

## Flotsam and Jetsam of The World's Womankind

The great throbbing ocean that beats against the barge office down at the wall of the Battery in New York City is still offering to our unwilling shores that wail of misfortune, the woman immigrant. Every ship that lands passengers at this port brings hundreds of the flotsam and jetsam of womankind from other lands. And, as in the days when she first came over, the sturdy Puritan maiden to mother a new race, or the deported grisette to find a compromise husband, the woman immigrant of today has listened, on that other shore of poverty, oppression or disgrace to the siren voice of the great dividing waters and put herself and her hopes on their promising breast to waken to a new life on their furthest reach. Sometimes she comes to join her husband, who has preceded her, or a sweetheart, who has earned a home in which to receive her. Or, perhaps, she comes to an enterprising young brother, who built air castles in that other land and then came over the seas to make them come true, to find a habitation for her, the old father and a still younger brother who, in time, will help the pioneer adventurer to send for the old mother waiting in the old place for the price of a ticket to follow her dear ones.

The story of such a woman immigrant came to light at the barge office the other day. A young girl had come over from the south of Italy with her father and little brother to join her established brother. She was named Marietta—Marietta Longo—and she looked like her name. When she entered the room of special inquiry, between her father and little brother, the eyes of every one present were bent upon her, for she was the only pearl that the ocean had cast up at the barge office that day.

### An Air Castle Come True.

She and the boy sat down on a bench while the father was undergoing his examination, but everything about Marietta was meanwhile telling an interesting tale to every one in the place. Marietta was 15, she said; she looked like a woman of 20, but with the eyes and grace of a child. In some strange way, with the instinct of pretty womanhood the world over, she had dressed herself with taste, almost with style. Her hair massed itself in a natural pompadour through which little rings of baby curls slipped out and lay against her smooth brow; her young form defined itself roundly in an olive silk with a pink gump, cheap, indeed, but simple and attractive in the combined effect of color, and she had high heeled shoes that had a way of peeping out from under her skirts to let you see how small they were. Everything about Marietta had a way of expressing itself, somehow, all the time she sat in unaffected and unconscious thought. Yet she looked sad—like a hurt and lovely and wondering child—it was all so uncertain, for they were expecting some one to meet them and he was not there. The old man said that most of his money had been taken from him in Naples, and he did not seem clear about anything. For a long time after his examination they all sat together silently on the bench.

Suddenly a well dressed young man came in, walked straight to the table where the board sat, was sworn and answered the questions put to him with intelligence and directness, when he was told that those he sought were here. He turned, saw them, moved swiftly to the old father and clasped and embraced him again and again. A trembling wave of emotion swept over the little group; Marietta rose, her chin quivering, tears veiling her eyes.

### Touching Scenes Abound.

A moment later she was in her brother's arms, holding to him yet while he turned and embraced the younger brother. Presently they were all weeping uncontrollably, but the chairman peremptorily recalled the young man, who answered the remaining questions with agitated hesitancy.

"You see," he explained to a sympathetic bystander, "it's nine years since I saw them."

It was all right at last. The tickets to Philadelphia were found in the old man's pockets, after the young man had displayed the reassuring price of them to the commissioners and the ability to provide for the newcomers was satisfactorily indicated by the young man's statement that he was earning \$18 a week, and besides had money in the bank. Some of his former earnings had found their way back to Italy, you may be sure, and part of them had gone to buy the very gown that adorned Marietta so becomingly. Surely it was an air castle come true; it was so to them, at least, and away they went, clutching each other in frantic happiness.

"But why didn't you let them embrace as much as they wanted to when they first met?" the chairman of the board was asked. He smiled tolerantly.

"It is far better to restrain them," he said. "They interrupt the board, and besides that they get themselves in such a state that they can't answer the necessary questions. Why, sometimes a pair of Russians will delay us fifteen minutes by their hysterical weeping over a reunion."

About one-third of all the immigrants landing here are women and few of these come independently; those who do are of a different type from Marietta, although the prettiest women that now come are of the Italian peasantry. In other years the Irish and Germans represented the majority and generally went into service, but these two nationalities are now so amalgamated with the American people that they can hardly be

considered aliens, and their friends and relatives are almost as numerous in this country as in their own. Moreover the Irish or German girl who now comes over has a mind above service; local influence or native ability quickly puts her into a shop or a factory and if she should go into service it is but as a means to an end. Italian girls never go into service and few of them come to this country unless to join male relatives. Even that is comparatively infrequent, for it is a rule that the Italian workman expects to return and marry in his own land, and to buy a little farm with the earnings he has saved here. It is his plan to invest them in the country where money is reckoned by coin rather than by dollars and where there are blue skies and no hurry—forever and ever.

