

# POLITICAL MURDERS IN RUSSIA INSTIGATED BY SPIES



WHEN a political killing happens in Russia, look for the agent provocateur.

This maxim is fairly justified, yet it has exceptions. There are contradictions and sinister puzzles. Things Russian are topsy-turvy from the moral as well as other standpoints.

For latest example, take the slaying of Premier Stolypin. Who killed him, and for what purpose? The answer is not as obvious as an American would assume. Amazingly enough, the assassin, Bogroff, was claimed both by the government and by the revolutionists. "He was a cog in our machine who went wrong," assert the police. "He was a revolutionist who obeyed our orders," say the disciples of terrorism.

It requires thought to appreciate the seriousness of the dilemma which the situation presents, especially on the side of the police. The officials find it a shade preferable to take the wrong cog view, and assert that Bogroff had a regular permit to enter the theater, and used a revolver supplied by the authorities. It is less injurious to the police to take this view than to admit that they were outwitted by the enemy, and that terrorism is in successful ascendancy.

There is an increasing roll in Russia, headed by the arch betrayer Azeff, who helped to kill a grand duke and a minister while in government employ, of ambiguous persons who may be styled the missing links or unclassified personalities of revolution. Agent provocateur, "secret co-worker," government spy, revolutionary spy—these seem to be simple terms whose meaning can be easily learned and understood. But the dictionary definitions do not satisfy an impartial student. There are things in the phenomena not covered by the definitions. The revolutionists are with the dictionary. Like the police, they do not believe in a twilight zone; they separate the sheep from the goats with a clear line. They explain most elaborately that a sheep is a sheep and a goat is a goat. Nevertheless, a survey of cold facts shows that there are woolly goats and goatish sheep. Azeff, Gapon, Petroff, Bogroff, they worked on both sides and helped and hurt both sides. A psychological zoologist would have difficulty in placing them.

The Russian agent provocateur is a government spy who encourages or commits crime for the sake of making arrests. But any spy, or detective is likely to conduct a degree of crime in order to succeed in his work. Between direct provocation and condonation the difference is not always perceptible. The strategy operating against the government must needs use to a greater or less degree the same methods. He must betray someone, injure his party a little in order to injure the enemy more. In a game of desperate intrigue, where the stakes are life and death, only the strongest characters preserve their moral and mental balance. So great is the peril of losing integrity that

many leaders of the revolutionary movement disapprove of any revolutionist entering the service of the police.

Some new light on the spy problem in general and the Azeff case in particular was given by Leonid Menschikoff, late senior assistant to the chief of the Third section at St. Petersburg. Mr. Menschikoff is the original exposé of the terrific Azeff and has supplied evidence against lesser stars of the inferno of provocation.

A boy of sixteen in a technical high school at Moscow, Leonid Menschikoff was arrested for belonging to a revolutionary circle. He was betrayed by a fellow member of the circle, Zubatoff, who became an eminent provocateur and chief of police at St. Petersburg. The young student spent a few months in jail. Then he entered the police service, not as a spy, but as a kind of clerk or lower official.

He determined to learn the system and the personnel and to obtain documents for the benefit of the revolutionists.

Mr. Menschikoff saw in the secret records that there were three extremely able agents provocateur in the Third Section. One was named Raskin, another Vinogradoff, another Valuykii. These men were in the utmost confidence of the terrorists. They knew beforehand all the big plots, even the slaying of Minister Plehve and Grand Duke Sergius. This trinity of talent, strange to say, focussed gradually into one personage—a master traitor whose name has removed considerable stigma from that of Judas in the minds of several million people.

Mr. Menschikoff, regardless of danger to himself and his plans, felt compelled to write an anonymous letter to a member of the revolutionary central committee, informing him that a great terrorist leader was a police spy. The committee member was asked to tell no one except five of his fellows, but in his astonishment he showed the letter to Eugene Azeff, who was known to him by another name, and said:

"Who is Azeff?"

"I am Azeff," calmly replied the arch spy. "But there is a mistake. The guilty man is Tataroff."

