

Build small if you must, but set a skyscraper foundation in 1912

By T. Toby Jacobs

Have **CHEER** you business weakling. Take **HEART** you diminutive dealer. Build **BRAVELY** in 1912, even though your **LAST** year's efforts lay as pitifully broken as "a house of cards."

Perhaps you didn't have enough **HARDENING** in your **BUSINESS FOUNDATION** last year; more than likely your **DETERMINATION RIVETS COOLED** before they clinched **CUSTOMERS** to your **COUNTERS**; it's even likely that your **BUILDING TOOLS** were not as **KEEN** as those of your **COMPETITOR**.

Better lay a **NEW** foundation in 1912; start **TODAY**; commence with a **ONE** story business if you must, but secure it with an **UNDERPINNING** that will **STAND MORE** stories as fast as you **GROW** and **GROWING** will be **GOOD** in 1912.

THIS is a **SKYSCRAPER AGE**, Brother; he who crawls at a snail's wiggle pace is **TROD** underfoot; the **dart-ahead-fellow** with the aviator flutter gets the **CHEERS** of the populace.

There is **NO** such thing as standing still in business; you've got to take a **LARGER** or a **SMALLER** store **THIS** year; your sales must **SWELL** or **SHRINK**; your brain must **LAG** or **THINK**.

You cannot enlarge your store **SEWISIDE**, for there's already another hustler on either **SIDE** of you; you cannot go **BACKWARD**, for if you do you'll strike an alley; there is only **ONE** growth open to you and that is **UPWARD** and **ONWARD** with **MORE** business and **MORE** customers.

"1912" will prove a **MERCANTILE MARVEL**; the **PAST** year's failures have whizzed by like a tank station past a flyer's window and **SAFE SIGNALS** show a clear business track for another year.

Failures, Survivals, Fair Success and **PHENOMENAL GROWTHS** will be as **PLENTIFUL** as **EVER** during the next twelvemonth, but "Dame Fortune" will have **NAUGHT** to do with their **SHAPING**; the sheer height of your commercial structure will depend upon the plumb line of push; if you build on brittle you are broke; the skyward climb is easier if you plant your resolve at **BED ROCK**.

Make a **BUNCH** of resolutions today and **KEEP** them; say to yourself, "I'll keep my eyes open and my

feet busy in 1912." Then again, say to yourself, "I'm all right, my goods are all right, I buy right and I sell right and I tote fair with my customers, but I didn't '**HOLLER**' enough **LAST** year!"

That's it! You've been **SHY** on '**HOLLER**.' **VOICE** means **VICTORY** in commercialism; mix **QUITE** a little **ADVERTISING** in the concrete that forms the foundation you are setting **TODAY**.

If your name is **SIMPSON** and you sell **SHOES** make 'em think of **SIMPSON** when they **THINK** of **SHOES**. Set aside a **FIXED** sum for **ADVERTISING**; then spend it **REGULARLY**; so much per **MONTH**; just as you spend for gas or wrapping paper or ink or rent.

And when you **DO** advertise **FORGET** the days of the **HANDBILL** and **HAND BELL**. You've a **MIL-LION MOUTHED COURIER** to shout your wares **TODAY**; you've the **POWER** of the **PRESS** at your beck and call; you've the **NEWSPAPER**.

That wonderful life of the printed page stands ready to be **TAPPED** any time; if **YOU** are **NOT** tapping it it's your **OWN** fault. But remember, there's **NO** power, **NO** voice, to mere white paper. Newspaper space, like a painter's canvas, is worthless until you **PUT** something **ON** it. In other words, **YOU** produce the **HUSTLE** and the **NEWSPAPER** will produce the **BUSTLE**.

TELL something in your advertisement; tell **FACTS**; explain **METHODS**; picture **PROCESSES**; state **SIZES**; popularize your **PURPOSE**; make **EVERY** word, sentence or paragraph state a **REASON** why a **READER** should seek **YOUR** store.

And here is some **MORE** building material for that **SKYSCRAPER** you crave in 1912; clean **MER-CHANDISE**; snappy **STYLES**; wonderful **WINDOWS**; reasonable **PRICES**, and **CLERKS** so courteous that they will **STRENGTHEN** your foundation instead of **UPROOTING** it.

So **BUILD** Brother—**BUILD BOLDLY**. Mix courage with your concrete; use the **LEVEL** to make your patrons loyal. If **LAST** year's structure turned out to be an "**AIR CASTLE**" change your plans and specifications.