### Caring for the Unfortunate.

Truly unfortunate is the woman who comes to seek oblivion or to compel atonement for the sacrifices she has made. If the man can be found he is communicated with and efforts made to regulate their lives with due observance of the laws of the country, but often he cannot be found and then she must go back to the land from which she came.

A corps of missionaries, representatives of the different nationalities, assist the barge office matron and her aides in providing for the women and locating them to the best advantage. This was not always so. It was not a far cry from the time when immigrants, both men and women, were "indentured"—virtually sold at auction to owners who would pay their passage arrears—to the era of the "runner," a worthy successor in nefarious tyranny over the unfortunate immigrant. The day of the runner passed away only lately.

The pioneer woman immigrant was the Irish or German girl, who fared not badly, but in the change of conditions the nationality shifted and the Austro-Hungarian came and is now coming for that matter in the largest numbers. The runner waited for his prey outside the immigration bureau and usually being of the same nationality easily induced the stranger in a strange land to let him take her to a boarding house temporarily, holding out promises of employment. Her little means speedily became exhausted, for the boarding houses were in league with the runners and she was then farmed out, becoming little less than a beast of burden. Her stolidity did not keep her from seeing the difference between her own lot and that of the feathered and flaunting woman who could be gayly attired every day and yet toil not and often she adopted the easier life. A certain east side type of woman of today was recruited from this stolid creature of the Balkan mountains, who, treated as an animal, could not rise above the conditions that made her one and who went naturally from drudgery to slavery as the lesser hardship. After the shame of this became popular the present commissioner started protective measures and the outcome was a society for the protection of girls lately landed to combat the forces that were determined on their downfall. No girl is now allowed to leave the barge office without proper escort and temporary provision is made for her and her future employment.

### Types and Types and Types.

The woman who acts as matron at the barge office has to bring many resources to bear on her intercourse with the woman immigrant. She is mother, sister, friend, judge, accuser and protector. When a woman is landed she passes a physical examination and is sent to the physician with a report, perhaps a suspicion, which he investigates or confirms. Usually, almost invariably, the immigrant woman is ignorant

or helpless and the puzzle of where she is going has to be solved for her. If her passage has been prepaid the steamship agency has the name of her friend or relatives and she is easily disposed of. While the women are detained their lot is made as comfortable as possible and they are kept from the quarters where the men are herded. If they grow agitated and distressed because no one meets them they are consoled and promised and no efforts are spared to find their friends.

The Austro-Hungarian women are mostly hard working, good girls, and with their booted feet (all these mountain women wear boots) and heads tied in colored kerchiefs, they present a picturesque appearance. She takes her lot good humoredly, the Hungarian sends out for her beer, munches her bread and chatters with her neighbors and friends. She is a daughter of the earth, meets your glance calmly or brightly, according to her intelligence, and with ingratiating instinct tries to win your influence if she is held and thinks you can help her.

Some of the Russian women are encased in big skin coats, reversing the fashion of the beau monde by putting the fur next to them and the white and ugly skin on the outside. The Italian women would do nothing like that; they have the inborn faculty of pleasing, the charm of self-adornment, and they make themselves clean and attractive before passing through the matron's hands. Sometimes a young bride, who has been married in her own country to her sweetheart in this by proxy, is met by her bridegroom and they are persuaded to have the ceremony performed again, for proxy marriages are not recognized by our laws. Then there is a wedding.

But there is always more of sadness than



WOMAN IMMIGRANT FROM THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS.

of merriment. When the detained immigrant women are massed in the big hall the various types, the various minds, the various temperaments, with their hopes and their sorrows, and, perhaps, their memories weighing them down; taking little care, some of them, herding together much like animals—one marvels at the heterogeneous crowd.

The ocean outside is beating against the sea wall; the sun is glinting on the waters; the walls from the shores of the old world are leaving the barge office to begin life in the new and, among them, her hands laden with her collected baggage, is Marietta—still holding to the new found brother, however—and their faces are aflame with joy and sweet enthusiasm. But Marietta was the only pearl that the ocean washed up on our shores that day.

### Quaint Features of Life

Dutch feeling against Chamberlain, England's colonial secretary, is being exhibited in unique fashion. Many years ago the eccentric painter Wiertz painted a picture representing Napoleon in hell. A Dutch artist has reproduced the picture, but has placed Chamberlain's head on Napoleon's shoulders. The painting is exhibited with success in Holland for the benefit of a Boer fund.