Tataroff, also mentioned in the letter, was in fact a police agent. He was a candidate for the inner circle of terrorism, sent forward by his employers for the purpose of checking up the activities of Azeff, whose splendid villainies had no supervision. Tataroff tried to save himself by accusing his eminent colleague, though he had no personal knowledge of Azeff's police position. A revolutionary tribunal tried Tataroff, condemned him to death, and had him shot in 1906. Before he was killed, however, Tataroff denounced Azeff to the police as being un-cryal and engage. In terroristic work Azeff was arrested by General Gramshoff, chief of police, and threatened with exposure of his double role, whereupon he made a wholesale betrayal of revolutionists whom he had perhaps not intended to

betray. Several hundred were arrested, exiled, shot or hanged.

James Persitz, late an official in the Russian secret police, now in New York engaged in writing his memoirs, gave an account of his adventures as a spy among terrorists.

"One society which I joined in the course of my duty provided me with an experience which shall never be forgotten. By the fierceness of my declarations and the energy I displayed I rose until I was selected to carry out a desperate deed involving the murder of a number of prominent officials. Needless to say, the plot was communicated by me to the officials of the secret police. Communication with them was, of course, extremely dangerous. I took the greatest possible care to cover up the traces of my handwork, but nevertheless the anarchist police outwitted me and secured incontrovertible evidence that I was a police spy. Their method of doing this was interesting.

"The chief of the society wrote out the details of an attempt to be made on a certain high official. At a time when only the leader and I were in the room he made some excuse for leaving me alone for a few moments. In my eagerness to fulfill my duty I rapidly searched over the papers he had left, noting the place and the date when the scheme was to be put into execution. Shortly afterward the anarchist chief returned and pocketed the documents.

"On the fateful night the chief informed me that the attempt had been postponed. As I afterward found out, some members of the anarchist police sent to survey the neighborhood had detected signs of the watching officials and realized that their plans had been divulged to the police by some traitor. Since the chief of the anarchists and myself were the only two people who had any knowledge of the intended outrage—which, of course, was simply a sham affair prepared to trap me. I was immediately known to them in my true light as a police spy."

After this, Mr. Persitz says, he was decoyed to a lonely wood near Moscow, bound hand and foot by the terrorists and ordered to confess. "At first, rendered desperate by my peril, I stoutly refused to admit my guilt, shouting frantically, 'I deny it all!' But, with many curses and blows, they told me that I was already convicted. They ordered me to divulge to them the secrets of the political police. This, however, I refused to do. My captors then held a consultation and decided to follow the methods of the inquisition and wring from me by torture the particulars they were seeking. . . . Pins were forced into all parts of my body, each torturer apparently vying with the others to discover a place which would produce the most excruciating pain.

The lash was applied in addition to the pins. Then the captors, considering it vain to gain any information, discussed methods of killing the traitor. A handsome young Polish Jew, says the narrator came forward and exclaimed:

"I have an excellent idea. All the deaths you suggest are too quick. He is tied; let us lay him on the railway. The Petersburg express will shortly be due, and the cus will have the pleasure of lying helpless while he sees the train coming nearer and nearer. It will give him time to think over his treachery."

