

NEWSPAPER FOR CRIMINALS

Field for Journalistic Endeavor Discovered in Moscow.

THIEVES RECOUNTING EXPLOITS Story of Robbery of Valuable Necklace for Which Jeweler Paid Own Money—Housebreaker Wants Wife.

MOSCOW, March 14.—(Special.)—This is the age of specialization in journalism, as in other things the world over. Nearly every trade or profession has its organ. But in this ancient city of Moscow an editor has discovered an entirely new field for newspaper enterprise, which appeals to a numerous clientele. His paper, which made its first appearance only a little while ago, is called "Bosataaska Gazeta," which interpreted means, "The Bare-footed Man's Gazette." It is a little weekly journal consisting of one double sheet of printed matter. It is constantly run by thieves and vagabonds for the benefit of thieves and vagabonds. The bulk of its contents consists of contributions from burglars and other folk who prey upon society, in which they describe their successful exploits. Its tone is humorous and raucy. The text is enlivened with comic sketches, some of which are uncommonly well done. Unless the police suppress it it bids fair to have a prosperous career.

Burglar Seeks Helmsheet. It is not lacking in advertisements, most of them of a decidedly unique character. In the latest issue, for instance, a young man announces that "being full of energy and temperament and having a loving heart, he seeks a life partner in the shape of a young lady with small means." The advertiser goes on to say, that "having practiced housebreaking from his tender youth, he is now at five and twenty, as an expert burglar as any in Moscow, and can therefore assure his wife comfort and even luxury." Answers to this advertisement are to be addressed in care of the newspaper office.

The "office" is situated in the Nikitinka, a shabby enough street, opposite a small theater. It is a private flat and its small dimensions—a room overlooking the courtyard—seem too big for the table, chair and stove which furnish it. The chair is occupied by a shock-headed youth with long, black hair, intelligent eyes and an odor of greasy sheepskin and stale tobacco. He always says the editor is out, and contributors are invited to leave their offerings on the table, where lay an empty vodka bottle, a tea-stained piece of paper and a few cigarette ends. In a word, the management of the paper is wrapped in mystery. Nobody knows where it is printed, least of all the police, who have been on its track since the first number appeared. It comes out once a week and costs 5 copecks (about 25 cents).

Account of Jeweler's Robbery. The number in which the advertisement referred to above appeared also contains a rare account of a jewel robbery committed some time back in Moscow. It is written in vigorous Russian, of which the following is a loose translation. This unknown thief says:

"I wanted to get hold of a very fine pearl and diamond collar, priced at about 5,000 roubles, which I knew was for sale in one of the best jeweler's shops here. So I dressed up as a general who had lost the use of his right arm in the Japanese war, and taking my chum Nicholas, I rigged him up as my orderly. I don't want to tell you the jeweler's name, but I will say that his wife's name is Natasha, and that he has the way of keeping a lot of money at home—he lives away from his shop—like all us Russians, who would rather put our fortunes in a mattress than a bank.

"Well I and Nicholas got into one of the best sledges to be had for the money in Moscow and drove up to the jeweler's shop. I was dressed in a fine Petersburg cloak, lined with rabbit, the best gem in the empire. When I entered the shop, my orderly waited just inside the door, looking about with his mouth wide open, and twirling his fur cap in his hands. Just like all the orderlies who go shopping behind their generals in Moscow. The jeweler was all smiles when, after buying and paying for some trinkets, things which a couple of roubles I carelessly asked if he had any pearls, adding that I probably shouldn't buy them that day. Amongst others he brought out the collar I wanted to get hold of, and said it cost 5,000 roubles. I protested that it was far too dear for my purse and began looking at cheaper ones. But I came back to the jeweler, seeing I wanted the thing, began to bargain.

Agreeing Upon a Plan. "At last, after half an hour's haggling, he agreed to let it go at 4,900 roubles, if I would take it at once. Of course, I said I hadn't so much money on me and didn't care to go home for it. He fell into the trap at once and offered to send a messenger he could trust with a note. I told him, handing the collar the whole time and admiring it, that I could send my orderly, but that my wife would never give him so much money on a verbal message and that, as my right arm was in a sling, I could not write. Then he suggested that he should write at my dictation.

"I dictated, as far as I can remember, these words: 'My beloved Natasha, give the man who brings this 4,900 roubles, which you will find in the place where I always secrete my money. Your loving husband, Nicholas, who knew what he was to do with it, went off, and while he was gone I talked about the pearls and almost decided on a cheaper collar, so that, by the time he came back, with the money, the jeweler was in a feverish lest I should not spend that 4,900 roubles, and had the thing packed up with all haste. I paid for it and drove with Nicholas and the collar straight to the station, where we got into the Petersburg train and from there to Berlin. I can guess what a state the jeweler was in when he went home, bawling with joy that he had sold the necklace, till his wife asked him what he wanted with 4,900 roubles that morning.

"Of course, Nicholas had given the jeweler's letter to another chum, who looked as respectable as you like, and who gave it to the jeweler's wife. She asked him a few questions, satisfied herself by his answers that he had come from her husband's shop, and gave him the money. He handed it to Nicholas, who was waiting near, and drove to the shop with it. This is how I got the dearest pearl and diamond collar in Moscow, and paid for it with the jeweler's own money. And if some of the readers of the 'Bosataaska Gazeta' have done a better trick, they can tell about it. Perhaps another time I'll tell them how I got the sable-lined general's cloak; but Moscow is getting too hot for me, so I'm going somewhere else for a time."

CZAR IS CALLED A HANGMAN

Former Confessor of Imperial Family Not Slow in Speech.

