

# "When Carla Comes to America—"

The Pitfalls, the Snares, the Hopes, the Joys  
the Safeguards and the Black Perils  
That Meet on Our Shores the  
Clear-Eyed Immigrant  
Mother of Future Americans

CARLA comes from Finland and she travels by way of the steamer.

Carla leaves home and parents because she has heard wonderful stories of America. With her own eyes she has beheld the fine feathers and silks and shoes and gewgaws which her Finnish neighbor of her own age has earned in America, and she comes back to flaunt in the faces of some girls to arouse their ambition, inspire their imagination and destroy their content with their plain home surroundings. Carla is young, not yet eighteen; her blood flows swiftly and ideas take root in her mind and flourish there long before she yields to the urge that impels her to buy her ticket to America. Finally there comes a letter from a girl of her own age, who went out to America last year, and in it the girl agrees to meet Carla at the steamer.

Carla has come to service. She has come to do menial work for royal pay, soon to amass the small fortune necessary to send for a sister or a brother.

There is nothing prepossessing about Uncle Sam's Ellis Island reception. Ellis Island is merely the gateway to America. You send in your name and wait. You represent your own country at the time you send in your card and it's an affair of nations. The gatekeeper is suspicious and asks all manner of impertinent questions. The shifting scene has changed so suddenly from the friendly familiar steamer to an avalanche of hurry and commotion, where it is evident that everybody is expected to keep a clear look-out for number one. No one can answer for you; your problem is a personal one. Carla is patient as he could, but luck was on his side, for many of the questions happened to be on those portions of his studies which had remained fixed in his memory. He was gazetted to a line regiment, but as a school and at Sandhurst, he seemed eager to be in the service, his colonel lost patience. Three times Jack Denison had been absent without leave, and he was requested to send his papers in.

Happy-go-lucky as he was, his dismissal came as a terrible shock. He knew what a blow it would be to his parents, and he felt that he could not face them.

So he wrote them a letter, and then Jack Denison ceased to exist, and Jack Williams enlisted in the King's Own Somerset.

Before he joined the ranks, Jack visited his little house just outside the town in which he had been quartered. There a pretty, dark-eyed girl shed tears in his arms as he told her of his disgrace.

"I'm going to be a Tommy now, Marjorie," he said bitterly. "We'll better say 'Good-bye' for good."

"No, no, no, Jack," Marjorie Hilton whispered, "not 'Good-bye'; I couldn't bear to lose you. Don't enlist, Jack; go home to your parents, they will help you."

"No, my dear; I'm a pretty bad lot, but I wouldn't go sponging on the old folks. I simply couldn't face them. I'm going to try to do something yet. The Somerset's are under orders for India, and I'm going with them. There's always some trouble going on out there. Promise me you won't let my people know where I am."

Tenderly the girl pleaded with him, but he was firm, and at last she gave the required promise.

"Good-bye, my darling," he said, kissing her passionately.

She clung to him as though she would never let him go.

"Oh, Jack, you'll come back to me, won't you?" she whispered. "If I lose you I shall die. Good-bye, my dear; each day I shall pray for your safe return."

Thy lips met in the last kiss and then Jack Denison went away to Chatham, where he enlisted.

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tion by the medical inspectors. Even the ship's bill of health is challenged and there are four stern officials having the practitioner's eye, and one after another of them must inspect her. Suppose she should not pass muster! Maybe she will be deported! She has known girls who have had to come back. She takes a fresh purchase on courage and holds her head up bravely—even boldly. The action cheers her.

When she passes from the barge along with her companion, single file, every one tugging a heavy bundle of luggage—there are no porters to help—every traveller is his own porter at Ellis Island—she walks through miles of long corridors—it seems miles to Carla. Following the line ahead of her, at last she is admitted to a long alley; midway of the lane she meets an inspector who eyes her sharply. If a woman has a shawl over her head he lifts it so that he can see her neck, and he looks in her hair to see that she is clean. Carla passes this first medical examiner and a few yards ahead meets another who examines her eyes. He lifts the lids and looks for disease. She is all right, and is admitted. The next examiner is a woman whose eyes bore into her like gimlets. Again she is allowed to pass and she enters another long pen with many others, the ranks new broken. Here she must answer a great many questions. The nation is cross-questioning her through the Immigration Department. Where is she going? What are her plans? Does any one expect her? How much money has she? Show her money to prove it. She must have \$25 at least or else show a friend who has it.

