

EVEN HOGS FARE BETTER.

HOW THE NEW YORK CENTRAL TRANS- PORTS EMIGRANT PASSENGERS.

WHAT A "WORLD" REPORTER SAW WHILE DISGUISED AS A SWEDE.

On the Way to Castle Garden—Challenged by the Watch—An "Emigrant" Ticket to Buffalo—The Passenger Pool Octopus—Sale of Tickets and Division of Spoils—Evasion of the Interstate Commerce Laws—Families Separated by Pool Agents—Scenes in the Old Citadel—The Test of a Disguise—A Clever Stratagem—On the Barge—Packed in Cars in a Freight Shed—Touching Sights on an Immigrant Train—The Missing Passenger at Debb's Ferry.



BOU 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, a tall, raw-boned, roughly dressed man crossed Battery Park from Broadway, walking rapidly in the direction of Castle Garden. His step was heavy and his gait awkward, but there was nothing striking or unusual in his general appearance. No one gave him even a second glance; in fact, many passed with out even looking at him. To all appearances he

was a newly landed Scandinavian immigrant. He wore a suit of rough, gray, Swedish homespun cloth, cut in the peculiar style common to home-fash ioned garments in that country. His trousers were stuck into the tops of a pair of long-legged, high-heeled boots, studded



in a way that would make an American bootmaker shudder at the sight of them. His badly fitting coat was buttoned up to his chin, and tied about his neck beneath the collar was a twisted, small, checked woollen scarf. Drawn well down over his head was a badly shaped Astrakhan cap, which concealed his forehead and brought into prominence heavy, beading brows and a pair of deep-set, keen gray eyes.

The man's face was a study. Stupidity and stolidity seemed his chief characteristics. A repulsive mouth, a heavy, firm jaw and a bristling beard combined with other peculiar features to make the countenance noticeably forbidding to a close observer. A short, black pipe was stuck between his teeth, and as he walked rapidly along with his dirt-begrimed hands thrust deep into the side pockets of his coat, he blew little clouds of smoke into the air. Although this person attracted a particular attention, and his real identity

of the Garden. A cry of indignation went up all over the country, and in Europe, and soon there was a radical change for the better in some directions, but that giant octopus, the railroad pool, yet has its tentacles tightly fastened on Castle Garden. In 1886 the fare to Chicago was raised to \$18, whereof his swindlers have been charged exorbitant prices for "over weight" baggage, and are still so charged at times. It is claimed, although the expenses of The World on this point did much good.

When the passengers are divided among the different roads the division is an arbitrary one made at the will of the pool agent or the agents of the various companies forming it. When the division is made the poor foreigner is given no choice of routes, and families are separated against their wishes and are banded about the country to the enrichment of this railroad octopus. The most outrageous part of the whole business is that friends of immigrants are excluded from the Garden and are prevented from seeing them and advising them as to the routes they shall take and the cost of tickets.

Another feature of the manner of conducting the affairs of Castle Garden and the transportation of immigrants is that the companies transport them in inferior cars known as "emigrant cars," which are usually fitted up like cattle cars, with the exception of open-slatted sides and wooden seats. These cars are run, not on a schedule time, but haphazard, and many times the "emigrant cars" are attached to freight trains, which take "sideline" cars and are subject to long waits. An emigrant train has been known to be slaty hours en route to Chicago.

Especially loud are the complaints made against the New York Central Railroad, which receives, with one other road, the largest percentage of passengers and yet furnishes the worst accommodations of any road. The passengers from Castle Garden. Cattle could not be treated with less consideration than this road sometimes treats its immigrant passengers. They are crowded into the worst kind of cars and are towed along in the tall end of freight trains, and are of no more consequence than so many bales of wool.

Desiring to know exactly how immigrants are treated in the hands of the pool, and especially by the New York Central Railroad, the reporter was detailed to become one of the people ill-treated that the exact condition of things might be truthfully made known to the public.

II. SCENES IN THE GARDEN.

Passengers for Different Roads Herded Like Sheep in Pens.

As the reporter entered the Garden the door in the thick stone wall closed behind him with a bang. For fully five minutes he stood, not moving more than ten paces from the door, studying the scene before him.

Having carefully studied his surroundings the reporter refilled his pipe, lighted it and crossed the Garden, going towards the office in the centre. He walked leisurely, noticing carefully whether any of the immigrants passing and repassing gratefully or groups or standing about paid any attention to him. It was of the greatest importance that he should succeed and all depended on his real identity not being suspected, for, although he had a ticket to Buffalo, if the pool bosses became aware of his identity they would prevent him from leaving the Garden on the boat, on the pretext that the ticket was not valid while in his possession, he not being a genuine immigrant.

Fortunately, no one paid any attention to him, and one of the Swedish officers who had been standing about the door passed him but did not deign to give him a second glance. The disguise was, indeed, perfect.



here in the cold." The captain nodded with a muttered imprecation on the lack of intelligence on somebody's part.

"No more fooling about that. All I do is tell you what he says to me to tell you." The captain gave the order to cast off the lines and, putting the boat's head into the river, he built between piers Nos. 61 and 62.



A CASTLE GARDEN BARGE.