POLITICAL EXECUTIONS FORCED Declares Head of Government Responsible for Policy—Efforts of Holy Synod to Crush Him.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 14.—(Special.)—Once more has the voice of a priest been raised in Russia against the czar's government; once more has an ex-favorite loudly denounced his late patron's cruelty towards the people. This latest addition to the fast-increasing host of czar-condemners—a host that is far more powerful than most people suspect—is Father Petroff, professor of religion in schools, preacher, member of the Duma and at one time confessor to the grand dukes, Paul Alexandrovitch and Constantin Constantinovitch. Like some few popes (Russian priests) who have not yet been distasteful by autocracy, Father Petroff is an idealist. When entering the service of the imperial family he thought he would thereby do good to the oppressed Russian people, from whom he springs and whom he loves. He thought that his influence on the young members of the imperial household would make them see the wickedness of regarding their subjects as herds of cattle and beasts of burden. But the odds against him were too great. After a decade of work in the palaces, came the massacre of January 22, 1886, when he heard the grand dukes say they ought to humbly thank the soldiers for shooting the people. "Then," to use Father Petroff's own words, "I shook the dust of palaces from my feet."

As many people in Petersburg agreed with Father Petroff, he was selected a member of the first Duma. But his old patrons called him a traitor and handed him over to the tender mercies of the holy synod. "This man knows too much and will speak of it in the Duma," they said. He was therefore seized by the order of the synod and banished to a monastery for three months. Not only this—but he was deprived of his professorship, forbidden to preach in any church and fined. When his term of banishment was over the Duma had dissolved.

Priest Used Newspaper. He determined to expose the wrongs of the people and the tyranny of czars by means of a newspaper which he started and called God's Truth. This, too, was suppressed by the government. Not content with this the holy synod has instituted twenty-seven prosecutions against him and would have unrobed him long ago were it not that Father Petroff proved that he has never swerved from the purest Christianity. At last he has sent a letter to the metropolitan archbishop of St. Petersburg, Father Antonin, in which he declares his religious and political opinions. He also sent copies of this letter to M. Stolypin, Count Witte, the minister of justice and other prominent men. Thus he hopes to get together some powerful friends before the synod, who are preparing a fresh blow and will be able to strike at him again. The letter, which is very long, contains some remarkable passages and many home thrusts.

Among other things, he says: "In our times there are only isolated Christians, exceptional personalities, but there is no Christendom, no Christian legislation, no Christian people, no Christian government. Emperors," he continues, "treat their states as their private domains. Such a state of things has come to be considered as a lawful, as a natural state of things. All over our country, every day, are executions by shooting and hanging. The hangman builds the gallows and throttles the victim with the rope. But it is not the hangman that kills. He is but an instrument connected with the execution, like the gallows and the noose. It is the sovereign who appoints the hangman minister."

Whether M. Stolypin and the minister of justice will appreciate this plain speaking is a matter of great doubt. Probably, even the metropolitan himself will refrain from siding with one of his clergy who boldly declares the czar, who is the supreme head of the church, to be the "power that throttles." But the letter will certainly create a great sensation and immense interest is being evinced in the consequences of this bold step.

Lady Woolsten Now Slender. On her last visit to New York the charming, titled English kinswoman of the Van Horn Mentors or Rhoads Island was quite plump—even fat—yes, downright fat. This visit she is beautifully slender, but neither exercising nor dieting did it, she says. Here is her advice to her American cousins, who would safely and quickly take off a pound or so of fat a day and keep it off as desired. Take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime of this simple remedy, every day: 1/2 ounce Marmola, 1/2 ounce Fluid Extract Cascara Aromatic and 1/4 ounce Syrup Simplex. These articles, at little cost, may be obtained at any drug store, and can be mixed at home by any one. "There isn't a stomach ache in a barrelful," concluded her ladyship. "That is she meant all that, though her language was much more elegant, of course."

HAFID BECOMES A SUPPLICANT Sultan of South Joras Other Tribesmen in Petition for Peace in Morocco.

PARIS, March 14.—The government at last believes that there is a good prospect of a definite settlement of the trouble in Morocco. This will be based upon the submission and elimination of Mulai Hafid, the insurgent sultan. While negotiations with Mulai Hafid have not yet actually begun, General d'Amade, the French commander in Morocco, telegraphs that applications for peace have been received from Hafid and his leaders. MADRID, March 14.—It is rumored that an arrangement may be made by which Mulai Hafid and his lieutenants will be furnished money for an indefinite pilgrimage to Mecca; in other words, that they will be paid to leave the country.

ALIA ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE Condemned Murderer of Father Leo Slashes Neck of "Trusty" Who Was Cleaning Cell.

DENVER, Colo., March 14.—An attempt was made today by Giuseppe Alia, the condemned murderer of Father Leo Heinrichs, to escape from the county jail, where he has been under heavy guard day and night. He made use of a razor blade, with which he slashed the neck of a "trusty" who was cleaning his cell, and then made a rush to get away. The "trusty," despite his cut, rushed after Alia and pincioned him and he was quickly overpowered with the help of Deputy Warden Carpen. The trusty has a wound two and a half inches long on his neck, but as the jugular vein is not severed he will recover.

When returned to the jail after his conviction on Thursday Alia was stripped of everything and a complete new outfit was given him except his socks. These were turned inside out, examined and returned to him. Alia was then placed in the cell for the condemned, which had been thoroughly swept and cleaned and supplied with new bedding. This cell had been occupied by an Italian named Bernati, who accompanied Alia to Denver from New York and has been held since the assassination of Father Leo as a suspect and possible witness. After Alia's conviction Bernati was removed to another part of the jail and the cell he had occupied was then made ready for the condemned man. Bernati was released from jail last night and, as he passed Alia's cell he spoke to the condemned man in Italian. It is surmised that Bernati may have left the razor concealed in the bowl of the water closet in the cell and told Alia where to look for it when he passed out last night.

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