# IN BOLSHEVIK PRISONS—The True Story of a Fugitive

#### Two Weeks of Living Death -Princess Kourakine Is Given Revolting Tasks-Brutal Treatment By Red Soldiers.

CHAPTER IV. SENT AS A HOSTAGE TO MOSCOW.

quarter of Kiev. After the Ve-Tche-Ka, it seemed to me almost a luxurious establishment, with a large courtyard, high ceilings and spacious cells, but the conditions were those of a real prison; grated windows, a long corridor with uniform cells, heavy doors with ever-clicking locks. The women were in separate cells from the men, but the prisoners met in the courtyard, and I was allowed to converse with my son, which was a The concentration camp to which

converse with my son, which was a great consolation.

Fresh surprises, however, awaited me here. No one was chliged to do any work at the Ve-Tche-Ka; it as a temporary camp for prisoners.

Here everyone was made to work, both men and women. My son was sent to dig a canal for My son was sent to dig a canal for water pipes outside the gates. He was young and strong and fond of physical exercise. Soon it was no-ticed that he worked better and duicker than anyone else at the camp. The prison authorities, who were composed of "democrats, proletarians," so-called "hard working men with tell warm hands" with toil-worn hands," were pro-foundly astonished. What, that young prince, a mother's pet and darling, an offspring of that rotten aristoc-racy, on which the Socialists and

democrats poured out torrents of abuse, that boy worked quicker and with better results than hired labor! It was a great moral support to me to see how bravely, almost gaily, my son bore his captivity. Always calm and in good spirits, he was a general favorite, and made many friends among the prisoners.

As for me, I was in no fit condi-tion for hard work. The lung dis-ease from which I had only recently recovered had left its mark, and I suffered from a severe pain in my side; But it was chiefly all I was going through that affected my nerves and my whole constitution. I was not able to eat anything, although Andrew's old nurse brought us daily all kinds of nice food. I had lost a pood, which is about forty Russian pounds, and had grown very thin,

Given Heaviest Work. I was obliged to sweep and tidy the prison office daily. This was comparatively easy, but besides this we were sent to do all sorts of dirty work. I tried to get out of it by referring to my illness, but die not succeed. The commandant, a former peasant of the village, shouted at me like the real boor he was, promising to send such "bourgeois" as I was to do the

heaviest work.

After two weeks at the concentration camp, my son was sent to the Russian works in the south, and I was sent to the Gretter Iron Works. Parting with my son was painful, as we had been allowed to see each other daily at the concentration

camp.

In Kiev, during our imprisonment, we were fed and cared for by our relatives and friends. My aunt, the Countess Nierod, the former steward of our estate, and others who served us there, had done what they and was among the hostages sent to Moscowle old to make life bearable for us while we were in prison. Andrew's old nurse had brought me a mattress and bribed the guards to let me have all kinds of necessary but forbidden things. I was able to change my the Polish border, escaped.

PRINCE ANDREW KOURAKINE, son of Princess Tatiana, who shared her imprisonment and perils under the since transporting cattle and was horribly dirty. The train did not leave until 1 p.m. The people in town had heard of the took service under the soviet rule all kinds of necessary but forbidden things. I was able to change my the Polish border, escaped. things. I was able to change my the Polish border, escaped.

clothes as often as I liked and send them out to be washed. The days of our imprisonment in Kiev were, n fact, days of comparative luxury



PRINCE ANDREW KOURAKINE.

centration camp. We were put into a spacious house, where the women had a room to themselves with plenty of light and air. The house was surrounded by green lawns with gigantic old shade trees.

