

325.73  
W43

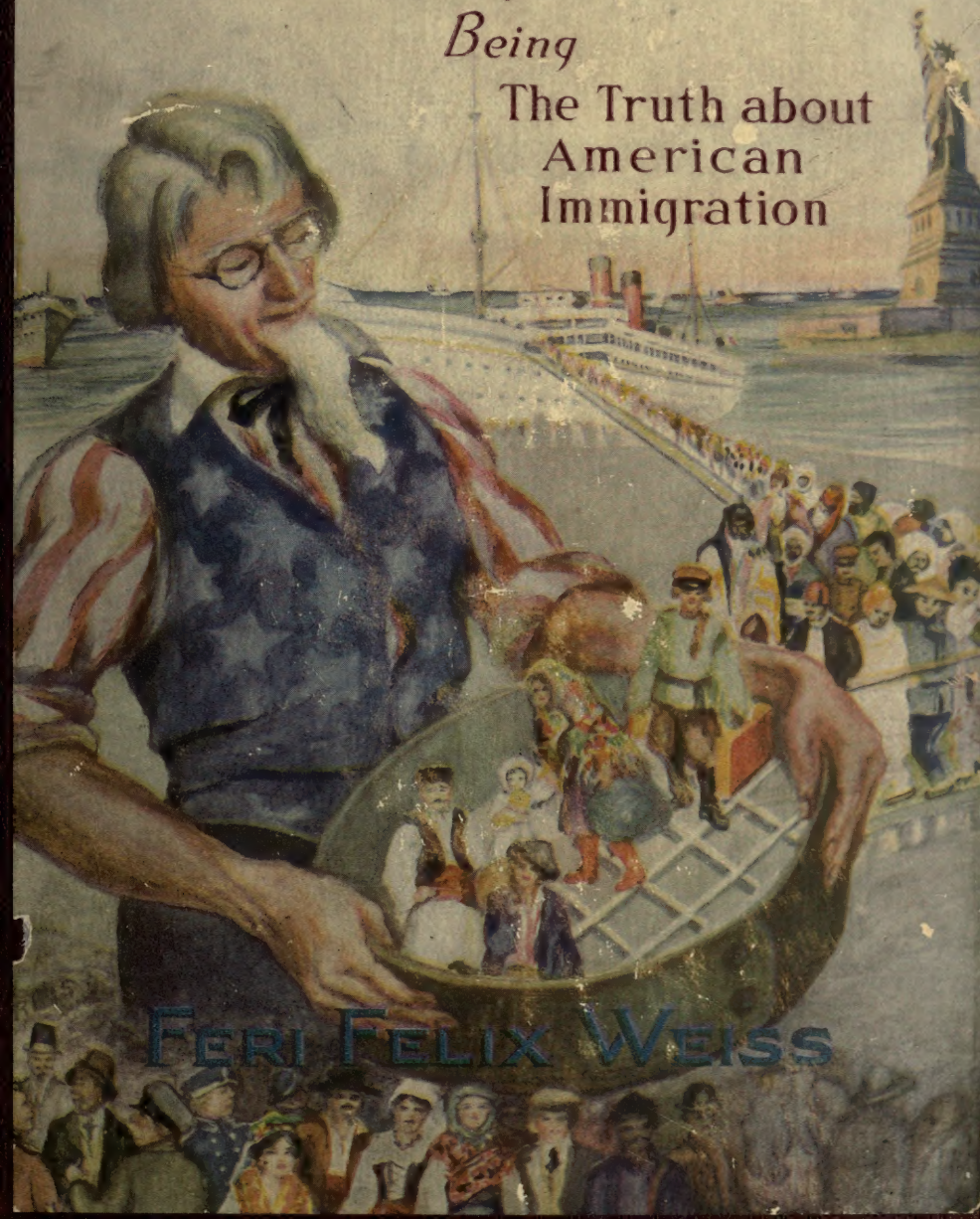
# THE SIEVE

OR

Revelations *of the* Man Mill

*Being*

The Truth about  
American  
Immigration

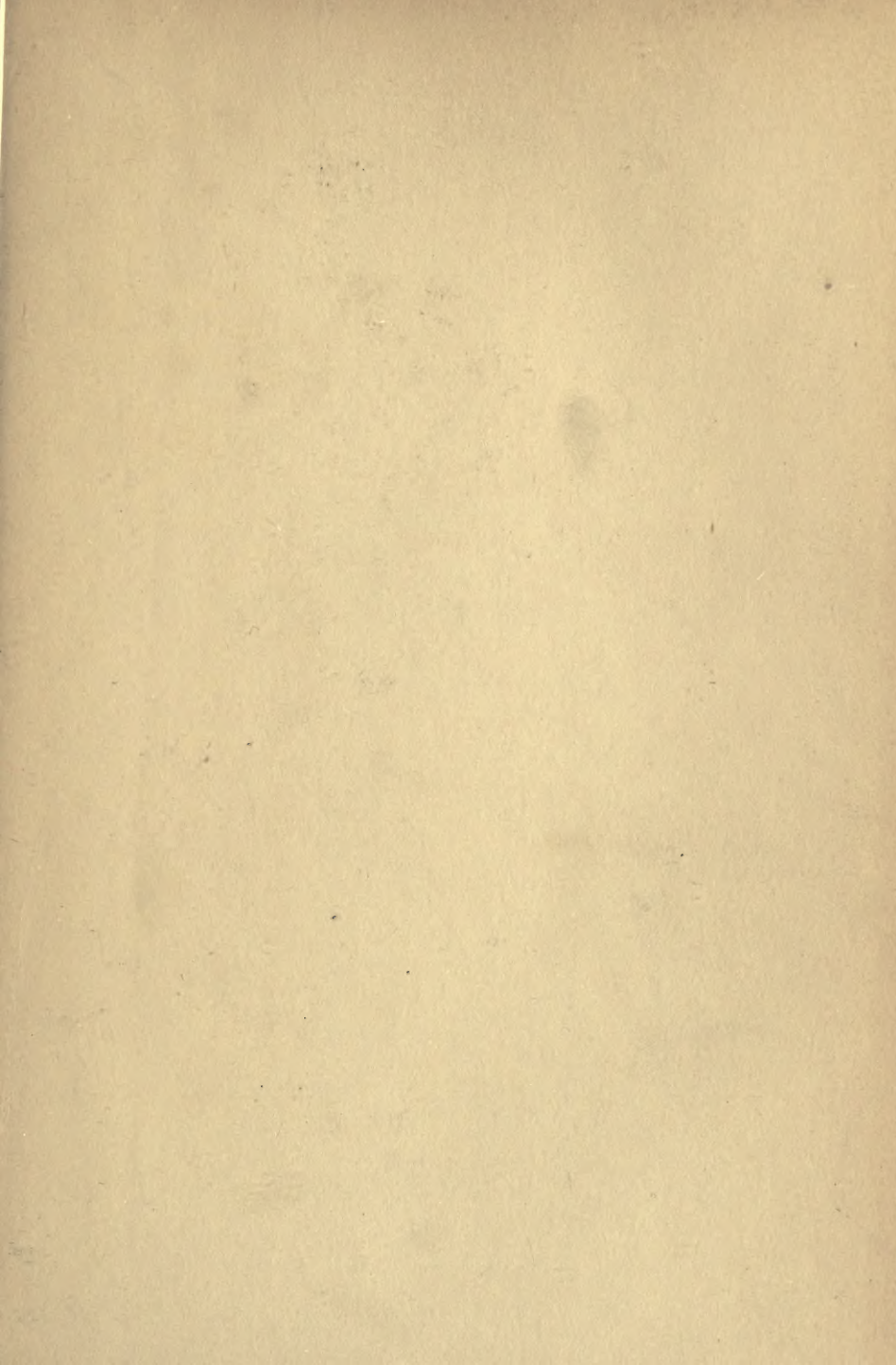


FELIX WEISS

325.73

W43









THE SIEVE

OR

REVELATIONS OF THE MAN MILL



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation







FERI FELIX WEISS

DISCOUNTED  
LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY  
ONTARIO

# THE SIEVE

OR

## REVELATIONS of the MAN MILL

BEING THE TRUTH ABOUT  
AMERICAN IMMIGRATION

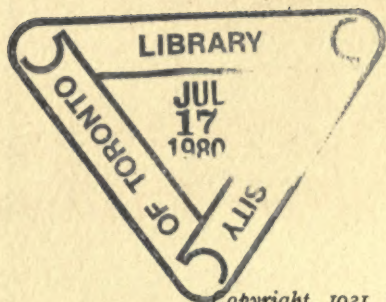
By FERI FELIX WEISS

Illustrated



LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY  
ONTARIO

THE PAGE COMPANY  
BOSTON MECCCCXXI



JV  
6455  
W5

*Copyright, 1921, by*  
THE PAGE COMPANY

*All rights reserved*

Made in U. S. A.

First Impression, September, 1921

Second Impression, October, 1921

THE COLONIAL PRESS  
C. H. SIMONDS CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED  
TO ALL WHO BELIEVE IN  
AMERICA FIRST!

*The Author wishes to acknowledge his great indebtedness to Mrs. Gregory E. Stone, whose friendly criticism and valuable suggestions were of the utmost value to him.*

## FOREWORD

There is occasion, in these days, for the gathering of facts in regard to the workings of our immigration laws.

These facts are to be secured either by personal observation, or by the testimony of those whose experience has qualified them to speak as experts. Among these latter I think of no one who has come in closer contact with the immigrant at the port than Feri Felix Weiss.

Many years ago, an honored Immigration Commissioner pointed out to me Mr. Weiss—then performing his duty as an inspector at the gateway—as a deputy who had made himself valuable to the department. Later I was privileged to meet Mr. Weiss and found him not only a master of many languages, but exceptionally possessed of the qualities which would seem to be desirable in an inspector.

From the following pages we learn that over one hundred thousand immigrants have been personally inspected by him in the thirteen years of his experience. I regard it therefore as particularly fortunate that the American people should have the opportunity which is given them, in this



book, not only to inform themselves in regard to the sort of things which an inspector of the author's caliber sees at the docks, but also to take note of his conclusions.

While Congress has provided an enactment which, it is hoped, will meet present exigencies, something more comprehensive in the way of immigration legislation is not only needed, but is under discussion in Washington, and Congressmen will not unnaturally look to their constituency for instructions in regard to the attitude which they are to take in any matter which will have the endorsement of the proper committees.

A perusal of this book, followed by such inquiry in regard to its facts and conclusions as may seem prudent to readers, will do much to fit the latter to intelligently discuss as difficult a problem as has ever been presented to the Nation.

DANIEL CHAUNCEY BREWER

## PREFACE

Arriving in America as an immigrant, just 400 years—almost to a day—after the historic event of Columbus's landing, little did I dream that I should be privileged to present to this nation my views on the vital problem of immigration.

However, I feel in duty bound to deliver this message, not only in order to pay a debt of gratitude to the land of my adoption, but because I am convinced that it contains a most timely lesson. I hold with Theodore Roosevelt that "while we cannot get too many good immigrants"—provided times are peaceful and prosperous—"we certainly cannot afford to welcome a single bad one!"

The question before the American people today should be: "Does Uncle Sam's Immigration Sieve accomplish the work which the nation expects it to do? If not, why not?"

I have tried to answer this question in all sincerity, basing my views on many years' daily contact with the strangers at our gate. I trust I have been unbiased and unprejudiced in every respect but one, and this one is embodied in my dedication of these reminiscences to all those who believe with Washington

and Lincoln in America First! And this faith in America should make us glad and proud to repeat the words:

“Thank God! I—I also—am an American!”

*Paul Felix Heise*



## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE LOOKOUT . . . . .	1
II A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE IMMIGRANT INSPECTOR . . . . .	5
III AT QUARANTINE . . . . .	19
IV STOWAWAYS . . . . .	33
V IN THE CABIN . . . . .	58
VI A MODERN INQUISITION: THE BOARD OF SPECIAL INQUIRY . . . . .	77
VII JOHN CHINAMAN . . . . .	89
VIII THE LEAK IN THE SIEVE . . . . .	109
IX SIR JAMES CARLETON, THE MAN OF MYSTERY . . . . .	142
X MADMOISELLE PEREZ, A GOVERNESS FROM PARIS . . . . .	161
XI THE MORMONS . . . . .	178
XII THE RELIGION OF EUGENICS . . . . .	187
XIII WHERE THE KERNEL IS REJECTED AND THE CHAFF ALLOWED TO PASS . . . . .	210

---

CHAPTER	PAGE
XIV THE KINDERGARTEN . . . .	229
XV A GIRL WITHOUT A COUNTRY . . . .	237
XVI WHERE TRUTH IS CRUCIFIED . . . .	243
XVII THE MIND-READER . . . .	253
XVIII "HERE COMES THE BRIDE . . . ."	276
XIX THE BRAVAS . . . .	286
XX THE DAWN . . . .	295

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
FERI FELIX WEISS . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE LETTISH ANARCHIST, WHO ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE FROM THE IMMIGRATION STATION . . . . .	12
PASSING THE QUARANTINE PHYSICIAN . . . . .	21
JOHN CHISHOLM.—THE GIRL STOWAWAY OF THE CANOPIC . . . . .	43
A GROUP OF STOWAWAYS . . . . .	56
IN THE STEERAGE . . . . .	66
A RUSSIAN FAMILY OF IMMIGRANTS . . . . .	92
PASSPORTS . . . . .	126
A BOARD OF SPECIAL INQUIRY . . . . .	168
A GROUP OF RUSSIAN IMMIGRANTS.—GERMAN “DESERTER-IMMIGRANTS.”—AN AMERICANIZA- TION” CLASS IN A MASSACHUSETTS FACTORY . . . . .	188
CONTRACT LABORERS . . . . .	213
“UNACCOMPANIED BY FATHER OR MOTHER” . . . . .	234
THE MONKEY-MEN FROM CEYLON . . . . .	245
A SWISS BRIDE.—A JEWISH BRIDE . . . . .	276
A BRAVA PACKET.—A GROUP OF BRAVAS . . . . .	288
A CLASS IN GOVERNMENT AND CIVICS IN AN AMERICAN FACTORY . . . . .	303

“ Would that I could blaze  
With a Torch of Truth a  
Path of Common-sense through  
Our Immigration Jungle.”

*The Immigration Inspector*



# THE SIEVE

## CHAPTER I

### THE LOOKOUT

NOT so very long ago, if a fire was kindled by careless, thoughtless campers, or by revengeful tramps, in one of our forests, the rising smoke passed unnoticed, except for the occasional glance of an equally careless farm hand, and very rarely by the apprehensive wrinkled brow of the property owner, who feared that flying sparks might set the whole countryside on fire

How different now! On every mountain peak, in every extended forest, Uncle Sam has at last a lookout to see that the threatened conflagration shall not spread from the careless spark. The slightest evidence of a campfire, the faintest rising column of smoke, is carefully registered by the lookout through his spy-glasses. A telephone call to the nearest guard notifies him of the danger, and a search leads to the speedy extinction of the threatening blaze.

In the life of the Nation we have seen, ever since the World War started, sparks and smoke

and, in some instances, even flames shoot up from the forest of our hundred million human trees, and while the lookouts—various branches of the Secret Service—have sounded the alarm, and sparks here and there have been crushed, the fire as such has been left to smolder under rubbish and ashes. The neighbors may be aroused here and there, but the Nation as a whole seems to be still sound asleep to the threatening conflagration. The men who give the alarm are decried as driving the sensible American people into a hysterical panic.

In view of the fires which have broken out among the workers all over the world in the path of the great upheaval, which showed them their strength when they were called upon to win the war by the sweat of their brow and the blood of their heart, America needs to-day not only a lookout—a statesman—of the magnitude of Lincoln, to guard our liberties, to preserve our constitution, to balance our equilibrium and to defend the rights of the people; but more even than this, education along the right lines.

The crushing of a political autocracy 3,000 miles away will no longer satisfy the intelligence of a twentieth century American. Political democracy can no longer walk hand in hand with economic plutocracy. How to bring about this new industrial democracy, this greater emancipation of the masses without a clash is the question of the hour. It is this clash which must be

avoided at all cost, for this clash can have only one outcome for all: MISERY!

We must heed the warning call of the lookout on the mountain top! It is not enough to crush the rising sparks of malcontent here and there—for what else are strikes but the embryo fire-brand of revolt? It is not enough to deport the alien agitator or to incarcerate the native born who is fanning the fire. Now, that the mischief has been done, we must fight the fire with modern apparatus: we must substitute for a bad idea a good idea, a better idea! We must clean out that national forest of ours, get rid of all the rubbish, all the witchgrass, all the undergrowth and overgrowth which is top-heavy, old and dry and obsolete, and which furnishes such convenient fuel for the smoldering flames. We must clean our national forest so that contentment and stability, sacrifice and service shall take the place of this extreme jealousy, selfishness, greed and growing class distinction and class hatred. And we must strive to keep our forest clean from new weeds that an ill wind is blowing towards us from the East and West.

Only thus can we save the Nation from the threatening conflagration. The first step for us to take is back towards that Rock of Plymouth where just three centuries ago the forefathers took their first step in pursuit of liberty and happiness under law and order.

The world has moved since. We can see it in

the architecture of steel and glass; we can see it in the broad and roomy streets and avenues; and we can see it particularly in the physiognomy of the people whom we meet along those ancient landmarks. No longer do we behold exclusively the tall and slim Anglo-Saxon. We meet races of all climes and descriptions: the dark skinned Etruscan-Greek-Roman of Sicily; the follower of Moses, still semitic in spite of centuries of wanderings through Spain, France, Holland, Germany and Poland; his half-brother, the Moham-medan Arab, who pitched his tent in the desert; the auburn haired Celt from the Emerald Isle; the Gallic-Indian from Mount Royal; the light-haired Viking; and the broad-chinned Slav, with Mongol touch in Hun and Finn.

And thus, for the first time, we come to realize that the most venerable of American landmarks has been changed into an international melting pot no less than the birthplace of our flag, the cradle of liberty or the home of the minute-men.

And it is these newcomers of the last three hundred years whom we must lead back to Plymouth Rock—back to farm, home and church, in their quest for wisdom, health and wealth.

“Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:  
. . . His Truth is marching on.”



## CHAPTER II

### A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE IMMIGRANT INSPECTOR

(A loose leaf from the diary of the Inspector.)

Boston, May 10th, 19—.

. . . . . 5 P. M. We just got a wireless from Wellfleet Station that the *Romanic* will dock at 7 to-morrow morning. This White Star Liner makes the third big boat due to-morrow, with the *Laconia* of the Cunard and the *Amerika* of the Hamburg-American line sighted an hour ago. There will be something doing all right, with 6,000 passengers due from Liverpool, Hamburg and Naples, all in one day, and our force inadequate as usual. Four inspectors absent on deportations, one in Prince Edwards Islands, one in New Foundland, one in New York and one in Philadelphia. And then, one man is on sick-leave, also one matron. And here we are with three docks to cover in all directions of the windrows. And yet headquarters finds fault about too many inspectors "loafing" at this port.

I posted the usual notice on black-board:

## Steamers:

Romanic

Laconia

Amerika

will dock

Thursday, 7 A. M.

All early!

By order of Commissioner.

Went home at 6 P. M. I think I will write down to-morrow a full description of our boarding the big boats so that my little girl may know when she grows up what her daddy's life was like, in stemming the tide of foreign invasion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Boston, May 11th, 19—

Got up at 5 A. M. and at the office at 6:40 A. M. All men on deck at 7. Front office is all life and excitement. Inspectors, doctors, stenographers, clerks, interpreters, watchmen—all on deck. Quite an interesting picture while we are getting ready for the day's battle; regular Tower of Babel—everybody brushing uniforms, and brushing up on languages; shining shoes, polishing brass buttons, filling red and black ink fountain pens, pasting lookout notices into notebooks. It's like a company of soldiers breaking up camp and getting ready for the enemy, though here the "pen is truly mightier than the sword."

At 7 sharp the little bell from the Barge office next door announces that the Customs force, consisting of the Boarding Inspector, clerks from

the Collector's office and the Surveyor's department are ready to board the *Winnisimmet* and urge us to "hurry up, as she will pull out in a few minutes"—which she does.

Not a minute's delay, for we are only tolerated "intruders" on the *Winnie* because she does not belong to us, though she belongs to the U. S. As a spoke in the wheel of the Revenue Cutter Service—now Coast Guards—she comes under the Treasury Department, while we are under the Department of Labor.

The *Winnie* winds her way slowly but surely through all the fishing smacks between the two wharves, and sometimes this is no easy job when they are crowded in like sardines. As soon as we cleared the wharf the *Winnie* makes a wide sweep like a magic circle, and starts at a rapid pace down the harbor in the invigorating mist of a New England sunrise. Why the pilots of all these harbor craft turn around their own axle before striking out for the lower bay has always been a mystery to me. Is it some superstitious hoodoo of the "ancient mariner"?

The *Winnisimmet* is not what I should call an ideal boat for the purpose for which she is being used. But with all her faults I love her still, the speedy little *Winnie*, for many a pleasant trip did we take on her, and many an interesting smoke-talk did we listen to.

The most enjoyable times were those when we had to wait below somewhere near "Bug Light" or even as far out as "Boston Light" at the "Big Brewster," for a delayed ocean liner held back

by the thick fog. That was in the days before the wireless was invented. In those days the "boys" were on duty sometimes for a whole week from 7 A. M. until 10 P. M. when perhaps at last word would be received that the overdue liner had broken a shaft or lost a rudder or met with an iceberg, and had to pull into the nearest port, which might have been Halifax or Glasgow or any other loophole on the fringes of the Atlantic.

And while we are going down the harbor, leaving behind us the "Hub" of the Universe with the golden dome of the State House sparkling in the first rays of the rising sun—we are passing Governor's Island where stood once the lofty mounds and citadel named for Governor Winthrop; he and some low lying batteries built by him, have long since disappeared. Now we rapidly pass Castle Island, connected with South Boston by one of those antiquated looking wooden bridges which strongly remind one of the dykes of old Holland; next we come to Deer Island, the city prison, where criminals found temporary shelter for their own good and still more for the good of organized society. The farther away we get from the "Hub" the more beautiful becomes the picture of the awakening city. Wharves of seaports always have a shabby look about them at close range; but at a distance they look not only respectable but even picturesque, and especially is this the case in Boston where they form, so to speak, the lowest step in



the rising landscape which reaches its pinnacle in the dome of the State House.

We pass a few dredgers which work day and night; one in particular I shall never forget for it staggers under the immortal name of "Napoleon." What amazement would fill that mighty warrior could he but see this modern giant arm reach way down deep into the bottom of the ocean and lift tons of mother earth with firm grip, dropping them into the waiting scows! It is just now standing in front of the most up-to-date fish-pier which this continent has seen, to relieve the congestion of old "T" wharf, which, by the way, was not the wharf where the historic "tea party" took place.

During our waits down the harbor, when steamers were overdue and failed to send word as to their probable arrival, story telling and singing were the chief amusements of the "boarding gang." The real yeast of these gatherings, however, were the newspaper reporters who came along with us, for they were certainly an odd lot of pen-pushers, brim full of good jokes, and there was no bashfulness about their camaraderie. Take them all together, I never saw a more congenial, clever, worldwise and more vitriolic crowd. Every imaginable subject was discussed from all possible angles, sometimes with the accent on "cussed." And if an outsider did not know from the time we left Long Wharf till we boarded the incoming ocean liner how to write

a flawless constitution for Hawaii, catch butterflies at the North Pole or small-pox in the tropics, it was not our fault. Nothing fazed this crowd, and they surely were not to blame if any one did not know the difference between feudalism and single-tax, chemistry and Christian Science or the Oracle of Delphi and the Lick Observatory.

But this morning we had no delay and therefore no stories to tell. Some of us boarded the first steamer sighted at quarantine, which happened to be the *Laconia*. Just when we hove in sight the yellow flag came down, signaling that the "coast was clear" and we could board her. I swore the Captain to the manifest, asked him if there were any stowaways on board—which he denied—and then I rushed into the saloon where about 150 ladies and gentlemen were waiting for me. One would almost guess they were up all night waiting for me, so anxious are they to see me—and get through with me. Many are chased back from the gangway when the steamer docks because they failed to see me while the boat was going up the harbor slowly during which time I was examining the first cabin. Of course they blame me for their own negligence, when the saloon steward had plainly told them at the breakfast table to be sure and get their landing tickets from the "alien officer."

Am switched over from the *Laconia* to the *Amerika* which passed quarantine at 10 o'clock and is docking at South Boston way across the

bay. Examine there, till noon, another 120 cabin passengers, making a total of 270 passengers talked to, fought with, passed or held up this morning. I am dead tired. Am staying to lunch on the boat as it is too far a walk up-town. However, as I am the last one to sit down to table owing to some stragglers in the cabin detaining me beyond the dinner hour, I only get a few bites when we all have to go down into the second cabin to clear the passengers there. I examine another hundred of the second, when I am switched over to the stercage of the *Romanic* for she docked at Charlestown at 4 P. M., having been delayed at quarantine on account of a case of measles. I examine three lines of Italians, and one of Spaniards and Portuguese. It is 7 P. M. when I leave the dock for home.

Return to office two hours later as this is my week to stay in the Immigration Station on night duty in addition to my daily task. While I walk down the dark wharf I meet one of the night-watchmen and have a friendly chat with him. Suddenly we hear some running footsteps on the wooden pavement, and realize that somebody is trying to escape from the Immigration Station when we hear Hjalmar, one of the deck-hands of the *Winnisimmet*, shout "Stop him! Escaped!"

I draw my gun and run in the direction of the fleeing sound; seeing a man cross Long Wharf at top speed, I shoot three times in the air to alarm the guards on the avenue. My shots are heard



by a watchful custom's inspector who tackles the fugitive. When I reach the wrestling couple the inspector is on top. We drag the hatless, coatless and breathless fugitive under an electric arc-lamp:—it is the stowaway from the *Winifredian* who arrived two days ago and tried then to escape detention by jumping with his companion overboard. His friend got drowned in the cold water of the bay, while he was saved. And this is his second attempt—foiled! We take him back to the "pen" where we lock him up safely in the stowaway's room. Immigrants, watchmen and matrons excitedly discuss the affair. I order immigrants to bed.

An immediate investigation shows that this Lettish anarchist, who had taken active part in the White Revolution in Riga, learned a trick or two in prison there, for he hid two roller-towels during the day, also broke off an iron hook from one of the bedsteads, and unscrewed the window frames clandestinely, thus preparing scientifically and with malice afore-thought the leap for liberty. It was an easy matter to slide down the improvised rope-ladder made out of the shredded and knotted roller-towels. The mistake he made was that he ran too soon; if he had quietly crawled or even walked up the wharf we would have never caught him.

It is now 11 P. M. I sit down and typewrite my report about this attempted escape so as to have it all ready the first thing in the morning.





THE LETTISH ANARCHIST, WHO ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE  
FROM THE IMMIGRATION STATION



It will be another busy day to-morrow. I glance at the evening paper when the clock strikes 12. It is time to go to bed. I crawl into the hammock dead tired. Am sound asleep in two minutes. Dream that the chimes of Trinity Church are playing a beautiful Christmas Carol. They are playing louder and louder. . . . I open my eyes wider and wider. Jump from the hammock with one leap—it is the telephone bell ringing like fury. I answer the call "Hello! Hello!" "Is this the Department of laborers?" "Yes. What do you want?" "Wait a minute, somebody is trying to get you." "All right." Wait five minutes. Phone rings. "It's the wrong number. Party does not want you now." I hang up the receiver and go to bed once more. Am scarcely asleep when the bell rings once more. "Hello! What do you want now?" "Is this the Cunard?" "No. (I recollect faintly that a Cunard steamer docked in the morning and that I had a lot of trouble with a hundred passengers.) This is the immigration office. No, not registration—immigration! I-m-m-i-g-r-a-t-i-o-n! Yes, immigration! That's right. Have we got a girl named Mary? A lot of them. . . . Oh, you want Mary whom we won't let go? . . . Well, probably there is a reason. What is your Mary's other name? Mary Sullivan? Well, we got three or four of them here just now by that name. How old is she? . . . You don't know . . . the last time you saw her she was a tiny

baby. . . . Oh, you are her aunt, I see." "Yes, I am her aunt, and I paid her passage, and she wrote she was coming by the Cunard line or White Star in April or May." "Wait a minute, I'll look her up on the detention sheet. Where are you now? In Brighton?" I go and look up the lists and find that one Mary Sullivan is held for lack of funds, but stated that she was going to her brother Michael in Watertown. I go back to the telephone and tell the lady the sad news. "That's her all right, because she never cared for me. Well, don't you people land her, sir, because she ain't any good. It was her brother who sent her the passage money to spite me. If you land her I'll make it hot for you." Bang!!! up goes the receiver. When later the brother calls up and I inform him that his sister Mary is here, all right, he insists that I should let her go right off. "Well, can't you let her come out right now? You just give her a nickel, and I'll pay it back to you the first time I see you." I tell the gentleman that he must call in person in the morning at our office if he wants his sister landed. Great indignation at the other end of the telephone. After another 15 minutes explanation on my part the wrought up brother, naturalized citizen, voter and tax-payer that he is—and therefore in his exalted opinion the boss of any government slave whom he can order about as he pleases—at last sees the justice, or rather the power of Uncle Sam to hold his sister for her



own protection, in a large city with many pitfalls after midnight. And I go to bed once more—all good things are three—at 2 A. M.

I have not yet closed my eyes when the 'phone rings again. This time I mumble a quiet prayer for Graham Bell and his invention. "Hello! What is it now?" "This is the Press." "What do you want?" "We just heard that there was a big riot down at your wharf, and that 20 immigrants were killed and dozens of the most dangerous criminals escaped and are now at large. What do you know about it?" "Wait a minute till I find out." I run out into the "pen" to see the watchman. Everything and everybody is quiet, except a few stray rats having a picnic jumping over the snoring immigrants and a baby crying because of bedbugs. I go back to the 'phone, that modern instrument of torture, and tell the Press man that I am sorry but cannot please him with a headliner as all is quiet on the Potomac. He persists that somebody did escape, and I am equally positive that nobody did—which is true. "Good night!"—It is now 3 A.M.

I sleep till 5 A. M., getting up then, and after shaving, washing and dressing, I go out to breakfast in a miserable little tavern on the waterfront, the only place open at that early morning hour; it is a rendezvous of dirty Portuguese piscatores, unkempt Italian fishermen from Calabria, and some unwashed longshoremen, with a sprinkling of colored firemen off the banana

boats, and a few other seafaring folks. I drink milk which is sour, eat eggs that are tainted, toast with butter that is rancid—but it all tastes fine just the same, as the previous day's work and the morning's fresh sea-breeze from the East sharpen the appetite of the inspector. I am a star-guest in this "hole in the wall" and am admonished when I leave to "Come again, mister" which I promise to do, knowing that there is no escape in that neighborhood.

I am back to the office at 7 A. M. to count the immigrants. It is a job and a half to count from two hundred to three hundred when they crowd out pell-mell, grown-ups, children, old—young, babies in arms, and grannies tottering on crutches. None are missing, and they rush to their breakfast tables. Meal time is quite an education to the visitor, for some of our immigrants know not the use of fork or knife. They scoop up their oatmeal with their hands, drink the soup from their plates, shove the meat in big chunks between their teeth, and burn their tongue with the desert. The queerest and most amusing exposition of the kind was offered by a few Maltese stowaways who certainly waded helter-skelter through our table-manners. And all through the performance you can hear giggling, chattering, swearing, complaining in two dozen tongues, till you wish you had the genius of a Mark Twain to preserve it for future generations. I see that the babies get milk, the Chinese

rice, the Italians' macaroni and the Hebrews "kosher" food. I straighten out controversies in two seconds that the League of Nations would haggle over for ten years. Food, writing paper, envelopes, playing cards, tobacco, cigarettes, matches are all objects of dispute, but just now I must leave the grave decision to a higher tribunal, for the telephone bell rings, and I rush out to the front office to go with the other inspectors and stenographers and interpreters over to the dock in Charlestown to continue the examination of steerage passengers from the *Romanic*. When through with that, about noon, I take my place as member of the Board of Special Inquiry, a court which hears English, Irish, Scotch, Spanish, German, French, Portuguese, Flemish, Polish, Magyar and a dozen other nationalities within a few hours. Many are called and not a few are chosen.

At last—it is 8 P. M.—I am through for the day, after I talked in half a dozen tongues till my throat is dried up; wrote shorthand till my fingers are cramped up; sat on a high chair minus back till my own back is twisted up; and forced my tired brain to think till its cells are dried up! All in one day!

While it all happened within two days and a night, it counts for one as I was never really off duty those 36 hours. And I have lived an eternity during that interval. And with slight variations all our men got a dose of the same medi-

cine for many years. And yet there are people who envy the inspector his government sinecure—people who sleep soundly every night in the year, without interruption; work their eight hours in their office regularly as a clock; draw their pay rain or shine, year in and year out at the same slow trot, and do not have to worry about other people's business nor about their own.



## CHAPTER III

### AT QUARANTINE

IT is at quarantine the port physician boards the foreign ship from the little quarantine boat *Vigilant* before anybody else is allowed on board, when the ship is steered in by the pilot whom the captain picked up a few miles out at sea, somewhere near Boston Light. The life of the pilots is not as hazardous as it used to be, for they are not competing any longer with one another, and therefore do not go out as far as they used to in frail sailing ships to see who gets the prize, that is, the first chance to bring in a big steamer. It is a trust, this time a good one, yet like all trusts it eliminated competition. Of course, when the pilot is at the helm, the captain's responsibility as navigator ceases to a certain degree, for the pilot is supposed to know all about his home waters, and to guide the good ship safely by rock and riff and sandbank, which so boldly pop out of the water at low tide, and so cowardly and treacherously hide their faces under the water at high tide to destroy the good ship in the safe port after it has braved an ocean in all kinds of wind and weather.

I do not wish to sing the song of the pilot to

whom so many of us owe our lives, but rather of the grave and serious subject "National Quarantine."

The average man pays absolutely no heed to this magnificent institution, at least as far as our immigrants are concerned. Till recently the local authorities had control of quarantine matters, and only after they got through with a ship did the Federal Government step in and take a stab at the immigrants. It has been discovered, however, that in case of a great plague abroad, a uniform quarantine system under a central head in Washington was the only proper safeguard for the Nation, and so quarantine has been federalized, greatly to the advantage of the procedure. There may be a little delay now and then in the passing of ships through quarantine, but it is worth it, for if ever the proverb "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" was true it is here when diseases like cholera, typhus, bubonic plague, small-pox and yellow fever are knocking at our gates. And what does a temporary delay, or even the inconvenience of a few hundred passengers mean compared with the safety of millions of people, exposed to contagion of those tiny germs which can raise a worse havoc in a few hours than the best equipped and trained army of men?

We never realize the importance of this till we read in the newspapers some morning a short paragraph like this:—



PASSING THE QUARANTINE PHYSICIAN





---

“A number of smallpox cases have been found scattered through New England mill towns recently, especially in Lawrence, Peabody, Nashua and Salem, in the slums where foreigners congregate. These cases are now being traced by the various local boards of health to a case of smallpox which arrived three days ago on the steamship *Cymric* at the port of Boston, and escaped the notice of the quarantine officer. A vigorous campaign is being waged to trace all the passengers who were anywhere near or in the same compartment with this patient, so that the disease shall not start an epidemic in the thickly settled towns.”

In reading these words of course we are quick in condemning the quarantine officer, at least mentally, who could have made a slip like that, not stopping to think that at the time the passengers passed him they may not have shown any symptoms of the disease noticeable at the hurried examination the quarantine physician can give on board ship under the most unsatisfactory conditions imaginable.

There he stands, probably with an assistant, and gives a hurried glance or two at the passengers of the second cabin and the steerage when they go by him with sleeves rolled up, exposing vaccination marks which may be old scars or new ones, the latter a visiting card of the ship's surgeon. If there is the slightest suspicion that a case of small-pox has developed, the patient is taken off at quarantine from the ship's isolation hospital, where he has been probably temporarily detained, and is rushed by the *Vigilant* over to

Gallup's Island, where accommodations are always ready for the care of hundreds of passengers. I remember a particular instance where the whole steerage—about 300 to 400 men, women and children who had embarked at Ponta del Gada in the Azores—were taken off at quarantine and kept at the island almost a week, because a few cases of small-pox had been discovered on the voyage.

When we inspectors went up to Gallup's Island to examine these people under the Immigration law, one of the most picturesque sights greeted us. It was in the summer time and tables had been arranged for us out of doors, on which to spread out our manifests. The whole place looked more like a gypsy camp than anything I could think of. The bright colors of the dresses, the dark complexions and oriental features of the semi-African Portuguese whose costumes reflected all the shades of the rainbow, made the illusion complete. Manuel, the ship's cook of the Portuguese section, an undersized, emaciated looking chap, all gesture and gibberish, excitedly bossed the whole job, waving his long skinny arms like a modern Don Quixote. In his white coat, cap and apron, he was bubbling over with importance on this one great event of his life when he was self-appointed, *ex-officio* dictator of this "penal colony," proving to our satisfaction that not only in courtship, but also on "board

ship" the way to men's hearts leads through their stomachs.

In all my years of boarding foreign ships I remember, however, only one case where a passenger refused to be vaccinated and I deem it of sufficiently odd interest to repeat here. The man in question was a big Austrian from the Alpine provinces of that polyglot country. He told us he held an important position in his home town, very important; but alas for human greatness, after a few questions his importance shriveled down from acting "Mayor" to "Town Crier and Night-Watchman." He presented me with his photograph in the historic garb of his dignity, and also gave me a photograph of his "mate" as the original "female letter carrier."

I first met him when he was brought to the Immigration Station at Long Wharf after a two weeks' stay at Gallup's Island, where he had been taken directly from the ship when the *Saxonia* entered Boston Harbor, on account of his refusal to be vaccinated. I asked him why he refused and he explained that he did not want "that sickening poison" squirted into his pure blood, kept pure from any contamination for sixteen generations, as proven by his genealogical record. "I am quite a health fanatic," he told me, "an advocate of walking for exercise, a vegetarian by choice, a photographer by trade and a beer drinker by

preference. I have never been sick a day in my whole life and I don't mean to be, either." And that settled it with him. He was none the worse, however, for his stay at Gallup's Island, in fact he could not praise the "*grandioser Platz*" enough.

Well, we landed him as there was no legal reason to debar him; he had a few hundred dollars, was coming here on a business trip to take postcard views of America which he was going to publish, and he declared he would return to the old country in a month or two. I remember yet how robust and healthy he looked when he left our office, with all his paraphernalia, camera, tripod, change of clothing, camel's hair great-coat, knapsack and big Alpine stick, all strapped to his back, or carried in his two hands. He was quite a boy, and would have really made a splendid model in an artist's studio.

I had forgotten all about him when one day, many months later, I received a letter from Austria wherein he described some of his experiences and travels in America and in England, and then wound up with the following inquiry: "If I am not asking too much, will you kindly find out for me if they want me as interpreter in America. During my visit there I learned to love Gallup's Island in Boston Harbor, and have decided to accept a permanent position there as interpreter and guard. Knowing that this island is the property of the all-powerful Cunard



line, I write to you to speak a good word for me so that I get the job." Needless to say that in due time I put an end to his illusions, explaining that the island belonged to the city of Boston and that only American citizens could find employment there or in any government position.

A very interesting experience in quarantine came under our observation some years ago in Providence, R. I.

In the winter of 19— one of the Fabre liners, I think it was the *Germania* whose name since the war has been changed to *Britannia*, arrived at Point Judith and had on-board a suspicious case, which was taken off by the quarantine physician. While this case was being treated at a private hospital, there being no quarantine station in Providence, one of the nurses was taken sick and transferred to the Providence City Hospital where the case was diagnosed as typhus. Next a marine engineer, who was also at the hospital, died of typhus which he supposedly contracted from some patient sent from the *Germania* for observation. He had been brought in Christmas Day suffering from some ailment, and it was thought that while he was thus confined to his bed he was reached by some infected lice which spread typhus. All these affairs were kept from the public in order not to alarm them unduly, until the next Fabre liner came in, the steamer *Roma*, on which I served as immigration inspector.

The first news that greeted me was that one of the Turks on the ship had been sent to the hospital by the quarantine physician. Not knowing what for, I attended without any mental disturbance to the examination of the first and second cabins, and the next morning started to continue the work of squeezing immigrant after immigrant through the SIEVE, when I suddenly got the whispered intelligence from the doctor "not to allow any more passengers to leave the shed—typhus!"

Typhus, otherwise known as "Brill's disease," is highly contagious and considered more deadly than small-pox. I continued my examination, however, as quietly as before, though behind locked doors, letting the immigrants pass me on one line and shoving them back to the shed whence they had emerged by the other. When I had finished with the 200 passengers, I went to the assistance of the doctor, who had just returned from the railroad station with an eminent typhus expert from Washington for whom he had telegraphed the previous afternoon, so as to be sure that his diagnosis was correct and that proper precautions were taken to prevent the spread of the terrible scourge. It required some courage on the part of our quarantine doctor to hang up the whole ship thus in face of the repeated accusations of the steamship people and Chambers of Commerce in the various ports that

---

quarantine work was unduly delaying the ships and the landing of cargo.

When I entered the shed where the suspects were detained, a strange sight confronted me. About 100 men were sitting all along the walls on benches, each one with a thermometer sticking between his teeth which at first might have been mistaken for a cigarette. But a second glance revealed the true state of affairs, for it showed Syrian, Italian, Portuguese women and children, mixed among the Turks, Kurds, Armenians, Arabs and Greeks. Those who showed any temperature were immediately isolated, and it was my part of the performance at that stage of the game to guide them to a little room in the temporary quarters, the only one available at that time, as the magnificent State Pier with its splendid accommodations had not yet been built.

The door to this room was carefully and jealously guarded by a very odd and grotesque looking "Cerberus" of a *capostiva*, who was watching these captives like the Spirit of the Island of Death watches the poor souls. His ghastly appearance was ascribed by rumor to the following dramatic-comic occurrence:

It seems that on one occasion this fellow had fallen asleep while in a drunken stupor, and his mates of the ship, in a spirit of deviltry, tattooed his face with a masque forming black rings around his eyes about three inches in diameter

which gave him the ghastly appearance of a death-head. All that was needed to make the picture of utter despair complete, besides this horror inspiring guard at the door to the death-chamber, was the inscription from Dante's *Inferno*, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

Another peculiar incident occurred just then to divert our attention from the serious work.

