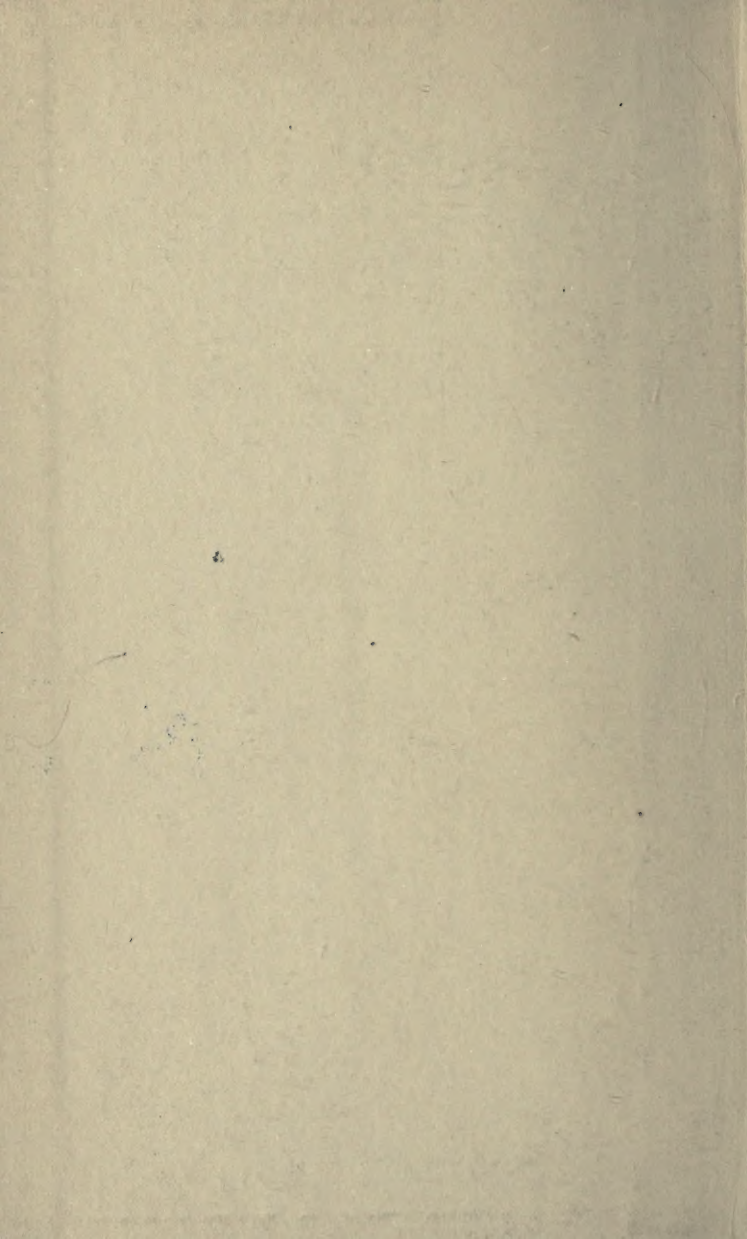



STRANGE SIBERIA
ALONG THE
TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY

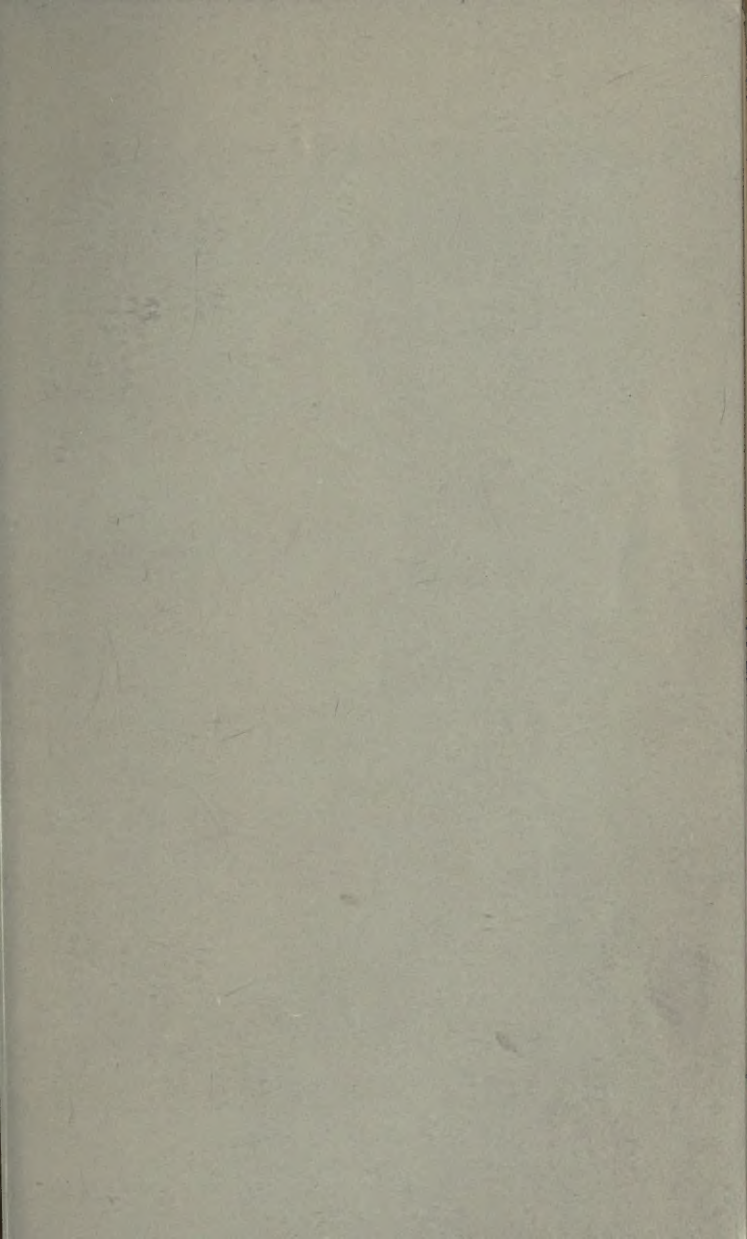


MARCUS LORENZO TAFT





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A SIBERIAN VILLAGE.

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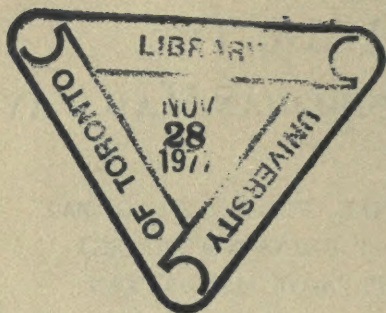
A JOURNEY FROM THE GREAT
WALL OF CHINA TO THE SKY-
SCRAPERS OF MANHATTAN

BY
MARCUS LORENZO TAFT



1911

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TO
MARY AND MARION,
MY
FELLOW-TRAVELERS,
WITHOUT WHOM THESE
JOURNEYINGS WOULD HAVE LOST
THEIR CHARM.

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FOREWORD

On vous a dit, que la Russie est un pays fermé; n'en croyez pas un mot. Tout ce que j'ai desiré voir, je l'ai vu, et on m'en a même montré plus que je n'en demandais.—*Victor Tissot.*

Sketches of Travel

IF Henry van Dyke's analysis of *The Spirit of America* as stated in his lectures before the cultured audiences at the Sorbonne, Paris, is correct, then travel in a foreign country, or observing foreigners in other lands, does not necessarily give an outsider a true insight into the real genius of a people. A person must have lived long enough in a foreign land, and so mingled with its inhabitants as to know their hopes and fears, their life and ideals, before he is able to form a just estimate of the genius of a nation. Now, our trio were simply passing travelers. These are nothing more than imperfect sketches of travel roughly drawn, to keep fresh some salient sights on our unique trip.

It certainly was unique in one respect at least, for not until Marion and her mother stopped over at Irkutsk had any other representative of the fair sex, other than Russian, ever visited that thriving Siberian city. This

fact was told us by the compiler of the section on Irkutsk in Baedeker's *Russland*.

At times the sketches may appear rather unpolished and even jagged. This could hardly have been otherwise. Frequent strolls on uneven streets, sudden quiverings of a steamer, spasmodic jerkings on a railway train, and zigzag bouncings in a dashing drosky may have caused the pencil to make many an unforeseen leap and turn. Still, let us hope that properly applied shading during leisure hours at home, retouching these imperfect outlines, has somewhat helped to make them, like Nast's cartoons, lifelike and recognizable.

Time and Route

In order to enjoy the Trans-Siberian trip, the proper time and route must be considered. Otherwise, disappointment will surely take the place of pleasure. A trip through the Trossachs when a Scotch mist veils the scenery and chills the tourist produces a far different impression than when the azure heavens enchant the rocks and woods of romance and story, and ozone-laden breezes blow softly over the lakes and through the glens. In our Siberian journey we were fortunate enough to have fallen upon a choice time—late spring and early summer. Earlier in the year snow covers the ground and biting cold reigns outdoors, while inside the cars

the double sashes and doors are rigidly kept closed, so that only Russians can endure the hot, oft-breathed air. Later, the heavy rains make the roads and paths almost impassable, and even the inhabitants try with mosquito-netting to protect themselves, as best they can, from the swarms of mosquitoes, flies, and other pestiferous insects.

Then, again, care should be taken in selecting the best route. The route to or from Europe via Warsaw ought to be avoided, on account of the changing of cars at an unseemly hour of the night, and the strict customs regulations, which have made the place notorious. The "Nord Express" is quite expensive, and many a traveler has experienced vexation, inconvenience, and delay at Alexandrovo, the frontier station.

For restfulness, comfort, and scenery, the steamers of the Finnish line between Stockholm and Saint Petersburg are far preferable. The windings in and out among the rocky, wooded islands of the Finnish archipelago remind one of the Thousand Islands of the Saint Lawrence River or of Matushima bay, Japan, so that this water route affords a most fitting and delightful prelude or postlude to the Trans-Siberian journey.

To Travelers

Chiefly to assist future travelers have we occasionally gone into minute particulars,

such as we in vain searched for, and of which we would gladly have availed ourselves before undertaking this overland journey.

Our Mascot

Throughout our journeyings in the Tsar's dominions, we were entirely free from any dread of being shadowed by a Russian spy. During our sojourn at Tomsk, the capital of Siberia, we were not even asked to show our passport. Who can say but that our exemption from all such espionage, of which travelers in Russia so generally complain, was due to the fact that a playful child was unconsciously acting as mascot for our Taft party?

Courtesy

Travelers sometimes complain of incivility on the part of Russian officials. Such was not our experience. Now and here I desire to record our high appreciation of their un-failing courtesy. This was especially noticeable from officials along the railway lines and in public buildings. In the descriptions of Irkutsk and Tomsk, later on, more detailed accounts will be found.

At Saint Petersburg there were two objects, which we particularly desired to examine, the Codex Sinaiticus, and the Vase of Nikopol. One Brooklynite had lately written to a New York periodical, how his

party had been hurried through the Imperial Library, without seeing this celebrated manuscript, discovered by Tischendorf in the Convent of Saint Catherine on Mount Sinai. He, however, determined to see it. So he relates how he stubbornly refused to leave the building, after all the rest of his party had gone out, until he succeeded in gaining his point. Without let or hindrance it was shown to us, passing travelers. Provided with a card from our old friend, United States Consul Ragsdale, formerly of Tientsin, China, we were escorted by a polite custodian to the stand, where this sacred treasure was carefully wrapped in a faded yellowish cloth. This he removed, allowing us leisurely to gaze at this famous parchment and to examine the handwriting of Professor Tischendorf attesting the genuineness of this ancient New Testament, so marvelously preserved to our day.

In the Hermitage at Saint Petersburg, the same marked courtesy was shown to us, perfect strangers. The world-renowned silver Vase of Nikopol with its unique chasing was not seated, as queen, on her usual pedestal, where she holds undisputed sway over the other rare beauties, crowding her throne-room so full. A suave Russian guard, so soon as he was aware of our desire, guided us to an official in civilian attire, busy in his office nearby. This gentleman explained

to us that the vase had been removed to be cleansed and would not be again on exhibition for several days, but he offered to show us photographs of it. Fortunately, just as we were leaving, the artisan who was renovating it came along. This official explained to him our desire. At once they both started to escort us to see the vase. On the way the head official asked us whether we would like to look at some other rarities, and led us to a case with glass doors, screened by inside curtains. Unlocking the doors, he showed us a wonderful collection of antique figures of clay, some in their natural white, and others gilded or colored with various delicate tints. Then we walked through back passageways to another building and entered a small workshop. Before us stood the large silver vase, just lifted from its chemical bath, which workmen were busily engaged in bur-nishing. The size and graceful contour of this celebrated vase charmed us, as we gazed upon these lifelike, agile, and daring cowboys of days gone by. These Russian officials seemed delighted to have us carefully scan the lifelike scenes of primitive Scythians, chiseled upon this choice trophy dating back to the days of Alexander the Great. Could a custodian of the National Museum at Washington, or the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, have been more courteous?

Occident and Orient

A new cycle marks the East, both far and near. Tremendous changes have already taken place. The commingled strains of Eastern and Western life in Constantinople and Tokyo are weaving a far more beautiful fabric than Joseph's coat of many colors. Shanghai and Cairo in their weird, ever-changing color effects, and their incessant, startling contrasts, present par excellence the most fascinating "living pictures" in the world. Unter den Linden, Champs Elysées, Rotten Row, and Riverside Drive, with all their gorgeous display, are tame in comparison.

To-day along the thronged Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai, swarthy coolies may be seen trudging wheelbarrows, built somewhat on the lines of an Irish jaunting-car, upon which laughing almond-eyed maidens sit back to back with their tiny feet dangling in the air. Suddenly, the toot of a horn is heard, when the coolie veering his load to one side, barely escapes collision with a speeding motor car and its European occupants.

When in January, 1907, our steamer stopped at Alexandria, Egypt, a clipping from a Cairo newspaper read to this effect: "Major-General Wingate and party are recovering from their injuries, received in an

accident, when their motor car ran into a camel on the road to the Pyramids." Sometimes the camel gets the brunt of the shock and sometimes the autoists.

Not quite two millenniums ago, Alaric and the Huns, and later Genghis Khan and his Mongol hordes, swept as with a besom of destruction everything out of their way. In our time the Japanese bantam has made the Russian bear take his predatory paws from off Port Arthur and southern Manchuria. Shall our eyes see the Chinese giant regain his ancestral domains in Manchuria? Events in the Far East just now seem to be pointing that way.

Coincidences

A month after our landing at New York found us living in "our own hired house" at Lakehurst, New Jersey, a quiet retreat amid the forests and lakes of the famous pine-belt, far away from the glare and stir of modern electrified city life. To our surprise, we found here a genial retired octogenarian, William A. Torrey, who had lived in Saint Petersburg when Marshall Jewell was American minister there. By his business tact he had succeeded in supplying American torpedoes for the Russian navy and Baldwin locomotives for the Air Line between Saint Petersburg and Moscow. In his parlor was an artistic specimen of brass-

work, presented to him by the Tsar as a token of personal friendship. The group represented the Tsar and his driver seated in a sleigh drawn by two prancing steeds in regular Russian style.

Another coincidence refers to some uncouth footgear, purchased on our overland trip, merely a pair of heavy Russian galoches. They were probably a product of one of the enormous factories of the Russo-American Rubber Trust at Saint Petersburg. One morning, a Russian Jew, a peddler, chanced to come along. Recognizing these Russian rubbers, he asked, "Where did you get these?" When he was told he replied, looking as wise as Solomon, "I thought you did not buy them in this country."

Yankee Notion

The caustic comment, attributed years ago to a quaint old American minister at Saint Petersburg, is just as pertinent today: "What Russia needs most is more soap and spelling-books, fewer princes and more country schoolmasters; fewer diamonds on the barebacked court ladies in Petersburg and more broken stones on the country roads."

Abrupt Stop

One may ask, "Since your title is 'Strange Siberia along the Trans-Siberian Railway,'

why do you not stop at the Urals?" Chiefly for three reasons: First, some succinct knowledge of China and Manchuria, on the one hand, and of Russia and Europe on the other, is essential as a proper setting to any Siberian sketches. Secondly, the through Trans-Siberian Expresses do not come to a sudden stop at the Ural Mountains, but ply regularly between Moscow or Saint Petersburg in Russia, and Vladivostok in Asia, as their terminals. Thirdly, stopping short at the marble "Monument of Tears" on the frontier between Asia and Europe might prove to be as embarrassingly abrupt as that of the sprucely dressed sprig of a tourist visiting Quebec. He was climbing up one of the narrow, steep streets, leading from the lower town to the citadel above. A sudden misstep sent him coasting down the slippery stones, knocking over a housewife with her basket returning from market. Both swiftly tobogganed together until they landed at the base of the mountain. The woman, whose eyes flashed indignation at the author of her ignominious plight, looked up at him, as if expecting an apology. As soon as he could extricate himself from the scattered market produce and from the entangled skirts of his chance acquaintance, he stood erect and politely touching his hat, remarked, "Excuse me, madam—this is as far as I go."

CHAPTER I

TO GO OR NOT TO GO

Distance not alone separates Russia from us, but her customs, institutions, language, keep up high barriers between her and the rest of Europe. Political and religious prejudices raise others.—*LeRoy Beaulieu, Russia and the Russians, p. 2.*

Advice

“You had better not stop over at Harbin. It is very unsafe there. Even the servants in the hotels are all ex-convicts and criminals. They will rob you of your money and passport.” Such was the startling, gratuitous advice of the obliging clerk in the Russo-Chinese Bank at Tientsin, China, as we were tucking away in our pockets a Letter of Credit, a roll of Russian rouble bank notes, and some silver kopeks.

“I would not advise stopping off anywhere short of Moscow or Petersburg. There is so little of interest in any Siberian town,” was the unsolicited written prescription of a Scotch physician, who had traveled from Manchuria with his family, over the newly opened Trans-Siberian Railway to Scotland and back.

“There is no use to stop over in Siberia. You only see mudhuts, as in any miserable

Chinese village," volunteered an American lady, who had come through from Moscow to Peking in an express train. To stop over anywhere in Siberia seemed generally to be considered as downright folly. Rapidly rushing across was the popular fad. One pushing Yankee had actually made the trip from New York to Peking in twenty-eight days, and boasted that he could have made the journey in two days less time had he not delayed one day in London and another in Moscow. A distinguished author, who had traveled from Vladivostok to Moscow, in reply to our query whether he had visited Tomsk on his Siberian trip, said, "I merely saw the city while the train stopped there." A most remarkable case of hyperopia! No other mortal was ever endowed with such powerful eyesight as to pierce the dense, primeval forests from Taiga, the junction, to Tomsk, the capital of Siberia. The fact is that Tomsk lies at the northern terminus of a branch line, sixty miles distant from the main transcontinental railway. After the traveler has arrived at Tomsk he alights at a handsome, snowy-white depot, situated amid an extensive white birch park. All through Siberia the railway stations have not been built near the cities, but many miles away. Some think that this was done for political reasons, while others assert that, like the enterprises of Tammany, the object

was graft. Such, evidently, was the case of Tomsk, as we later learned from an intelligent resident of this important center, which now unfortunately and inconveniently lies far away from the main trunk line.

Early Desire and Late Decision

However, we were not so easily dissuaded from our purpose. Such advice, no matter how well intended, so much resembled the cheap article generally current in the market, the product of ignorance and prejudice, that we simply took it at its face value. For years we had decided that if we should ever travel through Russian territory, we would not dash through on an "Express Rapide," even if it were fast and luxuriously equipped.

Russia, land of mystery, autocracy, and promise, had long had an irresistible fascination for us. So we steadily kept on with our preparations, determined to stop over at important points in order to study at close range the life of the people.

This purpose was strengthened by the fact that Baedeker, in his guidebook on Russia, mentioned Lutheran churches in all large Siberian and Russian cities and towns. So we concluded that, if necessary, we could fall back on the knowledge of German, with which a two years' course of study in Leipzig, Bonn, and Heidelberg had equipped us.

Near the confines of Russia at Koenigsburg, one summer, we had watched the Polish Jews, clad in flowing robes and wearing long, shaggy beards of precisely the same cut as their kinsmen on the other side of the Russian border. The appetite to visit this immense, mysterious land was further whetted by the realistic accounts which our parents gave of their personal experiences during a tour in European Russia. Again, in 1886, our family spent a summer at Kalgan, where we enjoyed delightful social intercourse with the family of a Russian merchant, engaged in the overland tea trade. It was by this inland route, traversing the desert of Gobi, that the missionaries of the American Board, stationed at Kalgan, escaped the fury of the Boxers.¹ This summer, 1910, a railway, built entirely by Chinese, whose engineers had studied in the United States, has been opened from Peking to Kalgan. When extended, it will be an Air Line from Peking to Irkutsk, eliminating hundreds of miles and several days from the present roundabout route via Mukden and Harbin, Manchuria. Through the courtesy of Engineer Yen—a graduate of Lehigh University, Pennsylvania—we had, in the fall of 1908, the rare privilege of riding in an observation-car up through the famous Nankow Pass. On the opposite side we could

¹ A Flight for Life, by J. H. Roberts.

see, trudging along the old caravan road, strings of Bactrian camels, droves of black, razor-backed swine, fat-tailed sheep, black-haired goats, and occasionally swarthy Mongols in gaudy attire and dirty sheepskins, intermingled with Peking carts, sedan chairs, and mule-litters, as in centuries past.

