# Memoirs of Mendel Beilis Victim of Russian Persecution Writes His Own Story for The Bee Readers

A warder came and took away my prison clothes, and brought me the old s blue suit which I was wearing at the time of my arrest, and which I had not seen for two years.

"Make yourself comfortable," said the superintendent, while I was dressing, you have nothing to worry about. The truth will soon be told now.

When I heard him say this in quite a kind voice I could scarcely believe my Was this the man who had all along treated me so shamefully?

He evidently had an idea of what was passing through my mind-I suppose I must have looked astonished, for he made haste to add, in an apologetic tone:

"I see by the newspapers that there ! no evidence against you, and that you will be soon set free. When that time omes I don't want you to think unkindly of us. Remember, in prison we have to do many things we don't like."

I thanked him and left the cell with

Before leaving prison, two of the polloament took hold of me and took off my clothes until I was naked. Then they began to punch me and pinch me all over until I cried from pain. One of them put his fist in my mouth, and, taking hold of my tongue, twisted it until he nearly tore it from the roots. This was to make sure that I had no poison in my mouth.

I . nearly fainted with pain. They roared with laughter. This treatment went on every day during my trial

Having redressed myself, I was told to follow my guard, and after a walk along some corridors, I found myself at the prison entrance, where a prison van was drawn up. As I was getting into the van I caught one glimpse of the beautiful sky, which I had not seen for so many weary months. The van was surrounded by soldiers in the courtyard of the prison, and when the great doors opened I could see from the small grating many more soldiers, and hundreds of police and gendarmes pushing back a great crowd who tried to make their way to the van.

There seemed to be more women than men in the crowd. Most of them were girl students. There must have been many thousands in all. Many waved handkerchiefs, and their hats, and I heard them shouting my name. I was A Pris overjoyed to find that I had so many friends outside, and my heart became much lighter.

All the way to the court the streets were thronged, and I could see cossacks driving the people back with whips before we arrived. Although I had lived in Kiev for many years, this was the first time I had seen the building.

As we entered the court, the thought came into my head. "I must not fear. God will help me. He will show them the truth. He will not leave me alone in this hour." And it was this thought that kept me up during the terrible time of my trial, which now seems to me like a nightmare.

Going up the stairs I met several stuwith their "Black Hundred" badges on their coats. They stood in our way, and would not allow us to pass for the moment.

"Wait a moment," they oried, "you how to kill our Christian children!" Four soldiers guarded me with loaded their rough dress and long hair, my rifles. It seemer hours before I heard hopes again began to fade.

a voice calling: "Bring in the prisoner!" The four soldiers, with naked swords, telling me to occupy the tiny dock, in

nights, I was to remain. My eyes first fell on the four judges, darmes, who had me arrested, and dur- cian. questioned me.

wondered what they had come for.



mer Rusned to Court by Cossarks. A Sketch by Mr. John Charlton, the Distinguished English Illustrator, Drawn in Russia, and Showing the Brutal Methods of the Russian Police with Their Prisoners.—Beilis Tells How These Same Cossacks Whipped the People to Make Way for Him When Carried Away for Trial.

very nervous. I saw a great number of of having committed the murder was ac- doctors feared for his life. At this molawyers walk in, and a warder told me customed to slaughtering animals. they were all against me. This made At last the court seemed to settle down, me very much afraid. But soon after- and I heard the president's voice saying tested, but she insisted. ward I saw my lawyers come into court, in Russian: and my confidence came back.

It seemed to me that there was a quarrel between the lawyers right at the seemed to be my own, I told him. start, as to where they should sit. I think mine must have won, because they laughed and looked very happy. One of them beckoned to me, and told me to being devoted to finding out whether I take a seat at the other end of the dock, had confidence in my lawyers, which, of quickly. I want to make a confession." just against them.

I saw the jury come in. I had hoped to days. I remember that my name was her hands to her mouth and signalled the find them of the better class. It spemed only mentioned once, and then, only on boy not to speak. dirty Jew! They will show you here to me that the ordinary moulk could the last page. small, with a wooden bench on one side. Peasants, and looked at them sitting in turned

man in the uniform of a general, his that she was going to say, yet, from what chest being nearly covered with medals the prosecutor had told me while I was surrounded me, and took me into court. He reminded me very much of my old in prison, I knew her story was supcolonel. My thoughts went back to the posed to be right against me. which for thirty-five days, and sometimes days in the army, and I wished heartily. She began by telling the judges and

that I was living them over again. I had another look at the general. I could been an important witness if he had not all of whom were dressed in black, while not see his face, but I at once decided died under suspicious circumstances, had the president, in addition, were his chain that so important a man must be against been playing with his little friend of office. At the back of the judges, an- me. But when he looked around and I Yuschinsky, near the brick works. other forty or fifty officials filled every saw his countenance I thought immeavailable chair, and many were standing. distely that this must be a very good beard rushed out and seized her boy, Among these I recognized all the prose- man, and I was sure that he would stand dragging him into the grounds of Zaitcutors who had come to see me, the up for me. I found afterward that it zeff's brick works, and Yuschinsky was governor of Klev, and the chief gen- was Dr. Pavlow, the czar's own physi- never seen alive again.

