

a few years later, the railroads that opened up our virgin country.

On England's shore I saw a pensive band,
With sails unfurled for earth's remotest
strand,
Like children parting from a mother, shed
Tears for the land that would not yield them
bread.

The second great war period that I have mentioned—that from 1864 to 1870—also stimulated emigration to this country. From 1860 to 1870 new arrivals at our ports greatly decreased; our own Civil War and the disturbed conditions in Europe sufficiently explained this falling off. As soon as the embattled period ended by the crushing of France, however, immigration rose at a tremendous rate.

Strangely enough, Germany made the largest contributions. Superficially Germany seemed to have suffered little from the Franco-Prussian war. The war cost her \$375,000,000; she collected an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000, and so apparently had a neat profit of \$625,000,000 to the good. The expenditures of war, however, are not so simple as that. Germany had been warring, or preparing to war, for eight years; and her exhaustion, after the capitulation of Paris, was marked.

Although all the fighting was done on French soil, and although France was muled in an enormous sum and lost two provinces, she recovered from the economic effects much more rapidly than Germany. Germany lost more men and she was a far poorer country than France.

One of the marvels of modern industrialism, it is true, is the progress of Germany since the Franco-Prussian war; this progress, however, dates from about 1880. High taxation, the pressure of militarism, hard economic and industrial

conditions, the Prussification of Germany—these facts, taken in connection with the great prosperity in this country which followed our Civil War, explain the great immigration of the early '70's. In 1871, 82,554 Germans reached our ports; in 1872 the figures were 141,109; while in 1873 there came 149,671—the largest number in our records up to that time.

These Germans represented a different class from those who had come in the '40's and the '50's. These latter were mainly South Germans; there were practically no Prussians. They did not call themselves Germans—they were Bavarians, Saxons, Württembergers, or Hessians. No great empire stood at their back; no Kaiser made constant claims upon their loyalty; no astounding military campaigns had made their name powerful in Europe. Those who came in the '70's, however, came as the citizens of a German Empire, thousands of them having fought in the battles that had created that empire. They were not seeking political freedom—they were seeking economic openings.

Reasons for Increased Immigration

HISTORICALLY, therefore, there seems abundant reason for expecting increased immigration as a result of the present war. The causes that have operated before will operate again with much greater force. An even more interesting question is this: What effect will the war have upon the character of immigration? A great change, as most people know, has marked the immigration of the last two decades. Up to about 1890, northwestern Europe furnished most of our immigrants. Our imported citizens were English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, and Scandinavi-

ans. In more recent years, eastern and southeastern Europeans have poured into this country, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, Greece, and Italy having discovered the advantages of American life.

In practically every respect this new immigration is inferior to the old. The great majority of the immigrants are men—they do not come in families, as did the Irish and Germans forty years ago. The standards are lower. Will conditions now change? Will the exodus from the northern European countries, especially Great Britain and Germany, set in again?

One thing we may take for granted: unless artificial barriers are raised, there will be no decrease in the "new immigration." Certain sections of Europe that have furnished us the largest numbers of our recent immigrants have figured as the battle-grounds of this war. These are the places in Hungary and Russia which the armies have crossed and recrossed and visited with unspeakable devastation. Austria-Poland, the province of Galicia, the scene of the early victorious Russian campaigns and of their present renewed offensive, has sent us immigrants every year by the thousands. Certainly the wretched people there will have greater reasons than ever for wishing to get away.

The scene of the great German drive in Russia is almost identically the place from which our Russian Jews come. The Russian second line of defense, from Riga through Kovno, Vilna, Bielowostok, Brest-Litovsk, marks almost the western frontier of the famous Jewish pale of settlement. What miseries the poor Jews suffer there in peace times we know; what they have suffered in the war we can only faintly imagine.

Only one thing will keep them there after peace—the impossibility of getting

away. There will be thousands of Jews in this country, however, ready to finance their migration. In the last ten years there has been a large migration from the Balkans,—Bulgarians, Servians, Rumanians, and Greeks,—and from the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, especially Armenia. Certainly the causes that impel this movement, in the main economic, have been intensified by this war.

More English than German Immigrants Recently

THESE southeastern Europeans will still migrate, therefore; but how about the proletariat from Great Britain and Germany? In the last few years England has been sending an increased number of immigrants to this country. Numerically it is not large; most people will be surprised to learn, however, that our immigration from England is larger now than that from Germany or Ireland. Thus in 1913 the German Empire sent us 34,000 immigrants and Ireland 27,000, while England shipped more than 43,000.

This movement from England will probably increase after the war. The condition of the working classes will certainly become worse. In all likelihood, Germany will increase her quota of immigrants; for, whatever the result of the war, her economic status will suffer. While this probable revival of the "old" immigration will not surpass, in numbers, the "new," it may take on considerable proportions.