Now, if Carla's friends meet her when she arrives in America, all well and good. She has only to go aboard the Government boat which runs from Ellis Island and find herself in the promised land of America, with smooth sailing ahead. She secures a place as a domestic with kindly Americans, who are patient in teaching her the English language. But suppose the girl who sent the urgent and alluring invitation to join her over here has not received Carla's letter, and so does not know that Carla is coming. Uncle Sam turns no one into the New York streets without first hav-

ing abundant proof that they have a place to go, and definite prospects when they get there. They must be healthy in mind, body and purse, and there is no New World material in them. In the event of their not being qualified, there is just one thing to do, and that is to go back—to be deported. This is the steamship company's risk. Deported passengers must be taken back free of charge.

If Carla is directed to the detention room, she may remain there for twenty-four hours, and then, at the end of that time, a missionary may take the responsibility of her and she may go to the Mission Home in New York. Every nationality and several religious sects are represented at the Department of Immigration. Within sight of the Barge Office are two noticeable homes of this description—one belonging to the Catholics and another to the Protestants, the latter named the Immigrant Girls' Home, and supported by the women of the Methodist Church from all over the United States.

Recent disclosures in what is known as the white slave traffic have redoubled the vigilance of the missionaries of all denominations in looking after the young womanhood that comes to our shores. The Immigration Department furnishes attendants to take young women to trains and see them started on their way to their destination. Despite this activity, there are many snares and pitfalls awaiting them, so that the Woman's Protective League of Chicago, a department of the work of the Chicago Women's Club, is extending its protection in this direction.

Chicago is a popular destination for girls who come out to service. It is said that wages are better in the West than in the East. So Carla buys a ticket for Chicago. The one point that is impressed upon Carla is that she must not enter into conversation with strangers while she is travelling on trains in America. As she cannot speak English she is not likely to converse a great deal.

Probably she travels with another girl. On board the train they are accosted by one of the train men who is accosted by one of their own countrymen. He is suave and considerate, and he tells them

all they want to know, and he is glad to listen understandingly to all they have to say. What a joy to Carla to hear her own native tongue! Carla and her companion tell him where they are going, and they feel in a measure secure, certainly for a friend. But he tells them of a place where they can get better wages if they will abandon their religion, their race, and their country. He tells them of a place where they can get better wages if they will abandon their religion, their race, and their country. He tells them of a place where they can get better wages if they will abandon their religion, their race, and their country.

Carla finds a career in domestic service, it is well for her. She



Immigrants on the Government Ferry from Ellis Island to New York

A Load of Hopes and Fears.

brings health and intelligence; she brings good blood from generations of sturdy peasant ancestry to this new land; she brings zeal and enthusiasm; she brings honesty of purpose, and she earns and saves

and sends her money over to the country to help little brothers and sisters.

## THE WASTER—By E. NEWTON BUNGEY.

"IT'S no use, dad, I can't be a parson," he said. "Why can't I go into the army?"

General Denison at first bitterly reproached his son, but at last, seeing the futility of the boy taking holy orders, he agreed that Jack should go to Sandhurst instead of Oxford.

How he scraped through his examinations was always a marvel to his tutors and fellow students. He studied just as little as he could, but luck was on his side, for many of the questions happened to be on those portions of his studies which had remained fixed in his memory.

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Dannison's nature; he was mere happy-go-lucky and careless of consequences. He was passionately devoted to his parents. But to Marjorie Hilton, and he condemned himself bitterly for the grief he had brought to them.

He found life in the ranks had little money in it and his dream of rapid advancement was not fulfilled.

In the first place, his "non-coms" at once discovered previous military training, and suspected him of being a tumbler. He had to make Jack's life a little more difficult. One of them in particular, a man named Bentley, was a real nuisance. This man was a real nuisance. This man was a real nuisance. This man was a real nuisance.

A man of Jack's careless nature only offered too big a target for the missiles of petty tyrants, and after time he was reported.

The colonel, a stern disciplinarian, had a shrewd suspicion that Private Williams had once been an officer, and he despised him for his fall, and ably seconded Sergeant Bentley.

Two years and he was still a private. The happy-go-lucky boy had become a bitter man, a man who was beginning to curse the day that he had seen light. But through it all his love for his parents and Marjorie Hilton had never waned, and he hungered for Marjorie.

He still wrote regularly to Marjorie, and heard from her by every mail, but the girl had noticed the tone of his letters, and she slowly as his bitterness of spirit crept into them, and she pleaded with him to release her from her promise of secrecy, so that she might tell his parents where he was and that they could buy him out, but always he refused.