As soon as the Washington expert had confirmed the diagnosis of the local health officer, strict orders were issued not to let any one leave the examination shed nor the customs enclosure. Apart from the few stragglers who had been released by me that morning and had lingered on the dock to attend to their baggage, I rounded up everybody who happened to be within the enclosure. After the first turmoil had subsided, one Asiatic still kept up his howlings and lamentations, reminding me vividly of the "howling dervishes" of his native land. In broken English he told me that "Me bark," and he wanted "Me cold" and "Me walk." The mystery was cleared up eventually. He wanted to tell that he lived at "No. 9 Bark Street," Providence, and worked for the Eastern "Coal" and Wharf Company. But that was not all. He had been living in this country for the past two years, and was afraid he would be shipped out of the country with the other detained. He only came to the dock that morning to welcome a friend who arrived on the *Roma*. Like most of his kind



when they have been here for some time, he got aggressive and insolent, and thus had forced his way into the shed to "get next to his friend" so as to post him on what to say when he was held up for a Board of Special Inquiry so as to squeeze through the "SIEVE" by hook or crook. But he himself was caught in the "SIEVE" like in a trap, having mixed with the typhus crowd, and it was thought safer to hold him with the others in quarantine. He certainly got his medicine.

What important share we immigration officers had in keeping cholera out of this country a few years ago, has to my knowledge never been told to the public, and as usual, no credit was given to us.

In the summer of 19— there was quite an epidemic of cholera in Italy and in Russia, and a comprehensive plan for guarding the United States against possible danger from suspects was inaugurated. A surveillance of immigrants from the infected districts to their final destination in the United States, even though it be in remote settlements of the far West, was perfected with the coöperation of the Immigration and the State and Municipal health authorities all over the country, thus making the importation and spreading of cholera almost impossible. The new system provided, in addition to the quarantine examination, a registration of immigrants from Russia and Italy by the immigrant inspec-

tors at each port on the Atlantic coast. The inspectors had prepared blanks before them, whereby a check-mark of the State, the writing in of the name of the alien, together with the town, street and number to which he was going, made a complete record of his origin, arrival and destination. At the close of the day these "cholera slips" were collected and immediately mailed to State boards of health, and the State health officials in turn would send them to the local boards of health. Should a case of cholera or any disease simulating cholera break out, the local officials would immediately be on their guard and able to identify the trouble, taking proper precautions to avoid an epidemic. Bearing in mind that cholera germs might lurk longer than a week, it can be readily seen how important was this precaution to follow the immigrants to the doors of their new homes. Thus the chance cholera bacillus carrier, to whom no systematic attention had been paid before, was guarded against, although at the expense of the already overworked immigrant inspector.

It was remarkable what misfortune overtook the *Roma* several trips in succession. In the hurricane and blizzard which lashed inward from the sea, the *Roma*, with 418 passengers and a crew of 100 men, plunged on the rocky shore of "No Man's Land," and for six consecutive hours struggled with huge waves and breakers. Wireless reports reached through the tem-

---

pest for a time. The men at the Gay Head Life Saving Station tried valiantly to reach the steamer, but their efforts were unsuccessful. For a time it looked as if it was only a matter of hours. A sudden shift in the wind from the South to North-East, however, saved her, swinging her around and floating her. All night long the big engines were working to their limit, and the staunch ship plowed her way through the hurricane till at last she reached port safely and with a most exhausted and frightened crowd of passengers and crew. The Coast-Guard Cutters stayed by until the *Roma* started off for Providence under her own steam. The excellent work of these staunch little watchdogs of our coasts who are so true to their gallant motto "Semper Paratus" is never even half appreciated by our careless public.

It seems to me clear and beyond a doubt that the quarantine service of all of Uncle Sam's servants is doing splendid work par excellence, and ought to be encouraged and strengthened if anything rather than discouraged, for the gravest dangers lurk for all of us, rich and poor alike, in contagion through the melting pot. If cholera rages in Italy or Austria, if yellow fever claims its victims in South America, or the bubonic plague is epidemic in India, even if small-pox decimates the population of the tiny island of Fogo while typhus is rampant in Serbia as an aftermath of the war, we are bound to feel the

reflex action of that wave which started in these various pest-breeding holes, and only constant alertness and a perfect system of prevention can guard our country from the silent but deadly invasion. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty! . . .



## CHAPTER IV

### STOWAWAYS

AS soon as quarantine is passed, that is as soon as the doctor has given the ship a clear bill of health, the yellow flag is hauled down, which is our signal for boarding the ship. We promptly climb from the *Winnie* by a frail ladder through a narrow porthole into the bowels of the transatlantic giant. This is quite a dangerous performance in stormy, icy and blizzard weather, as the *Winnie* then begins to act like a bucking bronco, jumping up and down in the rough sea. But it is not quite as dangerous as it was years ago when we had to climb the "Jacob's ladder" to reach the top deck of a big incoming steamer.

I remember a certain New Year's Day, when the *Winnie* was out of commission and a Warren liner, the steamer *Toronto* came in port with a 60 mile gale blowing and the temperature way below zero. The customs boarding officer, a major of the civil war, accompanied me on the little *Marietta* for boarding purposes that New Year's Day. The frail craft had quite a time with her gasoline engine to keep next to the big steamer.

Anyhow, the crew threw a rope ladder down

to us and foolishly we tied the end of this ladder to the bow of the *Marietta*. I thought I should never reach that deck climbing with nearly frost-bitten hands up that rope ladder, clinging to its twisting spokes for dear life, hanging with my back down towards the water—with the ladder swinging and dangling back and forth between the deck and the ocean—every minute fearing to fall between the ship and the *Marietta* into the icy water.

As soon as we reach the deck of the steamer one of our inspectors calls hurriedly on the captain, who is standing on the bridge carefully navigating the ship up the harbor, assisting the port pilot. Of course he does not appreciate being interrupted while his mind is occupied with the risky job of getting 2,000 people safely into a narrow dock, yet he answers more or less politely our query "Any stowaways or Chinamen on board, Captain?" followed up by "Are you willing to swear?" He raises his right hand to confirm his oath. What is it all about? Why, that his signature to the statement on the manifest affirming that he has seen all the passengers on board, is true and correct—which of course it is not. While this may seem to the reader rank red tape, it is really very important and serious business, for by this sworn declaration the captain becomes liable for any neglect on the part of the steamship company in not manifesting any person found on his ship and not belonging to the crew.

The crew, of course, is on the crew's list, also known as "ship's articles" which must be signed by the master of the ship and by every member of the crew before the Consul of the country under whose flag the ship sails.

You might think it an easy matter for the captain to be sure that there are no stowaways on board his ship. And yet, it is not an uncommon occurrence at all that there are stowaways hidden in some remote parts of this big floating city without the knowledge of its commandant, and the stowaways do not have to be always in a secluded nook while coming across to escape notice; during the voyage they are perfectly safe if they mingle with the passengers, as a dozen or two are hard to detect amongst 1,500 or 2,000 steerage folks.

Even on a small American schooner, with a single passenger on board, this hide-and-seek game has been successfully played. A German sailor who escaped from a North German Lloyd steamer, the *Eisenach*, at Pernambuco, Brazil stowed away with the help of two members of the crew without the captain knowing about his presence on the ship, until the schooner dropped anchor somewhere in Florida, where this boy asked for help at the Custom House. The captain was surprised to learn of *his* stowaway when notified by the U. S. Collector that he owed headtax on one passenger, and he was so enraged that he put his "guest" in irons. After many vicissitudes he

landed ultimately in Boston, and was admitted legally by one of our Immigration Boards, just when it looked as if another international mix-up should develop by the rejection of this dare-devil troublemaker.

I must confess that we did not always know what to do with stowaways. Their status was at times very puzzling, to say the least. This uncertainty led to a remarkable experience of mine.

I left our office at Long Wharf that particular morning at 7 o'clock and boarded a number of steamers, amongst which was a Leyland liner with a stowaway on board. As per regulations then in force for about a year, I promptly debarred the unwelcome derelict, and ordered the captain to deport him in accordance with law. As there happened to be another steamer of the same line leaving port just about that time, the captain signalled the other captain to take back his stowaway to England, which would save him detention expenses at our Immigration Station, and which pleased the other captain because he could work the stowaway on the way home to his heart's content. So our stowaway was let down a rope ladder into a boat and transferred to the steamer homeward bound, not having set foot at all on American soil—the sad performance taking not more than about fifteen minutes.

Meanwhile I was navigating about the harbor boarding a number of other steamers that morn-



ing, and it was about 10 o'clock when I came back to the office from my cruise. What was my surprise when I was informed that by the 9 o'clock mail an order had come from Washington signed by Secretary Cortelyou, the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor after the creation of that department,—that hereafter all stowaways shall be treated just like any ordinary passenger, and either landed by the inspector as American citizens, or if not found to be such, to be brought before a Board of Special Inquiry. And there was my stowaway on the high seas sailing home in absolute violation of this positive order! . . .

Who are these stowaways? Well, if a man stows away he is not only down and out financially, but, as a rule, morally and physically. Most of the stowaways who came under my observation were derelicts on the sea of human endeavor; they were failures at their original calling, they were moral weaklings who had shirked life's responsibilities, cowards who shrank from work, whose moral nature had been undermined by drink or other vices, or who were weak-minded by inherited strain. But nearly all cases were an indictment of our modern chase after money, with its heartless spirit of competition and crushing egotism, recognizing the successful stock-gambler of Wall Street, and ignoring his weak and struggling brother in the slums of Cherry Hill.

There are really two distinct types of the genus stowaway. The one described above is the fellow who stowed away so to speak as a "hobo" of the sea. He comes forward as soon as the steamer is out of reach of land and pilot boat which might take him back, and gives himself up because of the pang of hunger, which holds the whip hand over all of us. As a rule the captain works the poor stowaway for all he is worth, "to make him pay for his passage."

The other class of stowaways is the one which comes in under the more or less powerful auspices of a well organized band of smugglers, members of a black-hand society, *mano nera Maffia*, who have agents on both sides of the Atlantic, and also between, generally a *capostiva* or steerage steward on board ship. No better proof need be produced of this traffic than the arrival of the steamship *Cretic* which docked at Boston on April 4th, 1912. We were aware for quite a while that wholesale smuggling of Southern Italians was taking place at our port. We made a more or less half-hearted effort to search the ships for stowaways—we looked into the life boats, we looked into all the bunks in the steerage, in the crew's quarters and other places which might afford a hiding place for a stowaway. But we failed to line up the crew all that time, and we did not unlock doors or break down partitions to see what was behind them, nor did we raid the ships with our entire force of

inspectors and watchmen. In order to make such a thorough search into every nook and corner of a big ocean liner, which is a good sized town with corridors, streets, blind alleys and dark caves, we would have needed a large force in the first place, and a constant watch day and night in the second, so that no escape could be effected from the waterside as well as from the landside. Such a force and a very effective one, has since been created under the name of "Customs Guards" who deserve a good deal of credit. But until they came into existence the system reminded me exactly of a man who locks his front door and leaves the rear door wide open.

The stowaway business used to be quite a lucrative loophole for the illegal entry of undesirable immigrants. To come back to the *Cretic*, however, I must confess that we did a pretty thorough job on that occasion. After all the passengers had landed and walked off the ship, we lined up the entire crew on deck, thus being sure that any one still found inside the ship must be a stowaway. Then we started a systematic search of the ship from top to bottom, from stem to stern. The reason for this special zeal was a letter which had come to us, telling of the "black-handers" who were coming on that particular ship, and whose departure was a real relief to the "home" authorities, as many of our "visitors" were the "cream of crime."

As soon as we had our preparations made, we

were crawling through narrow passageways, climbing up rickety ladders, squeezing through coal-bunkers, over big steam-pipes, engine-shafts and all kinds of other obstacles in search of the "precious and carefully preserved cargo." Hours of search revealed nothing. At last we came to a storeroom somewhere down in the very bowels of the ship; but still further led our pilgrimage, still deeper the hunt, down some narrow stairs to the sailroom. At last one of our interpreters, thoroughly familiar with ships in general, and this one in particular, noticed that a cover leading to a watertank had been apparently tampered with recently, for the rust was scratched off the lock and hinge. The cover was unbolted in spite of the assertion by the ship's carpenter that it had not been used or opened for the past ten years, and a wiggling, squirming mass of humanity lay exposed before us like a nest of venomous snakes. Huddled together in the dark, poorly ventilated tank, there were twenty men and seven boys, cursing, begging, trembling and shaking.

One man told the story. While walking on the streets of Naples he was accosted by a man who appeared to be a sailor, and who asked him if he would like to come to America for thirty liras. The bargain was closed, and our speaker stole the same night aboard the ship with the aid of a rope suspended over the side. After that he would mingle with the passengers



during the greater portion of the trip till Boston was approached. Then he with the others under the protection of the all powerful *capostivas*, would be hidden away in the dark hole where prying eyes would fail to find them. Then, under cover of the night, after the immigration officers had completed their tour of inspection and gone away satisfied that nobody else was aboard, the black-hand gang would be lowered over the side of the ship to waiting boats and rowed to a nearby spot on shore, close to the U. S. Navy Yard—at least so it had been done many times before. His story was corroborated by the others, only with variations, as some of these gentlemen had been favored with special recommendations to the “gang” having been refused landing at other ports when they came over as bona-fide passengers on previous trips, owing to some affliction like trachoma, or favus, or worse.

Needless to say we broke up this gang of Uncle Sam’s secret and silent partners who had been doing a land-office business. It did not take long sessions of the Board of Special Inquiry to decide that we did not want some of these specimens of degeneration after our doctor demonstrated to us a “beautifully developed case of trachoma” or “an advanced case of favus” with half a dozen bald spots on the head of an idiotic looking youth of 12 or 15, or the most horror-inspiring and grim looking skin trouble victim, an old sinner of the vice dens of Naples.

In a way we were the life savers of these miserable wretches, for if we had not discovered them when we did, their snug nest would have been flooded, and they would have drowned like rats. The ship's officers, not knowing of their presence in this secret hiding place, had given orders to fill the tank the first thing in the morning with drinking water.

Another discovery of a similar hiding place was made quite accidentally some time after this occurrence. One day a little girl, ten years old, tried to walk off the *Canopic's* gangway at the Hoosac docks in Charlestown. The ship had docked, the passengers had been duly examined and legally admitted, and everything was made ready for the return trip of the ship. A gang of longshoremen was busy loading the steamer, when this little girl accompanied by a well dressed older girl, was walking down that freight slide. They were stopped by the steamship company's shore-captain, who promptly notified us so that we might investigate the matter. Under our questions the child broke down amidst a flood of tears, and admitted that she had been hiding on the ship the last 48 hours without food or drink. When I handed her an orange she ate it skin and all.

She took us back to the ship and showed us where she was hidden, and to our amazement the mystery of the last months' wholesale entry of undesirables was surprisingly solved. The trail



JOHN CHISHOLM



THE GIRL STOWAWAY OF THE CANOPIC





led down into the steerage sleeping quarters. But even after we were shown the corner where the other five stowaways were still hiding—four having been apprehended meanwhile when they tried to leave the ship disguised as firemen—we failed to detect the hiding place at the first glance. It was certainly the most cleverly disguised “cache” contrived by the scheming brain of a *capostiva*. Before our very eyes stood what appeared to be the wall of the steerage sleeping compartment. It practically started at a large ventilator shaft, and ended to all appearances at the outside wall of the ship. Only a close scrutiny showed that the conspirators had built here a false partition of closely fitted matched boards, painted the same color as the original or real wall of the surroundings. The space between this artificial screen and the real wall was just wide enough to admit nine men and the little girl, all in a row.

The little girl told the story of how she had come with her parents to New York some months previously, being promptly deported as suffering from trachoma. It was then that arrangements were made to have her come in as a stowaway. On the way across she had mingled with the other 1700 passengers on the *Canopic*, and only the day before they reached Boston did she have to crawl into the “trap.”

But as far as endurance and intelligence is concerned, I gladly hand the palm to the bravest

little lad I ever saw. His name is John Chisholm, aged 12, and he spent Thanksgiving Day at our station after he emerged from an ordeal which would have killed many a powerful man, and his behavior certainly speaks volumes for the grit and tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon race. "Jack" certainly took some chance in stowing away in a canvas covered life-boat aboard the Eastern Steamship Company's steamer *Governor Cobb*. For six days he existed on cookies or crackers pilfered from the life boat's emergency equipment. He made two voyages that way between St. John, N. B., and Boston without detection, though the ship battled a blizzard and fought terrific gales on the trip. When the temperature dropped he suffered agonies beyond description. His poor little feet swelled till his shoes nearly burst; his limbs became practically numb and useless. But he stuck to the boat, when the faintest pain-cry would have brought hundreds of persons to his assistance and ended his torture. And he sailed back and forth over an angry sea till the crackers gave out and he had to make a choice between freezing or starving to death. At last he capitulated by crawling during the night from the life-boat to the deck on hands and knees, till he reached a state-room. He was game to the last. That is the way we found him. He was promptly given first aid by our kind immigration doctor, and when made perfectly comfortable he was asked about his

story. The tale of his infancy was a blank page; he simply did not know anything about it. But he thought he was born in the States, probably in Salem, Mass. When asked why he stowed away, he said: "I was working for \$2.25 a week in St. John, and thought I could do better in Boston. Monday of last week I went to the wharves and walked aboard the *Governor Cobb*. I got a corner in the life-boat canvas unlaced and crawled inside, pulling the lacing tight so nobody would guess I was hiding. Pretty soon the ship whistled and began to move, but I could not tell much about what was going on. I found a box in the boat that looked as if it was good to eat. I unscrewed the top and found biscuits that looked and tasted like crackers, and lots of 'em. The weather was fair, but got cold and my clothes were thin. Next Thursday the ship got to Boston, but I stayed right in the boat and wiggled to keep warm. I did not dare come out as I was not sure where we were. Back we went to St. John, me sticking to the boat just the same. After a long wait back we came once more to Boston, me munching crackers and freezing. Saturday and Sunday night it was very cold and rough, I was dreadfully sea-sick. My fingers were almost frozen stiff, and I could not untie the knots in my shoes which hurt awfully. Later I got numb. Last Monday I could not hang to the boat any longer; just had to squeal and get out or die. I did not have life enough in me to

make the wharf after crawling out of the life-boat, and slipped into the nearest state-room where they found me. Everybody was kind and good to me, and I only wish I had given up before. But I had always heard tell that stowaways are treated like pirates if found out and hung to the halyards, so I was really scared. But I know better now, you bet I do."

After all his sufferings there wasn't a happier boy in Boston that Thanksgiving Day than poor little "Jack." Our investigation showed that he was born in Charlestown, Mass., whence he had gone to Salem as an adopted baby after his parents' death. His birth record being established, we landed him as an American, after we had made up a purse for him, and I certainly hope that his further path in life was less thorny and frigid than his return to his native land.

Sometimes stowaways will come here out of pure curiosity or for the sake of adventure. But little "Patsy" Finnigan, a comely Irish lad of 13, who said he had fallen asleep on a steamer while she was loading in Liverpool apparently came here for neither reason. Of course he may have only told us his story as an excuse for being found on board ship while she was out at sea. But when he got sea-sick and home-sick at the same time, the combination was too much, and so he begged to be sent back to his mother; and back he went a wiser and happier boy.



One of the most amusing surprises greeted me one day, a cold winter's day at that, when I boarded the Houston liner *Aspinet* at quarantine. Six little blackbirds—and not so little at that—had hit the icy North too soon, for there they stood in front of me on the freezing deck, in thin canvas breeches, khaki colored flimsy stuff, mouse-colored shirts, barefoot, minus hat or other articles, except the leader. He was adorned with a once lily-white hat, which, however, must have seen some rough usage in the coal bunkers if appearances were not deceptive.

“We’re gen’men fro’ Santa Lucia, sah!” was the remark by way of introduction addressed to me by the proud possessor of this relic, a tall, slender West Indian, with a broad, good-natured grin. This self-appointed impresario next informed me that his name was “George Washington”; that he and his companions came here to aid Uncle Sam in the future development of our mining and agricultural resources, and would add to our culture and civilization by no mean degree. I might have believed him, seeing that he bore such an illustrious name, if he had only forgotten that his real name was “Sam Ham” and G. W. was only his “incognito.”

Anyhow, he and his cortège spoke a West Indian dialect which consisted of fair English and mongrel French, which were apparently in a constant struggle for supremacy like the minor members of the League of Nations. But neither

this linguistic duel, nor their comical minstrel-show make-up saved them. They were debarred most prosaically and without much ado as "likely to become public charges" and this in face of their very able argument that they had "tons" of friends "somewhere in New York"—the latter designation with a broad gesture of the hand, signifying that the 300 houses (or so) there with about twice as many families in them, were an open book to the speakers. They confided in me in particular for I had gotten them, through the generosity of a very kind and very prominent clergyman, suits, shoes and caps for their return voyage. It was thus that I learned that they never bothered about writing down strange addresses, and therefore should not be blamed if they could not recall any one of them at the spur of the moment. The truth was that they simply had trusted luck, and luck in conformity with its habit—left them in the lurch. Be that as it may, they did not take their exclusion to heart very much; I suppose the cold New England spell with many feet of snow was enough to chill their enthusiasm, coming, as they did, from a land of eternal sunshine.

The *Aspinet* was quite a remarkable ship in another respect—the officers were white, the crew was yellow (Malay) and the stowaways were black—there was certainly a regular color chart of races on board this floating museum.

A similar and yet so different a basket full of

---

stowaways were the four boys from the Island of Malta who had stowed away on a steamer which had stopped there just long enough to take on supplies and this rare quartette. They were certainly peculiar little creatures, swarthy, unkempt, unwashed, unshaved. Their gibberish, which almost no one could understand, revived the ancient quarrel of Roman, Greek and Arab. But apart from their linguistic oddities they were certainly worth watching when they sat at the dinner table with the other immigrants.

Most of the stowaways, if they are once deported, know enough to stay away from Boston, if not from other ports along the Atlantic. But there was one stowaway who seemed to have a special liking either for the "Hub" or for me, The first time I met him was on the steamship *Devonian* of the Leyland line. The captain introduced us. He was handcuffed and securely locked in a state-room on deck so that he should not escape while the ship was docking.

However, he told me a pitiful tale of woe; how he had been working 14 years in Massachusetts, though born in Canada of French race; how he had a wife he knew not where, and relatives he knew not who. One day while out of work a sort of hobo instinct broke loose in him, and he ventured as a stowaway over to England. He could not find suitable work over there, and stowed away to return to the States. He was greatly surprised that I refused to land him.

He had an idea that his long, uninterrupted stay here had made him a full fledged American citizen, and that he had all legal right to call this country his home.

I explained to him the sad truth: domicile does not constitute citizenship; and furthermore, simply because a man is privileged to earn his bread and butter here for 14 years, and enjoys all kinds of advantages, that does not excuse him from shirking his duties as a citizen. The least we may expect of any one, if he finds here subsistence and peace, is that he should comply with our naturalization laws.

And this dodging the issue is not restricted to stowaways. Many a stuck-up-importer, banker or manufacturer arriving in the cabin of a big steamer would beat his chest saying "My native land is good enough; no stars and stripes for me."

But to come back to our wretched stowaway. Well, we deported the unfortunate traveler. About a month or so later I happened to board the same steamer on her return trip, and the first man who greeted me was our friend, the Kanuck. He looked more shabby this time than before, and when I brought him to the immigration station he explained he had had an awfully hard time of it, and that he was discouraged. We gave him some old clothes, shoes, necktie and hat; we even had the barber trim his beard. Why, he looked so respectable when I placed him once more on board the steamer to send him back to



England whence he had arrived, that the captain and crew scarcely recognized him. He was not a bad looking man at that—it was his brain which seemed weary.

I told him this time that he better stow away on a ship which went to Montreal, because Canada was his native land, his home, and there he would have to be welcomed if by nobody else, at least by the authorities. He would not understand, and insisted that he belonged here. He was one of those millions who are just on the border line of feeble-mindedness, who are too rational to be locked up in an asylum and too irrational to shift for themselves. If they once break away from their moorings they drift out further and further into the great ocean of humanity without compass or rudder, till they become wrecks whose loss nobody mourns. These are the drones who interfere with our national progress and our industrial efficiency; they drift from job to job, causing a tremendous loss in labor turnover by their shiftlessness, and eventually crowding our jails and other public institutions.

Our friend thanked me for the good advice and perhaps still more for the clothes we gave him, and we parted with the sincere and ardent wish that we would never see one another again. . . .

Six months after our traveler had been safely shipped away for the second time, I boarded

another steamer, and to my great surprise was face to face once more, the third time, with our friend. That I should be the inspector every time boarding the steamer which brought him, looked more like a stroke of fate than mere coincidence. If he had run up against some other inspector who did not know him, he might have perhaps passed as an American citizen if he had claimed to be a native of San Francisco, where all the birth records were destroyed during the earthquake.

This time he cried and told me a still more pitiful story of how he was put in jail in England for three months on account of stowing away on a British ship. He insisted that he came to Boston this trip by mistake, as he labored under the notion when he boarded the steamer that she was destined to Montreal. We finally deported him once more, warning him that if he came back here we would put him in jail—and I have never heard of him since. The odds were certainly against him, for among 24 inspectors to meet me on three different occasions when he came to port was more than poor luck—it was a calamity.

Stowaways, as a rule, are most undesirable additions to our population. They are public charges from the very start, for a man rarely stows away unless he is down and out. Once in a great while a stowaway will have money tucked away in his shoe or in the lining of his clothes or cap, stowing away from an exaggerated

spirit of economy, so as to start life in the New World with a small capital. Only once did I meet a stowaway who was as neatly dressed, and washed and combed as any first cabin passenger. In fact it was this slick appearance which aided him in stowing away in Liverpool, for with a cane and gloves in one hand, and trim suitcase in the other, nobody dared to stop him when he walked aboard. He was landed by us, after he paid the head-tax, and part of steamship passage.

One stowaway almost got us into an international imbroglio. This man was a native American, while the inspector who held him up was a native of Sweden and, though many years in America, not quite familiar with some of our dialects. He asked the stowaway where he belonged, and the latter promptly replied with the peculiar drawl of the native of "Arkans-a-w." The inspector, in his geographical ignorance, insisted that there was no such State in the Union. Only after a prolonged and heated debate did our naïve inspector discover that the stowaway came from Arkansas. He held him as a suspicious character, a dangerous alien, and thus aggravated the ridicule caused by his ignorance. Ever after the inspector was rather touchy when anybody mentioned "Arkans-a-a-w" within his hearing, even though his heart was better than his pronunciation.

This narrative would be incomplete without a word about a stowaway named Taylor who was

suspected by the British as being a German spy soon after the outbreak of hostilities. He claimed that a stranger handed him a roll of papers in London to keep till he returned, whereupon he was arrested, as these papers turned out to be plans of British fortifications. Taylor claimed American citizenship, and he was released from Bow Street court in London after a promise that he would return to his native land at once. Our investigation failed to sustain his claim to birth in San Francisco; on the contrary, evidence proved that he was a native of Australia, and thus we deported him to England after a lengthy detention in our "pen," and he was probably executed over there, for they knew better there what to do with spies when they caught them red-handed than we did here during the war.

In a way the stowaway is really the worst off on the ship, for he leaves terra firma to intrust his fortune to a strange and often motley crew and captain at whose every whim and mercy he finds himself in mid-ocean. Quite often the captain gets the passage money out of the under-dog by working him as stoker. It is true, the stowaway as a rule regards his predicament only as temporary. Hope eternal springs in the human breast, even if you are a stowaway or a stoker. But just the same, to descend into this living inferno, to rake the scorching fires while the big steel-hulk swims back and forth between Boston



and Naples, is well-nigh suicidal. What an existence! Often I have asked myself the question: "Is life worth living if it has to be bought at such a price?" And invariably my answer would be: "Not to me!" I'd rather be dead a million times than to be down in one of these furnaces for the rest of my days, with hell's fire in front scorching me to a parchment, mountains of black coal in the back of me, coal-dust all around me, filling even my eyes, ears, nose, mouth, lungs and the very pores of my skin. And worst of all—the coarsest companions, filling the atmosphere or that of it which is not filled already with dust, gas, fumes, sweat,—with their terrible oaths and horrible curses and grim blasphemies! He, who never saw the hopeless countenances of some of these stokers and oilers on Mediterranean ships, the utter degradation of the human animal, he knows them not, the spirits of Hades! No wonder these disinherited become easy victims of the teachings of the I.W.W., Mafia or Black Hand! I climbed into the pit and saw them at their work innumerable times; and I went down those shaky ladders into the very heart of this modern hell, in search of stowaways, and I saw these ghosts half naked, perhaps with dungarees, in front of those big furnaces, shoveling coal, covered with the grimy perspiration and with ashes and with oil; and their eyes seemed the only marks which distinguished them from the brute and showed that there was at

least a spark of that divine soul which separates us from the primal beast.

And I saw them later at their meals, unwashed, unkempt, still in their dungarees. And they gobbled down their miserable food from dirty tin dishes on dirty rough tables, washing it down with cheap fusel called "Italian wine" which they were all taking in big gulps from a common pail with a ladle of zinc. And I wondered what Markham would say if he saw these pariahs of the human species. He held out to us in his "Man with the Hoe," the peasant who bears the degradation of centuries of serfdom—the slave who bears the brand of beastly labor upon his brow, part of the soil! But what about these "disinherited" of the earth? The man with the hoe has at least had fresh air, and the blue sky, the bright sunlight to cheer him on his thorny path. He has solid ground under his feet, he can rejoice when the crops mature, the flowers blossom, the green meadows sway with their fragrance. All these and the majestic forests are his, and no feudal lord nor modern landowner can rob him of inhaling, seeing and hearing the eternally recurring song of the four seasons. He is in that respect at least king of all he surveys.

But these poor wretches in the bilges of the ship, what have they? Nothing, . . . just work, work, work! Shovel, shovel, shovel! And for what? For a mere miserable exist-



A GROUP OF STOWAWAYS





---

ence . . . like the galley-slave of yore. . . . And is this life in the twentieth century? In an age which has harnessed water, light and heat, even the spark of heaven to its chariot of progress and industry? . . . I wonder how the lot of these modern galley-slaves compares with that of those of ancient Phoenicia or of more modern Rome. And I wonder if those parasites in some clubs in New York, Liverpool or Hamburg, ever think, for even a minute, of these unfortunates who are shoveling black diamonds into those furnaces in that modern hell, so that they, the pets of dame Fortune, may reap a harvest of white diamonds!!! . . . Do they think of that when they cut fat coupons from the watered stock? Do they think that a few less hours put on the back of these poor coal-diggers, coal-shovelers, children of misery and filth, and a few more dollars put in their pay envelopes, would go a long ways in alleviating the threatening cloud of bolshevism; and might even erect for them a seat near the footstool of the Carpenter of Galilee, who loveth *all* his children, and will judge us some day according to our deeds of kindness, rather than the coupon which we have cut out of the hides of our less fortunate fellow creatures? . . .

## CHAPTER V

### IN THE CABIN

THE immigrant inspector, of all men, certainly sees a variety of life. I do not know of any occupation where a man comes in contact, in intimate personal contact, even if but for a few fleeting moments, with so many different types of people. After the inspector is through with the captain, he generally goes into the first cabin or saloon, and when through there, goes into the second cabin, and from there into the steerage. And that is not all, for the day's work is apt to be crowned any time by an examination of the motley crew and still motlier stowaways who may happen to be caught in the SIEVE. Within ten minutes he may talk to people from America, Europe, Asia and Africa, even Australia. I remember that on a Cunarder, the steamship *Ivernia*, we had no less than 27 different races represented, and they were of all conditions in life, from millionaire to pauper, from bank-president to organ-grinder.

You might think it perhaps superfluous to spend any time in the first cabin, you might imagine our task surely an easy one there. The last time you came from Europe, while the

---

steamer came up the harbor, you probably saw me "wading" all alone through over a hundred cabin passengers. The majority of the passengers in the first cabin are returning Americans who have spent their vacations and good American dollars abroad, or have been away on business or pleasure. The inspector in the saloon makes them all sit along the table, and, if he is any kind of a mind-reader, he sizes them up even before they come close to him to answer his questions. Unfortunately this arrangement is not always adhered to when the steamer happens to come early in the morning, and the passengers are all anxious to get their landing tickets so as to get off the ship to catch an early train. In that case they make a regular football rush for the inspector, pushing and pommeling one another. Even clergymen and other refined people supposedly of good breeding and gentle manner, have been known to get excited and rush at the inspector with anything but gentlemanly poise, and act as if the good ship which brought them safely into port was on fire. And yet, these same people will a few minutes later wait for their baggage on the dock from one to three hours, not daring to say a word because they may have somewhere in the recesses of a trunk hidden away a trinket or a piece of lace which they have bought at an exorbitant price abroad, and fear to insult the customs officers now, lest

they might discover the deception. But such is human nature, and as Kipling says "For the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

The inspector in charge of the saloon must have a few qualifications which, while not in the Civil Service manual of examinations, are very essential if the work is to be properly and quickly carried out without hitch, and at the same time the law upheld with dignity. It is essential that the saloon inspector be extremely alert, rapid and observing; also diplomatic. In my opinion there is no harder task before a conscientious inspector than to examine a hundred first cabin passengers—in a hurry! In the first place they are all laboring under the impression that the words "born in the United States" are branded on their foreheads as a sort of birth-mark or talisman, and that the inspector is impudent and foolish if he dares to question them as to their nativity.

They forget entirely that the saloon, if exempt from examination, would be the very place on the ship where the most undesirable people would try to slip in, changing the familiar motto "Safety first" to "Safety first-cabin!" All they would have to do to insure an undisturbed landing would be to pay the difference between a first cabin ticket and the steerage fare. The main question, therefore, which the inspector has to decide in the cabin is one of citizenship. No



matter how undesirable a person may appear to the inspector, if he proves to his satisfaction that he is an American citizen, that is the end of his inquiry. His authority ceases where American citizenship begins!

Once an elderly lady failed to show up before me at the time I was examining the cabin passengers of a big steamer of the White Star line. She did, however, send her maid for a landing ticket, which I promptly refused to issue, as I had made it a point when I took my official oath that I would never land any passenger unless I could see him or her face to face. For it is the easiest thing to land Mr. Johnson, the Swede,—when as a matter of fact Mr. Johnson happens to be a colored gentleman—if you never had a chance to look at him, just at the recommendation of the saloon steward. Well, after I got through with the passengers who had presented themselves for examination, I went at last down to her cabin, being fortunately careful enough to have the steward, stewardess and maid stand in the open door during our conversation. I saw at once that the old lady was approaching her second childhood; her answers proved somewhat erratic, yet she was positive on one point, namely, that she was born in the State of Maine, and that she was never married to any foreigner. I promptly landed her, what else could I do? If I had thought she was an alien I would have placed her before our doctor who would no doubt

issue a medical certificate of feeble-mindedness. While I was reluctant in admitting her, on her own assertion, the producing of a State Department passport and letters-of-credit issued by one of the most prominent banks, were additional proof that she belonged here. We parted very good friends, the old lady and the inspector. She even invited me to come to see her at the hotel, which I promised to do, apologizing mentally for a promise which I never intended to keep. I learned later that the lady had acted in a most extraordinary manner all the way across the ocean, giving trouble to all concerned.

About a month later I was handed a letter by the Commissioner for explanation. The letter was written by the old lady, and addressed to the Cunard Company, though, mind you, she had arrived on a White Star liner. She complained about the rude insult to which she had been subjected by the inspector, asking her all kinds of personal questions, which in her opinion were entirely unnecessary; that she had been sick in the hotel ever since from the effects of this terrible ordeal. Of course I explained that if she had been a foreigner I should have placed her before a doctor and a Board of Special Inquiry for further action. But apart from this, all I had to do to prove her mental incapacity was to point out her inconsistency in writing to the Cunard about a steamer of the other line. I could also refer to the steward and stewardess as witnesses as to

---

the lady's deranged mind and my conversation with her, thus clearing myself of any guilt. But this was by no means the end of the story.

Some months later friends of mine in Portland gave me a severe scolding for letting this senile freak into the country, because ever since she had returned to her native place she had thrown the society set to which she belonged by wealth and status into a fit of consternation by her antics. Thus the inspector practically stood between two fires.

In the saloon it is especially the question of age which is a stumbling block to many ladies. In France, years ago they did not put ladies under oath in court, till after the Scilla of age and the Charybdis of grandmother had been safely passed. My method differed somewhat from this system, though I always found it satisfactory and if not abrupt and authoritative, at least diplomatic and efficient. If a lady refused to give me her age, I told her I could guess it. Then, with a woman's inborn curiosity, she would make the mistake of asking me to guess it: too late did she realize that she walked into a trap. I generally guessed about 10 years older than what she looked, and would say "Madam, you are about 55 years old." "Oh, you horrid man," came the retort, quick as a flash, "I am only 40!" "Thank you, madam, that is all Uncle Sam wanted to know. Here is your landing ticket! Next!" This has saved me many long

and heated arguments when an impatient row of passengers was crowding around me to get off the ship in a hurry. Of course American citizens do not know what this question has to do with their landing. As a matter of fact I don't know it myself, unless it be that statistics must be satisfied, or in a case of doubtful identity the age might help to establish who is who.

Talking about citizenship reminds me that years ago we used to take the purser's word for it of how many citizens there were in the cabin. In those "good old days" the saloon passengers were practically exempt from examination. Boston was the first port on the map—to its credit may it be said—which inaugurated the system of having every passenger, whether he arrived in the saloon or in the steerage, appear before an inspector. It made quite a difference in the headtax receipts at the end of the year, as citizens were thus placed suddenly before a sworn officer of the law and did not dare to make false assertions without a slight pang of their conscience.

In New York, even until recent years, the first cabin examination was the greatest farce on record. The inspector would pick out the foreign looking individuals amongst the passengers, or have the purser pick them out for him, and then question them according to law.

No wonder that General Bingham, former Police Commissioner of New York, said that the number of crooks landing through the luke-warm



enforcement of the immigration laws at New York alone was simply staggering, and that he got tired of reporting to the immigration authorities thieves, adventurers and pick-pockets, not to speak even of white-slavers and the like vermin, who had been in the country less than a few months.

While he was no doubt right, the lax enforcement of the immigration laws as far as the saloon was concerned, is only one of the causes of this flooding of New York with alien criminals. The situation in the saloon requires a very delicate and tactful handling, especially within recent years, since the use of paint and powder and cigarette smoking have become fashionable among the ladies of good society. Many cussing remarks about red tape the poor inspector has to let pour over his humble head in a stream of fire and lava. And this from the very people who write letters to the newspapers about the negligence of the immigration authorities if there is an anarchistic crank shooting at Roosevelt, an insane fanatic with a Polish name killing our martyred McKinley, or a slick "Ponzied finance" adventurer robbing our people of millions in a few months. Yet how are we to keep out any of these undesirables if we cannot speak to everybody on the ship, especially in the saloon?

It has been proven in former years that all these slick and sly foxes of the underworld who had to fear the immigration examination as en-

forced in the second cabin or steerage, "strict" from their point of view at least (with one chance in a hundred of getting caught), would travel in the saloon where they did not have to face even this one chance. The fact, however, remains that the people who came to America as immigrants were mostly of the peasant class, men with the hoe and pick and shovel; and they were the cream, after all, for they were sons of soil and daughters of toil, while the others may have been men and women for whom their native heath became too hot. Of course, there were also the redemptioners, and in addition a few of the better families coming, of the middle classes and even of the aristocracy, but they formed only a sprinkling like the yeast in the dough. They were by no means the bulk of our republic, which in reality is a peasant republic if there ever was one, and that in the best sense of the word; for the farmer is the noblest, the most independent man on earth; without him all wheels of progress stop, even our modern world of wireless telegraphy and aeroplanes, and even if the city folks say "What of it if the farmers don't raise a big crop—we get our beans and corn from the grocer around the corner."

Perhaps Malthus is not so far off when he tries to find a close connection between the limited food supply and a crowding population, and it is in this condition more than anything else that



IN THE STORAGE





---

our immigration, past, present and future has its *raison d'être*.

The inspector has to be very much on the alert in the saloon, and watch if there are no wolves in sheep's clothing hiding among the flock, who by right and precedent belong in the second class or even steerage.

A stylishly dressed young lady, with a refined, sweet face, turned out to be a Lithuanian servant girl, who had been rejected abroad for favus of the finger nails, which she tried to hide from us by wearing Suede gloves in the sweltering summer-time. I was first only suspicious of her because she was a Lithuanian, knowing that people of her race seldom or never travel in the first cabin when they come from abroad, though they may return in the cabin after a number of years stay in America. But this girl had never been here. She had received money from her relatives in America with the suggestion to come in the cabin to avoid detection. Generally these schemes are hatched out in the brain of some wise steamship agent or runner, who "knows the ropes." Another factor which helped me place her where she belonged was that her English had vulgarisms and slang expressions showing without a doubt that she was not used to moving in circles indicated by her appearance of refinement.

Another case trying to evade the rigid examination in the steerage was a Russian butcher from

a town in Connecticut, who told me he had been on a business trip abroad together with his child. The man spoke English fluently, and I almost handed him two landing tickets, when I happened to look around for the little boy. Not seeing him I asked the father where the little boy was, and he said he was on deck playing with the other children. Once more my suspicions were softly rocked to sleep and I was ready to hand him the two tickets, when I asked him where the child was born. He said "in America." This was the last and third point in his favor, and I was now ready to land father and child, when as a matter of precaution I asked him to show me his citizenship paper. As this was of recent date, I asked him how old the child was. He said he was 14 years old. Just then I noticed an awkward boy navigate through the saloon; he seemed to be a regular wind-mill—and gave signs of recognition when he saw "papa." I looked him over carefully and could not fail to observe all the earmarks of an idiot. The boy was later on certified by our doctor as such, and it was proven that he had been deported from New York but a short time before, and the father thought by going to Liverpool himself he might smuggle the boy into the States via Boston, and later put him into a public institution in Connecticut. The boy was born in Russian Poland.

