

# BOY STOWAWAY WON THROUGH INTO THE LAND OF PROMISE



Julian Grabowsky, the Russian Stowaway.

NEW YORK.—His eyes looked as if they had been frozen in his head. The board of special inquiry gazed curiously at the boy before them. In a small, hot audience-chamber at Ellis Island it was examining Julian Grabowsky, a Russian stowaway from the steamship Kursk. Grabowsky, the frozen-eyed, moved not a muscle.

His immobility was embarrassing. Would he but cry or curse or contradict himself the keen-eyed men examining him would know how to act. The story he told seemed straight, obviously true, but the lad's silent acquiescence to whatever fate had for him was a poser.

Grabowsky's dignity, the dignity of stumpy nineteen-year-old tragedy in borrowed trousers, never wavered. His yellow eyes held neither insolence nor fear nor apparent pathos, only fatigue. Behind them his brain, also tired, was incapable of connected thought. Only such vague impressions as these passed through:

Four rubles, 54 copecks, is the fare from Wilna to Libau.

My mother needs three meals a day.

Why do you put the ballast room so near the boilers of steamships?

How long will they keep me here?

How could I escape?

What is America like?

When Julian Grabowsky was discovered a few weeks ago in the bowels of the steamship Kursk hiding behind a small fort of ballast bags and covering an empty water bottle and half-devoured canister of crackers with his coat, he had the moment of triumph that went from his eyes later on.

Much in His Memory.

His memory went back to 500 miles of gleaming rails that he traveled between the forest-fringed town of Wilna in southwestern Russia and the port of Libau. He lived over again his three weeks' job as stevedore in Libau. He repainted the iron sides of the Kursk, as he had done for eight days until he had located the steamer's food supply and the hiding places in its ballast room. He crouched behind his fortifications again; he heard the clamor of casting off; he renewed the about that he had smothered when he felt the iron hull meet the first deep sea swell.

In that long moment the weariness of 70 hours spent in the hot darkness of his cage near the furnaces vanished; a flash of impudence came into his eyes.

"Well," he said in Russian to the ship's captain, "you've found me. What are you going to do about it?"

The Kursk was three days out at sea. The steamer had carried him a long way on the voyage to America. It looked like a triumph to Julian.

The captain did about it as he had done with dozens of other stowaways. Julian Grabowsky did not know it at the time, but the rule for treating stowaways is as inescapable as the rule of three. He was washed, fed up and allotted to a bunk on the steamer. Four days later when the steamer reached America, he was again washed, fed up, and allotted a bunk at Ellis Island. Then he was quietly led before the board of inquiry. The problems of stowaways are daily food for the board of special inquiry.

Not Yet Promised Land.

Grabowsky's look of triumph faded after the first interview. His past was analyzed and judged by experts. The possibilities of his future as a self-

reliant American citizen were weighed by the same experts, to whom Grabowsky was only the last comer in a long procession of stowaways.

On one hand lay the freedom to walk through the forest of skyscrapers that is visible from the iron-barricaded Ellis Island window—on to whatever lay beyond for Grabowsky. On the other, the freedom to ride safely back to the port of Libau, whence he came.

The lad waited for two long weeks in the detention ward of Ellis Island after he had told his story to the board. Twice he was refused admittance, and each time his case was appealed to a higher authority by the Russian society, which looks after its own in this country, with unexampled care, well knowing in what sore straits thousands of Russians leave the fatherland. On August 8 the answer came in one word: "Admitted." His mother's sister's husband's brother—a remote family connection, who knew the Grabowskys only by name—had refunded his storage fare to the Kursk's purser, and supplied the necessary \$25 for entrance. Grabowsky left for the home of his benefactor in Newark the same night.