"No," he wrote once, "I have been a waster all my life, but I'm going through with this Marjorie. It's either sink or swim with me now. I've got something to wipe clean, and every time we go up into those brown hills I hope the time has come."

He did not tell her of Sergeant Bentley's letter, nor did he mention his frequent penitents, but he never told her to address him as anything but "Private." One way was as good as the other, perhaps.

A bolstered up case, engineered by Sergeant Bentley, ended in twenty days' confinement, coupled with the Colonel's statement that the next time he was on the list would be the last.

Seven days out of the twenty had expired when Jack was told to rejoin the ranks, for the Somerset's had suddenly been ordered into the hills to put down a serious tribal rising.

"Tisn't every laibird that gets out of clink so easy," sneered Sergeant Bentley.

A bitter retort rose to Jack's lips, but he suppressed it. He was glad, he chose it. Immediately he was glad, he chose it. Immediately he was glad, he chose it.

He realized that his silence annoyed the non-com, who had hoped to provoke Jack into action and so finish

his regimental career.

"Sulky, eh? me fine gentleman. Well, you can sulky down to the post with this letter."

Jack took the letter and strode away. It galled him, but he did not mean to give the sergeant another chance of complaining about him.

At length the column moved up into the hills. Bare, brown hills, gloomy and desolate, with steep, craggy sides and precipitous walls of corrugated rock confronted them.

The younger men shivered as they marched, and kept glancing nervously around. But the Gurkhas and the more seasoned British troops chatted lightly, having no need to keep silence of the order to keep silence.

On the fourth day of the march the enemy showed their teeth by sniping from the hillsides. Suddenly a game of trying to hit an invisible enemy began again.

A hill from which the Pathans had been sniping would be rushed only to be found deserted, the wily hillmen having retired in good time to another natural fort.

One night Jack Denison came in tired and hungry after a day spent in running hills that proved to be unoccupied. Biscuits and "bully" beef is not an epicurean repast, but it goes down well when spiced with the sauce of hunger.

Presently Sergeant Bennett strolled over to the little group Jack was sitting with. "These 'ere blanked Pathans are mighty precious of their skins," he observed, "but strikes me, there's plenty of white men a sight worse."

He had been a member of that day's skirmishing party.

His remark did not seem to call for any reply, and the men went on eating. "I s'pose they teach that sort of thing at Eton and Arner," he went on. "Well, I didn't. 'De be'nd boulders for an hour at a time, thank Gawd,' he remarked piously.

"And no more 'de' any of our chaps," struck in a corporal. "That shows where your eyes was, don't it, Private Williams?"

"I really don't see why you should ask me," said Jack irritably.

"Oh, I thought you might know, you see."

The last shred of patience left Denison. He rose to his feet and walked up to the sergeant.

"If you've got any accusation to make against me," he said, "speak up like a man, and don't insinuate like a school-teacher."

"That'll do, my lad. I don't take that sort of talk from private."

"You'll take what I choose until you withdraw your accusation," exclaimed Jack, hotly. "You as good as called me a coward."

"If I did, what about it, me fine gentleman?" Sergeant Bentley followed

this up with an unpleasant allusion to Jack's birth.

Anyhow, it was Jack's eye. "You infernal blackguard!" he muttered.

The fight lasted scarcely a minute. Jack's left, which hit Bentley under the chin and sent him flying to the ground. His head struck the heel of a man's boot, and he lay still—insensible.

"Mum! Not a lovely downer," exclaimed a man, his eyes glistening. "You've done it now, cully," he added, gazing admiringly at Jack.

"Not a bit of it," said another private, gloomily. "Firin' party at dawn."

A mist enshrouded the camp, and beyond where he had lain dead, and that would have been no trace of his compass.

For a few moments he was dumb-founded; but he speedily recollected a range of hills in the distance which he had seen in the early morning and knew to be due northwest. Later on, he reflected, he would see the sun on its path toward setting, and that would be as good a guide as a compass.

His spirits revived, he strode on again for over an hour, and then he began a stiff climb. Near the summit of the rise he happened to glance behind him, and immediately a cry of startled amazement burst from his lips.

He was walking away from the range of hills he had marked as his objective. But a few minutes ago he had been walking toward the range, and he knew he had not turned in his tracks.

A sudden anxious thought came to him, and he hurried farther up the slope. Alas! his fears were only too well founded; the tops of a range before them showed themselves over the summit of the hill, and this range looked exactly like the one behind him.