In the first cabin I found sometimes people traveling who did not, by the rules of the game,

belong there, and yet there was no apparent reason to keep them out. These were the fathers and mothers of pioneers who had come over years ago, acquired wealth,—sometimes amounting to \$50,000 or even \$100,000—by holding on to land in California or elsewhere which they bought as farm land and were now parceling out as house lots. They naturally wanted to see their parents in comfort and luxury, which speaks very well for the biblical admonition dear to these simple folks: “Honor thy father and mother.”

But a most peculiar case occurred to me one day when a healthy looking man of about 35 appeared with a traveling bag in one hand and an overcoat thrown carelessly over the other. Bearing in mind that I am supposed to be to a certain degree medical examiner in the saloon, I told him to stand up straight and to drop his bag and coat. Instead he dropped into a chair. I took his coat away and saw he was minus the right hand, which, he explained afterwards, he had lost in a shop in America. Of course I held him for a Board, and it was eventually brought out that he could not make a living when he was here before, handicapped as he was, and so we debarred him promptly. Charity and compassion do not walk hand in hand with the law in an age of commercial and keen industrial competition.

In another saloon case I was up against a veritable conspiracy, all the time groping in the

dark, ignorant of the many threads which all led to only one exit. In the saloon the inspector has not only to fight the American citizen, the alien, and the lawbreakers, but also some of the steamship employees. I must admit that this was an exceptional case which I am going to relate, and it made it so much harder for the inspector to discover the trap laid for him, for he is too familiar with the usual routine smuggling.

That particular morning one would have thought the ladies in the saloon scented a bargain counter and the gentlemen a faro game, thus did they crowd me, from quarantine to dock. When I was through with about 150 names I found that one Italian female had not been checked on my list. I called the saloon steward, and told him to notify this lady that I wanted to see her. With the poise and habitual suaveness of the smooth and servile waiter, he thought that I had seen her. My early methodical schooling as well as the training I received in the government service for years, made me look up the name of this female passenger on the manifest and I was very much surprised when I found it to be an Italian girl of about 14 years. Now I was positive that I had not seen her and told the steward so, "and" I added, "even if I have seen her once, it is not a capital crime under our laws if I see her again, to make sure. So you better notify her kindly to come and see me." He was very reluctant, a fact which I observed with a mental reservation



and which made me first realize that there must be something wrong; I also discovered that the government red tape may not be such a foolish thing after all, for living up to my regulations and my routine procedure might bring some significant results. Thus I mused while the steward went out of the saloon. The longer I waited for the steward to appear with the passenger, the more determined I became to follow my course with persistence and to see this missing girl. I waited for 15 minutes and no steward nor girl showed up. I waited half an hour, and still no sign of either. At last I went in search of my steward and when I found him he was smoking a cigarette, holding up a post with his back so that the ship's library should not collapse, I presume. He told me somewhat sheepishly, I thought, but with profuse apologies that he could not find the girl. I thanked him with equal profuseness, for one good turn deserves another, and went to the purser. I explained the situation to him. He readily promised to produce her, and dispatched another steward to search for her on the dock where she may have gone by mistake. And ten minutes passed without result. In fact the purser mumbled something about the girl not having embarked at all; that he did not think she was ever on board; and that it was a mistake to have her on the list. This argument I parried by pointing out to him that the list was an official document, volunteering

the information that in view of the fact that J. Pierpont Morgan Esq., is the chief stockholder of the company, it will afford me particular pleasure to report a nice little fine to be collected in this case. I then went to see the ship's doctor and asked him about the missing girl. He assured me he saw her on board ship during the voyage, but did not know where she could be found at the present moment. She must have gone ashore to look after her luggage. By that time I was beginning to lose my patience. I went straight to the captain and told him my story. He rang for the saloon stewardess, and the latter admitted with the most innocent smile that the girl I was looking for had been sitting all this time in her, the stewardess' room, that the doctor was keeping her company, the purser had spoken to her only half an hour ago in the room, and the steward had served her there with some bouillon. I went and saw the girl, and had the surprise of my life; she was one of the most beautiful young creatures I have ever seen. Her features were just a cameo of a Greek goddess, and her long black tresses and soft brown eyes of classic cut and size, with long black lashes falling over her velvety cheeks, were enhancing her youthful beauty which was still emphasized further by a snow white silk bridal gown which was covered with silver spangled veiling. I could hardly believe my eyes as this charming apparition stood before me, and was wondering why

she had been so carefully hidden from my profane view. I had an idea that she may be deaf and dumb, but my doubt was quickly dispelled, for she spoke in a most musical voice in the melodious accents of d'Annunzio. Thus must have stood sweet Juliet before Romeo or Beatrice before Dante. I was tempted to give her a landing ticket on her appearance alone, when she told me she was only 14 years old. Under the regulations of the immigration act I had to place her before a Board of Special Inquiry as she was not accompanied by either parent, though she looked easily 17, every inch an adorable bride. While thinking thus I passed the doctor, and though she was a picture of perfect health and adolescent youth, I asked the doctor to look at this Rose of Naples and admire her. He was a man of great experience and not easily swayed by sentiment, being of the solid matter of fact type of Anglo Saxon lineage. He looked at her just like an engineer looks on an engine, and curtly asked "Where did you get her?" That one question brought back to my mind the circumstances surrounding my discovery of lovely Angelica, which I had entirely forgotten, being dazzled by the beauty of those bewitching eyes. He thought it might be a good idea to look into those eyes a little closer, and to our surprise he discovered one of the worst cases of trachoma we ever saw. In fact it was the disease which gave them that languid far away look. At the

board hearing we learned that she had been deported from New York previously, and her parents having bribed the stewardess and I don't know whom else, had concocted the scheme of hiding the beauty upon her arrival in port, and then walk her on shore by the inspector.

But the saloon is not always the burying ground of crushed hopes. Once in a while the inspector has the privilege of examining people of distinction either in the world of letters, art or statesmanship. I thus met Sir James Bryce, the author of "The American Commonwealth"; I also met Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, who proved one of the most democratic aristocrats and I am not surprised he beat Bernstorff's diplomacy. Another celebrity I met was Graham-White, the aviator, when he came to Boston to capture at the Harvard aviation meet in Squantum all the big prizes. He brought with him one of the first Farnham machines, also a Bleriot with a Gnome motor, flying around Boston Light, creating at that time quite a sensation. He asked me whether it was true that they used plaster-of-Paris bombs instead of oranges in the make-belief warfare executed by aeroplanes. The question is more significant to-day when we remember that he became afterwards the head of the British military aviation corps.

But one of my most pleasant experiences in the saloon was the arrival of the *Canopic* on November 2nd, 1914. The war had broken out



in August, and many opera stars had been caught abroad. No wonder that on the *Canopic* the largest number of international songbirds crossed the Atlantic on one ship, and all of them of world fame. Geraldine Farrar, Emmy Destinn, Frieda Hempel, Lucrezia Bori, prima donnas, and Caruso and other chanticleers came over under the watchful eye of Director Gatti-Cassazza. It was an animated group that thronged around me as I sat in the library of the ship, and Italian, French, English, German and even Bohemian sounds were rolling from these rarest of rare throats. At last the line thinned out till Caruso and I were the only ones left in the room. Just then a little girl romped in and asked Caruso to keep his promise and draw a caricature for her. He laughingly and good naturedly drew with quick strokes of the pen a sketch of the little girl. While doing this he asked me whether I wanted a caricature of himself. Of course I did. Then he wanted to know whether I wanted it with or without his "cap." I was somewhat doubtful, till I noticed that he was getting rather bald, and so I explained it to him, and he drew his likeness "*con capello.*"

And though thousands answered my courteous questions in the saloon how many remember the occurrence? I dare say almost none. Their minds are full with personal matters, with anxiety to see friends and relatives, to be back to their business and their vocations, to pick up

the threads of the loom where they dropped them when they started for foreign shores. But few, alas too few of these saloon passengers, give even a fleeting thought to the fact that they are back to their home, their native land, the land of peace and plenty, the land of democracy, of opportunity, of destiny, the land with a soul—God's country! . . .

But then they are butterflies of good fortune, humming birds of fate—these folks in the cabin! . . .

## CHAPTER VI

### A MODERN INQUISITION : THE BOARD OF SPECIAL INQUIRY

SOME of my readers may be aware of the fact that our service has been undermanned for the last ten or fifteen years. Most of the time I am going away in the morning, especially in the winter time, when everybody is still in bed, at half past five, and I return to my home generally again when the lights are turned on late in the evening. I am writing now about those years when immigration was at high tide, like 1904 and 1905. People are not aware of the large army of night workers who protect them against fire, against burglars and who watch their property and life while they sleep. But least of all do they imagine that somebody should be up and about at the immigration stations during the lonesome hours of the night and the wee hours of the morning. And yet, there is a night force in attendance, for the immigrants must be guarded against fire, and watched so that they do not make a break for liberty. Of course the newcomers, those who are detained the first night after their arrival, still have hope, especially if

they have not yet appeared before the modern inquisition—the Board of Special Inquiry.

This Board is that part of the SIEVE which does not leak—it holds.

It has been named “A Modern Inquisition” not only by the foreign language press, but even by some of our English speaking newspapers. Let us see how much of the appellation is justified and how much is a misnomer.

If an alien, or even a person who claims to be an American citizen but cannot convince the inspector of the truth of this assertion by producing the necessary proof, is detained, he ultimately lands before a Board of Special Inquiry consisting of three inspectors, an interpreter and a clerk or stenographer. Thus we have practically five persons, two of whom are supposed to be only machines. The interpreter is supposed to translate into the alien’s tongue what the Board members ask, and the alien’s answers back into English for the benefit of the Board. The stenographer is supposed to write down every word of the testimony offered, just like a regular court-room. This is the arrangement in Ellis Island.

In ports like Boston where help is scarce, it is necessary to use one of the Board members as interpreter and another one as stenographer, or sometimes as both, in which case he knows about as much of the merits of the case when the session is over as if he had never been present, for his mind has all the time been overworked with



translating and shorthand writing, and he has had absolutely no time to think over the testimony presented for his consideration and most careful scrutiny.

I remember that within one hour I acted as interpreter in a German, a French, a Hungarian and a Flemish case, and had all this time to transcribe the notes in shorthand; and mind you, this was at 10:30 P. M., after I had been working all day from seven in the morning, and had examined about four hundred passengers that day. In what condition was my mind at that time to decide the weal or woe of the poor immigrant who had broken his ties behind him, broken up his home, sold his household effects, packed his family bag and bundle, and had come here to seek his future at the age of fifty-three? And worse yet, in what shape was I to decide whether our country, our American people, our industries, our agriculture would be benefited by this addition to our population or harmed? I will frankly confess that I was so exhausted and worn out, that I did not care what happened to the immigrant, the law, or the whole world!

Of course the conditions in our service are no longer quite as bad as they used to be, but they are bad enough. The docks, for one thing, are more sanitary, more hygienic. The day described above we worked on the Boston and Maine docks in Charlestown on the arrival of the steamship *Cymric*; there was no ventilation, no space, no

air, no heat or too much of it, and some eighteen hundred immigrants crowded in the lines. No wonder that one of our inspectors, whose place I took that night on the Board as stenographer, fainted from exhaustion! In such surroundings, in such pig-pen atmosphere did Uncle Sam welcome his newly arrived guests whom he intended later on to admit into his immediate family as voters! And then some of our patriots are surprised if the immigrant shows no respect for law, order and the heads of our government. *Tel maître, tel valet!*

Now let us see whether the name "Inquisition" is justified when applied to the Board of Special Inquiry?

That Board is undoubtedly the greatest "game of chance" in the world. It is chance when the immigrant gets a letter from a neighbor who has come to America, telling that there is work to be had here in a certain mill for the asking. It is chance what agent he meets—sharp or stupid—when he buys his steamship and railroad ticket abroad; it is chance which decides from which port he leaves Europe; it is chance which doctor examines him if he gets on board ship; it is chance that decides for him which doctor there is on board ship, whether a careful man or not; whether there are many or few passengers on the ship; chance decides once more for him which doctor is waiting at the American port to give him the first examination; chance interferes in

what mood that particular inspector is on whose line he comes to be examined; if he happens to come to the inspector in the morning after he has spent a more or less sleepless night in the immigration station, fighting vermin and rats, and did not have his breakfast, the chances of getting by him are rather slim.

If, however, chance has been against him and he is held for a Board of Special Inquiry, chance gives him another opportunity, for there are three inspectors on that Board. And even after the alien is debarred, chance puts in a good word for him, for it all depends upon what lawyer handles his case, what kind of a man the Commissioner is who recommends favorably or unfavorably on the appeal, and what kind of a man is the Secretary of the Department in Washington, with autocratic power to overthrow the decision of the boards, a decision which has been reached after some deliberation, with the immigrant facing the Board members, body and soul. Most of the Board members are experienced men, many years in the service, used to immigrants, their customs and ways, their subterfuges, fake stories and false passports. The Secretary may listen to Immigrant Aid Societies, Liberal Immigration Leagues, Labor Unions, Capitalistic Influences or a hundred and one other interests, except the one which ought to count: the welfare of the Republic, past, present and future! And now we have come to as near the throne as

it is possible to get in a republic, and surely there can be no other chance for interfering with the immigrant's landing or deportation. How little does the public know about the actual conditions of this business—for it is a business, a profession, a science and an art, this passing upon an immigrant's landing or exclusion.

I could show up case after case, where people were landed through the influence of their relatives and friends, who had gained financial, social or political distinction in this country, and thus used all these steps to get a man or woman into the country who was in the highest degree undesirable, and whom they later wanted sent back at the expense of the government, after the newness of the home reminiscences had worn off, and after they saw the immigrant with the same eyes as the Board of Special Inquiry had seen him when he appeared before them in the first instance.

Taking it all in all, the SIEVE holds when the work of the Boards is regarded, and when we bear in mind that the inspectors as members of the Boards, do not own their own souls, for they sway back and forth just like a blade of grass in a cyclone, between their duty to their oath on one side, and the orders issued by some superior officer on the other.

Of course, the immigration inspectors have no right to take the law into their own hands and interpret the moral turpitude clause to suit their



own whims. How close the line as to moral turpitude in suffrage cases had to be drawn, was proven by the arrival of Mrs. Pankhurst, the suffragist leader, whose detention in Ellis Island brought forth a veritable hurricane of pros and cons.

In this connection I must say that the English immigrants who arrive here have an idea that because they speak our language, or rather we speak theirs, they have a perfect right to land without molestation or even inquiry, forgetting that Canada, one of their own provinces, will deny them entrance if they are not suitable. The case of the "ghost prober" will illustrate the point.

Mary Compton was among the passengers of a Leyland liner. She had plenty of money and a ticket, and plenty of delusions as to ghosts she could see and hear. She declared to our doctor and to the Board that she came here to investigate "spiritualism." She was most indignant when debarred as being "mildly insane" and could not understand how any English lady could be put back on a ship by Americans, whom she had always heard praised for gallantry and consideration towards ladies. The poor lady was so disappointed at being deported that she committed suicide in mid-ocean by jumping overboard. This is one of the many tragedies of our immigration law. How many deported aliens commit suicide has never been ascertained, but

I should say that if only a small fraction of those who threaten to do so execute their threat, then surely a very large number must have taken the step into eternity. And not all of these poor victims of our stern and harsh law are insane. For isn't it enough to break the heart of all persons to have their dearest hopes crushed by a single stroke, to be sent back to the country whence they came, after having probably counted for years on this opportunity to better their condition, having done everything to reach this goal, only to find it was in vain?

It must be remembered that our government is very humane and considerate in dealing with immigrants, by giving them all the chances in the world to make a fight for their stay here, and guarding their rights even to the extent of extending the right to be represented by counsel and the right of appeal to a higher authority, first from the inspector on the line to the Board of Special Inquiry, from there to a Medical Board in case of medical certificates being responsible for their exclusion, and as a last resort there still remains one door open in the shape of an appeal to the Secretary of Labor in Washington. The immigrant has more rights than the inspector, and in nearly every instance is landed if he can only hang on long enough to pull the proper strings.

And I do not need to furnish specific proof of this assertion. Every once in a while the

newspapers report how some politician telegraphs or goes in person to Washington on behalf of detained aliens, and instead of condemning such practices the papers are full of praise when a success crowns the efforts in getting an undesirable alien into the country, out of the clutches of those "cruel and hard hearted immigration officials." It would be laughable if it was not so serious, this making a farce of our law. And I am sure that not one in a thousand of our readers stops to think when he glances at a news item what an outrage and crime has been committed against patriotism, against fair play, against the very principle which we are always emphasizing in America: to give everybody the same opportunity, and that everybody shall be judged on his own merit.

Right here it must be noticed how important it is that only the very best men of high intelligence, broad experience and men without racial or religious prejudice should sit on Boards of Special Inquiry. The actual facts, however, are that almost any Tom, Dick or Harry is put on, especially in small stations where only one or two immigration inspectors are located, and where the customs or post office employees are drawn into service, to assist in the exclusion or admission of aliens, and thus are either doing irreparable harm to the United States, or practically killing an alien and his family by sending him back to destruction when there is no real

necessity for it. I will say, however, that in the majority of cases the Boards err more on the side of too much leniency than too much severity.

It was in the "good" old days. A family of Germans from Russia arrived in port with \$5,000 in cash and four children in their teens, one of whom was an idiot. He was so certified by the doctor. One of the inspectors voted to admit this family including the idiotic boy. He voted: "Admit the whole family, even the idiotic boy, provided they give a bond that the boy would not be put in an American institution to be taken care of." This impossible vote of the Board, together with the still more impossible recommendation of the third member went to Washington, whence they sent this assinine document back to the Board with a whack.

Meanwhile, however, the family had been allowed to go to their destination, Bismarck, together with the idiotic boy, with the result that the mother and son disappeared.

Thereupon an investigation was ordered and made, and the family, together with mother and idiotic son, was located.

Then a newly appointed inspector, whose record was as yet undiscovered, was instructed, and intrusted with the job of deporting this woman and her boy from Bismarck. This newly made official had been a social lion in his own home town, and his wife a social lioness. They started for Bismarck, and were supposed to



notify headquarters from time to time as to progress made on the journey.

But no word to-day, no word to-morrow. At last a telegram which read: "Am in Bismarck." They were where they started from, and not a foot farther, and not an inch nearer to the ocean where the big steamer was waiting. No! Alas! It was not waiting, because steamers do not wait for deportations.

On the fifth day, another telegram came which read: "Deportation impossible. Deporting officer has resigned his job."

Of course this was some news, yet it only made the whole affair more mysterious, if anything. Why should a newly appointed inspector resign before he tried out a job the advantages of which he had not yet tasted? Here was some riddle. But it was solved eventually. The case had a denouement which was as striking as it was odd. It seems that the lion and his mate stopped at the small hotel in Bismarck. The morning after found them sound asleep in that little hotel. Of course the train did not know that they were supposed to deport somebody and depart at that early hour—so it did not wait. This was bad enough, but the worst was yet to come. For while they were soundly sleeping, the maid, who occupied herself with cleaning up the rooms, needed some kindling paper badly, very badly in fact. And she was in a hurry, too, to light the fire in the chimney because a prairie blizzard is no

joke. So she picked up any papers she could find on the floor of the room occupied by our inspector and set them afire under the wood in the fireplace—that is what fireplaces are for. Of course she did not read the papers, but she did pour some kerosene on the papers so that they burned better. And this funny old paper with the queer typewriting on it happened to be the Warrant of Deportation of that mother and that idiotic boy with the \$5,000. And in addition there burned in that fireplace and with the kerosene on it the entire correspondence which had accumulated through the passage of the case through a hundred yards of governmental red tape. When the inspector woke up he had a nice little surprise waiting for him—a double header—papers gone and train gone! When he discovered the sad calamity which befell him in his sleep, he did the next best thing to committing suicide—he resigned his job.

And what became of the Russian woman of German race and her idiotic boy? History recorded not. Suppose he should produce a whole regiment of idiots, drunkards, lunatics, public charges, in the next fifty years, who would cost the States thousands of dollars to support, later on. What does that amount to? Who cares what will happen fifty years from now? *Après nous le déluge!* said the French king who laid the foundation for the great French revolution of 1792. . . .

## CHAPTER VII

### JOHN CHINAMAN

THOUGH there is a Chinese exclusion law on the books which is supposed to keep every Chinaman who is not a diplomat, a student or a business man, out of the country, yet Chinese laundries are growing like mushrooms all over the land. The explanation is obvious: somewhere, somehow, sometime they must enter.

And yet, a smuggled in Chinaman—the earmarks of his race stamped all over him—is much easier to detect than a white man, provided there are not too many of his kind in the neighborhood. This Chinese puzzle is more acute on the Pacific coast than anywhere else in the States—it is there where the shoe pinches.

As far as the inspectors are concerned, they are on the job of keeping inadmissible Chinese out of the country, day and night, rain or shine. As far as the Department in Washington is concerned, they no doubt have the sincere intention to keep out all Chinamen who fall within the excluding sections of the law. But as far as Congress is concerned—that's another story. Congress and the Courts are the "nigger in the woodpile": the former by being unwilling to appro-

priate sufficient funds to equip the Immigration Service with proper machinery for the apprehension of the smugglers, and the latter for being too lenient when it comes to an interpretation of the Chinese Exclusion law.

The long, unprotected border line, North and South; the stoic nature of the inscrutable yellow man with whom we have to deal; and last but not least, the utter indifference of our Eastern population to the "yellow peril," make it very hard for the Chinese inspectors to fulfill their duties.

A real chase after Chinese smugglers who operate in big parties is as exciting as a fox hunt. Sometimes there is actual shooting and murder in the air, though such occurrences are very rare. The Chinese are about the only race who take grave chances in order to get into the country on a large scale, risking even their lives. And this is but natural when you consider that the Chinese Exclusion law gives the inspectors no choice once a Chinaman is not of the exempt classes.

One might argue that a Chinaman can be detected at a second glance even if disguised most cleverly. But this is really not the case, for paint and dress will make a tremendous change in the appearance of even a Chinaman, especially when one bears in mind that all cats are black at night.

There are a number of cases on record which for their queerness and excitement rival anything



in the annals of mystic lore. Perhaps it is also the fact that anything pertaining to the yellow race, separated from us by their great wall for 4,000 years, is a mysterious riddle which challenges the white man's curiosity.

One evening there was the usual rush at the Bonaventure Railroad station in Montreal. The big waiting room was crowded with passengers, many of whom were ready to take the night express for Boston via Vermont. Among the people at the station all kinds of types could be noticed from every corner of the globe; there were Canadians of English, Scotch and Irish extraction; there were men with ruddy complexions, with heavy fur coats and whisky bottles sticking from their hip-pockets, going with them into the Maine woods; there was Johnnie Kanuck, whose ancestors had come over during the reign of Louis of France, and who hailed quaint, queer Quebec as his home; there were men from St. Pierre de Miquelon, from Cape Breton, the Prince Edward Islands, New Foundland and Nova Scotia. And mixed with this motley crowd of lumber-jacks, tradesmen, women with children, shopgirls, was a party of nuns, so frequent in this part of the country with a large Catholic population; they probably came from the Convent of St. Anne de Beaupré and went to Fall River or Woonsocket to teach in the parochial schools.

In another corner you might have noticed a

party of immigrants who had just come in by one of the steamers of the Allan line, and were now in transit to a Western point of the United States; they seemed to be Russians, Poles or Lithuanians. And then there were the chattering Italians, with a smattering of English, proving to the inspector who went through the shed, that they had been in Canada over a year; and still in another corner sat the eternal wanderer of the ages, the Jew with his wife and children, seeking his fortune in New York, perhaps. And the immigrant inspector talked with all these aliens, asked them the same questions that he had asked so often before, and that they too had answered when getting off the ship in Halifax or Quebec last summer or some time since.

At last all embarked and the train started. Everything moved along as usual. The inspector, who boarded the train at Montreal, went right through to St. Albans, the first important stop in Vermont, on the American side, examining everybody and talking to all while the train was speeding towards the Green Mountains. He was a nice, polite sort of a chap, with a smattering of French, German and Jewish, and he could even ask the Italians and Slavs the most important questions in their native tongue. He had a pad in his hand and made notations whenever he came to a foreigner, which, as he explained to a Yankee drummer later on in the smoking car, took the place of the ship's manifest. When



A RUSSIAN FAMILY OF IMMIGRANTS





he came to the party of nuns he spoke with the Mother Superior, who gave him the information he needed about every member of her party who had meanwhile retired to their Pullman berths. The hour was nearing midnight when the train had crossed the border.

When the train reached St. Albans there were two other inspectors waiting at the station and also a few policemen, and they all went into the Pullman sleeper where they roughly shook the peacefully slumbering nuns out of their first sleep, and kicked them most unceremoniously onto the station platform. Many of the passengers who had been aroused by the commotion were watching the procedure with indignation, and some of the French Canadians were getting ready to come to the rescue of the sisters who had done so much good for them in hospitals, schools and the House of the Good Sheperd. But what was their amazement when they saw the hoods torn from the nuns and lined up on the station platform stood one dozen—Chinamen! . . . A new scheme to smuggle Chinese coolies into the United States had been detected and nipped in the bud! . . .

The colored porter had gotten "wise" to the Chinese by hearing a few words whispered in that tongue, which he happened to understand as he used to work alongside a Chinese cook in San Francisco; besides, they could not get the smell of opium entirely out of their skin.

Of course, all Chinese expeditions are managed by white men, who are thoroughly familiar with the ways of the Chinese inspection. What a lucrative business this is you may judge from the fact that a Chinaman must pay \$500 headtax if he wants to enter Canada, and a few years ago the Canadian government received \$3,500,000 from headtax alone.

In the early fall, when many Americans return from their auto tours through the Land of Evangeline, there appeared on a very foggy night three big touring cars at some border point on the Canadian line. Each auto contained, besides the chauffeur, a gentleman and two or three ladies, all bundled up snugly, as the nights began to get chilly. Some of the ladies wore goggles to protect their beautiful blue or brown eyes from the wind, while the ladies who wore no glasses at least wore veils so as not to be blown all to pieces by the wind. I am not sure whether the inspectors caught this particular excursion party of Chinamen—for such they were, ladies in disguise. . . .

This reminds me of two theatrical managers who were giving a lively musical comedy with specially well executed scenic effects, in Vancouver. The curtains they use in this scenery are rather heavy and clumsy, and cannot be folded into small packages. They are rolled like a mummy, and then there is tarpaulin or some kind of oilcloth wound around them to protect them

from getting wet and damaged. How in heaven's name the Chinamen who were wrapped into these curtains survived without being suffocated, is a mystery. But they did, getting from Vancouver to Seattle, where they were unfortunately caught, giving the theatrical managers a chance to spend their vacation at the Federal penitentiary.

In regard to this smuggling in of human beings as part merchandise, it is surprising to me that the Immigration Service has not been made a part of the Customs Service, united with the Coast Guards, thus making Uncle Sam better equipped to fight all kinds of smuggling, from Chinese to opium and from white slaves to seal-skin coats. They ought all to be under one head. In fact one Secret Service only ought to be in evidence, uniting all branches.

While in the West or South a dozen or more men caught is not a rare occurrence, here in the East one or two Chinamen at a time is regarded as a good catch, because the territory the inspectors have to cover is large and forces necessarily scattered. The individual Chinaman generally sneaks through under cover of the night, hiding perhaps in hay or potato cars.

Another trouble with the Chinese exclusion law as with all immigration laws is, that the foreigners who are affected by it protest most vigorously against the enforcement of these laws. In the case of the Chinese, the detention of the

notorious King family, who arrived at Boston without proper credentials and certificates with photographs, led to a boycott against American goods in China; and immediately our merchants, who had dealings with China, and warehouses in Boston or in New York, began to bombard President Roosevelt, who was in the chair at that time, with petitions to abolish the Chinese Exclusion law, which of course he had no power to do.

The Chinese, from their point of view, are perhaps justified in their attitude of threatening retaliatory measures against us. It all depends in life from which side the wind blows.

They claim that China was a full grown man when our ancestors of the Aryan race were still in their swaddling clothes; that China has outlived Greece, Chaldea, Rome, and she may yet see Europe to bed. China is larger than the United States, and can support 1,200,000,000 people. They also insist that the Chinese are not a migratory race. In 4500 years of recorded history there are at present only 2,000,000 of them outside of the Chinese empire. They also claim that they are willing enough to assimilate, but we will not give them a chance to do so. They point at the millions of dollars sent home by European immigrants, when we accuse the Chinese of sending their earnings home to China. When we say they live on rice, they point out that rice costs six cents a pound, and flour costs two cents a pound, and potatoes one half a cent a



pound. Rice is the most expensive food there is grown. But the Chinaman, too, likes to eat meat and other things besides rice when he can afford it. When we say to them that a Chinaman works for fifteen cents a day, they say that the Italian works for seven cents a day in his own country, the Russian for three cents and in parts of Germany the farm hands used to get six dollars a month. And last of all, when we say the Chinese are nasty and have bad habits, a Chinese student answered me: "Give the devil his due—have the white races all the virtues?"

These arguments sound rational enough. The Chinese are economical, frugal even; he is peaceful; he is not worse than others in sending money home to his folks; and the white race has not a monopoly on the virtues by any means. But as the labor unions point out, most of the habits of the Chinese are so diametrically opposed to our occidental way of living and thinking, that there is a wide gulf between them and us, just the same. When it is said that they have not migrated for almost 5,000 years, I would answer that neither did some of the white races roam all over creation. But as soon as big ocean steamers began to negotiate a distance of 2,000 miles in less than a week, the stream started westward. We have our hands full enough in this country just now trying to educate some of the semi-civilized white savages whom we admitted more or less indiscriminately during the past

two decades, and we have not yet straightened out our African colored population. To aggravate this problem still further by putting in say from five to twenty-five millions of Chinamen, would be the greatest folly this nation could commit. For 5,000 years the Chinese have been by themselves, it is true, and what have they accomplished? Nothing. They are odd sticks, practically the same barbarians they have been 5,000 years ago, unless it be that they adopted the white man's vice of smoking opium. Their implements of agriculture, of industry and even of warfare, are the same as when Dgenghis Khan swept the plains of Manchuria. It might be argued that the invention and perfection and use of instruments to kill our fellowmen is not civilization; but the creation, invention and manufacture of the tools of war, the organization required to produce them and to put them in the field, is civilization, surely. The moment peace is established those very multitudes who faced death unflinchingly for an ideal or a principle, march once more at the head of civilization, while China will crawl along in the rear. Strife and struggle spell after all advancement and achievement, while lethargy only means decay.

We must also lend a willing ear to what the labor unions have to say in regard to this unfair competition. Their first point is that we have not a theory but an actual condition to face. From that angle the struggle of existence forces

the American worker to fight the Chinese cheap coolie with all his might. While they may be splendid as domestics, as common laborers, as gardeners, fruit pickers, and the like, and perhaps not interfere directly with the American skilled worker in the labor market, the fact cannot be denied that a Chinaman in a job means an American out of that job. The advocate of limited Chinese coolie admission says; "We can make China thereby happy, and we can benefit ourselves by letting the Chinese do work which our own people would not stoop to do." The laboring man, however, cannot see it in that light, for in his eyes the little yellow man, just like the Jap, is a most formidable competitor. Riots, bloodshed and disorders along the Pacific coast, mark the trail of the Chinese Exclusion law the last 25 years. A Chinaman can never become a citizen, he is non-assimilative, it is claimed. The Frenchman, the German, the Italian, the Scandinavian, the Slav, the Armenian in time become American citizens. The Chinese never do. They are always Chinese. This is the verdict of the Far West, and I suppose we will have to abide by it.

The white, yellow and black races are, however, not only mixed up on an international scale, sometimes they figure even in the narrow radius of a ship's deck or the dock. One of our customs guards was on duty on the dock of the United Fruit Company, a stone's throw from the immi-

gration station, at Long Wharf, one night. While the ship was discharging its load of bananas, around midnight, two suspicious colored men crawled ashore from the ship. The guard stopped one and when the other made a mad dash for land and liberty, our plucky guard gave an Indian yell which woke up the sleepest policeman around that dock, and brought the other colored man to bay, though not till after an exciting chase down Long Wharf. When the stove-blackening and coal dust was washed off the minstrels, two Chinese coolies stood before us radiant in their saffron-yellow glory.

And then about train smugglers. A favorite method of a certain band was to smuggle in its customers in the tool boxes located outside of the Pullman cars. You would never believe it, but some of these boxes had been actually worn smooth by the constant use as Chinese bedrooms.

When this rather uncomfortable retreat was discovered a new scheme had to be thought out, and it was quite a while till some of our officers tumbled on to the fact that a new Chinese winter resort had been opened up by the Pullman Car Porters Association, if there exists such an order. Those innocent looking linen closets which can be seen in Pullman cars and which are usually for the purpose of holding towels, dishrags, pillow-cases and other paraphernalia, as brooms, mops and feather-dusters, must have been quite nice and warm when a poor celestial was huddled



in there, trembling for his miserable life, fearing any minute to be discovered in this new fangled "China" closet.

One of our inspectors was traveling one day in a Pullman smoker, when to his surprise a little Chinese boy crawled forth from underneath the seat, almost into his lap. It seems that the settee was against the steam-heating pipe, and that our little Chinese boy was enduring it as long as he could, till he was almost roasted alive. Of course, it was fate which made him escape from the inferno to get into involuntary collision with the lower extremities of the one man on that whole train he had to dread, and dread more than being roasted alive.

Another time a refrigerator car was opened in El Paso where it had arrived with some pineapples from Mexico after a week's delay, and to the surprise of the railroad hands two Chinese were found in it—frozen stiff. The poor fellows had paid with their lives for the desire to come here and wash our dirty linen.

These few instances prove that there are minds all the time on the alert to find new schemes to beat the government in Chinese smuggling as well as in smuggling diamonds, counterfeiting money and revenue stamps, robbing the mails, and a thousand other ways.

And next the "Importers Syndicate" hires the "best legal talent in the county," and he happens to be a lawyer whose ways are even darker

and more mysterious and tricky than those of the heathen Chinese whose interest he has "the honor" to represent. And the Court rules, owing to this learned gentleman's presentation of the case, that as long as there is no direct proof that the alleged citizens of the Republic of China or of the Celestial Empire, whichever it may happen to be at that particular moment, "have then and there clandestinely, surreptitiously entered the United States in violation of the law, they are hereby released from custody of the United States, and may go wheresoever they please, especially as they produced certain documents, known as Chinese certificates issued by a certain U. S. Commissioner of the State of Vermont, proving that they had been in these United States of America on Chinese registration day. . . ." And the inspector becomes greatly grieved and exercised over this 64th case this year that entered under similar "somewhat undetermined circumstances" and he has grave suspicions that the Chinese coolie laundryman will have to work for the next four years for a mere trifle to pay off the \$1,000 which it cost him to get "landed." And maybe the Chinese inspector receives by and by a letter from headquarters in Washington reprimanding him for not handling the very important "test" case with more care. It takes all the self-control possible on the part of the inspector not to fire back, till the next Chinese smuggling case is reported to him.

And this time it comes from Providence, where the Schooner Yacht *Frolic* has dumped forty Chinese, and some of them have been picked up on the railroad tracks sound asleep in their stupor caused by "Hashish" the elusive. They are roused from their celestial dreams by a profane night watchman who did not know enough to mind his own business in the daytime, and thus caused the breaking up of a most lucrative and flourishing commerce. Forty Chinamen on board the *Frolic* at \$500 apiece is a comparatively profitable trip for a short haul, and so the Yacht had been fitted up to suit the purpose, for when found she had mattresses, opium paraphernalia and other Chinese curios which would have done credit to a Chinese den in a subterranean rat hole in 'Frisco. The game was to pick up the "Cargo" in Nova Scotia, sneak along the New England coast under cover of the night, make a quiet landing where the beach was suitable, and put the Celestial cargo on the earthly shore. Once in the laundries the new arrivals would be as completely swallowed up as if the earth had opened and closed behind them.

On the big lakes it is not a rare occurrence that smugglers use speedy motor launches, and San Diego on the Pacific can boast of the capture of a steam yacht which was worth \$10,000 and which had been used for bringing in Chinamen from Mexico. Some day, perhaps, they will bring this kind of cargo in by aeroplane or even sub-

marine when boats like the *Deutschland* or *U-53* can be bought for junk.

There is also the story of a case on a steamer of the Hamburg-American line. Among the passengers crowding around my table that day I noticed three Japanese, one rather stout and stocky, and the other two rather slim and thin. It all started with the stout fellow giving me his name, Marutani, and stating that he had lived here for a number of years, that he was an importer of Japanese ware, and was returning to New York. He showed me his passport, also a letter from the Japanese Consul-General in London, extending his passport to another month or so. When I was through with him I started on the other two. I quickly discovered that their English was very limited, to say the least, and that they walked on their heels rather than on their toes. Of course they were dressed in regular European clothes, sporting even golf caps. They each produced a Japanese passport, and told in broken English that they came here as students. Remarking that their English was "very poor" for a two years' stay in England, Marutani explained that they were rather bashful, but he was not. In fact he was anxious to help out in interpreting their story. I held them, and it took our Chinese interpreter two hours to make those two Japs admit that they were "Chinese coolies from China." Marutani, the Jap who brought them here, turned out to



be a very clever smuggler. He had charged them \$750 apiece for the promise to land them safely in some laundry in New York, as he had done on previous occasions with others. He was sent for eight months to jail for conspiracy, and the two Chinamen were promptly deported. When he came out of jail we could not execute his deportation warrant, as the war had broken out and all the German ships were wiped off the ocean. So he stayed as Uncle Sam's guest for over a year at Long Wharf. At last the Government made some arrangement to have him go back to Japan. I took him as far as New York, whence he went by train and boat to San Francisco. He was, like most of his race, very hard to fathom. Extraordinarily dexterous and clever, a very good barber, an agile acrobat, neat and clean, he could carve little toys for children out of any piece of wood he picked up. He told me on the way to New York that he did not like to go home to Japan, which surprised me greatly as I knew the Japanese to be fanatical patriots. He explained that he felt it as a keen disgrace that he was shipped back as "poor as a church mouse," and I had to watch him closely on the train that he should not make a get-a-way, for which the cunning little brown men have a special genius.

Once I confronted two Japs most unexpectedly on a Red Star boat coming from Antwerp, and was really at a loss at first what to do with them.

I should trust a hundred times a Chinaman, where I should never trust a Jap.

I was examining the passengers in the saloon of the Red Star boat *Marquette* at the time. I had boarded her somewhere near quarantine and she had docked, when I suddenly heard a commotion. I hurried on deck and to my surprise saw two Japanese sailors in an argument with the man who was supposed to watch the gangway (so that nobody did get off or on till I had given word), and he did attend to his duty most faithfully. He explained to me that the two Japs had tried to walk off the ship to the dock when he stopped them. I asked them who they were, and they promptly pulled out a little red book which proved to be a Japanese-English dictionary, and pointed to the word "sailor" on a page they opened. I asked them "Where?" and they showed me in their book "Ship." Now of course a ship is a ship, wherever you put it, but then there are many kinds.

The captain told me he did not know these "gentlemen" and he was positive he had no Japs in the crew. Well, here I was before a Sphinx! What next? I did the first rule in the inspector's catechism: When in doubt, Hold! So I took them over to the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter, *Gresham*, where I knew they always had a Japanese cook, and I figured he might act as interpreter. The cook and the two Jap sailors talked back and forth like magpies for half an hour,

when at last I meekly interrupted "What did they say?" "Him say yes, Charlestown schooner." "What else did he say?" "Nothling." "Did it take him ten minutes to tell these few words?" "Yes sull!" Just then the Japanese steward came on board. Not having heard what they had told his brother, the Jap cook, he came back with the cheerful lie, when I asked him to interpret, "Them come on balk way down Sou' Boston!" When they noticed that I was not satisfied with the Charlestown story as interpreted by the cook, they changed their story, as they spied some barks lying near the sugar wharves in South Boston, which we could see plainly from the deck of the *Gresham* and towards which they pointed. I was convinced from the start that they were lying because—their necks proved it: they forgot to wash them and they still showed evidences of coal dust, which they had accumulated while hidden away in the coal bunkers. They were promptly ordered deported on the *Marquette* in spite of protest of the captain, who insisted that he did not know nor believe they were on board his ship when he reached port, in which contention he was probably right, for it often happens that men are smuggled in by some members of the crew without the slightest knowledge of not only the captain, but others on board ship, sailors, engineers or stewards. The weirdest of Chinese jokes, however, was reserved for quaint, queer Quebec to play on us.

There happened to be an epidemic of small-pox in that province, and many an honest Kanuck had to join his forefathers before his time was up. One day there arrived a number of coffins at the railroad station in Point Levis, which were destined to various places in the States. The undertaker who had charge of the shipment, explained to all who cared to hear it, that these were all dead Americans who had died of the small-pox and whose bodies were now being sent back to their respective families so that they could be buried in their home towns, like Cleveland, Buffalo or Detroit. As such occurrences were not quite uncommon, nobody paid any particular attention to the matter. Not until the empty coffins were found in some place in Maine, especially when they discovered the air-holes used as ventilators by the Chinese smuggled in them, did we discover that a novel trick had just been pulled off successfully.

It was a worthy counterpiece to the bath-tubs, brand new and all covered with tar-paper on top, which were shipped across the border without our officials getting wise to the new scheme of smuggling in Chinese who were quite comfortable in these improvised hammocks.

It can truly be said :

That for ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese is peculiar—

but it takes the white man to coach him.



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE LEAK IN THE SIEVE

WHAT has the immigrant inspector to do with deserters? Why does not the captain of the ship they deserted, or the Consul whose flag the ship is flying, chase after them? That is the question.

On the face of it you would think that a seaman belongs to his ship like a fish belongs in the water. Unfortunately, however, a seaman is an amphibious animal: he can live on land as well as on water, and that is where the trouble begins and ends. The puzzle dwindles down to the new question "When is a seaman not a seaman?" which is as elusive as "How old was Ann?"