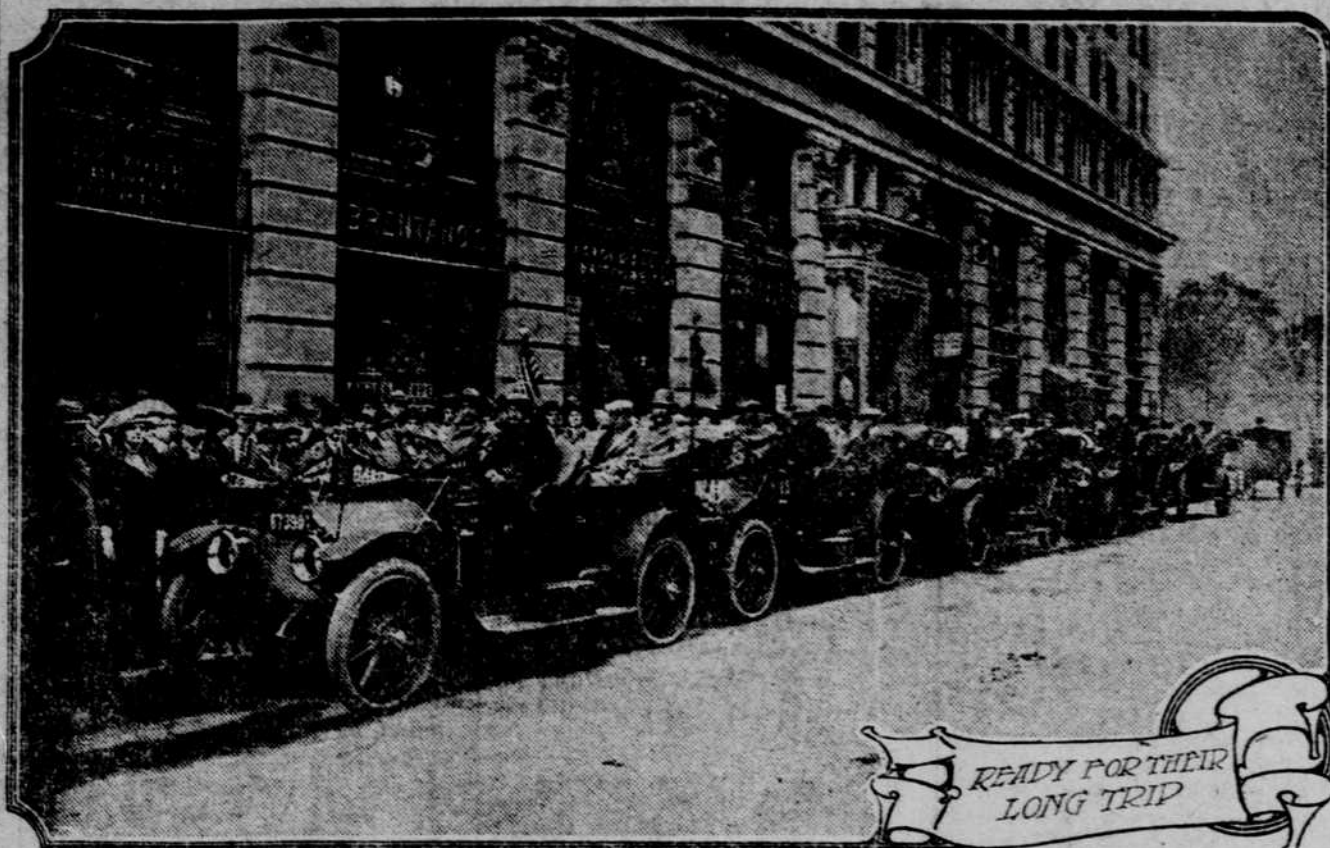
"The suggestion was heartily approved. With many a curse and blow I was promptly carried off and laid across the rails of the Moscow-Petersburg railway, being tied face upward to the rails by the ropes that bound my hands behind my back. After having brutally kicked me almost into insensibility and wished me a sarcastic 'goodby,' my onetime fellow anarchist disappeared in the gathering darkness of the night.

"Slowly the minutes passed away, and, at last, to my horror, I heard the rumble of the approaching train. Never shall I forget the unspeakable terror of that moment. Nervous racking though the period of suspense had been, it was as nothing to this. Presently the rumble grew to a roar, and, turning, my head, I saw the lights of the express approaching. Then I think I lost all control of myself. In a frenzy of fear I redoubled my efforts to escape, flinging myself this way and that. Larger and larger grew those glaring orbs of light, nearer and nearer came the ponderous wheels. I realized that I had but a few moments more to live. Making an effort, I managed to lie calmly for a brief second or two; then I braced feet and shoulders and heaved upward with all my remaining strength.

"The cord parted. With one wild scream of excitement I rolled between the rails. I remember a deafening, thunderous roar and the approach of a hot blast, such as comes from the opening of an enormous furnace door. Then everything went red, and I lapsed into insensibility."

Mr. Persitz says he woke up in a hospital three months later, having been delirious all that time. On account of the affair he was rewarded with \$400 "gratification money," an increase of salary and a six months' vacation, which he spent mostly in Italy.

## FIRST PUBLIC AUTOMOBILE TRAIN ACROSS CONTINENT



THIS photograph shows the start, from Fifth avenue, New York, of the first public automobile train across the American continent. The train comprises five seven-passenger touring cars and one motor truck carrying repair outfits. It is expected to make the trip to Los Angeles, some four thousand miles, in about two months. The governors of the various states through which the tourists will pass will give them official receipts.

