The Rising Tide of Immigration.

By ISHBEL ROSS

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Sketch at Ellis Island

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Ellis Island is again a bed-

of strange tongues. The immo-

bile bustle simulate an im-

migrant has in volume within

the last year. There is the old

odor of nostalgia about it, mingled with a

new and irresistible familiarity

for America is not merely the

land of freedom now. It is the land

of peace.

The war, it would seem, has made

little difference in the foreign inva-

sion, except to accelerate it. Immig-

grants are coming in tens and hun-

dreds and thousands. Minting with

them their goods and chattels as well

as all their old problems and ideals.

There is no stopping them. They

are pouring in as they have not done

since 1914. And it is only the be-

ginnings. Were it not for the lack

of shipping accommodations, two million

foreigners would be battering at the

doors. This is the estimate of Presi-

dent Coolidge.

Between two and three million Italians are waiting now for passports. In Poland three

hundred thousand are begging to leave their country for America. The formal declaration of

peace is nationalized by world-wide sentiment in enemy countries. As it is, thirty

thousand immigrants are being handled at Ellis Island every week. More are coming through

the gates in one month now than during

the entire war period.

The type, on the whole, is better

than in pre-war days. The deliri-

ous effects of war are not so ap-

parent as might be supposed. There

is a certain amount of physical dis-

ability, but it is not overly marked.

All the officials at Ellis Island—from

the gatekeepers who for years has

had at the non-compromising,

guiding alien, to Commis-

sioner Welles—denies that they

have ever had a better type of immi-

grant.

"The men, old and physically

war-worn, are in finer shape than we

have ever seen them," says the

superintendent. "We have not had a higher

rate of mortality since the days of the

Spanish Flu. They have better clothes,

more food and money than ever before.

This is not Europe's defeated and pov-

erty-stricken we are getting now, but

those who have something to go on.

Otherwise they couldn't reach us.

Forervlet activists the arrival is

costly undertaking now. Before the

Dutch Immigration Bureau has been

established at Hoboken to meet the

situation. Jews and Italians are

granted in the greatest numbers.

Czechoslovakia and Greece are drift-

ing in steadily and Britons are arriving

in increasing numbers.

A few Czechs try to squirm in,

but the searching examination to

which every one has to undergo

identifies them and they are re-

jected in a detention pen, along

with the squatters, whose ultimate

fate is deportation. It is notwith-

standing that all the immigrants

want to make a stand for the

afternoon concert.

It is a colossal crowd with a

regal air. A little girl, who has
touched in an in-

cessant dignity about the free, un-

hampered exercise of the unconfined

Latin woman with her long, athletic

stride and well-pointed head. At the

execrations of war have had a cauterizing

effect on the peasant women of Europe.

It is not likely to be visible in the

type which is finding its way

across the Atlantic.

A Napolitain girl as vivid as a

poppy flits by in the procession

with a gay air that is a living symbol of

the woman's pride and the broken

promises that are the bane of the

woman's life. Children follow

her, some hand in hand, some

windowed for them—a shabby little room

in a gray tenement on the east side,

perhaps, with the fragile palms of

early memories. But not for all of

them. There is one little mother who

is joining a woman who has been a big

success in this country. She runs up to

at the wheat—pregnant and

immaculately dressed. The mother

is light, slender, gray, and hat.

A black scarf enwraps her head. She

has made some childish attempts at

self-decoration—very transparent,

very pathetic.

On the ferryboat she takes from

her bosom a small box with a string of

beads and a crucifix. She tells

a man to say a Sunday mass for her,

the whole story of her life—of

the man who is her child's father,

of the man who is her child's

father.

She takes a fan to her breast,

sometimes she cries, sometimes

shakes her head. Sometimes she

weeps. Sometimes she speaks

to the man who is her child's

father.

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