

Thrilling Story of the Great Lakes Storm Related By An Advertiser Reporter Who Passed Through It

CAPTAIN TO AVOID DANGEROUS COAST DROVE HIS BOAT INTO THE OPEN AND FOUGHT IT OUT WITH MONSTER WAVES

[The following story of the recent Great Lakes storm, the most disastrous in Canadian inland marine history, is the actual experience of a member of The Advertiser editorial staff. The steamer on which he sailed is one of the best-known carriers on the lakes, and for obvious reasons is not published. It is a vivid pen-picture of the great gale that took toll of more than 250 lives and caused a property loss of six million dollars. The S— was one of two or three boats, which, unable to get shelter in the early hours of the storm on Lake Superior, was obliged to run for the open and fight it out. The Harry B. Smith and the Leifeld, two other big freighters, were not so successful, and went down with all hands.]

"Pete's Place" is situated on Main street in Buffalo, down near the waterfront. It is a cozy, kept, low-ceilinged tavern, and its chief attractions are its draught beer and free lunch. It is one of the many dim haunts of the sailor man in that section of the city, but boasts of a mixed clientele. The skill, unkempt, fish-handling may be found there squandering his undeserved dimes with the vaunt and zeal of a scion of wealth; the spinster gentry, who fulminate against the nation's moral fabric and the unequal distribution of wealth, often go there to munch their "lumps," while the "bo" who has held down the front end of the limited from Chicago, saunters there numbered and sooty, to wash up and stand by the fire.

Met the "Swede." It was amid such diverse company that I first scraped acquaintance with the "Swede." He was chesty and well-favored, and when I gave him the cigarette paper he was in quest of, he became friendly and we talked at one of the greasy tables. He asked me what my "graff" was, and I modestly told him that for four summers off and on I had wheeled on the lakes.

"What did you get off of?" he questioned.

"Nothing," I replied. "I have not been out this season yet."

"Have you a Lake Carriers' certificate?" he continued.

"I have," I answered, at the same time extracting it from my inside pocket, and holding it up for his inspection.

The names of nine vessels on which I had been employed during former seasons were penned thereon, with marginal notes as to the length and character of my service.

"Shipping head," said the Swede, handing me back my book. "You see it's already the fifth of October, and with the increased wages, everyone is holding down their jobs. In another month they won't be able to find men."

Purse Depleted.

I did not reply, for earlier in the day I had realized the truth of his words. I had been constantly at the shipping office for two days and a half. All of fifteen wheelmen were ahead of me, and during that time only six of that number had shipped. My purse was sorely depleted. In fact, it was empty, and with the dismal aspect of knowing I could not reasonably hope to ship that day, came the cheerless contemplation that I would have to walk the streets all that night. Had I known that shipping

was so dull, and had I not been buoyed up with false hopes by optimistic bums, I would have wired home for a small sum to tide me over, but the lateness of the day made that procedure futile, as I had learned that no telegraphic money orders were cashed after 6 p.m. It was already well onto 5 p.m., then, so I resigned myself to my fate, and sunk sullenly into the slough of despond.

Both Were Broke.

The Swede's financial resources were tantamount to mine—he didn't have a farthing. From his conversation, I gathered that he had gotten off a boat three days previous with \$38 in his possession, but like all flesh he was weak, and had an ungovernable penchant for rum—hot rum, at that—such as that Gargoyle Quilp was so fond of.

"Have you got a room?" he asked me.

"Yes, I have the governor's suite at the Iroquois," I replied, making a feeble attempt to conceal my sarcasm.

"Well," he went on, "I know the second mate on a boat that's lying down at the Peavey elevator, and if we can see him, he can square things with the steward, and we'll get our victuals and perhaps a place to sleep in."

So without further ado, I expressed a willingness to attest the benevolence of his friend, whoever he might be, and we forthwith set out for the Peavey elevator.

An 18-Karat Mate.

