

THE WORK OF THE OFFICIAL KIDNAPPER IN RUSSIA

Dr. Rabinowitz Tells How Children Are Taken Away From Their Parents and Forced to Serve in the Army.

(Written for the Sun by Dr. Samuel Rabinowitz.)

"We shall call him 'Samuel,' because, like Hannah of old, we have asked him from the Lord."

"Call him whatever you please, only don't hide his angel-face from my sight. I could stand here and gaze at it for an eternity."

This brief dialogue, as the reader will undoubtedly glean for himself, was carried on between a wife who has just entered upon a state of motherhood, and a doctor, who is for the first time tasting the sweets of fatherhood and who has not yet had time to confine his great love within the bounds of conventional propriety.

Abraham and Sarah Greenstein were known throughout the district by no other name than "The Innkeepers of Strelowa." The inn which gave them their name has been the scene of many a sad and happy hour, and it is to be expected that the Greensteins have become so inseparable from them as to suggest the idea of a small and its shell. But at one time there was really danger of an inevitable separation not because of the death of the Greensteins, but because of the death of the inn.

It was in the middle of the night, after the conversation which we have overheard between Abraham and Sarah, the doors and shutters of the inn were closed and the innkeepers slept the sleep of the just, when a loud crash broke upon the stillness of the night, one of the shutters gave way and about half a dozen burly men tumbled in after another through the window. Abraham and Sarah were on their feet instantly, and the first thing they did was to throw their arms around the body of their sleeping child, who lay in a small crib beside their own bed, whereupon a death struggle began, which lasted about half an hour and ended with a victory for the kidnapers. It must, however, be the reader's own dear heart, for nearly every one of them was bleeding profusely from a dozen wounds. "A boy-child, and as his father kept saying, 'with such sweet, dove-like eyes, and such delicate modeled tiny chin, and such slender tendril-like little fingers.'"

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"So be it, my dear," chimed in the transported father. "Samuel shall be his name!"

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"God forbid! Sarah, what such an idea into your head! But such an idea I cannot exactly account for, but my heart is very heavy. I have noticed for the last few days strange men loitering on our premises, sometimes hiding behind wood-piles or bushes, and on observing me. What can it mean?"

"Put such thoughts out of your mind, Sarah," said the doctor, as if trying to chase the evil visions which his wife conjured up out of their peaceful abode. "It is nothing but a strange hallucination of your mind. No one will dare lay hands on our child. Besides, I have just sent in a purse of two hundred rubles to 'Kohol.'"

"God grant that my fears shall be groundless," rejoined the woman with a deep sigh.

In order to bring my readers to a clear understanding of this mysterious conversation, I will take the liberty to digress for a brief space from the direct narration at hand. At the commencement of the reign of Nicholas I the Jewish population of his empire was yet beyond the pale of Western civilization, or in other words they were despised and despised by the people of their own, whose elements were the Hebrew literature, philosophy, and ethics, which have descended to them through a long series of centuries, and which they have accepted as a part of the sort of culture which prevailed among them was so utterly different from the Western civilization which began to filter into Russia already in the times of Peter the Great, that it gave the Russian Jews of those times the outward appearance of barbarians. This state of affairs could not fail to attract the notice of Nicholas and he promptly took it into his head to 'alter the life of a nation in one day.' In other words to pour Western civilization down their throats, if they could not be induced to take it voluntarily. Nicholas I was perhaps the most perfect type of 'benevolent tyrant' the world has ever seen, and in order to carry out his plans for 'civilizing the Jews' (as he kept on term) he devised among other expedients a plan to tear away Jewish male children from their parents almost in their infancy, place them in military schools up to an age of about eighteen, and then enter them into the army. As special care was taken to keep them at great distance from their native towns, and to obliterate all memories of home and parents from their minds, it is self-evident that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the bereaved parents never in life set eyes on their lost darlings again.

In 1850, when an epidemic broke out among a large camp of these diminutive soldiers in Irkutsk, and owing to a lack of medical assistance, it is feared that the disease might spread all over the province, large numbers of infected children were taken in batches to specially constructed wooden sheds, where the key was turned on them and they set to the building.