BUILD SMALL IF YOU MUST, BUT SET A "SKYSCRAPER FOUNDATION" IN 1912.

Uncle Sam Receiving New Citizens at Ellis Island

(Copyright, 1911, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
NEW YORK CITY.—This is the story of an immigrant.

Not of a real Simon-pure immigrant, but of myself in immigrant clothes.

I came to New York with a letter to Mr. Nagel, secretary of commerce and labor, to Mr. Williams, the commissioner of immigration at Ellis Island. The letter requested that I be shown all the processes and given all information as to how the foreigner breaks into this country. Uncle Sam is adopting into our national family more than 1,000,000 new brothers and sisters each year. He keeps rushing them in at the rate of 2,000 or 3,000 a day, or of more than 100 an hour from midnight to midnight all the year through.

How do these people get in?
Who are they?
What are they?
Where do they come from?
Where do they go?
Can we detect them? Or will they lie like a lump of sour dough on Uncle Sam's stomach, poisoning our national family?

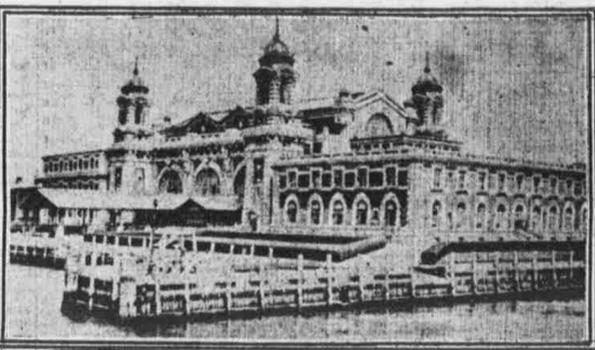
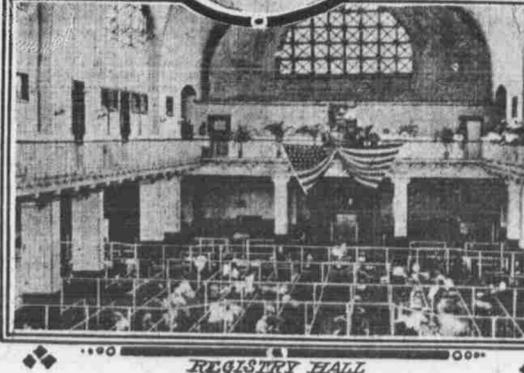
The Experience of One Immigrant.

I shall answer the last question first, and that by my experience as an immigrant. The first chapter of it is imaginary. You must suppose me a peasant in some little town in southeastern Europe. My wages are less than 25 cents a day, and the chief part of my diet is brown bread and water. One morning a smooth, well-dressed man comes and offers me all sorts of inducements to go across the ocean. He paints the United States as a country where gold dollars can be picked up in the streets, and finally persuades me to pay enough out of my savings to buy a steamship ticket to New York. The ticket is for the steerage and it costs me \$25. Armed with it I go to Trieste, which is my nearest port after being examined and fumigated, am hurried with 2,000 others into the hold of a steamer. It is the steamship company that causes my going. My passage helps to pay its dividends, and that is the reason their agent has called upon me. They get the worth of their money. I pay them one-third or one-half as much as a first cabin passenger, but I sleep in a bunk, away down below decks in a room with hundreds of others. I eat my meals out of tin pots and pans, and I have a luxurious bedding place, between rails, on the bare floor where seadick men, women and children, my fellow-passengers, lie sprawling around.

After fifteen days of fairly good sailing I have passed out of the Mediterranean, have crossed the Atlantic and have stamed by the great Statue of Liberty to the docks of New York. There the cabin passengers have been landed, and I have been shoved with the rest of my fellows into a barge and carried to the little archipelago, consisting of three bits of land surrounded by water called Ellis Island. The islands are covered with buildings which seem to float on the harbor. They are joined by bridges, and our large floats right up to the doors.

Number 25—Group "F."

In the meantime the 2,000 of us have been sorted and herded in groups. This was done on the steamer and each was given a card showing his group and his number. I am No. 25, group "F." This is printed on a white card which is pinned to my breast, the officers having cautioned me to keep it in sight. I have also had to sign a long paper of answers to all sorts of questions. I have given my full name and my age, have stated whether I was a man or a woman, was married or single and whether I could read or write. I had to give my nationality, race and last residence. I had to state where I was going, and whether my passage was paid by myself or any other person, corporation, society, municipality or government. I had to tell what money I had or whether it was as much as \$50, and if I was going to join friends on this side. I gave answers to the questions whether I had been in prison, or the poor house, or in an insane asylum, and also whether I was mentally or



physically deficient, deformed or crippled, and if yes, for how long and what made me so. This paper and my signature I was fated to meet with later on. I had also passed the quarantine doctors at Sandy Hook, where they looked me over to see if I had any contagious diseases and had failed to find upon me any sign of cholera, smallpox, yellow fever or plague. After all this I had expected to go right through Ellis Island and to at once land on the golden streets of New York.