Now that the bother that was made at the gateway of the Promised Land, about the disposition of Grabowsky's short body and his adventurous soul, is over, his eyes are no longer frozen. The dead look came into them only when the lad heard that, after months of blind struggling against odds that became greater and greater as he went on, his fate still hung in the balance. It was his story of those odds, which stood out as unique even to officials who untangle strange knots in scores of lives daily, that was his strongest recommendation to the board.

Tragedy in Life in Russia.

Julian Grabowsky began life in a comfortable home. His small, erect body, his quiet gravity, his careful Russian speech, still show his early breeding. Ten years ago his father was the employer of 300 men in a tannery in Wilna. Perhaps it was poor management that caused his failure. Julian can not swear that it wasn't. But his business began to slump at the precise moment that it became whispered about the town that he was voting with the socialists. After the elder Grabowsky had the temerity to speak in public for the radical party his failure became swift and certain. Not only did the czar's government withdraw its orders, but the banks refused him credit. Within a year, in short, he was penniless. That isn't an unusual story in Russia.

Twice after that the elder Grabowsky tried to commit suicide. Twice he was discovered and prevented. These are the only episodes that changed a muscle of the boy's face when he told them to the board. His eyes filled with tears when he related what happened a month after the last suicidal attempt. Grabowsky disappeared—unaccountably and for good. His son does not believe he went away of his own accord. Siberia lies conveniently near to Russia, especially to the homes of the socialists.

Julian (aged nineteen now) thus became at twelve the head of a family of one invalid woman and four children. Two of them—the two next youngest to Julian—are geniuses. Their emigrant brother says so, with pride. One of his reasons for coming to America is his desire to send

Ivar to a musical school, where the youngster can train his knack of blowing tunes on a cornet, and Peter to a teacher who will improve his inborn craft with the piano keys.

Worked as a Cobbler.

While their talents were developing Julian was helping feed them by working as a shoemaker. For seven years he cobbled and by the end of the seventh he had worked up to the magnificence of seven rubles a week, which is \$3.50. With the consent of his mother he saved a little out of his income this year, creating a void in the family bill of fare which was filled by charity. Early in June, again with the consent of his mother and the blessings of his little brothers, he took the eight rubles (\$4.00) he had abstracted and started by train for Libau the Russian port of departure for America.

Julian had never been away from home before, and his first and last emotion in Libau was homesickness. He had a few copecks left, but he spent most of them for post cards to send home instead of food. Then he got work at the docks, first as a porter and then as a ship's painter. He picked out the Kursk, which was booked to leave for New York the second week.

His Chance at Last.

He had painted hundreds of feet of the steel hull's exterior before he was summoned one bright day to paint the railing of the upper deck. Then he was ordered to decorate the iron plating of the engine room. That order he regarded as nothing less than an intimation that he was chosen of heaven. For behind the engine room lay the commissary store room and below it—two tiers below, hugging the furnaces, a neighbor to the stoke hole—was the pitch-dark cavern where ballast of sand bags and pig iron are kept. Julian committed the walls of that cavern to memory through his finger tips during the moments he snatched away from painting the engine room, and he made one stealthy and profitable visit to the food supply in the store room.

The morning the Kursk sailed he lay hidden in an improvised trench of sand bags, his provisions tucked away beneath him, touching the very bottom of the Kursk's hull. He had lagged behind the night before unnoticed as the other laborers rushed to get their pay. When the final search for stowaways was made—as it always is, on every ship leaving ports frequently by the America-seeking emigrant—Julian made a cocoon of himself out of ballast bags. It was almost airless, but it was slight-proof. The inspector came, flashed a lantern above the hidden body and passed on. A step away the man halted. He crouched and picked up a beer bottle full of drinking water. It was Julian's reserve water supply, betrayed by the shining nickel of the stopper. The official cast his lantern over the darkness again, saw nothing, and placidly threw the bottle back. Finally, an hour later, Julian Grabowsky was on his way to America.

The joy that came to the boy then, soon died, for the meager draughts of air that came through the cracks in the partition were hot; they smelt of the nearby furnace. The heat rose to 80 degrees; it passed into the nicties. The boy believed he could not endure it, yet he did endure it for three days. On the third he was discovered by the coal passers.

