

Three Year Tunneling for Freedom

Result: Discovery and Thirty Lashes.

Being the Tragic Story of Elie Kogan, Revolutionist, Who Survived Prison and Siberia and Is Now a Free Man in New York.

At night, we would dig at the tunnel, using no tools, except a table knife and our hands. We broke the table knife into four pieces, though, and in that way every man had a shovel.



Elie Kogan.



My Bride

By Penrhyn Stanlaws

Romance of the Famous Artist and the Little Girl Who Was the Original of the Painting Which Was Exhibited in the Paris Salon.

YEARS ago, when Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist, was in Princeton, he formed an ideal. Later, at a dinner party in England, there appeared among the guests a young woman, little more than a girl, who was the visualization of that ideal. The admiration of the artist for the girl was reciprocated. The two

met often during the season that followed. Penrhyn Stanlaws persuaded the girl to sit for her picture. He had never before attempted a painting in oils. The sittings were a success. The picture, as it progressed, received favorable criticism from such great artists as Corman, Blanche and Raphael Colin. When it was completed it was accepted by the National Committee and hung in the Paris Salon next to a masterpiece by Boulet de Monvel. Art loving Paris talked of Stanlaw's picture. He even became honored by his own country.

Penrhyn Stanlaws was happy. The girl of his boyhood dreams, now a reality, had become the inspiration which won for the indolent, care-free young artist his greatest success and assured for him his career. Was it strange that he should love her. Four weeks ago they were married



Penrhyn Stanlaws.

—this artist who loved an ideal and Miss Jean Pughley, the girl who en-

tered into his life like the realization of "a dream in soft shimmering satin of palest gray, with golden wings and the fragrance of lilies of the valley floating round her." This is the way the artist described her.

The artist selected the name. In all of his dreams he had thought of his ideal as "Hazel." The first time he met her he knew her at once by the hazel hues in the coils of her luxuriant hair.

Kogan. It relates to all others like him—others who have fled from Siberia, others who have rested their hopes upon America. In the future they will find that revolution is not a crime involving moral turpitude. As for Elie Kogan, his personal sufferings have been sufficient to expiate a hundred crimes.

"I was seventeen years old," he said, carefully removing the monocle and placing it upon his workman's bench. The proprietor of the jeweler's shop had returned to the counters. "The day was Jan. 21, 1906. I had come from home some fifty miles away to attend a revolutionary meeting at Pskov." He stopped a moment. "Perhaps I first had better tell you more about myself? Yes? Very well.

"Ours has always been a family of revolutionists. You understand? When I was a small boy, the soldiers killed the youngest of my sisters, just four years old. That would also make you a revolutionist, would it not? It is very bad for soldiers to kill little children, very bad. And it is not the worst thing they do." He ran a hand across his forehead. "Well, it was that which made us revolutionists. My father, my mother, my three brothers, myself—we all hated the Government. We hated the land in which we lived. We would have left it, but when you are poor what can you do?" He waited for an answer.

"Well, I became a revolutionist. If I could not leave Russia, I could try to make it better. It was not because I like to make trouble; that is something I have always hated. You have to live in Russia to understand. I was a member of the Bund, the Social Democratic Party. We did not want to kill anybody. We only wanted to make things so that everybody could live peacefully and happily. But the Government did not like that. It did not want people to be happy. It wanted them to be afraid. So, in every way that it was able it tried to break up our meetings. Therefore, we were compelled to hold them in secret.

"It was during one of these meet-

ings that some one committed the act for which I was sentenced to prison. I was at the meeting, so you see it would have been impossible for me to have been at the other place, which was two hours' walk distant. The members of another revolutionary party broke into a Government pawnshop. We did not believe in that because it did no good; nothing ever happened as a result of such things, except that some one was sent to Siberia. The Government spies knew this. But since they could not get hold of the people who had actually broken into the pawnshop they arrested all the revolutionists they could in town, me among them.

"We were not tried in an ordinary court by a jury. Instead we were tried in the court reserved for political offenders. I could not tell my whereabouts at the time of the breaking into the pawnshop, because that would have involved others who were at the meeting, and as it is against the law to hold such meetings, they would have been arrested. The keepers of the pawnshop testified that I was not among the four men who broke into the place, but that made no difference. I was a revolutionist, and some one had to be punished. So I was sentenced to eight years in prison and subsequent exile as a political offender.

"As I was not yet eighteen years old this sentence was reduced by law to five years and four months. I thought this very funny, for, after all, a young man has longer to live than an old one; therefore, why should not his sentence be lengthened and the older man's reduced? But it was explained to me that this was considered humane. I thought it foolish. A young man is always more dangerous than an old one, anyway.

"Well, as soon as they put me in the governmental prison at Pskov I began trying to get out. Some comrades and myself dug a tunnel under the walls. It was a long tunnel, and it took us three years to dig it. Our cell was only six feet long and four feet wide, so we had a hard time in hiding

the dirt. We would make it into mud and let it dry on our shoes; then when they took us out to work we would kick it off in the prison yard. At night we would dig at the tunnel, using no tools except a table knife and our hands. We broke the table knife into four pieces, though, and in that way every one had a shovel.

