

"The only remaining tree that stood on these grounds in 1840."

The little log cabin dragged from Arlington and long buried in a tangle of forest undergrowth dropped to pieces over twenty years ago. Its replica stands as closely as possible in its original relation, on a ridge farther to the front, in the open.

In after years the grass in the field of Stratton grew lush and tall. The doorway of the cabin choked with weeds. Across the gaping windows spiders built their webs. Timid wild things nested in the rotting rafters. And the great mountain of Stratton in majestic loneliness brooded over all.

The old post-road, but a few feet beyond, was alive, as of yore, with the passing of pleasure-seekers and traffic. None turned aside. None thought.

None cared. The Webster incident was forgotten.

Then the Stratton Mountain Club, under the leadership of Miss Ethel A. Eddy, its able and charming President, determined to rescue from oblivion the memory of the service that Daniel Webster had rendered their State.

Miss Eddy herself is a loyal Vermonter in whose veins flows the blood of the men and the women who had so well served their State and country.

She got to work. A movement was started. And on a day of typical Vermont loveliness, August 10, 1915, there was unveiled and dedicated in Stratton Field, with appropriate services, in the presence of nearly a thousand persons, a boulder marker with bronze tablet testifying that on that spot Daniel Webster once had spoken.

Great forest trees are growing on the

place where Daniel Webster actually stood, so the site chosen for the marker is in a clearing to one side, in exact relation to the replica log cabin as to the original, facing south toward the highway, where all who pass may see.

The marker is a rude boulder of the common brown rock found on the premises. The tablet is of bronze, seven-teen by eighteen inches, and on it in raised letters is the inscription:

THIS ROCK  
MARKS THE SPOT  
WHERE  
DANIEL WEBSTER  
SPOKE  
TO ABOUT 15,000 PEOPLE  
AT  
WHIG CONVENTION  
JULY 7 & 8, 1840  
ERECTED BY  
STRATTON MT. CLUB  
AUGUST 10, A.D. 1915

## A GREENHORN AT THE GATE

BY NATALIE DE BOGORY

THE ferry-boat left the Barge Office clumsily, and soon the line of New York sky-scrapers, each topped by a curling wisp of white smoke, dimmed in the haze that usually hangs over lower New York. I barely looked at this, one of the most striking views, for my thoughts were disturbed and the suit-case at my feet kept them concentrated on the coming adventure. At last I was going really to submerge myself in the world of the immigrant, get a chance to creep close to the heart of that pathetic and perpetual problem of American life.

The opportunity had come quite unexpectedly. In a factory in one of the large New Jersey towns several Slavonic immigrant girls had disappeared and were later found in New York in the hands of white-slavers. Public opinion was roused, accusations were flung against the factory for harboring men who prey on ignorant girls, investigations started up everywhere—soon an anti-vice crusade was on the way. Those must have been strenuous times for the underworld. Meanwhile a small group of less spectacular but more earnest people was quietly working to get to the bottom of the situation, and when their plans were completed I was invited to undertake the investigation.

"We want to know more about the life of our immigrants," said the representative of this group in offering me the task; "we want to know how those girls live and spend their time; we want to know what their needs are that we may better meet them. If there is organized white slavery, we will get rid of it. But we would like you to go to live among our Slavs to interpret them to us."

It was a crusade to me. I accepted with alacrity and my plans were soon complete. I decided to go through Ellis

Island directly to some family in that New Jersey town. The address of a random family was obtained and discreetly looked up, to make certain that my existence would not be unnecessarily difficult. Knowing well the psychology of the immigrant, I knew that I could easily explain my sudden arrival among them—it would only be necessary to say that I had lost the address of a cousin in America and was deeply worried, and that I had met somebody—no need to know the name even—who had given me their address. Ellis Island is the immigrant's Inquisition and America the paradise, so all means are good to evade the cruel authorities. A lie is not a lie when told to an immigration inspector, and the natural indifference of the immigrant vanishes when the problem is to evade American immigration laws. I knew this and risked my entire investigation on this knowledge.

The New York sky-line was far behind; we were already approaching Ellis Island, with its solid mass of low red-brick buildings surrounded by green lawns. A dingy wooden ferry-boat stood close to the administrative building, crowded with kerchiefed women and fur-capped men, all laden with heavy bundles.