He had a bad place to get into, as the spot he wished to reach was an inner dock, on which was a long freight shed, and the entrance was obstructed by floating ice. He was at least three-quarters of an hour getting in, and broken out the ice. While all this was going on the passengers in the bow of the boat, who could not get into the cabin, were making with cold.

The Fletcher was made fast to a freight lighter which was partially unloaded. The Dockmaster and half a dozen longshoremen stood on the lighter when the Fletcher's lines were made fast to it. A gang-plank was rigged and two of the boat's crew took a position, one on either side of it, on the raft. The Dockmaster and a longshoreman did likewise on the barge, and disembarkation was begun.

As the passengers died off the Fletcher they were hustled across the lighter, up a gang-plank and into the freight shed, which was cold and cheerless and dimly lighted, by gas jets protected by large glass covers, constructed like great boxes and slung on wires.

"Right this way!" yelled an Irishman with a brogue as broad as the Emerald Isle itself.

Strait ahead was a train of four "emigrant cars," and on one side of the entrance to them stood the Irishman with the theatrical brogue and a lantern, and on the other side another man and a lantern, and as there is in the city of New York. His number is 30, and he reports to Capt. Murphy, of the Twentieth Precinct.

"Get in here," said the policeman, as he helped the immigrants decide when car they wanted to enter by raising their hands in a better-skeeter. The man with the lantern did the same, and thus friends and families were for a time separated.

In the dim light of the freight shed these "emigrant cars" looked most formidable. They seemed packed a dull gray color, and they were so dirty that the actual color could not be distinguished, and the road's sign along the upper part of the car could hardly be read. The windows were small, and on the silk large quantities of coal cinders and railroad dust had lodged. They were somewhat low-studded, and as you approached them, although they were sufficiently high, you felt like bending the head as you entered.

It is not a pleasant experience to take such cars for a long journey, and such depressing surroundings. If any of the directors of the New York Central doubts this, let him board this kind of a train under similar conditions. He would prefer to walk to Chicago rather than ride in one of the cars which his road provides for these poor people.

IV. IMMIGRANTS TREATED AS FREIGHT.

How the Cars Were Filled and Why the Doors Were Kept Locked.

As the immigrants crowded into the two cars guarded by the gentleman from the brogue and him of the club, they were followed by a railroad hand, with a lantern, who kept yelling: "Two in a seat! Two in a seat!" and seeing that THE WORLD reporter did not sit down quite as quickly as he would have liked to have him, he grabbed him by the shoulder and yelled in his ear: "Why in hell don't you sit down there where I put you?"

locked, and while the train remained stationary, were kept in.

After a delay of more than half an hour there was a heavy jar and a crash. The reporter guessed what was up. The "emigrant cars" had been attached to a freight train, and the poor passengers were to experience the joys of long, tedious waits on sidings and other delays.

While the freight train remained on the siding some where well up town, THE WORLD man alternated between sitting on the coal-box and roasting his body by getting his head out of the little window. Although he had started out with the intention of going to Buffalo he began to make up his mind that he would not visit that city on an immigrant train, and just as he had concluded that he had seen sufficient for his purpose and was about to take the chances of forcing his body through the small windows to escape from the car there was a piercing whistle, the train started up and the tiresome journey to Chicago was begun.

V. ON AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN.

A Mysterious Passenger Disappears at the Stop at Debb's Ferry.

While sitting on the coal-bunker, just before the train started, the reporter was joined by a young Englishman who "had been hoot before, ye know." He looked the reporter over keenly and decided to try his luck in scraping up an acquaintance.

"Speak English?" he queried. "Little," was the reply. "Been hoot before?" "Umph!" "Ave yer ever been in this bloody country before?"

"No, not before this one time." "What's yer trouble?" "Umph!" "What's yer trouble—what can yer do?" "Nothing," was the response in an appropriately dejected tone.

"Answer the Briton, as he left the supposed Scandinavian."

The reporter kept his seat on the coal-bunker, watching the immigrants make their preparations for spending the night. He was almost smothered for want of air, and he wondered if the doors were to be open'd. When the train had been under way ten minutes or so a brakeman came through the train with a lantern in one hand and a coal shovel and poker in the other and began piling coal on the floor. The car was then uncomfortably warm at both ends, where the fire was, and about warm enough in the centre, but the additional fuel made the full atmosphere almost unbearable.

As the brakeman went out of the car he left the doors unlocked, and the reporter saw his chance to make a tour of inspection. He walked to the forward end of the train and, standing there, he looked back and noticed the cold and attitudes of the people in that car. Three women were snuggled up in two seats. They had turned the back of one over, and two had their feet on the forward seat, while the other sat on it and had laid her head on the rim of a seat friend. The seats occupied similar positions on the opposite side of the car, and just behind them their wives and children were quietly sleeping, snugly twisted up in their seats.

It would be impossible to describe the positions these poor people had been forced to assume to obtain a little rest. Their stiff limbs must have proved a torture when they awoke, and two young Swedes lay on two seats with their feet projecting across the aisle. When the reporter passed them he had to climb over them so as not to disturb them. About midway of the car, sleeping quietly on two seats, the back of one having been reversed, were two little children in Swedish costume who had attracted the reporter's attention on the Fletcher. They were a boy and girl and were dressed in the quaint garments of their native land. Between the seats—on the floor—at the rear, a mother with her head lying on the body of one of her children. She was weeping very quietly.