"We did this for three years. Then, when the tunnel was within a foot of the outside of the walls, the guards moved us to another cell. This did not discourage us. One of us was a good mathematician and he figured out a way in which we could connect with the work we had already done. So we started at it again, and at the end of another year we managed to get back into our old tunnel.

"But it was all wasted labor. The guards had known what we were doing from the first, and just as we thought we were on the verge of freedom they took us up before the governor of the prison and charged us with attempting to escape. The penalty for this was thirty-six lashes with the knout. We received them on the back—here are the scars. Yes, they were very painful. I became unconscious three times while it was going on, and they had to revive me before they could continue.

"We made no more attempts to escape from Pskov. The time of our imprisonment was almost up and we would soon be sent into exile in Siberia. There, while it would still be difficult to escape, there were no walls, and we would be compelled to dig no more useless tunnels.

"I was sent to the colony at Werchmedink. The first time, I tried to escape to Japan, but I got lost in the snow, and, after almost starving to death, was caught and sent back to the fortress. This time they gave me fifty lashes.

It did not bother me much, because I was getting tough. After six months I tried it again. Some friends helped me, and by means of forged passports I succeeded in getting beyond the frontier. This time I did not try to go by way of Japan, but trusted to

my friends to see me safely through Russia. We have ways of doing that, you know. My family, which, after my imprisonment, had been persecuted so that it had been compelled to flee Russia and take refuge in the United States, sent me some money. My revolutionary friends supplied more, besides providing me with hiding places and forged passports. For two months they passed me from hand to hand across the country. I was afraid all the time of being caught and sent back to Siberia. Sometimes I travelled by railway; sometimes by wagon, and sometimes by foot. Even after I crossed the German frontier I was not safe. For the refugee there is no hiding place except the United States.

"About a month ago my friends put me aboard a steamship at Bremen, and, after seven years of difficulty, I found myself at last on the way to America. When I landed in New York and the people at Ellis Island told me I could not stay, I lost heart for the first time. If I went back to Bremen the Russian spies would be waiting on the other side; I would be arrested; I would be knouted; I would be returned to exile. Here, in New York, was everything I loved—my father, my brothers, my sisters, and most of all, liberty. Then the people said for the second time that I could not come in, and I was almost ready to despair. The rest, well, it is all settled now. I am in New York. I am happy. The revolution will go on without me. In Russia I could do no good; in New York, perhaps, I can be of help."

Elie Kogan picked up the monocle and returned it to his eye.

"You see," he said, as the wrinkles of his young-old face screwed themselves into gruesome shape, "everything turns out all right."

Somewhere toward the front of the shop the proprietor made certain audible displays of salesmanship. The visitor nodded in his direction. "He knows nothing about it?" "He?" Elie Kogan laughed quietly. "He was at Werchmedink for eighteen years."

IN the rear of a small shop on East Broadway New York City, a bent, wrinkled, sad-looking young man stood squinting at a watch.

"That's Kogan," said the proprietor. The visitor nodded. He was looking for Kogan—Elie Kogan, if you please, not the silent, busy workman, but Elie Kogan, the revolutionist, the refugee. "Yea," said the workman, without removing his watchmaker's monocle, "I am Elie Kogan."

He did not look like a revolutionist. He looked very much like any other young man you may see—morning, afternoon or night—on the East Side. You would not have suspected him of desperate adventure. But the visitor knew.

This Elie Kogan was standing there with the monocle in his eye, only by virtue of a country's liberty. You looked at Elie Kogan and heard the farmers of Lexington clumping down the road to immortality. Shots were

red; blood ran, and constitutions were written—all that this prematurely-aged man could be enabled to say:

"Yes, I am Elie Kogan."

A few months ago that same remark would have sent the speaker into lifelong Siberian exile. He was the hunted prey of a nation. Having been sentenced to prison at seventeen for participating in a revolutionary outbreak he had served his term and begun the secondary penance of Russian law—Siberian exile. After three attempts he had finally succeeded in escaping to America. In the pens of Ellis Island he had been halted again, this time by the immigration law which forbids the admission of persons who have been convicted of crimes involving moral turpitude.

In the end he had been admitted. Otherwise, this story might never have been written, and Elie Kogan would have been sent back on the steamer which brought him here—to imprisonment, oppression and Siberia, the land of living death. Two Ellis Island boards of inquiry even rendered him this verdict. Then the case was carried by Simon O. Pollock, attorney for the Russian Political Refugees' League, to the court of final appeal—in this instance, the United States Secretary of Labor. The secretary—who is named William Wilson and happens to have participated in some more or less revolutionary movements himself—ruled that Elie Kogan was to be given sanctuary.

The importance of this fact is not confined to the destinies of Elie