

MISS LIBERTY LOOMS UP AS LADY BOUNTIFUL TO AMERICANS WHO CHASED RAINBOW ABROAD

Thousand Repatriates, Disillusioned and With Fortunes Gone, Return to United States Through Aid of Relief Agencies After Finding European "El Dorado" Empty Dream and Struggle for Existence in Vain

THEY followed the end of the rainbow to England and France and beyond, and there they struck their tents and bent themselves to the task of gathering the riches they dreamed would be theirs.

But the gold they had visioned was gilt and the silver, tinsel, and the precious stones were so many cobbles laughing in hollow mockery.

And it came to pass that they became "broke" and destitute—strangers in an old world—a pretty muddle to be sure for 1000 homeless Americans, thousands of miles from home and homeless—destitute—desperate, if you please.

The El Dorado they had seen at the end of that rainbow was a beautiful thing on the horizon nearly 3000 miles away, but the close-up turned the sunlight to shadow and the blues to somber grays and the scarlets and pinks were flaming reds that warned "Go back."

Yet they heeded not. American spirit was not to be conquered in any such fashion as this, but along came the old law of supply and demand and competition with the people of the old world who could live for a day on a few paltry francs while these foreigners from the New World, schooled only in the standards of a prosperous nation, soon felt the pinch.

American relief workers abroad found these people crowding in upon them, clerks and mechanics, doctors and actors, gardeners and financiers—and just plain men who had arrived with fortunes and lost them in the fascinating chase for more.

A thousand men and their wives and babies, wholesome Americans all, ex-service men some, soldiers who saw Europe after the war, their star of hope, and who stayed there or came home and then returned to gather a harvest of wealth.

Eggless El Dorado, a Baconless Heaven

Not a bad lot—decidedly not—but rather an average thousand American men—well able in their trades and professions and callings at home to earn a comfortable living—a thousand men used to their bacon and eggs for breakfast—who discovered that eggs at the end of that rainbow were eighteen cents apiece—the bacon priceless—the coal for their heaters a painful \$70 a ton and the shoes for their babies beyond their reach.

So they scratched their heads and puzzled, and while the old world moved on, with its eggless breakfasts and shoeless toes—quite the thing in this disappointing 721 Dorado—American men and their wives could not descend to levels like this, and the task was to get back home.

But how?

How could a man who could barely exist on his earnings scrape together the francs and the sovereigns and marks and lay them away for the tickets to take them and theirs to the other side, where the rainbow's colors are true and real—where the gold is gold and bacon and eggs are bacon and eggs?

"It couldn't be done," you say—and that's quite right.

And Paris and London and other centers of the Old World, painfully ignorant of the ways of America which made it impossible for these men to eke out their existence where standards were low and prices high, began to look upon them as the standard of stock in the United States—and truly they were—reason enough alone why they could not get along—but the impression they made was bad over there in that misunderstanding Europe, with its perpetual poverty that centuries have

women there were without a penny. The prospects at the moment were that they would be dumped in New York City to walk the streets in the cold and depend upon the tender mercies of the goddess of chance who had been none too good herself during the last few years, but despite this it was an extraordinarily happy lot—faced bright—forgetful of everything but the fact that in an hour more the great steel sides of that steamship would scrape along the piling of a Hoboken pier and there under their feet would be the United States—surely a paradise, a real El Dorado compared to the poverty-stricken existence that almost had crowded the more pleasant things from their memories.

Yes, the way had been paved to bring them here—advertisements suddenly had appeared in the papers of the European centers instructing Americans who wished to go home and who lacked the means to file their applications with the American Aid.

\$2000 Changed Hands in One Evening's Game

And it would hardly be unexpected that among the group would be found a few charlatans and fakers who saw in this a chance to make the United States their next stop and do so without expense to themselves although they might well afford it, and the very fact that the click of dice and the rattle of cards sounded nightly in the third-class cabin was proof that in the group were a few with money—and apparently plenty of it—according to officers of the ship who observed the games.

In one evening game with the galloping ivory, \$2000 was said to have changed hands and the loss of a hundred or so at the poker table was frequent enough to develop a thorough dropping off of content.