As long as the seaman stands by his ship, or in fact by any ship at all—as long as he remains a fish—he is a seaman. But when he starts to change his "fins" to wings, reserving only his thirst, he becomes a "landlubber." If he duly notifies the captain, the shipping commissioner and the immigration officer of his wicked intention, well and good: he is landed legally, pays his headtax and is let loose upon a long suffering public.

But if he forgets to live up to these formalities, or maliciously evades them, he is regarded as a

deserter, and assumes at once the rôle of the hare, trying to dodge the official hounds.

The seaman's status as a privileged character, exempting him practically from passing through the SIEVE, ceases the moment the captain notifies the immigration office that one of his men is "missing," thus branding him as a deserter. The inspectors take it automatically for granted that the deserter got "sick and tired" of his job of following the sea, and is now following the "flesh pots of Egypt" in store, hotel or mill, or enjoying "the fat of the land" on a farm.

Take for instance all those German ships which were lying tied up in our ports after the month of August, 1914. At first they paid their men full wages; after a while they decided to pay the married men two third and the single men only one third pay. Then some of them began to grumble, even if they still stuck by the ships as long—as the imported beer lasted. Then the companies decided to let all those who wanted to remain in America go, provided they would sign off legally before the captain, the German Consul and the immigration authorities. Many of these men signed off, and got jobs all over New England, particularly as machinists, electricians, musicians, cooks and stewards, trades which paid better on land than third or half rate pay on an interned ship, without tips.

But even before these war lords in embryo were wished upon us, we had an awful lot of

trouble with the sailors of all nations and ships. Sometimes they would come to us and complain about their captains and tell awful woeful tales about their abuses; then again they would want us to help them home to their native land; or sometimes sailors would be shipped back to us by our own consuls in foreign lands, wherever they may have gotten stranded, in distress or in trouble. Many a whaler would have to pull into the Azores or Cape Verde islands after a prolonged cruise in the Atlantic in search of barrels of food or drinking water, and the sailors who had probably been "shanghaied," would desert her then and there and be sent back here by our Consul.

As long as the sailor acts like a turtle in water we keep our hands off. The minute, however, he shows any inclination to stay on land, true to his amphibious nature, we put our hand on him, and then he wiggles and kicks and tries to make us believe that he is exempt from any examination. If he happens to be one of those roaming natures, as sea-faring men usually are, he does not stay in one place or occupation while on land. By the time we have wound our red tape around him, presto, he changed from a waiter to a farm-hand, from a machinist to a chauffeur, and from these occupations back to a ship's steward or a third engineer on a coast-wise vessel, or a sailor or deckhand on a ferry-boat, and we lose once more track of him. Or worse yet, he perhaps changed back to a bona-fide seaman on one or

the other of the Transatlantic liners or tramps, and he is back on the water, and beyond our jurisdiction.

And this was one of the most serious leaks in the SIEVE until the United States entered the war, and at last woke up to the importance of the seaman as a possible smuggler of contraband, carrier of letters and other information, and thus had to place him under strict restrictions and regulations, with photographic identification cards and descriptions, and registration at the U. S. immigration offices, measures I had advocated for many years and was laughed at for being an impractical dreamer.

But in the "good old times" there was a line running from Boston to Rio de Janeiro. Those ships would take all kinds of manufactured articles down there and bring hides, Argentine beef, Brazilian coffee, and Para rubber back to us. On the way to Rio sometimes a pitched battle would take place on board one of these boats between various members of the crew or between them and the ship's officers, particularly the "old man" as they call some of these sea-bear captains. Well, when they get to Rio, Jack and Bill, and Tom, Dick and Harry have decided to leave their boat and the brute "ol' man." They may try cattle raising for a diversion down on the rich plains in Argentina, or take a chance on another boat. Meanwhile the captain is loading his ship and himself for the return trip. The last minute



before the departure he finds, counting his crew, that he is five men short. What is there to do? A friend in need is a friend in deed, and he looms up on the horizon in the shape of the "hire-boss."

Do you know what a "hire-boss" is? He comes out in a "bum" boat in response to the captain's distress signal, and brings with him five new "hands" to be shipped to take the places of the deserters, as sailors, firemen, donkey-men and deck-hands. Seeing that the captain is in a hurry, he bears in mind that "beggars cannot be choosers." Three of the gentlemen presented to his view as candidates for the honor to serve him on the rocky voyage North are all right: one an Englishman, one a Scotchman and one a Norwegian. They are bona-fide seamen, they know their business. But who, "for the love of Mike," are these two others? The hire-boss at first tries to wish them onto the captain as the genuine article; but the ruse does not work, for while the ship is loaded, the captain still can stand some more "cargo," spiritually speaking; thus his brain is only half muddled. At last the hire-boss shows his game, he even lays his cards on the table, flat. "Look-a here, cap'n, you're s'ppos'd to give me two pounds apiece for bringing you a deck-hand you take; if you don't take these fellows your crew will be short two men." (He does not say that he will be short four pounds). "S'ppose we split my commission, you take a pound and I get a pound. How does that suit

you? And these guys have money, and will perhaps pay you for taking them North. What do you say?" Well, the cap'n thinks the bargain over: he cannot wait another day till the same or another hire-boss finds two good bona-fide deck-hands; the ship is ready to sail, the "Blue Peter" is hoisted, the cargo is perishable and every day counts in this hot climate. On the other hand, what is he to do with those two freaks the hire-boss has brought on board? One is half blind, and the other is looking as if the rats had bitten pieces out of his scalp. They both look as if the first strong breeze would blow them overboard. He also weighs in his mind that an English pound is \$5, which will buy quite a bunch of good Havannas and the other pound will buy a bottle of Hennessy's. So he falls by the wayside, and the hire-boss rows ashore minus two freaks.

And our two "deck-hands?" Well, the one, a Hebrew from Russia, has learned from the fireman in the engine-room how to get off the ship when they reach Boston, and how to go from there to Brooklyn, N.Y. And the other, a Greek, has profited by the advice of his companion—and for which the Russian had parted with a real gold coin—and thus they both escape under cover of the night, slipping down a rope-ladder, or walking boldly over the gangplank with a 24 hour pass as "able seamen." And who is there to stop them? Are they not bona-fide members of

the crew—a motley crew, it is true—but a crew just the same?

And a day or two later the cap'n reports two deserters to the immigration office: Thomas Eaves and John Johnson—one has black hair and dark eyes, and the other light hair and blue eyes, one tall and the other short, one lean and the other fat. And how in heaven's name can the immigration officers find Teitle Rabinovitz in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the dry-goods business of his brother-in-law; and Spiros Vogotvimos in Lowell, Mass., working in the cotton mill with thousands of his countrymen, and sleeping in a tenement with a dozen others, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, Turks? This is one of the riddles of the age which will probably never be solved. Of course they are never found, and nobody cares.

And thus a new industry has seen its birth, the industry which is carried on under the co-partnership of the Honorable Señor Juan de Caballos, party of the first part, of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres; and the less honorable Cap'n Savage Brute, party of the second part, of the good ship *Mutinyus*. And their traffic booms, the traffic in sewing machines, cotton goods and cheap phonographs to the South, and the traffic in hides and coffee beans and fake seamen coming North. On the next trip it is Bedros Kavaljian the Armenian, and Abd-el-Noor, the Syrian who figure on the crew's list as Joe Smith and Hjal-

mar Sorensen, deserters. And on the third trip it is a Russian Finn with trachoma, and a Roumanian Wallach with favus, who enter incognito to add to our "national wealth." Turk, Kurd, Jew or Gentile—it's all the same, their money is good and round—it rolls. Sometimes they even give it to the cap'n for safe keeping on the voyage, and if they desert—well, it is not the cap'n's duty to chase after them with their property.

And thus this scheme worked fine for years, till one day a letter was received at the immigration office from some sore-head sailors who had been left stranded by their cap'n in Rio or Buenos Ayres because he had to find a place on the ship for some "favored son" with a long list of ailments—every one of which would exclude him from this country if he came the regular way as a passenger—and with an equally long bank-account.

And when the steamer, whose arrival was thus duly heralded, poked her nose into Boston harbor—the letter having come ahead by a faster boat via New York or New Orleans—the immigration inspector boards her as usual and does not "let on" that he knows something which might interest the cap'n; but he casually asks to glance at the crew's list, exchanges the time of the day with the cap'n, and even informs him in which dock he may find a berth on this trip. And just when the cap'n is shaking hands with the inspector himself and congratulating himself



on his smartness in outwitting this idiotic Yankee official, the Coast Guard tug comes back with a number of inspectors and a doctor, and they have the audacity and impudence of lining up his whole crew on deck and examining them from head to heel and top to toe, and asking them more questions than have ever been heard since the great fire in London. And before shaking hands with the captain they hand him a sheet with some queer foreign names which fit his sailors much better than the ones he has on the original crew's list; and on the top of this sheet there is a warning for all captains not to let any members of their crews escape under penalty of a heavy fine. The captain suddenly feels more sober than he has felt the last six months, and finds it advisable, after a conference with his agent, to put a watchman with a loaded gun at every gangway, for after all it is cheaper to pay a couple of dollars to the watchman than a couple of hundreds to the government—in fines!

And the captain then and there vows never to bring any of these "yellow worms" North on his ship, and bemoans in the solitude of his cabin the many delicious bottles of Hennessy's which he will be compelled to go without hereafter as well as these nice juicy cigars labeled "Pearl of the Antilles" on which he is chewing just now instead of inhaling the delicious aroma.

And after two or more of these ships have been searched and crews checked before the departure

of the steamer, even deserters caught on the outside of the dock-gate where inspectors have been laying in hiding day and night, in snow and ice, this infant industry dies of consumption.

The question may have been on your lips "How could all this traffic escape the government's attention for years without the guilty parties being caught?" For if it had not been for that anonymous letter we would probably never have discovered the leak in the SIEVE. The answer is as short as it is true: We were too busy! . . . Too busy with the examination of the big passenger steamers, with our routine work at the station, with the execution of warrants of arrest and of deportation, with the investigation of hospital cases, and a thousand and one other duties—too busy to pay particular attention and special honors to the good ship *Mutinyus* which carries nothing but hides, cocoa and a motley crew! . . .

While on the subject of the leak in the SIEVE, I may just as well tell about a case which happened soon after the outbreak of the war.

One of the Red Star boats was on the broad Atlantic when war was declared between England and Germany. Though this particular steamer was flying the Belgian flag, the captain and part of the crew were British, while the remainder of the crew were Germans and Austrians. Some of the latter were on the steamship *Noordam* when she ran on the rocks at the

Scilly Islands, and in addition to salvage money were given a first opportunity to re-ship on this Belgian liner. While they were in mid-ocean a wireless message informed the captain about the declaration of war between his country and the Teutons. As soon as the ship reached Boston, twenty-seven of the crew, all Germans and Austrians, went straight to their Consul and announced that they would not go back on the ship, but wanted to be discharged. The Consul advised them that he had nothing to do with them, as they were under the jurisdiction of the Consul whose flag the ship was flying. They returned to the ship to be signed off by the captain, which the latter refused to do as they had signed on for a round trip and were legally bound to stay by the ship, which was perfectly correct and proper. On board, however, these Germans and Austrians heard a rumor that the ship would not go back to Antwerp, as usual, but would go to sea and then turn about and sail to Halifax for horses as a British transport. Most of these German and Austrian seamen had seen service under their colors, one even in Kamerun, and they did not wish to land in a reconcentration camp in England as soon as they touched British soil. They insisted that they "would rather be alive in America than dead in the nicest reconcentration camp anywhere in the world."

So they simply took their suit-cases and gunny sacks, and walked off ship, bag and baggage in

broad daylight within plain sight of the "Captain true and the whole ship's crew." Just about that time the American Seamen's Union woke up to the fact that they had to face a very keen competition from these stranded alien seamen, and I was detailed to investigate the trouble. Those who were destitute we put in jail as witnesses at a dollar a day and prison fare. At the trial the captain swore that these seamen deserted the ship, while the twenty-seven insisted that they just walked off the ship, that was all. And thus another international entanglement was straightened out. If followed by all captains and all crews it would have made the United States the finest dumping ground in the world for undesirable sailors. Fortunately it was the war exception and not the rule.

The fact is that the immigration law, being a strictly administrative measure, should not be subject to the interpretation of any court. Once the Secretary of Labor, the head of the Department, has rendered his decision, that ought to be final. Instead of that, any immigrant with relatives here who can hire a lawyer, can be released on habeas corpus proceedings, be he afflicted with all kinds of loathsome and dangerous diseases, like psoriasis, hookworm, relapsing fever; and the SIEVE is at once branded before the bar of public opinion as the culprit who is caught with the goods. It is true, we can appeal to a higher court, and the decision of the lower



court may be reversed. But meanwhile the news of the easy enforcement of the immigration laws at Boston or Philadelphia or wherever the case may happen to be, has spread to Liverpool, Libau, Naples or Marseilles, and an exodus of the lame, the halt, the blind and the senile starts for this port. And if the Bureau happens to have just about that time an investigator in Europe who reports that Boston is known to be an easy port of entry, it is no wonder that the newspapers slam the inspectors, the doctors, and the whole SIEVE, though the law is perhaps more conscientiously enforced here than is done at any other port in the country, at that particular moment.

This brings us to the story of the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*—that greyhound of the Atlantic named after the Crown Princess of Germany. She was, like all the fast merchant boats of Germany, an auxiliary cruiser of the German navy. She was in peace time one of the largest, most elegant and swiftest floating palaces running between New York and Bremen. When the war broke out she was on her way to Southampton with \$10,000,000 in gold and \$5,000,000 in silver bars. She was a real treasure ship in the fullest sense of the word, and would have made a splendid prize for the British to capture.

But fate and her six-foot captain decreed otherwise. When he got an innocent wireless message stating that "Herr Lehmann was suddenly taken

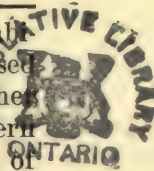
sick and cannot come," or something to that effect, he opened an envelope that the German Admiralty had handed to him two years previously, and the order stared him in the face: "War declared between Germany, France and England; make for first neutral port!" Which order he promptly obeyed. He swiftly switched the ship around, took a most northerly course on the coast of Ireland, put all the lights out at night, and full speed on in daytime. Meanwhile the seas were being combed by the British destroyers and fast cruisers in search of this evasive Prussian *Crown-Princess*. But while Captain Pollack did not send out any wireless messages, he could read all being sent from cruiser to cruiser and from land to sea. At one time the cruiser *Essex* was quite near, and as quick as lightning the *Kronprinzessin* changed her course. Another time a French armored destroyer was signaling the fishing flotilla at New Foundland Banks, and once more the greyhound changed her course. The captain intended to make for Boston, but through wireless warnings he was put on his guard and kept away from that port where capture by one or the other of the British sea-dogs was sure.

At last he pulled safely into Bar Harbor. At 4 o'clock one morning the exclusive summer colony there was shaken out of its lazy dreams after a night of cotillions by an awful shriek of the whistle of this ship which would have shaken the

walls of Jericho a second time. And the inhabitants rushed down to shore to see what caused the commotion, and beheld a miracle: Father Neptune had presented them with a modern whale with hundreds of Jonases crawling out of its stomach, frightened to death, but grateful that they had not been blown up by a mine, shelled by a dreadnought or smashed to atoms by an iceberg.

Then the troubles of the SIEVE began, for the steamer came to Boston after a while, and started to discharge its crew. Many did not want to be discharged at first, but later changed their minds, and they had to be arrested by us all over creation and put back on their ship as deserting seamen, eventually to be brought once more before a Board as applicants for admission. And it was a regular circus to see us marching back and forth between the SIEVE and the *Kronprinzessin* or the *Amerika* or the *Cincinnati* and *Koeln* with our prisoners, and a few minutes later see those same men go to the foremost hotels and restaurants and even clubs as waiters and chefs and musicians. And that was by no means the end of our trouble with them. These Germans had a faculty of jumping from one job to another whenever the spirit moved them or whenever they were offered a few dollars a week more in the new position.

But the immigration officers themselves had a very precarious existence owing to the war



reducing immigration from Europe to a minimum. While some of us may have thought that at last we will get a chance to take life a little more easy after the strenuous years of the past, where we had been working anywhere from 10 to 18 hours a day owing to the limited force, we soon learned that our devotion to duty was a waste of energy on our part. On December 1st, 1914, nearly the whole inspection force of the entire immigration service of the United States, including Ellis Island and the Canadian border as well as the Mexican, was discharged without pay for an indefinite period. They called it a furlough. That it was a flagrant violation of the Civil Service rules and of all codes of humanity made no difference. Here was the Department of Labor throwing out good reliable officers and employees into the street for absolutely no fault of theirs and without any warning whatsoever. And this in face of the President's warning to big business all over the country not to get into a panic and not to discharge any of their help at that crucial moment—before the war orders started a boom in labor—for if they did his Secretary of Labor would start an investigation.

It may be argued that the action of the Secretary was perfectly justified for the government cannot afford to keep a row of wallflowers, war or no war, when there is no money coming into the fund which carries the payroll. But this is telling only half the truth. For while these "fur-



loughs" took place it was announced that the Department of Labor had ten million dollars at its disposal in the U. S. Treasury. It is true that the remaining men were loyal enough to their comrades to submit voluntarily to a rotary furlough so as to give all an equal chance. But the moral effect on the Service will be felt forever; the men feel that their position is not as secure as they thought it was, and an ounce of political influence is worth a pound of Civil Service rules.

Our leaders, statesmen and legislators must learn one great lesson, it seems to me, and it is this: a contented civil service is the backbone of the republic in time of danger from without as well as from within. I say this without malice or rancor, just in a spirit of service to our land and to the men responsible for its destiny.


In past years economic conditions could be easily gauged by a most peculiar barometer of which our learned statisticians have perhaps never heard, but with whom the immigrant inspector was in constant touch—the cattlemen.

These men were quite an important item when the shipping of cattle from Boston to Liverpool and London was an every-day occurrence. You might think that the inspectors have nothing to do with these men as they are only going out and coming in, and thus surely cannot be rated as immigrants. But the trouble is that nearly all of these cattlemen are coming back again, and

unless the inspector sees them when they go out how will he know who they are when they come in? They might assert a thousand times that they belong here and only went abroad on a trip. If they could not prove it by some document they might be deported if found inadmissible under the immigration regulations. While most of them are Americans, even that they would have to prove. This Gordian knot is cut by the inspector going to the ship before she leaves with the cattle, and talking a few minutes to each man who is being hired on the dock to go across with the cattle. If he says he wants to come back again the inspector issues a cattleman's certificate to him, which practically states that the bearer is entitled to entry at a port of the United States upon identification as the rightful holder of the pass under the immigration regulations.

Unfortunately these certificates have not been as scientific as they should have been, namely provided with photograph, finger-print and minute description of holder so that no substitution could take place. As it was, they only furnished a loophole in the SIEVE, which has been patched up recently since we went into the war.

You might think that if a certificate states the bearer's name, age, height, color of hair and eyes, weight, that ought to be sufficient identification. But such a description even is apt to fit two men and thus a door is opened to sell the certificate

  
 The undersigned "Consul  
 of the United States of America"  
 hereby certifies that the person whose name appears  
 in the foregoing "Passport"  
 is a citizen of the United States of America  
 and is duly registered as such in the  
 office of the Consul at New York  
 and is entitled to the privilege of  
 traveling abroad in accordance with  
 the provisions of the Act of March 3, 1907  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1914  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1916  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1917  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1918  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1919  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1920  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1921  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1922  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1923  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1924  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1925  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1926  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1927  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1928  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1929  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1930  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1931  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1932  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1933  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1934  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1935  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1936  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1937  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1938  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1939  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1940  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1941  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1942  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1943  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1944  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1945  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1946  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1947  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1948  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1949  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1950  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1951  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1952  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1953  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1954  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1955  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1956  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1957  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1958  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1959  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1960  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1961  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1962  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1963  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1964  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1965  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1966  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1967  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1968  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1969  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1970  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1971  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1972  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1973  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1974  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1975  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1976  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1977  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1978  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1979  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1980  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1981  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1982  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1983  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1984  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1985  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1986  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1987  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1988  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1989  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1990  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1991  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1992  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1993  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1994  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1995  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1996  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1997  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1998  
 and of the Act of August 14, 1999  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2000  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2001  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2002  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2003  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2004  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2005  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2006  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2007  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2008  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2009  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2010  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2011  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2012  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2013  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2014  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2015  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2016  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2017  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2018  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2019  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2020  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2021  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2022  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2023  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2024  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2025  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2026  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2027  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2028  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2029  
 and of the Act of August 14, 2030

UNITED STATES

PASSPORTS

REPUBLICA PORTUGUESA, Ministerio de Interior  
 BILHETE DE IDENTIFICACAO  
 N.º 111  
 Nome: *Antonio de Jesus Soares*  
 Estado: *Brasil*  
 Profissao: *Professor de Escola Secundaria*  
 Data de emissao: *19 de Junho de 1950*  
 Validade: *31 de Dezembro de 1951*  
 Local de emissao: *Lisboa*  
  
  
 De: *Antonio de Jesus Soares*  
 Para: *1951*  
 Validade: *31 de Dezembro de 1951*  
 Local de emissao: *Lisboa*  
 Assinatura do titular: *Antonio de Jesus Soares*  
 Assinatura do ministro: *Antonio de Jesus Soares*  


PORTUGAL





in London or Liverpool for a drink or a guinea, and the holder can enter the country as cheap as a stowaway, and without the risk of being caught so easily.

It is true, we cross-examine him, and have caught many a fake cattleman, but that is attributable more to the vigilance of the particular inspector than the efficiency of the system.

A typical case of the sort was the following:

There lived once upon a time in the city of Fall River, Massachusetts, with its wonderful cotton factories and thousands of spools and spindles, two young men, one answering to the rather rare name of Southworth, and the other known by the more common appellation of Richards. They were very intimate friends, a modern Damon and Pythias, and they resembled one another as closely as twin brothers, at least in general build, coloring and bearing, though not quite in features. They were both born in the same town in England, and worked in the same mill in Fall River.

One day Richards decided to go home to Old England to pay a visit to the folks. Not being endowed, however, with too much worldly treasure, he was trying to figure out the worst way how to get across the pond for the least amount of cold cash. And he did. He went over the cheapest and worst way—by the cattlemen route. To think and plan out a thing with Richards meant to do it. And so he came to Boston, and

there to the cattlemen employment agent. Looking more respectable than most of the tramps who generally apply for such a job, which paid nothing in those years but board and room, such as it was, back and forth on the ocean, he is promptly accepted and goes on board ship the next day. Thus fared Richards.

Southworth, living as he did with his folks here in America, is somewhat better off financially, and does not fancy the idea of going over as a cattleman. He decides to go over as a regular passenger on a New York steamer to England, and so he does. The two friends meet in Liverpool, where they exchange their mutual experiences over a glass of ale. They then proceed to London which they start to "paint red" while the money lasts. At last Richards decides he will stay in England for the next year or two. Was there somewhere a sweet faced English lassie acting as the magnetic attraction? Who knows? He may have been romantic, or he may not; but one thing is sure: he was rather economic. Some might have called it stingy. He knew what it meant to earn a penny, and would not throw it out of the window. What more natural than that he would take proper cognizance of an item which loomed up as a big asset on his side of the balance sheet, while it was an equally big liability on the steamship company's debit side. Here was a cattleman's certificate which entitled the bearer, one "John Richards" to return to the

United States of America free of charge, without care or worry, with a bunk to sleep in—even if not an extra good one—and with three “squares” a day, such as they be, and as much of them as the traveler was willing or rather able to keep down without sharing it with old Father Neptune—and all at the expense of the Line.

So Richards thought it a good idea if Southworth traveled back to Boston on his, Richard’s certificate or pass, as long as it did not cost him, Richards, anything, and he was doing a good turn to his friend. And the friend thought it a good idea, for it did not cost him, Southworth, anything either. And where two minds meet it is a valid contract, as our old friend Blackstone used to say, and the result was that Southworth boarded the steamer as Richards, while Richards was waving him “good-by” from the dock in Liverpool.

But this historical event had not come off as smoothly as here related so far. These boys, their wits sharpened by the struggle for existence in the New World, so much more keen than in Merry Old England, were pretty shrewd, and somewhat apprehensive of the examination Southworth would have to face when he laid eyes on the immigrant inspector, or rather when the inspector laid eyes on him in Boston harbor; so Richards gave Southworth a twenty lessons boiled down correspondence course on how to land in Boston. He not only coached him care-

fully, but even quizzed him according to all the rules of Cushing's Manual for Parliamentary Procedure. In this performance Richards was impersonating the inspector and Southworth was supposed to be Richards. And the lessons covered Richards' experiences from the moment he had arrived in Boston to the moment he walked off ship in Liverpool. Southworth learned how Richards had come from Fall River by train to Boston, then went to Commercial Street, through Atlantic Avenue, where the elevated runs overhead and the subway underneath and the street cars on the surface; and how he "signed on" in a place where he had to pay \$1.00 for the privilege of becoming a full fledged member of the "International Seafaring Hobos," better known as cattlemen. Then he learned how Richards went next morning—after a night of snoring and vermin in a cheap miserable rooming house where thirty men slept on cots and all in one room—with a fellow named "Charley" whose business it was to furnish cattlemen to the packers or shippers of steers, to a dock in East Boston. The next step was the signing before the British Consul in a little office at the head of the dock. And there was also an immigrant inspector present, with white hair and rather good-natured, and he signed the boys on in a long book from which he tore pages, leaving a stub in the book. And this inspector took his description, height, hair and eyes.



Here Richards remarked that of course this description would tally as they were both the same height, had the same color hair and same color eyes. And after that he boarded the boat in East Boston. To make sure that Southworth would grasp all the details from now on, Richards marched him on board the steamer in Liverpool and gave him an ocular as well as oral demonstration of the surroundings. He showed him all over the ship while she was lying in her slip in Liverpool, showed him the cabins, the bunk where he slept, the place they fed the cattle, and where they kept the hay; and he even showed him where the men had to fetch the water for the cattle. As a measure of extra precaution he then pointed out the captain and chief steward to his chum.

When the day came for Southworth's departure from Liverpool, he called at the Leyland Line's office for his pass. The clerk who was supposed to give it to him did not believe he was the right man because he did not know what to do with the piece of paper he handed him. The suspicions of this clerk were put to sleep by Southworth stating that he was the man all right, but that this was his first trip on a cattle boat. He insisted that he knew the captain and the chief steward, and they would surely recognize him. At this the clerk asked him "Is either of them in this room?" and Southworth promptly answered "Yes; there is the chief steward." The

clerk called the steward over and Southworth greeted him with "Hello, Mac, how are you?" The steward looked blank at him and said "I don't know you." But Southworth insisted "Don't you remember me? I am the fellow from Fall River!" "Oh, yes, that's so. Well, how are you Richards?" And that was the way our friend Southworth got on board the ship as Richards.

On board, the second steward did not recognize him at first, but after the chief steward told him that this was the fellow from "Fall River" he too seemed to remember him. The words "Fall River" acted like a magic wand. They all seemed to be hypnotized by it. Hearing the name of the city they forgot to look at our man closer, by some psychological switch of the mind.

When the steamer reached Boston Light the immigrant inspector came on board, and unfortunately for our man Southworth, the inspector who had that boat was one of our oldest men in the service who was particularly well acquainted with the cattlemen business, having signed on men for twenty years day and night. He knew nearly all the old hands by name, and so could easily and quickly dispose of them, thus taking more time for the examination of the new hands whose first trip this was. He was what we may call "a specialist in cattlemen."

No wonder Southworth was put through a stunt somewhat as follows:

"And so you went across as a cattleman on this ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is this your first trip?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you come from?"

"Fall River, sir."

"Did you come by train or boat from Fall River to Boston?"

"By train. I got here in the afternoon."

"What did you do then?"

"I went to hunt up the cattlemen's agency."

"What happened there?"

"I was signed in a book and told to be on hand next morning."

"Were you paid anything?"

"No, but I paid the man at the agency one dollar."

"What for?"

"So as to get a job as a cattleman."

"What happened to you after that?"

"I slept in a place with a bunch of other fellows and next morning I went to the ship and was signed on by the Consul and by the inspector."

"How did the immigration man look?"

"He looked all right. He wasn't cross a bit."

"I mean was he young or old?"

At this point Southworth gave a perfect description of the inspector whose signature ap-

peared on the certificate and who, therefore, must have been signing him on at the time of the sailing.

"Where did you sleep on the ship?"

"In the fo'castle."

"Did you have a room to yourself?"

"I slept in one of the portside bunks."

"And when did you get up in the morning?"

"At 4 o'clock."

"What for?"

"I had to fetch the water for the cattle."

"Who told you to do it?"

"The foreman cattleman."

"Where did you fetch the food for the cattle?"

"On the forward deck."

"And the water?"

"From the little faucet."

"How many cattlemen were there on board?"

"About forty or so."

"How much were you paid?"

"A shilling."

"A day?"

"No, for the whole trip."

"Did you get your wages?"

"You mean that one shilling? Yes, I got it."

"Where did you get it?"

"In Liverpool, on the other side."

"What did you feed the cattle?"

"Hay."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, shorts."



"What do you mean by shorts?"

"I don't know what it's made of, but it looks like chopped up corn-stalks."

"And how did you have to give them that?"

"I had to mix it with water."

"How often a day did you give them that?"

"Three times a day."

"All the cattle?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, young man, you are a faker. That is all, and that is enough as far as your bluffing is concerned."

"Well, I suppose the game is up, and I may just as well tell you that I am not the fellow that's in that certificate, though I belong here to Fall River. I'll tell you the whole story, but please tell me first how you discovered that I was lying?"

"That's simple. First you said they fed shorts to the cattle on board ship, when as a matter of fact they don't do any such thing. Second you said they paid you a shilling on the other side for the trip, when as a matter of fact they sign them on at a shilling per month, which is all that the British law requires, and they live up to the law. That is why they call the cattlemen sometimes 'shilling-a-month-man.' And as long as you only worked ten days you were not entitled to a whole month's wages, only one third, which would make eight cents in our money, and they don't pay that at all."

"And that is all the breaks I made?"

"That's all, but it was enough to hang you."

"I guess so. But now please tell me what is the matter with that darned piece of paper you are holding in your hand? Every time they look at it and look at me, they immediately say I am no good. There must be some hoodoo to it."

"Not at all. But it has the real Richard's description on it."

"I know. But don't we look alike? People almost take us for brothers."

"That may be, but what nature made alike art spoiled."

"How is that?"

"He happens to have a gold tooth and you haven't."

"Oh, we never thought the inspector put that down too."

"You ought to have. You are both 5' 7" tall, have both brown hair, blue eyes, and weigh 160 lbs. or so; you are both aged twenty-five years. I suppose that is all O. K. But the gold tooth, show it!"

As soon as he had told us the whole story and paid the headtax as an entering alien, also paid his steamship fare to the company, he was allowed to go to his magic "Fall River." He could have been held and brought to court for trying to enter under a false name, as part of a conspiracy. But the inspector's common sense averted such a tragedy. The company could

also have prosecuted him as a thief for stealing a ride. He really got out of it easy, and he has the greatest respect for the immigration officers to-day, and thinks they are not quite as foolish as Richards told him they were.

You might say to yourself, "Who would think of such tricks being carried out by honest factory people?" You might even argue that the old timers, when they worked in these mills of New England, never deviated from the path of honesty and righteousness. But then, they were descendants of the Puritans, and in those days honor was valued more than pelf, and character more than wealth. If we, as natives, persist in adoring the "golden calf" and measure everything by the dollar standard, what can we expect of our newcomers?

The best way to teach the immigrant to be honest, to be a good American like Washington and Lincoln was, is by setting him an example in honesty, and dealing with him on the level. Fair play holds good in life as well as in football; it holds good in the factory as well as in the billiard-room, and in the mill as well as in the bank.

That a man should be paid the generous wage of a shilling per month for feeding cattle on an ocean steamer, getting up early in the morning before sunrise, and keeping it up all day long, shows perhaps better than anything else that we need reform along these lines. The patience of these poor is rivaled only by the patience of the

oxen they feed. There is at least one safeguard to the cattlemen business: they must be brought back not only free of charge, but free from work. If in an emergency the captain should call on them and use them before the mast, or as stokers in the bilges or oilers in the fire-room, he must pay them according to the rate of wages such workers generally get. Thus a cattleman may jump with one bound from a shilling per month to say four pounds or even more. I remember two fellows who were thus needed on a ship Boston bound to assist as donkeymen and as stokers or trimmers, and when they left the ship they got \$20 from the captain which put them in the one-day-millionaire class while their fortune lasted.

Many cattlemen are native Americans, Canadians, and even colored folks, if the ship happens to sail from Norfolk, Virginia, or some other Southern port. If you should ask me what drives any of our Americans to such despair as to go across the ocean for no pay whatsoever, just his miserable board and a place to sleep in, I shall give you word for word the answer I got to the question I put before hundreds of these men, just to satisfy my own curiosity. "Why did you go across as a horseman?" was my question. Here are the answers: "To keep me off the streets" by about one-third. "To straighten me out!" by another third. "To keep me away from booze and a nagging wife" the last third.



But the question that arises is "What drove them to drink?" Losing their job in a mill, failure to find another owing to jobs being scarce and immigrants being plentiful; sickness in the family; quarrels with their folks; incompatibility of character; these and a hundred other reasons may start them on the "down and out" path, and give them an excuse for following their in-born craving for drink. Seasonal unemployment may have as much to do with it as any other cause. I grant that they are moral weaklings; but that does not change our responsibility towards them, or rather towards the workers as a class, to avoid entirely or at least alleviate the causes which contribute to the degradation of our fellow men, fellow citizens, fellow Americans. After all is said, these men are but victims of our folly and not theirs. To many a nice boy a trip on a cattleboat meant salvation; they put up a brave fight in thus breaking away from the tempter, "alcohol," whose lure they cannot withstand at times, periodically, and who plays such havoc with their destiny. After the brain-storm is passed, the sun of prosperity and happiness shines once more for them.

Of course, not all men who attend to the cattle on these steamers are derelicts. There are many foremen amongst them who make a regular life business of attending to horses or cattle crossing the ocean, and they are fairly well paid, with nice homes and families here. Then, at certain

seasons of the year, especially in the spring, after their exams are over, you can see many Harvard students, Yale, Princeton and even University of Michigan men go across in groups of two or half a dozen, just for the experience, and they enjoy it. That is, some of them do who are equal to the hardships and not in the molly-coddle class. Others, when landed by the inspector and asked if they intend to sign on for another round of pleasure, lift their hands in horror "Never again! Once was enough for me!" And I don't blame them. To feed cattle or horses when you are sea-sick while the boat is rocking and swaying from the motion of the frightened animals who are trying to get their "sea-legs" is no joke for Percival who has been used to have the butler bring his breakfast to his bed, the Jap hold his bathrobe and slippers, while the masseur was getting the perfumed bath ready for him, the barber waiting to shave him and the manicurist to trim him. It's no fun to hike into a hard bunk when you are all tired out, and many a Mamma's Willie boy remembered with a sigh the soft cushioned and luxurious feather-bed he had left behind in the "Gold-Coast" of Cambridge.

This cattlemen-business ought to be regulated once and for all. The idea of employing a man to do certain work and expecting him to do it for nothing, is absolutely un-American. The laborer is worthy of his hire! Anything short of that

is oriental or feudalistic, and has no right of existence in a democracy.

For years I advocated proper identification cards or passes for these "hobos" of the sea, and when I suggested finger-prints and photographs I was laughed at. It took a world war to make these bureaucrats see the light so that at last the leak in the SIEVE is partly mended. The fake-seaman, the fake-cattleman, the fake-horseman, the fake-steward, the fake-pantryman, the fake-donkeyman, the fake-stoker, trimmer, oiler, fireman and all the multitude of other fakers in the maritime world make the task of keeping the SIEVE from leaking extremely hard for the inspector. The whole system was loose, "go as you please," and it is no wonder that the inspector was haunted even in his dreams by the mystic puzzler: "When is a seaman not a seaman?" with the equally puzzling answer, "When he is a deserted seaman. . . ."

## CHAPTER IX

### SIR JAMES CARLETON, THE MAN OF MYSTERY

THE war in Europe was getting worse, ships were getting scarcer, and some of our immigrant inspectors were being furloughed without pay, while the remaining inspectors had to work overtime on account of the reduced force.

On June 7, 1914, there arrived in Boston the steamship *Cleveland* of the Hamburg-American line. Among her passengers were some prominent people, but the most distinguished were surely Sir James and Lady Carleton of Glasgow, Scotland, for Sir James was not only the proud bearer of an English title, but also a financial wizard, and part owner of the famous Ritz-Carleton hotel in London, so rumor had it; and Lady Carleton, his sweet faced young wife was, also according to gossip on board ship, the granddaughter of Sir Andrew, who was at one time Surgeon General of the British troops in Scotland.

Upon landing in Boston, they immediately came into prominence when they gave a dinner at the Copley-Plaza Hotel, the most distinguished hostelry in New England, to the captain and officers of the vessel. Sir James engaged an



expensive suite of rooms at the Touraine and issued hurried invitations to the newspapers to send reporters to interview him as he wanted publicity to further the large investment he was going to make in New England. When he met them he was clad in collegiate robes which he modestly admitted he wore when he received his degree at Oxford. He told of his plans for establishing oxygen plants all over America, particularly in the city of Boston.

When the papers announced the arrival of this distinguished and somewhat eccentric British baronet who had come to invest somewhere in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000 in industrial enterprises, it was but natural that the Mayor, through his secretary, extended the hospitality of the city to the distinguished guests, and an auto ride at the city's expense was part of the program mapped out for their entertainment.

The Boston bankers thought it wise, in conformity with their conservative New England traditions, to get a financial statement from the talented and versatile Lord-Inventor, so as to know just how far they might go in extending the glad hand to the brother from across the sea. So they called in a private investigator and he decided to interview his lordship in person. At first Sir James would not grant him an interview, referring him to his secretary, a captain of the Junior Army and Navy Club of London. But on second thought he saw him in his luxurious

suite, told him about his plans for the future, but refused to go into details regarding his past or his backers, claiming this was his private affair. But the shrewd detective was not to be shaken so easily. He insisted that Sir James must open his heart to him, as the banks meant to know his exact financial standing, otherwise he could not do business with them. Sir James was highly indignant at his impertinent behavior and went so far as to threaten to eject the detective if he persisted in annoying him and Lady Carleton, who was too nervous to be upset by a rude American plebeian. Thereupon the investigator ventured to call Sir James a crook who was preparing a scheme of fraud to fleece the public, and Sir James retorted by calling him a blackmailer, claiming that in a previous interview he had promised to make out a good report if he would buy him off.

The detective, pursuing his investigation to the bottom of Sir James Carleton's history, wrote over to his correspondents in Glasgow, whence Sir James had come, and was waiting eagerly for a reply. Meanwhile Sir James had to go on an extended business tour out West with Lady Carleton, and did not return to Boston till a few months later, when he promptly established the "U. S. Oxygen Corporation" with sumptuously furnished offices in the John Hancock Life Insurance Building. There was a big seal on the door of his office properly displaying the "U. S." mark

with the words "Oxygen Corporation" with a wreath around them, most beautiful to the eye. And Sir James proved that he meant real business, not only by opening offices, but also by getting local men interested in his enterprises; he even purchased a piece of land in East Boston where immediately ground was broken for the new \$1,000,000 Oxygen plant, the first one in the United States, for the manufacture of that commodity under patents owned and controlled by Sir James. The product was to be used for the burning out of automobile carburetors, all kinds of cylinders, and in a hundred and one ways in the industrial field. A big future was predicted for the undertaking, and everything presaged success to the stockholders and to the management.

But one day my neighbor, the detective, met me on the train and asked me if there was anything in the immigration laws which would keep crooks of the "Get-rich-quick-Wallingford" type out of the country. I told him that he must have positive proof that the man committed a crime involving moral turpitude before the federal authorities would move a finger, as a mistake in a matter like this would be a very serious one. I suggested that he find out whether the lady was really Sir James' wife, and consequently he followed up his letter to Glasgow by a cable soliciting this information.

The reply he got told a very strange story:

Sir James Carleton was unknown in Glasgow—though claiming to be a baronet and a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, holding the degree of Bachelor of Science—but a certain Jerome James Weldon, first appeared as far as traceable in Glasgow in 1913, where he opened offices under the name of the “Cox Brass Manufacturing Company, Limited.” The company sold auto supplies, especially apparatus for burning out automobile cylinders with oxygen. On May 20th, 1914, Weldon disappeared from Glasgow with one of his young lady stenographers, and his Glasgow stockholders very much wanted to see him.

With this information before us it was decided to apply to Washington for a telegraphic warrant charging Sir James Carleton, alias Weldon, with bringing a woman into the United States for an immoral purpose. We agreed that we would have her admit first that she was not married to him, so that we would stand on legal ground before serving the warrant of arrest on him. For, while everything pointed in that direction, we were by no means certain that we had the real Weldon before us.

We received word that Sir James and Lady Carleton were to go to New York or even Philadelphia that afternoon on the New York boat, and it might be the last chance we would have of getting them in Boston, as Sir James knew that the detective was shadowing him. There were



two of us on this case; besides myself, the white slave inspector of our office. We were ready any minute to run down to the steamer and pull Sir James and his young "bride" off the ship, but the boat pulled out within sight of our office window while we were helpless to make a move, for we lacked the most important thing—the Warrant!

Just when the hour struck six a Western Union messenger boy walked whistling into our office with the usual haste of his tribe and presented me carelessly with the document we waited for: the telegraphic Warrant! One hour too late!