Great abuse is heaped by the English newspapers upon one Gordon, a money lender, who has died at the early age of 35, leaving an estate of \$5,000,000, besides \$20,000 found on his person and \$135,000 in cash in his office—the accumulation being due to the fact that the banks would not have anything more to do with his accounts. "A ruthless, daring bird of prey," seeming

"to spend in his business of extortion all the possession which an ordinary human being would divide between home pleasures and other interests of life," "working feverishly at his devil's job of breaking up homes and hearts."

The latest Ohio idea is an insurance policy which pays the full amount insured for at the outset, the assured agreeing to pay it back in a certain number of installments and giving the company a mortgage to secure the payment. This seems to fill the long-felt want—a form of insurance wherein the policyholder does not have to die to win, nor even have to grow old.

The other day a Philadelphia business man advertised for a typewriter girl and wrote to one of those who replied, addressing her as "Dear Madam." By the return mail he received the following answer: "While thanking you for writing to me when in need of employes, I wish to state that I could not come unless you would alter the form of your address to me. Although not so very young, I am certainly not old enough to be addressed as madam. Neither have I ever lived as the wife of any man. I am as much of a lady as any of your daughters. I am sorry to seem too particular, but, while I cannot compel respect and politeness from people, I will starve, if necessary, before accepting work from them, at least, so far as address goes. I do not understand the machine mentioned and, while I would be willing to try, and glad to have good work, I cannot come unless the form of address is as it should be."

A very unusual railroad accident happened recently near Ray, Ind., and, unlike accidents of this kind, had an amusing feature connected with it. When the afternoon southbound train was approaching a crossing at the rate of forty miles an hour the engine struck a horse and buggy, injuring the horse and demolishing and hurling the occupants of the buggy, two men, twenty feet or more in the air and causing them to land in a pond of water near the roadbed. The men were not in the least injured, though badly frightened. The amusing part of the affair is that the road crossing where the accident happened is on the state line of Indiana and Michigan. The buggy when struck was in Michigan, but it and the occupants landed over on the Indiana side. While it may seem incredible that an engine could strike two men in Michigan, land them in Indiana, and still not injure them, Engineer John Bailey and Conductor Mogford stand ready to make affidavit that they witnessed the very original feat.

### Lost Reward by Sneezing

While the detectives were sitting around the office, waiting for the sergeant to issue assignments and make details, relates the Atlanta Constitution, one of the men, an old sleuth, whose hair has grown white shadowing criminals, suddenly gave a loud sneeze that made the incandescent lights vibrate.

"Great stars," exclaimed one of the younger brood, "you are the most vociferous sneezer I ever heard."

"Yes, and let me tell you something, boys," replied the old detective, "that sneeze of mine cost me \$10,000."

The expressions of incredulity upon the faces of his hearers caused the old detective to tell the story of the costly sneeze.

"Maybe some of you remember," he said, "about the police in Atlanta being notified back in the '80s of two bank robbers heading this way. They had robbed a bank in the east and the report was they were coming to Atlanta to meet and divide the spoils, having separated after the robbery to avoid suspicion. I was detailed to work on the case and it wasn't many days before I had spotted a suspicious stranger stopping at a boarding house in the city. I kept a close watch on him and a few days later another suspicious character turned up and went to the same house to board. I knew the men were only suspected and that to secure evidence upon which to convict them I would have to see them together when they divided the money or hear them discuss their plans when they thought themselves unnoticed."

The story was getting interesting, for the "boys" in the detective office knew that no matter how much the old sleuth fooled other people he never went back on the "professh."

"So I arranged with the landlady of the boarding house," continued the old detective, "to lock me up in the closet opening into the room which my birds occupied. I was afraid not to have the closet locked, because the fellows might have pried around and opened the closet to be sure they were alone. I was to stay in the locked closet until the men held their meeting and as soon as they left the landlady was to hurry into the room and release me. The rest would have been plain sailing. Well, the fellows met and I was in the closet all right. I heard them talk about how they had worked the robbery and discuss the division of the money. Then at a most critical moment I felt that I was going to sneeze. I did everything in my power to keep the sneeze down, but the dust in the closet had got in its work and I gave one of my regulation sneezes, greatly intensified because I had attempted to suppress it. The jig was up. I heard two men fleeing down the steps. I knocked on the door and the landlady let me out after what I thought was an interminable wait. The men escaped from the city and so far as I know were never caught. There was a reward of \$10,000 for them."



IMMIGRANT GIRLS FROM POLAND.