A few of the men who saw a chance in the cards to raise their last \$5 or so to a fund that might take them home to New York, succumbed to the temptation and lost. When the final tally was made it was generally agreed that one particular man—whose confidential information that could be gained revealed that the police of Paris had agreed to turn him out of jail if some way could be found to get him to return to the United States. With him was his wife, fair and young and pretty and a genuinely cunning baby, whose smile was in marked contrast to the cynical features and poker face of the gambling father.

It was a strange thing, too, that out of a crowd of supposedly "destitute" Americans there would appear one man who daily sent his clothes to be pressed by the ship's valet and who deposited himself each morning in the ship's barber chair and howled the theatrical artist fairly off his feet the first day out by offering a \$100 bill

Traveling De Luxe in "Near" Steerage

The plight of these men and women had been recognized for some time and after much effort the arrangements were made which would enable them to return to the United States. The State Department agreed to furnish the transportation. Collections were made in Europe to provide for the sustenance aboard ship and Americans everywhere, who long had been established and settled in the centers of Europe gave generously to the fund. So it was that the migration to America began.

Below decks on the President Polk were the third-class staterooms, shining white, linens clean, attendants sympathetic and eager to help—a vastly different traveling compartment from that which is popularly pictured as "steerage." On a level with the cargo hatches was the third-class passenger cabin, a spacious room, warm, well lighted, bookcases about the walls and a spirit of comfort throughout.

The air buzzed with the voices of the occupants and a phonograph near the wall sang out its syncopated jazz while three or four couples were gliding about the open space cleared in the center of the crowd.

A score of baby carriages of strange European design were crowded in one corner, packed with bundles and packages ready to be wheeled ashore. An assortment of luggage and trunks consisting of everything from hat boxes to packing cases were outside on the deck holding the few treasures and comforts of the people within.

Nine out of ten of the men and

in payment for his shave and mass-sage.

But technically and officially he was "broke" and as such he traveled at the expense of the Government and the American Aid of Paris.

Quite a contrast indeed was he to Dr. C. W. Dodge, a former captain of the Medical Reserve Corps, who served his country well in Europe and who remained to work with the Graves Registration Service. It seemed as if he would be established there in France for years and so he sent for Mrs. Dodge and the three little Dodos, who journeyed all the way from California to New York and thence to Paris, where the family found itself all together again and quite happy until word suddenly came like a stroke of lightning that the appropriation had been cut off—the work was to cease.

And the sharks who wormed their way into the group were hardly of the caliber of the big-hearted fellow who insisted he be named, but who nursed young Polk throughout the voyage and who took his own remaining tinckles and raffled it among the first cabin passengers so that Banks might not be entirely without funds when he reached New York.

There were all kinds of persons in the repatriation group aboard the President Polk. Men who had been doing all kinds of things to keep the wolf from the door.

Cherokee Indian Chief Makes Big Hit on Ship

There was Chief Hailstorm, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian from the Oklahoma reservation, who showed un-



Arriving on the President Polk at New York were Chief Alvore Hailstorm and his German war bride.

two years ago word came from England that his relatives had died and a comfortable estate had been left to him. So he packed up and sailed abroad and the old man, ignorant in the ways of the world, trusted and loved, and although worth a tenth of a million dollars one day he was a pauper the next. But he wasn't discouraged. He found work around an encampment of soldiers. He tended the officers' gardens and they made him an "honorary lance corporal." And eight times the old man was promoted, as honorary promotions go, to a two-striper and set out to call the rolls.

But he couldn't read, and in telling about it he chuckled and then turns and asks sadly if his listener doesn't think it too bad he had been deprived of his education and thereby this chance to "advance" in the army of Great Britain.

He came to America with the smallest kind of a handbag, and a blue dotted handkerchief about his neck—his hair and mustache snow white and his pockets empty. And the Red Cross took him and investigated and found every word of his story was true, and a careful and sympathetic guide bought his ticket and put him aboard a train for Portland, where the people he served for years were ready to welcome him home and give him back his work.

Several of the stranded ones were men who went aboard to collect the estates willed to them by departed relatives, only to find when they got there that things seemed to have dwindled away, and between the depreciated value of foreign exchange and the expense of administration, the fortunes which loomed large with the sea between were nothing in actuality, but disappointment and sorrow.

Staggering through the group in the cabin of the President Polk was an elderly man whose hand shook like a leaf in a gale. His shoulders were bent and his face drawn, a one-time prosperous Chicago baker who sold his business and left his wife and children at home, took himself off to Europe with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000 tucked away in his pocket.