Industrial depression in the United States not impossibly will follow the war; but, as in the days succeeding the Napoleonic conflict, it will be so immeasurably less distressing than that in Europe that it will not prevent a large migration to this country.

A Jolt from Old Hickory

By SEWELL FORD

Illustrations by Hazel Roberts

YOU know Old Hickory Ellins ain't what you might call a sunshine distributor. His disposition would hardly remind you of a placid pool at morn, or the end of a perfect day. Not as a rule. Sort of a cross between a March blizzard and a July thunder-storm would hit it nearer.

Honest, sometimes when he has started on a rampage through the general offices here, I've seen the bond-room clerks grip their desks like they expected to be blown through the windows; and the sickly green tinge on Piddie's face when he comes out from a hectic ten minutes with the big boss is as good a trouble barometer as you'd want.

Even on average days, when Corrugated affairs seem to be runnin' smooth, Mr. Ellins is apt to come down with a lumbago grouch or develop shootin' pains in the knee, and then anybody who ducks gettin' in range of that snappy sarcasm of his is lucky.

Not that he always means it, or that he's generally disliked. As soon as it's safe, the bond clerks grin at each other and the lady typists go to yankin' away on their gum placid. They know nobody's ever had the can tied to 'em from this joint without good cause. Also, they've come to expect about so many growls a day from Old Hickory.

BUT say, they don't know what to make of him this last week or so. Twice he's been late, three days runnin' he's quit early, and in all that time he ain't raised a blessed howl about anything. Not only that, but the other mornin' he blew in wearin' a carnation in his button-hole and hummin' a tune. I saw Piddie watch him with his eyes bugged, and the battery of typists let out a sort of chorus gasp as the door of his private office shut behind him.

Finally Mr. Robert beckons me over

and remarks confidential: "Torchy, have you—er—noticed anything peculiar about the governor these last few days?"

"Could I help it?" says I.

"Ah!" says he. "Somewhat rare, such moods. I've been wondering. He has hinted to me that he might start on some sort of a cruise soon."

"Has he?" says I, tryin' to look surprised.

"You don't suppose, Torchy," Mr. Robert goes on, "that the governor really means to go after that buried treasure?"

"Mr. Robert," says I, "I ain't sayin' a word."

"By Jove!" says he. "So that's the way it stands? Well, you haven't told me anything. And, do you know, I am beginning to think it would be a fine thing for him to do. It would get his mind off business, give him an outing, and—er—simplify our negotiations in that Ish-peming deal. I think I shall encourage his going."

"If you want to make it doubtful, I would," says I.

"Eh?" says Mr. Robert. "You mean—Well, I'm not sure but that you're right. I'll do just the opposite, then—suggest that he'll not like cruising, and remind him that the Corrugated has a critical season ahead of it. By the way, what sort of a boat has he chartered?"

"At last accounts," says I, "they hadn't found one that suited. You see, Auntie won't stand for a gasolene engine, and—"

"Do I understand that Mrs. Hemmingway is going too?" gasps Mr. Robert.

I nods.

"She's one of the partners," says I. "Kind of a particular old girl, too, when it comes to yachts. I judge she wants something about half way between a Cunarder and a ten-room flat; something wide and substantial."



"That's how it happens I came to be exhibitin' the 'Agnes' to this trio of treasure-seekers."

Mr. Robert grins. "They ought to be told about the *Agnes*," says he.

"What about her?" says I.

"Why," says he, "she's the marine antique that Ollie Wade inherited from his uncle, the old Commodore. A fine boat in her day, too, but a trifle obsolete now: steam, of course, and a scandalous coal-eater. Slow, too; ten knots is her top speed. But she's a roomy, comfortable old tub, and Ollie would be glad to get her off his hands for a month or two. Suppose I—"

"Would you mind, Mr. Robert," I breaks in, "if I discovered the *Agnes* for 'em? I might boost my battin' average with Auntie; and maybe I could work Ollie for a commission."

"Here!" says Mr. Robert, shovin' over the desk 'phone. "Make him give you five per cent. at least. Here's his number."

SO that's how it happens I come to be pilotin' this trio of treasure-hunters—Auntie, Old Hickory, and Captain Rupert

Killam—over to a South Brooklyn yacht basin and exhibitin' the *Agnes*. You'd never guess, either, from the way she's all painted up fresh, that she was the A. Y. C. flagship as far back as the early nineties.

"What a nice, wide boat!" says Auntie. "Beam enough for a battleship," grumbles Rupert.

"I do hope," goes on Auntie, "that the state-rooms are something more than cubby-holes."

"Let's take a look," says I, producin' the keys.

Ollie had mentioned specially the main saloon, but I wasn't lookin' for anything half so grand. Why, you could almost give a ball in it. Had a square piano and a fireplace, too.

"Huh!" says Old Hickory. "Quite a craft."

It was when we got to the two suites, one on each side of the companionway 'midships, that Auntie got real enthusi-

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