A few weeks more of such hardship would have ended the pale young man. But now he is ready to go to work for the two young geniuses in Wilna and for the old mother who hates charity, yet must live on it.—New York World.



## WHAT AFTER THE LAST SLEEP

Most Important of All Questions as a Material Philosopher Sees It, is Considered.

In considering our destinies beyond the grave, we need have no reason to linger too long over these apparitions or these revelations, even though they should really be incontestable and to the point. They would seem, all told, to be only the incoherent and precarious manifestations of a transitory state. They would at best prove, if we were bound to admit them, that a reflection of ourselves, an after-vibration of the nerves, a bundle of emotions, a spiritual silhouette, a grotesque and forlorn image, or, more correctly, a sort of truncated and uprooted memory, can, after our death, linger and float in a space where nothing remains to feed it, where it gradually becomes wan and lifeless, but where a special fluid, emanating from an exceptional medium, succeeds at moments in galvanizing it.

Perhaps it exists objectively, perhaps it subsists and revives only in the recollection of certain sympathies. After all it would be not unlikely that the memory which represents us during our life should continue to do so for a few weeks or even a few years after our decease. This would explain the evasive and deceptive character of those spirits which, possessing only a mnemonic existence, are naturally able to interest themselves only in matters within their reach. Hence their irritating and material energy in clinging to the slightest facts, their sleepy dullness, their incomprehensible indifference and ignorance, and all the wretched absurdities which we have noticed more than once.—Maurice Maeterlinck in the Century Magazine.

## TIME IS SLOWING UP GREAT SHORTSTOP RULES REMAIN INTACT



Hans Wagner, Veteran Pirate Short Fielder.

Has Hans Wagner, the shortstop of the Pittsburgh team, seen his best days as a player? Hans is getting old as ball players go and while he is still able to move around the diamond with considerable speed his admirers are of the opinion that he is not the great diamond artist he was at one time. Hans has been in the big leagues a matter of 16 years or so and a player is bound to slow up after such a long and hard campaign. The big fellow is hitting the ball for

over 300, but this is a low average for the big Teuton, who has led the National league in batting for eight seasons, a record without a precedent in the annals of baseball. When Wagner retires from the game one of the most popular players in the history of the national pastime will pass from the spotlight. Always modest and unassuming, Hans has been a credit to baseball at all times and has ever had the deep respect of players and patrons alike.

## WHY MORRIS RATH LOST OUT

Little Inside Baseball Was Cause of His Shift to Minors—Upheid Decision of the Umpire.

Wonder if Morris Rath, sent to Kansas City by the White Sox, knew that he really lost his job at Philadelphia during a recent trip of the Sox?

He'll probably recall the play and the incident once it is called to his attention. Morris was coaching at first base and Callahan was at third. Lord was at bat. He hit a bouncer to one of the infielders and as it was a slow hit he figured he could beat it out. He ran with every ounce of speed and strength that he possessed. The play was mighty close.

"Out!" howled the umpire. Lord figuratively hit the ceiling. He threw his cap down and jumped upon it. He picked it up and threw it down again. He howled and he scowled. He allowed that if there ever was a blind umpire that he was working on the bases that day. He assured the ump that in all his experience as a



Morris Rath.

ball player it was the worst decision he ever saw. Then up spoke Rath. His voice was as gentle as could be: "Yes, you were out, Harry." And Lord collapsed. That beat the other thing. Never in his experience as a ball player had he heard another player agree with the umpire when it meant that one of his pals was out instead of safe. That was beyond the

## Football Code Not Materially Altered by Committee.

Majority of Changes Are Technical and Will Have But Little Effect Upon the Game as Played During the Autumn.

The intercollegiate football rules, as promulgated by the football rules committee in New York, show few changes in the gridiron code for the season of 1913. The majority of the alterations are technical and will have little effect upon the game this autumn.