The next day, Sunday, we were safe in assuming that Sir James would not return before Monday or even Tuesday, as Monday was Labor Day. Monday morning, however, when the trains and the boat from New York arrived, we were on hand, but no Sir James. Tuesday we were on hand at the early train, the "Owl" from New York, but we did not get our prey. Nor did he arrive on the boat which we scrutinized most closely. We had a great advantage in this respect as we knew him by his photograph, which showed a prominent ear lobe, while he did not know us at all. Tuesday at about 10 A. M., we got word that Sir James had left the New York train at the Back Bay station, and had just arrived in his office, while his wife went over to her apartment in Cambridge. We decided that the white slave inspector should go with a copy

of the warrant to Cambridge and arrest Lady Carleton, telephoning me to the superintendent of the Hancock Building if she broke down and admitted that she was not married, whereupon I would promptly put Sir James under arrest in his office. While I was waiting in the lobby of the building a reporter of an evening paper came by and asked me what I was doing there. I told him I was waiting for a friend. "I know your friend. You are after Sir James. Now let me tell you, he is ready for you. He knows that some detectives are after him, and he just told me that the first man who dares to lay hands on him is going to get a bullet into his head. He even showed me the automatic pistol in the right hand top-drawer of his desk with which he is going to shoot him. He says this whole business is nothing but a gigantic conspiracy against him, a scheme to blackmail him, but he is going to fight it and expose the detective as a big fraud. But as for you, I tell you as a friend, that I would not take any chances. Life is pretty sweet and that automatic looks rather ugly!"

The outlook was not very cheerful, but I had a few minutes, anyhow, to make up my mind what to do at this unexpected turn of affairs, and I thought rather fast those minutes. I laid out a plan and acted accordingly. When the phone bell tingled and I recognized my partner's voice announcing that "Lady Carleton was

clinched" I took the elevator to tackle the lion in his den.

The offices were equipped like a regular bank with partitions and cashier's window and typewriter desks. Luck favored me for I made two steps into the antechamber before they could talk to me through the grated window. A young girl, a stenographer of whom there were three in the room, besides an engineer who was working over some plans, asked me what I wanted. I handed her a visiting card of mine which I had prepared beforehand by cutting off my designation as "U. S. Immigrant Inspector," so that it contained only my name. I figured that Sir James might be anxious to find out who his caller was, and thus perhaps I might coax him away from his loaded desk. My object naturally was to get an opportunity to arrest him before he could reach for that automatic. The young lady pointed to a chair for me to sit down, and then went into the private office where the great high priest of oxygen was presiding over his patents and titles of nobility. I only sat on that chair, however, till she had disappeared into Sir James' room. Then I got up and sauntered over near the door so as to be near when it would open again. I did not have to wait long. A minute later the stenographer appeared and said most sweetly, "Sir James would like to know your business, please." By that time I was standing

in the half open doorway, and, speaking with a very Teutonic accent, told her I represented, as Chemical Engineer, a German-American Syndicate of capitalists from Philadelphia who had heard of the wonderful oxygen process he had invented, and were interested to such a degree as to send me to investigate the merits of the invention. As smart as he was, Sir James swallowed the bait, hook, line and sinker. Of course he had heard the whole conversation as I had spoken rather loud for his special benefit, and he walked right up to the door and shook hands with me.

"I have the honor to speak mit Sir James Carleton?" I interrogated. "I am Sir James," he said modestly, with a patronizing air. By that time I had taken in every piece of furniture and also the size of Sir James, a small man who looked every day his age, which was given in my document as fifty-two. By skillful maneuvering I had placed myself between the fatal desk and Sir James, and then told him most politely and quietly "Sir James, I regret very much but I am compelled to place you under arrest in the name of the U. S. Government, of which I am an immigrant inspector. You are my prisoner, Mr. Carleton, and will kindly come with me to the U. S. Immigration Station for a hearing." At first he wanted to put up a fight, but when he glanced at the open door, in which my friend the reporter stuck in his head, and saw that it was two against one, he quietly sat down in a chair



when I suggested that we better talk the matter over. I explained to him that he could easily get out on a \$1,000 bond and showed him that clause in the warrant. He wanted to write out a check at once for \$1,000 which I, of course, could not accept, explaining to him that the government insists on real estate bonds. He then took his hat and coat and came down-stairs with me. When we were on the street he wanted to know where my auto was. I laughingly informed him that the government does not supply us with autos, but that it is a short walk. He then suggested we use his own limousine, which was standing at the curb, and his chauffeur drove us to our station.

We gave Sir James a hearing separately from Lady Carleton, and that evening the Boston evening papers came out with big headlines: "Hold Sir James Carleton as White Slaver. 'Black-mail' says Sir James Carleton."

Next morning the papers had this to say: "Frankly admitting that his marriage was the picturesque common law ceremony of Scotland, Sir James Carleton, following his release on bail yesterday afternoon by immigration authorities, gave our reporter a detailed story of his career which has been spectacular and troublesome since his arrival in this country on June 9th, with the avowed intention of investing a million dollars of British capital. Lady Carleton, a sweet faced young woman of retiring disposition is confined

to the hotel, in a delicate condition, and Sir James declared last night that the arrest of her yesterday morning in their Cambridge home was the last straw in the blackmailing campaign which has been relentlessly pursued ever since his title of nobility was mysteriously questioned shortly after his arrival from abroad to organize the 'U. S. Oxygen Corporation.' 'Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock I will visit the District Attorney accompanied by my solicitor and request that an indictment be returned by the Grand Jury against the man who has been trying to blackmail me and who has sworn to get me because he knew I came here without my patents of nobility.

" 'On Whit-Monday of the present year, which happened to fall in March, we were married under the recognized and legal common law of Scotland as Presbyterians,' he stated. 'The ceremony occurred in the Waverly Hotel of the North British Railroad chain in Edinboro, near the birthplace of Lady Carleton. The ceremony was sworn to with clasped hands in the presence of two witnesses, whose names are on record, and the register of the hotel with the names of these witnesses will substantiate my contention. Already cablegrams have been sent asking for proof of this. There can be no argument as to this form of ceremony being legal, or as to its not being recognized in this country. The legitimacy of children is also unquestioned. I will give you permission

to state that Lady Carleton is the granddaughter of Sir Andrew . . . at one time Surgeon General of the English troops in Scotland, and her father is a chemist and dentist at present at the front with the British troops.

“My wife is said to be a stenographer in Weldon’s employ. Weldon does not even closely resemble me. He is taller, and the only real resemblance comes in the large lobed ears. He is at present in London. I was director in the company which backed him, bought all his patent rights for 25,000 pounds and came to this country to do business, now being incorporated for \$1,000,000 and owing not a cent in the world.

“The company was incorporated under the laws of New Jersey June 2nd of this year with \$500,000 paid in. I am president, and the other officers are prominent men well known in the industrial world of Boston and Philadelphia. Some are connected with the big power plants, hydro-electric enterprises, trust companies, safe-deposit vaults, gas light concerns and even one of the foremost shipyards in this neighborhood.”

But this was not all. Every one of his business associates came out in print and declared under oath at our hearing that this nobleman, as far as they knew, kept every agreement, did not ask about borrowing money, and seemed to have plenty of funds. They all understood he bought the East Boston land and paid for it. They all said that they were sure he was on the level. It

looked pretty bad for me, because I was to be the goat if Carleton could prove that he was really who he claimed to be. And he put up a determined fight for his rights so as to be allowed to stay in this country.

He had the best legal talent money could buy. A former Assistant U. S. Attorney General represented Sir James before us—an expert on immigration law. A former Harvard Law School professor, who was expert on contracts, appeared as one of the principal witnesses in behalf of Sir James. He testified that in his opinion the Scotch marriage could never be questioned, its validity being recognized all over the world. “Under that law,” he said, “no ceremony is required. It is simply an agreement between a man and woman to live together as man and wife and respect the bonds of matrimony, and it is just as binding in the eyes of the law as a church ceremony.”

Another witness in favor of Sir James was an expert on genealogical matters. He gave a long story about a Lord Dorchester Carleton, who was a leader in Cromwell’s time and he left descendants in Sussex. He also built the famous Carleton House in London. And there had also been baronets Carleton in different periods in English history from early in the seventeenth century down till now. That Sir James is possibly eighth in line to receive the title from John Carleton upon whom it was conferred in the eighteenth



century, was emphasized. When asked why it did not appear in Burk's "Peerage" and similar publications, Sir James quickly said "Because the cost of having an application made to this was five hundred guineas, or \$2,500" and he did not deem it necessary to spend that amount just for the sake of looks. A number of business men testified as to Carleton's business ability and integrity. A representative of an auditing firm testified to Carleton having money tied up in the oxygen venture here.

His confidence, which had been the striking feature in his deportment since the first veiled accusations were made against him, was really remarkable, and it looked more and more as if a grave blunder had been made by us in arresting this rich and well-liked couple who seemed so devoted to one another. Still, we never lost sight of those big ear-lobes. The ear is one part of our anatomy which is very rarely alike in two individuals, and Carleton's admission that Weldon had "large ear-lobes as I" weighed heavily with us.

However, while the papers with the hearing and findings were on their way to Washington, Sir James and Lady Carleton were on their way to Holland. They were on the high seas. The first news we received was from one of his friends, who had introduced his "Lordship" at the Art Club, and at the Athletic Association. At the B. A. A. Sir James performed a few

sleight of hand tricks, separating club members from their money. This friend was looking for "Sir James" and this with a worthless check for \$250 which "His Lordship" passed him about an hour before sailing for Europe. It was the return of this check "unhonored" by the bank on which it was drawn, that led to the discovery that the bird had flown. He had neglected to inform any one he was going to leave the country, thereby violating his bail and his agreement with our immigration authorities. Later on his attorney informed us that he got word from him that he was in the Hotel Cecil in London, and at his request we asked our Consul-General in London to call at the hotel and write over the man's and woman's description, which he did, and once more the big ear-lobes served to clinch his identity. Thus it was officially confirmed that Carleton was actually out of our country, so that the attorney had the bail cancelled.

I learned subsequently through an article in an English newspaper that Carleton, alias Weldon, alias Crabshaw, alias Crabtree (and I don't know how many other aliases) was an old offender. The truth came out before the Gateshead (England) Assizes, where he was charged with inducing a tradesman to accept a worthless check for a moving picture theater which our friend had bought. At the trial an English detective laid bare "Sir James'" record which was about a yard long, beginning in Scotland, follow-

ing to Canada and thence to the United States. He committed some years ago a forgery in Chicago for which he was sentenced to fourteen years, serving six years in the Joliet, Illinois, Penitentiary. When his term expired the Ellis Island authorities deported him to England where he soon served another term in jail for a similar offense. Then he cheated a number of stockholders out of various sums in starting the Cox Brass Manufacturing Company under the name of Weldon, and with two thousand five hundred dollars in his pocket and his young stenographer on his arm, he came to Boston. He spent all that money in advancing his schemes as I have said before. He was willing, before his case was being closed, to go over to England at his own expense and come back later with documentary proof of his marriage and title. As it was he cleared out of here with about \$6,000, but could have easily gotten away with ten times or maybe a hundred times that amount, à la Ponzi, if we had not nipped his enterprise in the bud, instead of letting him get many months of headway and many millions of liabilities piled up without a cent of assets.

“Sir James” is serving a four year term in England. He was one of the shrewdest confidence men, and had served altogether not less than four terms in English prisons. The supposed Lady Carleton was just a poor little stenographer and typist by the name of Laidlaw,

whose parents were respectable people and heart-broken when she came home, an unmarried mother. This was the saddest feature of the case, and she deserved our sincere sympathy.

"Is there not a record kept of all those who are deported?" you might ask. A record, yes, but that is all.

What we need, and need badly in America, is a system of registration in connection with our local census, so that the authorities should know at all times who is who. Many times in my investigations I found policemen who did not know who lived in the block which they had to patrol. Every policeman ought to have a complete record of every one within his jurisdiction,—description, occupation, family connections, etc. Furthermore, those who served a jail sentence should be under police surveillance for five or ten years after their release. People changing their residence should report at the nearest post-office where they are moving to, and it should be a federal offense if they fail to comply with this regulation.

Aliens of the type of "Sir James" and Ponzi, who served prison terms, should be deported, and American agents abroad should be in touch with foreign police departments, and thus in a position to tip off their home government as to any criminal who may be expected to go to the States.

In the case of "Sir James" as well as the hero



of Ponzied Finance, (whom I also had occasion to investigate recently) the jail term only served as school for their further adventures, and the public has a right to be protected against such wolves in sheep's clothing. Of course, as long as the yellow press and the sentimental faction of the public rejoice and sympathize with murderers and law-breakers, not much headway can be made along rational lines of police reform.

But at least this one point ought to be insisted upon: every alien who arrives at our shores should have a passport from his home government showing whether or not he has served in prison, how long, and what for. Aliens in some instances are not allowed to leave their native place unless they can show an "expatriation permit" sent them from America through their respective Consul. Then why could we not insist upon the return of this courtesy by having those same governments issue a legal passport to their subjects?

Also, there ought to be a Central Bureau of Criminal Investigation in the United States, where rogues' galleries from all over the country should send duplicates of their card indexes, photographs and finger-prints, and where even foreign governments might send similar exhibits if proper arrangements could be negotiated. If such a one had been in existence, the Boston police could have easily ascertained, for instance, that "Sir James" was alias Weldon, etc., and that

Ponzi had served time in Montreal and Atlanta. As it stands, we are kicking a crook out at the front door, and he may return at the rear door without our slightest knowledge of it. There is a Federal rogues' gallery in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, but it does not cover a world-wide radius. Why not extend its usefulness, and transfer it to Washington as an adjunct to the Bureau of Investigation of the U. S. Department of Justice?

## CHAPTER X

### MADEMOISELLE PEREZ, A GOVERNESS FROM PARIS

IF I have given the impression that our immigration consists mostly of good-for-nothing ne'er-do-wells, it was certainly not my intention, because that is far from the truth. While my experience has taught me that most of our immigrants are not quite as unsophisticated as some of our immigration experts make us believe—or the mouthpieces of the liberal immigration league—the fact is indisputable that the largest number of arrivals, especially those belonging to the working classes, are hardworking, ignorant, honest, more or less cunning peasants. Many of them, it is true, will lie when they come before the inspector, but that is not entirely their fault as explained elsewhere.

To be fair and just, however, I must say that they deceive without discrimination of race, be they English, German, French, Irish, Scandinavian or Hindostani, Jew or Gentile, Christian or Mohammedan. I have seen them all swear by their own God, on Holy Script, Bible or Koran, by the Madonna as well as by Jehovah, or by the Beard of the Prophet, and yet they would not hesitate a minute to commit wanton perjury, hid-

ing the most trivial, insignificant facts from us, simply because the steamship agent at home or the clerk in Hamburg or Liverpool, or some fellow passengers on the ship who had been in America before, told them that if they say they know how to read and write, or if they say they are married, that will count against them. These peasants, of course, with their inborn cunning, think they are smart, but are usually easily detected.

People can hardly be expected to shake their traits by simply crossing a big ocean. The story of Washington and his Cherry Tree is told them only once, against twenty or a hundred fold repetitions of the story of Barnum and his classic utterance, "The people want to be humbugged."

If one were sitting next to me in the high chair on the immigration line, say on an Italian ship, when hundreds of immigrants stand before me, who by all rules of preconceived notions ought to be black haired, black-eyed, Roman nosed, and so forth, and found the whole motley sea of black, yellow, chestnut or red hair with blue, black, gray, hazel, brown, violet eyes, one would come to the same conclusion to which I have come, that there are just three types coming to us from Europe, and these are: the Baltic, with light hair and blue eyes, such as one sees exemplified in the Swedes, Danes, North Germans, Letts and some Slavs; the Alpine with blue eyes and brown hair, mostly scattered through the various mountain regions and along the banks of the Rhine;



and lastly the Mediterranean, with dark eyes and dark hair. All these races have been shuffled together for so many centuries that one very rarely finds even these rather vague types in perfect representation. Quite a lot of Mongolian blood is mixed into the Slavs for example, and again African-Negro blood into the Portuguese or Sicilian; but this trinity of division explains to me at least why I should have a Frenchman with light hair and gray eyes next to a North Italian with brown hair and violet eyes. In the first instance the ancestor of the particular French individual was a Norseman perhaps, and in the latter a pure South German or Swiss or Austrian, who happened to drift into the valley of the Po from the Alps.

The Slavs are a further mixture, with more or less Chinese or Mongolian blood showing to perfection in their high cheek bones. Of course thousands of years ago the Slav and the Magyar and the Finn came perhaps of the same stock when they emerged from the heart of Asia, and traces of this relationship show even in their language. To establish their proper relationship is impossible to-day, as they have gone already through the Asiatic and Caucasian melting-pot whence they emerged after Attila's Huns and Avars, only to be put through a new fire test in the East European crucible, this side of the Ural Mountains.

While there probably is no scientific foundation

for these ideas, of one thing I am sure: that a clear racial type among our immigrants is one of the rarest of rarities. Among the Jews and Syrians one will find quite often a splendid specimen of the clear Semite, though quite as often one will find the type changed by an admixture of the Slav, giving the individual in exchange for a preponderant brain, physical strength and brawn. Again one will find a clear Mediterranean type, Roman all the way through even to the elegantly curved eye-brows, ruby lips and blue black eyes. And next to him, coming from the same village in Sicily, half a dozen mongrels of the worst kind: part African, part Greek, part Roman. And so it goes all along the immigration line.

The truer, however, to their original make-up the aliens have remained, the harder it will be for them to become assimilated, if they make their abode here. For they remain a stranger in a strange land, sometimes all their lives, that is, to the casual American, because their appearance is against them. They are spotted at first sight as not belonging to the flock, almost as much as a colored person, an Indian or a Chinaman. The inspector, more than the average man, has to be on guard against any prejudice. If he holds up an immigrant on account of not liking his looks, he is not true to his oath of office. Another thing is that looks are deceptive. It is a wonderful game. On one side sits the spirit of

the entire world, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, pushing men and women toward the line, and on the other side sits Uncle Sam pushing his inspectors and doctors and matrons toward the first line of defense. Who wins? That is a question hard to answer. This quaint story about Mademoiselle Perez, the dainty little governess from Paris, may decide that once in a while Uncle Sam is a pretty good chess-player on the checker-board of life.

On September 19th, 19—, three inspectors boarded the *Winnisimmet* at Long Wharf. One was a giant Swede, straight and square, the other one a short stocky Irishman, and the third one was myself. We navigated around the harbor for a while in search of some coastwise steamers with which only the customs-boarding officer was concerned, and at last met the good ship *Winifredian* of the Leyland line near her East Boston dock.

There were school-teachers, college professors, ministers and traveling salesmen, actors and actresses in the cabin. It was a very interesting, superior second cabin crowd, those ships only carrying one cabin. On that particular ship I had a little argument with a female doctor because I happened to ask her how she was made a United States citizen. She very resentfully informed me that she had been in "the States thirty years and that is enough to make me a citizen. I think your questions are unnecessary and un-

gentlemanly." I put her down as an alien and the Government collected four dollars headtax later, while I explained that thirty or fifty years residence in America does not create citizenship.

I was then suddenly called to the next table to examine a young lady who, I was told, "had no English," and to ascertain which language she spoke. The government does not provide permanent interpreters for Spanish, Gaelic, Chaldean and Persian, where we only have about every hundred days an immigrant who speaks nothing else but one of these tongues. It is cheaper to get a shoemaker or a longshoreman as interpreter for a few hours. It is not a question of America First! The main thing in our service seemed to be "Economy First!" In this case, however, we met on neutral ground, the lady and I: we both spoke French fluently.

She gave her name as "Marie Perez," though she looked like a Jap with her olive complexion, retroussé nose, somewhat pronounced cheekbones, the laughing mouth and pearly teeth and even the almond shaped eyes. She had jet black hair in which she wore a big comb and a big Chrysanthemum, and when she laughed two charming dimples appeared to enhance her beauty. At my third question she confessed that she was unmarried and was born in Algiers of a Spanish father and a French mother. Now, a French mother in Algiers means a Bedouin or Arab, and that was why this little person before



me had such an interesting combination of oriental charms. She was truly a rare bud from the Garden of Allah. While she looked barely more than sixteen, she owned up to twenty-one. She was also well educated and spoke besides French and Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and Arabic. She was destined to a French Home in Boston. I asked her where she got this address and she told me that she was a governess in Paris during the previous two years and had a lady friend on board ship who gave her the address of the French Home. I asked her to point out that lady to me, which she could not do, claiming that the lady was on the upper deck. Of course I knew that I had caught her in a little lie, because I had given orders to the stewards not to let anybody leave the saloon till our doctor had seen them all and the doctor was not yet on board.

From that moment our sparring became really scientific. I asked her if she had any other address and she said "no." I held her for a further hearing before the Board of Special Inquiry, which was a cruel thing to do considering her youth, beauty and culture, as it meant detention in our vermin infested, germ laden prison-pen, where everything was run on the most democratic basis; no class distinction. If passengers came first, second or steerage, they were all put in one lump into worse than steerage quarters, and thus properly introduced to the principles of equality before the law. Of course there was

another side to the question; on account of her charming appearance and innocent smile, I thought it wise to hold her so that she should not go astray. I intended to call up the French Home later and have the matron come to our station to take care of this young lady.

The captain thought my stand was ridiculous and outrageous. So did the wife of a prominent lawyer up the State, who told "dear Marie" that if she had known I was going to hold her she would have brought her in as the French governess of her own two children without any trouble.

However, she was brought over to Long Wharf, the captain's objections notwithstanding. And this is where "Act 2" begins, for the little witch appeared now before the Board of Special Inquiry instead of a lone inspector. After many questions before the Board of which I was the interpreting member, Mademoiselle Perez produced an address on West 44th Street, New York City, explaining that this address had been sent to her by a lady who used to be in Boston and New York, then went to Algiers, and from there sent it to her. She also showed us two hundred dollars. Every officer connected with the case began to upbraid me for having held this charming creature. She should be allowed to go to her friend in New York or to the French Home in Boston, and what good did it all do to thresh out this silly story.

When asked what she intended to do here, she



A BOARD OF SPECIAL INQUIRY





said: "To look for a position as governess." Then we questioned her once more on the subject of address, for by this time my suspicions were aroused about the West 44th Street number which was right in the heart of the "tenderloin" of New York. In her confusion when told that but few women lived in that neighborhood, she made a break and admitted that her friend was a—man!

She had to give his name and she did: Antoin Vidal. Then I began to ask her if she knew this man in the old country, and if she kept company with him, and she said she knew him, but she always lived with her parents in Algiers and had never been away from them. In the heat of the argument which ensued between her, the chairman, the stenographer and me, she became completely confused, saying she lived in Lisbon. It took another quarter of an hour to drag the story out of her that she met this man Vidal there. She tried to crawl out of this blunder by saying that the man was her fiancé and he went with her home to her folks in Algiers on a visit, as this was the only way she could explain her former statement that she and he met in Algiers. She said he then returned with her to Lisbon and went from there to America. He is now waiting for her in New York, and he will come at once for her if we wire him, for he was very much attached to her and he is ready to marry her. We explained to her how foolish she was not to

have told this in the beginning, because her fiancé would be on his way here now, and we would have saved her the ordeal of so many questions which must have greatly embarrassed her. We tried to cheer her up, and told her that to-morrow she will probably be Mrs. Vidal, and meanwhile we deferred the case for appearance of the girl's fiancé.

Act 3—and this is really where the comedy turns into a tragedy, for the dramatic element enters.

There appeared early the next day, September 20th, the matron of the French Home, who sat patiently in the waiting room. She told me to send Mademoiselle Perez to her French Home. I asked her confidentially how she happened to be interested in this girl. She told me she never saw her, nor heard of her, till a few days ago, when she got a letter from a man, her uncle presumably, because he signed his name Antoin Perez, asking her to take care of this girl. And so she came to call for her, and get her a position through the French Home. And the address in that letter was the same number on West 44th Street as the girl had shown as her fiancé's. Here was a puzzle. If the girl had an uncle or even a father in New York why didn't she say so? I told the matron in so many words that the case was a very suspicious white slave case, and advised her not to have anything to do with it, but before she goes home to let me see the correspond-

ence. The lady being beyond reproach, was very much alarmed. With trembling hands she handed me the letter, which, translated, read somewhat as follows:

“*Madam:*

“Please take care of this young lady who is to arrive per s.s. *Winifredian* in Boston next week. I am going from New York, where I am now, to Gibraltar or Liverpool, and from there to Canada and when I get to Montreal I will send you a telegram and you will then please put the lady on a train and send her to me in Canada.”

Here was certainly a strange story. If the man was straight why didn't he write to us?

A telegraphic inquiry at Ellis Island whether Antoin Vidal was detained there brought a confirmation. It was simple to analyze this thought; why should a business man go to Gibraltar and from there to Liverpool and thence to Canada? For no earthly reason whatsoever. That is neither a usual route for a traveling man, nor a pleasure trip for a tourist. But to get away from here, being of Portuguese or Spanish antecedents, as this man's name suggested, and then go to Gibraltar, which is a British possession, and from there go to England, and from there to another British possession, is clearly dodging the issue. He is near to Portugal and yet keeps away from it by taking a ship from Gibraltar to Liverpool. For a man to be deported to Gibraltar—for whom the police

in Portugal are probably looking—and then make a quick dash over to England and back to America, even if it be only to Canada, to meet one's sweetheart, that is quite a natural procedure which any one would do.

Meanwhile the same evening Mademoiselle Perez tried to bribe one of our matrons to send out a letter. Of course the poor little bird was fluttering in the trap into which she had unfortunately walked.

And here we have reached "Act 4." The climax of the tragedy is approaching. It is next morning, a dull, gray sky hangs over the waterfront, making everybody feel blue and discouraged. There is no more dreary and forlorn place in the world on a foggy day than the waterfront. You hear the constant tooting of the fog horns, the ringing of fog bells, you can see nothing but gray around you, above you, and below you, and the various notes coming from the unseen ships only add to the dreariness of the scene.

As soon as Mademoiselle Perez spies me she rushes up to bombard me with questions, "Did Madame la matronne of the French Home call again? Did a lady in an automobile come for her? Not yet? That is too bad. Is her fiancé outside waiting for her? No? Why, he ought to be here by this time. What can possibly keep him away from his beloved Marietta? And no telegram for her? How strange! Would I please answer if she asked me a somewhat



delicate question?" "Avec plaisir, Mademoiselle!" And this was the question: "If a man is married can he marry again? He can start a new life in the New World, can he not?" "He cannot!" And her big black eyes filled with tears when she heard the verdict. "Too bad he is a married man," I said to her. "But then, he might get a divorce and there is still a chance for you." "No, it was not that. She did not love him, she hated him!" and her eyes sparkled now with Southern fire of vengeance, the vendetta. "So he jilted you? Another woman? Is that it?" I was more puzzled than ever. Things became more and more muddled. She must be laboring under the influence of that letter she got yesterday through the French matron. She is excited and agitated more than before.

And at that moment comes the solution of the riddle, the key to the mystery: for here enters the Board of Special Inquiry with the New York records in our possession, and when she sees the papers she suddenly braces up and voluntarily confesses. "I see it is all up, so I may as well tell you the truth! I was born in Algiers, my father was French and my mother Arab. My father was a man of culture, and I got the best education in a convent school in Algiers. One day, when I was barely fifteen, while riding on a bicycle in the suburbs of the City of Algiers, I saw two French soldiers attacked by a band of

Bedouins. They were sorely pressed. Quick as lightning, as if I was on one of our Arabian steeds, I flew to the barracks and gave the alarm. A batallion of French guards came to the rescue and saved the life of their two comrades. I got a gold medal for my quick wit and bravery. I went on a visit to my aunt in Lisbon, where I made the acquaintance of what seemed to us a very rich Englishman. My aunt favored the match and I married him. A more illmated couple never lived. He was cold, selfish, egotistical. He counted every penny. He was not rich at all as he had pretended to be. He was not a member of the export house with which he was connected, only their correspondent. I made him a good wife. I even opened up a millinery store, having good taste for this kind of thing. My husband would never bother whether I came home early or late. He took no more interest in me than if I was a dog. He did not know what affection meant; he loved his tea, his slippers and his pipes and the *London Times*. The rest had no attraction for him. And here I was, a mere child, my heart craving for affection. And I met a man who gave me all that from an overflowing heart, and more. He was romantic, loving, idealistic. He was nearer to my own self than any one I had ever met before. He was part of my life, my race, my flesh and my blood. He was a Spaniard, and all that a woman could expect of a lover, an affinity, to be. He used to play

the guitar, and sing those enticing Andalusian love songs, which touch the very fiber of your heart. He would overwhelm me with presents, nothing was too good for him to lay at my feet. We met openly and secretly. And my husband did not care. If Carlos bought theater tickets, he bought three, one for me, one for him and one for my indifferent husband. If he went to Madrid to see the Toreador, he took me and my husband along. If he bought a new pipe for himself, he also bought one for my husband. And thus things moved along tolerably well. The eternal triangle, however, was suddenly to be nailed to a cross. Just when we had a telephone put in, one end of which was in my affinity's apartments and the other under my pillow in my bed, so that I could talk with him while my husband was snoring, the calamity broke over us. I was his ruin. He was cashier in a large bank, and you know the rest. One day he could no longer cover up the deficiencies in the books. He had spent thousands to please me, to give me momentary happiness, and now the day of retribution and reckoning had arrived. He confided in me and told me that his only salvation lay in flight, flight to the refuge beyond the sea, America, the Eldorado, where a man of his ability might quickly gain a foothold. And then I should leave my big brute of a husband and join him who loved me more than his life, and we would be happy ever afterwards. And I could open a dressmak-

ing establishment in New York and get rich. And I sent two thousand dollars worth of dresses ahead in trunks, and followed my loved one from Havre on the French Line to New York. Unfortunately I only had Portuguese money with me when I arrived, and when the inspector asked me how much money I had I thought he meant American money, and I said "none" whereupon he detained me and I was taken over to Ellis Island. My sweetheart called for me. Not knowing your foolish laws here, and not knowing that I said I was going to him, my cousin, he made the mistake of telling them that he had supported me for two years, and would guarantee to support me here so that I would not become a public charge here. He will look out for me all right, he tells those men. They cannot see it in that light, and tell me that I cannot land here, but must go back to France because I am a bad woman. I, a bad woman? I who had left my home, my friends, the companions of my youth, all, to come here into this cold, terrible New World, a stranger in a strange land, not being able to speak to anybody, just to be near him, the man who had ruined his life to please me and who had become a fugitive from justice so as to have me forever."

Alas, her elegant pleading availed her naught, for under our immigration law she was clearly and beyond doubt (1) a person imported for an immoral purpose, and (2) a person likely to be-



come a public charge with no kin or friend to look after her in this country in case of sickness. She was therefore deported on the same steamer on which she had arrived.

What a mistaken notion a first impression sometimes gives us, for instead of the cold, rigid, calculating Japanese, she had turned out to be an Arab with all the storm-tossed emotions of an angry sea of passions.

The captain of the steamer told me when he returned a trip or two later, that he left her in her lover's arms in Liverpool, and the last she told him was that they were getting tickets to go to Montreal on the *Empress of Ireland*. As I remember there was still a belated echo of this affair, for many months later a letter was handed to me, in which the enraged husband asked the immigration office to send him a record of the hearing before the Board of Special Inquiry at Boston, so that he may get a divorce from his wayward and unfaithful wife. Did we send him a record? Not that I know of.

And thus ended one of the most interesting episodes which came under the watchful eyes of the "Men at the Gate," proving once more that even in our twentieth century hum-drum existence, "life is stranger than fiction," and not devoid of romance, once in a while!

## CHAPTER XI

### THE MORMONS

THE reader may perhaps remember the ill-fated old ship *Republic*. She ran aground somewhere near Montaugh Point, on Long Island, a few years ago, but fortunately all her passengers were saved. That was the end of her. And we rarely think of what becomes of these floating palaces which create such general admiration on their maiden trips.

When the good ship *Republic* entered the port of Boston on a bright Sunday morning, August 27th, 1908, it was not her maiden trip. But there were two passengers amongst many others whose maiden trip it surely was and whose arrival caused such an upheaval that the second cabin by noon looked like a wrecked camp-meeting of the "Church of Latter Day Saints."

Of the three hundred odd second cabin passengers, more than half were detained for hearings before the Board of Special Inquiry, of which I happened to be a member that day, together with two other inspectors, one acting as chairman, another as stenographer and I as interpreter. A scrutiny of the detention list disclosed the startling fact that nearly everybody detained

on the ship was a Mormon. Fifteen years before occurred the reason for this crushing blow. At that time there came from Utah to New York a young girl who had been induced by Mormon Elders to leave her home in Scotland to accompany them to a pictured Eldorado in the United States, where her life would be one round of pleasure in most congenial surroundings with lucrative employment and the prospect ultimately of honorable and comfortable marriage. The girl was virtuous and ambitious. Her parents were hard-working people, and if she remained with them her future meant drudgery. One day a smooth tongued Mormon Elder (which does not necessarily signify an "old" man) in the garb of a religious individual, converted her to his church and she came with him, together with a number of other young girls, to Utah.

On arrival here she soon discovered that she had been imported practically as a white slave, so as to be sealed as a polygamous wife to one of the Elders. (This time a real "old" one.) She put up a stiff fight against the threats and tortures to which she was exposed, and escaping from the Mormon harem, she told her story to the immigration authorities in Washington. Many letters of despair were received from time to time from girls in Utah and Idaho, describing their helpless condition as the fifth or sixth wife of some old and cruel Mormon. Also, rumors reached us that the Mormons were assisting

immigrants to come here by advancing them their passage money, or rather paying the same out of a so called "immigrant fund" which had been created by wealthy Mormons for the purpose of sending missionaries abroad whose business it was to induce converts, particularly young and pretty girls, to come to the land of the Prophet of Latter Day Saints. Some newspapers were for two years calling the attention of the country to these facts, shouting themselves hoarse about the Mormon menace, claiming that twenty-five thousand Mormon converts from all parts of Europe had been landed in the port of Boston within three years, most of them assisted by the Mormon Church.

Things were at this stage when our office received a cable from the father of two girls, Catherine aged eighteen and Margaret twenty, though they looked a good deal younger, who wired to the authorities that the girls were under age, had run away from home and should be sent back to him. This message was followed by a letter from the irate father, wherein he explained that the two girls had no money when they left home and must have been assisted by the Mormon Elders with whom they were in contact, in order to pay their passage to America.

I was the inspector who held them, and counted their money which was just thirty-five dollars. It developed at the hearing before the Board of Special Inquiry that the money was given to them



by one of the Mormon Elders just before they landed, and their tickets were also purchased and held by the Elders, just as they held the steamship and railroad tickets for the entire party of one hundred and five converts and missionaries.

In this party there were a number of races and all sorts and conditions of men and women and children brought together under the fold of the "Church." There were young Dutch girls from Holland, and a buxom widow who was willing to become the plural wife of a Mormon Elder if no other man could be captured alive. There was a poor specimen of a German tailor, weak and anaemic, named Roth, with his equally frail wife and six small children, the eldest about eleven. Then there was a Norwegian woman who had never been married, but acknowledged after many questions that she was the mother of a ten year old boy, who she at first claimed, had been put in her charge by some strangers at a small railroad station in Denmark. Then there were two English weavers from Nottingham who were really too advanced in years to start life anew in a strange land, both men being over fifty. Then there were some Swiss watchmakers, if I remember well, who made up in honesty what they lacked in intelligence and good looks. But the star of the outfit was an emaciated, undersized woman of a gally, stubborn disposition who resented our questions, shouted into our ears that she did believe in polygamy, both theory and

practice; that she had swallowed the Mormon doctrines, book and covers, and that of course she was willing to become the fourth or fifth or even the sixth wife of any Mormon, as long as he would support her. Besides, what of it? Rather be a member of a church which provides an opportunity to all women to become wives and mothers, than remain an old maid in England all the rest of her days. Other people had quite often two or even three wives, especially if they could afford it, she insisted, and nobody found it out, and yet they were allowed to attend all kinds of churches. Then why not join a church which confessed frankly that it was the right thing to do? This was her philosophy, and she did not care who knew it.

The other members of the party were more conservative—at least in expressing their ideas. They nearly all admitted their belief in the theory, even if not the practice of polygamy, although they denied up and down that the Mormon Church taught anything but the theory of it. Some even claimed ignorance of polygamy and would not believe that there was any such condition in Utah as a man having more than one wife.

Some of the Mormon Elders in the party admitted that they bought the tickets and held them, but that these tickets were bought with the money of the immigrants themselves, so as to save trouble and worry for Europeans who were

not so well able to attend to the details of their passage as the Elders, who were all Americans. It also developed from their testimony that they had invaded different countries in Europe in search of converts as proven by the fact that July 26, 1907, in charge of eighteen missionaries there arrived in Boston one hundred twenty-three Mormon converts. Six European nations were represented among them.

October 9, 1907, the steamer *Cymric* took with her from Boston thirty-seven Mormon missionaries on their way to Europe. Some of these were bound for Germany, and intended to defy the Kaiser's edict excluding them and their faith from that country.

November 6, 1907, the steamer *Cymric* had on board sixty-one Mormon missionaries when she sailed. They were going to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland and Turkey.

From July 1906 until July 1907, there were probably ten thousand converts brought in via Boston. The preponderance of young girls among this number, many of them beautiful and apparently above the average alien immigrant in intelligence and breeding, was remarkable.

At first we debarred fifty-four of the one hundred eight held on the *Republic* because they were either likely to become public charges, were assisted immigrants, or admitted their belief in the practice of polygamy.

The two sisters whom I held were young,

healthy, of prepossessing appearance, fair education, pronounced character, as shown by their actions and answers; in all these respects they undoubtedly made desirable immigrants. However, it was evident from their testimony given before us that they both came without the consent of their father and maybe mother. Furthermore, they had no funds with which to pay for their passage and therefore appealed to an alleged friend for assistance. This lady was only slightly acquainted with them, and according to their own statements had no earthly reason whatsoever to advance them the money unless it was as missionary of the "Latter Day Saints" for the purpose of helping these immigrants to join the Mormon community in Utah. Furthermore, the Mormon Elders were indirectly responsible for the immigration of these two young aliens, and their hidden hand could be traced through the entire transaction. Mormon teachings induced these young girls to leave their home, their parents and their friends. It was a Mormon Elder who gave them tickets for their sea-voyage, a Mormon Elder who gave them railroad tickets on board the steamship to go from Boston to Chicago, and they expected a Mormon Elder to give them railroad tickets from Chicago to their final destination in the Mormon State of Utah. The carefully weighed, evasive, hesitating, and well considered if not well prepared replies of these aliens suggested that they had been coached to



meet the fair and open questions of the immigration officers upon their arrival.

In consideration of all these facts it was clear to me that these two immigrant girls were assisted by word and deed to come here; and that they would never have come to this country was it not for the direct and indirect assistance and solicitation thus received from Mormon missionaries on whom they depended in the old country when they broke their home ties to go to a strange world, on whom they depended during the voyage across the ocean and on whom they will undoubtedly lean for good or for bad, if allowed to land in America.

The underlying thought, the motive for my exclusion of these girls was this: there I could see before me the heartbroken mother and raving father who had been robbed of their two youngest children, daughters, whose only capital in the world was their good looks and their good name. And then I tried to imagine how any parent would feel if a daughter should run away and become a slave in a harem.

What is true in regard to Mormons really holds good for all immigrants who are induced by any promise whatsoever to come here.

Of course, on the dock there was quite a commotion on account of the Mormon "holdup," as the steamship and railroad officials termed it; and this sensational news quickly found its way into the papers, which all appeared with glaring

head-lines about "Crushing the Mormon Menace"  
"Girl Converts to Mormonism in Law's Grasp"  
and others. In the meanwhile the mill kept  
grinding and the SIEVE shaking, and for the first  
time in years the SIEVE was holding tight!

## CHAPTER XII

### THE RELIGION OF EUGENICS

IF the war has taught us one great lesson, it is that a nation is only as strong as its manhood.

A strong new race can only be built on a healthy foundation. It is an undoubted fact that home life is happiest when every member of the family is well and hale and hearty, from dear old grandmother down to the infant in the cradle. What holds good for the individual and his family, holds a thousand, a million fold good for the nation. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" holds good for our past, and will hold good for the future. Ancient Sparta flourished and was powerful as long as the race was virile and strong, as long as only the vigorous was allowed to survive. When the individual weakened the nation perished.

The development of a strong, healthy, elastic manhood, well trained by indoor and outdoor sport, free from diseases, familiar with the laws of physical culture, of proper breathing, eating, drinking, sleeping, should be the very essence of every man's, woman's and child's life in the Republic. The war has proven, if anything, that the baseball and football fan has to come down

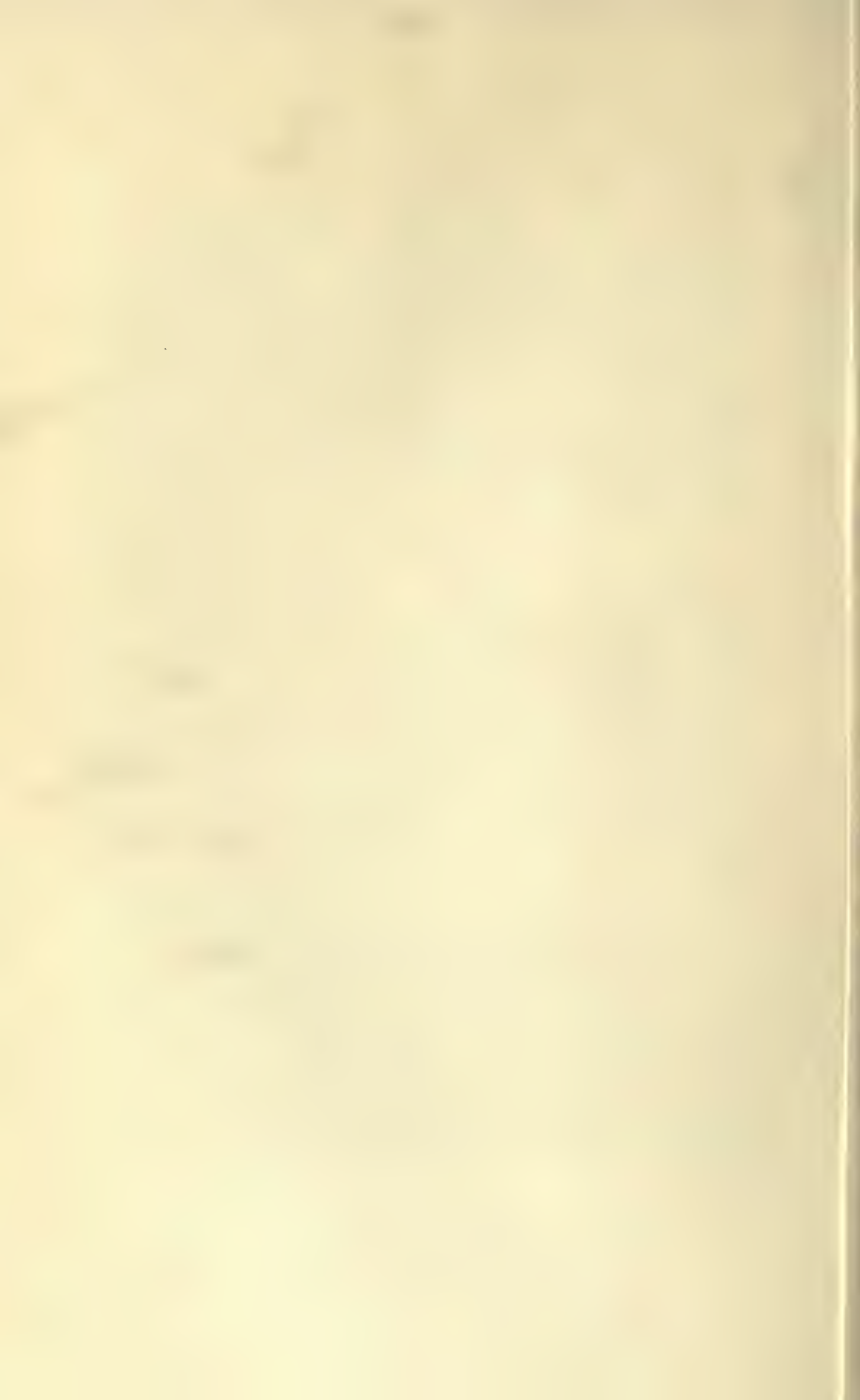
from the bleachers and step into the arena himself, besides shouting himself hoarse and applauding like a maniac when a league-ball happens to fly over his head. If another war should come upon us we shall once more need not one trained athlete out of a thousand citizens, but millions of men able and willing to face storm and snow, knee-deep slush in the trenches, scorching hell-fire from above, blinding blizzards of shrapnel from the front, infernal onslaught from the rear, rattling gattling guns combined with horrible thunder of exploding hand-grenades and murderous bombs all around! . . . We shall need strong men, healthy men, sound men from top to bottom, from teeth to toes—millions of them, so that the entire nation like one single man may face the foe and defiantly shout "Liberty or death!" . . . And the Father of his Country very wisely remarked "In time of peace prepare for war."