How mistaken I was. I was just at the beginning instead of at the end of the process of breaking through Uncle Sam's doors. The thirty of group "F," most of us carrying our baggage, were taken across the dock into a hallway and rushed single file up a long pair of stairs. At the top of these we passed into a room where a dozen men in uniform stood. We then walked across into an alley shut off by railings so that only one could go ahead at a time. The men in uniform were the doctors of the

marine hospital service. The first man who inspected me was on the outlook for any signs of deformity or contagious disease. He looked at my legs to see if they were the same length and sound, he grabbed at my collar to see if I had the goitre, and with his eyes examined me from my crown to my toe for signs of tuberculosis. I had noticed that he had put a chalk mark on the girl ahead of me and was relieved when he let me go by.

Testing the Immigrant's Eyes. A little further on I came to a gate where another doctor was standing. I could feel his eyes go through me as I approached, and then I felt him go through my eyes. He had a little wooden stick not bigger than a toothpick, and much like the orange stick you use in nail cleaning. He grabbed my right eye and bent it back so that he could see the whole ball of the eye. He then took the left eye and did the same. He was looking for contagious trachoma or ophthalmia, and had it been there he

would have taken me out of the ranks and made the steamship company carry me back whence I came. This is done with every immigrant, and the immigration doctors look at 2,000,000 eyes in this way every year.

My eyes were all right, however, and I was shoved along with those who could be passed, as far as their health was concerned. It was far different with others, but of them I shall speak farther on. I should say at least 25 per cent were held back for special inquiry, each receiving a yellow card bearing their names and the reasons why they were held.

Passing the Inspectors. My next experience was in the registry hall. This is a great room covering about half an acre and filled with a network of alleys enclosed by iron pipe fences. Each of the alleys is devoted to one group of immigrants, and the groups are labeled A, B, C, D, E, etc., to correspond with the letters borne by those who come from the ship. At the end of each alley is an inspector in uniform with a tall desk before him. He speaks a half dozen languages, and catches each immigrant as he goes through. He makes him pass all the tests for admission, and if he belongs to the objected classes decides against him, marks him L. P. C., or liable to become a public charge, and puts him on the road back to Europe. There were two pretty Serbian girls in front of me, and the questions asked them made me think that the officer suspected that they might be "white slaves." Behind me was a fine looking old woman, with a white handkerchief over her head. She was asked as to her relatives, and whether they would support her on landing.

I moved along with the crowd, and when I came to the gate I found that the inspector had the long sheet of

answers which I had written out on the steamer. He asked each question over again and cross-examined me to see if I was telling the truth. When I told him I had \$45 he made me take it out and count it before him. I observed that the two girls in front of me each had eight gold pieces of the denomination of 20 marks. The man talked to them in German, and the party in front of them was addressed in Polish. Indeed, he seemed to have a whole babel of language at his tongue's end.

It took him about two minutes to finish my examination and after he was convinced that I was honest and not liable to become a public charge he gave me a yellow ticket stamped O. K., and as I passed out I was at last in America.

Halfway Arrangements. This ticket only was given me because I intended to stay in New York. Many of the other immigrants who were passing through had in addition tickets marked "R," and later on they were banded with the names of the railroads by which they were to go to the west or to other parts of the country. I followed some of them into a room which was like a great railroad depot. There was a bank at one end for the exchanging of money, with the rates of exchange plainly published over the cashier's window. There were offices where one could buy tickets, and places where the baggage could be checked direct upon them. There were also lunch counters selling bags of food for 50 cents or \$1 and every other convenience to help the immigrant on his way. The bags were large, and the food was good. Indeed, I doubt whether one can get as much for the money anywhere else in New York. This is all regulated by law.

The immigrants bound for other parts of the country are taken charge of by the railroads and put on the right cars.

Sent Back to Europe. So much for the immigrant who gets in. I think there is too many of him, and that the country would be far better off if two-thirds at least of him and his family were kept out of the United States, but according to the laws he is admitted and the future must be settled by congress.