I would soon be among them. I remembered the old Russian revolutionists, who used to "go among the people" to preach their revolutionary ideas. I remembered the stories of the peasants' eternal suspicion, and again my mind was disturbed. True, my clothing was real. I had bought it from a Russian girl, just arrived from Ellis Island. With what delight she had given me her dress, coat, and shoes in exchange for the dollars that would buy her American clothes. The rest of my clothing I had bought on push-carts on

the East Side, in the heart of the immigrant world.

I was soon in the office of the Commissioner, where a room was assigned to me to change my clothes. My own clothing was packed and taken back to New York.

Cotton stockings, a voluminous petticoat, then came the pathetic pale-green cotton dress with ruffles around the bottom that the little Russian girl had made herself for the glorious trip to America. Her shoes were good for either foot, but, as they were very big and the leather was soft, I was comfortable. A very heavy and thick padded coat of faded greenish-black material and a blue kerchief completed my costume. I tied a few extra worldly possessions in a cloth of red and black design. My money, together with the address of the family, written on a dirty scrap of paper, went into a large purse, and I was ready for my trip to another world.

One of the trusted inspectors had been detailed to slip me into the inexorable machinery of Ellis Island. He was knocking at the door.

"Ready?" he asked, coming in. "Spell me your name once more."

"Maria Baranova, from Russia," I answered.

"Maria Baranova," he repeated, memorizing the name. "Well, I'll say good-bye to you here—and good luck to you."

We shook hands and I walked out of the door—an immigrant—a timid and ignorant girl with whom the inspector could not talk, being an American.

Within an hour I was already in the railway room, where immigrants buy tickets for points beyond New York. Polyglot inspectors speaking a curious jargon of Slavonic words directed me to the right ticket office. A telegram about

my arrival was sent automatically to the family to which I was going. I pictured the excitement that wire would rouse—coming from Ellis Island and from a newcomer from the old country.

Just as automatically I was propelled to the restaurant room, and, as it was late afternoon, I bought a box of food that would serve me as dinner. Large signs in all languages announced the price of the food boxes and their contents. I wondered how many of the immigrants read those signs, and whether their most valuable effect was not on the American caterers, who might hesitate to overcharge in the face of such explicit information.

Benches and benches, crowded with immigrant families and lowly men and women like myself. Everybody was eating. Children lay around on the dirty bundles of baggage, nursing mothers baring themselves quite indifferently each time the baby cried; stolid, indifferent people chewing or wildly gesticulating; two men arguing about something, undoubtedly the trains, of which neither knew anything. And the smell—that curious pungent odor that is a combination of age-long filth and steerage and oranges; for everybody was eating oranges, and throwing the skins on the floor. The clean white tiled floor of the room looked like a garbage heap within half an hour after the arrival of the first group of immigrants; sausage rind, banana skins, tops of bottles—everything went on the floor. And together with that an utter indifference—an apparent inability to react to surrounding happenings, the stolidity of ignorance and perhaps timidity. In the midst of these peasants I felt more lonely than in a subway crowd, where there is a certain responsiveness, a smile, a courtesy; but here—the unconscious greed of the peasant who for centuries has battled for an extra bit of land. But when I thought of the terrible journey they had undertaken I did not wonder at their indifference—steerage is not calculated to breed genial manners.

Each of us had been tagged with a number, and from time to time an official would raise some number on a big placard, shouting in a jargon that all might understand that those bearing that number must come forward. What a commotion! Women, children, and bundles, half-eaten food boxes hastily closed, everybody comparing the number on their chests with the one shown. I realized the utter helplessness of these people, most of whom had never before left the confines of their villages, and I saw the need for that implacable machinery of Ellis Island. This was still in the days when peasants were coming to this country; not the sophisticated town folk and worldly wise soldiers who flock here at the present time.

It seemed hours before my number was shown, and, bereft of all initiative and will power, I was led to the ferry, which took us over to an immigrant waiting-room of the Pennsylvania sta-



THE AUTHOR IN GREENHORN GUISE

tion. More hours of waiting. I had some acquaintances by this time; but what could we talk about once the subject of the journey and of future plans had been exhausted?