Besides, we had spent a summer month, in 1883, at Vladivostok, beautiful for situation. There Lieutenant Nevinsky, a Russian naval officer in whose home we were staying, treated us most cordially, showing us sights on shore and taking us in a small collapsible boat on the magnificent bay to witness some Whitehead-torpedo practice. Never can we forget his hospitality in taking us in. His furnished house was provided with only one double bed and one couch, which he generously placed at the disposal of our party. When we protested, "But where will you sleep?" he replied in Teutonic English: "That's all right. I shall *become* a bed." Later, we learned that he had extemporized a long steamer-chair for sleeping purposes.

To-day, Vladivostok, "Queen of the East," as the name signifies, is the eastern terminus of the great Trans-Siberian Railway. The corresponding western garrison city in the Caucasus is called Vladikaukas, or "Queen of the Caucasus." At one end of the long main avenue of Vladivostok stands the

imposing statue of Admiral Nevelskoi, on which are the bombastic but historically untrue words of Tsar Nicholas I, "Where the Russian flag has been hoisted it must never be lowered." At the other end, where the railway runs across the boulevard toward Europe, is a post on which is engraved in gigantic letters the plain notice,

Vladivostok to St. Petersburg,
9922
Versts.

These different glimpses on the eastern, western, and southern frontiers of the Tsar's realm only served to intensify our longing and confirm our decision to cross over the borderland and leisurely travel through the heart of this extensive country. So no halt was made in our preparations.

Not only did we devour various volumes on its history, travel, and folklore, but we delved into its cumbrous language for ordinary, useful phrases, that afterward proved invaluable.

CHAPTER II

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE

"Nothing is worse than a barrier to the communication of thought," was the lament of Li Kamon no Kami, the Premier of the Shogunate, who, after Commodore Perry's arrival at Japan, had to make a treaty with "Western Barbarians," of whose language and intentions he knew nothing. Later this same premier, because of his progressive stand, fell by the hand of a conservative.

Russian Literature

„ЭКЦЕЛЬСИОРЪ“.

“EXCELSIOR” IN RUSSIAN

“THE Russian language,” says Von Schierbrand, “is of a wonderful richness and flexibility, permitting the writer to adapt his thought precisely to his words. It easily expresses every shade of meaning, even the faintest, as well as every mood. In that respect it is without doubt the most perfect instrument for literary work. . . . Russian literary works, on their part, lose much of their literary flavor by rendering into any other tongue more than would translations from the Italian, English, German, or French. . . . The greatest, perhaps, of all psychological novels ever written in any literature is Dostoyevsky's Crime and Punish-

ment, when read in the original. Looking at other departments of literature, what could be more finished in its way than Aksakoff's *Family Chronicles*? By perfectly simple, apparently naïve means, in limpid and quite natural language, we here gaze down to the very bottom of the Russian soul and are enabled to fathom its complexities. What warmth in the description of men and nature! Or, taking Terpigoreff's greatest story, *Decadence*—it is a veritable treasure-trove for the student of Russian social conditions, so minute and photographically correct.”¹

However, most foreigners, like a certain Englishman, regard the Russian language, with its elaborate alphabet of thirty-six letters, “as a combination of good English letters and a large assortment of inverted, reversed, and nondescript characters.”

The Spoken Language

The excellencies of the written language may all be true, but for the tourist the spoken language is far more important and usually quite difficult. As Marco Polo shrewdly observes, “They (the Russians) have a language of their own,” which, unlike English, German, or French, is not current outside their country. Once, when

¹ *Russia, Her Strength and Weakness*, by Wolf von Schlerbrand, pp. 235, 236.

crossing the Pacific on the steamship Oceanic, there was a big, gruff-looking Russian, quite conspicuous on deck by his loud talking in rough, rasping tones. One day a little American morsel of humanity peered up at the tall figure as she asked, anxiously, "Doesn't it hurt your froat to talk dat way?"

More than one traveler through Russia has had to resort to the sign-language, usually more or less effective. Even that does not always work, as a versatile American frankly admits when he endeavored to purchase eggs in a Siberian market, "The sign-language for once failed to convey my meaning. When I was at my wits' end I cackled and the farmers at once brought me out as many eggs as I wanted."¹

Aware of these practical difficulties, we took the precaution to take lessons in Russian from a native, committed to memory useful words and phrases, and practiced on every Russian-speaking person whom we chanced to meet. This proved our salvation, for in the large hotels at Irkutsk, Russian, and Russian only, was spoken. It was also indispensable at many other times and places, as in dealing with street venders, shopkeepers, and drosky-drivers.

Cultured Russians, who can converse fluently in German, English, or French, reside in all large cities, but the traveler does not

¹ A Flight for Life, by J. H. Roberts, p. 294.

usually meet them. At Irkutsk we were entertained by a Russian physician, who had studied medicine in London. In order to improve his English he was at that time arranging to form a class or "circle," as he called it, for the practice of English conversation. At his request we made out a public notice for an English "Conversazione" to be held once a week.

At Tomsk an erudite professor in the governmental University was detailed to conduct us through the well-stocked rooms of the Museum. Our guide was unable to speak anything except his native tongue. His eager, kindly desire to explain various rare specimens was seriously hampered. The Latin and Russian labels proved of greater assistance. After we had finished our inspection and he had escorted us down the main staircase into the capacious hall, with a polite bow and a gracious smile he uttered the word "Esperanto." We certainly needed some such talisman. Who is enough of a linguistic prophet to foretell whether the key to international intercourse will be Esperanto, or, as others with good reason think, English? At any rate, we were firmly convinced that our visit to the Tomsk Museum was surely as satisfactory to us as was that of Peter the Great to the Kunst Museum of Dresden. Waliszewski narrates how that monarch arrived late one

evening at Dresden, after a day of such fatiguing travel that all his retinue were reduced to a state of utter exhaustion. However, the moment after the Tsar had finished dining he insisted on going to the already celebrated Art Gallery, where he arrived at one o'clock in the morning and spent the rest of the night trying to satisfy his curiosity by torchlight.¹

¹ Peter the Great, by Waliszewski, p. 130.

CHAPTER III

THE START

The problem of Asia is a world-problem, which has come upon the world in an age when, through the rapidity of communication, it is wide-awake and sensitive, as never before.—*Captain A. T. Mahan, in The Problem of Asia.*

Changli, China

THE fast mail from Peking to Shanhai-kuan arrived at Changli a little late on the afternoon of May 13, 1909. Our trio bade farewell to the friends, Chinese and foreign, who had gathered at the station. The boys of the day school, drawn up in line on the platform and dressed in their new uniforms, saluted "good-by" in true military style. Fortunately, we were not in the plight of the father and mother, described in the *Fliegende Blätter*. These parents were sketched as anxiously examining their huge confused pile of trunks, bags, bird cage, go-cart, bandboxes, and other paraphernalia, to be sure that nothing had been overlooked. The train was nearing the station when the mother, realizing that something important was missing, frantically screamed, "Where is the baby?"

The boisterous crowd of fruit-sellers were



"SMALL HEART, FIERY CART"
Chinese for "Look Out for the Locomotive"

as usual hawking the delicious fruit for which Changli is noted. Mr. Mayers, of the United States Department of Agriculture, had visited this region and had returned to America, carrying as part of his spoils the thin paper-shell English walnuts grown here. The large, luscious red persimmons, whether fresh and juicy or dried like figs, are favorites, as are also various species of choice grapes, from the light green seedless variety to the large, plump purple kind, which the Chinese know how to keep fresh all through the winter, and offer for sale even as late as May.

Last winter's revival had invaded the ranks of these fruit-sellers and claimed a Mr. Wu as a Christian convert. Shortly after, he came to our native pastor, Rev. Liu Fang, and frankly confessed that, as a Christian, he could no longer pad the bottom of his fruit baskets with leaves, as was the custom.

For ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,

but the *Christian* Chinese, as the Boxer uprising revealed to an incredulous world, is quite a different article.

Friendliness

In the northeast section of China, near the Great Wall, the mandarins have been

extremely friendly. The recent skillful cure by an American physician of five Chinese commercial travelers, who had been brutally mutilated by cut-throats, increased their friendly attitude. Near by were stationed two camps of cavalry, commanded by General Ting, who manifested marked courtesy toward us. It happened that we had met him a couple of times on a railway train and had greeted him civilly, as we would any chance acquaintance. Accidentally we learned from a military official of lower rank that he was calling himself our friend. Shortly after hearing this we visited him at his headquarters in a temple by his camps. He treated us to Chinese tea and English biscuits and expressed a desire to prepare a banquet in our honor. This we politely declined. Thereupon he offered to send around his own carts, sedan chairs, and horses to take us to the station. We protested that this was unnecessary, but, to our surprise, when we walked out into the street to climb into our own hired cart, we found General Ting's official equipages already there awaiting us. So Mrs. Taft accepted his highly decorated mulecart, with official servants and outrider, wearing the regulation tasseled hat, while her husband mounted one of his elaborately caparisoned horses, preceded by a fat outrider on a strutting steed. In this high Chinese fashion we proceeded

to the station—a spectacle to men and angels.

Such ostentatious kindness was a most decided and agreeable change from the experiences of foreigners some thirty years earlier. Mobs cursing, pelting, and maltreating “outside kingdom men” were then no uncommon events in China. At Chinkiang, in walking from our home to the chapel up the main, narrow business street, the shopkeepers on either side would hiss out like so many serpents, “*Sah Yang-kueitze! Sah Yang-kueitze!*” (“Kill the foreign devil! Kill the foreign devil!”) Once an American friend of ours was pursued by a butcher with a cleaver in his hand. Maltreatment of this sort would seem strange and unusual to-day, so radically has changeless China changed.

CHAPTER IV

THE GREAT WALL

He [Samuel Johnson] expressed a particular enthusiasm with respect to visiting the Wall of China. I caught it for the moment and said I really believed I should go and see the Wall of China, had I not had children, of whom it was my duty to take charge. "Sir!" said he, "by doing so you would do what would be of importance in raising your children to eminence. There would be a luster reflected upon them from your spirit and curiosity. They would be at all times regarded, as the children of a man who had gone to view the Wall of China. I am serious, sir!"—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

The Great Wall of China

THE Great Wall of China—comparable in its massiveness and forced labor expended on it to the Hanging Gardens of Babylon or the Pyramids of Egypt—after rambling for some thousand miles up and down the frontier ranges of China, makes its final plunge into the sea at Shanhaikuan (The Barrier of Mountain and Sea). The break in this barrier of solid masonry, through which the railway runs, occurred, according to a popular legend, in this way:

Legend

Among the horde of laborers impressed by the despot Chin Shih Wang into the

task of building the Great Wall was a young man from a southern province. At the approach of cool autumn days the fair Meng Chiang Nü, his betrothed, left her peaceful southern home to bring him a warm wadded coat, the product of her summer's labor, to shield him from the northern blasts. After toiling many a dusty mile, she reached the Great Wall only to learn that he with many others had fallen under the pressure of the work and for a burial had been built into the Wall itself. Despairing and disconsolate, she prayed unto the gods. In a dream she was told to walk along the top of the Wall to the west. While obeying the injunction, she could not keep from biting her finger-tips in her agony. Suddenly a large section of the Wall fell flat, and where the blood touched her lover's bones, it was instantly absorbed. In frantic joy at the response, she wrapped them tenderly in the wadded coat. But word had gone to the emperor that a great breach had been made in his Wall by a woman. Exceedingly incensed, the tyrant ordered her to come before him. On seeing her, he was so smitten by her surpassing loveliness and her pathetic tale that, without delay, he made overtures for her to become his queen. She consented only on three conditions: First, he must dispose of the other wives in his harem; secondly, he must allow her former lover a grand funeral;

and, thirdly, she herself must superintend the funeral ceremonies.

So infatuated was he that he readily agreed to all the terms proposed. A handsomely wrought girdle of imperial gold was presented her, while she made ready for the funeral. With heart weighed down by sadness, she bore her heavy load to the top of a beetling cliff projecting into the sea and, to the astonishment of all, leaped with her burden into the waters. To-day on that spot stands an island, to which the Chinese point in proof of the legend, and a few leagues inland, on a lonely eminence, is a temple protecting a mute, girlish figure with eyes turned toward the sacred place, where rest all the mortal remains of herself and her lover.

Pastor Virtue

We appreciated the great privilege of spending our last night in China at Shan-haikuan in the neat, happy home of Pastor Te (Virtue). Upon his head the Boxers had placed a reward of a hundred silver taels, but the Almighty graciously and marvelously spared the useful life of his servant. Once he foiled his pursuers by sleeping in an empty coffin, and another time by hiding, like Elijah, in a cave on the mountainside, where food was stealthily furnished him by a faithful Christian. We were most hos-



PASTOR TÊ

pitably entertained, and enjoyed looking at his collection of curious clocks, ticking various times in happy discord. Geil, the indefatigable "Yankee on the Yangtse," started the previous winter on his circuitous trail along the Great Wall from this same hospitable hospice.

CHAPTER V

MUKDEN

Mukden ranks not only with the signal military defeats of history, but with the disasters. Not only was Kirin, two hundred miles in the rear, stricken with panic, but an exodus from Harbin to Siberia, and from Vladivostok took place. The Grand Army might be likened in its dejection to the vanquished armies of Napoleon, because utter defeat was something that, to both of them, had been an impossibility.—*The Tragedy of Russia, Frederick McCormick.*

Imperial Railways of North China

AFTER an early breakfast at Shanhaikuan, we left on the eight o'clock train of the Imperial Railways of North China, reaching Mukden on time at 6:35 P. M. This railway had one through train a week from Peking to Mukden. According to statistics, it cleared 4,000,000 yen, net, in 1908. A part of this profit has been expended on building the Peking-Kalgan Air Line, to which reference has already been made.

The gauge of this Chinese Railway, like the standard American and European, is four feet eight and one half inches, and that of the Trans-Siberian is five feet, while the Japanese gauge is three feet six inches.¹

¹ Wm. Barclay Parsons, *An American Engineer in China*, pp. 280, 281.



CHINESE SOLDIERS, SALUTING ON RAILROAD STATION,
IN MANCHURIA



TRILINGUAL RAILWAY SIGN IN MANCHURIA

At every station the railway police and soldiers were lined up to salute a high military mandarin named Chang, who was traveling in a private car attached to our train. The names of the stations were displayed on signposts in three languages—Russian on one side, English on the other, while Chinese occupied the middle position on the post itself, as if wedging the two others aside. Is this a mere play of chance or a happy omen?

Russia and Manchuria

In ancient times Scythia occupied the place which Russia now takes in our geographies. Herodotus tells how, in those early days, the Scythians, by retreating farther into their wild fastnesses, brought disaster upon Darius and his advancing hosts. Centuries later, the Russians, under Rostopchin, adopted the same policy against Napoleon and his invading army. By burning Moscow, destroying provisions, and deserting the city, they thwarted his genius, humiliated his pride, and hastened his downfall. Now, as we look at the recent steady retreat of the Russian army in Manchuria, is it possible that the Russians are again practicing these same tactics, by which in the long run they will profit in like manner? Or will the Chinese—persistent, peaceful, and prolific—regain their ancestral do-

mains? Many maintain that ultimately Russian, Japanese, and all other invaders will be banished from Manchuria, and that it is only a matter of time before awakened China will assert herself and come again to her own.¹

Port Arthur

The previous October, a memorable trip to Port Arthur—the present southern terminus of the South Manchuria Railway controlled by Japanese—had given us an insight into Japanese rule on the mainland of Asia. This railway proceeds via Dalny and Mukden northward to Kuan Ch'êng-tze, its junction with the Russian branch line south of Harbin.

At the time of our visit Port Arthur, once crowded with Russians, had only a single Muscovite living in the city. He was apparently left stranded there, for his residence, as printed on his *carte de visite*, was in the Pristan quarter of Harbin. The sight of a lone Chinaman strolling along a street in classic Rome so stirred the poetic genius of Goethe, that he wrote that gem of a poem entitled, "Der Chinese in Rom." Who knows but that before many days the long-awaited

¹ The Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia, by B. L. Putnam-Weale, p. 6. Greater Russia, by William Oliver Greener, p. 209. Russia, Her Strength and Weakness, by Wolf von Schlerbrand, pp. 31, 32. The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia, by Frederick McCormick, vol. 1, p. 9.

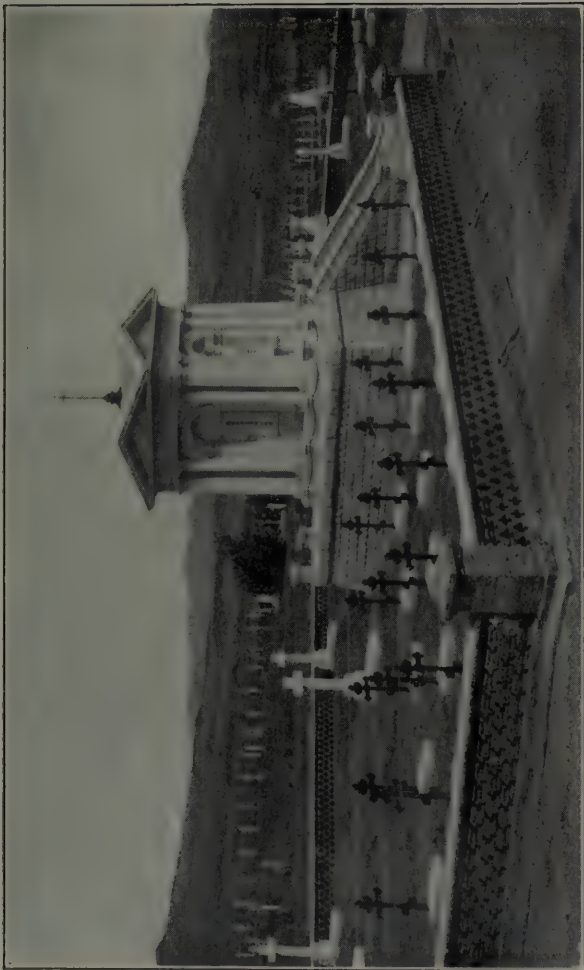
American poet, in his "Wanderlust," may chance to see this lone Russian at this Japanese garrison city, "Whence all but him had fled," and be inspired to indite at least a few lines of his forthcoming immortal epic, to "A Russian in Port Arthur"?

The Japanese railway hotels were well managed and provided good accommodation and excellent food. Whether at Port Arthur, Dalny, or Kuan Ch'êng-tze, all these hotels have the same name, Yamoto, like the popular Astor House, for there is an aristocratic Astor House in the Chinese cities of Shanghai, Hankow, and Tientsin, as well as downtown New York.

The toilsome climb up and over the fiercely contested 203 Meter Hill well repaid our exertion. Delightful also was the carriage ride over the winding macadamized road up the central mountain, from which we obtained a comprehensive survey of this extensive battlefield and the land-locked harbor below. On its summit the Japanese were erecting a magnificent monument to commemorate their victory. In architectural beauty it far excels the Bunker Hill Monument at Boston, and rivals the famed Walhalla at Ratisbon.

Up the river valley was the Russian cemetery, marking a greater victory than that of 203 Meter Hill. It tells a magnanimity undreamed of even by Christian nations. The

Japanese had collected the decaying bodies of their fallen foes, given them an honorable burial, and then erected a handsome granite monument amid a forest of tombstones and iron double crosses of the Russian-Greek Church. On the day of dedication, by invitation of the Japanese authorities, the Greek patriarch of Peking, with his acolytes and the surviving Russian military officials from Vladivostok, Harbin, and other accessible posts, assembled with Admiral Togo and other high Japanese victors, to consecrate this "God's Acre." Side by side, friend and foe mounted the pedestal and placed wreaths to the memory of the conquered slain. This deed cost the Japanese some 50,000 yen, but it gained for them the amazed admiration of the world. The Museum, which contained various war trophies and miniature raised models of forts before and after the famous siege, enables the lay visitor to understand how even electrified barbed wires and intrenched bastions were as a child's sand-pile before modern improved weapons. Through the courtesy of a Japanese naval officer, we were granted a permit to ride in a Japanese sampan around the inner harbor and out through the narrow, fortified straits into the open ocean beyond, where we watched divers, encased in their strange uniform, bringing up relics from the sunken Russian battleships.



RUSSIAN CEMETERY AT PORT ARTHUR

On our way back five Japanese torpedo-boat destroyers, with flags flying and whistles shrieking, shot past us on their arrowy flight toward the horizon.

The Asiatic Armageddon

At Mukden the second story of Dr. Christie's well-known hospital affords an extensive view of the battlefield. This beloved physician, who was an eyewitness of the conflict, pointed out to us that particular part which was alternately eight different times in the possession of Russians and Japanese. Mukden well deserves a visit. The massive walls of the city, resembling those of Peking, inclose the Imperial Palace, with its choice treasures and noted library. Let Miss Wright, one of the few who have recently inspected its interior, describe it for us:

"Last year the empress-dowager herself had planned to visit this ancient capital of her forefathers. A great clearing and rebuilding and a flood of vermilion lacquer followed this vaguely expressed wish—and then the empress died.

"But the old palaces which she was to have occupied have been rescued from ruin, and their lovely grace and brightness give delight to the few who chance to visit them. This glowing group of red and gold and royal yellow lies in the heart of Mukden.