As a refinement of cruelty, the government made the 'Kohol' (The local organization of every Jewish community) the instrument of carrying out this inhuman system. The Jewish officials of the respective communities were supposed to forward annually a fixed number of children to the military barracks of the provincial capital.

Evil and brutal as the system was in itself an additional number of gross abuses crept into it. The petty officials who had the power of life and death over their town-folk, utilized it to levy blackmail from those whose children were spared; the result was that the wealthiest families, and those poor, who were not able to ransom their dear ones from their terrible fate.

"This will explain the reluctance of Abraham to entertain the suspicions of his wife that the presence of the kidnapers had any connection with the fate of their own child. Considering that Abraham was a rich and influential member of the 'Kohol' himself, and that he had just propitiated this red-mouthed cobra with a gift of two hundred rubles, his house should have been inviolable.

But alas! a mother's heart does not lie. This time his wife's forebodings were well founded. A few weeks before the Kohol of his town had been denounced to the governor, in consequence of which the leaders have been summoned to appear before him to answer some charges of a criminal nature. For some reason or other it was suspected that Abraham Greenstein was at the bottom of their troubles and it was decided to give him a taste of their revenge.

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hibited Jews from settling in villages in the future, at the same time allowing old settlers to remain at their places. This law, however, was soon turned on its head by the authorities, and in such a way as to inaugurate a wholesale expulsion of Jews from the villages. In many cases towns have been declared villages by petty officials for the purpose of expelling the Jews from them.

"Elect me from the tavern of Strelowa," fairly shouted the old man, overcoat with rage. "You might just as well elect my soul from my body. Come inside! (Pulling the official inside by his coat.) Here is the spot where Sarah fell in a pool of blood never to rise again. Here the crib where Samara the light of my life, slept for the last time. There is his whistle, his pocket-knife, the shoes of his darling little feet. I kept them on the self-same spot, and waited for them. Tell the governor that he will not have long to wait before I am removed from the premises. Already my eyes are dim and my blood is freezing in my veins, who knows, it may be a month, it may be a day."

The last part of this soul-stirring speech fell on deaf ears, for no sooner had the official fastened his eyes on the crib with all its quaint furniture, than his face turned into an ashy hue, and his limbs began to tremble as if with palsy. Long and miserably he stood there, gazing at the little crib, until at last he awoke as if from a dream, and with a loud sob which had in it, joy, longing, and grief, he caught the old man in his arms.

"Father!" he cried, "embrace your Samuel!"

"Samuel!" exclaimed the bewildered official. "What does your highness mean?"

"Drop the 'highness' father. I am your lost Samuel, whom you have named by his real name. Look deep into my eyes and you will recognize your beloved child. But if my resemblance has altogether faded away from your memory, here is a token which I have carried with me day and night during all these years. Somehow or other I felt that a day would come when I should have to call it as a witness before persons dear to me. (Here he produced a four-cornered little garment having fringes of woolen thread on every one of its corners. Such garments are put on male children by orthodox Jewish mothers at a very early age, in accordance with the Biblical injunction, Num. 15: 38. The one which the uniformed official produced was embroidered by his mother's own hands and had his name worked out in Hebrew letters on its front.)

"Samuel, my boy!" cried the old man in a voice of wild ecstasy, and swooned in the arms of his son.

When he was brought to life again his first question was: "Are you still a Jew my son?"

When the latter assured him that he never broke with his faith, although he was obliged to hide it in the open, the old man easily consented to change his quarters of residence. He must, however, be the reader's own dear heart, for nearly every one of them was bleeding profusely from a dozen wounds. "A boy-child, and as his father kept saying, 'with such sweet, dove-like eyes, and such delicate modeled tiny chin, and such slender tendril-like little fingers.'"

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MAN ENDS AT 40.

Dr. Osler Thinks Usefulness Stops at That Age.

Noted Physician Declares Those of

Sixty Should be Retired or Chloroformed.