The second mate in question proved to be eighteen karat. He not only ushered us into the savory confines of the messroom, where we feasted on "cornbeef and," but he secretly piloted us to that portion of the ship reserved for owners and shareholders, where he told us we could sleep until 5 o'clock in the morning, providing we promised to remove the snow-white sheets and sleep on the bare mattress, and not scratch the mahogany.

We slept like a couple of mummied Pharaohs, and in the morning our benefactor took us back to the messroom, where we breakfasted on gristle cakes and "sherry" fat pork. We then set forth towards the shipping office, bent on getting out that day, or jumping off the first dock we came to.

Now the Swede was a fireman, and it was close to dinner time, when the shipping master, a massive fellow, loomed authoritatively on the threshold of the door that led into his private office, and bellowed: "One wheelman, two firemen, an oiler, and three deckhands for the S—." There was a wild scramble, and the Swede and I were among the van guard that almost rushed him off his feet.

Our books were made out and we were soon on our way to the dock where the S— was lying. Our waiting courage was renewed with the thought of being wage-earners once more, and already the Swede's eyes were staled with merriment at the anticipation of making \$45 per month and the rum it would buy him.

A Big Freighter.

The S— was at the Pennsylvania dock, and she was almost unloading. She was 350 feet in length, with a 56-foot beam, and she was equipped with all the modern complements, such as patent hatches, side-tanks in her cargo hold, and an enclosed pilot-house. When we climbed the ladder and reached her decks, the Swede and I parted company, temporarily. He went aft to the engine room. I went forward, where the first mate accosted me, and assigned me to my room, which was shared with the wheelman on the opposite watch. As I was on the after-watch, I was told to wash up for supper and go below until midnight, when I would be re-

quired to stand watch until 6 o'clock in the morning—three hours at lookout duty and three hours at the wheel.

Bound for Duluth.

When I was called later, the slow-measured throb of the screw conveyed to me that the S— was under way. We were bound light for Duluth, where we were to load ore for South Chicago, and as nothing untoward or unusual happened, suffice it to say that for five weeks I worked six hours and slept six, and waxed fat. Occasionally I saw the Swede. He was behaving nobly and from the two round trips we had made he had saved the sum of \$37 out of a total of \$74.

It was on the morning of Nov. 7 that we lay at the Mesabo ore docks at Duluth, with our hatches battened down securely, and all in readiness for our departure to the central furnace at Cleveland. The S— was trimmed fore and aft. She carried 8,000 tons of ore, and was loaded dangerously deep for that time of year. Her sides only protruded a scant seven feet above the surface of the water, as she drew 19 feet 3 inches of water aft, and 18 feet 6 inches at her head.

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WEST LONDONER A VETERAN OF THE CRIMEA TELLS OF THE BLOODY BATTLE OF ALMA

Standing on the London market, week after week, year in and year out, offering the products of his farm for sale, either fruit, vegetables, or flowers, one will find Mr. A. R. Murdock, a typical Scotchman, gardener, and Crimean veteran.

He may rightly be called one of Canada's grand old men, and Londoners should feel justly proud of him.

As one sees him on the market square, handing out this and that vegetable to a customer, few can realize that this fine old man, whose hair has turned to silvery gray, was in 1854 a dashing young soldier in the Royal Artillery, and on the battlefield of Alma in the Crimea was doing his gallant duty for Queen and Empire.

Bears Himself Like Soldier.

And yet upon close observation, one can detect a soldierly bearing about him. The old campaigner still stands almost erect, in spite of his having passed the allotted span of life, and he is snug in his movements.

Sometimes in his thoughts he lives the past again, even on the crowded market. An old friend of Mr. Murdock comes along, one conversation leads to another, and soon the veteran draws the curtain of the past aside and is all aglow relating some interesting and stirring episode of his soldiering days.

Then for a few moments the selling of vegetables and the cares of the business world are forgotten. In his vision he is a soldier again, proudly fighting for his country.

His Life Story.

It was to hear the story of Mr. Murdock's life from his own lips that an Advertiser man paid a visit to his home in West London one recent afternoon.

Reaching his farm, I found the old gardener had just completed hitching up his horse to a democrat laden with cabbages.