They are not palaces as we know them, but low, single-storied buildings, with beautiful straight beams and curling eaves, suggesting and probably copied from the ancient Tartar tents.

“Behind these fragile lacquered walls is hidden an untold wealth of treasure, the sacking of which was so feared by the Chinese that they brought their war with Japan to a halt. There was a great unbolting and unlocking of the red doors, and a tearing away of absurd paper seals, before we could gain admittance, two soldiers, with bayonets fixed, standing meanwhile by our sides.

“Treasure after treasure, endlessly wrapped and packed with little papers of camphor, was placed for a moment for inspection on a sort of yellow lacquer counter. Golden helmets, ruby-set and sapphire-starred, royal coats of yellow satin, embroidered solidly in seed pearls, daggers with diamond hilts, priceless kakemonos, painted by China’s greatest artists, and others painted with a needle cunning as a brush—all these things, and many others, were shown us in this temple storehouse, piled to the eaves with cabinets and boxes.

“We walked at last out of that cold, dim treasure-house into the court, full of melting snow and blinding sunlight, and across it into the audience chamber, where that audacious, ivory-colored, paint-enameled

Manchu princess had meant to hold her court. It was dark as we stepped in from the dazzling light, but full of the gleam of gold—eaves gold, walls gold, and in the center of the room a raised and canopied dais. On this, before a monstrous screen, stood the throne—a giant's chair of gleaming old-gold lacquer, a deep shining seat, smooth as a mirror, wide enough and deep enough to seat three men—a royal, five-clawed dragon rampant on arms and back.

“The whole chamber was carpeted with a thick and brilliant rug of royal yellow, and this yellow, newly laid, and newly woven tapestry, was covered inch-deep with the dust and dirt of months—feathers, broken birds' nests, bits of earth; and as we looked in amazement we heard a stir and movement above our heads, where amid the golden eaves the fowls of the air were nesting unmolested.

“We followed our guide into the gloom and deathlike chill of still another wonder-house, and paused on the threshold in amazement. The place was lined with cabinets and shelves, and there, row on row, piled and stacked, was an array of imperial porcelains, each bit a fortune in itself; bowls and basins and vases of matchless ‘blue and white,’ ginger-jars with lovely plum pattern, clear white with rich blue medallions, curious old vases of Persian blue—form and pattern Per-

sian—plain blue and ‘powder blue.’ There they stood, great toppling columns of them—rice-bowls, tea-bowls, ordinary vessels of everyday use, cast, as it were, in gold, and piled as unconcernedly as crockery bought by the ton.

“One end of the room was packed in yellow—rice-bowls, soup-basins, tiny *sam-shui* cups, frail as eggshell, piled by the dozens, or hundreds, rather; the pure undecorated royal yellow, half mustard, half canary, with the imperial dragon swimming beneath the glaze.

“There were big vases of a glistening bronze, of swelling and perfect proportions, with iridescent gleams of flame and peacock green, dim and drowning. There were others of sea-green, of a pure and delicate wash; others again pale blue, the very ghost of a summer’s sky, with outlines simple and demure. One’s fingers itched for the feel of them, the sliding surface and the satisfying shape. There were gourdlike vases running through every tone of purple and thick brown, and ending in petunia and amethyst and rose. There were scores of deep cream pieces, and biscuit boldly crackled. There were vases black as night and glossy; *famille verte*, in pairs, with handles and quaint decorations, each color distinct and pure.

“We found four shelves of precious ‘peach-blow’—slender little vases, identical in form,

some placid and perfect peach, some a trifle pale, others ruddy, but all of the surface of satin and without a flaw. There were thirty in the group, a common sisterhood, doubtless of one firing, and probably akin to the 'peach-blow' in the 'Walters' collection, identical as it is in shape and color. On another shelf were as many little 'peach-blow' boxes, varying as a flame varies in tone and intensity.

"Above was another room, crowded as that below. More 'blue and white,' some wondrous *sang de bœuf*, pulsing, throbbing tones, red and thick as blood-clots. On the same shelf stood a pair of vases of greenish-blue, with a glaze brilliant as enamel, and crushed into it a warm fawn-color, like a turquoise matrix, mixed and melted. Hundreds of bowls again of dazzling white, thin and exquisite, each piece with the clear chime of a bell—rice-bowls, winecups, tea-bowls, fish-bowls, 'apple-green' this time, the royal dragon sprawling round the brim half smothered in the paste, and so it went.

"Finally, we dragged ourselves away, out again into the dazzle of the snow and the bold blue sky, and faced once more those amazing dwellings of vermilion lacquer.

"What was the sum of it all? It made one pause and consider. A race that can think in such fearless, fundamental colors, without fuss or futile decoration. And one

sees this legend repeated again and again on every side, in the hard enduring things of stone, the blunt monoliths, the time-serving tortoise, every symbol of the land pointing alike to fundamental, enduring things—patience, labor, discrimination. This chaotic, inchoate, centuries-old China—what is the meaning of it all? It is a thing to make one think, to think mightily, and to think again.”¹

A few miles outside the city lie the Imperial Tombs, spared by both Russian and Japanese foes from desecration at the pathetic plea of China.

The railway between Mukden and Antung, on the border of Korea, has long been a bone of contention between China and Japan. The Japanese by diplomatic pressure have forced China to grant them the right to change the present narrow gauge to a broad, and also to allow Japan to station her soldiers and build barracks at frequent intervals along the line. To-day Japan has two lines of railway in Manchuria, one from Port Arthur and the other from the border of Korea, both converging at Mukden and proceeding northward, as one trunk line, to Kuan-Ch'êng-tze, south of Harbin.

At Mukden it was a delight to us, Americans, to board an American-built Pullman,

¹The Color of Mukden, by Elizabeth Washburn Wright, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1910, pp. 242-244.

which had painted on the outside in English, "Sleeping Car," and to ride far out upon these prairies, so recently the seat of war, with the same facilities of modern, luxurious travel as at home.

Policy of Russians and Japanese

The large, solid stone and brick railway stations and barracks along the Japanese and Russian railway lines throughout Manchuria indicates that both these aggressive nations have come into Manchuria to stay. The proposed conference of M. Kokovsto, the Russian Minister of Finance, with Prince Ito, of Japan, on October 26, 1909, at Harbin, resulting in the latter's assassination, as he alighted from the train there, indicates to any intelligent observer the overt, concerted attempt on the part of these two empires to act unitedly in grasping and holding this valuable Manchurian territory, utterly regardless of helpless China and in defiance of the "open door," promised and guaranteed in the Portsmouth Treaty.

Hunghutze-Hobgoblin

The Japanese and Russian guards have been appreciably increased on account of the bugbear, "Hunghutze" (literally, "Red Beards"). By reiterated sensational dispatches from Manchuria many readily believe what Count Vay de Vaya wrote to the

Revue des Deux Mondes: "Of all these marauders, the Hunghutzes are the most terrible. They form a body of men, more or less organized, like the Italian brigands of old times, and this band resembles the Sicilian Mafia in the extent of its influence." Frederick McCormick, from personal observation, flatly denies these rumors so assiduously disseminated. He says: "The Russians from the first made much of the Hunghutze, no doubt largely because it was the fruitful material of which were fabricated political arguments for the continual occupation of Manchuria, and because they furnished the excuse for military exploits to gain decorations and military distinction. In eighteen months of continuous riding alone in the theater of war, in the rear and on the flanks of the Russian army, through the lines, as well as around the lines in the so-called Hunghutze country, on the borders of Mongolia, I never saw a Hunghutze, nor did I ever meet with any Chinese who had themselves seen any or knew where any were, except such Chinese as were in the service of the Russian or Japanese army."¹ From these statements one may judge for himself as to the reality of the Hunghutze scare.

¹The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia, by Frederick McCormick, vol. II, pp. 346 and 348.

CHAPTER VI

HARBIN

"In order to suppress the insolence of certain scoundrels [that is, Russians] who cross the frontier to hunt, plunder, and kill, and who give rise to much trouble and disturbance; to determine clearly and distinctly the boundaries between the empires of China and Russia; and, lastly, to re-establish peace and good understanding for the future, the following articles are by mutual consent agreed upon."

Chinese preamble to the first treaty with Russia, at Nerchinsk, August 27, 1689, when in the presence of 1,500 Chinese soldiers, and some 10,000 Chinese servants, retainers, and camp-followers, Russia relinquished territory which she had already occupied.—*Alexis Krause, Russia in Asia*, pp. 40, 41.

On to Harbin

OUR refreshing night's rest in the luxurious Pullman—reminder of the homeland—was rudely broken by our arrival at Kuan-Ch'êng-tze at 5 A. M. Here we had to leave the Japanese train and travel one hundred and seventy miles further on a branch line under Russian management. Forced abstinence on a bitter cold morning, and dirty, discarded railway equipment, did not produce the most pleasant experience on our overland journey. Still, we could obtain hot

water suitable for drinking, and, as we looked out of our car windows over these broad, fertile prairies, the real reason why Russians and Japanese coveted this vast, rich territory was quite apparent. Neither of these world-powers has any intention of letting go its hold, unless *par force majeure*, as at the close of the Spanish-American War the Spanish Treaty plenipotentiaries, with reluctant hauteur, avowed was their compelling motive when they had to sign the Treaty of Paris, by which Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines slipped out of their hands.

On Saturday, at 3 P. M., this slow, jerky train of antiquated, unswept, and undusted Russian cars arrived at Harbin. We remained there a couple of days, seeing the strange sights.

Geography from a Chinese Viewpoint

So, at last, here we were at the noted and notorious city of Harbin. About a year previous we had met a Chinaman who insisted that Harbin was in America. This happened when we were taking our noonday rest in a small village en route to a picturesque hamlet perched in the mountains of Mongolia, a day's ride by mulecart north of the Great Wall. Seeing a Chinaman strolling in the inn court, we accosted him. After the customary inquiries as to one's

honorable country, worthy surname, and respectable age had been asked and answered, to make conversation, we ventured to ask him whether he had ever been in America. With beaming face and an air of complacency he replied, "Yes!" We inquired in what part. Imagine our surprise when he answered, "Hah-er-been," which is Chinese for Harbin. We tried to explain that Harbin was not in America, but, although many foreigners lived there, was in Manchuria. A look of injured innocence came over his face, as, pointing to my Panama, he pertly retorted, "But the foreigners there wear the same kind of hat that you have on," and he went away sorrowful, for he had great prepossessions.

Migration

Hundreds and thousands of Chinese pass every year from China into Manchuria in the early spring and many return before Chinese New Year. Some days they seemed a never-ending stream. Their migrations north and south are as regular as the flocks of wild geese and ducks overhead. The Imperial Railways of North China make an especially low rate for a through train from a station near Tientsin to Mukden, while the steamship companies carry thousands more, at reduced rates, from the northern ports of Shantung province.

In rapidity of growth Harbin resembles many an American city in the West. In 1897 two Russians rode into the place and camped on the open prairie. Now the population numbers some 80,000. Through this gateway, during the Russian-Japanese war, passed more than 1,000,000 of the Tsar's soldiery and 250,000 horses. Harbin is a triple city, formed of the new Russian city, extending east of the mammoth railway station, Pristan or the old riverine town, along the banks of the Sungari, and Chinatown at the north.

Hotel

A couple of droskies soon conveyed us and our baggage to the Grand Hotel, diagonally opposite the station. Here we were shown a good-sized, comfortably furnished front room. A placard on the wall stated in parallel columns in Russian, English, German, and French languages the tariff of the room, and also a list of extras with fixed prices attached, as, for instance: The use of a towel was 15 kopeks ($7\frac{1}{2}$ cents United States gold); the use of a pillow-case was 20 kopeks (10 cents United States gold); the use of a sheet was 20 kopeks (10 cents United States gold); a candle was 20 kopeks (10 cents United States gold); a piece of soap was 40 kopeks (20 cents United States gold); the use of a bathtub was 1

ruble (50 cents United States gold). As we were not provided with a linen chest, we hired toilet necessities, so that the entire charge for our room was 5.50 rubles (\$2.75 (United States gold) a day. Food was extra.

In the dining room the bill of fare was printed in Russian and French. This official price list does not always protect the traveler. At one hotel, the porter rushed ahead and raised the rate. Tiffin, or luncheon, costing one ruble, consisted of excellent soup, boiled meat with rice, quail on toast, with cranberry sauce, and Italian cream, followed by a dainty cup of superior *café noir*. A supper which we took *a la carte* consisted of juicy beefsteak, thoroughly cooked French fried potatoes, hot string beans covered with cream sauce, and glasses (not cups) of delicious, piping hot tea. We sipped it clear and also *a la Russe*, with lemon and cube sugar. After supper we were invited by the hotel manager to see a moving-picture show to be given in the dining saloon at nine o'clock. This we declined with thanks on account of being fatigued from our journey. Such nocturnal entertainments, accompanied with dancing and carousing, are in vogue in hotels in Siberia. Our rooms here and later at Tomsk were, fortunately, in another part of the hotel, so that we were not disturbed by such midnight revelry.

Money Matters

At the American Consulate we learned that Consul Greene had recently started home on furlough, but the obliging interpreter, Mr. Morton, gave us useful information and personally conducted us to various places of interest. One was to the large department store of Churin & Co., where we invested in tins of American Saint Charles Cream and oranges. Another was across the Sungari River, in the popular Kitaiskaya, or "Chinese Street," to a dealer in photographic materials, where we purchased rolls of twelve films for our Bull's-Eye Kodak at 1.90 ruble each, about 95 cents United States gold, which was about what we would pay at Tientsin.

Ascending the broad, main street, running opposite the railway station, the visitor passes many of the finest buildings of the city, and on the summit comes upon the handsome, new Greek church, unusually light and airy in its architecture. In this neighborhood are many elegant mansions and large, attractive shops, fronted by broad sidewalks and rows of shade trees. A little nearer the station stands the substantial Russo-China Bank, where we found courteous and prompt attention. It is a significant coincidence that at the time this Russo-China Bank was established to finance the Russian

railway through Manchuria, called "The Chinese Eastern Railway," Baron Hirschman is supposed to have been instrumental in inducing Wall Street to invest \$50,000,000 in Russian bonds.¹ In this bank English and German, as well as Russian, were spoken. High up on a narrow gallery, built above the huge safe, was a Russian soldier, armed *cap-a-pie*. From his ammunition belt protruded revolvers, and he carried a loaded rifle as, with heavy tread, he paced to and fro. The rugged sturdiness in the make-up of this minion of the Tsar impressed the beholder as an interesting contrast to a similar scene away off in Italy. There, during the annual Requiem to the memory of Victor Emmanuel in Rome, a half dozen handsomely accoutered Italian soldiers, dressed in gay uniforms and with plumed helmets, are detailed to keep guard and stride with muffled step back and forth high up on the circular, interior gallery of the Pantheon.

Our observations, however, confirm us in the belief that, if the occasion should arise, those Italian patriots, fired with the spirit of Garibaldi, would give as good an account of themselves as any Russian hireling. Years ago at Vladivostok an incident, illustrative of the insensate obedience of the Russian soldiery, occurred. The occasion

¹ Greater Russia, by William Oliver Greener, p. 246.

was the military parade on the national festival of the Tsar's Name Day. The troops were drawn up with military precision. Toward the close of the drill, champagne, foaming in glass goblets, was served to groups of officers gathered in front of the troops. While this was being quaffed off in patriotic hilarity, not even a drop of vodka moistened the parched throats of the rank and file. To them the command was given to hurrah for the "Tsar of all the Russias." "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound!" Such a hoarse, heartless shout rent the air that to this day its sepulchral reverberations keep ringing in our ears. Appalling, indeed, is the present status of the Russian army, if the revelations of Kuropatkin, suppressed by the Russian government, be true: "Belief in God, devotion to the Tsar, love of the Fatherland are the features which up to now . . . made the mass of the soldiers fearless and obedient, but those principles have latterly been much shaken among the people, and the result was, of course, felt in the army."¹

Pristan

In Pristan stands the large Greek church, Saint Sophia, conspicuous and imposing. A Russian priest, the Rev. Bagdanoff, to

¹ The Russian Army and the Japanese War, by Kuropatkin, vol. 1, p. 296.

whom Mr. Turley, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society at Mukden, had given us his card of introduction, kindly showed us the objects of interest in the sacred edifice. Most worthy of inspection were three handsome oil paintings, in whose backs were inserted brass plates, inscribed as special gifts blessed by the high ecclesiastics of the cities of Constantinople, Kiev, and Old Novgorod. These cities possess older and more celebrated Saint Sophia cathedrals, though that at Constantinople is still in the hands of the infidels. One very large painting vividly represented the historic incident of the wholesale baptisms in the Dnieper near Kiev, when Christianity was introduced into Russia in 988. Great was the excitement when the idols were overthrown amid the tears and fright of the people. Perum, the favorite idol, whose head was of silver and beard of gold, was thrown into the river from the "Devil's Leap," a spot still shown to visitors. Rambaud relates how, "by Vladimir's order, all the Kievans—men and women, masters and slaves, old people and little children—plunged naked into the consecrated waters of the old pagan stream, while the Greek priests, standing on the bank, read the baptismal service."¹

Later, riding toward the banks of the Sungari, we made our way through streets

¹ History of Russia, by Rambaud, vol. i, p. 80.

on each side of which were numerous flour mills and yards inclosing immense piles of merchandise, such as timber, coal, and sacks of flour. Along the wharves were stern-wheel steamers, like those plying on the Ohio and Orinoco Rivers in America, crammed full of passengers and freight, about ready to start for ports on the Sungari and Amur Rivers. Putnam-Weale states that "from the flour mills at Harbin, Tsitsihar, and Kirin Provinces, so far as flour is concerned, sufficient was locally available to feed every Russian soldier, east of Lake Baikal, on the day peace was signed."

On the broad, frequented avenues our attention was attracted to a prevailing fashion: when a man and woman were out riding together in a drosky, the man evinced his eagerness to prevent his lady from falling out by firmly encircling her waist with his protecting arm. Many women were briskly promenading the streets in high-heeled white slippers, regardless of the late spring or whether the rest of their attire harmonized with this ballroom costume or not.

Chinatown

The Chinese city of Harbin lies more than a couple of miles distant from the Russian settlement. We took a short cut across a long meadow to it and hunted for a Protestant church. First, we were directed to a

small Roman Catholic chapel, then to a Chinese government lecture hall, and finally to the "Gospel Hall," where we learned that preaching had been started about a year previous by a British missionary, whose Chinese name was Pi, and that the present membership was about thirty. This Chinese part of Harbin, with its yamens, temples, shops, and street life, looked like an ordinary Chinese town bodily transplanted into the midst of these modern European surroundings. The drosky-driver whom we employed on our way back happened to be a Chinaman, and seemed happy to have as passengers those who had come from the Middle Kingdom and could converse in his native tongue.

CHAPTER VII

ACROSS MANCHURIA

Railroad iron is a magician's rod in its power to evoke the slumbering energies of land and water.—*R. W. Emerson.*

Russia's Real Navy

RUSSIA'S Premier "De Witte long ago realized that in a land-locked empire, such as Russia, the railway locomotive must take the place of the ship as pioneer of national development. What Great Britain and Germany had gained by steamship lines Russia must attain by railways. . . . He demonstrated that a continent can be made an accessible highway, as any ocean, and he showed that Russia's real navy rests not on the sea but on many parallel lines of steel rails, laid down with scientific accuracy and strategic intent."¹

The Trans-Siberian Railway

The present Tsar, Nicholas II, when he was Tsarevitch, laid the first stone of this greatest transcontinental railway on the globe at Vladivostok, on May 12, 1891. Its original cost was more than \$390,000,000 (United States gold), and its annual aver-

¹ To-morrow in the East, by Robert Story, p. 233.

age maintenance amounts to nearly \$25,000,000. The railway is divided into sections of one verst (about two thirds of a mile), marked by a neat guardhouse, where the guard, whose duty it is to see that the track is in good order, lives with his family. At heavy curves, additional guards are stationed. Between Tomsk and the Urals there are nearly four thousand of these. There grew to be a certain fascination in watching for these little homes and the man, or sometimes the woman, standing, flag in hand, near the doorstep or alongside the track.

During the Russo-Japanese war, Prince Khilkoff, Minister of Ways and Communications, had personal oversight of the railway management, with his headquarters at Irkutsk. His apprenticeship in the railway business in America proved of inestimable value at that critical period. Under his direction, innumerable sidings and new stations were speedily provided, enabling the railway to transport troops and material so regularly and rapidly as to astonish the world. So efficiently did he manage his difficult task that after the war he was highly honored by his government.

Villari tells how on one occasion, while inspecting a section of the main line, where he had ordered a new station to be built, he inquired why his train did not stop there.

"O! your Excellency," the officials replied, "we passed it in the night." Not satisfied with the reply, since it did not tally with his schedule, he gave orders for his inspection train to return to the spot. No station was visible. The feelings of those officials can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say that not many days elapsed before that station materialized.

As late as 1880 Russia had no railways in Asia, although Great Britain had nearly 10,000 miles of iron road in India.

Express Trains

To-day trains run daily between the Pacific and the Urals. Each week three express trains go each way between Vladivostok and the old and new Russian capitals, while a fourth runs between Irkutsk and Moscow. These three expresses include one of the International Wagons Lits and two of the Imperial Siberian Express. So far as our observation went, the Wagons Lits trains had the advantage of a conductor who could speak some English, German, and French, besides Russian; the fares were higher, the cars were usually more crowded, and their condition in regard to cleanliness would have given a New England housewife a conniption fit. Doubtless, as soon as the attention of the company is called to this untidy state of affairs, it will be promptly

remedied. We well remember in the early days of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company, how hash, disguised as "Pepper Pot," "Bubble and Squeak," and other mystic, euphonious names, were frequent dishes on the menu. But after complaints reached the London office, a director was dispatched personally to investigate, with the result that to-day probably no better table is to be found anywhere.

