

America's Real New Woman



COQUETTE FROM FINLAND.



FROM SUNNY ITALY.



FROM ARABIA.



PURE SLAVIC TYPE.

THE RANKS of America's real new woman are gaining recruits at a lively rate. Two hundred and ten thousand and seventy-seven were added last year. Of this number, Austria-Hungary furnished 56,257, Italy sent the next highest, 49,635; Russia was third with 33,845, and Germany's quota was 16,366.

Sufficient women to make fifteen regiments of 1,000 members each arrived from Ireland, whence came the largest percentage of women, the total numbers of immigrants from the "auld sod" being 27,922, or 2,638 more women than men, the only instance where the men were fewer. On the other hand, Greece sent the smallest relative percentage—408 out of more than 11,000.

From elsewhere the country's real new woman came in numbers as follows:

Belgium, 1,388; Denmark, 2,329; England, 9,338; France, 3,835; Netherlands, 1,761; Norway, 6,137; Portugal, 411; Roumania, 3,325; Serbia, 74; Spain, 275; Sweden, 9,665; Switzerland, 1,679; Turkey in Europe, 112; Turkey in Asia, 1,306; Scotland, 3,328; Wales, 526; West Indies, 1,285.

While the great majority of these women came with broods of children, in number all the way from two to fourteen, and with all the old world traditions clinging tenaciously to them, yet they also arrived at Ellis Island with some brand new ideas, of the new world sort, in their heads.

"Letters home are responsible for the new notions," said the chief of the staff of the thirteen matrons who take charge of the women while they are on the island.

"These letters, from friends who have preceded the women here by a year or two, are a curious commingling of European and American thought, but they are clear enough concerning the new mode of life to cause the recipients to be influenced by them in their coming. The men generally give one reason for their immigrating—work; but the women have a variety of answers, although work is not infrequently the reply of the Italian woman.

"Still, even she has her own new world



A YIDDISH TYPE.

idea, which she secretly nourishes.

"A girl who had lived in Naples was held for deportation. She was exceedingly downcast, and I went over to her and tried to cheer her. But she would not be consoled, and between her sobs kept repeating again and again.

"Oh—oh—oh—and I can't ever be my own boss—no—never!"

"It turned out that a friend had written her that the American women have equal freedom with the men, and that they carry a latch key as well, or something to that effect. So the girl started over, but she had no relatives here, and no one who was responsible offered to take care of her, if she was permitted to land. She was returned.

"Hers was an unusual new world idea; but one that is general among the women is the American idea of educating the children. I firmly believe that the women



BELLE FROM THE SOUTH OF AUSTRIA.

immigrants are largely responsible for the great number of foreign children in the schools of New York and other cities with a large foreign population.

"Ask the men if they have any ambition for their children in the new land, and likely as not they'll say, 'Yes—Work.' Put the same question to the women and usually the answer will be along these lines:

"I had a sister come over two years ago. She wrote back much, saying how Tony was a bright boy, because he was going to school. She said he did not have to work hard all day to make a living. She said my children would be as bright as Tony, too, if I would bring them over, and they wouldn't have to start to work until they were old enough, either. So I am here!"

"On the whole, the immigrant mother has the American idea of being deeply

concerned in the future welfare of her offspring. Stories of immigrant boys and girls who have made their way in the new world have somehow reached even to remote corners of Europe; hence the ambition that not a few of the mothers hold for their children—"My boy, oh, he will be a big man some day after he has left school; and my daughter—oh, she will marry a big man some day and have a lot to say."

"So you see, the American idea of woman's independence is not altogether unknown among Europe's peasantry.

"Of course, I am not saying that every woman who arrives here has an American idea in her head. Thousands haven't—but they do before they get off the island, and the various ways in which the different nationalities take their first lessons in Americanism are interesting.

"The women always land carrying the baggage and with their children tugging at their skirts. The men are empty-handed. It is the reverse when they leave. We take the baggage away from the women and hand it to the men, with instructions for them to carry it. The woman looks on in dumb amazement for an instant; then, if she is an Italian, she makes a dive for the family bundles; she doesn't seem to want to burden her husband, or else is afraid to entrust the belongings to him. And when we prevent her from securing the baggage and tell her that men carry the burdens in America, and start them toward the pier, she follows her liege lord with an air which seems to say: 'Well, that's your way, but I know my husband, and you don't, and I'm going to keep a sharp eye on that bundle.'

"On the other hand, the woman from northern Europe seems to grasp the idea at once. At any rate, I've seen many a German or Scandinavian mother smile gratefully when she was relieved of her bundles and beheld them placed in the hands of her hulking and dazed husband. And from the new light in her eyes I verily believe that her emancipation began at that moment."

Roundup of the Gang

(Continued from Page Two.)

the great movement for the liberation of Shifty Shift.

Suddenly a man outside shoved back one of the bolts. Shifty threw back the door of his own cell. "Now!" he exclaimed to his followers in a low, clear voice.