While I gladly admit that the bulk of our immigration coming from Europe is of a high physical standard, especially from those countries where compulsory military training has been in force, yet it is not as high as it ought to be, or as we thought it was. Did we not have to rebuild men at our training camps? Were not thousands of our factory hands and office workers hollow-chested, emaciated, weak-lunged, weak-boned, near-sighted and faint of heart? And were not the majority of these of alien birth or of alien parents?





*Top.* A GROUP OF RUSSIAN IMMIGRANTS—*Centre.* GERMAN "DESERTER-IMMIGRANTS"—*Bottom.* AN "AMERICANIZATION" CLASS IN A MASSACHUSETTS FACTORY



Suppose we admit that the greater number of our male immigrants between the ages of twenty and forty-five are strong, healthy, virile; does this make the others who come equally vigorous? What about those poor, overworked peasant women who had to toil in the fields to excess or who are run down by becoming mothers either too early or too often? What about the young boys who are put to work at too early an age and not properly nourished? And what about the old men and young men too weak to join their own army, or mentally and physically retarded to such a degree that we cannot speed them up any more?

Americans think, and even some of our Presidents thought, that our immigration law keeps out all those who are physically unsuited to become good citizens. Even immigration experts think that the physical test is perfect, that we keep out the unfit, the crippled, the halt, the lame and the blind. But they are far from the actual truth, for we are doing nothing of the kind. Ninety-nine million people in the United States are fooled or fooling themselves into the belief that a person can be either healthy or sick—nothing else. It is true, the law keeps out those who are suffering from a dangerous, contagious disease, like trachoma, tuberculosis, favus, syphilis, and it keeps out more or less the feeble-minded, insane, epileptic, and others who would become public charges right off if admitted into

the country. But how about the others? How about the person with psychopathic tendency, mental instability, which under the strain of the new surroundings develops quickly into a raving mania?

Take the case of the Polish girl who arrived in Boston in the morning, to all appearances a beautiful, healthy, sound creature, and who that same evening was a raving maniac. She probably smiled at the doctor and at the inspector when we passed her. There was nothing to indicate that she had been jilted by her lover in the backwoods in Lithuania; that she had been brooding over her fate the last six months; that her mind was undermined; that it was like a powder-barrel which only waited for the igniting spark to explode. And that spark was what is known to Bostonians as the "Albany Street fire," which ate up a few squares of lumber yard. It was such a conflagration that saner people than this Lithuanian child of the backwoods stood aghast before it. No wonder her poor, feeble, worried brain gave way under the strain, and her pent up sufferings broke out with a vengeance.

I am one of those dreamers who think there is nothing too good for Uncle Sam's household. After the indigestible stuff be brought in the race-markets of the world these last twenty-five years and let the purveyor—the gigantic octopus of steamship-trust, railroad-trust and infant-indus-



tries—dump into his soup-kettle, it is high time that he should be more careful to see that only healthy, sound and wholesome, easily digested and readily assimilated food shall pass through the kitchen door.

I believe in the Religion of Eugenics. The principles of this science are being studied deeper and deeper every day, and are slowly but surely making headway. Only a most stubborn and mentally blind person can discard entirely the achievements laid down in writing by Darwin, Spencer, Humboldt, Huxley, Charcot, Virchow, and others too numerous to mention. It is clearer every day not only that there is something in inheritance, in inherited strain, in traits transmitted from grandfather to father, from father to son, but that we are only a re-incarnation of our ancestors, adding accordingly to our opportunities a little to the treasure or curse we have inherited. Just as there are families of inventors, musicians and actors, so there are whole families of degenerates, criminals and insane. I, for one, fail to see why the principles demonstrated by Burbank in the development of a new kind of giant poppy, thornless cactus or shellless walnut, or the principle proven absolutely by the breeding of the two hundred egg leghorn, does not hold good for the human race just as well.

A predisposition to tuberculosis, six fingers, color-blindness, can all be inherited. All of us have met perhaps a whole family with white hair

and pink eyes, Albinos, similar to the rabbits. Nervous diseases are likely to be inherited, and descendants of insane people are apt to be mentally unbalanced. Imbeciles bring forth imbeciles, while an imbecile father married to a normal mother is apt to have one child normal and the next imbecile.

All these instances show that the physical stock of the race, of the immigrant, is of the utmost importance. Brain and intelligence can be developed in a sound body and well balanced mind, even if genius of poet, composer or artist should not be handed us in the cradle as a gift to the newborn.

And then we must bear in mind that the lower types are breeding much faster than the higher, and there is beginning to be a fear harbored by some of our foremost thinkers that the best will eventually be submerged, which would be a grave calamity not only for America but for civilization, in face of the loss of ten million white men, the cream of the race, during the world war.

We certainly have the most wonderful chance in the world to populate this country with the picked men and women of the globe. Why should we admit inferior stock of the human race if we don't do it in the animal stock? If it pays in one line it ought to pay in the other.

It is always objected when we are trying to raise a physical standard of admission to the country, that we have plenty of native born idiots

and freaks, and that the new blood will improve the native stock. The advocates of this doctrine forget that two wrongs will never make one right.

Take for instance the Seabrookers. They were known all over New England as the fiercest, toughest immoral brutes on the map. Their little village, consisting of a few miserable shacks, was shunned by the people who lived in the same county with them. Only once in a while would some curious visitor venture from Salisbury, Mass., or Hampton Beach, N. H., into their camp. Originally a few rough and more or less degenerate rowdies started this colony, and as it was situated in an out of the way corner, they began to inbreed, with the result that the qualities of the degenerate types became fixed in the offspring till the whole community was tainted. There was no church, no law, no school to govern them. Nobody bothered about them for decades, and as a result murder and inter-marriage between the closest members of the family, were an everyday occurrence. Animal instincts governed them, and the result? Degeneration into mere brutes.

A similar case is one where an entire neighborhood consisted of Albinos. They were Canadians, who unfortunately were of a poor, most undesirable strain, badly infected with disease germs which according to the Good Book are transmitted from parent to child, till the fourth generation. They went way into the woods—I am not sure whether they were driven from New Bed-

ford or not—but anyhow they drifted by themselves. Somebody gave them some old shoe and piano-boxes, and out of these they built themselves miserable shacks to hibernate in. They also intermarried and mixed until they were nearly all Albinos. They are even till this day a very poor, sickly lot. But by the law of the survival of the fittest, which does not mean the best, they managed to keep alive, and yet they would be the last strain on earth I would select if I wanted to populate America.

In many of our New England communities we have degenerates, half-witted individuals, barely earning their miserable existence, a tolerated charge on their neighbors, simply because the better strain has emigrated out West in '48, or has been killed off during the Civil War. Viewed from that angle we certainly ought to be grateful for the addition of all sturdy immigrants who are coming by the million provided they are virile, bright, and willing to do a good day's work. But there is a large percentage who fall far from this ideal and whom we nevertheless admit, though the American people as a whole do not realize it.

In connection with our native imbeciles it is evident that the more foreign lunatics and idiots and epileptics and drunkards we admit, the less chance have we to reduce our native fools and feeble-minded! Imported idiots do not make our native born idiots bright. We are most



careful about what kind of horses, cows and dogs we import; but we do not use the same care in regard to human beings, it seems to me.

Many times in my daily routine work I had before me an immigrant who looked weak, emaciated, feeble, with frail muscles and poor physique. The doctor perhaps so certified him. The alien probably claimed to be a tailor. Of course, it does not take much muscle to hold a needle, and consequently we admit the alien. That is all wrong, however. For that alien has a strain in him which is undesirable; he is constitutionally inferior, he is a weakling and will create a race of weaklings. How does he compare with those sturdy sons of yore who swung the ax in the forest primeval, who broke the ice to fish, who fought the Indian, the mountain lion, the wolf and other beasts of the woods of William Penn or in the green mountains of Vermont and along the lakes of Maine. And now, while the clarion call of preparedness is still sounding in our ears from the Atlantic to the Pacific, why not tackle the immigration question from the only proper and scientific and rational angle, that of Eugenics.

The average American imagines that we are getting only strong, robust peasants or farmers through the SIEVE. As a matter of fact many of our immigrants never saw a farm in all their life. The farmers who are coming are good—if they are good. But simply because a man comes from a rural community is no guarantee that he is

perfectly healthy, or that he is a perfect specimen of manhood. Apart from that, however, it is a fact that a large percentage of our immigrants of to-day come from small towns or big cities. They are not used to heavy outdoor work, and it is no wonder that it takes a dozen of them to lift a plank which in former years three or four husky Irishmen or big strong Swedes used to lift.

I know that some races make up in brain what they lack in brawn. But it is a well-known medical fact that too much nerves and too little muscle lead straight into the insane asylum. What we want is a well balanced individual, in whom body and mind have grown in perfect harmony; he is the one who makes the ideal American of to-morrow.

People who have been exposed to the germ of malaria in the Balkans, who have been underfed in Poland, who have been sapped of their marrow in the mills of Lancashire through generations, who have been abused by the ruling class in Asia Minor, like Armenians by the Turks, are not apt to overcome these handicaps under the strain of new and strenuous surroundings in mill, mine and skyscraper in America. Instead of an economic gain they are really a loss to us. And worse, they have not the energy and vitality to forge ahead in the keen competitive struggle here, become either discontented with their new surroundings as they have been with their old,

or furnish the very best and pliable material for the manufacturer to exploit, or for the "red" agitator to ferment, drifting into crime.

And the doctors of the Immigration Service are the last ones to blame for this lukewarm enforcement of the law. When I called their attention to a specially weak or starved looking alien, they pointed to their book of instructions, and assured me that the alien passed every test prescribed for his admission. The test standards are too low, that is evident even to the layman. The medical staff should be instructed by law that no man shall be passed unless he is qualified to serve, as far as physical strength is concerned, in the U. S. army or navy; and no woman, unless she can become a red-cross nurse as far as her physique is concerned. If he falls short of this standard, he shall be mandatorily excluded and shall have no right to appeal, thus eliminating the possibility of getting through the SIEVE by the influence of relatives and bondsmen.

The bond business is another thorn in Uncle Sam's flesh, and is nothing but a ladder upon which the immigrant climbs over the side of the SIEVE. A man shall stand on his own merit, not on the ability of his relatives to support him. This ought to be the key-stone of the structure which the immigrant is building of himself in this country when landed, the pinnacle of which

should be his admission to equal citizenship with the native-born and with those who came before him and passed the test.

To admit a man under a bond always appeared to me as a game to pass off damaged goods on Uncle Sam, and it should never have been permitted.

Another point which ought to be carried is that no man or woman over fifty years of age shall be allowed to enter. This may seem absurd and too radical altogether, as some of the best work in the world has been done by individuals beyond that age limit. But not physical work, if you please. Not work in ditches, in the mines, in the hod-carrying lines. I admit that mentality matures at a much later age, but our immigrants for whose unlimited and unrestricted admission such a perennial howl goes up in the halls of Congress, are not College Professors or Supreme Court Justices, nor are they ministers, scientists or novelists. They are unskilled laborers, needed in the basic industries, for whom the shovel and the pick are always mightier than the pen. And unless they are strong of muscle and hale of heart they become quickly a burden on their relatives, friends or on the public.

It may be argued that this country is rich enough to enable children to send for their parents once they have made good in America, and support them. So far so good. But that is not the question.



It is an admitted fact that the United States does not hold the high place in the world of international commerce and industry to which it is entitled by its resources, the genius and the intelligence of its citizens. We are a great and wonderful nation and self-sufficient. But if we should keep up our industrial expansion at the expense of our agricultural development as we have done since the war, the question of dumping into the country highly potential public charges would make us take notice mightily quickly. From the point of view of political economy, in other words of our national household budget, who pays ultimately for the newly arrived, antiquated and superannuated relatives, aunts, cousins or what not of our immigrants? The nation, of course! Who pays in the long run for the bond given by relatives or professional bondsmen in order to land an undesirable weakling? Again, the nation! And while it is no doubt praiseworthy and charitable on the part of the individual to look after his parents and immediate family, would it not be more humanitarian and kind hearted for Uncle Sam to take care of his own children when they become old and feeble, than of the father and mother of the stranger within his gates? It is the acme of inconsistency on the part of Uncle Sam to neglect *his* superannuated civil service employees, after they have given him the best there was in them for a lifetime, and dump them into the street, while

taking at the same time under his protective arms the superannuated alien who has never done a stroke of work for us—who is an economic parasite—neither should he lounge under our fig-tree. Letter carriers, postal clerks, customs and immigration officials, railway-mail clerks, firemen, watchmen, and many others have been mercilessly dumped into the junk pile by Uncle Sam when they got too old to carry their official burden further, almost without a cent of pension and without a word of thanks. Not only is this most uncharitable and unfair, but it is devoid of the first elements of justice and sound business principle, at a time when big, soulless corporations are pensioning their help as part of their up-to-date scientific management. And yet, Uncle Sam ought to furnish the whole country, if not the whole world, an example in scientific management, and be a model employer in the broadest sense of the word.

After all, there seems to be no difference whatsoever between a Fifth Avenue cotillion leader of the "Four Hundred" whose cranium is filled with sawdust; the millionaire débutante who marries a duke or former German spy and carries our good American hard earned dollars across the sea to support a racing stable or hounds, and the man or woman who is landed on a bond merely to populate "Little Italy," "Little Ghetto," "Little Hungary" or any other "little" colony in New York or Kalamazoo.

All these are parasites on the oak of national prosperity, and should be eradicated.

If it takes any further proof that our medical examination is too lenient, that there is too much of a rush about it when from 4,000 to 6,000 aliens are hammering for admittance to the SIEVE, in a single day, I would only mention that from May 19th, 1913, to June 18th, 1913, in thirty-one days there were admitted in Bellevue Hospital, New York City, out of a total of 3,454 patients not less than 363 patients who had been in the United States less than five years. 175 of these cases should have been detected before these immigrants were landed, for there were 10 cases of tuberculosis, 15 cases of venereal disease, 81 psychopathic, two cases of epilepsy and two of imbecility. This large number of physically and mentally defective aliens has come in spite of the supposedly perfect rigid medical inspection under the present law, because the facilities for examining large numbers of aliens are totally inadequate. This is proven positively by the fact that when, during the war, immigration had fallen off considerably and the doctors were not rushed, they certified seven per cent. defects instead of two per cent. as before.

The medical inspection is really medical scientific detective work. The doctor is not only a good, first class physician, well trained in his profession, with diplomas from sometimes two or

even more colleges, but also an expert on matters of immigration in general. And he is still more: he is a physiognomist, a diagnostician, a scientific Sherlock Holmes of real life.

The examination of about 20,000,000 people during the past twenty-five years has given the officers of the Public Health Service (formerly styled the Marine Hospital Service) not only wonderful practical methods, but has also enabled them to train a special corps of experts.

While the examination is rather hasty and superficial as compared with a hospital diagnosis, where blood tests, stripping to the skin and thorough observations can take place, still it is much more thorough than it appears at the first glance to the uninitiated; much less thorough than what advocates of free immigration try to make the American people believe it is; and certainly a good deal less thorough than what it ought to be in order to lift it into the realm of modern scientific efficiency as an active agent for the betterment of the American race.

Every move the immigrant makes, when he approaches the doctor, is calculated to the tiniest dot to show up his defects. The time, the light, the space in which he passes the doctors scrutinizing eye are all figured out. There is a sudden turn in the line so as to show the alien not only from the front view but from an angle. How does the alien facing the doctor differ from the regular type?—is the question decided then and



there. Those who are abnormal are set aside for further examination without interrupting the steady stream flowing into the SIEVE.

Aliens are made to lug their baggage, to take off their hats, to expose their eyelids to the doctor's quick lifting hand. If they were quietly sitting in an easy chair we might fail to notice their limp, their short breath, their quick heart-beat. Their ears, lips and eye-lids may show anemia, their scalp favus, their eyes trachoma. Their skin, where the hat-band goes, may show a dangerous skin-disease. If he comes up with his neck dirty and his hair unkempt, it means more than slackness, for every immigrant wants to look the best at this inspection knowing from previous inspection aboard what it means. He must be either sick or queer.

Having examined thousands upon thousands, the doctor knows at a glance what the immigrant should look like if normal and coming whence he did, just as the inspector knows what the immigrant ought to answer to certain questions in order to be classed as normal. The Irish laborer from Galway, or the weaver from Tourcoing in France who pass almost no medical examination to get on board ship, are unfamiliar with the inspection; while the Syrian or Armenian or Turk coming from Aleppo, Constantinople and Marseilles as well as the Russian, Pole or Jew coming from Vilna, Libau and Warsaw, have perhaps been held up at the German "Grenzstation"

being washed, stripped, deloused and disinfected there, with another siege of it in Hamburg, Bremen and perhaps in Liverpool, and will not get nervous when their eyelids are lifted over a tooth-pick, their tongue is pulled forward and examined, their hats taken off, and they are walked fast or slowly up and down when approaching the doctor.

About every tenth person is pushed out of the line by the doctor and held for further examination.

The medical corps is not getting a fair show at all in this immigration work. It is practically the "Botany Bay" of the Public Health Service, for it means long hours, strenuous duties, exposure to all kinds of danger, friction between immigrants, relatives of immigrants, the immigration inspectors and sometimes even politicians who want to land the alien against the expressed scientific opinion of the doctor, all working such handicaps on the medical force, that it is surprising the Service is able to retain among its officers men of the high standard they do have. It is the interesting work, the detective end of it, the variety of types one meets, and knowledge that the doctor on the immigration line is holding the first line of defense in safeguarding the country from an undesirable alien invasion—which is the inducement. The same holds good for the inspectors' force.

It would not cost Uncle Sam so much more to

enforce the law more rigidly. They could simply put heavy fines on the steamship companies for bringing in undesirables as long as the companies seem to be the ones who select our immigrants abroad for us; and these companies would in the end find it cheaper to employ competent physicians to look over our immigrants before lugging them across the big pond and back again gratis. As it stands now the companies find it cheaper to take a risk than to go into the history of each passenger's health and sanity. That accounts for the low standard of immigrants we are getting and which causes such unfavorable comments of labor unions and health officials. Besides, if it is a question of money, the raising of headtax from eight dollars to ten dollars per head, would quickly improve the finances of the immigration Fund and give ample means to run the department on an efficient basis which it certainly is not now.

Our doctors have almost no chance to detect a lunatic or a feeble-minded person. The doctor abroad, on the other hand, or the doctor on board ship, may watch the suspect when he is off his guard, mixed with other steerage passengers, without being aware that he is watched. The difference is that of seeing a lion in a cage in the menagerie, and seeing that same lion in Africa on his native heath.

Another point which has perhaps never been made clear to the public is that if our doctors

certify an alien as feeble-minded or idiotic, when he is perhaps just on the border line, the alien's friends and relatives or others interested will bring up a company of so-called experts, who will all testify that the alien is sound, and the court will release him on habeas corpus proceedings.

As a matter of fact psychopathists are now-a-days working with scientific precision, and can not only determine that a person is feeble-minded, but even the exact degree or approximate age of a patient's brain development. The mental examination has been boiled down to a perfect system, which is really wonderful. It is as if we were taking a mental X-ray picture of the person before us.

The mental tests through which an immigrant must pass are rather simple when we consider the results achieved. The doctor will ask the immigrant to count from one to ten. He will then make him count backward, and it is astonishing how few are able to do this simple trick. Then again the doctor will tell a story like this to the alien: "The other day a man was found in the woods cut up into a hundred little pieces. These were all scattered about the woods. The police suspect suicide. What do you think of it?" And it is surprising once more how often the poor subject thinks "It is suicide, sure."

It would actually stagger you how few of these people know the year, the month, the day of the



month or even the day of the week in which they live. And to think that these are the very immigrants who are being so overwhelmingly praised by our humanitarians as a most desirable, intelligent addition to our population! Should they ever be naturalized you may imagine what highly intelligent voters they would make to decide questions like: "Shall this country be ruled by injunction? Is a high protective tariff to be preferred to an income tax? Is municipal ownership of electric light plants, street railways, coal mines and department stores more advantageous than private ownership? Is a commission government preferable to a government by a mayor or moderator with a board of selectmen or a single-headed town-manager? Shall a public library offered by a millionaire be accepted or rejected on moral grounds? etc., etc."

To neglect keeping the defective strain in our population under control especially at the gateway of the nation, reminds me of a man who is trying hard to clean out his front parlor of lice which have brought in typhus germs; while he is sweeping them out at the front door he is leaving the back door entirely unscreened, and there a big swarm of mosquitoes, infested with malaria and yellow fever germs, is pouring in. But he only says to them when he notices that they are coming, "Never mind, I'll get you by and by, once you are settled down in the kitchen. Just now I am busy with the lice."

To keep an insane person for a week in a hospital costs at the very lowest five dollars a week, which makes two hundred and fifty dollars a year. If you figure that the average insane person lives to be about fourteen years in an institution, it costs at least \$3,000 to support one of these foreign born defectives or paupers who happened to pass without detection. That is an unfair burden upon the American tax-payers, the American workers. The most logical, the simplest way of reducing our hospital and insane asylum bills is by making the SIEVE tighter.

This is especially important just now when we are in the epoch which feels the after-effect of the war. Why should we share the burden of insanity of alien nations, of their physical bankruptcy? Are we responsible for their condition? It was their war, of their own making, of their own preparation, of their own transgression, so let them now take the consequences and keep their victims at home with them. It is fair to them and fair to us. They have spilled the soup, let them eat it, don't force it down our throat!

Our rich people are very indifferent to the influx of diseased aliens, forgetting that they will pay the penalty with the rest of us for this neglect. For through the miserable homes of the poor, walks death; through the gutters stalks epidemic; through the tenement shacks filled with tuberculosis, typhus, scarlet fever, diphtheria, influenza, rheumatism, and syphilis—and death

does not stop at their North Ends and East Sides, West Ends and South Ends, Whitechapels and Batignolles, but he goes right on, and no power on earth can stop him when he once breaks through and loose, to go right up the Fifth Avenue, the West Sides, mansions on Commonwealth Avenue and palaces in Newport, in the Adirondacks and in Atlantic City. For the little bugs, the microbes, are more powerful than the pen and the sword, than Kaiser and King, than aristocrat and plutocrat, than white man and black man and even the yellow peril! They travel on the wings of the wind and the currents of air, they can get in through the water and the milk, through the food and all things we eat; and all our care, all our screening and all our safeguards sometimes fail when once they really get a strong hold like a forest fire, spreading destruction and annihilation everywhere.

Wipe out the tenements, the slums, the little dark alleys, and build modern cottages, real homes for the workers out in the country, in God's fresh air, brilliant sunshine and among green growing things! Let the Nation finance the small farmer, the worker who is willing to till the soil in the summer and work in the mill in the winter! Let Congress create a real farmer's "credit" to help take the toiler back to the soil, the foundation of all national wealth, health and happiness! . . .

## CHAPTER XIII

### WHERE THE KERNEL IS REJECTED AND THE CHAFF ALLOWED TO PASS

THE immigration examination has proven at least one point to me: of a hundred-thousand immigrants examined by me during thirteen years of service, at least ninety-nine-thousand must have been liars. Mind you, dear reader, I do not wish to belittle these ninety-nine-thousand more or less honest peasants and factory workers, or to prejudice you against the immigrant. But the fact is, that these immigrants were not born liars—they were made liars, made so by the immigration law. Abroad it was probably the steamship agent, or the “smart guy” who has been in America before; here it was the alien’s friend or relative who knew the “meshes of the SIEVE”—and so advised the alien what to say on arrival here, if he did not wish to be deported; and on board ship if it was not an official of the ship it may have been a padrone’s agent, a chance acquaintance or an interpreter.

At all events, one fact stands out clearly in my mind: that of all those hundred-thousand immigrants but very few gave the right and



truthful answer to this question: "Why do you come to America?"

If I should ask you this question you would probably, in your innocence, answer: "I am coming here because I have a job waiting for me."

Not so these immigrants. Nine out of every ten aliens will answer when asked "Why do you come to America?" with the absurd stereotyped sentence "I have no job to go to." This is either the right answer to the wrong question, or the wrong answer to the right question. Something is wrong!

Unless shaken down severely till the immigrant admits that he is imported in violation of the contract labor law section of the immigration act, he is landed and is overcome with delight that he "put it over the foolish immigration officials," little dreaming that those officials understood his psychology perhaps much better than he understood theirs—but they are simply helpless! And they are helpless—these faithful, overworked, exploited officials of Uncle Sam—because Congress has put the burden of proof for exclusion upon the officials when they ought to have put that burden—the burden of proof to land—upon the immigrant. The law itself is to blame for all this lying camouflage where the alien thinks he fools the inspector, and the inspector thinks he fools the alien.

The contract labor law was made with the intention of protecting American labor, the same

as the customs tariff was made to protect American manufactures. Has it done so? Let us look the situation squarely in the face.

There appeared before me one day sixteen rugged Russian peasants, all going to a newly built factory in northern New York. They stated that a mere friend who had been in America only six months, had written home to his folks that he was earning one dollar and eighty-five cents a day (this was before the war boosted wages) in an iron foundry, that there was plenty of work in the same place where he found work, and that all his countrymen, even if there should be twenty of them, could and would find employment upon their arrival in the same mill he worked in, as he had already spoken with the foreman who had answered "Let them come." The friend also wrote he would look out for them as soon as they landed. He even mentioned four of his town's people by name, inviting them to come; and further stated that he talked with the boarding-house keeper. He also said that the foreman had assured him he would advance them the passage money, but that this was against the law and thus he refrained from doing so.

All sixteen bought their tickets from the same steamship agent, started at the same time from the same village in Russia, traveled together on the same train and the same ship, and showed upon arrival to the immigration inspector slips



CONTRACT LABORERS

*Upper.* A Group of Montenegrins—*Lower.* The author and a group of skilled spinners and weavers from England





of paper which in the same handwriting gave the same name, street, number and town as their final destination in America. They were even all provided with the same amount of cash and admitted under cross-examination that they would have never come unless they were sure of work in that particular factory.

I voted to exclude these sixteen men because it was a clear violation of the spirit of the contract labor law if not so much the letter. Anybody could easily see this. What was the result? An investigation at their destination in America brought forth a denial on the part of the mill management that they had sent for these men, in one breath, and the admission by the same management in another that they would be glad to welcome the new arrivals, as the factory was a new industry in town and needed all the workers they could get. Meanwhile these Russians had been confined at the Long-Wharf Immigration Station, which was one of the worst fire-traps and pest-holes on the Atlantic seaboard, where the accommodations were too bad for even these savage sons from the banks of the Volga. They got into a row with some twenty English textile workers who were confined there also, pending an investigation, as witnesses against a company which imported them. It was deemed public policy to land the Russians to prevent further riots. Of course we had at that time a Secretary of Commerce and Labor who in private

life was a Corporation Lawyer, and he surely could not be expected to enforce with sharpness a section of the immigration act which hit the corporations in the solar plexus.

The only time the immigration inspector can clinch a contract labor case is after those who came in violation of that section of the law have been duly landed, discovered that they were imported to be exploited by the manufacturers, and go on a strike against intolerable conditions—when the worm turns.

In one of the most striking cases forty Frenchmen had been imported to work in a Connecticut textile factory; they were all skilled, high-class mechanics. When the Italians, Hungarians and some English unskilled workers went on a strike for more pay, the Frenchmen, loyal to their comrades, walked out with them, though they themselves had no particular grievance against the firm that imported them. The net result of the strike was that the unskilled workers went back and the Frenchmen were left out in the cold. A report reached us through Washington a few months later as to the violation of the contract labor law by the concern.

Four of us inspectors went to the factory town in Connecticut to arrest the forty Frenchmen. We learned that they had left town soon after the strike, and had gone to parts unknown. I was chosen to find out where they had gone. I went into the saloon of the district where the factory

was located and, pretending to be a French weaver out of employment, convinced the bar-keeper that if any Frenchmen were left in that mill, they ought to help me. His sympathetic heart led him to introduce me to the French foreman whose brother had imported the forty Frenchmen and who was killed at the battle of the Marne. This man gave me the names of seventeen French and Belgian weavers who were still in town. The balance of the forty had gone to New York City and to Paterson, N. J. I got in touch with these seventeen, partly as a weaver and partly as a steamship agent, clinching the purchase of the steamship tickets which were sent to them by the foreman who was killed at the battle of the Marne.

We next went to Paterson, N. J., where I called on the proprietor of a textile shop where that particular kind of work in which these French weavers excelled, was executed. I told him that I was an inspector from Ellis Island. This made no impression on him as he was just ready to lock up his office. But when I told him that I was looking for a Frenchman who in a fit of insane rage stabbed his employer in Lyons, and that he himself might perhaps be the next victim of this homicidal maniac, he was more than anxious to have me scrutinize his employees' payroll, so as to pick out the murderer. I found that some of my Frenchmen had worked there but they were entered by their first names only.

I discovered among the names one which I pretended to be the murderer's, and upon further inquiry learned that he had left, but I might learn his address in a little French restaurant near the railroad track. Pretending to be a friend of these Frenchmen, I easily obtained information at the restaurant that they were working in a suburb of Paterson, and stopping at the Tivoli Hotel.

This hotel was one of the queerest hostelries one could imagine. It reminded me of the old fashioned taverns described in some of Dumas' romances, transplanted into the heart of American industrial democracy. The hotel itself looked like some of its guests, with the hat tipped to one side and a chip on the shoulder—for the roof was tilted and the windows squint-eyed. The lower floor was occupied by two very large dingy rooms, the first one was the bar-room and the next one the billiard room. This being Saturday afternoon, a long line of mill-hands was leaning against the bar drinking good Italian Chianti, while at the tables which crowded the room were sitting at least half a dozen diverse nationalities gathered in racial groups. It was certainly quite startling to see at one large table big fat flabby Germans drinking lager-beer out of big fat schooners, singing the "Wacht am Rhein" while at the adjoining table sat some of our Frenchmen drinking Absinthe, Vermouth, Byrrh



and Grenadine, singing "La Marseillaise." This being 1915, one might have expected a clash between these factions, but nothing worse than flashes of ire from eyes bedimmed by alcohol and heavy tobacco smoke, were darting through the thick atmosphere. Of course, the Italians and Belgians and Swiss and Spaniards contributed their share to this motley crowd of international industrial workers to which only a Rembrandt could have done justice.

It was an easy matter to get acquainted with the Frenchmen—the tongue of Molière and a round of drinks opened my way to their hearts, and we adjourned to an upstairs room. In this privacy we started to give Board of Special Inquiry hearings to the men and women, one by one, in accordance with the law which says that the hearing shall be under oath and apart from the public. To our great surprise appeareth the sanctimonious inn-keeper on the threshold of this private room, accompanied by his adjutant, the bar-keeper, and in language verbose inquired the purpose and cause of our strange behavior "because," and these were his very words, "I want you to understand, gentlemen, that this house is strictly decent and is run lawfully, and it is certainly strange that you should take one woman after another into this room and keep the others out in the hall." The showing of badges and explanations followed which for the time

being cleared away some of the fog of suspicion that had clouded the brain of this worthy and moral saloon-keeper.

The balance of the forty Frenchmen we picked up in the out-lying districts of New York, some at two or three in the morning, and then we made a bee-line for Connecticut, where we received in due time the warrants of arrest for the forty Frenchmen.

I shall never forget the experience that came to two of us when we went to this factory to serve the warrant on seventeen of the workers who were still in that mill. I first talked to the foreman who dropped from the seventh heaven when I explained that I was not the man he thought I was, but in reality a government agent who came to arrest him. I followed him into the big hall where the looms were and lost him, as I thought forever, when he went to change his working clothes for street attire. The next moment I had to face a crowd of about thirty workers of all races ready to mob me at the instigation of the doorkeeper who stopped my associate at the gate and chased after me to kick me off the premises. He had such an exalted idea of his own importance and the power of the mill that he was going to trample Uncle Sam and our army and navy who stood behind me—as I explained to him—in the mud.

The wife of the French foreman, not knowing why I was being mobbed by the defiant crowd

whose half dozen languages she ignored, came to my rescue and clung to me, thus preventing the workers from throwing missiles at me or doing me bodily harm. Together we were hustled out into the street, when the general manager appeared and learned the true state of affairs. He immediately apologized and delivered the seventeen Frenchmen and women to me. The case was eventually settled by a fine and the Frenchmen were allowed to remain in this country.

Of course it would be the height of folly to deport these splendid skilled workers of France, allowing some of the scum of the earth from Asia to remain here, simply because the former had to use a ruse to get in the country. And that is the weakest point in the immigration law: that it excludes those who are possessed of skill in a trade which it took many years of diligent application to acquire, and that it admits the uncouth, rough, savage caveman simply because he is needed in the basic industries. I for one believe that it would be much better for America and our industrial struggle to exclude those illiterate, ignorant sheep ready to follow any demagogue and I. W. W. agitator, even if we have to close a few factories, than to continue keeping out those possessed of skilled trades and more than average intelligence and culture.

In this connection a very strange condition came to my attention while visiting recently one

of the largest textile mills in New England. A skilled helper, for instance, was paid say twenty dollars a week, but an unskilled green hand was paid twenty-four dollars to thirty dollars a week. Inquiry on my part developed the fact that the skilled hand is practically tied to the industry, and thus must be satisfied with less, though he combines brain with brawn, than the man who is a specialist in brawn only, the common unskilled laborer, who can go anywhere the spirit moves him, jumping from one industry like textiles to another, like steel, and making a living. In other words, bosses of various industries compete for the unskilled laborer, while bosses of only one industry (textile in this case) compete for the skilled worker. This is a condition brought about by the war and by the stoppage of immigration, and it is this which makes our school teachers and college professors jealous of the ditch-digger.

The tanneries in Peabody, Mass., are a striking example of the effect of the contract labor law upon American labor conditions. Twenty-five years ago only English speaking people worked in the tanneries, the Irish, Scotch and Welsh. Slowly these began to organize into unions and demanded a living wage and sanitary working conditions; for to work amongst hides in tanks with chemicals is not exactly what you may term a "genteel" profession. Well, slowly the bosses began to import Huns and Slavs. When these



threatened strikes unless higher wages were given, the Lithuanians were brought to replace them, and when even these started to grumble hinting about I. W. W. organization, Greeks, Armenians and Syrians were imported to take their places, not to forget a sprinkling of Italians, Portuguese and Bravas of African blood who had been previously injected into the labor mart. Now, that these late comers are awakening from their semi-slavery, shaking the yoke off their neck, Turks, Kurds and Chaldeans and Persians are induced to pitch their tents in the mud and muck of hide and skin. Whether American ideals, standards of living and morality, decent home conditions and democratic institutions are dragged into the mud makes no difference to the tanners as they don't live in Peabody, but like feudalistic absentee lords they go to Florida or California where roses grow instead of shoe-leather, and violets smell instead of cow-hides.

It is a queer fact that even in shops where union labor was well taken care of, the alien element was shamefully neglected and exploited. I have in mind a mill-town in Massachusetts, where a foreman was foolish enough to go to Canada and import about twenty-five families of thrifty Kanucks. We would probably have never heard of this violation of the law, for these families came in small groups and all told the inspectors on the train that they were going to relatives on a

visit or gave some other plausible excuse, if it had not been for the fact that the twenty year old son of one of the families went to the Epileptic Hospital in Monson, Mass., and thus became a public charge, and as such was called to the attention of the immigration commissioner, as the State of Massachusetts had an agreement with Uncle Sam that the latter would pay the hospital bills of alien public charges if they were less than a year in the country. Through him we learned the story of the importation and traced up all the families, who by this time were scattered all over the map of New England, for they eventually discovered that they were being exploited by the corporation, and thus sought work in the woods and on farms.

When the case was tried it became necessary for me and another inspector to take five of the imported aliens to the mill-town to look over the premises and have them identify the place, as they were too stupid to remember it. To make sure of their memory I photographed some scenes familiar to them, like the mill, the church and office, so as to assist them on the witness stand.

In connection with this contract labor case I called on the postmaster; I thought it important to obtain some information from him pertaining to the corporation which owned the mills, in fact the whole little town, buildings and souls. But it was to be my surprise to learn that they owned even the postmaster, for he flatly refused to

divulge any information pertaining to the company, apparently because he kept the company stores in the post-office. Only a threat on my part to telegraph to Washington for a warrant for his arrest, and the vivid painting of his picture traveling with me to Boston in handcuffs, made him divulge the official name of the company and its taxation.

There are many small towns in New England where the manufacturers own the whole town. They own the mills, the houses, the town hall, the corporation store and even the church. They imported workers of various races, pitching one against the other, to prevent their forming labor unions, realizing far better than the workers that in union there is strength. Racial antagonisms brought from across the sea have been cunningly utilized by these short sighted patriots of the money-bag, who believed that the rapid development of our infant industries, so called, even at the expense of a heterogeneous mass of undigested immigrants at the sacrifice of Americanism was of paramount importance. Having large numbers of servile, illiterate slaves, participating neither by vote nor interest in our elections, which are the corner-stone of a democracy, it is easy for some of these privileged interests to control our town governments and thereby the destiny of millions of free men.

I have no bone to pick with the big employers of labor on the one side and the American Feder-

ation of Labor on the other. They both know, in this supreme struggle for existence, where they stand; they know their business; they both represent most ably the interests of their class: the former the capitalists and the latter the skilled workers. The fault I find with the former is that they put money above Americanism; and with the latter that they forgot their brother who stands on the lower scale of the ladder in neglecting to take him into their fold, into the unions; in parading around as "aristocrats of the labor world" as long as they could feather their own nest by obtaining higher wages and shorter hours, and softer jobs.

Of course it is greatly to the credit of the Unions that during the war American LABOR stood loyally by the allies, refusing steadfastly to listen to the Socialist charmer, whether in the disguise of the Socialistic convention in Stockholm, the Bolshevik Sirens in Russia, or the One Big Brutal Union of Winnipeg, which is identical with the I. W. W., on trial for sedition in Chicago. Whatever claims may be made to the contrary, the fact stands out pre-eminently that LABOR saved the World for democracy against the ruthless autocrat of world-dominion, Wilhelm the Last. That LABOR gained tremendously, even unorganized, un-unionized LABOR, is due mostly to the firm stand taken by the leaders of Craft Unions the world over, but especially in America.



It is due to them that all the workers at last got living wages keeping slowly apace with the ever rising cost of living.

Also, the American Federation of Labor deserves a good deal of credit for the stand it has taken, even if from selfish motives, for restriction of immigration. At last, January 30th, 1915, the American Federation of Labor came out with a broadside against this modern slave-trading, by exposing those elements who opposed the enactment of the literacy test immigration restriction bill. It published authentic documents disclosing that the National Liberal Immigration League, which conducted the campaign to oppose restriction and regulation of immigration, had been financed by the Shipping Trust, the Coal Barons, the Steel Corporations and many other "interests." The League, according to this exposal, affirmed friendship for the National Association of Manufacturers, was in close financial touch with the Hamburg-American Line, urged the French steamship company to aid in financing "a tremendous agitation" against immigration legislation, showed that delegations composed of members of various nationalities were sent to Washington to oppose immigration legislation who were really "not delegates chosen by bodies of their own nationalities," in other words fakers, and "that the League had to send appeals

to some fifteen thousand influential persons, mostly clergymen" to swing them in line in favor of unrestricted immigration.

And at last, in spite of most vigorous opposition, in spite of the veto of three Presidents, in spite of the protest of powerful interests, the first sensible, rational, scientific and twentieth century measure of immigration regulation was adopted by Congress—THE LITERACY TEST!

If a river is polluted at the source, it is pretty hard to remedy the effect of this pollution, unless we go right back to the source and stop the poisoning then and there.

Why was this not done with the immigration river?

There have been two great camps in this country as far as the immigration question is concerned: (1) those who were swayed either by sentiment or by mercenary motives in favor of unrestricted immigration; (2) those whom I would call "practical patriots" who, together with organized labor, were fighting for the nation's self preservation.

