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LOVE BROKE BONDS OF RUSS EXILE

Samuel Leff Tells of His Thrilling Escape With Wife From Russian Prison.

New York, Sept. 1.—"The cunning and vigilance of the Russian soldiers who guard the prisoners in the Siberian mines may be fourteen-karat, but they couldn't outwit the shrewdness of a little woman who aided me to escape imprisonment there—a little woman who is now my wife and will join me here."

Samuel Leff, 24 years old, now stop-
ping at 152 East One Hundred and
Third street, thus started the story of
his thrilling escape to a reporter yes-
terday.

"I was a student of chemistry and engineering in a college at Barastov," he said. "Nearly all the students there had witnessed outrages committed by the Czar's Cossacks. Jewish women and children were shot down in the street. There was no thought of liberty or even of common humanity among these soldiers, and many of us harbored resentment toward them."

"One day, when the soldiers had aimed their guns at a group of women and children, I sprang forward and begged in God's name that no shots be fired. I was promptly arrested and thrown into a dirty little hole which the officials genially called a 'cell.' "Then I was sent to Siberia. That was in 1906.

"Miss Mary Ettinger was accustomed to bring food to the political prisoners of whom I was one. Mary and I fell in love. The guards did not know this. Mary was too shrewd for them. She hatched out a plot with a student friend of mine, also a prisoner, whereby one night we stealthily got over the wall of the prison and got some distance away.

"We were caught — that student friend and myself — and my friend was shot by the guards. I was taken back to prison and tortured. I will not attempt to describe how those soldiers treated me. Just look at me. I guess that'll be enough evidence."

The scars and emaciated appearance of the man seemed to bear out his statement.

"Mary and I were married just after my first unsuccessful attempt to gain liberty. We were married quietly. She also was arrested, and luckily sent to the same part of Siberia where the Russians sent me.

"One day we were sent to pick wood in a forest. We had horses to carry the wood. When the guards were not on the alert, we rode away on the animals, and finally arrived at a town three hundred miles distant, where we

"On that awful trip, through snow, slush, water and mud, we nearly starved. My wife and I had to go days without food. We reached Minsk where we met revolutionists who

heard our story and cared for us. Then my wife and I separated, she taking a different route, but bound for New York, where I also have friends. My wife reached Austria, I learned, after an exciting rush across from Minsk.

"On the boat which bore me to this country there were two Russian spies, I knew them. They knew me but I also knew that under the American flag I was safe, and I was."

Nokomis, the thriving town at the crossing of the C. P. R.'s Saskatoon line with the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, is a flourishing young city. A beautiful

city. A hospital has just been built costing \$5,000. A four-room schoolhouse costing \$12,000 is under construction, and the Canadian Northern have surveyed a line to Nokomis which promises to be one of the busy towns.

towns brought into being by the construction of the new trans-continental route. Already the people of Nokomis insist that it will be the commercial centre of the Last Mountain Valley district.

Claremont (N. H.), has a vegetarian dog. The dog is an ordinary sort of a canine, but his fondness for vegetables is something remarkable. He will leave everything for raw potatoes, but prefers them peeled. *—The Idiot.*

meat on his plate, he will leave it or push it off with his nose and then set to eating raw vegetables, if any are to be had. His favorite dish is cabbage.



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