## END OF OLD GARDEN

### Horse Show Last in the Famous Old Structure.

Foreign Army Officers to Compete With Those of Our Establishment in Riding Classes—\$40,000 Worth of Prizes.

New York—New York's twenty-seventh annual horse show, which opens November 18, will have more than usual significance, for it will be the last of these famous gatherings to be held in Madison Square Garden.

The abandonment of this famous building marks the passing of many things written intimately into the history of the city, but especially its loss will be felt by the thousands who for years have thronged its arena at the horse shows. While a home can be found for the show, it will take some of the older patrons a long time to accustom themselves to new surroundings.

For a sentimental reason, if for no other, the management of the National Horse Show of America, Limited, has planned to make the show of November 18-25 more brilliant than any of its predecessors in order that the farewell to the old home literally may be made in a blaze of glory. Plans to this end have been under way for months, and as the day for the opening approaches it becomes more and more evident that they will succeed.

One feature that will contribute largely to the success of the coming event is the imposing array of prizes, their total value being \$40,000. Among

those who have individually and jointly offered cups and cash prizes are Alfred G. Vanderbilt, president of the association; J. W. Harriman, Robert A. Fairbairn and Frederick M. Davies, as well as various societies including the English Hackney society and the International Horse Show of London.

Several trophies which must be won two or three times in order to be retained by the winner probably will be won permanently during the coming show. Among these is the \$500 gold cup for the best mare or gelding sired by a stallion registered in the English Hackney Stud book. The cup is one offered by the English Hackney society and must be won three times to be retained. Both J. W. Harriman and Judge Moore have two "legs" on the trophy and one of them will probably win it for all time next month. Judge Moore and Fairmont Farms each has a leg on the \$600 cup offered by Jay F. Carlisle for park teams.

In all there are 152 classes shown, the most of them being the same as last year. An entirely new class is that for delivery wagon outfits in actual service to be shown in single harness. The prizes for this class were donated by Frederick M. Davies. Of the total number of classes 26 are to be judged as breeding stock.

But what will add as much as anything else to the spectacular features of the show will be the array of foreign army officers who will compete with the officers of our own army. Chief interest will center on Lieut. C. F. Walwyn of the Royal Horse Artillery of England, who last year won the Canadian Challenge cup donated

### ASKS PRISONER BE STRIPPED

Man Who Finds Stolen Clothes Wants to Wear Them Home—Suggests Barrel for the Thief.

New York—John Dougherty reported to the police of the East Thirty-fifth street station two weeks ago that a new suit of his clothes had been stolen from his office at East Forty-second street, but, having got no results, he decided to do his own detective work.

Passing the corner of Twentieth street and Second avenue Dougherty met a tall man wearing a suit exactly like the stolen one. The clothes were much too small for the wearer. Dougherty approached him and said:

"You have on my clothes. Take 'em off."

The man ran. Dougherty followed, and after a chase of three blocks overhauled the fugitive. In the station house the man said he was Edward Marsh, an aviator, living at Mills hotel, No. 3. He added:

"These are my clothes, but I have grown a lot in two weeks, and the clothes couldn't keep pace with me."

Dougherty said he had a scapular and a small horsehoe in an inside pocket of the coat. The scapular and horsehoe were found. Then Dougherty demanded his clothes, explaining he wanted to wear them today.

"But what will the prisoner wear to court?" Lieutenant Burk asked.

"Get him a barrel," said Dougherty. "I don't care whether it fits or not."

Marsh was locked up, charged with grand larceny. Dougherty was told he could get his clothes after the prisoner had been arraigned in police court.

### LANDSCAPE INSIDE OF A HAT

Paris Art Dealer Tells Story of Corot and He Has Headgear to Prove It—Was an Accident.

Paris.—The old story of a picture painted by a master as the result of an accident has been revived by a Paris art dealer, who says he has a Corot painted in a hat.

The hat in question is of felt and bears the stamp "Pinaud et Armour, 89 Rue de Richelieu, Fournisseurs des Cours Etrangeres."

