscrupulous to trap the unwary and inexperienced young girls are usually blocked, mainly through police efforts. They are always on hand, vigilant, to protect the newcomer who ventures into these places, and, thanks to their duty, ably seconded by the

proprietors of the halls, delinquency is at a minimum here.

Juveniles under 18 are not permitted to frequent certain places in Portland and the women police see that these youngsters are kept at home. Enforcement of the curfew law, found so excellent as a preventive of youth crime, comes to a great extent under their supervision, as they guard the young girls from associates of the night and act as a great influence for good. And not all of their work is among the young for they are frequently called to go out and handle recalcitrant cases of female crime, often taking big chances when they venture, unarmed, into surroundings that would make their male cohorts quail, to accomplish their ends.

During the winter months they find that their labors are easier on account of park patrols not being necessary. Since the armistice and the consequent demobilization of the large number of troops in this vicinity their work has also lessened. With the expected closing of the outside country dance halls after midnight they expect a further lightening of their tasks, as it has been the frequent practice for many of the habitués of the local temples of terpsichore to venture forth after the closing of the city halls to further experience the joys of the dance in the country roadhouses.

Women Police Travel Alone.

Arrests of women for varied offenses, are handled, as far as is possible, by the women members of the force. They often are called to assist in taking care of insane persons and on the arrest of any woman, she is turned over to their tender mercies as soon as she arrives at the city jail. Here they have a section of

the bastle for their own use and the women prisoners are not even incarcerated on the same floor of the building as are the male offenders.

Then these women travel alone on their rounds, not in pairs as do the men. In their long experience in Portland they have never found a girl that refused to accompany them when requested and their efforts are not bent on making arrests as often as possible, but on preventing them, they preferring to see the girls in some place of safety than in a police cell. Another of their tasks is the nightly canvass of the places that employ women workers to see that the working conditions are proper.

Gay Night Life Is Gone.

The gay life of the night is almost gone. The searcher after entertainment who ventures forth after midnight, will likely end up in a police cell or be escorted home. Unauthorized and unexcusable loitering on Portland's city streets, no matter in what section, is discouraged and usually leads to dire results. With the closing of the theaters about 11 P. M. and the closing of the dance halls at midnight, the crowd that remains on the city streets, is mainly bent on getting home as soon as possible. There is little incentive for them to remain out and have a good time, for the good time is not.

But, there are always, in the downtown district, a certain few who, for various reasons, cannot get home until morning. Take the case of the young fellow who escorts his sweetheart home, lingers 'too long' and misses the last car. He has to find some place to spend the time until service is resumed in the morning, provided he does not care to start the journey to, say St. Johns, afoot. There are a few restaurants that keep their

doors open day and night. The most prominent of these owl-like places is at Broadway and Washington, and here, at pre-dawn hours, will always be found a goodly crew of unfortunate, for assorted reasons, who are forced to spend part of the morning hours awake and wish to cheer the inner man.