Chicago Plunger Lost His Fortune in Paris

At last opportunity had come, he thought, and in a few more months, with the plan he had in mind, he would return to his beloved Chicago with hundreds of thousands of dollars in place of the "meager" \$50,000 accumulations of his lifetime of labor and energy.

So he went to Paris and to the Bourse and there he plunged into speculation in German marks. And while he was waiting for his millions to accumulate he traveled through the European watering places, giving little heed to expense and no thought that the future would bring anything but wealth and a mansion on the Lake Shore drive and everything he had dreamed of and wished for.

The President Polk brought him back to the United States with not a penny in his pocket. His health was gone, his nervous system wrecked, a true derelict, drifting back home in the arms of charity to a future as uncertain as his life itself.

But even his responsibilities were nothing to those of Edward Johnson, a naturalized American, who had been in Europe for years. The President Polk brought him home with the repatriation group. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson and the nine little Johnsons and—ye gods—a governess, pieces of luggage and three dogs. Here, indeed, was pinched by the economic conditions of Europe.

Johnson himself had struggled through years of training race horses, had become adept and branched out as a trainer and breeder. His wealth was not great, but his family was comfortable, first in Paris and later in Newmarket, where he established his own stables, with very prospective world having the brightest kind of a future.

But suddenly the market became a mortgage, and finally when a sale was arranged that would have saved him the Jockey Club refused a permit to the

their native homes. And when the Indian said he wanted to go to Sitka, Alaska, the way was found to send him there to the remaining members of his tribe. He, too, had a German bride.

82-Year-Old Man Lost \$23,000 in England

And surely there was no sadder story from stem to stern of the President Polk than the tale of William H. Beeston, a pathetic old figure, who bubbled over with optimism despite a burden of eighty-two years and the remembrance that sharpers in England had stolen a fortune of \$23,000 pounds sterling from out of his trusting hands.

All his life this man had been a clean, hard worker, who spent his labor in the fields of Oregon. He was a native of England and was naturalized away back in the early seventies. Then

prospective purchaser and the crash came. And Johnson and his luggage and his children and his dogs were loaded aboard the President Polk and here they are in America—the oldest boy seventeen and brought up with an expectation of ever meeting the necessity of having to go to work, and the other children down to the youngest little girl possessed of no greater experience in the demands of the world.

Two men from Honolulu with wives they had married abroad were passengers on the President Polk when she arrived with the crowd so universally disappointed with things as they found them in Europe. On of these men was all prepared to stick in New York,

and the struggle to maintain the American standards abroad was more of a burden than he could bear.

One thing about these returning Americans, they did not have any great quantity of belongings to give the customs inspectors sufficient worry to keep them busy, for nearly all of their belongings were wearing apparel and the stark necessities of life which come through duty free.

The furniture of the few who had any left when the time came to come back was disposed of and sold, but Adolph Helfenstahl, of Chicago, could not bring himself to part with a few treasured old pieces that were rich in association for him, so he packed them up and wherever it was who passed



Vernon Robbins, who went to France to fight in the war and later crossed to Germany, returns with his Teutonic bride to his home in Wyoming.

much things aboard, said "Go ahead," and on they came, a couple of great big cases that the Red Cross helped him get to his home in Illinois.

Mormon With One Wife Has Trouble A-Plenty

In the crowd also was a Mormon, Frank H. Young, of Salt Lake City, Utah, and whether or not he was any relation to the famous old Brigham of the same name is something that was not disclosed by the passenger list of the President Polk. Be that as it may, he had but one wife, and trouble enough it was to get her back to America with the eighteen-months-old youngster who had such a winning smile.

All over the United States these people belonged, from Texas to California, and from Florida to Maine and in between, a half hundred ex-servicemen among the lot, who went to France to fight and who later fell in love, returned now with their war brides from Germany, France, England and Switzerland, a polyglot gathering of women, if one ever came to the shores of the United States.

Said one young American husky who was returning all alone: "I went to Europe to fight and then got married and the war went right on past the armistice." He didn't say what happened to the battling feminist whom he had bonded in the bonds of matrimony, but he looked as if he had been through the haze of New York City.

