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AID GIRLS WHO FLOCK TO CITY

Travelers' Society Agent Tells of Tremendous Wanderlust.

MANY SEEKING MOVIE JOBS

People Get Up and Move Whenever the Idea Appeals to Them, Journey as Far as Their Money Will Take Them and Depend on Some Friendly Circumstance to Tide Them Over.

Ever since the war the world has been in the grip of a tremendous wanderlust. People do not seem to be able to settle down. The emigration of families from the West to the East has increased to such proportions as actually to frighten some western states. Even on the eastern coast, which is attracting so many newcomers, the population keeps shifting about in a most irresponsible and restless way, says Frederic J. Haskin in the Chicago News.

Much of this travel is without plan, and may almost be said to be unpremeditated. People just get up and move whenever the idea appeals to them, journeying as far as their money will take them, and then counting upon a job or some friendly circumstance to tide them over until the next nomadic impetus seizes them.

At least this is the way it looks to the Travelers' Aid society of New York city, which has had to rush to the aid of 88,000 such irresponsible travelers during the last year. "This is about twice as many as required assistance last year.

War Started Stay-at-Homes.

"I don't know that a general discontent is responsible for it," said a Travelers' Aid when interviewed at the headquarters of the society at 465 Lexington avenue, New York, the other day. "It's more a general loose-footedness," she declared, puckering her brow in a desperate attempt to define the exact cause of so much unprecedented travel. "You see, the war uprooted a large number of people and planted them in new environments. Young women who had always lived with their parents in small towns went to distant cities to do war work, and young men, who had never been away from their home villages, were whisked from one point to another, both in this country and in Europe. They just develop the habit of moving every so often."

Because men are better able to take care of themselves when suddenly stranded in a big city the work of the Travelers' Aid society is confined largely to the rescue of venturesome young women. This is one of New York's greatest problems—the fact that it attracts thousands of young girls who have become discontented in their homes and who hope to find growing room for their cramped personalities in the city. The latest statistics regarding these damsels are worth mentioning. Sixty-eight thousand of them were reported to the authorities as "missing" during the last year, of whom 4,000 completely disappeared in New York alone.

Keep Eye on Ambitious Women.

So the Travelers' Aid society is kept busy housing those ambitious but irresponsible young women, seeing that they get into the proper sort of lodging houses and employment bureaus. A Travelers' Aid meets every incoming train and every incoming boat to New York, and with an experienced eye picks the runaways out from the crowd. "After handling so many of them," one of the aids explained, "you get to know them by their expressions." Many of them arrive plentifully supplied with money, which increases the danger they run from a class of persons which is said to exist entirely from the exploitation of these ignorant young adventurers. The money, it usually turns out, represents the family savings to which the traveler has liberally helped herself by fore leaving home.

It is estimated that at least 75 per cent of the number who fall into the friendly hands of the Travelers' Aid society are motivated by the desire to go into the movies. In each instance the T. A. manages to look immensely interested and to address the young woman thus: "All right, if you want to go in the movies the best thing for you to do is to make a tour of the movie agencies, and I'll go with you." At the end of the second or third day usually an exhausted and sadly disillusioned heroine falls happily on the neck of a forgiving parent, who has suddenly arrived on the scene at the psychological moment through the strategic duplicity of the T. A.

"Happy Endings" in Real Life.

In fact, the T. A.s are as tireless and vigilant in creating happy endings as most of our American novelists. And, as one of them remarked the other morning, "It is great sport." Sometimes it is also extremely difficult, as, for instance, in the really tragic cases of young women who come to New York lured by matrimonial hopes scattered carelessly abroad by some obscure matrimonial agency. The other day, for example, one of the aids stopped a pretty little blonde girl as she walked a trifle bewilderedly through the Pennsylvania station here. Pointing to the society's badge on the lapel of her coat, she asked if she could be of any assistance. "If you would be so kind as to help me find this address," said the girl, handing the aid a letter.

The aid saw at a glance the letter was from one of the western matrimonial agencies on the society's blacklist. It offered the young lady a husband, located in a remote part of the Bronx.

"This is pretty far out," said the aid at length. "Wouldn't you like to come down to our club and have some lunch before you start out."

At the luncheon table the aid heard the girl's story. It was the usual complaint. She had been unhappy at home, which was in a small town in Michigan. She had wanted to come to New York and had decided matrimony was the easiest way to settle down here. Meantime an investigator had been put on the trail of the Bronx address, and soon a telephone message announced the matrimonial prospect so glowingly described in the agency's letter was a negro janitor.

Some Picturesque Incidents.

Some of the most picturesque incidents in which the Travelers' Aid bravely figures occur at the docks, where the aids, speaking several foreign languages, are stationed. Recently romance has flourished and died all within a few minutes here, owing to the arrival of so many soldiers' fiancées. Some of the fiancées reach this side only to find their prospective husbands flown, and they have to be taken under the hospitable wing of the society until they can go to work and earn the money to pay their passage back home. Still others think something may have happened to their betrothed and have hysterics when they catch sight of them waiting on the docks.

One such foreign fiancée, who arrived not long ago, was scheduled to marry a man in Washington a couple of days later. The guests were invited, the wedding presents were assembled, and even the caterer employed, but the girl refused to leave New York, explaining she had met a man she cared more for coming over on the ship, and she intended to marry him.

On the same day arrived a beautiful young English girl who had practically the same story to tell, only this time the T. A. who met her at the dock was an older, more experienced woman, and she decided to interfere. "He looks so different in civilian clothes," was all the young woman could say, as she clutched the T. A. wildly and sobbed on her shoulder.

Guessed Girl Was Tired.