And now as to the would-be immigrants who are sent back. They are brought here at the risk of the steamship companies who carry them, and are sometimes sent in by countries and cities abroad who want to get rid of supporting them and make Uncle Sam pay the bill. The classes who are excluded are definitely set down in the laws. Here is a list of them as the commissioner of immigration has given it to me: Idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded persons and epileptics. Insane persons who have been insane within five years. Paupers and persons likely to become a public charge. Persons having tuberculosis or a dangerous contagious disease. Persons suffering from mental or physical defects which may affect their ability to earn a living. Criminals, polygamists and anarchists. Prostitutes and procurers. Contract laborers. Persons whose passage has been paid for by any association, municipality or foreign government, and lastly children under 16 unaccompanied by a parent.

How They Cheat Uncle Sam. All sorts of frauds are attempted to get these classes through. Diseased eyes are doctored and the lame are taught to walk without limping as they pass by the inspectors. Lies innumerable are told by the immigrants and every trick is played to pass through the registry hall. Just now an especial care is taken as to girls who might be brought in as "white slaves." The lone immigrant maiden is detained, and if there is any suspicion concerning her she goes back to Europe. Any one suspected of disease is examined by several doctors, and it takes the O. K. of three of them to let him go through.

To show how important these restrictions are, more than 2,000 immigrants were shut out of the United States last year upon this ground, and of these almost 15,000 were paupers and likely to become public charges. More than 3,000 had lockholes or contagious diseases, 800 were criminals, more than 500 were pros-

titutes and about 1,000 were laborers who came to work under contract.

Million New Brothers and Sisters. And now let us look at the million new brothers and sisters who get in. We have adopted them all into our national family. Who are they and where do they come from? I wish you could have tramped over Ellis Island with me and taken a look for yourselves at the sawed-off, anemic, unintelligent classes who passed through the doors at the same time I did. There were 2,600 of them altogether, and the majority were under-learned and uneducated. They came from southeastern Europe, and were composed largely of Hungarians, Slavs, Italians, gypsies and Polish and Russian Jews. They were in about the same proportion as those we imported last year, only the number this year will be greater. In 1910 we admitted 1,941,000 immigrants, and of these more than 200,000 were shipped here from Europe. We had more than 250,000 from Austria-Hungary; we had over 200,000 from Italy and 180,000 from the Russian empire and Finland.

There was only a baretable from north Europe, and the bulk of the whole came from the southeastern countries of that continent, where from 25 to 50 per cent of the people are illiterate, and where in some places more than the majority can neither read nor write. This holds true of the immigrants we are now getting, and it is in striking contrast to those who came in in the past.

For many years our adopted brothers and sisters were from England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany and Scandinavia. Among these the percentage of education was high. Only about 4 per cent of the Germans were illiterate and 1 per cent of the English and Scotch. Only 3 per cent of the Irish could not read and write, and the same was true of the Finns, while the illiteracy among the Swedes and Norwegians ran as low as one in a hundred.

The people we are bringing in now are almost barbarians in comparison with those we had a generation ago, and the question is how Uncle Sam is to take care of them and still maintain the high standard of American character.

The Great American Peril. We talk of the yellow peril and shudder as we think of Chinese and Japanese immigration. I believe one of our greatest perils today is from European immigration, and also in the exploitation of our country by a lot of steamship companies whose stock is owned in Europe and whose only aim is to keep up their dividends. In the past the bulk of the immigrants went to the west, and their pure, fresh air of America and the smell of old Mother Earth, a part of whom was owned by themselves for the first time, drove the servility of Europe out of their veins, and by association with Americans and contact with American problems they were finally ground over into good American citizens.

Conquering the Cities. Now the immigrant comes in by the million, and hundreds of thousands of him are dropped down into New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and other big cities. They lead there a life much the same as in Europe. Many of them go to the sweatshops, and their blood is thinned by the dust of the factory or mine. They speak their own language and intermarry. They have their own newspapers and are largely moved by politicians or agitators who preach socialism and anarchism free from restraint.

The situation is, indeed, far different from anything we have had in the past, and it becomes more and more serious from year to year. I have before me the numbers of immigrants who have landed in this country since 1822. There have been, all told, 28,000,000 or 29,000,000, and of them about one-fourth have come in within the last five years. We struck the million mark first in 1885. We brought in another 1,000,000 in 1898, and more than 1,500,000 in 1907. In the two following years times were hard and there was a decrease, but in 1910 we came up to 1,600,000 again, and this year we have even more. Can Uncle Sam stand it? The question bulks big in our prospects for the future, and it is one that should be settled forthwith.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.