Philadelphia Soldier Among Those Returning

Mrs. Della Kline, of Philadelphia, was pointed out among the passengers as a war bride coming to America to meet her husband in Philadelphia, who had come back some time before. "I was in the city of Brotherly Love, who was bringing a war bride back to his people, a former Jean Andreu, who was in the war and was with the American Expeditionary Force and Inter striking out as a civilian among Europeans before the drop in exchange

Stranded Actor Back With Family, No Funds

William Jules Garrison, another of the group, wanted to bring a few little things, but the wife and four children of the stranded vaudeville actor took all his attention and resources and he left his things behind. For six years he had been doing his turn throughout the length and breadth of Europe. He had the distinction of having each of his children born in a different country, and presently he expects to have them all trained to take their part in Garrison's "Private International Quartet."

The work of aiding these people fell largely to Miss Edna J. Wakelind, director of Home Service of the Red Cross.

Miss Wakelind and her workers stayed at the ship and the last man, woman and child who was worthy of help was started upon his way. Whole families were moved to the Pacific Coast or wherever was the place they had previously known as home, and those whom it was found had to be held over a few days, while the proper investigations could be made, were taken from the pier in Hoboken to the Municipal Lodging House in New York.

The Travelers' Aid Society helped, and representatives of the Disabled Veterans' Bureau were at shipside to look out for the men entitled to help from this quarter and who had never taken advantage of their rights to compensation.

So it is that half of these victims of circumstances are back in the United States—back where opportunities crop up like the weeds.

As many more are to come and they, too, will find the same open arms awaiting them at shipside ready to help them to get their fresh start, urging them to their own accord to glance back over the stern to eastward and shake their heads sadly in the direction of the El Dorado of the dreams that never come true—and if you are standing there alongside, you probably will hear them mutter: "Never again—I'm through."



Repatriated family back in America waits at the Municipal Lodging House in New York while father hunts a job. Mrs. Ernest Dodge and children—William, two years; Carl, four; Arthur, six and Fred, eight.

Dr. Dodge Finds Odds Too Great Against Him

In vain Dr. Dodge, young and vigorous and in the prime of life, sought to compete with the labor he found on European soil. The odds were against him. The savings dwindled away and although he was entitled to a first-class passage home there was no provision for Mrs. Dodge and the children and then when the American Aid advertisements appeared, he waived his own right to a comfortable voyage to America and packed up his family and his few remaining things and boarded the third-class cabin of the President Polk for the return to the United States with his wife and family.

The American Aid placed him in charge of the party for the voyage and other members of the repatriation group thanked him heartily for all he did to make them more comfortable.

It was Dr. Dodge, too, who assisted the ship's physician in the care of Harold Banks, a former doughboy, who went to France in all the vigor of youth and who came back on the President Polk dying of tuberculosis after a painful struggle for existence abroad. At the Hoboken Pier sympathetic and tender-hearted representatives of the American Red Cross lifted him from the ship and into an ambulance and took him up town in Manhattan to see his mother for a day before removing him to a hospital where he might die in comparative ease and peace.

usual talents as an entertainer at the outbreak of the war, and it was decided then and there that this high-cheek-boned and original American would be useful as an entertainer to relieve the fighting lads of some of their thoughts of the trenches. So over he went—Chief Hailstorm, with his feathers and his few remaining things and boarded the ship with a thrilling war dance and a collection of stories and Indian songs.

The armistice came and Chief Hailstorm decided Europe was not for him. He made a hit in Germany—a big hit and especially with a fair-haired German girl who became the squaw of his goose and the mother of his future.

Business was good, engagements were excellent, but German marks could not be cashed in the same group, and all the paper that Chief Hailstorm could carry would not pay for his food and lodging and his traveling expenses, so he packed up his scenery—a painted tree trunk and a wing piece, and with that under one arm and the papoose under the other he walked up the gang plank of the President Polk while the German "squaw" trailed along behind with the "puck."

He was the second Indian to come back with the repatriation group, another member of his race landing with the first crowd and finding at the New York end of the voyage a generous Red Cross organization standing by to provide transportation to all, worthies to



Edward Gellison brings his large family from England back to his native land to recoup lost fortunes. His wife is shown in center and his sister-in-law at extreme right.



Another American who went overseas during the war and married across the Rhine is Edward Gellison, of California, who is shown returning with his bride to the Golden State.