"The young man was as nice as he could be about it," declared the T. A. in telling the story. "He said he guessed she was a little tired and frightened. I took her up to our dormitories with me, and during the evening I learned there was another man in her case, too. I told her to think things over carefully before she made her choice. Between us the young man and I have got her visiting his mother, so I hope it will come out all right."

With all these delicate romances on its hands it is not surprising that the Travelers' Aid society asserts it could turn into a matrimonial agency if it ever felt so disposed.

POLIU GUARDING YANK MOVIE MAN IN GERMANY



One of the most photographs received of the French occupation of Frankfurt, Germany, showing a French soldier accompanying an American motion picture man, whose appearance excited the citizens.

NEGROES WANT BOOZE

Open Trunk and Discard \$80,000 Worth of Jewelry.
In a patch of woods two miles from Raleigh, N. C., four negro culprits cautiously opened a trunk. All they found in it was about \$80,000 worth of jewelry. So they ran away and left it.

John Cook, a bellboy in the Hotel Yarrowburgh, told the story to the police after a three hours' grilling. He knew travelling salesmen often bring liquor to their customers in the south, and he thought a trunk belonging to A. J. Goode, a New York billiardist, and a traveling jewelry salesman, held whiskey. Two other boys and a chauffeur helped him get the trunk, for which the police had been searching for three days. None of the gems was missing.

U. S. Pay \$18,316,000 to Sick Soldiers.
For the year ending June 30, the care of sick and disabled soldiers and sailors who served in the world war will cost \$18,316,000, Surgeon General Cummings has informed congress.

BLIND FOR 15 YEARS, REGAINS HER SIGHT

Remarkable Surgical Operation Restores Vision of Aged Colorado Woman.

Mrs. Caroline Vogt, ninety, of Burlington, Colo., is able to see for the first time in 15 years, following what is claimed by specialists to be one of the most remarkable surgical achievements in the Rocky mountain region here. Meantime an investigator had been put on the trail of the Bronx address, and soon a telephone message announced the matrimonial prospect so glowingly described in the agency's letter was a negro janitor.

The story of how this aged woman literally emerged from darkness to light was told by her son, Louis Vogt. The family came to Burlington from Iowa 15 years ago. Mrs. Vogt was blind when she came, her vision having been totally destroyed by the growth of cataracts on both eyes. Specialists were consulted, but none wished to attempt an operation, all expressing the fear that the shock of anaesthetics would prove fatal to the aged woman.

So Mrs. Vogt resigned herself patiently to the prospect of spending the declining years of her life in darkness. But she was not idle. During the war Mrs. Vogt knitted many socks and scores of wash cloths for the soldiers.

"Finally my mother was taken to Denver and the remarkable feat of surgery that restored her sight was performed at a hospital there," Vogt said of his mother. "Only a local anaesthetic was applied; it being feared that a general anaesthetic would impair her strength. "The operation produced no apparent shock," Vogt concluded, "and my mother now can see as well as myself and is enjoying excellent health."

BOY WORKED HIS WAY

Little Lad Made Long Journey Selling Papers and Doing Odd Jobs.

John Ross, a ten-year-old boy, worked his way selling papers and doing odd jobs from West Virginia to Topeka, according to the story he told the police. He was turned over to the care of Father McManus, who took him to the Reform school, where he will remain temporarily while further information is sought concerning the boy's family.

The lad says he left home because he could not get along with his stepfather. From West Virginia he went to Philadelphia. He stayed there a long time until he earned enough money to take him to St. Louis. He gradually worked his way westward from St. Louis to Topeka. Sometimes he had to "bum" his way on freight trains and baggage cars, but generally, he says, he had money enough to pay his fare. John says he is ready to go home.

The name Ross is that of the boy's stepfather, he told the police. He comes of a Polish family and says his real name is Guinness.

CIVIL WAR ROMANCE

It Leads to a Wedding, for a Widow Yielded to Plea.

A romance which began in 1862 has culminated in the marriage at Lexington, of Edward F. Haley, a Confederate veteran, and Mrs. Joseph Bales, a wealthy widow, who says she is a third cousin of President Wilson. Fifty-eight years ago Haley kissed his cousin, Mattie Maupin, then a one-year-old girl, marched away to war. The girl often wondered what had become of "Cousin Ed," who did not return.

About four weeks ago there was a knock at her door and she was greeted by an old man who said he was E. F. Haley, now seventy-four years old. He proposed marriage. Mrs. Bales at first was reluctant, but when Haley returned with a license with both names inscribed on it she agreed to marry.

FROGS FOOL HUNTERS

Croak Like a Quack Leads Nimrods on Fruitless Hunt.

Frogs with a croak like a quack are receiving attention of nature lovers at Mountain Lake, N. J., these spring evenings. First report had it that flocks of young ducks had arrived by night and were sojourning on the lake en route north. Attentive sportsmen rushed out and listened. The sound confirmed the report, for soft quackings and duck-like mutterings were heard. Early in the morning the hunters went out. They found nary a duck, but the quacking continued. It came from frogs. It is suggested by some that the unusual codd of last winter affected froggy's vocal cord. And residents hope froggy will continue the quacking. It sounds better than the croak.

Groom Accidentally Shot Serenader.

A gun in the hands of Earl Wheatly of Secretary, Md., a recent bridegroom, was accidentally discharged and killed Henry Short, fifteen years old, one of a party of serenaders who were about to ride Wheatly on a rail.

Burglar Would Not Disturb Sick Boy.

A burglar who had opened a bedroom door at the home of Mrs. James E. Bender of Pottstown, Pa., and pillooned money, left when Mrs. Bender implored him not to enter the room as he might terrify her sick son.

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