The men were employed at the works, while the women did the house work. I was appointed scullery maid, and very glad I was of it, as this is much easier work than scrubbing floors. The fact that I was out in the open air, as the kitchen had

in the open air, as the kitchen had been established in the yard, was suf-ficient to make me feel satisfied. My duties were cleaning potatoes, washing dishes and kitchen utensils, and cleaning up the kitchen each evening. Our cook was a nice Polish land-proprietor, with whom I always conversed in French, to the intense

end. One day, the commandant of the concentration camp, Serokin, ar-rived on an inspection of the Gretter works, and found me working in the

"What," he cried, "Kourakine cleaning potatoes! Didn't I say she was to be given the heaviest work to do? Send her at once to wash floors and send someone else to the kit

I was then appointed to clean the enormous room where our guards slept. It was disgusting to wash and tidy that room, but still more disgusting to see the guards lying around on the beds and listen to their remarks. But even this did not last long.

On August 4 an order was unexpectedly given to take us back to the concentration camp. We were not informed, of course, of the cause of this change, but we knew something evil was being plotted against us. We knew that the Whites were already quite near to Kiev and that the Bol-

We reached the concentration camp toward evening and were horrified by what we found there. The camp was packed with thousands of prisoners. A new commandant had been sent from Moscow, a savage beast who was never seen without a revolver in his hand. Notices were hung up everywhere, warning the prisoners that no interviews, no packages from

our cells, and I will never forget what went on there. Instead of twenty people as before, sixty-two people, men and women, were now put into one cell. It was utterly imand even with the open window it was difficult to breathe. Suddenly the rumor spread that we were to be taken to Moscow as hostages. It was a bolt from the

On August 6 they woke us up at 3:30 a.m. and told us to be ready in twenty minutes and to take our be-longings with us. But they did not let us know our destination. At this news many of the prisoners wept and gloom reigned in the cell. We were all led out of the building and

They marched us off under strong armed guards to the railroad strong armed guards to the railroad station in Kiev. The commandant, Ougaroff, accompanied us in person and fired his revolver in the air from time to time, thinking to intimidate us. We were two hundred hostages in all, and were loaded into several cattle cars. There were twenty-three women and we had a car to ourselves, but it had not been cleaned since transporting cattle

who had come to the station, had to



PRINCESS TATIANA KOURAKINE,

court costume. In this picture she wears some of the pearls whose ossession she retained to the last, despite the sacking of her estate, and the sale of which eventually supplied the funds for her escape to Poland. stand fifty feet away from the train. been turned into a concentration

though thoroughly tired out by our

The women were put into a sepa-

rate building, formerly the arch-

bishop's house. There was no elec-

tricity, lamps or candles. We groped

our way in the dark, like blind peo-ple, feeling for the walls, the doors,

the nary. I hastened, as usual, to settle down in the corner of the lat-

ter, as one always feels a little more

neighbor on one side only. It was

cold, and the stone house, unin-

that when I crept into my place on

the nary, I could feel that the boards

might have enjoyed seclusion there.

Second Chapter

This is the second installment

of Princess Kourakine's own story. Last week she told of her

Another installment will follow

arrest at Kiev by the Bolsheviki

the usual formalities

were quite wet.

next Saturday.

were immediately locked up in the standard of think of my boy, at that age, being the courtyard of the monastery, and, sent as a hostage. Six Days in Cattle Car.

Our journey lasted six days. Traveling in a cattle car, sleeping on a hard possible to lie down; it was very hot board in a cramped space, is not as comfortable as traveling in a sleep-ing car. On the whole, I stood the journey pretty well, though the prisoners were very badly treated. We reached Moscow on the sixth day after our departure from Kiev. I had never cared for Moscow, now less than ever, of course. We were where we remained for nine days We were all lodged-two hundred of us, men and women-in one enormous wooden barrack, with two rows were all led out of the building and drawn up into line in the courtyard like soldiers. I saw Andrew standing there with his bundle, ready to go ways involuntarily became primitive. It was in Moscow that I took my

> became acquainted with vermin. Installed in Monastery. We had been informed beforehand that we were but temporarily quartered ta the camp. After nine days there we were sent to our real des-

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with frozen potatoes or rotton can-bage or wheat, or sometimes as a treat lentils. No meat of any kind, and no fats. The feeling of hunger never left me. This was, however, but the beginning of our starvation; my constitution resisted as yet, but I felt weak and ill.

cold, damp cellar, with broken winlow panes, causing a terrible draught, while we stood ankle deep in icy September, it had already become very cold in that part of Russia.

an awful reputation.