Finally we were herded out to the platform, where belated commuters looked at us curiously. I was given a seat opposite two Hungarians, young men with bristling black mustaches and fur caps stuck jauntily on the sides of their heads.

At our station, one of the large towns in New Jersey, the conductor saw to it that we got out safely. I marveled at the accuracy with which the machine worked. I had seen no slip in the system; it seemed perfect.

It was midnight, and the platform was deserted. Alone with the two Hungarians, I realized that I was at last free of the system, and I was helpless. There was nobody to meet me.

The two Hungarians held a consultation, and finally turned me over to a policeman. I decided to go through with my adventure; I had come to study the lot of the immigrant girl. This was a good beginning.

The policeman grasped me firmly by the arm and said:

"Address, address."

No possible misunderstanding. I showed him my dirty scrap of paper.

"H'm, Berry Street," he read. "Guess this is the best car," and, holding me firmly by the arm, he walked me into a side street and to a store, which was still open. It was a kosher butcher shop.

"Say, you," said my guardian, "this greenhorn's just got off the train, I guess. Talk to her and find out what it's about."

The old Jew did not need to be told

I was a greenhorn. He started excitedly in voluble and bad Polish. I answered in slightly better Polish, for I do not speak it well; but I told my story, and as I told it it was translated to the interested policeman.

"She's from Russia—a dressmaker—had trouble with her family—ran away—has a cousin here," he poured out.

The story was told and retold. The old wife, wearing an ugly black wig, according to the custom of orthodox Jews, made me sit down, and between them they made me feel as though I was a long lost relative whom they had found.

A greenhorn. There is magic in that word. For were they not greenhorns too, many years ago?

The old woman touched my coat almost reverently.

"Straight from the old country," she said. There was a longing in the voice.

The policeman, however, was practical. He had been watching the car line, and it was time for me to go.

"When you're settled come around to see us," were the parting words of my new friends.

But I never saw them again, for I could never find the store and the kind people whose graciousness had helped me at a moment when my courage was at a very low ebb.

The policeman stopped the car and beckoned to the conductor.

"This girl's a greenhorn," he said, "just off the train. Got to get off at Berry Street. Now you see that she gets off and show her where her number is—it will be on that side."

"I'll take care of her," said the conductor, reassuringly.

The policeman turned sharply and walked away briskly. I had been unable to thank him.

The conductor approached me for the fare, of course. Even an immigrant would know that. I took out my purse and, true to my part, stretched it out open to him. There were gold pieces mixed up with silver money and nickels. He looked carefully at the collection and picked out a nickel.

"Close it," he said in a hurried whisper, making a closing motion with his hand. He looked uneasily at the only other passenger in the car.

I was so tired that I fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by the conductor. He stopped the car.

"Here's Berry Street," he said, though he knew that I could not understand it; "your number is down there," a wide wave of the arm, "good-night—down there," another wave.

He had helped me off the car, and now he jumped on again and, waving his arm down the street, disappeared in the darkness. Alone, and a dark, ill-lit street, well after midnight. I tried to read the numbers on the small houses lining both sides of the street, but it was too dark.

For the first time fatigue combined with my helplessness almost overcame me. Suppose those people should refuse



to take me in. Where could I go in my costume? To the people in charge of my expedition? But that would be failure. And it was dark, and a cold wind blew, and there was nobody to ask.

I walked along dejectedly. Suddenly three boys turned the corner. I almost ran to them, and stretched out my address. I wanted to remain true to my character to the end.

"Gee-ee, a greenhorn," came the chorus, and they lined up before me. But they had understood my gesture, and, taking the paper, they led the way to a lamp-post. Not a remark, not a laugh at my clothing—and they were just three street urchins, prowling around after midnight!

"Looks like 269," was the verdict, and the three started off on a run to look for the house. I was left to follow at my will.

"Here it is," said one of the boys, and the other two rushed up and they piled pell-mell into the small front yard. But they had been serious too long, and it was in a spirit of mischief that they pulled the bell and raced off, without another look at me.

There was no turning back. Lights

moved in the windows, women's voices could be heard talking, then steps. The door opened, and two women stood in the doorway, one of them holding a lamp.

"Here you are at last," said the older, genially, as though I was a welcome guest; "but where are they?"

"Who?" I asked.