This story is told of how Corot came to paint one of his landscapes on the inside of the hat: One day a visitor called on Corot at his studio, and, sitting on a comfortable chair, placed his hat on a stool near the artist's easel. Corot, who never stopped working while chatting with callers, accidentally dropped a paint-laden brush into the hat.

The friend exclaimed: "I bought it this year, afternoon, and now you have ruined it!"

"Not quite," replied Corot. "Wait a little and perhaps you will be glad of the accident." He thereupon placed the hat on the table and began working around the blotch his brush had caused on the silk lining. In less than twenty minutes a landscape with trees, still water, an old tower in the background, and a clouded sky of blue which was formed by the original color of the lining, covered the entire inside of the top of the crown.

## HONOR TO PIONEER

Methodists Unveil Tablet to Early Western Minister.

Rock River Conference Erects Stone to Memory of Man Who Organized First Methodist Church in Illinois.

Chicago.—The memory of Jesse Walker, the "Daniel Boone" of Methodism, organizer of the Methodist church in Illinois and first Methodist pastor in Chicago, was honored in a monument erected to him and his wife by the Methodist Episcopal church, south, at Plainfield, this state, recently.

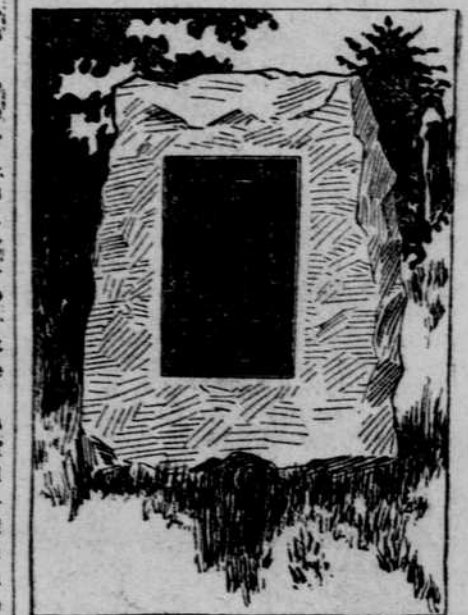
The monument was formally presented by Rev. W. M. Ewing of Plainfield, pastor of the Methodist church of that village. Master Everett Davis Weese, a great-grandson of Jesse Walker, unveiled the monument. The acceptance of the monument in behalf of the conference was made by Bishop J. H. Hamilton. The final chord of good feeling was touched by Bishop E. R. Hendrix of the Methodist church, South, who made the address.

Jesse Walker was born in Virginia in 1766 and he was a pioneer preacher in Missouri and Illinois during the first third of the last century. After he had started the Chicago church, which was one of the landmarks of the city for years, and after he had served as the first presiding elder in Illinois he went to St. Louis, where he continued his work. He died in Plainfield in 1835.

The monument is of Vermont granite, six feet high and occupies a conspicuous place in the little cemetery. It was paid for by subscriptions of the members of the conference.

Jesse Walker was a pioneer in every sense of the word and his was a striking personality of the church militant. Whenever a virgin field with special difficulties was to be entered, he was the man the bishops of his church chose for the work.

His natural vigor was almost superhuman. He did not appear to require food and rest as did other men.



Monument to Jesse Walker.

No day's journey was long enough to wear him out and no fare too poor for him to live upon.

He was a native of Virginia, joining the western conference in 1822. He was sent to Red River, Tenn. In his first year's work he gave Peter Cartwright, the famous circuit rider, his license to preach.

In 1805 he was transferred to Illinois, the entire state being his parish. He made a tour of the state on horseback and reported 218 conversions in the first year. Then he went to St. Louis, where he made friends. At the end of his first year he had organized a church of 70 members and a Sunday school.

Two years later this church was strong enough to entertain its conference. The pioneer then went to Chicago and preached the first Methodist sermon ever heard there. He also established the first Methodist church at Fort Clark, now Peoria.

### FARMER KILLED BY MACHINE

Swiftly Revolving Knives of an Enslange Chopper Cut Him to Pieces.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Drawn upon the last revolving knives of an ensilage cutter on his place near here, Andrew Lendey, a young farmer, met a horrible death. His right arm was first severed at the shoulder. In his struggles to free himself his entire left side, including the heart, was torn off. The cutter had nearly finished its work of preparing fodder for the Lendey silo. Lendey sought to get a piece of cornstalk from the machinery in the knife box. The operators of the cutter heard his screams, but were unable to stop the engine in time. The victim is survived by a wife, a bride of a year.