On the other hand, the Imperial State Express had the advantage of the same speed, lower rates, a conductor who could speak German, French, and Russian, while the cars were both cleaner and less crowded. Passengers, first and second-class, in both expresses, had the right to the same dining car. Generally, the same car was provided with coupés, partly first and partly second-class. A corridor or passageway extended along one side of the car. Overhead in this corridor were racks for baggage, while near the windows were adjustable seats and tables.

We tried a second-class compartment on the Imperial State Express and found it so comfortable and satisfactory that we had no desire to change to the first. The fare, second-class from Harbin to Samara on the Volga, was 77.85 rubles, the ticket being valid for forty days. On our way from Harbin to Irkutsk, and also from Taiga to Sa-

mara, although we had only two tickets, we were allowed a whole section to ourselves. This afforded us more room and greater privacy than usual on American Pullmans, since we could securely fasten the door on the inside. This coupé had two upper and two lower berths, besides a double row of racks on each side for baggage. We occupied the two lower berths and so had an abundance of room. The ornamental top of a folding stepladder before our window formed a table, upon which a green-shaded electric reading lamp was placed at night. Another bulb overhead illumined the room. Electric buttons near the door brought the car porter or the waiter from the dining car, as we might desire.

The first-class coupé differs from ours in being furnished with only two berths, and in having a strip of carpet on the floor, while ours had matting.

The dining car was fancifully decorated with real and artificial flowers, and provided at the farther end with a piano. Beyond this, at the corner of the car near the roof, was an icon, or small sacred painting. Like all icons, the drapery of the clothing and the halo around the heads of the Madonna and Child were stamped upon a bright, metallic, gilt and silver casing, concealing all the rest of the picture, except the flesh tints of the face and hands. Every orthodox Rus-

sian, on entering, would first reverently face this object of devotion and cross himself before sitting down at table and ordering his meal. The cuisine was excellent, although at times a Russian flavor predominated. Still we could procure a good tiffin of four courses for 1.25 ruble, or of three courses for only 1 ruble. A sample tiffin of four courses consisted of (1) Soup—Noodle or Chicken, (2) Fish, (3) Roast Veal, with Potatoes and String Beans, (4) Dessert, consisting of Ice Cream and after-dinner Coffee, served in hexagonal glass tumblers.

Surely no epicure ought to grumble when a plump, toothsome partridge, cooked to a turn, could be bought for 75 kopeks, or about 40 cents, gold. Some British travelers, addicted to afternoon tea, advised us to order hot water sent to our compartment and there brew our own tea. But we preferred a change of scene and would take our tea in Russian style in the dining car. One glass of hot tea—and Russians and Chinese of all peoples know how to brew it—and a couple of pieces of zwieback cost 10 cents, American currency—not a very extravagant charge for this afternoon refreshment.

The measured movements of these Russian express trains remind one of the camel, which for ages used to traverse these interminable wildernesses. Never do they deign to start like a thoroughbred on the instant

the signal is given. Rather, grunting like a patient camel, they only begin to move after three distinct actions, similar to the jerky opening of the blades of a jackknife, reminding one of how first the camel rises on its knees, then straightens its hind legs, and finally its front ones.

Usually, the train stops twenty minutes at stations. This affords plenty of time to stroll up and down the platform and see the unusual sights, especially of humanity—men and women, boys and girls, Buriats, Mongols, Vitim gold-diggers, Altai miners, Russian immigrants, and Siberian settlers, not to mention our fellow travelers from the four corners of the world.

Russian Paternalism

At all important stations, a Russian sign, "Keep-a-tok," meaning "boiling water," was visible, indicating that boiling-hot water could be obtained there gratis by simply turning the brass faucet. This was provided by the government chiefly for immigrants, as were also booths at one end of the long platforms, where provisions, such as bread, eggs, vegetables, and fruit, were for sale at low rates. Never tiresome and always picturesque was the sight of the rows of quaintly attired peasants, offering for sale huge loaves of black bread and bottles of fresh milk. The cheap prices were fixed by

governmental tariff, not yet affected by any Milk Trust.

Travelers, first and second-class, could purchase a finer grade of provisions at higher prices in the railway restaurants. For a few kopeks they could also procure hot water, steaming and hissing from the brightly polished brass samovar, unfailingly adorning the counter.

Along some lines the Russian government exhibits a paternal solicitude over its children. Patent medicines, for instance, which have wrought such havoc in America, are not allowed to be sold to the Russian people without the authorization of a physician. One summer at Vladivostok our bedroom was overrun with rats, and chancing to see the American remedy "Rough on Rats" for sale in a store, we asked the clerk for a package. To our surprise we were informed that we could not buy any until we had first procured a physician's certificate.

How much happier would the Russian people be to-day if this same paternal solicitude had been exercised in regard to vodka! Vodka is a government monopoly. Steadily this seething mass of ignorant, downtrodden humanity is being overwhelmed by the alcohol habit, fostered by the government.

Von Schierbrand says, "One per cent of the net returns from the sale of all alcoholic

liquors is being devoted by the Finance Minister to promote the temperance movement!"¹ Such incongruity equals that of a certain Sunday school scholar at a Brooklyn Christmas entertainment, when we were boys. This temporary scholar, hailing from Jackson Hollow, was an undersized youth of sallow, shriveled features. Attracted to a group of us boys, who were eagerly comparing notes about our Christmas presents, he exultingly interjected the remark, "My father gave me a box of cigars for my Christmas." Instantly he checked himself, as the thought shot across his mind that tobacco-smoking was usually tabooed in a Sunday school, and hastily finished his sentence with, "if I would not smoke." And this saying of his has been current among us to the present day. Von Schierbrand further states that, "as far as statistics go, every budget, since the introduction of the government monopoly, shows a rapidly increasing sale of spirits, and for the last year the excess of such sales over the figures of ten years ago is fully thirty per cent." In 1909 Russia received from her revenue in intoxicating liquors \$275,000,000—enough to pay the cost of her army and navy.²

McCormick, who accompanied the Russian

¹ Russia, Her Strength and Weakness, by Wolf von Schierbrand, pp. 235, 236.

² Northwestern Christian Advocate, September 14, 1910, p. 1162.

Grand Army during the disastrous Manchurian campaign, observes: "The Russian physician's first inquiry in case of accident was, 'Was he drunk?' On one occasion a man was describing to a surgeon in charge of an imperial hospital the actions of an artillery officer in the last stages of exhaustion from fighting during the battle of Mukden, and from the work of saving his battery in the flight from Tieh-Ling. But the tragedy of the incident was entirely lost on the surgeon. As the narrator concluded he simply asked, 'Was he drunk?'"¹ Wholesale debauching a people for revenue may be a phase of paternalism in the Russian sense, but we far prefer the American right to cast our votes for local option.

¹The Tragedy of Russia, by Frederick McCormick, vol. II, p. 281.

CHAPTER VIII

KING-AN AND GENGHIS KHAN

‘Ο τῶν ὄρων ἔρος ἀριστος.—“The love of mountains is best.” In those fine words some Swiss professor anticipated the doctrine of Ruskin and the creed of Leslie Stephen, and of all men who had found mountains the best companions in the vicissitudes of life. In the annals of art it would be easy to find additional proof of the attention paid by men to mountains, three or four hundred years ago. The late Josiah Gilbert, in a charming but too little known volume, *Landscape in Art*, has shown how many great painters depict in their backgrounds their native hills. Titian is the most conspicuous example.—*D. W. Freshfield, President of the Geographical Society of the British Association.*

Alpine Regions

TOWARD evening of the first day out from Harbin, the air becomes perceptibly cooler. Before long we leave the broad Manchurian prairies, so like the immense wheatfields of Minnesota and the Dakotas. An extra engine helps to pull the train up the steep grades of the King-an Mountains, reported to be the coldest spot of like latitude on the globe. According to one account, the mercury sometimes falls to seventy-one degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.¹

¹ Greater Russia, by William Oliver Greener, p. 86.

The flora here and also on the elevated plateaus of Mongolia above Kalgan is Alpine. Vast areas on the plateaus above Kalgan can be seen to-day white with the edelweiss. Specimens of this Alpine favorite were once sent to Oberlin College, Ohio, for careful examination, and were pronounced to be the real edelweiss, now so rare and prized in the high latitudes of Switzerland, where, on the border line, snow and ice contend in a life-and-death struggle with the flora of the temperate zone.

Genghis Khan

Before reaching those higher altitudes the twin engines keep puffing and tugging in their winding way around the grotesque foothills and up the steep grades of the mountainsides. Tschingis Chan is the name of the station we are passing. We are startled, for we learn that this is the equivalent of the Russian name for Genghis Khan. Can it be really true that we are near the birth-place of this renowned conqueror?

Luridly flash before our vision the strange, stirring scenes enacted here, when vast hordes of uncouth nomads roamed at will over these spacious Siberian steppes. At the appointed time arose Genghis Khan. His military genius united these multitudinous warring tribes into one compact mass. These loyal, reckless barbarians were eager

to follow their doughty chieftain across the Urals and to combat savage Scythians or any other forces rash enough to oppose their onward, overwhelming onslaughts.

Genghis Khan, later succeeded by Tamerlane and the Golden Horde, first fought his way westward, until all lands from the Danube to the Pacific and from the Arctic to the Himalayas owned his sway. His conquests were purely Oriental, and thus fall into the lowest of the three categories mentioned by Fiske, namely, conquest without incorporation, a grade lower than the ancient Roman or modern Russian, but eons distant from the highest class, the federation, prevailing in most modern world-powers.¹

This triumphing over apparently impassable barriers, as Genghis Khan did, when he led his barbaric hordes across these trackless, interminable Siberian wastes, evinces a military genius of no mean order. Our admiration at the indomitable will and consummate skill of this Mongolian chieftain rises higher and higher. Like Alexander the Great, he aimed at world-wide dominion, proclaiming that "as there was but one God in heaven, so there should be but one ruler on earth."

Some six centuries ago these hardy pioneers suffered untold hardships as they

¹The Destiny of Man, by John Fiske, pp. 87 and 89.

. . . fought to win the prize
 And sailed through bloody seas.

To-day, in glaring contrast, we, leisurely lounging in our comfortable, well-heated coupés, and surrounded by obliging servants on the alert to attend to our every want and whim, are indeed being carried along "on flowery beds of ease."

In our day—strangely enough—a reflex movement in the tide of men is noticeable. Those enormous masses of Asiatics, under the sway of Genghis Khan and Timur, swept like a floodtide toward the setting sun. Now the ever-increasing tide of Russian immigration along the iron road and the extensive waterways flows eastward on its ebb at the rate of nearly 1,000,000 a year.

Mongol Imprint

Russia had suffered more from Mongolian invasion than any other European power. Napoleon's drastic epigram, "*Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare*," contains as much truth as wit. One of Russia's own aristocracy, Prince Dolgorouki, reveals Russia in these words: "Russia is an immense edifice, having a European exterior, adorned with a European façade, but in the interior it is furnished and managed Asiatically. The very large majority of Russian officials, disguised in uniforms more or less European, proceed in the exercise of their

official tasks as genuine Tartars." Gibbon, the historian, sums up the Mongolian imprint in this way: "Both Moscow and Kiev—the modern and ancient capitals—were reduced to ashes (by the Mongols); a temporary ruin, less fatal than the deep and perhaps indelible mark, which a servitude of two hundred years has imprinted on their character."

Chinovnik

欽 = CHIN

(pronounced like "ch" in China or the English word "chin," the lower part of the face) means "Imperial Grant."

"Chin," or "Tschin," adopted by Russia from the Mongol invaders, was branded deep by Peter the Great on the Russian body politic. This barbaric Chin, with its chinovniks (or tschinovniks), will ever remain an ugly scar until the bright day dawns whose healing rays will diffuse among Russia's millions the long-coveted blessings of enlightened freedom. This Chin, consisting of a Mongolian system of rank—not of birth, education, or wealth—is an arbitrary grade

of distinction, conferred at the pleasure of the Tsar. Look at this instance: In 1889 all the justices of peace were, one fine morning, removed by a special ukase of Alexander III, and succeeded by "rural district captains," men of no legal education whatever. In China all the evil effects of this system are more than counterbalanced by the democratic competitive civil service examination. These examinations in China, open even to the lowest peasant, furnish an opportunity for all Chinese ambitious of office, and serve as a safety valve to the seething body politic. In Russia, on the other hand, this despotic caste system is graded into fourteen classes. Only chinovniks, or holders of these distinctions, are eligible for office. The military chinovniks form not only the ruling class, but practically the only class. The energy and intelligence of Russia are centered in her army, which, with a few exceptions, claims every male within the age limit, that is, from the twenty-first to the forty-third year, the first eighteen years being spent in the standing army and the last four in the militia. This system of Chin is the colossal incubus which is crushing out liberty and education. Henry Ward Beecher, in showing that religious freedom is based upon education, instanced the schoolhouses as well as the churches of New England, affirming, "Our New England fathers, although

failing here and there in some points in the administration of religious liberty, were pre-eminent for the time in which they lived, and, at the bottom, they were really the workmen that brought in the doctrine of religious freedom, because they undertook to make intelligent men." In the Russian empire statistics show that only three per cent of the population can read. Russia provides for less than two million out of her population of one hundred and thirty millions, so that education is unknown, except among the upper classes.

One of the most malign and monstrous bureaus of this Chin is that of the Holy Orthodox Church, presided over by a layman, who is subject only to the authority of the Tsar, as was originally constituted by Peter the Great. This lay Pope, styled the Over-Procurator of the Most Holy Governing Synod, has veto power over the other members of this Synod, who are personally selected by the Tsar from among the higher clergy of the Orthodox Church.

Some of the mechanical methods of this powerful bureau have been disclosed by Baron Uxhull. He tells us that "a Mohammedan, or a heathen, or a Jew, if he wished to become a Christian, could join only the Greek Orthodox Church. . . . For a thousand converts, the Greek Orthodox missionary received a decoration, a cross on his breast,

and a certain sum of money. When they went into a village they did not preach Christ. They said: 'See, we have come to invite you to join the religion of the emperor; the emperor is the most mighty man in the whole world, and as he is of the Greek Orthodox religion, of course the Greek Orthodox religion is the best, and the police will be indulgent to you, and the judge will favor you, if you join the Greek Orthodox Church, and next Sunday I will receive all of those who wish to become members of the Greek Orthodox Church, and every one of you will receive a little cross to wear around the neck, as the Greek Orthodox do, and a white shirt.' And then the missionary received the heathen, and every one received the little cross around his neck and the white shirt for baptism." Moreover, according to the bureaucratic regulations, every priest must marry, for had not Paul instructed Timothy, "Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife"? This wife is not a helpmeet of his own choice, but a virgin—never a widow—selected for him by his bishop. If that one wife dies the rigid rules require that the husband can no longer officiate as a priest, but must take monastic vows or enter into secular work, so that naturally her husband has incentives to treat her well. Hence the popular proverb, "Happy as a priest's wife."

For fifteen years Count Dmitry Tolstoy, a cousin of the novelist, was the Over-Procurator, although he was an avowed atheist. Religion had, indeed, been dragged down to the depths, when the chief authority in the church was vested in a man who boldly declared himself an unbeliever. The change was, however, much for the worse, when Pobiedonostzeff succeeded him. Neither George Washington nor Abraham Lincoln could have indorsed his political theories, as published in his *Reflections of a Russian Statesman*, where he affirms, "Among the falsest of political principles is the principle of the sovereignty of the people, the principle that all power issues from the people, and is based upon the national will."¹

"This nonmitered Hildebrand and non-purpled Nero is inextricably involved in the history of the religious life of Russia for a period of about twenty-five years. The ferocious slaughterings of the saints of God under the pagan Roman emperors, under our English Queen Mary, and even the Waldensian and Huguenot massacres, dwindle beside the 'havoc of the church,' wrought by this man Pobiedonostzeff.

"It has been said that no tyrant is so remorselessly tyrannical as the religious fanatic. The Over-Procurator was pre-

¹ *Reflections of a Russian Statesman*, by K. P. Pobiedonostzeff-Grant Richards, London, 1898. In chapter "The Greatest Falsehood of Our Time," p. 32.

eminently a 'religious' man. He might be seen almost any day, when in residence at the Winter Palace, wandering around the imperial private gardens, with a prayer book in his hands, mumbling his devotions. During the greater part of the year he retires to the Sergieff Monastery and mortifies his flesh as vigorously as any anchorite, remaining for days upon his knees, fasting and beating his forehead against the stone floor.

"It might be said of him, as the monk Nicholas said to Ivan the Terrible, when he was contemplating the massacre of the people of Pskoff. Ivan visited Nicholas in his cell. The monk offered him a piece of raw meat. 'I am a good Christian,' said Ivan, 'and eat no meat during Lent.' 'Thou doest worse,' answered Nicholas, 'for thou featest upon the flesh and blood of Christians.'

"Like Saul of Tarsus, Pobiedonostzeff had a zeal for God that was not to him at all inconsistent with 'breathing out threatenings and slaughter' against his servants. He sincerely imagined that he was 'doing God's service.' 'You believe in a Christ of weakness and sentiment; but I believe in a Christ of authority and power,' said he in a letter to Count Leo Tolstoy."¹

The religious toleration of the Mongols was far superior to these modern inquisi-

¹ Under Three Tsars, by Robert S. Latimer, pp. 133, 136, 138, 139.

torial methods, recalling the vindictive spirit of pious Philip II. Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace highly extols the religious toleration of these Asiatics, adducing the following facts in proof: "The Grand Khan Kuyuk caused a Christian chapel to be erected near his domicile, and one of his successors, Kublai, was in the habit of publicly taking part in the Easter festivals. In 1261 the Khan of the Golden Horde allowed the Russians to found a bishopric in his capital, and several members of his family adopted Christianity. One of them founded a monastery and became a saint of the Russian Church. The Orthodox clergy were exempted from the poll tax. . . . Many generations later, when the property of the church was threatened by the autocratic power, refractory ecclesiastics contrasted the policy of the Orthodox sovereign with that of the 'Godless Tartars,' much to the advantage of the latter."¹

¹ Russia, by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, 1905 edition, p. 200.

CHAPTER IX

SIBERIA

In Siberia's wastes
The ice-wind's breath
Woundeth, like the toothed steel.
Lost Siberia doth reveal
Only blight and death.

Blight and death alone,
No summer shines.
Night is interblent with day.
In Siberia's wastes alway
The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes
No tears are shed,
For they freeze within the brain.
Naught is felt but dullest pain,
Pain acute, but dead.

In Siberia's wastes
Are sands and rocks.
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snow-peaks rise aloft
And the gaunt ice-blocks.

—*James G. Mangon.*

Prairie and Forest Fires

THE plains at evening were often lighted up by prairie fires, flaring up in the rank, dry prairie grass, and throwing a fitful, lurid glare amid the dense darkness of the

night. Further along, in higher regions, bright flames were devouring the timber, evergreens, and white birch.

White Birch

Who would believe, if his own eyes did not witness the sight, that white birch formed so large a proportion of the vast forests of Siberia? The enthusiastic French geographer, Reclus, states that "toward the southeast, on the Chinese frontiers, the birch is encroaching on the indigenous species, and the natives regard this as a sure prognostic of the approaching rule of the Tsar." Whether this French scientist's notion is a case of chromatic aberration or not, the future will doubtless determine. At all events there seemed to be an unfailing supply of this choice wood. There seems ever to be a law of compensation in nature, as when the shores recede on one continent they at the same time upheave on the opposite. So the lotus, whose magnified petals crown the colossal columns of the mammoth temple of Karnak—a temple three times as large as Saint Peter's at Rome—the lotus, which, as food fit for the gods, was so relished by Ulysses and his crew, is now extinct in the land of the Pharaohs. But to-day it blooms in all its pristine luxuriance in the castle moats of Tokyo and elsewhere in Japan. We never were fortunate enough to join any

happy band of Lotus-Eaters in Egypt, but more than once in China have we tasted the lotus bean, served hot in an aromatic broth at feasts. Its inexpressibly delicious flavor still lingers, as a delightful dream, since it far excels birds' nest soup, sharks' fins, sea-slugs, and other rare, costly dainties, so highly prized by Celestial epicures.

The edelweiss, in quest of which the ardent lover risks limb and life in venturesome feat along inaccessible Alpine peaks, and which the chamois hunter, scaling slippery heights in hot pursuit of his agile prey, pauses a moment to pluck and thrust into his belt, to sell later to the languid tourists loitering around fashionable hotels below, is nowadays, as we have before observed, quite rare in Switzerland. However, these snowy white, irradiant stars bespangle many a broad steppe in Mongolia.

