

INSULTS HEAPED ON IMMIGRANTS AT QUARANTINE

Women Are Cursed and Mauled at Inspection.

The following article is the eighth of a series by Miss Genevieve Forbes, a member of The Tribune staff, who has just returned to America, passing through Ellis island as an Irish immigrant girl:

BY GENEVIEVE FORBES.

Crowded quarters have the advantage, if such it be, of sociability. By the third day of our trip we have learned a few statistics; eighty-eight children, a bride and groom, two patriots from Russia (if length of beard be any criterion), a London actor, a theological student from South Africa—we are as diversified as a ring-side audience.

In addition to the 180 Irish who got on at Queenstown the Liverpool passengers include forty English, less than a dozen Scotch and Welsh, ten Scandinavians, about 25 Polish Jews, seventy-five from Czecho-Slovakia, twenty-five Latins, and the rest "miscellaneous."

We generalize a bit. Irish immigration is youthful, full of dreams and vision, bound first for New York, second for Boston, and third for Chicago. The English, returning to the states after a visit home, are middle aged and for the most part Americanized as far as legal documents go.

By Families from Continent.

Continental immigration is by families, frequently unto two and three generations. Of this group the Jewish delegation is going to New York, the Czecho-Slovakian to Pennsylvania.

The wildly emotional scenes of the Queenstown dock give place to an equally wild and boisterous merriment as we proceed; this in turn is supplanted by a fear, timid and inarticulate, which increases as we approach "The Island."

Nearness to New York is directly proportional to the number of family washes on the line. Cheap and faded garments are washed and hung to dry, soon to be tattooed with spots from a nearby smokestack. Stiff and unironed, they are pressed with hands and made ready for the morrow and medical inspection at quarantine station.

Fear of "Island" Becomes Torment.

With rumors are circulating, none too apt to be given credence by minds distorted with fear. "Fiosie, a gentle little Irish girl, worries so much over the coming ordeal she becomes temporarily insane. The news is not reassuring.

Considerable harm is done by some of the ship's employees who harangue constantly of the trials of Ellis Island, of the bull pen in which we will be imprisoned, of the various and minute physical examinations.

The pathetic to be amusing is the general scrubbing and rubbing and cleansing and worrying which is going on in wash room, corridor, and cabin, until the authorities yell, "lights out" repeatedly.

Ordered to be up by 5 the following morning, most of us are up and dressed by 3. Two United States army officers and two women inspectors board the boat. Some of us have been tipped off that the examination is more rigorous for those who come first. Accord-

TO WED OR NOT TO WED?



Mrs. Georgia Hamon, widow of Jake L. Hamon, slain Oklahoma oil magnate, and F. A. Morrison, California mining man. Both deny rumors that they will be married shortly.

Is Mrs. Georgia Hamon, widow of Jake L. Hamon, millionaire Oklahoma oil man and politician, who was shot to death less than a year ago by Clara Hamon, "the other woman," about to marry again? Mrs. Hamon says "No." So does F. Albert Morrison, California millionaire, but yesterday a reporter seeking to verify the rumor, which came to Chicago from Los Angeles, visited the Congress hotel to interview Mr. Morrison, who is attending the convention of the American Mining congress.

"Are you going to marry Mrs. Hamon?" Mr. Morrison was asked.

"No," he answered. "Who said I was?"

"Nobody. Do you know Mrs. Hamon?"

"Sure, we used to go to school together, but there is no truth to the rumor that we are about to be married."

Later, as Mr. Morrison was going in to dinner with Mrs. Hamon, she declared "there is no truth to it at all."

Then they posed for a picture together and went to dine.

From crying; the old woman next me is shaking so she can't hold her clothes in her hand.

Up before the searchlight shoves, pushes, the nauseating smell of fest punches, never a word of explanation except the rough command.

Inspection over, the examiner, with the brutal strength of a man, shoves us, stripped to the waist, out of her way on to the open dock, in plain sight of any male passenger or employ who chooses to look.

[Tomorrow we go to Ellis Island.]

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SELF-DEFENSE IS PLEA OF PASTOR IN MURDER CASE

Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 19.—(Special.)—Taking the stand in his own behalf, the Rev. Edwin R. Stephenson, slayer of Father James E. Coyle, dean of the Catholic clergy of Alabama, today told for the first time events leading up to the shooting.

Mr. Stephenson was preceded on the stand by his wife, a small frail woman, bearing on her face the marks of the sorrow she was experiencing. Mrs. Stephenson told of efforts to reclaim her daughter from the Catholic faith and the frantic search for the girl, Ruth Stephenson Gussman, whose marriage to Pedro Gussman, a Porto Rican Catholic, precipitated the killing Aug. 11.

Jury Studies Porto Rican. The most dramatic moment of the trial came when the defense called for Gussman. Dark skinned, but with finely chiseled features, he was led before the jurors. One or two, near sighted, rose in their chairs to get a closer view.

Intense silence Gussman passed in review before the jury box and then was excused without being asked a question.

The obvious intent of the defense was to show to the jury Gussman's swarthy complexion, and that this fact entered into the slaying of the priest.

In his story of the killing Mr. Stephenson was frequently in tears, breaking down completely when Hugo Black, chief counsel for the defense, asked: "Do you love your daughter?"

"I do, do," sobbed the defendant. "I can't give her up."

Alleged Dialogue Recited. Stephenson gave the dialogue between the father and himself on the eve of the killing. He said he went to the priest and introduced himself and asked him to help him find his daughter.

Mr. Coyle declined, he testified, and said it was not his affair. The dialogue as given by Stephenson follows:

"Don't you know that when your daughter is married she is not yours any longer?" Mr. Coyle asked, according to the witness.

"My daughter is not married," Mr. Stephenson answered.

"Your daughter is married," said the priest, "for I married her to a Catholic myself today."

"You've treated me like I was a dirty dog," said the preacher.

"Don't repeat that," Coyle exclaimed.

"You've ruined my family," Stephenson said.

"Then," the preacher testified, "he struck me over the head, knocking me against the post, and I fell to my knees.

He grabbed me by the belt and kicked me and tore my suspenders loose. While I was on my knees I fired." The defense attempted to get into the record today a letter written by Mrs. Gussman Oct. 3, 1921. Despite shouted objections, Black read this sentence: "In a short time I am going abroad with friends." The defense attempted in vain to get into the record a charge that the friends referred to were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bender, Mrs. Gussman's godparents in the Catholic church and blamed by Stephenson for his daughter's conversion.

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