"My husband and son-in-law. They went to the station to meet you when we received the wire. You must've missed each other. Come in, you must be tired; come in."

And she led the way to her kitchen, where a fire was still burning. She put the lamp down, and then both women crowded on me.

For half an hour there was talk and general excitement. My flimsy story was accepted without a question. I was a greenhorn—that was sufficient. They offered me food, though my Ellis Island box was obviously barely touched. Soon the two men came, and it is difficult to describe their delight when they found me safely sitting in their kitchen. More explanations—my story was repeated for me. It was an hour before my past was settled, and then, with characteristic

rapidity, they all started settling my future for me. It was decided I was to live with them until a better place could be found, and I was to work in the cigar factory, to which Anna could take me.

"And I'll take you to a big store to-morrow morning," said the mother of the family, "and we'll buy you some real clothes—American clothes. You know, you couldn't go about in these here." She said the last gently, not to hurt my feelings.

In their excitement they had not noticed my utter fatigue, but finally even this became too apparent.

"Well, if this isn't terrible of us, and you so tired!" suddenly burst from the older woman. "You'd better go to bed at once."

In half an hour I was asleep on a couch in the room with the two Koslowskis and their three children. Nobody undressed. But even that did not matter to me. I slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

My white slave investigation? I did not find any organized traffic; there seldom is, but just foolish women and vicious men.

## THE VALLEY OF THE LOWER RIO GRANDE

### WHERE WATER IS MADE TO RUN UP-HILL

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

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THIS is a story of how a desert has been made to blossom like the rose by pumping water up-hill. In the southeast corner of Texas, right on the Rio Grande River, there is a tract of about five hundred thousand acres which now contains a population of about thirty thousand people and several thriving towns, of which Mission, Harlingen, and Brownsville are the most important.

This tract was a desert twenty years ago. The land was known to be rich, but nothing would grow there except cactus and mesquite because there was little or no rain. There was plenty of water in the river, but it could not be made available for irrigation by the usual method of building a dam, impounding it, and letting it run down-hill, because the Rio Grande is an international boundary over which both Mexico and the United States have jurisdiction, and an agreement that would permit of damming it for the benefit of the people on either side was a diplomatic impossibility. Then, too, the stream was navigable at least up to Brownsville, which was something of a river port in the days before our Civil War, and a dam might have made it too shallow for the stern-wheel steamers that used to navigate it before the railways were built.

And so the region seemed likely to remain a desert, until about ten years ago some engineer (I have not been able to ascertain his name) came along who asserted that it was possible to pump the water up out of the river into canals, through which it would flow by gravity to irrigate the fields at a cost that would not be prohibitive.

Strange to say, capital enough to try the experiment was found. It proved successful. More pumps were installed and more canals were built, and now the region reminds one of Holland, being traversed by about two hundred and fifty miles of main-line canals that are big enough to accommodate good-sized motor boats. The water in these canals has been lifted from twenty-eight to eighty-four feet, and from them it flows through about twenty-five hundred miles of smaller canals to irrigate what some one has called "the kitchen garden of the Southwest" but is better known as the "Valley of the Lower Rio Grande."

When I was in Texas last May, I was persuaded to pay a brief visit to this section, of which little is known in the North and West, and because the results achieved are so remarkable and the problems solved appear to have been so difficult I have been moved to write this brief description of what I saw.

The peculiarity of the project, as

already stated, is that the water is thrice lifted by great centrifugal pumps to three successive plateaus, or "benches," as they are called. Through each of these plateaus a network of canals runs, and by this method at least a part of the water taken from the river is made to do double or triple duty. There may be other irrigation developments where this plan is followed. I do not know of them.

A crude idea of the scheme may be had from the diagram printed on the following page.

But this diagram will not enable the reader to form a conception of the engineering detail involved in carrying out the plan. Every five-foot contour in each plateau had to be plotted out so that the canals would always run down-hill from the point at which the water was pumped into them, which had to be the highest elevation in the level served.

This made it necessary to run the canals by very tortuous routes, and in one of the most effectively developed tracts in the region, which contains about 30,000 acres, there are 30 miles of main-line canals which connect with 300 miles of branch line sub-canals, and through this 30,000 acres there run, in addition, 205 miles of well-built roads under which the canals are carried by inverted siphons. These roads are necessary not only for the service and