I preferred remaining at the camp. I lay there for six weeks without get-ting up from my corner on the nary. This was torture indeed. I had no with hay, and the pains in my shoulders, joints and ribs was almost un-bearable. The boards were laid crosswise, and when anyone climbed up on the nary all of them wer habited for some time, was so damp badly jolted, causing me severe pain The nary was empty in the daytime, but it was in the evening, when everyone lay down to sleep, that my It was very picturesque in the monastery, and in happier times I tortures began. I waited for the night, after everyone had gone to sleep, to have a good cry. I hated myself for this, but it did seem to

help a little.

After six weeks of illness the temperature went down and the pains subsided, but my body and limbs continued to ache, and I got up a wreck.

CHAPTER FIVE. SON RELEASED, PENNILESS. My son Andrew had been released during my illness, by the Commis-

but my health was giving way and I felt weaker every day. There was nothing to sustain our strength.

We were abominably fed, or rather we were simply starved. We re-ceived three-quarters of a pound (Russian) of black bread each day. three zolotniks of sugar (a zolotnik is a 96th of a Russian pound). Dinner was served at 12 o'clock, and consisted of a thin, muddy-looking soup, with frozen potatoes or rotton cab-

Hardships Bring Sickness.

After four days at this work I beattention. Ordinary patients were put, moreover, into a ward with those who were ill with typhoid and other diseases, and the hognital had long march, had to go through all

Six Days' Travel In Filthy Cattle Cars-Sent As Hostage To Moscow -Her Son Gets His Freedom.

but the beginning of our starvation; my constitution resisted as yet, but I felt weak and ill.

I was obliged, like the rest of the women, to wash the underclothing of the prisoners and of our guard. If we refused to do so, we would be transferred to another camp, which meant parting with my son for me, and for some of the other women parting with their husbands.

After having been a kitchen maid and a scrub woman in Kiev, I now became a washerwoman. I must say that washing dirty clothes is the nastiest and most repulsive occupation of them all to me. I was the worst washerwoman in the house. We were allowed so little soap that there was not enough for a tenth of all the clothes we had to wash, for each of us was given from forty to fifty articlts of underclothing that had been worn for weeks. Besides this, we were obliged to wash the big, heavy sheets and woolen shirts of the guards, and they were not as easy to deal with.

We had to do the washing in a cold, damp cellar, with broken window panes, causing a terrible draught.

Son Prepares For Kiev.

Son Prepares For Kiev. One day when Andrew had been allowed to visit me at the camp, he told me that Tarabykin was not a

Bolshevik at all, but had been an officer in the Russian army, hated the government of the Soviets and longed to join the Whites. He offered to arrange a flight to Kiev for Andrew. His plan was to obtain an appointment for my son in the fuel acute form of arthritis, extreme anaemia and a high temperature. Serious cases were treated at the general hospital of all the concentration camps, but I implored the guards drew would be sent to different places to purchase wood, and on reaching some point not far from

those who were ill with typhoid and other diseases, and the hospital had an awful reputation.

This a ward with typhoid and other diseases, and the hospital had an awful reputation. isolation in Moscow made me doubly

This was a risky step to take.

As a price for assisting my son in his flight Tanabykin had charged Andrew to tell me that he begged me to give him a letter of introduction to my cousin, Baron Wrangel, under whom he would like to serve.

at Gomel. I shall never forget the day when Andrew came to see me for the last time. As he left, I watched his receding figure through the haze of a blizzard and a mist of tears. I did not see him again for a year and a half. Anxiety for the happy issue of his flight and a longing for him night and day gave me no peace in the long months that followed.

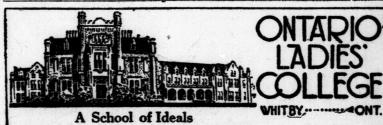
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