BAITMORE, Feb. 22.—That nothing in the world is accomplished by man more than forty years old and that men of sixty years should be retired or chloroformed, and that American medical colleges are teaching hybrid systems of medicine and producing ignorant practitioners, and that Europe is far ahead of the United States in medical universities were the statements made in the farewell address of Dr. William Osler at the annual exercises of Johns Hopkins University today, which institution Dr. Osler is about to leave to become the head of the Medical School of Oxford University, Dr. Osler said:

"I have two fixed ideas well known to my friends. The first is the comparative uselessness of men above forty years of age. This may seem shocking and yet read aright the world's history bears out the statement. Take the sum of human achievement in action, in science, in art, in literature, subtract the work of the men above forty, and while we should miss great treasures— even priceless treasures— we would practically be where we were today.

"It is difficult to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was setting. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty, these fifteen golden years of plenty, the anabolic or constructive period of life, when the mind is always a blank in the mental bank and the credit is still good.

INITIATED BY YOUNG MEN.

"In the science and art of medicine there has not been an evidence of the first rank which Vesalius, Harvey, Hunter, Byrd, LaEmme, Virchow, Lister, Koch—the great years were yesterday. It must, however, be the reader's own dear heart, for nearly every one of them was bleeding profusely from a dozen wounds. "A boy-child, and as his father kept saying, 'with such sweet, dove-like eyes, and such delicate modeled tiny chin, and such slender tendril-like little fingers.'"

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PERILS OF PRINCES.

Story of Their Troubles, Past and Present.

Startling Incidents Which History

Records—Russia Today.

In the dark days before the German

Empire, before Bismarck had become a name in the world, King William and Bismarck sat, travelling in a dark railway carriage, travelling to Berlin, says a London Mail correspondent. The country was ringing with the "iron and blood" speech, and the old king was alarmed. He looked out upon the lights of Berlin.

"I see how this will end," he said. "In front of the opera there, under my windows, they will chop off your head, and mine a little later."

The time has gone by in Europe when kings cannot forget King Charles' head, but the prospect of the Tsar, never, perhaps, since the first time he was crowned, has one man been called upon to turn suddenly into a new path the lives of over a hundred million human beings.

Once to every man and nation, Comes the moment to decide.

And the Tsar's moment has come in a terrible hour. So, on a fateful Sunday long ago, it came to his father. Assassinated, said Dismal, has never brought about the progress of the world by a single inch, and no crime was ever fraught with more appalling consequences than the assassination of Alexander II. Had the nihilists stayed their hand but for a day or had the emperor signed his name the day before, there might have been no crisis in St. Petersburg today, no war abroad, no disconcerted people at home.

A TSAR'S "TOMORROW."

The Emperor put off his fateful act until "tomorrow." Loris Melikoff, the Armenian soldier, who held the place in Russia then which Polyakov holds today, had triumphed, and Alexander II. had promised a constitution. It was written out, and ready for signature. But the Emperor left the palace without signing it; he was going to the opera, and the signature would wait until he came home. He came back a mangled man, blown to pieces by a nihilist. Loris Melikoff fell from power, and Polyakov reigned in his stead, and today, it is stated, the constitution is still in a mysterious state-box. But the name, without which it is nothing, is still missing. In the supreme moment, once again, a Tsar had waited until it was too late.

A former Khedive of Egypt knew better. The moment found him ready for its call. The supreme event of a revolution in Egypt should have been, according to the programme, the signing of Tewfik, who knew well the fate his enemies had in store for him. His case was almost parallel with the Tsar's. His enemies were round his bedside, and he was signing the deed of his own destruction. He was a diplomatist, who knew all about it, was "hardly greater than those of a martyr in a Roman arena, before the wild beasts were uncaged."

A KHEDIVE AND HIS "ASSASSINATIONS."

The conspirators called at the palace, and the Khedive watched them from a window. Tewfik saw his aide-de-camp to receive them, and the warmth of their welcome disarmed them more effectively than force. His Highness, said the aide-de-camp, was expecting them, and would see them at once. Unheeded into his presence, the rebels found themselves alone with the man they had come to murder. Calm and undisturbed, the Khedive claimed the right of every man to speak before he died. He explained the situation quietly and with common sense; pointed out that as things stood the British would support his rule as long as he was alive, but would probably take the country for themselves if he should die. And in any case he would confer upon the leader of the band the Order of the Medjidieh, and would appoint the rest his body-guard. It was a master stroke; the murderers dropped their arms and swore to defend the Khedive. To many of us, however, vividly it is presented, the tragedy of St. Petersburg is a thing remote. To one who man who will follow it in the English papers, however, it will be real and tragical enough. A full generation has passed since a wild Paris mob surged into the Tuilleries, and attacked the palace. At a window, looking calmly out upon the mob, stood the empress of France, Eugenie.