"How do you do, young man?" he greeted me, with a Scotch accent, which cold print cannot do justice to, life, eh? Well, now, I can tell you some real good stories. I have seen a few things in my time. But, you see, I am busy. I must take out this stuff right away. Look around this evening and I'll have some time to spare."

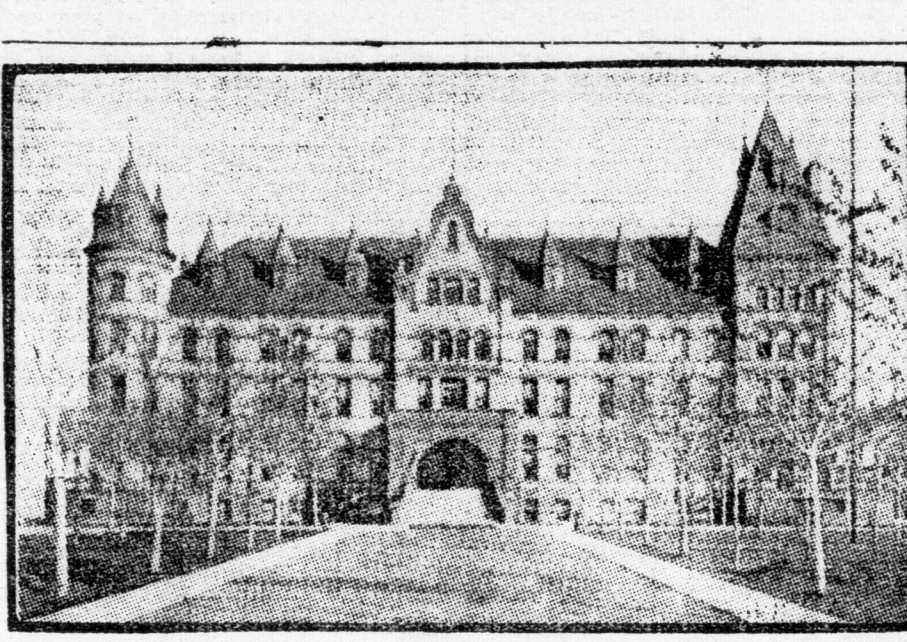
Another leading nationality is the Jewish. All told, they number seven hundred or more, the great majority of whom are foreign born and largely of Russian or Polish birth. All of them are well educated in their own language. Many of them come to Canada with a university education. They speak Russian, Yiddish, German, and

not infrequently French, but rarely English. And no nationality is more anxious to learn English than the Jewish. "Where can we learn English? Are there night schools in your city?" they ask their first English-speaking acquaintances.

Some time ago the Arbeter Ring (Workingmen's Circle) asked the board of education to co-operate in establishing night schools. If the board would provide the classroom, they would secure the teachers. The board of education offered them the use of the basement of Simcoe street school. The board members doubted the advisability of allowing the foreigners to use the regular classrooms.

The Arbeter Ring is a radical working-class organization. It is in no sense a national or racial organization, but it so happens that the membership of the local circle is almost entirely Jewish. The circle is, however, restricted to those who avow radical positions on labor and economic questions, who believe in a revolutionary economic creed. Members to be content must practically be either anarchists or socialists. These seemingly extreme and entirely opposed followings work harmoniously together in the Arbeter Ring, which is doing a good work through its lending library, gymnasium and fraternal aid social departments. English as well as Yiddish and German books are circulated, and lectures and discussions are frequently held on Canadian government, Canadian politics and Canadian questions. The Arbeter Ring is about to build a labor temple. When it is built it will have ample accommodation for

UNION PRINTERS HOME AT COLORADO SPRINGS



This magnificent home and hospital for the "men who work that you may read," is a magnificent monument to the fraternal spirit that dominates the International Typographical Union. It is situated high up in the American Rockies, and many a sick printer has been restored to health and happiness by a sojourn there, while the aged and incapacitated have found a home in the truest sense.