All eyes were turned on me, and I felt later that the man whom many suspected was present when her son died.

"Beills, how old are you?" In a trembling voice, which scarcely sight, and one of them accompanied the "Are you a Jew?"

"Yes; your excellency," I replied. Other questions followed, the last ones course, I had, Then followed the read-I shall never forget my feelings when ing of the indictment, which lasted three ped between them. Excitedly she put

I was placed in a cell in which prisoners questions I had been told were to come the mother of Yuschinsky, Prichodko, tell murder. Tell them that I know nothing kept. It was very up. When I saw that ten of them were how her boy left home and never re- about it."

Then Vera Cheberiak was called, I could not help feeling nervous and

jurymen that the boy, who would have Suddenly, she said, a Jew with a black

I knew this to be a pack of lies, but fell fainting to the floor. ing my imprisonment had frequently He turned out to be my most powerful all the same I could see, watching the friend in court. His testimony proved faces of the jurymen closely as I did, do not know even now what it was all Presently my eyes wandered around the that a man like myself, with no medical that her story had made a deep impres- about. For days many important people body of the court room, where I noticed knowledge, could not possibly have killed sion upon them. Everyone in court was came and gave evidence about the ritual a number of fashionably dressed women the unfortunate boy, inflicting such ex- excited, which increased when she was practice, but I understood nothing of traordinary wounds. It was discovered confronted with the police officer who

Mendel Beilis.

This little boy had me, and this was as much as I ever he wished to tell. been in hospital ill, knew, He took a turn for

ment the mother appeared and insisted brought me almost to a state of frenzy. It was this story that gave me light on on taking him home. The doctors pro-Because he was to be such an important been able to understand. witness, the police did not let him out of pair home. Shortly after their arrival the boy became so bad that his death was

feared. The poor boy himself realized this, and called for a priest. "Father! Father!" he cried, "come The priest came, but the woman step-

"Jenia! Jenia!" she screamed, "tell the not possibly understand the complicated At last, the evidence started. I heard police officer that I am innocent of this

voice, maid:

"No, mother, I cannot, I cannot, Leave Just in front of me I noticed a gentle- excited. Although I did not know all me alone," and, addressing himself to the police, in his gentle voice he called

> "Father! Father! Come, come quickly! I must tell you the truth!" He never had the chance. Cheberiak rushed at him, pushing aside the priest and police officer, and seized him in her arms. She caught him up to her, showered kisses upon his mouth, so that he could not speak, and thus the boy died. I

have often wondered what this boy would have said had he been allowed to While my counsel, Mr. Maklaklow, brother of the minister of the interior, was describing this dreadful incident, I

As for the greater part of the trial, I what they said. I used to ask one of my lawyers whether they were for or against

It was the story told by the journalist, the worse and the Brazul Broughkovsky, a Christian, which

> Mr. Broushkovsky said that after the murder he, as a journalist, was closely in touch with the facts and the names When he found that the enemies of

aroused my keenest interest, and which

look for the real murderer. that it was impossible for me to have wiped away the traces of blood. been guilty. His first step, after having seen all the police officials and the witnesses in the warlier inquiry, was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with per- was interrupted. sons who knew the boy Yuschinsky well. He got acquainted with the boy's mother

where the crime was committed. He visited the place where the body all those whom he thought might have was placed in a stable, and a day later just like Mr. Wipper, but he was more been connected with the murder. As a buried in the cellar. That night the as- violent still, sociates.

Six months after the murder new facts

Cheberiak's husband nor her children public property. were in their house that night. And, she | Together with another woman, they went on, curiously enough some dogs a went to Cheberiak's house, but they did few days later dug up some rags soaked not remain all night. The former was so in blood. Next morning those dogs were wild in her manner, and in such a found hanged.

This led to the previous careers of Cheberiak and her friends being investigated. This was not difficult. On the who had been arrested a week before next Sunday.

A Massacre of Revolutionists by Russian fused to take notice of them or inves-Soldiers. Men Belonging to the "Black Hundred," the Anti-Jewish Organization Described by Beills, Are Picked Out for Such Out-

rages and Are Trusted to Kill as Many Jews as Possible.

19th of March, 1911, the day before the of thieves with whom Cheberiak was known to have been associated.

Mr. Broushkovsky was able to prove and the children of Cheberiak, and the that my case needed revision. former threatened to tell the police about the woman Cheberlak and the gang of evidently being afraid of his talking.

Many believe, when Cheberiak's son lay dying and begged to make his confession, it was the truth about the murder which den seemed to fade into the air.

