

## LITTLE RUSSIAN REFUGEE'S STORY

HIS EXPERIENCE IN ESCAPING  
FROM ODESSA.

Robbed, Burned Out, Shot At—Attempt  
To Follow His Fortunes on This  
Side of the Atlantic.

Early in the spring the little Jeweler came over in the steamer from Odessa. A Russian refugee he was. For four days previously to boarding the boat at Odessa he had lived in a cellar, a hunted creature, and yet you would never have thought it, he was so dapper in his fur overcoat and his tall silk cap.

They had robbed him of every little scrap of his jewelry. They had burned his shop. They had shot at him. They had endeavored to run him through with a sword or two, but he smiled in a pink and satisfied way as he sat in the immigrant boat on his way to New York from Ellis Island, in spite of the fact that the only clothes he had in the world were the clothes on his back and not a cent had he in his pocket. Sat there and smiled and smiled in his pink way, glad enough to be out of sound of shot and shell and far from the terror of swords.

This was the question: What had become of him? What became of all the Russian refugees fleeing hither? Alexander Karavay, chief of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society of Ellis Island, paused for a brief interval to offer one suggestion, it being his busy day.

"We can't keep up with them all," said he. "Our business is to land them safely in New York. That ends our jurisdiction over them. Yes, I remember the little Jeweler you speak of. I don't know what became of him. Probably selling neckties on the Bowery. I don't know. Do this. Go to the Removal Office on Second avenue. They will know."

A long way this, but finally reached. The chief of the Removal Office had to do only with Russian refugees who were sent away from New York. He spoke in this wise, briefly, it being his busy day.

New York No Place for Refugees.

"New York is no place," said he, "for the Russian refugee. It is too crowded. We send on an average 300,000 out of the city during the year. The industrial advantages are better in the South and West than they are in New York. We send them to the mills in the South, to the farms in the West."

"Many of them go to New Orleans, some as far as California. They do so well as a rule that they send back money for their friends to come to them. They are not happy without friends and family."

"Out of the 30,000 who come over here during the year 30 per cent are sent away from the city. We pay their expenses when they haven't enough, but mostly they have."

"The Jeweler you speak of—I don't know what became of him. On the street, perhaps, selling suspenders. I'll tell you who find him better than anybody. Go to the Hebrew Charities Building further up on Second avenue. Tell them I sent you."

It was their busy day at the Hebrew Charities Building. The doctor ordinarily in charge had gone away somewhere, wouldn't be back till Monday, but a fair, blue-eyed young woman, up to her ears in work, received the reporter in his stead.

"They oughtn't to have sent you here," she said. "We don't help them until a year after their landing. They are in a deadly decline."

IN A DEADLY DECLINE

Saved Just in Time by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Before my daughter Lena began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she looked more like a corpse than a live girl," says Mrs. Geo. A. Myles, of South Weymouth, Ont. "Her blood seemed as though it had all turned to water. Then she began to have bad spells with her heart. At the least excitement her heart would beat so rapidly as to almost smother her. She grew very thin, had no appetite, and what little food she did eat did not seem to nourish her. She was treated by one of the best doctors in this part of the country, yet she was daily growing worse, and her heart got so bad that we were afraid that she would die. She slept but very little, and would frequently awake with a start, and sometimes would jump right up in bed. These starts would always bring on a bad spell, and leave her weak and exhausted. We had almost given up all hope of her ever being well again, when we decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a couple of boxes she began to sleep better at night, and color began to return to her lips. From that on she kept right on gaining, and after taking eight boxes of the pills she was again in good health. She is now 15 years of age, the picture of health, and since beginning the pills has gained about forty pounds in weight. Only those who saw her when ill can appreciate the marvelous change Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brought about in her condition. I believe that had it not been for the pills she would be in her grave today, and it is with feelings of great gratitude that I write you in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer."

And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do just as much for every weak, ailing, pale-faced young woman who is slipping from anemia into a bloody decline. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. In that way they strike straight at the root of all common diseases like anemia, headaches and backaches, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuritis, rheumatism, and the secret elements and irregularities of girls and women. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

are supposed to land with enough money to last them a year, or with enough friends to take care of them for that length of time.

"No, I don't know anything about the story that leaves of bread being put out on the doorsteps on the east side for them, but I shouldn't be surprised. The destitution in that neighborhood is terrible—destitution and disease."

"We can't see to the refugees at all. No, I never heard of the Jeweler you speak of. He may be peddling trousers for all I know."

"If you want to get news of him and the others go to 149 Rivington street. There is a little girl down there who will tell you all about them."