### Dead Babe in a Box.

Holland, Mich.—Two boys, Albert Martin and Willie Oosthout, made the gruesome discovery of a box containing the body of a newly-born baby girl while playing on the banks of Tannery Creek. The body was wrapped in pieces of cloth and finger marks on its throat indicated that the child was choked to death.

### Funeral Songs for Horse.

New Philadelphia, O.—The members of the family of Theodore Peters were so affected when the old family horse was laid at rest that Theron Peters sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

### Has Read Bible 200 Times.

Ithaca, N. Y.—Mrs. Sarah Hartly of Ithaca, now 95 years old, has completed reading the Bible through for the two hundred and sixtieth time. Mrs. Hartly is the sole survivor of a family of eight and has outlived her husband and two sons.

### WILD GAME IN VENEZUELA

Jaguar, Many Varieties of Wildcats, Strange Birds and Snakes Are Plentiful.

Venezuela offers a better opportunity for the seeker of wild game than any other country in the world, perhaps, said Ralph Tullin, recently consul of the United States at Maracaibo, Venezuela. Mr. Tullin, who is a Tennesseean, had been in the country for three years and has been attacked in Maracaibo and Santo Domingo. He is on his way to his new post at Trinita, Austria.

"I have hunted from a source of wonder to an almost boundless field of hunting. There is no game in Venezuela, in spots along the Amazon and in the country of Lake Maracaibo, more abundant than in any other game country. I have found there perhaps as many other game as in any other country. One of the most interesting is the jaguar, which is the largest of the big cats. It is a native of that

country. The anaconda is another huge reptile that is met frequently. Deer abound in Venezuela and are of all kinds."

"Stint" and "Stunt." Stint is a good word as a noun. As a verb it means something not quite so pleasing. Do not confuse it with stunt, however. A stunt is something quite useless. It is the horse-play of the mountebank, and has nothing in common with honest, productive labor. A stint is the warning to the wise that something demands to be accomplished; a goal to the ignorant that time is on the wing.—Atlantic.

New Life-Preparer. A new life-preserver, which has been successfully tried, may be introduced into the German navy, writes the American consul from Brunswick. The apparatus, which weighs 5 1/2 pounds, consists of two swimming cushions bound together by straps. The cushions lie upon the breast and back. The apparatus is provided with a small lamp fed by a battery.

### UNIQUE TRIP OF A BOTTLE

Letter Makes Journey From New York to Ireland and Thence Back to Its Author in Chicago.

Chicago.—From New York city to Erin's Isle in a bottle was the journey of a letter which returned to its author, Fred J. Butler, 1407 Republic building, Chicago.

With a party of friends, Mr. Butler went abroad last November. They sailed from New York and when two days out included the note in a bottle and tossed it overboard. For nearly ten months the glass-encased message was washed by the waves. Then it was found by P. L. MacHale of Allibrick, Clifton, County Galway, Ireland.

In a letter to the Chicagoan Mr. MacHale said: "In compliance with your request, I beg to inclose your note—found at Slyne Head, 53 degrees 40 minutes north and 14 degrees 4 minutes west—and remain, yours faithfully." The letter found was only a brief note, as follows:

### MRS. WILEY'S "IDEAL HOME"

Wife of Government's Pure Food Advocate Talks of the Service Required of Husband and Mate.

New York.—"The perfect home does not consist of a husband and wife with the equipment of a house in which one has all the responsibility and the other does nothing, whether that one be the man or the woman, but in the perfect home each renders service to the best of his ability."

This is the ideal of marriage and the home which Mrs. Anna Kelton Wiley, wife of the chief of the United States bureau of chemistry, presented to the domestic science congress at the pure food show in Madison square garden.

She praised the work of clubwomen for the enforcement of the pure food law, and urged all to insist on proper weights by keeping standard scales at home.

Get the Habit. Telling the truth may become a matter of habit.

Coolness in Externality. "Do you think he would be cool in time of danger?" "I think his feet would."