With all the facts that eventually came assassins, the remaining members of the education than myself. so many things that I had not before gang, Ivan Latishov, Peter Singaevsky I wondered whether he could believe all

room by the men. Cheberiak and an- blood, and he even wept when he said other woman kept watch. Youschinsky this. He looked to me like a man acting was gagged-it must have been during this his part. He said scarcely a word about time that the screams were heard-and the facts of the murder. The entire Jowry were making use of the orime for tortured. Singaevsky held his arms and speech was one long attack on my race. the purpose of arousing the passions of logs. Roudzinsky, a butcher by trade, If he spoke of Yuschinsky, he spoke of the mob against the Jews he decided to inflicted the curious wounds on his tem- him as a saint, and if he mentioned me ples and all over his body. Latishov ob- it was always as "that murderer." Even It did not take him long to find out tained the rags, and with the utmost care I could see that he had no facts to go

the skull was pierced and wrapped in a my conviction. Unfortunately i could see carpet. At this moment the foul work that it was telling with the flury.

and step-father and got closely in touch outside-one of Cheberiak's friends had jurymen will not dure to go against him." with the criminals living in the district called. Cheberiak asked the friend to have some tea in the kitchen

was discovered and also the houses of bath. Next day, wrapped in a cloth, it well as a member of the Duma. He spoke result of all his inquiries his suspicions sassins left for Moscow where they comfell on the woman Cheberiak and her as- mitted another robbery, but were caught ing his speech. I felt like appealing to and brought back to Klev.

Left alone the same evening in the to such lies. But I managed to keep came to light. A neighbor of Cheber- house, Cheberiak was overcome by the calm. iak's came forward and declared that on thoughts of the crimes. She went to the the night of the murder she heard some same woman who had called while the terrible acreams from a boy, which murder was in progress, and asked her lasted several minutes. After that there to spend the night with her in her house, as she was haunted by "the ghost of Moreover, this woman said, neither the murdered boy," the murder now being

> hysterical state, that they feared to remain and quickly left.

Next day, the members of the gang

was not, after all, the cause of their arrest. This statement seemed to make Cheberiak more agitated still. She left the house and went to a small lodging house until a day later the body was removed to the brick works, whither it was taken by a certain Vitka Britt, and was discovered by the police on March Il. On the list the mother received am anonymour letter signed "Christian," and stamped Kiev-Cherson. The letter was dated March 30. It was written as a letter of sympathy to the unfortunate woman, and denounced the crime as a ritual murder committed by Jews. And here is the strange fact. Later, one of the witnesses at my trial received a letter from Cheberlak, written for her by

The sensation caused by Bronabkevsky's story when related in court can be imagined. I stood amazed as such a tale of villiany. Poor Mr. Broughkovsky! He also suffered on my account!

Mandrelevsky, one of the gang. The

handwriting was that of the letter re-

crived by Yuschinsky's mother on this

It seems that when I had been in prison only a few months he laid these facts before the prosecutor, Fenenko, and the other authorities. But they retigate further. Since I have been released he has been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment on a charge of less majests. It appears that he omitted to take off his hat while the national anthem was being played. On such an obviously trumped-up charge-tried without a jury-he was condemned for what he did for me.

Mr. Krasovsky, the ex-detective who aided him, suffered also. First of all he was dismissed from his post for not conmurder, the police had arrested a gang ducting the inquiries on the anti-Semitic lines demanded by the authorities. The proceedings were commenced against him for spreading 'libels' when he published that two or three days before this there the above disclosures. Moreover, many had been a quarrel between Yuschinsky newspapers were confiscated for stating

Bearing these facts in mind, it is easy to imagine what became of the evidence thieves. And, in Mr. Broushkovsky's of Singnevsky, Roudzinsky and Cheberiak opinion, there, was no doubt that this led |-the witnesses as to fact against meto The boy's murder by the gang, they when my counsel began to question them. Their story toppled like a house of cards. I knew that if a fair verdict was given I must be acquitted and my heavy bur-

All the hopes that I had formed fell to nothing while Prosecutor Wipper was into his possession, Mr. Braushkovsky making his address to the jury. I could was able to reconstruct the scene of the understand every word he said. Evidently murder. He says that Tuschineky was he did not mean to speak above the heads enticed to Cheberiak's house, where the of the moujiks of the jury, men with less

and Boris Roudzinsky were awaiting him. he was saying. Throughout, he did noth-The boy was dragged to a small bed- ing but insist that Jews used Christian upon. He was trusting to a passionate The body was drained of the blood, attack upon me and my race to obtain

I felt my doom was sealed. After this A knock was heard at the door. Che- there seemed nothing for it but a verdict beriak went to answer it. A visitor stood of guilty. "Surely." I thought. "the But this was not all. Next day he was followed by Mr. Zamislovsky, who, I am When she left the body was placed in a told, is one of the Black Hundred, as

I did not know how to keep still durthe jury, men like myself, not to listen

The finish of his speech made ms cry with shame, as he said:

"Jurymen, there is no other murder than Bellis. He is the man who dragged the unfortunate boy to his doom! You are real Russians! I leave it to you to

give a real Russian verdict. I could not sit quite still under this. I jumped up and shouted; "God strike me dead if this!

Mendel Beilis will conclude his

### Swappers' Column

#### —— A Market Place for Those Who Have Something to Exchange ——

THE SWAPPERS' COLUMN is a new feature in the Classified Section of The Bee today. Its purpose is to provide a means of communication between those who have something to trade.

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