

ERIN IS A LAND OF MANANA FOR EMIGRANTS

British and Irish Red Tape Delays Them.

In the third of a series of articles narrating the experiences of an Irish immigrant seeking admission to these shores Miss Forbes, writing from first-hand knowledge of her subject, tells of the difficulties confronting the emigrant in piercing the entanglements of red tape raised by a dual government in Ireland—the British and Sinn Fein authorities.

BY GENEVIEVE FORBES.

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New York, Oct. 14.—[Special.]—"If 'twere done, 'twere well it were done quickly," is an axiom that cannot be applied in Ireland. So, between my determination to leave Wexford for America and my actual departure there is a long interval, made doubly long by doubts, disturbing stories of difficulties likely to befall me, and fear of the demands made by "red tape."

Briefly, I spend two weeks accumulating, as ammunition with which to bombard the officials at Dublin, the following credentials: birth certificate, Sinn Fein permit, letters from the parish priest and other influential local citizens, letters from friends and relatives in the United States, a message from "the lady I used to work for in Evanston, Ill.," a certificate of vaccination, and photographs of myself.

Irish Fight Emigration.

We, in Wexford, the birthplace of John Redmond and a center of home rule agitation, are loyal to the Republican cause. So the prospective emigrants take their birth certificates to the nearest local Sinn Fein authority and present reasons for wishing to leave the country. Signs in postoffices, railroad stations, and consuls' offices warn us that the Sinn Fein leaders are making every effort to keep the young people in the country.

In some cases the local authorities find the petitioner too valuable to the republican cause to allow him to emigrate. A permit is therefore refused. Once refused a permit, the young person may abandon, for the time being at least, his plan to leave, or, if he is determined, may proceed with his arrangements, hoping that he will not be detained by Sinn Fein agents when he is embarking.

The general opinion seems to be that the regulations regarding the issuing of these permits are quite in order, in general, but that they are unnecessarily narrow and prejudiced when applied to the individual case.

How They Detain Young Persons.

Stories are told with varying degrees of authority of boys being taken off the docks just as the boat is about to sail, of girls being compelled to return to their villages to help the boys of the Irish army.

Of my group, however, all those who are refused permits, loyal as they are to the cause, decide to "take a chance," and continue their preparations for America.

Those of us who are granted permits pay the local agent \$1 and receive a certificate, written in both Gaelic and English, granting us temporary absence from the country, usually for a period of not more than seven years.

The girls who haven't been able to get permits are fearful lest the Sinn Fein detain them; the girls with the coveted piece of paper are equally worried lest the English authorities detain them. The usual place for the permit en route is the heel of the shoe.

Get Letters from Priest.

It is not difficult to get the required letters from the parish priest and other friends in the community, letters testifying to our character and our reasons for emigrating. It takes longer for us to get in touch with friends across the water, but at last come letters from "my girl friends," my cousin, and "the lady I used to work for, welcoming me back to my job as a governess."

I, in company with the other girls go to a local doctor to be vaccinated. He is careful to adjust the protecting pad so that it may easily be removed for inspection, for medical inspection is strict on this point. It used to be common for the girls to do up their arms with elaborate pads, which they refused to have removed, and to present forged certificates. They are willing to take any risk rather than submit to the dreaded vaccination.

Those Fearful Passport Pictures!

For a few shillings the local photographer takes a half dozen pictures for my passport and papers. They look sufficiently bad to keep me out of any country.

Parallel with these official preparations is another campaign fought, not with pen and ink but needle and

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BRITISH AND IRISH RED TAPE IS NET FOR EMIGRANTS

Countless Delays Told Of
by Miss Forbes.

(Continued, from first page.)

thread. For our trip makes all the sartorial demands of a honeymoon trousseau. The old suit, frayed and sagged, is freshened up. We buy a new jumper [three of the girls are regarded as "swankers" because they refer to them as "blouses"].

Two complete changes of under-clothing are necessary, for we must enter the boat clean, and we must leave the boat—clean. And the brooch, inevitable and iridescent, usually a parting gift from "my friend."

A pin from the family, a rosary, with the blessing of the girl's favorite nun, a tiny teapot and packet of tea, and sugar, and a souvenir cup, and we are equipped.

All Wish Us God Speed.

Everybody in the town is interested in the girls about to leave; no one is too poor not to offer some little remembrance, some article of clothing; no one too disappointed with his own failure not to wish the young person success in his new adventure.

At last the day of departure. Self-conscious, in our new clothes, and superclean faces, we discuss trifles as we think of fundamentals. The train pulls out—the waving of handkerchiefs, the old man on the platform drawing a dirty sleeve across his eyes, the woman in the black shawl, the loquacious neighbor with his blustering advice, the tears, the witticisms, and the tender Irish melody. The train turns a corner, we brush back the tears and begin to count our money. We are really very important and—

We are on our way to America.

(Tomorrow—The Trip to Dublin;
Visit to British Consulate.)