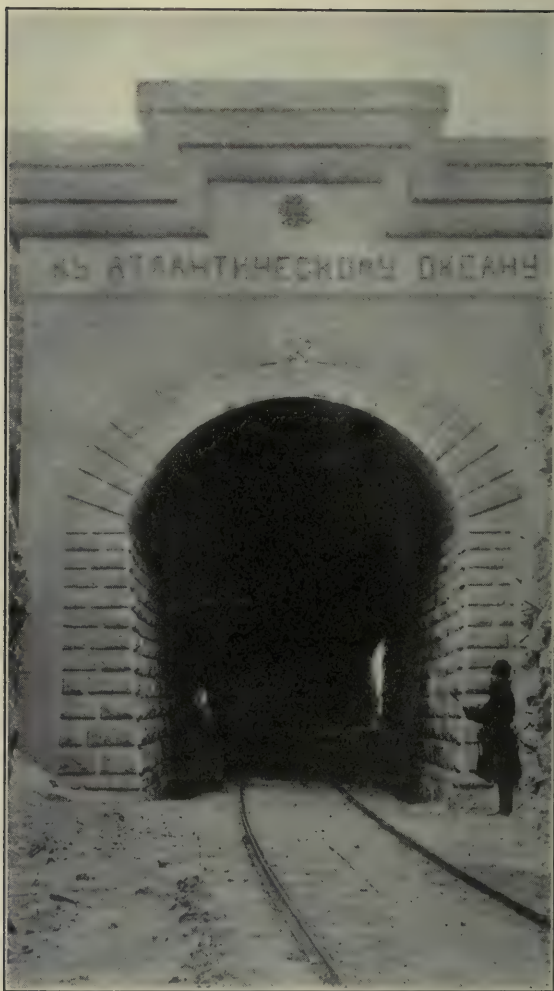
Blossoming alone,
Where earth's grief is sorest.

Similarly the beautiful white birch, familiarly associated with the American Indian and his canoe, is gradually disappearing from the American continent, but in Siberia the travelers on the transcontinental trains day by day pass dense forests of this graceful tree. What the bamboo is to the Chinaman the white birch is to the Russian. With its bark he tans his valuable Russian leather, while its oil gives it its pungent scent. Its

leaves and sap, as well as its oil, possess certain medicinal qualities, prized as potent remedies in various chronic ailments, while its tough, coarse-grained wood serves as excellent material for furniture and household utensils, as well as for fuel for his fire to cheer him with its blaze and warmth during the prolonged cold of winter. So limitless seems the supply around him that he does not hesitate to thatch his cabin with it. The wood of birch and other trees also serves as fuel for locomotives.

Transbaikal Scenery

Now and then we would look out of our car windows upon lovely scenery, just such cozy glades as would be picked out in our country for picnic parties. Sometimes our train would wind its way among mountains clothed with dark forests, the branches of whose trees were often trimmed with fanciful, snowy white drapery, as if artistically arranged there by the wand of some sylvan elf. Several places reminded us of wild forest districts in the Adirondacks in early spring. Rude, zigzag rail fences of the early Virginia type brought back pleasant memories of the homeland, and particularly of that typical American, Abraham Lincoln, with his rail-splitting propensities. Here, as the train whirled past, we caught glimpses of just such bits of landscape as instinc-



TUNNEL WITH INSCRIPTION, "TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN"

tively recalled Elizabethtown on the Lake Champlain side of the Adirondacks and restful nooks as make a summer at North Conway, New Hampshire, so delightful.

Generally, we were favored with fair weather. Only occasionally storms occurred, or a short-lived gale would go sougning through the forest, when the

Wind, the grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines.

On the morning of the second day out from Harbin we passed through a little tunnel with big inscriptions. "To the Great Ocean" was inscribed on the frieze of its eastern entrance, while on the western side was "To the Atlantic Ocean."

Customs Examination

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the third day out our train pulled up at the station, Manchuria, near the border of Manchuria and Siberia. Here our passports and baggage were examined. All the trunks were carried from the baggage van into a commodious room at the station, where they were opened and subjected to a rigid and rough examination. Trays were lifted out without much ceremony, while the customs examiners, delving down to the bottom, caused considerable confusion and complaint. Forewarned of the nuisance of traveling "via Siberia" with trunks, we had

all of our traveling effects packed in handbags, suitcases, and shawl-bundles—nine in all. After finishing our overland trip at Saint Petersburg we discarded the handbags and repacked most of our possessions in a large Russian trunk.

The hand-baggage was examined on the train. A Russian merchant from Vladivostok, who was traveling with his wife, and on whom we had been practicing broken Russian, tried to inveigle us to act as his accomplices in smuggling a box of cigars. After politely but firmly refusing, he later informed us that he had found somebody else to do that deed for him. For some reason or other our refusal to help him defraud the Russian government did not seem to make any perceptible difference in his attitude toward us, for the next morning he was as affable and talkative as ever. When the customs examiners came to our coupé one of them felt with his long cane under our seats, and with his hands searched beneath the mattress of our sleeping berths. Suspicious of cigar-smuggling, one inspector, noticing an outside pocket of my coat bulging a little, pointed to it, felt of it on the outside, and then requested me to show what was inside. So soon as a red-covered "Baedeker" was produced, he seemed perfectly satisfied, promptly chalked the rest of our baggage, and speedily walked off, while

the faces of the bystanders were suffused with smiles. A few days later, before reaching Lake Baikal, at a station called Tanchoi, our baggage was again examined. This examination, occurring at half past two in the early morning, was most inconvenient, interfering with the slumbers of the passengers, so that many preferred to remain dressed until this ordeal was over. So far as our party was concerned the examination was merely nominal. My wife and babe had retired several hours earlier and were sleeping. As the inspector peered into our coupé I simply said, in Russian, "Americans, New York," which he at once comprehended and accepted at its full face value in lieu of any examination whatever.

Chita

Some careful observers, as William Oliver Greener, in his *Greater Russia*, are of the opinion that "east of the Baikal is Russia's greater and better half, because the land has been influenced from the West by the way of the cosmopolitan Far East." Certain it is that great enterprise has been shown in this district.

In the early morning, before arriving by the waters of Lake Baikal, our train pulled up at Chita, the flourishing capital of the Transbaikal District. Several German officers, conveying troops from their fatherland

for guard duty in north China, had traveled through this region the previous spring. Their letters, narrating the journey, had been published in a German newspaper at Tientsin. In these letters they gave glowing descriptions of Chita, whose romantic location and scenery reminded them of their beloved Heidelberg on the Neckar.

Heidelberg, du schöne Stadt,
Wenn es ausgeregnet hat.

Dr. J. Purvis Smith, of Peking, who had twice passed this way, regarded Chita as an ideal spot for a summer resort. Historically also Chita presents many interesting features.

"Damskaya," or "Ladies Street," is the name of the main thoroughfare. It is so named in honor of those faithful wives of the nobility who followed into exile their patriotic husbands, called "dekabrists," because on "December" 24, 1825, they were implicated in an uprising at Saint Petersburg and banished to this remote Cossack post. The heroic devotion of Lady Trubetskoy, Princess Maria Wolkhonsky, and the other Russian wives, who followed their exiled husbands on that long and painful journey, has been immortalized by Nekrasov in his poem entitled "Russian Women." Chita boasts of its fine schools for boys and girls, a training school for midwives, a museum well worth visiting, a branch of the Russo-

China Bank, and various large government buildings.

We had planned to stop over here, but as the only "Official Guide of the Siberian Railway," published a few years previously, stated, "Hotels are Tokyo and Bianchinsky, with rooms at two rubles per day. The rooms are bad," etc., we hesitated until we could ascertain whether we could secure more tempting accommodations. In reply to our inquiries, the Minister of Ways and Communications at Saint Petersburg recommended one hotel, the Russo-China Bank at Harbin another, and the old reliable firm of Kunst & Albers, at Vladivostok, still another. Afterward an American fellow traveler, who stopped off there and later met us at Irkutsk, told us that he had stopped at a still different hostelry and had found the service and cuisine excellent.

Albazin

The clear waters of the stream along the east bank on which the city of Chita is built have a trend northeastward and empty into the Amur River, not far from Albazin, a frontier post of the Russians, established in 1651, but destroyed by the Chinese in 1689. The Russian soldiers, captured during these border skirmishes, were sent as prisoners to Peking. At the time Peter the Great dispatched a friendly mission to Pe-

king they found a Russian colony in the northeast quarter of the city, composed of those Russian prisoners. These were eventually formed into a Russian company—a body of foreign soldiers somewhat analogous to the papal Swiss Bodyguard at Rome, Italy. In China's capital this Russian company was attached to the Imperial Bodyguard of the illustrious Chinese emperor, Kang-Hsi, that wise, liberal, and enterprising Manchu monarch, whose Chinese dictionary is the rich thesaurus for all subsequent Chinese lexicographers.

Less than three hundred miles further down the Amur, directly opposite the mouth of its tributary, Kumara, on a prominent projecting cliff, has been erected a huge iron cross, visible miles and miles away. This Christian emblem is inscribed with the Christian sentiment forming the opening sentence in the address of Baron Korft, "Power lies not in force but in love." Sad irony of fate! Less than one hundred miles further downstream lies the city of Blagoveshchenk, the scene of the ruthless slaughter of Chinese by Russians in 1900.

On its way from Chita toward Lake Baikal our train halted at Verchne-Udinsk (or Upper Udinsk), entrancingly located at the junction of the Uda and Selenga Rivers. Here are the headquarters of the Transbaikalian Mountain District and a branch of

the Russo-China Bank. This is the strategic point where the Peking-Kalgan Air Line will probably unite with the Trans-Siberian Railway. Trains are now regularly running (in eight hours' time) between Peking and Kalgan, and the line is being projected via the sacred city of Urga and the trading post, Kiachta, to this city. A glance at the map will show what a great saving in distance will be made by using this "Path of the Cossack"—the old caravan route across the desert of Gobi—so long traversed by camels laden with tea from China to Russia.¹ Fifteen miles further downstream the railway crosses the Selenga on a bridge 1,816 feet long. From Verchne-Udinsk the traveler may proceed by steamer, or by post in a tarantass southward some one hundred miles to Selenginsk, a place hallowed with sacred memories. Here lived and labored from 1818 to 1841 two noble but almost unknown English missionaries, William Stallybrass and Edward Swan. These pioneers of the cross did heroic, faithful work among the Mongols, and translated the entire Bible into the Mongolian tongue. A faint idea of the inherent difficulty of this language may be had by bearing in mind that our simple English word "for" with causal meaning is written in Mongol with eleven syllables—"Tere-yagano-tola-hemebesu." Displaying

¹ The Russian Road to China, by Lindon Bates, Jr.

the same praiseworthy assiduity and faithfulness as actuated Robert Morrison in China, these two Christian pioneers cleared the way for Gilmour and all later missionaries among the Mongols.

All through the night the Imperial State Express kept forging its way over and across, up and down the snarled, twisted slopes of the Transbaikal range. When our train came to a standstill at Missovaia scarcely had the faintest rays of the rising sun begun to throw a glow, as a delicately tinted gossamer veil, over the snow-crowned mountain summits. Those towering peaks stood with closed ranks, like gaunt, grim giants, guarding, as their willing captive, the fair form of this lovely, though oft fickle, lake, now calmly reposing at their feet. Missovaia lies directly on the shores of Lake Baikal, whose surface is fifteen hundred feet above the sea level. Here was opened before our eyes a magnificent panorama of superb loveliness. The placid surface of the great lake reflected in the bright morning light the snow-capped mountains and the floating clouds in the blue sky above.

After the Great Lakes of North America and Victoria Nyanza in Africa, Lake Baikal is the largest body of fresh water on the globe. An idea of its immense size may be gained by comparison. It is as long as England, and in places it is more than a mile



ICE BREAKER, "BAIKAL," ON LAKE BAIKAL.

deep. Its clear, greenish waters are well stocked with fish, but it has the unique distinction of being the only body of fresh water in which seals live and sport.

Before the railway around the lake was opened, in 1905, the traffic was carried over the lake in sledges on the ice, or by large ice-breaking steamers, to and from the harbor of Baikal on the opposite shore. The two "ice-breakers," named respectively Baikal and Angara, are most powerful steamers, built in England by the well-known firm of Armstrong. The ice-breaker Baikal is large enough to carry twenty-five ordinary European freight cars, while its titanic engines, developing 3,750 horse-power, crush into atoms or thrust on either side any ice presumptuous enough to oppose its progress.

The sinuous southern border of Lake Baikal, in the character of its massive mountains, whose rugged cliffs and precipitous spurs boldly advance into the deep, allowing only here and there scanty, narrow, sandy beaches, resembles the Italian Riviera from Pisa to Genoa and beyond. The roadbed is well ballasted on solid foundations. All reports of quicksands, causing the railway embankment to fall down in times of heavy rains, were found to be mere myths, if not baseless cavils of an enemy. Extensive and expensive rock-cutting was in evidence.

Between Missovaia and Baikal—the last

station of the railway bordering the lake—our train skirted along the indented, picturesque coast, plunging in and out of some eighty tunnels. Any tourist who takes the railway line along the curving, rocky coast of the Ligurian Sea may have the same kind of experience in passing through a similar succession of tunnels. So numerous are the tunnels along that Italian coast that even now memory conjures up vivid pictures of two American children amusing themselves and at the same time practicing Chinese and French by counting alternately in these different tongues the rapidly passing tunnels as they came along in quick succession.

Siberian Waterways

On the crisp morning of May 20, while we were stopping at Baikal, the ice, broken into large and small cakes, was still floating on the surface of the lake. At this station the railway left the lake and ran along the left bank of the Angara River to Irkutsk, but this river continues one thousand miles further on its tortuous course, until it pours its waters into the broad Yenesei. The waters of the Angara, as it issues from Lake Baikal, are as swift and clear as those of the Rhone, where they rush forth out of Lake Lemán at Geneva, Switzerland.

It may not be generally known that the finest and most extensive system of inland

navigation in the world is to be found in Siberia. Vessels can go from Lake Baikal via the Angara to the Yenesei and thence up one of its tributaries, the Kass, and pass through a canal to the Ket River, a tributary of the Obi, and thence by the Obi, Irtysh, and Tobol Rivers to the very base of the Ural Mountains. This inland water route is only one part of the 15,000 miles of inland navigation which Siberia possesses. These mighty rivers, freighted with steamers and other craft, transport men and goods northward to the Arctic Ocean and southward to the mines, grazing grounds, and fastnesses of the Altai Mountains.

Strange as it may seem, official statistics show that far more immigrants are conveyed in Siberia by steamers than by train. Putnam-Weale states: "Great crowds come by steamer up the rivers Obi and Irtysh, and in a lesser degree the Yenesei. From 1897 to 1904—the beginning of the war—it is calculated that 200,000 were annually entering the country in this way, while the number of those conveyed by railway sometimes exceeded 100,000." Anyone aware of these facts need not be surprised that the keensighted, though defeated warrior, General Kuropatkin, in his painstaking treatise on the Russo-Japanese war, points out with the eye of a Moltke as one of five essentials for success in any future war in the Far East,

“to prepare the waterways of Siberia for the movement of heavy freight from west to east.”

A delightful ride of forty-one miles in the wide, fertile Angara valley, dotted with villages and farmsteads, brought us to Glasgow, as the railway suburb opposite Irkutsk is called. We alighted and entered the large railway station, modeled after the usual European type, with commodious restaurants of the first, second, and third-class, and numerous offices and rooms for railway business, besides newspaper stands, where periodicals and picture postals were displayed for sale. All around us were officials—railway and military—porters, passengers, immigrants, and onlookers. Locomotives were whistling, bells ringing, and trains being shunted. Near by were yards, fencing in lumber and other kinds of freight. On the other side of the Angara, in the near distance, loomed up the domes, towers, and pinnacles of the city of Irkutsk, luring us thither. The porter of Hotel Metropole, already notified by telegram, greeted us and engaged two droskies. After piling our nine “articles de voyage” in one vehicle and assisting us into the other, he sped ahead on his bicycle. Our droskies followed at a slower pace, and in crossing over the Angara on the pontoon bridge stopped a few moments to pay the customary toll of a few kopeks.

The icy cold, emerald waters of the Angara rather chill and repel the beholder, as do those of the Saguenay near Quebec, for rivers, like men, seem to possess a personality of their own. The Rhine and the Hudson attract by their winsomeness. We love to linger along their banks and find rest in their peace and beauty. The Saguenay and the Angara, on the other hand, although mighty and majestic, with deep and powerful current, rather repel. We may admire, but we do not love.

CHAPTER X

IRKUTSK

The police are few, escaped convicts and ticket-of-leave men many. In Irkutsk, and all towns east of it, the stranger should not walk after dark. If a carriage cannot be got, as is often the case, the only way is to tramp noisily along the planked walk. Be careful in making crossings, and do not stop, or the immense mongrel mastiffs, turned loose into the streets, as guards, will attack. To walk in the middle of the road is to court attack from the garroters, with which Siberia abounds.—*Bradshaw's Through Routes to the Chief Cities of the World, latest edition, 1907, under "Irkutsk."*

Safety

CORROBORATING this quotation from Bradshaw—the *vade-mecum* of every loyal British traveler—but giving more minute particulars, writes William Oliver Greener as follows: "Siberian towns, even capitals like Tomsk, Irkutsk, and Kharbarovsk, are squalid, mean, and unkempt. The streets are badly illuminated, and after dark are roamed by great yard-dogs—mastiffs and other fierce brutes—which are trained to take little or no attention of the few pedestrians who tramp noisily along the sidewalks, but approach and commence to attack if one hesitates but so long as necessary to

determine whether to turn to right or left. The dogs of Constantinople are lapdogs in comparison to these savage mongrels turned loose in all Siberian towns and villages after dark. Crime is prevalent in all Siberian towns; murders, assaults, outrages, and burglary are the common forms. Garroting is the usual device of the footpad. With a short stick or a noose of twine, he approaches his victim stealthily from the rear, slips the cord over his head, and strangles the man, woman, or child, who is unable to utter a cry. Then he strips the body of everything likely to lead to its identification and decamps. If there is an accomplice he blocks the stranger's advance or engages his attention at the right moment."¹ At Vladivostok, years ago, we gladly gave the right of way to such massive canine brutes, which were like

Vice, . . . a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.

Grains of truth are doubtless to be found in these heaps of exaggeration. Still the patent fact remains that during the last decade Siberia, as well as all the Far East, has been far from stagnant.

Candor, however, compels one to ask, "Are Irkutsk, Tomsk, and other Siberian cities the only unsafe spots on the surface of the globe?" Have Berlin, London, and San

¹ Greater Russia, 1904, pp. 116, 117.

Francisco no toughs, thugs, or hoodlums? Paris, we know, was recently terrorized by the vitriol-throwing Apaches on her boulevards. Andrew H. Green, "the father of Greater New York," was shot dead near his own residence on Manhattan Island, and in this year of grace, 1910, a banker, Van Norden, was the victim of one of the most daring highway robberies in the annals of crime, and that by two female outlaws. Surely, aristocratic Dame Knickerbocker need not hold up her skirts in Pharisaic aloofness.

"There has been no time in many years past in which crimes of violence have been more rife than they have been in recent years in the oldest and most thickly populated parts of this community. Take, for instance, the community in and about the city of New York. Murders, maimings, assaults with deadly weapons, dynamite bomb explosions, burglaries, highway robberies, cases of arson—particularly in crowded tenement houses—the shootings of wives by drunken husbands, and of girls by degenerates whom they have refused to marry; in short, every kind of violent crime has occurred in and about the city to an unprecedented extent."¹

Vigilance and alertness are valuable assets everywhere, whether in New York or

¹ Judge Holt, of the United States District Court of New York, in *The Independent*, New York, August 11, 1910.

Nijni-Novgorod, Tomsk, or Timbuctoo. Each place has its peculiar dangers. If promenading at night in Naples or Irkutsk may allure the stiletto or garroter's rope, simple caution would compel the tourist to restrict his promenading to the daytime. The summer days in Siberia and Russia are so lengthened that we could read books or papers by daylight even later than nine o'clock in the evening, and we had to be very careful to darken the windows or rig up an umbrella to keep the merry sunshine from awakening little Marion even as early as three in the morning. With this superabundance of daylight any rational traveler ought to be satisfied and not grumble because discretion literally emphasizes the scriptural advice, "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you."

One night, during our stay at Irkutsk, a physician received an urgent call from a patient between one and two o'clock in the morning. While he was hastily walking toward the patient's home a footpad attacked him with a revolver. Instantly the physician fired his own revolver, and was fortunate enough, with aim sufficiently true, to kill his assailant. By the simple policy of doing our sight-seeing in the daytime, and by keeping away from notoriously dangerous localities, we were not anywhere molested during our entire stay in Siberia and Russia.

Hotel Metropole

The hotel porter, preceding our two droskies, as we rode over the Angara toward our hotel, did not dash ahead to clear the way, like a sandaled "betto" through the narrow streets of Kyoto, nor like a gayly sashed "sais" in the crowded alleys of Cairo. No such precaution was necessary, for the streets that hour seemed to be deserted, with the exception of a few pedestrians here and there. It needs a holiday to make those streets alive with men, women, and children.

On our arrival at Hotel Metropole we were ushered through a hallway, past a public telephone, and upstairs to choice rooms on the first floor. The regulation "icons," or sacred metallic pictures high up in a corner of each room, welcomed us as visitors. The icon in the parlor represented the Madonna and Babe, and the other the adult Christ. The apartments, commanding a good view of the street and beyond, looked commodious and cheery as the bright sunshine was flooding them with its light and warmth. We were delighted to find awaiting us a home mail with late copies of the Outlook and the Evening Post of New York, and other periodicals. One letter from Connecticut had been only twenty-four days on its way, which made us realize that we were gradually nearing the homeland.