The first camp numbered among its adherents the Liberal Immigration League, supported by steamship, railroad, coal, steel and other trusts; the foreign language press; foreign governments' agents; and last but not least, altruists and utopians who live in an imaginary world of perfection.

These all combined to convince the majority

of but too eagerly willing hearers in Congress and out of it, that the very existence of this Republic was at stake, unless we had an unhampered and free flow of immigration, either without any SIEVE to sift the incoming tide, or with the meshes of the SIEVE so loose and wide that but the most depraved creatures, morally and physically unfit for any community, would fail to pass through. With a wonderful organization and unlimited capital behind them, these forces carried their point—laws to protect American goods were passed, while laws to protect the American worker of brawn and brain were either sidetracked entirely or deprived of their teeth by withholding the proper machinery for their enforcement. After all, this is not astonishing. The astounding phase of the whole matter is that these very elements of our social body were the ones who shouted the loudest recently, during the war and since, that we failed to keep out the "red" peril, the Bolshevik, the agitator, the feeble-minded tool of these latter—when, as a matter of fact, they are responsible for bringing them to our gates in the first place, and in pulling them without proper sifting through the SIEVE in the second. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*

There is one matter in particular which has been suggested to Congress many times, but was never acted upon: that the examination ought to be abroad instead of on this side of the At-

lantic. The place to find out all about any one is amongst his friends, in his own home town where he is known. To get any information out of an individual, even if he is honest, when talking with him only a few minutes, takes an expert in physiognomy and spychology. (I intended to write "psychology" but a slip of the pen coined this new word which seems to me to fill a long felt want, and so I let it stand.) How much harder then to get at the facts when you have to deal with dishonest, shrewd, unscrupulous individuals who have been thoroughly coached as to what facts to hide before the inspectors.



## CHAPTER XIV

### THE KINDERGARTEN

THERE is a clause in the law about which I have not yet spoken to you, and yet I personally played some part in the framing of the same. The story is worth recording as a matter of immigration history.

Years ago I examined an Allan Liner. Amongst the passengers was a big Dane, over six feet in height. He told me that his wife had died recently, leaving him alone with two tiny babies, one aged three, hanging on to his coat tails, and the other one aged a few months, hanging on to a milk bottle. The devotion of this helpless father to his motherless waifs was really touching. He told me that he was destined to a friend in Brooklyn, N. Y., whose wife had promised by letter to be a second mother to his children, while he was going after the almighty dollars. We deferred the case for appearance of this kind hearted lady from Brooklyn. However, though two telegrams were sent to her urging her to appear in person before the Board of Special Inquiry (in order to make sure that she was not going to let these children become public charges) she only answered by wire that she

would look after them while their father was at work. Of course this did not satisfy the Board of Special Inquiry—a telegram rarely does, we prefer to look people in the eyes while they lie to us, for then we have at least some show of detecting the truth. In the Dane's case, we debarred him and his two babies as likely to become public charges, though we did so most reluctantly, in spite of the fact that some foreign language newswriters and others call us stupid and heartless.

A week had passed and the steamer was ready to sail. Our big Dane widower got more and more nervous the nearer the day of deportation approached.

When I told him to get ready with the two waifs to come on board ship homeward bound, he burst into tears and with emotion quite unusual for a Scandinavian he cried: "It cannot be, it cannot be!" I tried to sooth him by gentle words of sympathy, but the more I talked the more he wept. If there is anything more heart-breaking than a crying woman, it is a crying man; and here he was, six feet and over, crying like a little child. And the worst was that he had a perfectly good cause to cry, for to be sent back whence you came with two motherless babes after you had probably borrowed the money for the voyage to the Eldorado where everything would be just so beautiful for those tiny tots and for yourself, earning big pay in the land of the

dollars and forgetting slowly the terrible loss of your beloved mate, all this was a dream shattered by the brutally cruel hand of the "Inquisition."

The Tragedy of the Deported has not yet been written, but some day when it is, it will ring out an appeal so full of pathos and suffering that its echo will surely penetrate into the deepest roots of the human soul. I have seen gentle women faint, and I have seen old senile men drop as if struck by lightning when they were informed by me that they had to go back—back to the land of their birth, to the land where they had burned all bridges behind them, where there was no welcome waiting for them, no home, no kin, no work, nothing but sheer desolation and despair. . . . And I have seen hot-blooded men of Southern temper double up their fists at me, cursing and swearing in their rage, forgetting that I was only the arm of the law, which sent them to a land where long jail terms or the Vendetta of the Camorra was waiting for them; and I have seen a little girl clutch on to her grandmother's apron for dear life when we had to separate them, as the dear old granny, who brought that child up, was afflicted with trachoma and was debarred by the stern hand of the law. Whatever else may be artificial and unnatural about our immigrants, the agonies of these poor disinherited of the earth, these derelicts on the sea of human life, are real, heart-rending, horrible; they are the great and ever-

repeating scenes of the eternal Tragedy of Man! And believe me, the task of the inspector who has to enforce the stern law in face of these sufferings of innocent, well meaning people, is not a pleasant one, and he need not be envied for his job however hardened he may be to the recurring scenes of pain and woe by constant habit.

The morning the ship was waiting to sail, on which the big Dane and his two charges were returning whence they came, was one of those drizzly foggy dawns conducive to the "blues." I felt really sorry for the man who had taken such good care of the babies and treated them with such gentle affection. While the departing inspector carried one baby, I carried the other, letting the big Dane follow with his baggage. We had scarcely placed the babies in the cab, when we realized that the big Dane had made a leap for liberty! We just got a glimpse of him running up the wharf. The departing officer ran after him and got him! It is an awful thing—a man hunt! . . . I shall never forget it. When we brought him back the first question we asked was: "How could you desert your children to whom you were so deeply devoted that we pitied you?" He confessed without further ceremony that they were not his own children; their mother was due to arrive in New York on the steamship *Oceanic* that very morning from Denmark, she had entrusted him with



these children of hers as a business proposition pure and simple, being afraid of deportation if it was discovered that she was never married to the two fathers of these two children, the big Dane being probably an aspirant for the rather doubtful honor of becoming the third illegitimate husband and step-father.

The psychological effect of this experience upon my own mind was that I began to see in every child a possible "contraband" which somebody was trying to smuggle into the country in violation of some section of our immigration act. It slowly dawned on me, while examining thousands of children between the ages of twelve and fifteen years, that they were being imported as mill, mine, sweat-shop, shoe-shine or railroad slaves.

In the spring of 1904 the steamship *Republic*, which has since sunk outside of New York, arrived from Naples in Boston. It happened that the then Commissioner-General Frank P. Sargent, one of the ablest and squarest government officials who ever lived, and a model type of the best labor union leader, arrived from New York on a tour of inspection. He was standing beside me while I was examining a long line of little boys and a few girls who had arrived on that steamer from the Mediterranean ports, mostly Italian, Greek and Portuguese. To his amazement I pointed out to him that nearly all these children were unaccompanied by father or

mother, but in charge of a so-called "padrone" or "guarantor." The Commissioner-General immediately issued an order to "detain every child under fifteen years who comes here without either parent." We did obey the call, and at night we had over three hundred youngsters in our "SIEVE." Nobody thought there were so many children on board. It was a revelation. It developed that in St. Louis, Chicago and other large cities all over the country, little alien children were kept in the most horrible slavery by heartless importers, who had bought these human chattels from their parents in Italy, Portugal, Slovakia or Greece for a mere song, a Napoleon d'or or even less, and were now grinding the purchase price and the passage money out of these starving, suffering, slowly dying creatures, whom they used as breaker-boys in the coal mines, as water-boys on the railroad tracks, as shoe-shine boys in the boot-black parlors of the big cities of the Western hemisphere, and sometimes even as newsboys. The leechy padrones grew rich and fat on this blood-money, while the little fellows grew thin and consumptive from the abuse and the crowded sleeping quarters, sometimes as many as twenty of them being packed into four or five rooms or even less.

When the Commissioner-General returned to Washington a law was passed that no child under sixteen years of age can enter unless the father or mother accompanies it, or is already in this



“UNACCOMPANIED BY FATHER OR MOTHER”





country. Even if they go to a close relative, a bond must be given that the child will be sent to school and not put to work unsuited to his years.

It is really too bad that we have to admit grown up immigrants in preference to children, for it is so much easier to bend the twig than to break the tree—so much more sensible to educate the child along American ideals in our most democratic institution of all, the public school—than to push the grown up man or woman into an industrial beehive or a slum district without giving him an insight into our American form of government.

The effect of this child-slave exclusion law was rather unexpected: it started the Oriental immigration tide with unprecedented vehemence. The importers, in order to fill the places vacated by the stoppage of the tide of child labor, did their best to replace the same by Armenians, Syrians, Turks, Kurds, reaching with their greedy hands way into the heart of Asia. They tapped even the untouched reservoir left in primal savagery by the great migrations of the age of Dgenghis Khan, Attila, and Arpad, when Goths were followed by Visi-Goths, Huns by Avars, and Finns by Magyars. At last America re-discovered ancient Chaldea, Assyria and Babylon, so familiar to bible students as archaic and dead for centuries, and so unfamiliar to the man who eats his dinner in New York, his supper

in the Twentieth Century Limited, and his breakfast in Chicago! And they came in hordes, the Armenians, Chaldeans, Assyrians, Syrians, Kurds, Turks and what not, till the melting pot was a real Tower of Babel.

And they were driven into mine, mill and labor mart, these raw and savage sons of primal Asia, and they brought with them their ancient customs, habit, dirt and hatred for one another. And the importers of labor rejoiced, for workers divided among themselves, fighting one another, speaking different tongues each, can never face about in a united front against their common exploiter. And thus the trusts waxed rich and opulent, Wall Street grew fat, and the slums grew dirtier and more crowded and our city government more corrupt.

## CHAPTER XV

### A GIRL WITHOUT A COUNTRY

IN "The Man without a Country" the author, who became later chaplain of the U. S. Senate and who was my neighbor at one time in Roxbury, described most vividly the story of Lieutenant Nolan, U. S. A., who at his trial by courtmartial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might "Never hear of the United States again." The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled. He was put on board a U. S. ship, and from that moment till his death never allowed to set foot on American soil again, nor hear the least reference made to his native land. The case was most pathetic, and this pathos reached its culmination in these words of the dying Nolan:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

In Memory of  
PHILIP NOLAN,

Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

He loved his country as no other man has loved her;  
but no man deserved less at her hands."

It was a tragedy, but the punishment was well deserved for the man was a traitor to the land of his birth, the land to which he had sworn allegiance as an officer in the army.

But what of the tragedy of little Mariam Zartarian who almost faced the same punishment through no fault of her own, the penalty of being homeless, friendless, helpless, a girl without a country?

One day in April 1905, while I was examining the passengers of a Mediterranean ship, there appeared on my line an Armenian woman with her fifteen year old daughter, Mariam Zartarian. I landed the mother when she showed me her husband's naturalization paper which stamped her an American citizen. But I held the young girl in spite of her father's citizenship, because I regarded her as an alien who was certified by the immigration doctor as suffering from trachoma, a dangerous contagious disease of the eyes. The case was taken up at once by the Board of Special Inquiry, and two members of same voted with me, while the third member voted to land as an American citizen.

The view I took was that Mariam was born in a foreign country of a foreign father and therefore was an alien. When she was born her father had not yet taken out his American citizenship papers, had not yet sworn allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, and thus she was born of an alien father. She had never been in America



before. She was placed on board a returning steamer for deportation.

And this is where the tragedy became more pathetic than any other case we ever had. If she was taken to Italy, where she had embarked for the United States, she was a stranger in a strange land, for there she knew nobody; there she had no friends nor relatives. If she was sent back to Turkey, to her native town Harpoot in Asia Minor, she was once more up against it, for her mother and she had signed papers relieving them of all Turkish allegiance, and thus barred forever from the dominions of the Sultan. She could not remain in America for here she was "an alien suffering from a dangerous contagious disease of the eyes, to wit, trachoma," mandatorily excluded by an Act of Congress.

She was a girl without a country.

Just before the departure of the steamer her father made petition for a writ of habeas corpus to the United States Circuit Court, praying that the immigration commissioner be compelled to release Mariam Zartarian, "a citizen of the United States." The father claimed that the Act of 1903 was not applicable to citizens; that a minor had the domicile of her father; that during minority a child does not possess citizenship independent of her father, and that the child of a naturalized citizen was not an alien.

The U. S. District Attorney argued that the Immigration Law of 1903 explicitly stated:

---

"The children of persons who have been duly naturalized under any law of the United States . . . being under the age of 21 years at the time of the naturalization of the parents, shall, IF DWELLING IN THE UNITED STATES, be considered as citizens thereof."

In that sense residence at the U. S. immigration station on the part of Mariam could not be regarded as being in the United States.

The Court confirmed my view, and refused the writ, explaining that the presence of a trachoma patient in the community would be a public menace. From this decision the parents of the poor girl appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court adjourned for the summer. It met again in October and placed the case on its list. But the wheels of justice, as is well known, grind slowly. Twenty-one months elapsed before the highest court of the land reached the case of the little girl who was a prisoner all this time at the worst jail in Boston, the Long Wharf Immigration Station.

During that time there was scarcely a week when poor Mariam did not some time or other sit and cry her sore eyes out to soften the hearts of the officials surrounding her—inspectors, matrons, watchmen—who all came to like the Armenian sufferer who had learned not only English but also Italian from the immigrants who came in daily from the big ships. She was also under treatment while in detention by a specialist, so as to cure trachoma, if possible.

Trachoma manifests itself as an inflammation of the eye-lids. Little pimples grow on the lids and rub against the eye-ball the same as a handful of sand would if thrown against a window pane. This constant friction eventually causes blindness. In the early stages trachoma is easily checked; but in chronic cases the outlook is almost hopeless. Burning the lids with an acid, massaging them over a glass rod, even skinning them are among the methods employed to rid the patient of this terrible affliction.

Time was hanging heavily on Mariam's hands, when at last the Supreme Court said the deciding words. But, alas, it only confirmed the former decision: Mariam was an alien and as such must be returned to whence she came.

The tragedy had reached its last stage: Mariam was a second Nolan—nowhere at home, nowhere wanted, nowhere welcome! But innocent of any wrong, and yet punished worse than the worst criminal! We all felt sorry for the child, and would have gladly reversed our decision, if the law had not bound us hand and foot. But it was a question of precedent, and the Supreme Court had decided and there was no higher appeal.

The last moment somebody suggested to the father to appeal to President Roosevelt who was then the executive chief of this broad land of ours, asking him to permit a Special Medical Board

to convene and examine Mariam's eyes as they had been probably cured by this time.

The President granted the appeal, the Board assembled, Mariam was examined, and found to be cured of the cause of her exclusion—to wit, trachoma.

She was promptly landed as a healthy and desirable alien.

No happier child could be found that day in the whole universe, than little Mariam when she was allowed to step "a free and independent" girl upon our hallowed soil, no longer "A girl without a country."



## CHAPTER XVI

### WHERE TRUTH IS CRUCIFIED

THERE arrived one day a gentle, little old Italian lady dressed in a widow's weeds, destined to her only son. We gave her a sympathetic hearing, and were inclined to let her go to the son, when I noticed that she had said that her husband was dead three years, while the son had stated he got a letter from his father only a week ago.

Though she had sworn by the Madonna but a few minutes before that her husband was dead, she admitted now that he was very much alive. He had been rejected in Naples because of some disease, and she thought if she was permitted to land they might later send for the husband and claim it would be a separation of the family if he was debarred. Thus was the advice of the Italian steamship agent, followed literally.

And it is not the frock which makes the man, in spite of Sartor Resartus. One day there appeared on a Red Star boat a typical German school-master. He wore the conventional Prince Albert coat, black tie, stove-pipe, and patent leather shoes, and even wore the regulation Van

Dyke beard to give a finishing touch to the portrait.

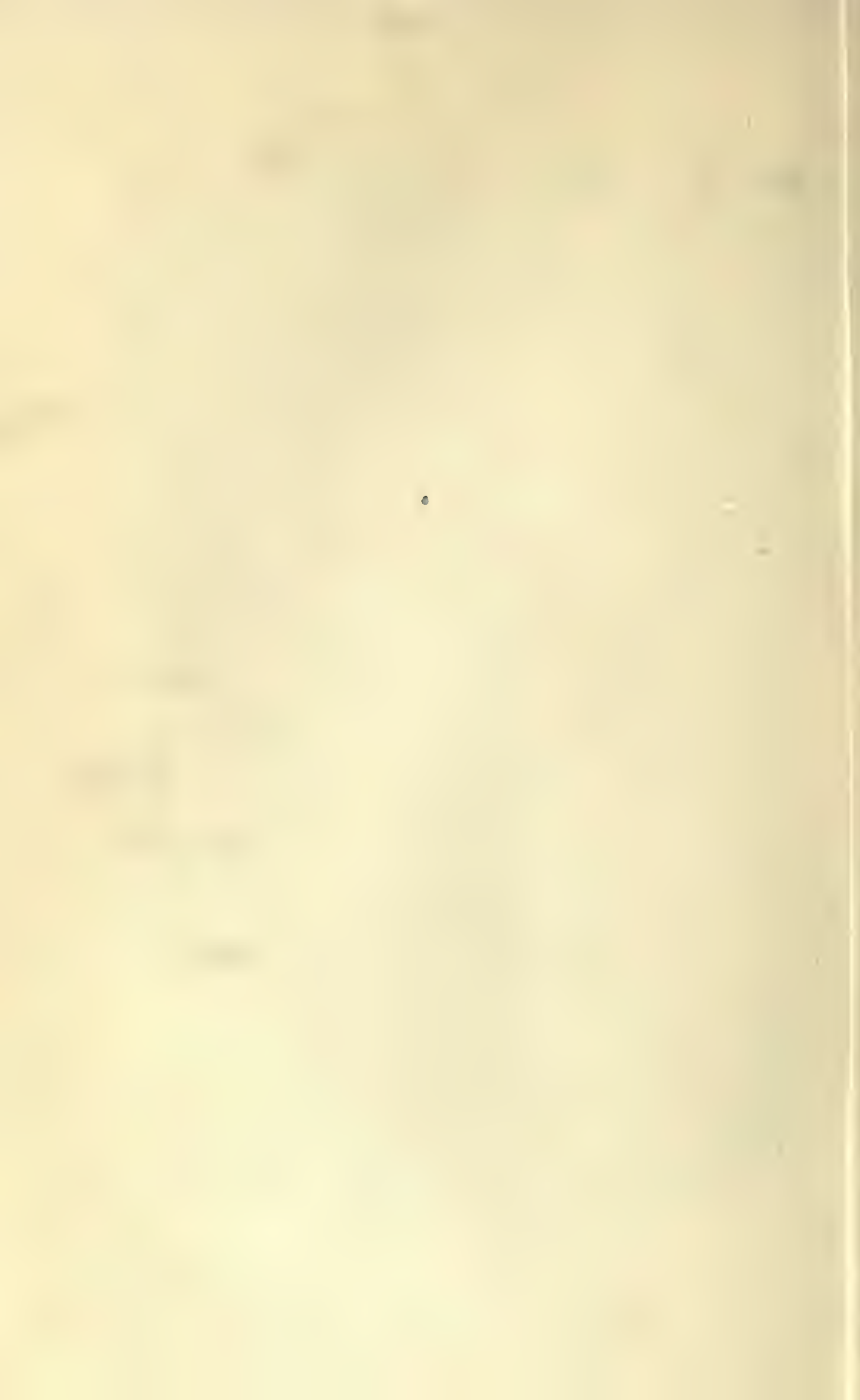
In answer to my questions he assured me that he only came to the United States on a tour of inspection to study our school system. Just as a test, I asked him why he was hiding certain facts from us we had received from his home town through the mail by a faster steamer. The effect of these words was electrical. He broke out: "Well, as long as you know the story anyhow, I may just as well tell you the details. Yes, it is true, I ran away from my home town because I could not face the disgrace of a prison sentence. There is a warrant out for my arrest, as you probably know." He then explained that, when under the influence of liquor, he changed from a Dr. Jekyll to a Mr. Hyde, and of course was not the proper man to teach small children. We promptly debarred him.

For years I advocated that our Government should enforce a regulation making it obligatory for every alien to show a passport from his home government, and I was laughed at by men who ought to have known better. While some few countries issued proper passports even before the war, only the war made all the others provide such with photographs and signatures. One of the most important items should be a finger-print on the passport.

I remember that we had once a large troupe of East Indians some of whom came from the



THE MONKEY-MEN FROM CEYLON





Island of Ceylon. Many of them could not write their names, so we had them put their fingerprints down to a bond, whereby they promised to return to India when they were through at Luna Park, Coney Island, for the season. This same troupe had arrived on a Hamburg-American steamer, the *Werdenfels*, from Calcutta, and had amongst its members two little fellows who were the strangest human beings I ever laid my eyes on. Their manager claimed that they were the missing link, and they looked it.

As a matter of fact these "monkey-men" were excluded promptly on the strength of a medical certificate which branded them as ordinary "idiots" the like of which are not uncommon in our insane asylums; what made them so odd was their brownish-red color, and the fact that their foreheads were extremely low, while the whole head was pear-shaped, and their mouth was so large that it ran from ear to ear. They could only grunt in a most inarticulate manner, and picked their food right off the floor like their four-footed friends of the jungle. They were under the constant care of a keeper.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, the poet tells us, is only one step; so, in the life of the inspector. From freaks of the jungle in the steerage to Parisian boulevardiers in the cabin is only a few minutes and a few steps. One day one of these habitués of the Paris Boulevards, while being examined by us, informed us that

he was traveling, accompanied by his wife and her sister. The hearing before the Board of which I was a member, brought out the fact that he was married to his wife in Paris a year ago, on a Monday morning in January. The wife informed us, that she was married to him in Bordeaux, on a Wednesday afternoon, in July. The sister stated that she was present at the wedding of this remarkable couple in Lyons on a Saturday noon. It was a clear case of white slavery, the "gentleman" importing two new additions to the "scarlet army" of Chicago.

That passports once in a while are better detectives than the Sherlock Holmes of fiction, was remarkably proven to me one day when we held up a Flemish couple, man and wife, accompanied by their grown up daughter. Their passport showed that the man was married to this woman, and that they had a child accompanying them. However, on feeling the leaves of the passport while turning them over between his finger tips, the Chairman of the Board found that two pages were stuck together. When opened, we discovered that that particular page contained the information written in, that the holder of this passport had died a few months previously but that it was good yet for his widow and daughter. When confronted with this tell-tale evidence, they all three confessed that they had bought this passport from the widow of the dead man, and tried to come into the States by this means.

Another strange incident of where truth was crucified was when we received word from our Consul in St. Michaels that "a young Portuguese accompanied by his mother" was probably traveling on a Fabre Liner after having killed a man of his village, and being now a fugitive from justice.

I do not know how many "young men accompanied by their mother" were traveling on that particular ship. But I held one up when he came on my line pointing to an old lady in another inspector's line as his mother. I probably would have never found out the relationship if by some strange trick of fate she had not been the treasurer of the family, carrying the pocket-book. Anyhow, I held them both.

When we asked the mother where she came from she admitted that it was the town where a friend of her son had recently died. We then asked the boy what his friend died of. He admitted that the friend died of pneumonia. We next called the mother back and asked her what she knew about the quarrel her son had with somebody in his home village. Thinking that he must have admitted that part of the story, she readily enough told us that it was on a Sunday morning when everybody was coming from church.

With this information as a basis, the son, under the impression that the mother had told more than what she really had, admitted that he took

part in the fight, and even hit the fellow who died, but he did not die "from the stroke." He died from sickness—a hemorrhage. About one hour afterwards. And thus did his friend die of "pneumonia."

The self-confessed murderer was deported on the same ship on which he had come together with his poor old mother.

This story will show you that it is no easy job to get the truth out of the "unsophisticated, innocent peasant immigrant."

But the immigrants are not the only ones who crucify the truth. Their relatives and friends, no matter how long they have been in America, deem it a splendid achievement in cunning and shrewdness to beat the immigration laws and fool the inspectors. The inspectors, if anyone, keep before their eyes the motto "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"—from smugglers.

We had hundreds of witnesses before the Board who would, under oath, boast of their big fat bank-account. A person would come up, for instance, and state that he had five hundred dollars in the "Stone Bank," meaning the Savings Bank in Providence, R. I. Then one of the inspectors would use a dummy phone which only led to the other room. Lifting the receiver, he would say:

"Hello, hello! Give me the toll operator! I want to talk to the Stone Bank in Providence."

By this time the witness would sit on pins and needles; and would make all kinds of efforts



to stop us from calling up the "President of the Stone Bank." Before we got through, and just when we were starting to talk to the "Phoney President of the Stoney Bank" the witness would probably admit that he did not have a single cent in that bank, nor in any other bank, but had fifty dollars in his pocket, and "a cranberry bog down the Cape."

One of the queerest cases we ever had was the case of the Polish woman who was destined to her husband in Lawrence, Mass. She was a young, robust maid of twenty summers, and was detained by the inspector on the line for lack of funds. While waiting for her husband, she received a postcard, which unfortunately for her was read by our Polish interpreter, and he let us into the following secret:

The card was written by a traveling companion of the woman, who stated that he could not call for her at the immigration station and pretend to be her husband, as he was landed as an American citizen, and it might create suspicion in the minds of the inspectors. But he is sending a chum who will appear and state that he is her husband, and it is up to her to recognize him as such.

The fact that she did not know her supposed husband's description, gave us our opportunity to scene the most perfect comedy ever witnessed on a stage.

When the fake-husband appeared we gave him

a thorough grilling, and after he broke down and admitted the fraud we chased him out of the building.

We next happened to have a little old man with whiskers before the Board who called for his wife and five children. We told him, after assuring him that he would get his wife in a few minutes, to keep perfectly quiet no matter what happened in the room; then we brought the big Polish peasant woman in the room, and asked her if "this little man" was her husband. Without winking an eye-lash she shouted "Yes, that is my dear beloved husband!" and to emphasize the truth of her assertion she rushed at him to imprint an affectionate "wifely" kiss on his be-whiskered lips. The little old man, apparently not prepared for such an assault, trying to escape the affectionate embrace of the rural Amazon, ran around the big table. And now a regular hare and hound race started around that table which brought tears of laughter in our eyes, knowing, as we did, what a bluffer this would-be-wife really was. We so informed her, and the denouement of the play was worthy of the foremost dramatist on the modern stage. We promptly told her, after she admitted that she had deserted her real husband in Hamburg (he having been rejected there on account of some physical defect), that her place was with him in the old country, and that she would get a complimentary

ride by the steamship company to where she came from.

Many Italians in order to escape close questioning on the contract labor point will say they come here for "*affari di familia*" which means for family affairs. A young fellow appeared before me with this same, worn-out excuse. I asked him politely to please explain these family affairs, he being only seventeen years of age. He answered that he came to tell his brother "that a great misfortune had befallen their old father." "What misfortune?" was my natural question. "Oh, a big piece of stone fell in his eye, and since then he is laying in bed and is blind." "Well, why didn't you write that fact to your brother?" was my question, seeing that he was evidently short of further lying material. "Why didn't you write that to your brother, did you have to travel way across the ocean, three thousand miles for two weeks, and spend all that money to come and speak with him for five minutes?" I thought this question would surely nonplus him; but I did not appreciate the resourcefulness of these peasant boys when it came to lying. "I did not write to my brother because I cannot read or write." Of course this frank statement came from the alien before the literacy test went into effect. I wonder what excuse he would now find for coming over.

But another immigrant, this time from the

Emerald Isle, apparently was unfamiliar with the Contract Labor law, for when one of our inspectors asked him "Where are you going, Pat?" he answered boldly enough "To me brother Moike in Chikaigo." "To work?" "Oh, yes, sure; Oi wouldn't have come if I wasn't sure av it." "What kind of work have you secured?" "On the porliss force, ef ye please, sir." "How do you know?" "I knows it, sir. Jest before Oi left me home in Oirland, sir, me brother Moike wrote home that Dannie McGillicuddy was on the porliss force in Chikaigo, an' shure, Oi was a better man than Dannie ever was, sir, an if he kin git a job on the porliss Oi surely can, sir."

Knowing, as we did, that citizenship is necessary for such a job, we landed this "Contract laborer" who was so sure of "his job."



## CHAPTER XVII

### THE MIND-READER

THIS business about names and addresses and similar questions may seem monotonous and foolish, and perhaps unnecessary to some. Yet this is the very HUB around which our immigration SIEVE turns—it is the very heart and soul of the inquiry.

The lack of a proper address may cause the immigrant no end of trouble and sometimes even deportation. Take the case of the nice little Welsh woman who had arrived with two children and could not find her husband though she had written and we had telegraphed to the address she gave, all messages coming back with the remark "Return to sender for better address." At last her pathetic story was published in the press together with her and the children's picture. To the joyful surprise of all concerned, her husband rushed to Boston to get his family; he had been somewhere in Maine in a lumber camp, where no mail could locate him, but learned of his wife's sad predicament through the Sunday paper.

By long training the inspector knows in a more than general way who is who and what certain streets in the different cities stand for. He can

tell at a glance that Pell street and Mott is Chinatown, New York, of course; but he can also tell that Hudson street is the Syrian hang-out of Boston, or Kneeland street the Armenian headquarters; he knows where to find Greek restaurants in Lowell, Mass.; Spanish firemen's boarding houses in Brooklyn, N. Y.; where the banker has his office who furnishes Magyar help to the phonograph company or the arms-works in Bridgeport; what padrone in McKee's Rock, Penna., has hunkies or Slovaks to supply to the steel-mills; and where the Bravas are going "down the Cape."

That a man wants to go to "Lincoln, Nebraska" when his address-slip reads in almost illegible hieroglyphics "Linkinger" is not so hard when you know he intends to go farming, and when he apparently must have had a conference with somebody on board ship who had been in America before and heard our man pronounce the whole story in one sentence, and thus volunteered the suggestion on the back of the slip "No-brass-key."

But "Bx63, Selner la He N. g. U. o S Amerkha" is certainly a puzzler even to men with experience in solving puzzles. Who could guess that it meant "Box 63, Schenectady, N. Y., U. S. A."—but it did.

Another hieroglyphic read as follows: "No-du-g-hi-tair massa bx 122 o'fficial Posta." Well, all it meant was "North Dighton, Mass.," and he got there.

On the other hand "Mountown" for "Mt. Tom" is easy and yet might cause quite a lot of trouble if there was such a town in Massachusetts, and we sent the man to the wrong place, as I did once, by sending two Hungarians to Northampton, Mass., instead of to Northampton, Pennsylvania. Needless to say that they created quite a stir in that neighborhood with their big sheepskin coats, decorated boots, knapsacks and other outfit dear to the heart of these sons of the Puszta.

On the other hand a Ruthenian was quite at home in Pittsfield, Mass., after I read "224 Wakanyk" correctly as "224 Mechanic Street."

But how could an inexperienced man ever find out from the immigrant where he wants to go, if all he has to show as address is a little square card marked in printed type "Tea-Ticket." You begin to think that somebody played a joke on the poor immigrant, and sent him way across the Atlantic with a ticket for which he might get in some store some tea, until it dawns on you that "Tea-Ticket" stands for "Titicut" in Massachusetts.

Spelling is the strong point of the alien; they are even ahead of our colleges, for they spell every word without partiality according to "their" phonetic method. This is where the stenographer and the linguist shine. No better illustration presents itself than the following: "Genevood Szekenevno No. 5508 Pillsburs." What can it mean? Why, just this and no more:

"Mr. Gene Wood, No. 5508 Second Avenue, Pittsburg, Penna."

It takes a good ear and a still better eye to understand these modern myths. The eye, for instance, will see that "Noinette Street" should be "Minot" Street in Boston; while the ear will tell the inspector by the jingle that "Neihork, Mygers" is really "Newark, New Jersey."

That "Ellmo. Snno. Manoel Francisco Raposo Sal Decomano Maquei St No 6 New Bedford Mass Ameriqua" stands for "The Illustrious Sir Manoel Francis Raposo of No. 6 South Dartmouth Street, New Bedford, Massachusetts, America" requires a combination of Portuguese and of local geography.

But the inspector must have a smattering of half a dozen or more languages in a port like Boston, as the next man on his line may be a Finn, who presents this as the address he is going to "Fitzbergi, Massavalti" meaning of course "Fitchburg, Mass.," well known to the inspector as the largest Finnish settlement in the East.

Or the inspector may look into the eyes of a Syrian, who with truly oriental smoothness insists that he is going to No. 23 Abraham Street, which on the face of it is plausible enough, seeing he is a Syrian. But a closer examination of his address slip, perhaps with a magnifying glass, discloses that "Abraham" in this instance really means "Aberdeen" street.

Then there is the gentleman who answers to the



comical name of "Itzko Yetzky," and insists he is going to "Santafore." Though a native of Russia, he has been for some time in Italy, and thus tries to say everything the Italian way—thus muses the inspector in his subconscious mind, and hits upon the real solution of the enigma: "Santafore" stands for "Central Falls"—that is clear.

But talking about addresses, I should say that next to "Deviktil" which stood for "Dwight, Ill.," the following was about the hardest I ever had to decipher: "Jelowe Stone, La., Va. Gette., Con. Wis. Nordamrika." Of course it meant "Yellowstone, Lafayette County, Wisconsin, North America"—but how misleading with Louisiana, Virginia, Connecticut and Wisconsin, all abbreviated and all in one line.

Sometimes the simplest solution is farthest in the mind of the inspector because of appearances, which, as is well known, are deceptive. An immigrant, Italian by race and cigar-maker by trade, repeats half a dozen times that he is going to a cigar-manufacturer named "Pigiani." We search the business directory in vain for such a firm, and yet the immigrant, who has been in America before, insists that he worked for that firm before he left for Italy. At last the happy solution comes like a revelation: "P. J. Hahne" cigar-makers. But then, the latter is a purely German name, and it never occurred to the inspector to have a "dago" stripper go to a "Dutch"

boss, when the Italian pronunciation was so sufficient and self-evident.

Shakespeare was right when he said "What is in a name?" even if he did not know what troubles and tribulations the Immigration Board would have on account of that innocent question. And the strange thing is that all these misunderstandings are not confined to foreign speaking races only. Take for instance the Englishman who informs us solemnly that he is going to "Hudson." "The town of Hudson, Mass.?" is our next and natural question. "No, to Mr. Hudson." "What is his other name?" "Albert Hudson." "And what is his address?" "Mr. Albert Hudson. Thank you!"

Another gentleman appears and when asked "To whom are you going?" answers politely, "To Mr. Shunter." We once again search the patient City Directory but fail to discover such an individual. At last one of us has an inspiration: "Perhaps it is Mr. S. Hunter"—and it was, and everybody smiles contentedly.

Of course, we can pardon an immigrant for leading us astray unintentionally; here he is, away from his native heath, ignorant of the language, trembling that he will be sent back, and relying on the most meagre information about the country, town or street to which he is destined. It is all a terra incognita for him, a closed book with seven seals, an oyster he is eager to open.

But what shall we think of the alien's relatives who have been in this country many years, perhaps over fifteen years, when they answer as follows:

Inspector: "Don't you know where you live?"

Witness: "No, I don't know the number."

Inspector: "Well, what street is it on?"

Witness: "I don't know the name of the street neither."

Inspector: "What do you know?"

Witness: "I don't know nothing."

Inspector: "That is just it. It seems all the same to you where you live or where you are going to sleep to-night, or where you go from here right now?"

Witness: "Yes, sir, all the same."

Owing to this ignorance of the witnesses sometimes hours will be wasted by the Board to get at the facts. Then again, it may be the habit of immigrants to change their names in this country once they are on the road to prosperity and American citizenship, which may lead to all kinds of complications.

Take for instance the case of the young fellow who came from Austrian Poland answering to the euphonious name of "Chiperovsky." You cannot blame his brother, who preceded him two years, when he changed his name to "Shapiro." But how could we inspectors guess that "Mr. Chopper" who calls for his brother "Chiperovsky" is also a brother to "Shapiro" who had called twice at the immigration station to see

his brother "Chiperovsky" but failed in his errand because he did not disclose his incognito for fear he might be arrested, having changed his name without legal authority to do so, while "Mr. Chopper" did so legally at the time he obtained his citizenship papers.

This reminds one of the various stages of egg-caterpillar-chrysalis and butterfly, when one gleans from "Mr. James Gladstone" that his original name was "Yankel Glattstein" which he changed first to "Jacob Tattle" and with more prosperity and social distinction to "Gladstone."

Of course the Russians, Hungarians, Poles, and Jews are by no means the only ones who resort to this "quick change" practice; Armenians, Syrians, Greeks, even Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese, will stoop to it when deemed advisable for one reason or another, especially business. A rather queer logic is underlying the following incident: A Portuguese appears before the Board and gives as his name "Mr. Flower" which leads to the following question by the Board: "What was your name before you came to America?" "Oh, me change him, to make easy for American people. In San Miguel they calls me 'Farina'—you know Farina that's flour—that's me."

The next witness is asked "What is your boss's name?" "Oh, him very funny name 'Jewface.'" We receive this information with a rather skeptical mien, and the witness, who can neither read



nor write, produces the boss's business-card which solves the mystery, for it reads "Joe Fayz, importer of Syrian goods."

Stowaways perhaps more than others resort to hiding their identity behind a smoke-screen of an adopted name. Only after a sharp grilling did "Bernardo Maurice" confess his real name of "Bernie Trachmann," probably because he thought that shoveling coal to earn his passage after he had been caught as a stowaway was a disgrace. When we asked him why he had his wrist bandaged he explained, "You see, I didn't like that shoveling coal position—so I resigned." He was too high-toned to call it a "job"—Beau Brummel that he was.

This question of work leads to many misunderstandings. An immigrant, who has been here for some time, is asked, "What kind of work are you doing?" and replies promptly enough "Oh, me? Me just pick." "You mean pick and shovel work?" "No, no! Me no pick 'n shovel!" comes his loud protest. "Well what in heaven's name do you pick?" "Me pick'n rags!" The inspector's mistake in this case is more than pardonable, when we remember that nine out of every ten immigrants are members of the ancient and honorable brigade of the "pick and shovel."

The most unheard of occupations are fired at the Board members. A "needlewife" of course is a seamstress, a "carp-tender" is a car-

penter, but a "mule-tender" is not necessarily a man who attends to mules with long ears and a stubborn disposition, but to a "spinning mule" in a textile factory.

Quite a puzzler was the Italian who confessed that he was a "*bacchiardo*" till we discovered that he worked to "fire da brick in the brick-yard-o."

Next to occupational mix-ups come those of a medical nature. Alien is informed by Chairman of the Board, "Our doctor says you have double hernia. What have you to say to that?" "Well, me not got him, me only got three children married," comes the rather unexpected reply.

Again, an elderly man, who was certified for "loss of half of his right hand, the right eye, and the left foot" said, when asked "Are you married?" "No, because I never fell in love with anybody."

But more troublesome than anything else seems to be the question of relationship. It must be a pretty cold day when an immigrant cannot dig up some fifth cousin or sixteenth "god-father" ready and willing to release him from bondage. One of these is asked who the old lady is who arrived on the ship and for whom he calls. "She is the mother of my father-in-law's wife." Of course, this is rather interesting, and so we ask him "What is your father-in-law's name?" To which he answers promptly

enough "Jan Kowal." "And what is his wife's name?" is our next question in order to trace the relationship. "Mrs. Kowal."

Quite surprising was the answer of a witness when asked "What relation is the alien to you?" "He is a Lutheran"—apparently mixing the meaning of the words "relation" and "religion."

This murdering of the queen's English with malice afore-thought is caused by the acquisition of a smattering of the tongue rather than grammatical study. A witness proves it clearly by testifying that his father, who is now a passenger on the steamer *Canopic*, "went home to Syria, just to get the fresh air!"—meaning, of course, that he needed a change of air not being able to get used to our New England variety-show.

Another witness, this time a Lithuanian boarding-house keeper, boldly announces that she is well able to take care of immigrant because she lives in a "house." "How many people live with you in that house?" she is asked next. "Oh, just sixteen boarders and a woman."

A butcher appears and is asked, "Who is this boy who just came from Bukowina to you?" "He is my mother's brother's son's boy." We tell the witness that the statement does not correspond with what the boy had said about relationship. "Oh, excuse me, I made a mistake. He is my mother's father's brother's son."

A dutiful son is informed by us that his father has to wait a few days before he can be

released as he is under the doctor's observation for "laryngitis." The son objects most vehemently, and in order to make him understand, we show that his father has some trouble in the "throat, the neck"—whereupon this remark is fired at us most indignantly, "That's all foolish. I know it is not so, nothing's the matter with my father. I know my father since I was born."

Another interesting lesson is taught us by the witness who testified that he "was only six months old when my father died." "How can you have a brother two years younger than you, if your father died when you were six months old?" The answer is prompt and sure, "My father's brother took my mother to his home and made her married to his son." "You mean she married his nephew?" "Yes, so nobody can get into our property." "Did she have any children by her nephew?" "Yes, these two sons."

The answers of the witnesses are no less evasive than those of the immigrants themselves. One is asked, "How many children have you?" and he answers "none." "None? Your wife says she has three children. Are those yours?" "I guess so." "Look here, there is no guessing about this business. We must know positively, are those your children or not?" "Yes, they are mine all right. I have three children, but they are all married."

Some of our witnesses are so stupid that they actually have to hire a man to come with them



to the immigration office, not only to show them the way there, but even to tell us where the witness lives. Even these guides are not always reliable as the following conversation will prove. A man comes with an immigrant's uncle from Pennsylvania, causing the witness an expense of at least twenty-five dollars in cash and an extra railroad ticket back and forth. The following conversation takes place between the inspector and the witness: "Who do you call for?" "Who, me?" "No, the fellow who sits out there on the fence. Who do you think we are talking to if you are the only stranger in the room?" "That's right, excuse me." "What do you want here?" "Me call for a friend." "What is his name?" "I don't know. He no my friend, he friend of my friend." "If you don't know his name what do you come here for?" "Me friend no speak Eenglish." "What are you anyhow?" "Me stalawchiman." Interpreter is summoned and explains that witness is a selectman of the Pennsylvania town where witness came from. When asked for full address he shows a slip of paper which is almost illegible and we at last decipher the writing as "Car di Cote St" and guess that it must be "Endicott Street." Witness protests by shouting at us "Car di Goat—no, no End di goat—car di goat!" "Is it a coat or a goat?" is our next query. "No, no, you no 'stand." At last one of our inspectors hits upon the happy solution of the hidden mystery

by guessing rightly that the worst and most miserable dirty alleys in the poorest quarters of the immigrant town are generally called by the most high-toned and improbable names. "It's Garden Court"—of course! How stupid of us that we did not guess it before. A sigh of relief breaks from the harassed witness, as well as from the distressed Board of Special Inquiry.