TORTURE OF MIND AND BODY WAS FOR MANY MONTHS THE DAILY EXPERIENCE OF BEILIS

Repeated Attempts Made To "Cook" Up a Confession to Alleged Ritual Murder—Pathetic Story by Central Figure in the Famous Trial at Kiev.

The graphic stories of prison life in Russia by Tolstoy and other famous authors may be accurate in most of the essentials, but they can not be like narratives from a person who knows from experience what it means to be incarcerated as a religious or political suspect in one of the Czar's jails. The novelists do not exaggerate, however, they only write in a less intimately personal vein. Proof of this fact is found in Mendel Beilis's story of the persecution that he was subjected to during his trial at Kiev on a charge of killing Andrew Yushinsky, a Christian boy, to get blood for sacramental purposes. Beilis talked with a correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger shortly after his acquittal. He said:

In March, 1911, the body of the Yushinsky boy was found in the brickyard where I was employed. I had been busy all day and did not pay much attention to the discovery. In fact it was not until the day of the funeral that my attention was really brought to the case.

On July 22, 1911, I was awakened at 3 o'clock in the morning by a noise, which I thought at first was the explosion from a cannon. Finally I heard a terrific thump as my front door opened and I hastened to open it. When I did so I was greeted by a sight which frightened me nearly to death. Right at my door were a lot of policemen and behind them was about a regiment of soldiers, while the prosecutor was standing beside me.

Placed Under Arrest.

He said, "Are you Mendel Beilis?" and when I said I was, he said: "You are under arrest." I asked for what, but I received no reply. I was trembling like a leaf and my wife was fainting, and the children were crying and running about trying to hide, for they were terribly scared. I remembered they told me to dress, and that I was to be taken to prison, and I was put in a cell away from the

other prisoners, but about an hour after I reached the prison I heard a boy crying and sobbing something. After crying and sobbing for a few minutes I recognized that it was my son David, then 8 years old. My heart almost stopped beating and I pounded my head against the wall of my cell in my grief.

A few minutes later the governor of the prison came to my cell and said the little son of Vera Cheberiak says that he was playing with the Yushinsky boy in the brickyard and your son says he was not. Your son is a big liar, and that is why he was arrested."

The governor refused to listen to my explanation. Finally I began to cry and ask him why I was in prison. The only answer I received was that I would be sent to Siberia if I did not tell the truth.

The man left me alone, and for several hours I could hear my boy crying, and at each sob my heart bled. All I could do was to think of my unfortunate family.

Sent Son Home.

The next morning I rang the alarm-bell in my cell, and the governor came. He said, "Well, Beilis, so you want to make a confession." He either mistook my motive in ringing the bell, or was trying to frighten me. I told him that I had nothing to confess, and asked him what he wanted me to confess. He did not answer this, and I then told him that he could do whatever he chose with me, but for God's sake to have pity on my David. I told him that if he killed David the blood would be on his head, but the governor only laughed. However, he later sent David home in charge of a policeman.

I was full of joy and thanked God, for I believed he would help me through my trouble.

Several days later the prosecuting attorney asked me, "Is it true that the Jews require blood for the Passover cakes?" I told him I did not know of any such law. It was not until seven days later that I was informed of the hideous nature of the charge against me.

A few days later I was ordered removed to another cell where there were thirty men—all murderers or burglars. They also knew all about my case. A majority of these men said they believed me innocent, but there were a few who said I was guilty. I was being taken through the streets by two policemen one of them noticed that I was half-starved and stopped and bought me some pears. He told me that although he was a Christian he knew I was innocent, but said the only thing I could do was to go to prison.

Imprisoned With Murderers.