HOTEL METROPOLE, IRKUTSK



LOG-SLIDING IN PARK, TOMSK

Our bedroom was furnished with two beds, a wardrobe, a chest of drawers, and an ingenious automatic washstand. The last mentioned article we found to be a common piece of furniture in Russian hotels everywhere. This washstand had a marble slab and bowl on the top, and above at the back a marble-faced reservoir filled with pure water and provided with a faucet, while hidden underneath was a pail for waste water. Both rooms were equipped with electric lights. Our adjoining parlor had its floor covered with oilcloth, over which was spread a large rug. The room was elaborately furnished with handsomely upholstered red-plush furniture, a sofa and chairs, large and small, a tall pier-glass between the two front windows, lace curtains, a bric-a-brac stand, and two tables. One was a good-sized writing table, on which lay a large sheet of blue blotting paper, with inkstand and pens, and also a fancy movable electric reading lamp, while the other was our private dining table, covered with a white tablecloth. Mention must also be made of the typical Russian stove, which stood in a corner near the door. This was made of brick, faced with white glazed tiles, and reached nearly to the ceiling. The stove door was in the hallway, where the fire is made and the heat regulated.

Two aspects of Siberian hotel manage-

ment surprised us. One was the elegant and often luxurious furniture and furnishings, and the other the lack of ordinary necessities in the bedroom. No soap and no sheets, except as extras. In this hotel only one sheet was provided for each bed. How to manage this single sheet was a puzzle almost as difficult to us as were the two sheets to Booker T. Washington, which he found upon his bed on his first evening after his "sweeping" entrance examination at Hampton Institute. The first night, he tells us, he slept under both sheets, the second on top of both, until, noticing how the other students did, he discovered the golden mean, which has been his habit ever since. If we might hazard a Yankee's right, we would guess that the Russian traveler would prepare himself for his night's rest with this single sheet in the same way that the popular ballad of "The Wake of Flannigan" says that the Irish mourners did for their late friend's last long rest—"They wrapped him up in a clean, white sheet." We, however, were fastidious and extravagant enough to demand two sheets for each bed and slept soundly, as in the good old-fashioned way at home. We found by experience that in Siberia it is expensive to keep clean. Twenty cents United States gold is the regulation charge for one small cake of soap. Fortunately, we "had taken time by the fetlock,"

as the Irishman said, since we have provided ourselves with a sufficient supply of a well-known soap.

Here, as throughout Siberia, a placard fastened on the wall of our room indicated in Russian and French the fixed prices according to law for the rooms and for eatables. Here we paid daily two rubles for our bedroom and three rubles for our parlor. No extra charge was made for serving meals in the rooms.

The exterior of this hotel had a curious primitive appearance, for it was built of logs, notched at the points of juncture and projecting at their ends from each corner of the building. A kind of moss, served as oakum, pressed tightly between the layers of logs to keep out the intense cold of the long winter months.

Irkutsk also boasts of two other hotels on the main street erected within a few years. These are not built of logs on the outside and furnished modernly on the inside, like Hotel Metropole, but they are of modern construction throughout and would be sightly structures in any city. A chance acquaintance—an American commercial traveler—who had stopped off at Chita, met us a few days later at Irkutsk and wanted us to visit him at the Grand Hotel, where he was staying. He could not speak Russian, and so desired us to help him ask the

hotel management to find an interpreter for him. There was no person at the hotel who could speak German, French, or English. Finally, from another section of the city, a seedy-looking specimen of humanity was secured who knew a little German and proved of some assistance.

Lutheran Church

Beautifully located near the heart of the city, where two broad avenues meet, stands the attractive Lutheran church, with its graceful spire pointing heavenward. It is surrounded by a wood-embowered court inclosed by a wall of brick and iron grating. Away out here, in far-away Siberia, it looks just like many a similar one in Saxony or the lower Rhine country. One did not need much imagination to believe that it had been bodily transported here, as they say was the case of "The Sacred Staircase" from Pilate's Court at Jerusalem to Rome, Italy. "Dein Name Werde Gelobet," in large letters, inscribed on the arch over the front cruciform window, ought to make any true Deutscher reverently doff his hat and stand still and let grateful thoughts of his distant fatherland float soulfully over his memory. This church we could easily view from our windows, as it was only a few steps away. It had the distinction of possessing the only church organ in all Siberia. This is not



LUTHERAN CHURCH AT IRKUTSK

such a unique distinction as at first sight might appear, for we have to remember that in all the multitude of Orthodox Greek cathedrals and churches no organ or other wind or stringed instruments accompany the human voice. Only with vocal music, melodiously rich beyond description, does the devout adoration of the worshipers soar heavenward. On Sunday the music, which formed a large part of the service in this Lutheran church, was very fine. At the communion service four persons were admitted and the Lord's Supper administered.

After we had scrubbed off some of the dust and dirt of travel, and had refreshed ourselves with a simple luncheon, we walked over to the parsonage of the Lutheran church. A neat servant girl opened the door and ushered us into the parlor, where soon appeared the pastor, who gave us a most cordial welcome.

He informed us that the previous year four British gentlemen from China had stopped over a few days at Irkutsk. We ascertained afterward that he had written the section of Baedeker's Russia referring to Irkutsk, for he showed us his copy of Baedeker, on whose fly-leaf were the words, "With the compliments of the Editor." Although a very busy man and frequently interrupted by callers, he showed us every possible attention and courtesy, so that



STATUE OF ALEXANDER III AT IRKUTSK

confines within its walls 200,000 convicts, waiting to be drafted for work in the mines. Irkutsk has also several learned and philanthropic societies, including a branch of the Imperial Society of Saint Petersburg, whose chief object is to prevent abuses in prison discipline.

By nature Irkutsk is most favorably situated, where the Irkut empties into the encircling Angara, not far from the great inland Lake Baikal. It possesses railway communication east and west by the Trans-Siberian line, and, being the emporium for the rich Vitim gold mines and the Amur trade and travel on the north and northeast, as well as levying tribute on the increasing commerce from the Pacific via Vladivostok, and from Korea and China via Manchuria, Irkutsk has a great and prosperous future opening before it.

Bolsche Kaya

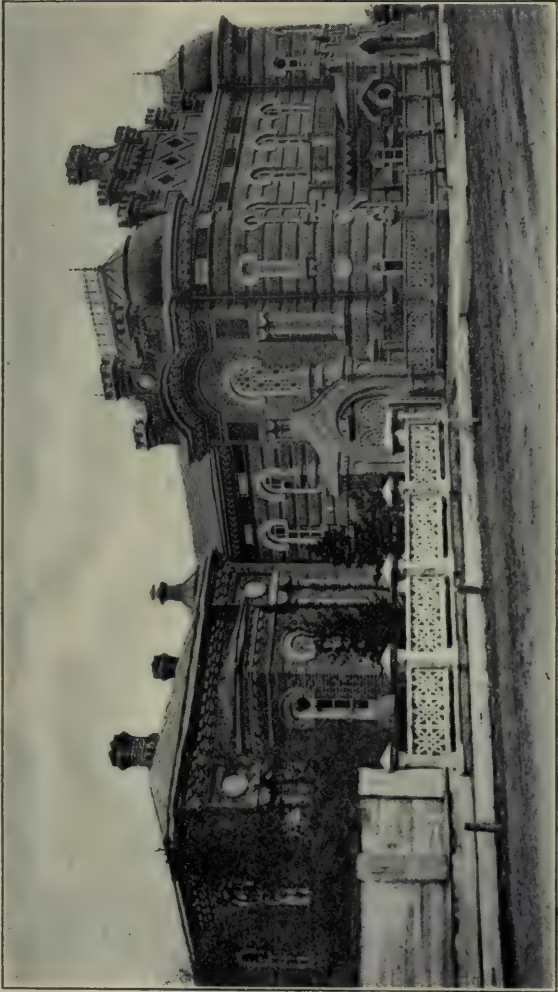
Most of the principal buildings, as the Museum, Opera House, modern hotels, and large stores, are on the "Bolsche Kaya," or "Great Street." At the head of this thoroughfare stands a colossal bronze statue of Tsar Alexander III, raised aloft upon a red Scotch granite pedestal. This statue is near the edge of a favorite park along the banks of the Angara. Here on Sundays and other holidays the populace love to ramble and

rest under the trees on the benches. In front of this statue a Russian soldier paces back and forth on guard. We were informed that every winter a large wooden casing is built around the statue and kept heated, so as to prevent the surface of the granite from peeling or splitting off by the action of the severe cold.

Museum

The Museum happened to be closed for repairs on our arrival at Irkutsk, but through the kind mediation of this Lutheran clergyman, who proved a friend indeed, an hour was appointed when, under the guidance of the director, we could look over its valuable collections. Fortunately for us, most of the exhibits were labeled in both Latin and Russian. This urbane director, wearing shaggy locks and a patriarchal beard, and attired in a long, heavy robe, with his trousers tucked inside his top-boots, looked like a veritable "Old Man of the Woods." His geniality was evidenced by his incessant, eager efforts to explain his beloved curios, but the lifeless Latin helped us more, and most of all the lucid explanations later given by our German-speaking friend.

On the second story were extensive collections of utensils and implements pertaining to the primitive ages of man, systematically



THE MUSEUM, IRKUTSK

arranged and labeled, and illustrated by life-sized figures of Buriats, Tulugus, Aleutians, *et al.* Some of these wore bead-bedecked leather garments, like our American Indians. What especially interested us, however, were specimens of rhinoceroses, elephants, and other ancient mammoths, found in these frozen regions, especially in the Lena valley, not many miles north. The curious appearances of long, straggling hairs on the hides of these huge antediluvian monsters attracted our attention. We were told that the flesh on these mammoths was so solidly frozen and well preserved that when thawed dogs devoured it with a relish.

Where these mammoths were found is "a region of alluvial soil, but spread out in those vast quivering morasses, which form the *urmans* of Siberia. Even to wild animals these *urmans* are forbidden ground. The nimble-stepping, broad-hoofed reindeer can sometimes cross them safely in the summer time, but most other large animals attempting to do so would be quickly engulfed. This may be a partial explanation of the remains of mammoth and rhinoceros, which are so abundant and so widely diffused through those northern marshlands of Siberia. When an ice-pack breaks down a river-bank, or floods tear up a frozen marsh, or the summer thaw penetrates a little more deeply than usual into the ground, some of

these antediluvian monsters are sure to be exposed. In many cases they are so fresh and well preserved, with their dark, shaggy hair and under-wool of reddish brown, their tufted ears and long, curved tusks, that all the aborigines, and even some of the Russian settlers, persist in the belief that they are specimens of animals which still live, burrowing under ground, like moles, and which die the instant they are admitted to light. There is a great market for these tusks at Yakutsk on the Lena, from which they find their way not only to the workshops of Europe, but even to the ivory carvers of Canton."¹

Most mysterious and awful is the alchemy in nature's laboratory. Just to think of it! Eons earlier, wild elephants, rhinoceroses, and kindred mammoths roamed freely over these Siberian plains, as they now do in equatorial Uganda, hunted by Roosevelt and other modern Nimrods.

Russian Holidays

Russia is great, especially in holidays. Holidays in the Russian soil or climate attain an abnormally rank and luxuriant growth, as of the Mesozoic Age. Perchance the phylogeny of Russian holidays may be deduced from the same paleozoic period, as

¹ Four Thousand Miles Across Siberia, by Charles Wenyon, M.D., pp. 234, 235, 236.

the paleontological monster mammals collected from the paludal plains of polar Siberia and preserved in her museums. If this hypothesis be correct, then, like the marsupial kangaroo, whose former companions are extinct, leaving them behind as living survivals, they certainly deserve exact and exhaustive investigation. Would it not be wise for the government to establish in the University of Tomsk a new chair for such an interesting study? Transient travelers, such as we were, dare to hope that, like the celebrated "Last Rose of Summer," those Russian holidays are numbered. At all events they turned out to be a great nuisance, especially when a traveler needs to call upon his banker or to make needful purchases. How long would an American public refrain from grumbling if all stores in New York were closed not only on Sundays but also often on three other days of the week? This was the case during our stay in Irkutsk. Wednesday celebrated the Tsar's birthday, Thursday was Ascension Day, and Saturday commemorated the Removal of the Bones of Saint Nicholas. "Who cares a fig for 'Old Nick' or his dry bones?" some one may ask. Doubtless a mighty chorus of children, with vivid visions of Christmas joy, would vigorously protest against any intended slight to their patron saint, but their exasperated elders would

gladly eliminate this holiday and most emphatically extenuate any apparent profanation of Saint Nicholas.

America, it has been argued for years, has needed more holidays, but not Russia. There a rigid excision is demanded. "Business before pleasure" is certainly not a Russian maxim so long as nearly one half of the three hundred and sixty-five days on the Russian calendar are officially devoted to idleness, often culminating in beastly drunkenness. A Russian holiday is a pathetic sight. The joyous spontaneity of most other races is missing.

National Sesames

The popular sayings of a country often indicate a national characteristic. "Step lively, please!" of the New York subway at once shows American push. "*Man-man-tsou!*"—"Walk slowly!"—of the Chinese indicates the leisurely dignity of the Wise Men of the East. "*Mañana,*" or "To-morrow," of the Spaniard betrays the decided preference of the hidalgo for his beloved siesta before exerting himself. So Russia has its significant, characteristic phrase. "Nich-evo!" or "No matter!" ever recurring on Slavic lips, reveals the inert, gloomy, credulous temperament of Russia's grim-visaged millions. How can a people ever be really happy when a system of espionage, like a

threatening thundercloud, ever hangs over them, while Ignorance, with her twin sister, Superstition, darkens their sky? Nowhere in the vast Muscovite empire does one see the hearty good nature of the Chinese or Anglo-Saxon, nor the spontaneous vivacity of the Japanese or French. Melancholy is as plainly marked on the Russian physiognomy as are the white streaks to Siva or Vishnu daubed on the forehead of the fanatic Hindu. Spasmodic hilarity, stimulated by governmental vodka, reacts and depresses the moujik, as does fire water the aboriginal Aino of Japan and the Indian of America. Search as we may the musty archives of the past, still nowhere in history can be found such a record of high moral purpose, so persistently and consistently pursued, as China furnishes to-day. China is heroically stamping out the opium curse, regardless of the annual deficit of millions to her revenue. Nowhere in Siberia does one see anything approaching the jolly disposition so characteristic of the American Negro, whose good-nature bubbles up and flows over, even in the midst of hard toil. On the Mississippi, when the large steamer hugs the bank for fresh supplies of firewood, the African deckhand rushes ashore, seizes his load, quickly returns and piles it up high on the steamer's deck. All the while drops of sweat drip from his brow. Still he keeps on

singing and keeping time to some popular plantation melody. In the evening this same exuberant happiness vents itself in an extemporized concert.

“Mister, let me tell you,
 When the music starts,
 Hum, hum, I can't keep still.
 There's a feeling in my feet
 Like Saint Vitus dance,
 Although it am against my will.
 I am trying mighty hard
 For to concentrate.
 Hum, hum, what shall I do?
 The music sets me going
 Like a jumping-jack.
 I've got to dance
 Until the band gets through.”

This national trait of sluggish, apathetic sadness, so universal and tragic, weighs heavily upon the dense, dull mass of humanity throughout the Russian dominions. Even the gentle-spirited Whittier feels forced to write:

Fell spider of the North,
 Stretching thy great feelers forth,
 Within whose web, the freedom dles
 Of nations eaten up, as flies.

Finland

But what shall we say of the acute pangs of woe now gripping the hearts of the wide-awake, liberty-loving nation of Finland? Their constitutional rights—more highly prized than life itself—have been ruthlessly

trampled under foot. Is it possible that to-day lives any loyal Finn who could find even a particle of pure joy in any one of these superfluous Russian holidays? Fast days, when they might call upon the God of nations for vengeance, they would gladly welcome. Finland's lament rends the heavens:

If I forget thee, O Helsingfors,
Let my right hand forget her cunning!
If I do not remember thee,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!
If I prefer not Helsingfors above my chief joy!

Shopping

Toward the further end of the popular "Great Street" we came to a crowded department store, employing some two hundred salesmen and women. Here we purchased a few useful and ornamental articles, such as fancy fans and a genuine Russian leather pocketbook. This latter souvenir, whether stuffed full of bank notes and coin or not, is a thing of beauty and highly prized by its owner even to this day. Marshall Jewell, when American Minister to Russia, found out in 1873 the secret process of making this celebrated Russian leather. The skin used is that of goats or sheep. The leather is usually black or red. The latter shade is produced by alum and a decoction of Brazil and sandalwood; the former by a solution of iron and sandalwood. Russian leather is

very tough, pliant, and waterproof, and has a peculiar faculty for resisting moisture and ravages of insects. The strong, penetrating odor is due to the oil of birch used in its preparation.

Shops

КОДАКИ

(pronounced "Kodaky") was a frequent sign before many stores, showing that this East-man product from Rochester, New York, was busy having its films imprinted with many strange Siberian sights. The clarity of the atmosphere, resembling that of Denver, Colorado, is especially adapted to photography, as was evidenced by the numerous photo studios, exhibiting excellent specimens of the art.

Fruit stores, generally managed by Armenians, were located in cellars, where the perishable produce from distant, milder climes would not be so readily damaged by the weather. This fruit, for the most part, comes by rail from Astrakhan, Caucasia, Crimea, and other districts of south Russia. We found the apples, oranges, and figs excellent, but not cheap. Fine-flavored, crisp apples cost five cents or more (United States

gold) apiece. We were commenting upon the fine quality of this fruit in the hearing of our clerical friend, when he asked us whether we had noticed the fruit trees in his yard near the church. He stated that those trees blossomed every summer, but the summer season is so short that the frost nipped the apples when they were no larger than peas.

At Irkutsk we did not succeed in finding any "Saint Charles Cream," but bought two tins of "Henri Nestle's Viking Unsweetened Milk," made at Copenhagen, Denmark. The price of this purchase here, as in many another store in Siberia and Russia, was indicated by the familiar click and figures of a "Cash Register," made at Dayton, Ohio.

Street Strolls

One bright morning we sauntered southward down a broad avenue, opening on the Great Street, and came in front of a large wooden arch, erected in the middle of the thoroughfare. Overhead we read this inscription, "This way to the Great Ocean," with the dates 1858 and 1891. Evidently it had served its day by pointing out the way to adventurous pioneers, before the iron road binding the Pacific with the Atlantic was started in 1891. Climbing up a steep ascent, a short distance beyond this memorial arch, we came to a cemetery with its mortuary

chapel. Looking around, we saw a funeral procession just beginning to enter the inclosure. Women carrying the cover of a coffin, piled with flowers, preceded a party of men, carrying the bier, which also was covered with flowers. All soon climbed up the broad steps into the chapel, where candles were lit and the last rites performed by the officiating priest.

Another morning we strolled up a frequented street in a northerly direction, which brought us to the massive Cathedral and the extensive square around it. Its northern side is flanked by a beautiful park, furnishing an outlook on where the river Irkut, from which the city takes its name, empties into the Angara. On our way we passed a number of school buildings and academies, various government buildings, a brick Roman Catholic church, and numerous Greek churches. We entered a number of these on Sundays, holidays, and at other times.

Church Music

Generally, in Greek churches the choir is composed entirely of male voices, but we entered one Greek church here where there were female voices of wonderful sweetness and compass, but in all Greek church choirs vocal music is an integral unifying element, permeating the entire public worship. This Greek church music by trained human voices

possesses a distinctive quality of deep, fascinating richness, irresistibly thrilling. In its way it stands in a class apart by itself. These singers dauntlessly take up the gauntlet of "Voice and Verse" thrown down by the poet:

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joys;
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse!
 Wed your divine sounds and mixed power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce
 And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbed song of pure concent
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne
 To Him, that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee.¹

The quality of this music is unapproachable. The very select and exceedingly popular Bach motets, which draw the crowds to the Saint Thomas Church at Leipzig, the highly lauded sacred music during Holy Week in the vast cathedral at Toledo, Spain, or in the Sistine Chapel, Rome, fail to surpass it.

Its motif varies radically from that prevalent in the short, choppy songs and hymns of so many of our Protestant services, which are often mere

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
 Their wings in tears and fly away.

On the contrary, these uplifting, full notes of the Russian church service are broad

¹ Milton, Ode, "At a Solemn Musick."

mighty sweeps, as of eagles in their skyward, cloud-piercing flights, once enjoyed, ever afterward cherished.

In one Greek church referred to at Irkutsk the service was in progress, where the singing of a remarkably sweet-voiced choir, as of devout nuns, was deliciously rich. In imagination we could almost fancy that these pure souls were being wafted to celestial heights. There they seemed to join the angelic choirs, singing "the song of Moses and of the Lamb." We could almost catch their high, fluid notes of loving adoration to the Lamb of God, ravishingly reverberating through the corridors of heaven. As, entranced, we listened to these rhapsodies of song, it seemed as though their voices blended in ecstatic antiphony, as in days past did their sisters, who on the banks of the Red Sea, under the direction of Miriam, praised Jehovah, all harmonizing in the deep diapason of the multitudinous male voices in emphasizing with great joy the power of God. Their wondrously rapturous strains rose in perfect unison, higher and fuller, until all heaven resounded with the overwhelmingly sonorous and ineffably sublime Hallelujah Chorus, "as it were the voice of a great multitude and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying,

Hallelujah! For the Lord God,
Omnipotent, reigneth!"

