

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 patri-archs from Russia (if length of beard be any criterion), a London actor, a theological student from South Africa—we are as diversified as a ringside audience.

In addition to the 180 Irish who got on at Queenstown the Liverpool pas-sengers include forty English, less than a dozen Scotch and Welsh, ten Scandinavians, about 175 Polish Jews, seventy-five from Czecho-Slovakia, twenty-five Latins, and the rest "mis-cellaneous."

We generalize a bit. Irish immigra-tion is youthful, full of dreams and vision, bound first for New York, sec-ond 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 fam-ilies, 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 bolsterous merriment as we proceed; this in turn is sup-plemented by a fear, timid and inarticu-late, 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 soot from a nearby smokestack. Stiff and unironed, they are pressed with hands and made ready for the morrow and medical in-spection at quarantine station.

Fear of "Island" Becomes Torment.

Wild rumors are circulating, none too well to be given credence by minds distorted with fear. Flossie, a gentle little Irish girl, worries so much over the coming ordeal she becomes tem-porarily insane. The news is not re-assuring.

Considerable harm is done by some of the ship's employes 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.

Too 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 rigor-ous for those who come first. Accord-

ngly, the end of the line is popular.

Down the narrow passage, opposite the bar, the women are hustled. Some one suggests that women carrying chil-dren be permitted to go first, but the rule is not enforced. Children cry, women sag with fatigue as they stand in line, a baby in their arms, several children at their skirts.

Two stewards bring down a search-light from the front of the ship and rig it up at the end of the passage, all the while making insinuating re-marks to a group of frightened young girls nearby. Their work over, they act as guards, getting the women and girls into line. They pass obscene jests as to the nature of the examination. The older women are indignant; the younger girls semi-hysterical.

At last the line moves; we turn a cor-ner, partially screened off.

"Strip to the waist," comes the com-mand.

Curses Accompany Commands.

There are at least forty women in front of me, and as I have just passed the corner where the stewards are standing I decide to wait until I get nearer the inspectors.

"Strip to the waist; no monkey busi-ness. Do as I tell you and do it quick, d'ye hear?" yells a foreign looking woman, important in a white apron.

"Those dumb fools, why don't they do as we tell 'em?" she shouts across to another inspector.

"Damn you, stand in line; don't you understand English?" This to a timid Finnish girl in front of me. Fright-ened, with no one to interpret for her Hilda wavers and veers a bit from the straight line.

"Damn you, stand straight," and the inspector shoves her until she stum-bles.

Women are biting their lips to keep

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 flesh, 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 deck, in plain sight of any male passenger or employe who chooses to look.

[Tomorrow we go to Ellis island.]