The way was long and tedious down to 149 Rivington street and through narrow lanes of pushcarts packed to suffocation—pushcarts covered with neckties, carpet slippers, trousers, large pink and white slices of watermelon and green peppers that Peter Piper may have picked—who knows?

Though the owner of each pushcart was carefully scanned, no pink-faced Jeweler showed up among them. The faces were yellow in color and too thickly bearded, some of them, for beauty—all beard, some seemed.

No. 149 had thin iron steps, a narrow hall, small narrow steps, and a girl sat drinking milk out of a little green glass.

"I am only temporarily in charge here," she smiled, "but I can tell you one thing: If we know a petitioner is a Russian refugee we get rid of him as quickly as possible. We have so many of our people that we must help people who have been here for years, and who are in great destitution."

Cheap Board for Four

"Why, look here," taking an envelope down from the top of the desk. "Here is the case of a woman who has been sleeping on a couch with her three children for I don't know how long. She is boarding with another woman."

"Imagine what board this woman charges for herself and her three children. Three dollars a month! What do you suppose she can give them to eat for that? Wouldn't you think they would all starve?"

"I told her I wouldn't help her at all unless she got a room for herself. I offered to pay her \$7 a month to rent the room. Then I would give her a little more to live on until she could get started at some work."

"It is very hard for our people to get work among the New York houses on account of their Sabbath. Of course you know the Jewish Sabbath comes on Saturday. Saturday is the busiest day in New York. Fancy then a man who refuses to work on that day who will work on Sunday, but not on Saturday—either a man or a woman."

"You can see how quickly a New York business man would refuse to employ him or her. Our people, who have become set in their ways, refuse altogether to give up their Sabbath. They live for that day."

The Jewish Sabbath

"You see in the poorest homes preparations going on for it on Friday, the cleaning of the floors, of the windows, the spreading of the cloth—if they have no cloth the piece of white paper on the table for the candles. They make a fete of it, the very poorest of them."

"You see small children getting on their knees and scrubbing the floors till they are so clean you could cut off their heads, preparing for this Saturday fete which robs their fathers and mothers of work in the city."

"Then, too, a man who comes here from the old country is already an old man in many cases. That is to say, he is 30. Our men marry young. At 30 they have already five or six children, and for a man to begin life in a new country so encumbered!"

"Oh, yes, we have enough of misery without seeing after the Russian refugees. They must shift for themselves, at least for a year before they can come to us for help."

"Let me tell you, I had a man in here yesterday begging me to let him have \$10 to start a little pushcart or a basket with hardtacks. A ten dollars is a fortune to them. A man who has \$50 on the east side is rich, rich!"

The Little Jeweler

"Your Jeweler? I fancy perhaps he has set up a little peddling business, if he runs to Jeweler. Perhaps he has a pushcart full of trinkets. It may be that he goes about the Bowery with a tray of trinkets. Some do that, taking orders."

"He will be doing very well if he has been able to afford that. Very well, indeed! Or it may be that he has rented a cellar doorway and sells still pickles. Dill pickles and green peppers."

"I hardly think he'd fall so low as to sell green corn on the cob out of a tin bucket. I wouldn't like to think that."

"Let me tell you what to do. Go to the editor of Forward, the morning Jewish paper. He may be able to tell you where he is."

It was also a busy day with the editor of Forward. He sat in his sanctum pasting slips of printed hieroglyphics on a large sheet of plain white paper.

"I can give you five minutes," he said, never once looking up from the sheet or away from it, "and that's all I can give you."

"You see," he began, "this is a topsy turvy country. Everything is upside down. Everything goes contrary to what you are led to expect."

"It is exactly antipodal to Russia. When it is daylight here it is night in Russia and vice versa, so when our people migrate here they also change. A man who had been a great success in Russia becomes as great a failure here and the man who has failed there often succeeds in New York."

"I will give you an example. I knew two Russians who came over about a year ago. One had enough money to come second cabin, which is a great deal of money for an immigrant. When he arrived he had had money enough to buy himself a 75-cent dinner. That is a good deal for an immigrant to pay for a dinner, isn't it?"

Three Kopeks His Capital

him. Said he had friends, I suppose. "Well, do you know how that turned out? The kopek man started a newsstand on a corner; now has a news store and is making money. The man who came second cabin, when here five times a day, begging me to get him work."

"That's how it turned out, you see, criss-cross, cat-a-cornered and topsy turvy."

"The little pink-faced Jeweler in the tall silk cap. It seems to me I do remember hearing something about him. Let me think."

"Yes, I remember now what became of him. It seems to me they said he went back home."

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