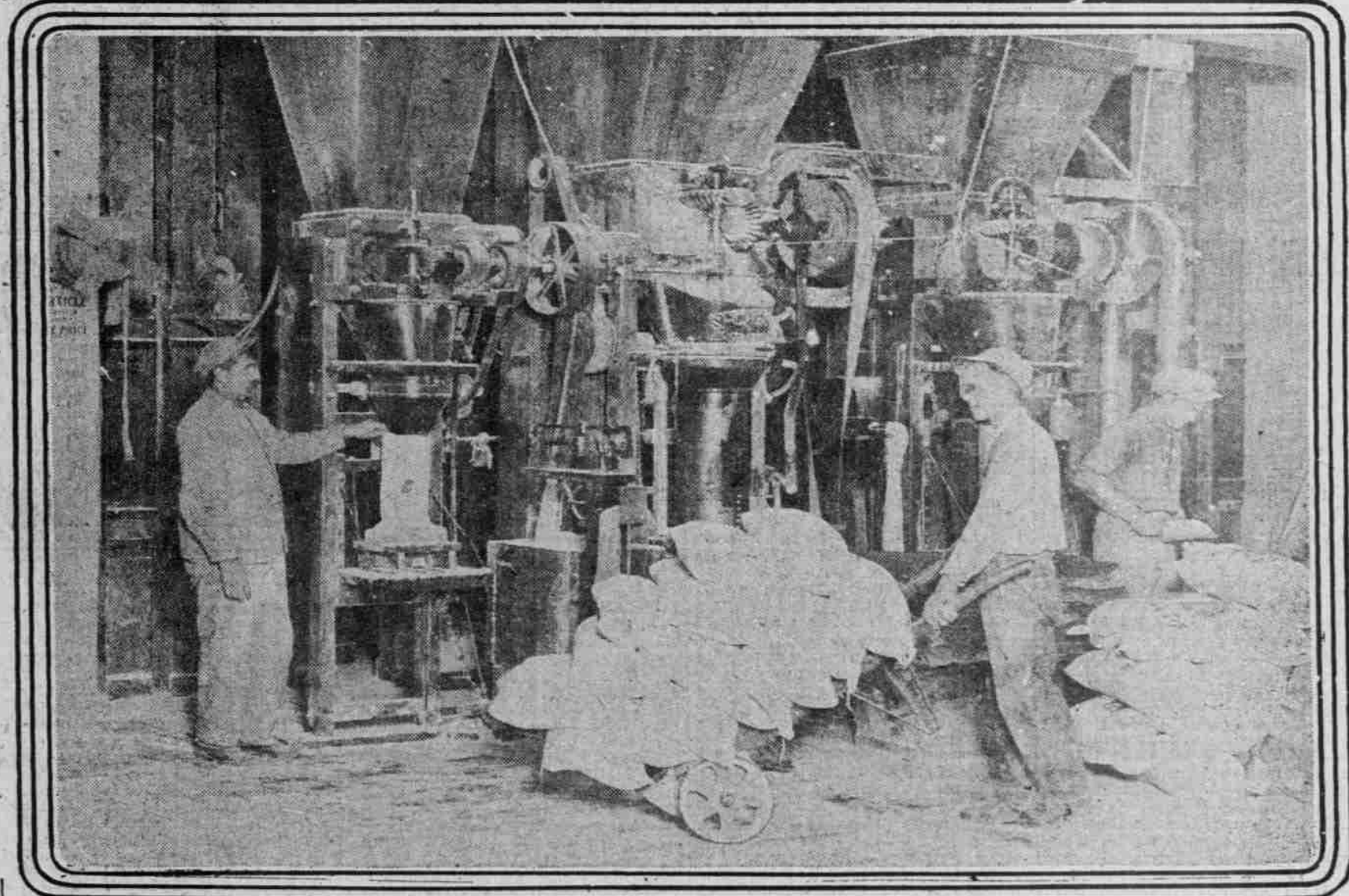
All Night Movie Popular.

The most prominent landmark of night life in Portland, however, is a motion picture theater that never closes its doors. This place, right in the heart of the city, reels off the films night and day, and at the dead-end time of night as many as 75 patrons can usually be found in its comfortable interior, the majority of them, it must be confessed, bent more on sneaking a tiny nap than in viewing the show. But along it goes to the accompaniment of harmoniously discordant snores and the management finds that it can well dispense with the services of an orchestra for their unusual performance.

In this place, after their hard night's work, go many of the waitresses in the lunch rooms. Here also comes the night-hawk taxi driver and the fellow who desires warmth and comfort. During the recent cold snap the house did a record business, as within its comforting portals was to be found almost the only warm place of early morning Portland's business district. Generally it would not matter a great deal what film was shown, but, strange to say, the management only shows the best class of films. During the period of its activity here the place has been exceptionally free from trouble and the police report very few cases of minors or violations of the curfew law from its vicinity.

In the office buildings, that during

(Continued on Page 6.)



Flour Millers Work the Clock Around