THE END OF AN EMPIRE.

It was the end of an empire, Napoleon III. had fallen at Sedan, had surrendered his sword and shattered his crown, in an hour. Helpless among his troops, the emperor sought in vain, when the day was lost, to stop the rout. "Drop that rag, I tell you to light on," burst out his general, and the fallen sovereign was as nothing in the hour of his defeat. Far away in his capital his empress faced the angry mob. The storm grew in strength around the palace, and Eugenie stood alone. Not one of those who should have been at her side, was in his place. If the expected always happened, it should have been her last hour.

But there was one brain in the palace which saved that awful tragedy. M. de Lesseps was there. He had built the Suez Canal, and had seen the waters rush through the sluice-gates. Flung open the palace gates he waited one excited moment to see the consequences. It was as he hoped; the mob streamed through, instead of on-

tering by the windows. The empress made her way through half a mile of corridors to a side door, hailed a cab, drove to the house of an American dentist, and came in a private yacht to meet her husband on the friendly shores of England.

A DRAMATIC DEATH.

Never in the history of the world, perhaps, has there been a more dramatic ending of a less dramatic than that which astonished the capital city of Wurtemberg more than a hundred and fifty years ago. The Duke's palace was besieged by a mob; Stuttgart was in revolt, and a deputation forced its way into the presence of the Duke. The deputation left in great excitement; the civil population armed itself and would have torn the Duke to pieces. Every cost they would have their constitution. Suddenly, in the dead of midnight, a greater power than kings or people can contradict intervened within the palace. The Duke died a natural death, and his son, a man whose people thirsted for his blood.

But the story of the world is full of dramatic moments. What, after all, is history but the record of moments and events which have been chosen in them? It is to the honor of the human race that generally, at the supreme time, men have not failed. Metternich fled from Vienna, the Tsar's father shut himself up at Gatchina in fear of assassination, and Isabella II. of Spain ran away from Spain after telegraphing to her prime minister that she was delighted to be rid of a nation of thieves and assassins. But Maximilian stayed in Mexico and died a hero; Napoleon went to Paris from Waterloo and would have fought the world again; and history is full of examples of rulers, who were there could rule their people or not, could rule themselves in defeat.

The strong man is he who needs no revolution, says the Mail.

OTTAWA, Feb. 24.—In these days of

giant snow storms, wild gales and blocked railroads, I have the honor to chronicle that I left St. John by the C. P. R. on Wednesday evening and arrived at Ottawa on schedule running the time next afternoon. We did not lose a minute, and in reality made up some of the hours lost by the train in transit through the snow-drifts of Nova Scotia, from Halifax to the extreme edge of Cumberland county. There was much talk among the passengers, a number of whom were Britishers, on their return to Manitoba and the territories (a proper word till after Dominion Day, when they mostly become provinces) from a visit to the home land, all of which talk was complimentary to the C. P. R. for the manner in which it had grappled and overcome the snow blockade problem. We reached Halifax all right by steamer, and one man, who was going back to Alberta and intended travelling west by the I. C. R. and Grand Trunk, but what we heard on the Canadian Pacific, and we were glad we did so, as we are making time and will be home on the hour originally fixed when we left three months ago to see the old home, perhaps for the last time in our lives. It is only when we travel down to the sea, continued the Alberta man, that we begin to appreciate the good of the C. P. R. Of our home we hear all sorts of complaints about monopoly and extortionate freight charges, some of which are well founded, but when we are on the main seaboard of Canada and want to get back to our ranches and grazing lands we find it to our advantage to travel by the much abused line.