Then with a cocked revolver in his left hand and an iron bar in his right, Shifty stepped forward and his men stepped in behind him. In a swift, solid phalanx they approached the outside door.

The door grated on its hinges, and swung partially open. Shifty Shift put his foot against it and shouted to the man outside.

"Clear the way!" he yelled, "hands up!"

And then he laughed. There was only one man outside, and he bore with him a pail of water, evidently for the prisoners. "Come on, boys," yelled Shifty, "now for a rush."

There was no rush. For suddenly, from behind the gang there was a mighty shout, and a flash of fire, and a bullet hit the brick wall just over Shifty's head.

"Halt!" cried a stentorian voice. "We've got the drop." The voice came from the rear. Shifty turned and looked behind him. And then he dropped his revolver like a flash and held up his hands. For if there was anything Shifty treasured it was his personal security.

The gang followed suit with Shifty. For all had turned and looked. What did they see? Nothing, save the seven drunkards of the evening, each with a buldog revolver in his hand. And the foremost of them was a big, muscular chap, who re-

sembled no one quite so much as he did the chief of police of the little town of Monroe.

"Tryin' to break jail, eh?" said the chief with a smile. "Shouldn't wonder," he added, sorrowfully, "if it was the greatest mistake of your life."

Subsequently Shifty's lawyer entered the arena of events. "Oh, Shifty, Shifty!" he exclaimed, with poignant regret, "why did you ever go for to do it?"

"I was in," said Shifty, "and I wanted to get out."

"You was in," returned his lawyer with withering sarcasm. "The way to get out o' jail fr a man like you is for to go an' ask the jury on your trial for to let you go."

"They would have convicted me on the charge of assault," said Shifty, "you know they would."

The lawyer held up his hands. "I know," he said, "that they couldn't. Why didn't you send for me in the first place. Oh, foolish, foolish Shifty Shift."

Later Shifty was tried on the assault charge. And he was acquitted. There was too much doubt.

"Now," said Shifty, "now they got to let me go. If I'm innocent of the assault, then they had no right to jail me. If they had no right to jail me, then I had a right to get out. That's law and that's common sense."

But it wasn't law and it wasn't common sense. And the Monroe county jury understood it thoroughly. And besides, they did not purpose to allow a gang of crooks come into their county town and tip up the county jail. Shifty and his gang had been lodged in jail pursuant to complaints properly signed and under the sanction of the

law. Whether they were innocent or guilty of the charge under which they were incarcerated had nothing to do with the case.

And on the trial of Shifty and his gang for this offense, the jury refused absolutely to retire to consider its verdict. The foreman simply rose, and without consulting his fellows, nodded to the clerk.

"Guilty," said the foreman.

Down in New York old Boneset Smith heard about it. "I don't believe it," he said. "I won't believe that Shifty Shift has been convicted until I see it with my own eyes."

He concluded he would make sure. In a week or so he boarded a train and alighted, not at Monroe, but at Trenton.

He wended his way to the state's prison. "Say," he said to the warden, "you've got a chap of the name of Shifty Shift down here?" He said it tentatively.

"Sure," answered the warden, "what of it?"

"I want to see him," answered Boneset Smith.

The warden shook his head. "Who are you?" he asked.

"The New York man pulled out his credentials. "I guess you've heard of me," he remarked. He had, and accordingly he produced Shifty Shift. The New York man shook his fist at Shifty.

"I told you, Shifty," he said, "that you'd be brought up with a round turn."

"Huh," grunted Shifty, "that's all right, too, but it took somebody besides you to do it. See?"

Boneset blushed. Shifty had him there. After Shifty had been returned to the place from whence he came Boneset Smith

hopped on a train and hopped off at Monroe. He sought the chief of police.

"Shake," he commanded, "you did what we tried our best to do in little old New York."

"What's that?" asked the chief, unconcernedly.

"By George," said Boneset Smith, admiringly, "you jugged Shifty Shift and his shifty gang."

The chief slightly yawned. "Is that all," he said. "I most forgot about it. Say," he added, "next time give me something really hard to do."

Little old New York is uneventful now. And it will be until the expiration of the term of Shifty Shift and his terrible strong arm gang.

The Picture Hat

"I witnessed an amusing incident at one of the local theaters the other evening," remarked the theater-goer. "A woman, wearing a large picture hat, was seated directly in front of an elderly man, who was straining his neck in an endeavor to see what was happening on the stage and, of course, it was only possible for him to see but one-third of the performance.

"The second act had begun, and I could plainly see that his anger was increasing. At last, when he could stand it no longer, he lightly tapped the woman on the shoulder and, in as gentle tones as he possibly could muster, said:

"Madam, pardon me, but I paid \$2 for this seat, and your hat—"

"My hat cost \$25, sir-r-r!" came the haughty reply.

"The conversation was at an end."—Philadelphia Press.