Churches

In another church we came upon a few poorly clad scrub-women hard at work, sweeping and dusting. They would first cross themselves, kneel down and kiss the sacred pictures, and afterward cleanse them, illustrating George Herbert's lines:

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

Inside this church, not far from the entrance, was a large case in which were displayed various sacred objects for sale. We bought a package of gilded card icons of the Madonna, as souvenirs.

The extensive Cathedral Square is the rendezvous for cheap-jack shows, wild-beast exhibitions, merry-go-rounds, candy-sellers, and knickknack hawkers of every description. One part of this square is reserved for the Cossack cavalry. Here can be witnessed daring equestrian exercises of these troopers, sights especially exciting to the small boy, and always drawing large crowds. The hurdle practice of these Cossack horsemen might well challenge the equine feats of Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

Schools

The commodious school buildings show how highly Irkutsk prizes education. Addi-

tional proof is adduced from the fact that this city sets aside ten per cent of its annual income for educational purposes.

On one walk we passed a bevy of school-girls, chaperoned by their teacher, marching along the sidewalk. They were all dressed in a uniform and wore white aprons and black felt hats. Many peasant women, whom we saw on the street, wore aprons of black or in colors, and all had their hair neatly wrapped in scarfs, usually white.

Excursion to Monastery

One day the air was so stifling hot that the least exertion proved a weariness to the flesh, and, since we were warmly dressed, brought out the perspiration. At the same time, as if to add insult to injury, a regular North-China dust-storm overtook us, pursuing us with relentless fury, as if riotously exulting in its successful effort to find us so far away from our Chinese home and wantonly scattering its fine dirt and dust in our faces.

Another time we were strolling with other holiday-makers along the Great Street toward the Riverine Park, where stands the lofty statue of Tsar Alexander III. Without warning a rain-squall scattered the crowd, who scuffled away for shelter, while we hailed an *isvoshchik*, and rode in his drosky to our hotel. But on the morning on



COSSACK GENERAL, LAMA HEAD PRIEST, AND SIBERIANS AT IRKUTSK

which we started on our excursion to the Monastery of Saint Innocent the day was perfect. Light clouds were lazily scudding over the deep azure sky, and the air was crisp and bracing. Many a time, as we were wandering around Cathedral Square and along the river bank, we had cast longing eyes on the distant white domes and towers of this monastery silhouetted on the horizon, and especially alluring when gilded by the golden glow of the setting sun. So we planned to make an excursion thither. In all Irkutsk there was only one German-speaking drosky-driver, and we engaged him the evening before to be at our hotel at nine o'clock the following morning. He was true to his word, and proved eager to explain objects and incidents on the way. A short ride through the city brought us to the steep bank by the ferry. Our driver safely descended the declivity and boarded the ferry-boat, stationing us amid a motley collection of vehicles, both elegant and shabby. Besides carriages and droskies there were "telegas," or basketlike buckboards, while one peasant's wagon had a drygoods box with a board, on which sat Mr. and Mrs. Moujik. The charge for ferriage was sixteen kopeks. The motive power was the swift current of the Angara, for a strong chain, supported by buoys and small boats and anchored in the middle of the river several

rods upstream, allowed the ferryboat to sway at the option of the pilot from one bank to the other. A short distance above the ferry the muddy Irkut was painting a broad brownish fringe along the further side of the crystal Angara, as does the turbid Arno the lucid waters of the arrowy Rhone below Rousseau's Isle. Scattered blocks of ice from Lake Baikal were now and then to be seen floating down the stream. In some respects the drive across country reminded us of the flat Hackensack meadows in New Jersey. There were numerous cross-streams, canals, and watercourses, over which wooden bridges were thrown. Immediately after reaching higher ground we entered a small village, stretched out on one long street, like some Canadian settlements near Montmorenci Falls, Quebec. Every other house seemed to be a tiny grocery shop. Near the northern end stood the monastery, guarded by its high walls and a belfry, where hung the bells, tier on tier, the larger below.

This monastery was erected in memory of Saint Innocent, a Greek priest eminent for his successful missionary labors in Siberia. After his wife's death he was accorded the high honor of being appointed by Philaret, the Metropolitan of Moscow, as the archimandrite of the wealthy, influential Troitsa Monastery near Moscow. Troitsa Monastery had been famous as a monastic stronghold,

impregnable against the attacks of Tartars, Poles, and French. Like Castle San Angelo and Orvieto in Italy, it had served as a safe place of refuge for the rulers of the land in times of uprising or invasion.

The usual procedure for a priest who became a widower was either to leave the clergy or become a monk. Innocent, enthusiastically engaged in his good work away off in the wilds of Siberia, refused to become a monk, and so declined the tempting offer to be archimandrite of that rich monastery. As a priest he continued faithfully to minister to the unchurched Siberian settlers, who deeply loved him while he lived and highly cherished his memory when he died. Innocent declared that because a priest's wife had died, to cease to be a priest or to become a monk "was more a custom than a canon." This laconic epigram startled, as by a thunderclap, the mechanical scruples of the monks, but among the more enlightened class awakened an approving response.

Leaving a native in charge of our drosky and wraps, our driver acted as guide, and showed us around the premises. Services were going on in the church, which we ascended by a high flight of cast-iron steps. We trod upon many cast-iron slabs, inscribed with epitaphs laid in the pavement of the church floor. We watched the service soon drawing to a close, witnessed a priest giving

communion wafers to a few children, and admired the seraphic singing of a boy choir, assisting the priests.

At the close of the service a crowd of devotees quickly gathered before a handsomely embroidered golden canopy near the center of the church. Here on an elevated dais was a richly decorated casket with its lid off, said to contain the bones of Saint Innocent. Behind this casket sat a priest, clothed in elaborate yellow robes and busy tearing cotton-batting into shreds. The devotees first climbed on their knees up the front steps, kissing each step on the way up. Arriving on the upper platform, they stood erect, then one by one reverently bent over and devoutly kissed the bones of the saint and deposited coins, when the priest handed each a small bit of the cotton. Our driver advised us to follow suit, but we preferred simply to hand the priest in charge a small "douceur," which seemed to satisfy him, for he presented us with bits of the blessed cotton the same as the rest.

Scattered through the gardens of the monastery were various other buildings, large and small, more or less connected with the life of this local though famous saint. The hovel in which he is said to have lived and a sort of antiquated chariot, in which he rode forth on his errands of mercy, were shown us.

A Pious Fraud

After our return to the city we were relating to our Lutheran friend our experiences at this monastery, when he regaled us with an account of a recent pious fraud, which had greatly stirred up society in this out-of-the-way Siberian city. It seems that during the Russo-Japanese War a corporal named Nassili Sytchewa, of the 285th Infantry, deserted from his regiment on the Manchurian battlefield and fled to Irkutsk. Pretending to be so seriously wounded that he could not walk, he was ordered to the military hospital at Irkutsk. He had his legs and head wrapped around with bandages. Disguised in this style, he had his photograph taken with a Sister of Charity at his side, administering medicine. On several nights he was detected walking stealthily about in the dimly lighted room. It happened about this time, 1905, a great religious festival occurred, commemorating the centennial of the burial of Saint Innocent. Availing himself of this event, this renegade managed to have himself conveyed to their monastery, where he kissed the bones of Saint Innocent. Instantly his strength returned, so he threw away his crutches. The nurses and doctors who were cognizant of his knavery in the hospital made loud and frequent protests against his misrepresenta-

tions, but apparently to no avail. Furnished with funds, this runaway succeeded in having himself sent to Saint Petersburg, where he was granted a private audience with the Tsar. He presented to his Majesty the affidavit of the monks of the Monastery of Saint Innocent, affirming his miraculous cure through the efficacy of the bones of their favorite saint. After the imperial sanction, these monks had printed thousands of leaflets, narrating the incident, which were scattered broadcast. One of these was shown us. The nurses at the hospital—many of whom belonged to the upper classes of Irkutsk, who had loyally volunteered their services during the war—were amazed at the credulity of so many of their cultured associates, who could swallow whole such an imposition with as much avidity as the ignorant, gullible rabble.

Marriage Hindrances

One day, as in company with our Lutheran friend we were strolling along a business street, we stepped into a large, well-stocked furniture shop and, finding the proprietor in, he entered into a lively conversation with him. This Russian was a sturdy, well-favored man of the Protestant persuasion. Presently he left us, going out of the rear door of his shop, but soon returned, bringing with him a handsome woman of the

Murillo Madonna type—modest and comely. It was a case where the course of true love did not run smooth. This furniture dealer, a Protestant, had fallen in love with this beautiful Jewess, whom we had just seen. An old law of the city requires that such a marriage must be performed publicly in a Protestant church, at which time usually an unruly rabble fill the church to make sport. However, a merciful proviso exists whereby this publicity may be avoided. Such a wedding may be private, provided the Jewess can procure a physician's certificate to the effect that such a public spectacle would make her nervous. This legal hitch to their courtship had just been removed. Their joyous faces showed clearer than any words that the coveted physician's certificate had been promised, so that their future bliss was now assured.

Friendship of Russians and Americans

Russia is an autocratic beaurocracy. America, we boast, is "the land of the free." Somehow or other Russians seem to exhibit a very cordial friendship toward Americans. Senator Beveridge traces this spontaneous friendship to the complimentary resolution passed by Congress and conveyed by special envoy to Emperor Alexander II on account of his liberating the Russian serfs. Then he expatiates as follows: "America and Russia

have always been friendly. The American people are a young people, and the Russian regards himself as quite as young a man as the American. The American has 'go-ahead' in his make-up. The American 'gets things done.' That is what the Russian admires, and he likes to think that he is doing the same thing. So there is natural friendship on the part of Russians for Americans."¹

The American, on his part, highly esteems the Russian for the timely sympathy and moral support of Alexander II, in the summer of 1863, when he sent his fleet, under Admiral Lissoffski, into the harbor of New York, while we were engaged in a life-and-death struggle for our existence as a nation.

When darkness hid the starry skies
In war's long winter night,
One ray still cheered our straining eyes,
The far-off Northern Light.

Every American feels deeply indebted to Russia for her diplomatic foresight in disposing of Russian America before our manifest destiny should have driven her off American soil, as was the fate of Spain. Moreover, Americans, endued with intuitive Yankee business shrewdness, appreciate more highly every passing year Russia's unbounded liberality in pouring into Uncle Sam's lap such an untold wealth of precious gold, copper, coal, and seals, to say nothing

¹ The Russian Advance, by Albert J. Beveridge, p. 252.

of her inestimable good will, manifested by the transfer of Alaska to the United States. Of course Senator Beveridge, as an intelligent, loyal American, deeply realized all this, but doubtless, on account of his official position, felt constrained from making any public statement on this point.

Then, again, it is patent to all that to the oppressed, outraged millions, smarting under the knout of Russian beaurocracy, America stands as a symbol for freedom. Naturally, he regards all Americans whom he chances to meet as representatives of such freedom, and cordially treats them as though they were intimate, sympathetic friends. A Russian business man, who had shown us several acts of kindness in Moscow, requested us on parting to give him our address in America. On inquiring the reason, he replied that he might want to call on us in America within a few years, when he should come over there to live.

Besides, there are perhaps other impalpable but, nevertheless, powerful influences, which irresistibly attract each to other. We are inclined to believe the fact that both the Russian and American are consciously proud of belonging to a big country, each having to work out its own "manifest destiny," and the further fact that we are both Pacific neighbors, all of which tends to increase this sincere, unbounded friendliness.

A British journalist noticed this peculiar trait in the make-up of the Russians, as he traveled in company with some Americans from Peking to Saint Petersburg, a peculiarity which he tried to explain by Americans having donated famine-relief funds. This Britisher acknowledges that he was treated civilly, but he naïvely records how the Russians "display a special amount of cordiality and friendship to America and Americans."¹

Such was our experience nearly three decades ago, when we lodged at Vladivostok in the home of a Russian naval officer. This Russian officer seemed especially glad to find one from the land of freedom to whom he could open his heart and freely pour out his tales of grievance in regard to the unseemly conduct and graft among the Russian nobility. So at this German-speaking Russian's home at Irkutsk we were invited to afternoon coffee, where we had the privilege of meeting other German-speaking Russians, where incidents were related and photographs shown exhibiting interesting incidents of actual Siberian life.

On the last evening of our stay at Irkutsk we accepted an invitation to dine at the residence of a physician. His home was built in a pine forest on a hillside in the Glasgow sub-

¹ From Peking to Petersburg, by Arnot Beld, pp. 210, 211.

urb, across the Angara. The dwelling was a capacious bungalow, compactly built of logs, with their sawn ends projecting at the corners, as in our quaint, old-fashioned Hotel Metropole. The interior, however, revealed an air of comfort, if not luxury. A grand piano, a gramophone, large canary cages full of the yellow songsters, bric-a-brac, etc., showed the taste of the mistress of the house, who was temporarily absent on a visit in Russia proper. Her photograph, which the doctor so proudly showed us, displayed the features of a handsome lady, who would grace and charm any family circle or social gathering. His private library was well stocked with books, chiefly in Russian, German, and English, for he had studied medicine in London.

In company with the doctor's brother, we bade good-by a little after 9 P. M., but it was not yet very dark, and we strolled through the pine grove out to the main street and across the railway and pontoon bridges to Irkutsk, where we hired a drosky and returned to our hotel, without the excitement of any garroting experience to relate.

Books and the Bible

Several times, in order to buy postal cards, photographs, or books, we had stepped inside Makoushin's immense bookstore on the Great Street. Its seven large plate-glass

windows made as grand a display as Scribner's or Brentano's on Fifth Avenue, New York. The British and Foreign Bible Society have their stock stored in one part of this mammoth establishment. Their affable agent, W. Davidson, chanced to arrive in Irkutsk while we were there. We are greatly indebted to him for much valuable information as well as for letters of introduction to some of his friends at Tomsk and elsewhere, which he volunteered to give us. He highly recommended the quality of the Russian baths in Irkutsk, saying that there was a superior quality in the waters of the Angara River which made these cheap ablutions particularly worth taking. He also enthusiastically urged us to take the all-water route from Tomsk to Tiumen at the base of the Urals, thence by rail to Perm on their western slope, and there board a steamer down the Kama to the Volga and proceed direct to Nijni-Novgorod. However, we were already provided with tickets to Samara on the Volga, so we decided to postpone such an extended excursion by water until a later date.

Unique Honor to the Bible

Russia surpasses all countries in the high honor which it renders to the Bible. It is not so well known as it should be, that throughout the length and breadth of the

vast Russian empire, the Russian government makes no charge whatever for the transportation by steamer or rail of the Holy Scriptures. Honor to whom honor is due! Neither Christian America or Europe, nor non-Christian China or Japan, has as yet risen to such a high degree of honoring the Bible "without money and without price." Surely has God said concerning his Word, "It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Only the future will reveal how much blessing this praiseworthy reverence for the Word of God will bring to Russia's millions trudging wearily along the path of life. May his Word indeed prove to them all "a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path!"

CHAPTER XI

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghettos and Judengass, in mirk and mire,
Trained in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

—*Longfellow.*

National Contrasts

SOME will doubtless be surprised to know that Russian laws compel all Jews, with a few specified exceptions, to live within a restricted area, called "The Pale of Settlement." This limited territory is about the size of France and consists of fifteen provinces out of the more than one hundred of the Russian empire. This land was allotted to Russia as her share of the spoil after the political crime of the partition of Poland. As far as the east is from the west is the contrast in the treatment by Russia of the Jewish inhabitants in this "Pale of Settlement" to that by America of the inhabitants of the Philippines. As spoils of war, the Philippines fell into the lap of fair Columbia, and that part of Poland with its Jewish race was snatched by the paws of huge Russia. The Russian Hebrews live lives of terror and torture. The Filipinos enjoy a

widely spread system of popular education and are being trained to exercise their rights and abilities in representative government.

Sowing Dragon's Teeth

The chief restrictions imposed upon the Jews in Russia are enumerated in the following list:

1. Compulsory residence within the "Pale of Settlement," prohibiting residence in villages or inside of fifty versts (thirty-three miles) of the frontier.

2. Restricted education.

3. Prohibition to sell spirits (a government monopoly).

4. Closure against government employment, railway and postal service, higher military rank, and from the navy.

5. Special taxes, applicable only to Jews.

There are these exceptions to the above:

1. Merchants, who are members of guilds and pay an annual tax of about \$500 (United States gold).

2. University graduates and students of higher grades.

3. Nicolai soldiers, who have served twenty-five years.

4. Druggists, dentists, surgeons, and midwives.

5. Skilled artisans, supported by their own handicraft.

As if these arbitrary laws were not suffi-

ciently harassing and cruel, the obnoxious May laws were superimposed. These were proposed by General Ignatieff, and adopted after receiving the sanction of the Tsar. Paragraph III serves as a sample. It reads:

“Jews are forbidden to transact business on Sundays and on the principal Christian holidays. The existing regulations concerning the closing of places of business belonging to Christians on such days shall apply to Jews also.”

The proportion of Jews permitted to study in an institution of learning was curtailed in many places to five per cent, and in Saint Petersburg and Moscow to three per cent.

Reaping

This broadcast sowing of dragon's teeth is already beginning to bear its harvest:

1. Poverty, by being forced into the congested Ghettos of the cities.

2. Ignorance, with its criminal retinue, by being debarred from education.

3. Political helplessness, by being excluded from public office and the army and navy, thus engendering anarchy.

4. Last but not least, the *pogroms*, or fanatical massacres, abetted by the government. The acts of these frenzied mobs of Russian Christians resemble those attributed to the early Pilgrims in their dealings with the American Indians:

They first fell on the knees
And then on the aborigines.

“They (that is, Orthodox Russian Christians) went to work with the holy pictures in their hands, crossing themselves and kneeling in prayer, and then murdered and robbed mothers with infants in their arms,” witnesses Leon Rosenberg, of Odessa.¹

Samuel Wilkinson, in his exhaustive study of this subject, ascribes as the motive of this inhuman persecution of the Jews, “Russia’s treatment of her Jewish subjects was simply a matter of domestic policy. If she placed no restrictions upon them, she knew that in the struggle for existence the lethargic native-born would go to the wall and the Jew come out on top.”²

The intense gravity of this Jewish problem among the one hundred and twenty odd races and tribes within the Russian empire is apparent when a government is driven to crowd this single detested race of 5,000,000 Hebrews inside the arbitrary artificial barriers of the “Pale of Settlement.” Lord Curzon sagely remarks, “The Russian system may be government, but cannot be called improvement or civilization.” No wonder, then, that these Hebrew children, numbering one half of the Israelites in the world,

¹ In the Land of the North, by Samuel Wilkinson, p. 47.

² Ibid, p. 24.

and downtrodden now as in the days of Pharaoh, should constitute nine tenths of the immigrants from Russia to England and America!

Such are the galling strictures which bind the Russian Jews, as mercilessly as the Philistines did their mighty champion, Samson. But history tells how this hero, blinded and goaded to fury by his enemies, finally had his revenge. No eagle's eye can pierce the future and see what fate awaits the haughty ruling house of Romanoff. Some day before the sun sets—perhaps sooner than any of us imagine—persecuted Samson, driven to desperation, may again rise in his pristine strength and annihilate his enemies.

CHAPTER XII

JERMAK, IMMIGRATION AND EXILES

What most interested us in Russia was that it was an empire of discontent. High or low, official or unofficial, it made no difference; every one talked of the unsatisfactory condition of the country—even General Todleben, the hero of Sevastopol and Plevna, who was then the governor-general of Odessa. It was a result of the Russo-Turkish War—a foretaste of what was to follow the war with Japan.—*George Washburn, Fifty Years in Constantinople, p. 149.*

Jemark

JERMAK, Yermak, or Irmak, as his name is variously spelled, presented Siberia to Russia, as did Cortez and Pizarro, his antipodal *conquistadores*, Mexico and Peru to Spain. Those Cossack and Spaniard outlaws employed almost simultaneously the same tactics against the indigenes.

The impetuous charges and fierce ardor of these simple-minded natives, fighting for wife, children, and native land, were no match to these infamous freebooters, armed with strange fire-spitting weapons. Despite their reckless courage, the field of battle was again and again strewn with heaps of their slain braves.

For years Jermak gained great notoriety

by harassing merchants on "the royal road of the Volga," often robbing and murdering his victims, until one day imperial troops outwitted and captured him. Ivan the Terrible, learning of the prowess of this Cossack chieftain, pardoned him and then authorized him to lead a motley crowd of some 850 Russians, Cossacks, Tartars, Germans, Poles, and escaped prisoners across the Urals into Siberia. Jermak marched boldly into the interior of Siberia and captured Siber or Isker, the capital of the Siberian dominions. He consoled the Tsar in his last years by presenting him with the vast domain of Siberia. Ivan sent bishops and priests to the survivors of the subdued peoples, and rewarded Jermak with a costly cuirass of exquisite workmanship. This handsome gift proved his doom. At an unguarded moment his enemies attacked his forces. He tried to escape by swimming across the Irtysh, but the weight of his imperial chain-armor pulled him under the waters never to rise again. Jermak was made a hero by the Russian people and a saint by the Orthodox Church. An elegant silver statuette of this Cossack hero, inclosed in a glass case, is one of the many costly curios on exhibition in the sumptuous apartments of the Kremlin Palace at Moscow, and two paintings represent him on the walls of the University at Tomsk. In one, Jermak is seen fiercely combating na-

tive tribes on the banks of a river, while they are paralyzed with terror by the novel murderous firearms. The other represents him standing with proud mien, arrayed in the handsome, fatal cuirass, bestowed upon him by the Tsar.