That the C. P. R. succeeded in running its great trunk line in a pretty perfect manner this winter is due, principally, to the strength of its vast equipment of snow plows and general clearing machinery, but mainly to the brains that direct the operations of this important branch of the C. P. R.'s service. It is the old story of the man behind the gun, coupled with "time of peace prepared for war." The C. P. R. does not wait for the storm to arrive, but meets it more than half way. This way of doing things necessitates a large initial outlay, but in the end it saves the economy. Today the road is prepared, as never before, to clean its icy rails as fast as they are covered with melting snow and to keep the road open no matter how suddenly a big thaw may set in. After all snow cleaning and ice removal is only an incident in railway operation in Canada.

Reverting to the talk on the train, it sounded stiffly on maritime ears to hear Alberta boomed as the cheeliest spot over which the Canadian flag flies. Dewdney, by the sea, Manitoba's praises have been sung to the exclusion of the rest of our great heritage; indeed, Manitoba has been used as a sort of generic name without regard to the fact that the line has been credited with about all the good things scattered profusely by the God of nature over regions far elevated above the prairie level. Alberta is not a prairie, but it is devotedly spoken by the boobies of the west, and it is not only the greatest ranching land in the world but a place where the capitalist can get sound dividends on his investment and the land may be handed son of toll can earn more than a fair wage.

But Alberta touches only the verge of the virgin Canada of limitless possibilities, with an absorbent capacity capable of assimilating the cheap ignorant labor of interior Europe as well as the brains and guineas of the British Isles. Out in Roseland there are Chinese, as well as Devonshire lads and Lancashire lasses, and in the middle region the Doukhobors are found to be a useful fellow. He will work, if he will not rush. Englishmen will work so long as they can otherwise make a living, but if they see a easier route they will not soil their hands with manual labor. It is the English migrant's ambition to wear good clothes of a loud tweed pattern, thick solid boots, keep a saddle horse and several dogs, and when not eating, drink a big pipe. Some of the younger generation smoke cigarettes, but that is with them only a fad. Away from the observation of their fellows they seek contentment out of the steam of the black pipe.

There are rich as well as poor Doukhobors in Canada. My informant in the smoking car (there were several of them) had been up against both ex-

Pond's Extract

The Old Family Doctor
CURES—Rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, earache, headache, indigestion, constipation, hemorrhoids, and all pains.
STOP!—Now bleed, toothache, earache, headache, indigestion, constipation, hemorrhoids, and all pains.
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a bill will be introduced at the next session of the Legislature, New Brunswick for the purpose of amending Chapter 66, 34 Victoria, by which Section 3 of the Act (Chap. 83, 33 Victoria) incorporating The President and Directors of the Home for Aged Females in the City of Saint John is amended. The amendment to be sought by the said bill will be to authorize and empower the said Corporation to receive, hold, and enjoy real and personal property for the purposes mentioned in the said section to the value of One Hundred Thousand Dollars in lieu of Fifty Thousand Dollars as provided by the Act first herein mentioned.

Dated at St. John, N. B. 2nd February, 1905.
The President and Directors of the Home for Aged Females in the City of Saint John.
J. MORRIS ROBINSON, President.
BEVERLEY R. ARMSTRONG, Secy-Treas.

treasures, and was rather inclined to regard the poverty-stricken fellow with the most consideration because, having had no opportunities to neglect, he had not neglected them. One illustration of the rich man who that entitled by the bank, outside of the counter, said a well set up Britisher, when a Doukhobor came in and said he wanted to make another deposit, by being well known he was received with smiles and words of welcome by the business-like clerk. Bank clerks in new Canada, here remarked the narrator, do not put in the huge assumption of eastern banks. If they did they would be fired by the management as "undesirable." Well, this Doukhobor, in preparing to make his deposit, went through a process of partial disrobing. I was in a bank, outside of the counter, said a well set up Britisher, when a Doukhobor came in and said he wanted to make another deposit, by being well known he was received with smiles and words of welcome by the business-like clerk. Bank clerks in new Canada, here remarked the narrator, do not put in the huge assumption of eastern banks. If they did they would be fired by the management as "undesirable." Well, this Doukhobor, in preparing to make his deposit, went through a process of partial disrobing. I was in a bank, outside of the counter, said a well set up Britisher, when a Doukhobor came in and said he wanted to make another