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London Is a Melting Pot of Many European Nationalities

Assimilating the foreign immigration of non-English peoples is one of the big problems that London in common with other Canadian and American cities is being called upon to face. Among most non-Teutonic and non-Celtic nationalities, locally represented, the number of residents in the city can, however, be counted in hundreds, rather than in thousands, and the problem is not nearly so large a one as it is likely to become in the next few years. But it is a problem that the teacher in the public school faces every day when she is called upon to start on the road to knowledge the child of immigrant parents, that is unable to speak a dozen words of English. And, strange as it may seem, once these young Canadians of foreign parentage get the meager grasp of the English language, their progress in all branches of the public school course is usually quite phenomenal, many of them frequently overtaking several grades in a single term. But, while the children are rapidly learning to speak English fluently in the public school, the parents in the home rarely have given to them any opportunity to gain an extensive or a grammatical knowledge of the English language. Time and again, the need of night schools for adult foreigners has been pointed out in London, but so far the board of education has not seen its way clear to the establishment of such schools.

How Baptists Help.

The Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist denominations of the city some time ago gave serious consideration to the needs of the foreigner in



MISS CLARA CIESLINSKI is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cieslinski, 73 Maitland street. Although born in Russian Poland, and only two years in London, she speaks English fluently and perfectly, without the slightest accent. She also speaks Russian and her native Polish. In all three languages she is equally proficient and at home. Not quite 12 years of age, she is in the third class in St. John's R. C. separate school, Hill street, where she is one of the brightest pupils. There are in all seven Polish children attending St. John's school.

Anxious To Study English.

One of the leading nationalities represented in London is the Italian. No better or more highly respected race of citizens is to be found within the borders of the city. But many adult Italians, born in the old land, are anxious to derive a better knowledge of English. Not all of them, despite the remarkable success of their na-

tionality in business and their generally thrifty type of character, feel themselves in a position to engage private tutors at a heavy expense, nor are capable private tutors to be engaged readily. The Italian are mainly Roman Catholics, and their children are among the brightest pupils in the separate schools of the city. But many young Italian immigrants come to London and other cities who are anxious to study English.

Last year a well-attended and successful class for Italians was held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. This year there is no such class in the city. However, the needs of this nationality is not urgent. It is self-assimilating. English is the language spoken in the local Italian colony. They have a club of their own, the "Marconi," on Fullerton street, where they meet for social purposes; they mix freely with the native Canadian population in business and in art, and no other nationality in the city can boast so many artists in proportion to its numbers as the Italian, and in the main they are entirely capable of meeting their own needs. But the majority of them are ratepayers, and night schools for the assistance of their newcomers would be no more than their due.

Russians and Poles.

Another leading nationality is the Jewish. All told, they number seven hundred or more, the great majority of whom are foreign born and largely of Russian or Polish birth. All of them are well educated in their own language. Many of them come to Canada with a university education. They speak Russian, Yiddish, German, and

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night schools on its own account, and these will be established, because the members of the Arbeter Ring realize that it is to their advantage to be thoroughly fluent in the English language and literature and in the laws, government and affairs of Canada, even though they may not be in sympathy with the conservative political creeds of the majority of English-speaking Canadians.

A Zionist Society.

The Arbeter Ring is the only local society of Jewish membership whose aims are not Jewish. The religious needs of the Jewish people are well looked after by the two local synagogues. A Zionist society is interesting, a great many of them in Zionism, and Hebrew schools are instructing the young in the Hebrew religion, language and literature. But the Arbeter Ring alone is working to bring the Jew into greater familiarity and harmony with Canadian life and affairs. Until recently a "Self-Educational Society" meeting regularly in Cullis' Hall, worked along somewhat similar lines. Under its auspices Emma Goldmann, the noted anarchist speaker, lectured in this city several years ago. Cullis' Hall is almost historic as a local center of radicalism. The Jewish Young People's Literary Society, a social organization, is another Jewish association that deserves commendation, but its aims are not so wide nor so non-radical as those of the Arbeter Ring.

Ambitious Chinese.

Besides the Jews, another nationality keenly anxious to acquire proficiency in English is the Chinese. There are more than two hundred Chinese in London. In the last two or three years their number has more than doubled. Here, most of



MISS GUSSIE GOLDIE BEREN, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beren, 80 Wellington street, is a Russian. This strikingly beautiful little Jewish girl is one of the clever pupils of Simcoe street school, where she is in Miss Skelton's class, Grade VI. Her parents are natives of Russia.

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