It seems to me that the intelligence of the inspectors, their quick wit and long lived patience have never been properly appreciated by the American people. I remember a remark by one of our inspectors which he shouted over to me when an extra tall and extra stupid Russian "mujik" came up on my line: "Here is one of the gentlemen who made Japan famous!"

That the inspector has been alert and wide awake is natural so as not to let the immigrant or the witness be "putting it over on him." Take for example the man who denies he has ever been in America before. The inspector notices by the cut of alien's clothes, the shape and mark of his hat, that they were made in America. And still, this might not prove *prima facie* evidence in every case that the alien was here, because I remember cases of children to whom their sisters in America sent clothes to travel in so as to make a presentable appearance when coming before the inspectors; in other cases they even throw boxes or bags with American clothes

across the gangway into the steerage from the dock, and a quick change takes place in the immigrant's appearance before his very landing. But in the afore-mentioned case the man really had been in America before, and confessed to it. "Why did you hide this fact from us? Are you a fugitive from justice?" "The steamship agent in Europe told me not to say I was here before, because I might be sent back." "Why did he say that?" "Because he took some money from me." "And is that the reason why you believed him?" "Yes."

The immigrant, under the impression that he must hide the truth from the inspectors, will get entangled in the worst net of lies imaginable. An old man, who is destined to his son to spend his last days with him in America, answers the question "Why do you come to America?" persistently, "I come here to take my son and daughter home with me to Italy. The air in America does not agree with them." The son testifies in the old man's presence, "It is not up to my father. I'm the one to decide. I don't want to go home"—whereupon the father exclaims "Me no 'stand Eeenglass. Me no kan make-a him go back to It' if he no want go home!" At last he is landed by the Board, and his son and daughter-in-law scold him on the way out of the station for his stubbornness, when he ought to have more sense, having been in America before.

Another witness appears, a mother calling for her child, whom she has not seen since the baby was two months old. "What is your child's name?" A rather embarrassing pause follows this query, and as strange as it may seem to some of my readers, but this mother actually had forgotten her own child's name. All she knew was that it was a little girl. She could not even figure out how old the child was or ought to be, having no conception of time, or of how long she had been in America herself. Only the timely appearance of her husband on one side, and the child's grandmother on the other, verifying the girl's story, influenced the skeptical inspectors to land the handsome fifteen year old girl to her mother.

A similar case occurred when a man called for his twenty-one year old son. When asked why he allowed his child to remain in the old country for over twenty years, he answered that the boy was held in the old country for the soldiers. "How can that be when your boy has a wooden leg ever since he was five years old?" "The army don't know he has a wooden leg."

The Board has to resort to all kinds of stratagems in order to find out whether the alien is telling the truth. I remember that in one instance a Jewish boy arrived who claimed that his parents were both dead. The Board did not believe it. Innumerable questions failed to convince the Board. At last, at the interpreter's



suggestion, the child is asked to say "The prayer for the dead" which he does so promptly and efficiently that everybody is convinced that he was telling the truth all along, and he is allowed to go to his uncle who sent for him to have "him brought up in the American school."

Bernard Shaw most eloquently described with the pen of the genius the importance of cleanliness being next to Godliness in his "Arms and the Man." There is more truth than fiction in his story of the Bulgarian officer who ridicules these "new fangled notions" about "taking a bath every day." But that human beings in the twentieth century, in America, the beacon light of democracy and the advance agent of civilization should go for a year without washing even their dirty hands is hardly conceivable, yet the following story illustrates this fact more than the longest essay could:

A witness appears before the Board and is asked his business. He states that he is a "lemon peddler" in the town of tanneries, Peabody, Mass. "How is business?" is the next question. "Oh, very poor just now. It used to be fine, but since them Turks and Kurds got in, and them there Armenians and Syrians, it's on the bum." Further queries bring forth the interesting information that formerly, when the Irish, Scotch and English used to be working in the tanneries, they bought a lot of lemons to clean their hands with at night, after working hours,

or at least every Saturday, after they got through in the tannery for the week. Our peddler had two teams at that time and was salting his money. Then, when the Turks came in the sale of lemons took a drop from a dozen or more in one family to half a dozen or less in a hundred houses, because they did not wash the dirt off their hands. You can draw your own conclusions.

A good deal in Board hearings depends of course on the smartness of the interpreter. One of our interpreters who died since, and whom we will call "Jake," belonged to the old school of diplomatic officials, who wanted to please everybody alike: immigrant, steamship agent and Uncle Sam. Of course this cannot be done, but the heroic efforts of "Jake" are worthy of a cursory glance.

The Chairman would tell "Jake" to inform the alien, a Russian "mujik," quality "à la bonehead, A. 1.," that he is excluded by the Board in accordance with Rule No. . . . , and that he is entitled to appeal from this decision of the Board to the Secretary of Labor in Washington, D. C. Also, that if deported, he will be sent back at the expense of the steamship company which brought him here.

This is where "Jake's" eloquence shines. He has a long excited conference with the alien in Russian, till at last the patience of the Board

comes to an abrupt end: "Well, Jake, what does the immigrant say?"

"He says NO!"

"What no?" asks the weary stenographer of the Board who is supposed to get all this down in shorthand, questions and answers.

"What you said" answers Jake cautiously.

"What did you tell him, Jake?"

"I told him that he had been hanging around here long enough, and it is time he is going back home."

"Why, Jake, that is all wrong. We did not tell you to interpret the motion of the Board in such a high-handed manner."

"Excuse me. What did you want me to tell him?"

The secretary of the honorable Board repeats from his notebook the stereotyped motion of the board. Jake says, "Oh, yes, I got you now."

Once more he talks a long, long while with alien, emphasizing his remarks by grabbing alien by the buttons of his coat, and going through all kinds of antics, waving his arms like a wind-mill, and slapping alien on the back, "that's the good fellow." The secretary of the Board at last loses his patience. "Well, Jake, what does he say to that now?"

Jake promptly answers, "He says YES."

"Yes, what? Jake?"

"Yes, sir!" comes back Jake.

"But why should he say that, Jake?"

"I'll ask him again."

"Don't do that, Jake. The question is 'yes what?'"

"That he has been hanging around here long enough and he ought to go home."

"What did you tell him besides that, Jake?"

"I told him that the ship company is glad to take him back, but if he don't like that he can ask the High Court in St. Petersburg to let him go back free, without any money."

Now, while this all may sound absurd to the reader, it would be really wrong to blame the interpreter for misrepresentation. He has to use this language to make himself clear to the thick-headed, illiterate and ignorant alien who bears the stigma of centuries of mis-government in Eastern Europe and Asia.

The members of the Board, used to these scenes, only smile patiently, and the chairman calls, "Next!" and Jake marches his friend the "mujik" out at one door, and brings the next victim, a Lithuanian swine-herd, in at the other.

The plainest and simplest question will sometimes take a dozen questions in a roundabout way to obtain the answer sought. We ask an alien in plain English:

"Where did you get this money you have just shown us?"

"In Liverpool."

"Who gave it to you?"



"The man in the office."

"What office?"

"I don't know the name, where I took the boat."

"What did you give him for it?"

"Two English pounds."

"Where did you get those?"

"In Cork."

"From whom?"

"In the bank."

"How did you get them in the Bank?"

"I gave them some sovereigns."

"Where did you get these from?"

"I earned them. . . ."

At last we found out what we wanted to know in the first place—he earned them.

Queer misunderstandings will occur probably because our English is so different from that spoken in the Isles. The question, "How is this man to whom you are going, your uncle?" answered, "He is big and fat, not too fat, but a good hearty man" strikes you as positively silly, till you remember that many of the English mill hands are hard of hearing owing to the terrible noise to which they are exposed at least eight hours a day from looms and spinning mules.

Another rather queer remark was brought out by one of our hearings where the alien, an old man of sixty, was informed that he was duly debarred from landing in this country, but had a

right to appeal from this decision to the Secretary of Labor in Washington, D. C.

The old man at first looked somewhat dazed, then he sort of braced up, old soldier that he was, and let loose the following classic words:

“Gentlemen of the High Court! I ain’t much on what you may call very strong on the readin’ an’ writ’n stuff, but if you’ll bring him to me, that there fellow Wash’n, I’ll talk to him.” He wasn’t going back home at any rate until he at least had put up some sort of an argument.

But our funny experiences do not necessarily end with the landing of the immigrant, as the following story well illustrates.

It happened to be a beautiful summer’s day, one of those rare days in June, and the 400 had turned out in full force to wave a farewell to their departing friends. About half an hour before the sailing of the big Ocean liner, from somewhere, nobody seemed to know where, a dense cloud of what appeared to be snow-flakes began to descend upon the saloon-deck, covering everybody and everything from head to foot. An awful howl went up from that saloon-deck. On close examination the snow-flakes proved to be feathers. Imagine all these nice ladies and gentlemen prancing around like so many chanti-cleers! . . .

An immediate investigation was started to get to the source of this artificial mid-summer blizzard. It was discovered that the cloud had come

---

from certain port-holes on the star-board side, indicating that the seat of the trouble was in the ship's hospital. A couple of stewards and the ship's doctor rushed down there, and they found that an insane alien, who had been brought for deportation a short while before by one of our inspectors from the Taunton Insane Hospital—and placed by the steamship-doctor for safe-keeping in the ship's hospital—had torn up all the pillows, pulled out all the feathers and was shoving them out through the port-holes. The wind happened to be just right, and carried the feathers to the place where they were least welcome. The ship's doctor was afterwards transferred to a cattle-boat. *Sic gloria mundis. . . .*

## CHAPTER XVIII

“HERE COMES THE BRIDE. . . .”

OF all the commodities imported into America the most earnestly prayed for, eagerly sought for, carefully bargained for, anxiously sent for, doubtfully waited for and cheerfully paid for, is—the blushing bride!

It is the rarest article in the first cabin, more common in the steerage, but most frequent in its natural habitat: the second cabin. There is nothing too good for the bride—says the prospective husband—so he sends her a second cabin ticket, for in the second cabin she is a good deal more comfortable than in the steerage, and a good deal less uncomfortable than in the saloon. And that is as it should be.

One of the questions on the manifest is, “Are you married or single?” It is innocent enough on the face, yet what a multitude of trouble, heart-aches and even happiness there is hidden in these few words.

Only once did a Chinese Harvard student non plus me when he answered my question whether he was married, thusly: “No, thank you, sir, I am not yet addicted to that habit.” Another time a gentleman in the saloon answered





A JEWISH BRIDE



A SWISS BRIDE



the same question with "Neither" and I thought he was trying to evade the issue, till he let me in on the secret of his divorce proceedings in Reno.

Just as American divorces are made in Reno, so immigrant marriages are made in Sicily, Armenia, Syria, the Azores and Amsterdam if not Sumatra, but never in—America. The main distinction besides that of geography between an American and immigrant marriage seems to me to be this: ours are founded on love, while theirs are founded on a bargain.

Our American women may think they are bargain-hunters, but they are outdistanced by the alien bride-hunter.

In many cases the lonely girl comes here because her marriage has been prearranged for her by some relative. Still you can never tell.

A girl who answered to the euphonious name of "Liberia" appeared before the Board and testified somewhat as follows:

"To whom are you going in America?"

"I am going to a brother in America."

"Is your brother married?"

"Yes."

"Where is his wife?"

"In Italy."

"Why didn't he send for her to come here to join him instead of you?"

"Because he is not going to stay here."

"Where is he going?"

"He is going back to Italy."

"When?"

"In a few months."

"With whom are you going to live then?"

"With my husband."

"Ah? What is the lucky man's name?"

"I don't know."

"Where does he live?"

"I don't know."

"What does he do for a living?"

"I don't know that, either."

"What do you know about him anyhow?"

"Nothing."

"How will you recognize him?"

"I don't know yet."

"Are you engaged?"

"Not yet."

"How do you know you will find a husband?"

"I hope so."

Well, with her nerve and confidence in her ability she ought to succeed in capturing one dead or alive in the great American jungle.

Another girl whom I happened to ask how she could marry a man whom she had never seen before, simply because her aunt wrote to her to Armenia that he was a nice man, answered blushing, "the picture talks"—and she pointed to his photograph.

Once in a while the unexpected happens, as in the case of the stylish French girl with the wonderful auburn hair, who arrived on a Fabre



liner from Marseilles in Providence, R. I. She told me that she was engaged to an Armenian, and I held her on general principles, so as to see the lucky man before letting her roam about; for Uncle Sam is rather fussy about his nieces. He must know just to whom they are going, for past experiences have proven that too many wolves are hanging around the docks eager to devour some of the innocent lambs. Well, in this case the Armenian showed up promptly enough, but he was neither shaven nor dressed as would befit a properly groomed groom, and in this shabby condition he had taken the first train from Boston to rush to his future consort.

Mademoiselle, with her inborn racial trait for the niceties and conventionalities of life, was greatly disappointed, in fact painfully so; I found her in a dark corner of the “pen” bathed in tears. Of course, I sympathized with her, and explained that if she did not love the man she need not marry him; we will land her just the same. We will even get her a good—not a husband—but position, and everything would be all right. But the girl was inconsolable, and insisted that she would rather go home to her parents in “la belle France.” And back she went without groom, even without expense to him, for the steamship company had to take her back free of charge according to law. All he lost was the passage money he had sent her to come to America, and of course he lost HER. I had forgotten

all about this case, when a few months later I got an announcement of her wedding. The purser of the good ship *Roma* was the lucky one this time, the same ship on which she had come and gone.

But the outcome is not always so satisfactory. For instance, in the case of the Spanish boarding-house keeper of the East side of New York, who came up on my line with his youthful and charming bride, about eleven years his junior. When I looked askance at her and him, he produced a beautifully engraved marriage certificate, duly sealed and attested by the mayor of his and her home-town, 'Corunna, in Spain. She spoke only Spanish, while he had a smattering of English acquired during his previous stay in America. Like all immigrants he wanted to show off before his bride, and spoke only English with me, explaining all about the wedding, the time, the place and the guests. The bride, not having understood her lord and master's description of the greatest event in her life, emphasized that she was an orphan since early childhood. This proved a stumbling block. How could her dead mother be present at the wedding? She laughed at this joke, naturally, but he didn't—for well he knew that he had enumerated the girl's mother as a star witness at the wedding ceremony in church.

At last the "bride" broke down and admitted that she had never been married to Garcia, that

he had brought her to this country under promise of employment in his boarding-house in New York and that the marriage certificate was purchased for twenty-five pesetas in Corunna—for five dollars.

That Garcia had a deaf and dumb wife in Spain did not excuse him in our eyes.

Many girls who arrive as L. P. C. (Likely to Become a Public Charge) get out of that class by marrying prosperous grooms who have sent for them. But when a bride turns out to have a dangerous contagious disease, the matter is really tragic.

One day a girl was held up at Ellis Island because of trachoma. Visitors being admitted in any number at that time, there was no objection raised when a young man called to see her. The next time he called he was accompanied by a friend. A few minutes later the visitors emerged from the detention quarters and demanded to see the Commissioner. Of him they requested the immediate release of the trachoma girl on the ground that she was illegally detained, for she had just become an American citizen through marriage to the young man, himself an American citizen. How could that be? Most simple: the alleged friend was a—Justice of the Peace! That settled it. Since then the inspectors are careful never to admit more than one visitor at a time.

Before the war, when the white slave traffic

was quite a flourishing business in the immigrant trade, these marriages of convenience were quite the thing. A white slaver would marry his victims either by a fake ceremony or even bona-fide, and thus bring them into the country. As soon as he disposed of them to the highest bidder, he would go to Europe and repeat the performance and keep up this marrying till he was eventually caught. Do not imagine, however, that the knots tied at the immigrant station or on board ship at the dock are not just as legal and efficient as any other. They may not be as romantic as some, but they seem to bring more happiness and fewer divorces.

Generally it takes three star performers besides the bride and groom to clinch the ceremony. There is first of all "Jimmy" the dock parson. He never fails to inform those present that he officiates under the laws of the United States by the power vested in him "by His Excellency the Governor of the Commonwealth," meaning Massachusetts, the home of the Pilgrim Father and of the most renowned cradle in the world. It is under their auspices that he pronounces the pair "man and wife."

The next in the triumvirate is "Old Pat." Even if he does follow the rather commonplace profession of a Boston cab-driver, he has many a wedding to his credit, and no one can tell what would have become of many a proposed wedding if it had not been for "Pat's" timely presence.



And last but not least, there is the "Missionary Lady" who has to act as chaperon and general manager of any church wedding, especially when our matrons are occupied by duties of a graver nature elsewhere, like deportations or hospital attendance.

This trio is sometimes kept very busy, when one bears in mind that on some ships as many as twenty-five to thirty brides arrive at one time. As soon as the girls are informed that they may await their grooms to free them from immigration bondage, they put on their best finery and cover themselves with cheap ornaments and semi-barbaric jewels true to the tradition of their race, be they Italians, Magyars, Armenians, Greeks, Syrians or Portuguese.

After all the "dock marriage" is really only an emergency ceremony, for nearly all immigrants have been brought up to have faith only in the church wedding, as their mothers had before them.

"Jimmie" the dock parson, has not missed the arrival of a big Cunarder for half a century, and is always on hand when a bride may need his services. With his smiling countenance, Prince Albert coat and an immaculate white necktie he impresses the bride and groom with confidence in his "knot-tying" formula. He then ushers the couple into the ship's saloon—the best room in the house—gets a few flowers somewhere, invites a few of the ladies on board to witness the per-

formance, and sometimes if things are right, is fortunate enough to get even the captain interested when the bride is especially attractive.

Our dock parson then starts out somewhat like this:

"I hold in my hands a certificate issued in favor of Mr. Groom and Miss Bride. Does any one here present know of any reason why these parties should not become man and wife? If they do, they shall speak out at once, or forever after hold their peace." Here he stops for a prolonged pause to give "conscientious objectors" a chance. He then continues: "Hearing none, I shall proceed with the ceremony."

He never fails to notify them that "what has been joined together by civil process under the laws of this Commonwealth let no man put asunder."

When this legal ceremony is followed by a second wedding at the Church, "Old Pat" enters the scene with his dilapidated cab, taking "them" over to the North End or wherever they may choose to "joy-ride."

And the "jolly dock-parson," the "cabbie with the twinkle in his eye and the wrinkles in his face," and the "kind missionary lady," may well be satisfied with the work done, for many a heart-ache, many an anxious wait, many a disappointment have they "sugar-coated" if not entirely prevented by their timely presence and their cheerful, helpful assistance. But their willingness to help does not always meet with success.

It happens once in a while that the bride does not come up to the "artistic" expectations of the groom when he meets her face to face, and he prefers to lose the passage money than to be tied up to her for life. Or it may be that the groom does not come up to the standard of the bride in looks and in wealth and in social position. Some of them are really calculative, and prefer to do housework for strangers for seven dollars a week than to do the same work for a "strange" husband for nothing.

Some immigrant marriages are so called "proxy" weddings, where the ceremony has been performed in Singapore in the presence of the bride's family, the groom being represented "by proxy." This is done so that the bride may travel without a chaperon. This custom is especially common amongst the Dutch and the Jews, no doubt an ancient heritage from a time when travel meant long periods of tedious struggle with nature.

But be this as it may, the appearance of the bride before the Board of Special Inquiry always sheds a ray of sunshine over the stern countenances of that august tribunal, for "All the world loves a lover. . . ."

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE BRAVAS

IF a liberal immigration policy is a crime against the nation, then the men responsible for the importation of the Bravas are certainly guilty. A Brava is not, as you may think, a Venetian "bravo" who was hired by the Doge of Venice to dispatch a "friendly enemy" with the timely aid of a dagger. The name "Brava" describes a most peaceful individual, who comes here to work and to be content with almost nothing, because he is used to nothing at home.

The name originates from the island of Brava in the Cape de Verde group on the West coast of Africa. If you look in your geography you will note a number of small islands in that neighborhood which belong to Portugal, known sometimes as the "Western Islands." These islands are inhabited by African tribes, barely removed from the Negro, and though Portuguese by nationality, they speak a dialect hardly intelligible to the native of Lisbon or even of St. Miguel in the Azores, because of its mixture with African "jargons."

Early in the nineteenth century many American built ships plied between Boston and Fayal



in the Azores group. They carried a few first class passengers, many steerage, and cargoes of oranges as well as whale-oil which were left behind by the New Bedford whalers for trans-shipment to the States.

When the American whalers began to frequent that part of the Atlantic in which the Cape Verde islands are situated, they found the sea-faring natives of the islands of Brava, Pico, Fogo, highly desirable additions to their crews. They were skillful boatmen, good sailors, quick, intelligent, peaceful, honest and trustworthy. Life on these whalers led up to New Bedford. Cape Cod farmers and manufacturers of New Bedford and Fall River, known the world over for their cotton goods, eagerly employed these willing half-breeds. Thus the passenger schooners known as the "Brava Packets" came to supplement the whaler as the connecting link between the Cape Verdes and the Cape Codders.

Immigrants, however, are no longer limited to the seafaring mulattoes from the island of Brava, for within the last ten years we received quite a number of the ancient pure blooded blacks from the Western Islands.

Every summer, when the weather becomes warm, the winds balmy, and travel on the highways of the broad Atlantic more of a pleasure than a hardship, some simple, rather frail craft pokes her nose into the briny deep. They may be schooners, they may be barkantines or even

barks, but to the old seafaring dogs down the Cape they are all known as "Brava Packets" and their arrival in New Bedford is a real holiday. Of course they are not regular passenger boats; they may have been at one time whaling ships, or perhaps in the local lumber trade. But whatever their former "humble" calling, now they are the Leviathans of the Cape Verde islanders, minus every modern convenience imaginable. (When these natives saw the first steamship they thought the boat was on fire and rushed down to the water to save the crew.) Not being allowed to carry more than twenty-five or thirty passengers by their health and the American navigation-regulations, they manage by hook or crook to bring in fifty counting all the surplus passengers simply as "members of the crew." It sometimes happens that you have the extraordinary spectacle presented to you, if you are an immigrant inspector, of seeing a "packet" with a larger crew than passenger list on board. (This smuggling in of passengers as members of the crew is being practiced on quite an extensive scale recently on large steamers, going to New York and elsewhere, such "members of the crew" thus evading the dreaded "literacy test.")

But these "packets" are interesting in more ways than one. For instance, they carry their own provisions in the shape of a veritable Noah's Ark. Here you see a few goats jump around and browse among the passengers' clothes, handbags



A BRAVA PACKET



A GROUP OF BRAVAS





and trunks, picking up a dainty, hand embroidered kerchief for breakfast, or a good strong leather strap for lunch. There you see a few stray pigs running about chased by some half-naked pickaninnies. In the fore-castle you hear roosters crow, parrots squeak, and little white fluffy balls of silk, known as Portuguese poodles, bark. This idyl of tropical leisure is still enhanced by the gay attire in bright colored dresses of the women and children, many of whom are barefooted. But you will also notice that these same women wear a string of gold beads of about the same size and design, for the savage love of trinkets and ornaments is clearly manifest.

You might think that life is a song on these boats where everything is so simple, so natural, truly patriarchal. It reminds one of the first ship built in Boston, the *Trial* which was launched in 1641, and of which Governor Winthrop writes in his diary of January 23, 1643, that "she returned to Boston from the Azores and West Indies laden with wine, fruit, oil, linen and wool," which was a great advantage to the country, and gave encouragement to trade at that distant period.

Yet life has but little value on board a Brava packet. I remember that when one of these packets arrived, its captain, himself a dusky son of Africa, almost forgot to report that a big wave struck the boat in mid-ocean, washing one of his "valued" passengers overboard. Without a wink

of the eye-lash this most excellent captain kept his course as if nothing had happened. He explained to me, though, that the bottom of the ocean was too deep to drop anchor—and against such logic it is hard to argue. Besides there are plenty more “Bravas” where the one “over-board” came from.

On the same ship another one of the passengers was reported a “raving maniac” whom the captain had to put in irons in the ship’s hold. An examination, by our doctor, developed the fact that this poor Brava was suffering from pneumonia and naturally had spells of delirium when his fever was at its height, but such little misunderstandings apparently only give spice to life on board the packets.

Considering that some of these packets take fifty days to come from St. Vincent; that there are no sanitary arrangements on board, no bathroom, no kitchen, and that the passengers are crowded together like sardines in a box, it is surprising that no contagion breaks out aboard on the way across. This is particularly remarkable, as nearly all the grown ups coming from the island of Fogo show small-pox marks covering their faces and bodies, proving that the method of vaccination used in civilized communities has not yet been heard of in that forgotten corner of the earth.

Their passage is generally paid in instalments after they land in America. The captain

finances not only their trip across and their food, but he even used to advance their "show-money" so that they would pass the immigrant inspector without hitch. How we discovered this deception is perhaps worth relating. Every one of these big strapping fellows and comely girls of chocolate hue would answer when asked "Have you any money" with the stereotyped formula, "The captain has it for me for safe-keeping." In order to make sure that the alien was not destitute in some instances where no relatives appeared on the dock in his behalf, we sent for the captain and asked him to give the passengers the money they had given him for safe-keeping. With sour mien and muttering, no doubt, a benediction upon the heads of the officials, the gallant captain sent up-town to the bank to produce a few hundred dollars worth of change in five dollar bills to give each passenger "his" five dollars, which, strange to relate, was the universal fortune entrusted to the captain's care by these passengers. Well, he handed each one, male or female, the five dollar bill when they passed me, and they walked out at the gate. But one of these fellows came running back explaining that he had forgotten his five dollars on my desk, and needed it to give to the Super-Cargo of the ship who was collecting the five dollar bills at the other side of the gate. The cat was out of the bag: the captain had been caught red-handed.

Another time, when a boatload of Bravas ar-

rived with nearly all of them barefoot, we insisted that the relatives get shoes for the new arrivals before we let them loose upon an unsuspecting American democracy. Now, many of these victims had never worn shoes, and it was highly amusing to see them walk off the dock with their newly acquired riches in their hands, "so that we don't soil these nice new shoes," as they explained. When we forced them to put the shoes on, a still funnier sight greeted us, for these neglected children of civilization were apparently walking on egg-shells tripping unsteadily and awkwardly, seemingly with an inborn dread that they will step into an abyss.

Where do they all go to? Well, some go to the cranberry bogs down on the Cape; but most perhaps to the cotton mills.

Really not much unfavorable could be said about these immigrants, if it was not that we have already a most serious colored problem on our hands. Are we not aggravating an unsolved task by importing still more colored folks? It is true that these Bravas make very docile, willing, honest factory fodder, if that is what we are after. But the ideal immigrant is he who will eventually make an admirable American citizen, casting his ballot with discriminating intelligence, fearlessly. From that angle I fear the Brava does not stand the test.

It was no rare thing in the past to see a boat land in New Bedford, and if the inspectors were



not handy, all the passengers simply walked ashore without any ceremony whatsoever. They had to be hunted up next morning by local steamship agents and interpreters all over the Cape; those were the "good old days" as some old-timer will tell you. But that was not the worst, though it was rather hard to tell whether the person presented to the Board of Inspection was really the one who had arrived the night before. The worst was yet to come: the task of separating the newly arrived passengers from their anxious friends and relatives who were crowding the boat, the dock and even the room where the hearing took place. The whole thing was actually a farce till a more uniform system of examination was inaugurated throughout all the New England ports. Now in New Bedford as well as in Providence the open docks, or at the best the old windy sheds, are replaced by splendid modern piers and detention quarters which are a credit to these industrial cities.

Only once did serious trouble arise on account of the importation of these Portuguese negroes, and that was when they were hustled to Boston to break the strike of the longshoremen.

It has been said in the past by Southerners that if New England had a colored population equal in size to its white population, intense feeling would develop towards the colored race. This assumption is probably correct, for in one of the towns on Cape Cod a Brava population out-

grew the native whites, with the result that they proposed a "Jim Crow" school. But this danger of over-population by the Bravas is rather remote.

Whatever their other failings may be, they are sober, industrious and saving, and many a Thanksgiving Turkey would have gone without its cranberry sauce if it had not been for the Bravas working in the "bogs" down the Cape.

Anyhow, with some enterprising Portuguese captain running a steampacket, and with the big lines running regular service between St. Michaels and America, the Cape Verde packets, like the whaling schooners which preceded them, and like the ancient merchant barks *Azorean Fredonia*, *Swift-sure* and *Io* which ran between Fayal and Boston, almost a century ago will soon be only a memory. Before they are entirely gone some artist ought to fix their deck on canvas; for the white and pink dresses and the canary colored ones of the dusky belles from Fogo or Pico; the strapping broad shouldered giants from Brava, whose ancestors may have been African kings and Portuguese dames, or Vasco da Gama's sailors mated to ebony-colored queens, are worth preserving together with their picturesque surroundings of chickens, goats and pigs with a background of halyards and shipping tackle of antedeluvian design. A picture such as these would be worthy of the brush of a Turner. . . .

## CHAPTER XX

### THE DAWN

ON the 4th of July 1914 I was slowly winding my way down Broadway towards Bowling Green. Here was the artery of American life in the twentieth century—sound asleep. And that on the anniversary of the Nation's birth! The towering cliffs of sky-scrapers were deserted, Wall Street and the stock-exchange was desolated, and even that ancient landmark of historical Manhattan, Old Trinity Church, was tightly shut up for the summer. But, lo, I must have been mistaken, for there rang out the clear sound of the bells calling the tardy to divine worship, of bells renowned over an entire continent. And there stood the dignified sexton at the iron gate inviting the passer-by to enter the chapel on this real holiday of the nation and commune with the Creator of all things. . . .

And I entered, mindful of the words, "Behold I have set an open door before thee. . . ."

And there was that House of God, with its long rows of pews, and its slender aisles leading up to the sanctum sanctorum, the Altar of the Lord. And at the altar stood the minister of the gospel,

the preacher of the word of God, and his tongue was overflowing with eloquence.

And when my eyes were used to the dim light of the interior, I beheld a miracle: for in that House of God there were only two human beings present on this day of all days—the minister and I! . . .

Where was the congregation of that church? Where were those hundreds if not thousands who ought to have been on their knees before that altar to thank the Lord, the good, generous Lord, for all the good things with which he had overwhelmed them in this land of the free? Who ought to have remembered here in this historic spot the land where their fathers died, the land which proved to the world once and will prove it once more, that a government of the people, for the people and by the people is not an idle dream.

And while the mellow, soothing tones of the preacher found an echo in my soul, my mind was wandering back a hundred years, and I tried to visualize what this day must have meant to those men and women of yester-year. To them the democracy they had helped to create was a reality; it was the tie that binds, the soul that animates, the spirit that moves. They were a real union of kindred spirits, they had learned the great lesson of standing together—all for one and one for all. Slowly this great purpose had taken definite shape. Since that memorable day



when the Pilgrim Fathers first set foot on venerable Plymouth Rock, the "new Americans" had come.

To us, I mused, who are part of that twentieth century melting pot, this democracy is a dream, a vision. We are struggling upwards and onwards toward the goal. But how few of the great mass of "our" New Americans, native born or in the making, realize that they are a component part of a great unit in the world's history which is striving towards greater perfection and towards the solution of the riddle of the ages—civic contentment?

A hundred years ago, it is true, they had their problems of Americanization. But how different from ours. The original colonies were somewhat of a heterogeneous mass: the English in Massachusetts, the Dutch in New York, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Huguenots in Georgia, the Cavaliers in Virginia, the Spaniards in Florida and the French in Louisiana contributed their share to the melting pot then. But that pot itself was strong, old fashioned, patriarchal, for then the world was slow.

But now! Ah, what a different story! Not only that to the races of yore we added many, many new ones, like the Russians, Bohemians, Poles, Ruthenians, Finns, Magyars, Bulgarians, Servians, Montenegrans, Albanians, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, Kurds, Chaldeans, Persians, Roumanians, Assyrians, Arabs, and

many, many others—their names are legion—but we have also aggravated the conditions by quantity as well as by quality. And still worse, we have a crucible which is no longer antiquated, archaic, but progressive, modern, rapid. It quickens life itself, it accelerates the struggle for existence, makes competition more keen, excites emotions and drives the blood to our head. It is apt to precipitate a drama the outcome of which cannot be foreseen, unless the many “isms” these millions brought with them will find a different outlet than a repetition of “1792,” from which an almighty Providence may preserve us! . . . Thus did I muse on that memorable Fourth.

And yet, there would be one preventative, one remedy, one safety-valve for most of the ills we suffer from: a great war which would arouse the national conscience, which would by its agent, patriotism, unify once more America, so that these loose, disconnected elements would melt into one tight unit, into one inseparable mass, and realize that they belong “together.”

And my thought became a reality sooner than I expected it. The great war came—*veni, vidi, vici!* The spirit of '76 walked once more through the land, and Columbia presented a united front to the world, throwing her legions into the scale on the side of democracy. And victory was assured. And for all the world knew, we were not only the most prosperous, the most idealistic,

---

the most happy people on earth, but also the most contented.

But alas, the war not only came, it also went. And armistice day, which was the end of a chapter in our history, also marked the beginning of a new chapter.

And if I was asked for the title of that new chapter I would be forced to suggest that it seems to be "The Class War."

Disguise the facts as much as we would like to, we can no longer close our eyes to this world-wide struggle of various classes in our modern complex industrial beehive. The handwriting on the wall was seen by the initiated for many years, and more particularly since those first days when America entered the World War.

In Boston, the cradle of American liberty, the very stronghold—one would think—of dyed-in-the-wool Americanism, we had a wonderful parade on the first Sunday in July, 1917. It surely was a parade to encourage our boys to volunteer for the army to fight the autocratic enemy of democracy. Or was it held in order to urge our patriots too old to enroll at the sound of the fife and tap of the drum, to enroll at least in the list of liberty-loan subscribers? Or was this parade of thirty thousand men, women and children in the very heart of America for the purpose of fanning our dormant patriotism, for glorifying "Old Glory," or softening our hearts in behalf of the American Red Cross?

Why, no, innocent reader. It was an entirely different sort of parade. Well, it at least must have been composed of Americans, for how else could they get thirty thousand people in line on Boston Common, where there stands a soldiers' and sailors' monument—America soldiers and sailors who brought the supreme sacrifice—with “Old Glory” waving in the breeze.

Well, they were Americans—such as they were. But then, a multitude of sins is committed in fair America's name. I know not how many of these misguided followers of the “red flag” had taken out citizenship papers, nor how many were to the manor-born, nor how many had even taken out their first papers of intention only or none at all. It makes really no difference, for everyone of the participants of that parade was a traitor, and in any other country he would have been promptly executed in war time.

Why? Because the NATION—which means you and me and the rest of us who make up this glorious republic of ours—was just then straining every nerve to crush an unvanquished foe; a foe who had raped poor Belgium which—prostrated on the ground—appealed to us for help; Servia, Montenegro and Roumania, which were bleeding to death; Russia, which was thrown into chaos and starvation; France, with the flower of her youth sacrificed to the Moloch of the War Lord; and Britain fighting with her back to the wall, with her brave sons of Canada slaughtered, and



her heroic Australians crucified—they each and all looked to us to save humanity for democracy. And we ourselves, did we not have to fear a similar fate at the hands of a conquering autocrat whose ambition was to rule the great wide world, as it was the dream of all his predecessors, Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal, Atilla and Napoleon? . . .

And the perpetrators of that treasonable outrage, that “internationalistic” peace parade, went scot free. And yet you can hear even to this day complaints from some of our “intellectuals” that the American constitution was violated by the enactment of the Espionage law of 1917! I should say it was violated by the non-enforcement of that law! It is the neglect of this one point which causes a lot of unrest in America today, which makes some of the “reds” bold enough to throw bombs in Wall Street, as they have done this very day while I am writing this chapter of the SIEVE. If we had set our house in order during the war by curbing their power, the power of the “reds” on the one hand, and the power of the profiteers and malfactors of wealth on the other, we would have practically no social unrest in this land of plenty, where milk and honey flows.

That is, provided we would have launched a counter-propaganda of enlightenment and education in order to prove to the people that while the socialistic diagnosis of the ills we are heir to is more or less correct, their remedy for it is

worse than the disease. To replace capitalism by bolshevism is jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

To beat socialism, syndicalism, sovietism and all the other "isms" the best way seems to me to replace their idea by a better idea. And we need not search far for that better idea. It is knocking at our door, and only the deaf cannot hear it. It goes by the modest name of "Industrial Democracy." Its aids are unselfishness, good-will, good-fellowship and co-operation. All it needs is that the two brothers who are now so often quarreling with one another, should realize that they are members of the same family, of the same partnership known by the firm-name of "Capital-Labor-Manager & Public," chartered way back in 1620.

And a new era is dawning on the horizon. And it is not the red dawn of sovietism, the red dawn of anarchy, the red dawn of the rulership of the proletariat, the impossible nightmare of building up from the ruins of our modern civilization the brotherhood of man or from the debris of a bloody revolution the resurrection of mankind. It is the rising sun of golden hue on a sky of azure blue—reflecting the colors of the women whose vote is destined to emancipate the working masses, as it has already freed us from the demon rum. And the dawn of the coming day outlines a glorious rainbow of political, industrial and social reforms which will surpass our most ambi-



**A CLASS IN GOVERNMENT AND CIVICS IN AN AMERICAN FACTORY**

Eight nationalities are represented. Reading from left to right they are: Dane, Swede, Russian Pole, Irish, Armenian, Nova Scotian, Lithuanian and Austrian Jew





tious dreams for the future. Already terms like the initiative, referendum and recall, a responsible ministry, and many others have become familiar to the voter of the morrow.

But better still is the progress and advancement already made or mapped out in the industrial field by practical men of vision and soul. These men especially realize that the Americanization of the alien must take place "on the job" just as the "sovietization" of these victims takes place more or less there by demagogues of the I. W. W. and kindred organizations.

I have one factory plant in mind amongst the many which are inaugurating this new era of democracy in industry by stretching out the helping hand to the "brother," not only because its home is within a stone's throw where once stood the first settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers; but because of its truly fraternal spirit, unselfish motive and wonderful realization of the responsibility which rests upon the native born when dealing with the "modern pilgrims."

The tactful absence of paternalism, the true manifestation of democracy in their welfare work make this a worthy model for others to follow. First of all, this company maintains a circulating library of about ten thousand volumes in all languages, which is a credit to the founders. Architecturally the library building is ideal. A trained librarian assists the readers, who include not only employees, but also members of their

families. When I think back of my first few years in America as a boy, and what it would have meant to me to have access to a library like this, I realize that the world has moved these last thirty years.

And then there are the substantial and comfortable three hundred houses maintained by the company at most reasonable rates to afford a real "home" to the workers. There is plenty of room with them for flower gardens, vegetable gardens and poultry. The company offers prizes for the grounds about the houses kept in the best condition, and the results achieved are remarkable. There are also bath houses maintained by the company on the beach, where employees and members of their families may enjoy sea bathing. There is an instructor in charge of the bathing who teaches the younger members to swim. A new modern building has been built for kindergarten work, which is open to the children of the families who work in the mill. Cooking classes are also carried on in this building, and a Sloyd school for boys.

Another building contains an art-craft shop, where fancy sewing, millinery, dressmaking, Italian cut-work, etc., is taught, and material is sold at cost to the employees of the plant. There is an art department where they may sell their fancy work if they so desire.

One splendid hall is reserved for a restaurant where tasty and nourishing food is served to the

---

employees at cost. It is not only a dining-room, but is also used for social gatherings and serves as a club house.

Being equipped with rather extensive docking and trucking facilities for hauling fuel for its own power purposes, the company, for many years, has also furnished anthracite coal to its employees at cost.

A band, baseball park, tennis court, dispensary, all speak of the sincerity, generosity and good practical common sense of the management of this concern, and the stability of their labor supply walks hand in hand with the greater advantage of turning out good one hundred per cent Americans, who grow into a credit of our country instead of a debit.

Next to the nation's duty for national security of person and property, is that of education. It is clear that unless the immigrants and their children rise, we and our children must fall.

I was privileged to attend the State Conference on Immigrant Education in Massachusetts industries under the joint auspices of the State Department of Education and Associated Industries of Massachusetts, at Plymouth, Mass., on the tercentenary of the Pilgrims' departure from their old home.

It seemed to me that these earnest educators and sagacious employers of labor assembled there were once more dedicating our nation to the great principles of Liberty, Equality and Fra-

ternity on which it is founded. These modern pilgrims re-dedicated Plymouth Rock to build up the America of tomorrow, the America of which Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt dreamt. And the crowning event of the dedication was that precious and never-to-be-forgotten moment when that splendid American, the Honorable William Tyler Page, descendant of President Tyler and Clerk of our National House of Representatives, stepped forward, and recited "The American's Creed," of which he is the author. He explained that one Sunday morning, after having listened to an eloquent sermon, "The American's Creed" was conceived. He thought if America was to have a creed it could not do better than to pattern it in form after the creed of those who were followers of the lowly Nazarene. And "The American's Creed" consists of one hundred words of our forefathers, and each sentence of it we have come to believe as practically and fundamentally American.

No greater honor has been conferred upon my book than the privilege kindly granted me on that occasion by the author in person for publishing as last word of this chapter

#### THE AMERICAN'S CREED

"I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable,



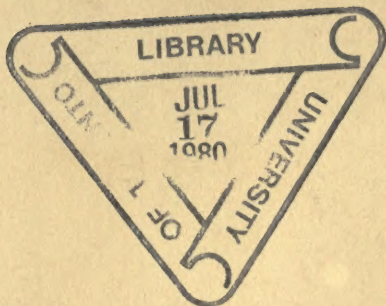
established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its Flag and to defend it against all enemies."

**THE END**







48103

57-258

M43



PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

JV  
6455  
W5

Weiss, Feri Felix  
The sieve

3 1761 06587308 5