The most important change is the rule which permits the kicker to stand at any distance from the line of scrimmage when kicking, instead of at least five yards in the rear of the scrimmage line. Under the new regulations, it is expected that quick kicking from directly behind the forwards will be a feature of the play during the coming season. Walter Camp, in outlining the work of the rules committee in connection with the revision of the playing code, said:

"The alteration was brought about by the fact that the player could not be returned to the game after he had once been taken out, except at the beginning of a period. It often happened that an unexpected substitution was necessary in the fourth period, and there seemed no reason why an exception should not be made in this case; but the rules forbade it; hence they were altered this year to read: 'Player may be returned once at the beginning of any period, or at any time during the fourth or last period.'

"A relic of the old time when the ball was not always snapped back with the hands had been eliminated. The rule which read 'by one quick continuous motion of the hands or of the foot, has been shortened by cutting out the words 'or the foot.'

"The rule relating to a forward pass or a kick made from behind the goal line, together with the rule relating to dropping back linemen, has also been rendered clearer by changes in the wording. A specific penalty has been placed upon advancing beyond the lines in case of a punt-out, the penalty now being that the punter's angle be moved five yards away from the nearest goal post along the goal lines. If the punter-out makes a deliberate attempt by a feint to draw the opponents off side the referee is not to permit him to kick the ball until the opponents have had time to return behind their restraining line.

"In the rules regarding the conduct of players after a forward pass or after a kick, insertion of the words 'after the pass has been made' now makes it clear that players may interfere with one another until the pass is actually made."

## ART DEVLIN GOES TO MINORS

Former Giant Star Released by Boston to Rochester—Hits Safe in Last Appearance at Bat.

The passing of another veteran player from major league baseball was recorded when President James Gaffney of the Boston Nationals announced



Arthur Devlin.

that Arthur Devlin, third baseman, had been released to Rochester of the International league.

Devlin's last game in the big league had something of the dramatic about it. Coming to the bat as a pinch hitter in the ninth inning of a game against Pittsburgh, he drove in the run which tied the score for Boston, with a well placed hit to right field. He did not know at that time that he was to be released after the game.

## WORLD'S SERIES TO BE CLOSE—CHANCE.

Basing his prediction on the assumption that the Giants and Athletics will be the contenders, Frank Chance forecasts a remarkable struggle for world's championship honors this autumn. "The leaders of the two leagues appear to be evenly matched," said Chance, in discussing the teams, "and I look for a close, exciting series. In my opinion the winning club will be the one that gets the early 'breaks' in the play. You can't eliminate the 'breaks' in baseball, and in a series as important and as short as the world's championship, it always has proved a prominent factor."

## BASEBALL NOTES

Owner McAleer of the Red Sox claims he would win the flag with the Brown's pitchers.

Chattanooga has recalled Catcher Mike Giddo from Troy of the New York State league.

McGraw says Jim Thorpe is rounding into shape. He is learning every day how to hit and to run the bases.

The Boston Red Sox have purchased Shortstop Mike McNally from Utica of the New York State league.

Miller Huggins will likely have another year as manager of the Cardinals unless he withdraws of his own accord.

Manager Jimmy Callahan of the White Sox himself denies that he is to lose his job, which ought to settle the matter.

Charlie Ebbets of the Dodgers says that he will spend \$60,000 this year in new players to bolster up the team for the next campaign.

Curt Elston, secured by Denver from Chattanooga, is proving a big bear with the stick, and has been hitting close to .500 in the Western.

Announcement is made of the sale of Rube Bressler, left-handed pitcher of the Harrisburg Tri-State team, to the Philadelphia Athletics for \$2,000.

Outfielder Walker of Kansas City batted safely in 23 consecutive games and felt sure he would pass Otis Clymer's mark of 25 straight when he missed four in four trips to the plate one day.