Which of the two was the one he had seen when guided by the compass shadow, and a groan of despair came from his lips. Instead of progressing, he had been walking back toward the camp!

Well, it was no use wasting time, he must start again. Before he turned, however, he decided to finish the climb as it was only a small matter, and see how close he could define the position of the camp.

A few minutes later he found himself at the edge of a low but sheer cliff, and down beneath him was a sight which caused the blood to course through his veins.

Behind a natural barricade of rocks lay the Pathan force. Over yonder, less than half a mile away, was the

British camp. The outposts were almost within speaking distance of the hillmen, but they were unaware of their danger, for the Pathans had stolen up as silently as snakes.

Immediately he decided to give the alarm. He forgot that he was a deserter who had struck his superior officer, he only thought of his countrymen in danger.

He crept along the edge of the precipice and suddenly came to a narrow gap in it from which a path ran down to the plain below. A huge boulder lay at the head of the path, and dropping down, Jack fired into the air.

It was as though he had pulled a string which set a clockwork model into motion. Some of the Pathans sprang to their feet and were instantly sighted by the British outposts, who at once began to retreat.

In a moment the camp was in confusion, as if by magic, hundreds of men suddenly ran into rank, and began to move forward, opening out on the double.

Fascinated, Jack watched the long line of khaki-clad men running up the slope towards the Pathan position. He saw their open order rendered terribly open by a galling fire from the hillmen's rifles. He saw the troops hurled back before they could get near enough to use their bayonets.

Out came another line, and swept over the first line as one wave absorbs its predecessor, but only to meet with the same fate.

Intelligence was at fault, as it so often is. The Pathans being in far greater force than was known.

A third wave raced to the attack; and now Jack did what he wondered he had not done before.

Sighting carefully, he aimed at a tall Pathan, who appeared to be directing the others. The bullet sped true, and the man fell dead.

Jack smiled grimly as he saw the consternation caused by the leader's death, and he fired at a man to whom the dead Pathan had been speaking.

Now he began to fire rapidly, not noticing a sudden lull in the firing from the top of the precipice.

The hillmen began to talk excitedly among themselves. How could their enemy have gained the "Gateway," for so the path up the gap was called. The only way was by a big detour, and they knew no troops had outflanked them.

To the British force the shots came like a godsend. Whether it was fighting for them. About a score of men fought the same thing, but immediately they themselves had outflanked them.

The attack was begun with redoubled fury, while a force of Pathans advanced on the Gateway.

Jack watched them coming, a strange smile on his face, for he knew that end was in sight. He could not with-

stand hundreds, for the Pathans had attached a large box as they did not know how many occupied the Gateway.

Filling his magazine rapidly, Jack began to fire steadily, every bullet finding its mark. By the time he had emptied his magazine the hillmen were already racing up the path.

Jack thanked God for the boulder; it would help him make the Pathans pay a heavy price for his death.

He had no fear now, no thoughts of anything but a mad desire to kill the dusky men who were coming for him.

A turbaned head appeared over the top of the boulder and received a shot in its brain, for Jack had had time to slip one cartridge into his rifle.

Immediately a second fierce face appeared, a turban waving over his head. Jack's bayonet shot forward and sank into a dusky throat with a noise as of ripping canvas.

Before he could get the blade free a third Pathan came into view with a long, gleaming sword held level with his turban, ready to thrust. Jack took the one desperate chance and it came off.

He pushed the impaled body forward with his rifle, and sent the third man hurling backward. The weight of the falling body freed his bayonet.

The Pathan who had been jerked backward was roughly thrown aside; another man sprang forward, and with a mighty spring, leapt on to the boulder and towered over Jack. He raised a huge two-handed sword, swinging it like an axe; but before the blow could fall Jack leapt up, his rifle protecting his head, and dashed himself against the Pathan's legs.

He fell backward, head over heels, but his sword dropped, and Jack felt a sharp, sharp pain in his shoulder.

He had no time to think of this, for another of the "faithful" was clambering over the boulder. Why Jack used his rifle instead of his rifle he did not know. He fell full backward, hitting the man right between the eyes and knocking him headlong.

Then two hillmen came rapidly, one after the other. The first was bayoneted, but the second hacked at Jack with his tulwar and then slipped backward.

He fell backward, head over heels, but the blood pouring from a gaping wound. As in a mist he saw a dark figure, and with one hand, drove his bayonet straight at the figure's eyes.

He did not see the splendid career which awaited him. The first was bayoneted, but the second hacked at Jack with his tulwar and then slipped backward.

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