From Jermak's day to this the same merciless tactics have been systematically pursued. By this relentless policy, thousands of helpless Chinese were remorselessly butchered in Manchuria in 1900. General Skobelev adopted the same methods in his conquests in Central Asia. He tried to justify his atrocious massacre of eight thousand defenseless Tekkes at Geok Tepe, in 1881, on the principle that with Asiatics the duration of peace is in direct proportion to the number of the enemy slain. He unabashedly declares his policy in these words: "My system is this—to strike hard and to keep on hitting until resistance is completely overcome, then to form ranks, cease slaughter, and be kind and humane to the prostrate enemy."¹

Vereshchagin

Vereshchagin painted his battle scenes from a radically different motive from that which actuated the French artists, whose martial productions embellish the Palace of Versailles. They were swept off their feet by

¹ Russia in Asia, by Alexis Krause, p. 128.

the brilliant victories of Napoleon. French patriotic enthusiasm inspired them to throw a glamour of glory over the gory fields of slaughter. The tourist is amazed at these mammoth canvases of war, as he wanders for nearly a fifth of a mile through the magnificent "Galerie des Batailles" at Versailles.

Vereshchagin, on the other hand, was a passionate pleader for peace. His war paintings, in their realistic hellish carnage, so appal the beholder that he leaves the place with his soul ever afterward armed with undying hate against the dread Moloch, War.

"The fate of Vereshchagin was especially pitiful, because he had spent his whole life trying to teach the human race peace, and had come in his old age to this boiling crater (Port Arthur) so that he might catch, perhaps, a final horror, with which to convince mankind."¹ There, on the fatal 13th of April, 1904, in the sixty-third year of his age, Vereshchagin, Admiral Makaroff, and sixteen hundred men on the Russian flagship, Petropaulovski, in the twinkling of an eye, found a watery grave.

Vereshchagin's series of twenty paintings, descriptive of Napoleon's Russian campaign, now adorning the walls of the elegant Museum of Alexander III, at Saint Petersburg, when exhibited in Berlin in 1897 attracted

¹The Tragedy of Russia, by McCormick, vol. 1, p. 113.

great crowds. His brush portrayed the barbarous sacrilege of Napoleon turning churches dedicated to the worship of God into stables for his cavalry and kitchens for his troops, and also the hideous diabolism of war, in a most realistic manner. Emperor William viewed these masterpieces carefully, and then, singling out two which especially impressed him, he stood still studying them, attracted by their freshness and originality. One was "The Retreat from Petrovski Park," in which Napoleon, accompanied by his body-guard, was riding amid smoldering heaps and smoking ruins. The other sketched the emperor of the French, wrapped in furs, striding at the head of his generals, over a battlefield strewn with corpses veiled in snow, through which protruded mutilated arms, legs, heads, and feet. The German monarch turned to the Russian painter and, with deep emotion, said, "*Vos tableaux sont la meilleure assurance contre la guerre!*"¹

Vereshchagin, it will be remembered, was the artist who painted the battle of San Juan, Cuba, and exhibited it to President Roosevelt, who had been a participant in that conflict. Roosevelt criticized the painting because the foliage in the foreground was not true to life. So Vereshchagin made a special trip to San Juan in the summer, the season in which the battle was fought.

¹ *Russische Kulturbilder*, by Eugen Zabel, p. 91.

After this he retouched his painting by adding the brilliant crimson of the poinciana.

"A Pyramid of Skulls" may be a most eloquent advocate for peace. What could have been conceived more expressive of utter horror, extreme lonesomeness, and appalling ghastliness than this painting of Vereshchagin? There, alone on the dead level of the desert, where once mortal hate raged in all its fury, stands piled up a huge pyramid of human skulls. Overhead evil-omened birds of prey wearily alight or fitfully flutter around, as if in quest of more cadavers to peck at and devour.

Immigration

Ever since the days of Jermak, emigrants and exiles have been crossing the Urals in a constantly increasing ratio. Few realize the immense migration now going on into Siberia. Statistics state that from January 1 to October 31, 1908, 728,802 persons crossed from Russia into Siberia, showing an increase of thirty-one per cent over the same period of 1907, so that now the annual number must be about a million or more.

Every day we would meet trainloads of these wanderers, and would watch parties of them huddled about the Russian platforms in a most pitiable plight. The freight box cars, in which they were often transported, had painted on the outside "8 Horses

or 40 men." Surely eight or a dozen horses would have fared much better than those forlorn immigrants of varying ages and sexes, packed together like slaves in a dhow. Shelves were extemporized on the inner sides of these cattle cars, on which men, women with babes, boys and girls herded during the long dreary months of interrupted travel. For some special reason unknown to us these poor unfortunates were left stranded at the station, while other trains, having right of way, passed by.

Exiles

The political exiles and convicts looked far more comfortable. These traveled, to be sure, under guard, but in fairly decent cars, and seemed to be properly fed and cared for. These prison vans on wheels, when seen for the first time on our way from Irkutsk to Tomsk, sent a chill, as a draught from a cold storage room, through our very bones. Every succeeding car of these *miserables* intensified our horror at this atrocious system of exile. One day we counted twelve of these crowded convict cars. Some faces looked brutal and vicious, while others wore the sad, resigned look of refined intelligence. Probably such were political or religious offenders, who were either betrayed by some indiscreet remark, or who, having tasted of the waters of life, would obey God rather than man.

The sight of such victims of political tyranny could not but awaken sympathy in the hearts of Americans and all other lovers of freedom. Russia has many souls who abominate this dastardly policy of banishment, which should have been abolished with the Inquisition in the Middle Ages. The laws of Russia are such that no Russian patriot in the press or at public meeting can long protest with impunity against this monstrous repression of human rights. Count Tolstoy was the single exception to this rule.

Opportunity of the Painter

No restrictions, strange to say, are placed upon the painter. His brush can and does depict the horror and pity of it. No Russian can look upon "The Remorse of Ivan the Terrible," by Ryepin, without having the frailty and wickedness of his imperial rulers staring him in the face. No one can look at the painting "Everywhere Is Life," by Yaroshenko, without bitter animosity instinctively rankling in his breast. Both paintings are preserved in the famous Tretyakov Gallery, said to be the choicest private collection of paintings in the world. They were collected by the brothers Tretyakov, and in 1892 presented by them to the city of Moscow. "The Remorse of Ivan the Terrible" is the larger of the two and constantly attracts crowds. This talented Rus-

sian artist has represented this Muscovite Nero with terror-stricken visage, frantically embracing the pallid corpse of his son, whom in a passion he has just slain. Most graphically, nay, even sensationally, does this remarkable painting tell the plain story, that the Tsar of all the Russias—the Father of the Orthodox Church—is not only human but exceedingly sinful—guilty of murder—and needing the forgiveness of God as much as his humblest subject. Most excruciatingly revolting and loathsome is this diabolic specter of imperial murder. Unexpectedly coming before it, we found ourselves for the first few moments riveted to the spot as fixedly as Chipanoff, the messenger of Prince Kourbski from the Polish camp, whose foot this same Ivan pinned with his sharp staff to a step of the Red Staircase. With pigments more glaring than any with which Titian ever ventured to embellish his frescoes, Ryepin has placed upon canvas this spectacular exposure of heinous guilt in high places. The tragic remorse of the deed will not down. Anyone who has once viewed it finds its gruesome, blood-curdling shadow, like the ghost in Macbeth, insistently pursuing him many a long day and night. Such an artist, whose innermost soul is burning with fiery indignation, dares display an eloquence as patriotic, though mute, as did Patrick Henry. With

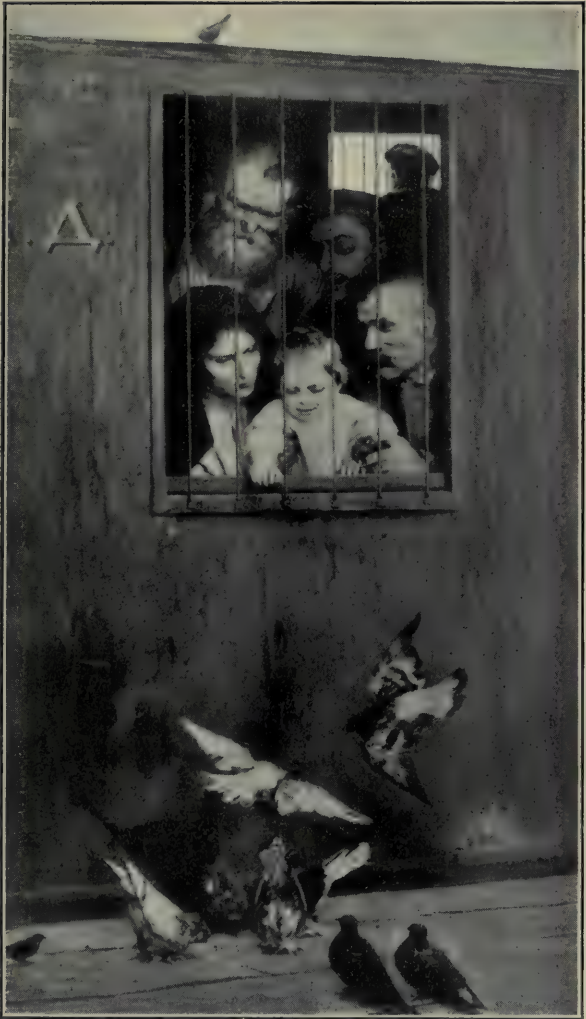
one masterstroke he has brushed away the flimsy fabric of the divine right of kings and affirmed "*Vox populi, vox dei.*" Such insight into inhuman crime on the throne haunts like a horrid nightmare the simple-minded moujik. Such imperial villainy steels the sinews of the infuriated revolutionist to still darker deeds of vindictive violence.

The other painting, "Everywhere Is Life," by Yaroshenko, portrays a less ghastly but extremely sad event—alas, too common, from which

Hope, writhing fled, and
Mercy sighed farewell.

A convict car is stopping at a station platform. Inside the iron bars of a car window is an interesting family trio. The center of the group is a little boy of three or four summers, who is eagerly watching some pigeons outside. One pigeon is perched on the car roof. Some are flying about, while others are busy picking up crumbs of black bread with which the child is feeding them. The father at one side, whose hand holds the broken loaf, is pictured with a kindly, intelligent countenance.

The free, happy life of these pigeons, gayly hopping on the platform or gracefully circling in the air, by their striking contrast throw a charming soft glow of pathos over this touching domestic episode at the car



EVERYWHERE IS LIFE

window. This is emphatically so, if seen through Russian eyes. The ancient Egyptians,¹ like most modern nations, never regarded the pigeon as a sacred bird, but prized it as a dainty dish. Not so the Russian. He considers the pigeon as symbolic of the Holy Ghost, which should be held sacred and never used as an article of food. Moreover, every Russian uses, as a term of endearment, the very common expression, "My little pigeon!"²

The father in the picture was probably a well-meaning artisan in a small village, who had in an unguarded moment dropped some chance remark about liberty. This had been overheard and reported to the authorities, with the result that he was peremptorily sentenced to banishment to Siberia or Saghalien. The mother has a sweet, resigned expression. Like so many other Russian wives similarly situated, she had volunteered to accompany her husband to his far-off exile, taking along their only son. An elderly, grizzly whiskered moujik, but with benignant look withal, and a youthful, sleek-looking citizen of the hounded Hebrew race, both of whom are deeply absorbed in watching the playful antics of the innocent boy, complete the group in the foreground. In the background, out of the opposite window, is an

¹ The Ancient Egyptians, by Wilkinson, vol. III.

² Siberia, As It Is, by DeWindt, p. 66.

other exile, wistfully gazing out upon God's free open and beyond—"everywhere is life."

By such paintings Russian patriots, even though their mouths are muzzled and their ankles enchained, can teach the love of freedom. These paintings indicate the intense passion for liberty smoldering in the breasts of Russia's millions. Violent eruptions, as of a pent-up Vesuvius, have already taken place. The extreme propaganda of the Nihilist have been summarily suppressed. "Their conspiracies and murders," as Dr. Buckley pertinently states, "have made it necessary that the government of Russia should be nothing but a gigantic police force, of which the emperor is the chief."¹ So soon as the real facts of the repeated defeats by the Japanese percolated among the masses of the Russian people, riot and revenge reigned rampant, recalling the days of "the Reign of Terror" in France.

Russia has also produced musicians of remarkable genius. Rubinstein, one of her musical prodigies, who astounded Moscow at the age of ten, made the following discriminating remark toward the close of his famous career: "In Russia I exist; in Germany I think; in France I enjoy [myself]; in Italy and Spain I wander; in America I act; and everywhere I love."²

¹ *The Midnight Sun, The Tsar, and The Nihilist*, by James M. Buckley, p. 370.

² *Kulturbilder*, by Zabel, p. 190.

Exasperated at the political despotism of Russia, and admiring the rare artistic genius of her sons, Hugo Ganz felt compelled to utter the following noble sentiment, which echoes in the heart of every lover of liberty the world over: "A people which produces such artists in every field as the Russian, has not only the right to the strongest self-consciousness and to the general sympathy of people of culture, but, above all, it has the right to be respected by its rulers and not to be handled like a horde of slaves."¹

Religious Liberty

Had the policy of religious liberty, as once frankly stated by Peter the Great, been consistently carried out, the inhabitants of the Russian empire would be to-day far more happy and prosperous. "Passing through the desert of the Volga, he [Peter the Great] found there a colony of industrious raskolinks [dissenters], ordered them to be left in peace, and begged them to pray for him. 'God,' he said, 'has given the Tsar power over nations, but Christ alone has power over the consciences of men.'"² His loyalty to the Orthodox Church, however, made him regard the dissenters as heretics, whom he often caused to be punished, sometimes most cruelly.

¹ The Land of Riddles, by Hugo Ganz, p. 282.

² History of Russia, by Rambaud, vol. II, p. 94.

The Edict of Alexander I, dated December 6, 1816, breathed the same humane sentiment, but proved abortive in stopping persecution. A truly Christian spirit pervaded this imperial utterance. "To lead back the lost sheep to the fold cannot be done by force, this being contrary to the doctrine of the Saviour, who came to seek and save the lost. True faith is a work of grace and can only be effected in the soul by instruction, gentleness, and, most of all, by good example. . . . The church must neither use nor permit violence against the erring ones, even if it should not approve of their separation. It is utterly opposed to the spirit of its Divine Head."¹

On Easter Day, 1905, a new Imperial Edict of Religious Toleration was ostentatiously granted, but its effects appear to be as nugatory as Alexander I's, nearly a century earlier. An enraged people, exasperated by the disastrous defeats in the Russo-Japanese war, forced Nicholas II reluctantly to grant it. Carl Joubert styles it "a Stock Exchange Ukase," asserting that it was issued solely to placate the enmity of other nations, and thus facilitate another foreign loan.² In it Nicholas II makes no allusion whatever to loosening the cruel bonds shackling millions of his Jewish children. The

¹ Under Three Tsars, by Robert S. Latimer, p. 46.

² The Fall of Tsardom, by Carl Joubert, p. 248.

inveterate hatred of the Orthodox Church and chinoviks also continues to vent itself on anyone daring enough to free himself from such spiritual tyranny. Despite these dark clouds, an unprejudiced observer can dimly discern glimmerings of hope, presaging a brighter dawn in the near future.

It has been estimated that about a third of the so-called Orthodox Christians are secretly or openly attached to these dissenters, who "are an index of the devotion and desire for light in the character of the true Russian."¹

Among these raskolinks, or sects, the following are the chief: (1) Popovsty, or with priests; (2) Bezpopovsty, or without priests; (3) Khlysts, or flagellants, like some Roman Catholic devotees; (4) Stundists, or German Mennonites, so called from their "Stunde," or hour of devotion; (5) Molokans, or milk eaters; (6) Doukhorborsts, or Spirit-Warriors, resembling Quakers.

Evangelical Nobility

Persecution has spared neither the high nor low ranks of Russian society. The case of Colonel Pashkoff, of the Imperial Guards, is in point. Belonging to a distinguished family and possessed of great wealth, he made a visit to England, and, while there, imbibed some of the Methodist spirit. On

¹Land of the North, by Samuel Wilkinson, p. 19.

his return he devoted his whole life and vast fortune to spreading the truth he had espoused. The impassioned evangelical preaching of Lord Radstock, in French, to the upper classes at Saint Petersburg during the successive winters from 1874 to 1877 was also productive of much ripe fruit. Besides Colonel Pashkoff, two other notable Russian aristocrats, Count Bobrinski and Count Korff, joined the ranks of the dissenters. All three began to conduct meetings for prayer and expounding the gospel. The mansion of Colonel Pashkoff on Gagarin Quay was crowded with eager hearers of the Word. The arch enemy of religious liberty, Pobiedonostzeff, affirmed that "more than fifteen hundred persons were present, representing every grade of society."

"Peasants and members of princely families, students from the university, and military officers, resplendent in their uniforms, and even monks and priests were among the crowds that thronged the doors to secure admission. Madame Pashkoff usually presided at the American organ, and her daughters helped to lead in the singing. The hymns were Russian versions of familiar English hymns, adapted to the tastes of the Russian people. All three of the above-mentioned noblemen gave expositions of the Scriptures and addresses, each having his distinctive gifts as a public speaker. Colonel Pashkoff

was mighty in the Scriptures, and arrested the attention of his hearers by his earnest and forcible utterances; Count Korff appealed mainly to the intelligence of his hearers; while Count Bobrinski, who earned the name of 'the Spurgeon of Russia,' spoke with great vivacity and freedom.

"In summer these noblemen repaired to their estates in the country, where they opened their castles to the astonished peasants for the preaching of the gospel of Christ. The good news would have been 'as cold waters to a thirsty soul,' even if brought to them in an earthen pitcher by a hunted Stundist, but to have the water of life proffered to these sheepskin-clad moujiks in silver tankards was every way most sensational."¹

Pobiedonostzeff, though a layman, was at this time the head of "the Most Holy Governing Synod of the Orthodox Church." An implacable bigot, like Philip II of Spain, or his prototype, Saul of Tarsus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," he determined to extinguish this rapidly growing heresy. Soon an order was issued for the banishment of the chief offenders, who were given ten days to pack up and quit their native land. Colonel Pashkoff, with the other leaders, was banished, his institutions destroyed, and a large part of his estates con-

¹ Under Three Tsars, by Robert S. Latimer, pp. 74, 75.

fiscated, while he, himself, died in 1902, an exile in Paris.¹

Milk Eaters

The Molokans, or "Milk Eaters," receive this nickname because the members of this sect would eat curds and cheese on fast days the same as on other days, and also because they abstain from vodka—the popular alcoholic drink of the Russian peasant—and content themselves with drinking milk. They cheerfully accept the term, saying: "Yes! We are indeed milk eaters. We desire 'the sincere milk of the Word, that we may grow thereby.' We must have it unadulterated—uncontaminated by the fingers of the Popes and undiluted by any mixture of man's devices; and we will have as much as we can get of it, for we love our Bibles."² The Molokans are very friendly toward other evangelical Christians. Dr. G. A. Simons, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission at Saint Petersburg, was recently in southern Russia, where by invitation he attended their meetings and acceded to their request to be photographed in the midst of their group of delegates. The mighty pen of Count Tolstoy was wielded in behalf of the Molokans and Doukhorborsts, but apparently not one iota did the government abate its bitter antagonism.

¹ Russia, Her Strength and Weakness, by Wolf von Schlerbrand, pp. 210, 211.

² Under Three Tsars, by Robert S. Latimer, pp. 38, 39.

Spirit-Warriors

Hemmed in on either side and relentlessly pursued by the oppressor, the situation of the Doukhorborsts did, indeed, seem to be as desperate as the Israelites, pursued by Pharaoh's hosts. Their plaintive cries, however, reached the ears of the Almighty, who from an unexpected quarter raised up for them deliverers. Wealthy and influential philanthropists in England and America provided a way of escape across their Red Sea of difficulty to the broad fertile prairies of Canada. At first their advent on American soil caused great forebodings among the Canadian authorities, until in 1902 a former popular leader, Peter Veregin, or "Father Vereguine," was released from prison in Russia and arrived in Canada. By kindness and ability he gained their confidence, and soon brought order out of chaos, peace out of discord. His shrewd leadership systematized their life. A miniature Parliament was organized, composed of two men and one woman out of each of their forty-eight villages, which had authority over all their affairs. Veregin's personality as president of this body asserted itself in directing decisions according to his superior wisdom. Every spring and fall, agents of the Doukhorbor Trading Company visit Winnipeg to buy stores at wholesale rates for cash and

thus save fully twenty-five per cent. Sometimes these agents spend \$100,000 to \$150,000 on one trip. They implicitly follow the instructions of Father Vereguine's committee, and on their return render a strict account. One specimen list is as follows:

- 100 Teams of Draft Horses.
- 25 Wagons.
- 62 Plows.
- 38 Mowers.
- 52 Self-Binders.
- 30,000 lbs. Binding Twine.
- 350 Sets Harness.
- Machinery for one Oatmeal Mill.
- Machinery for four Flour Mills.
- 1 Telephone System.
- 12 Wheat and Flax Elevators.

In 1909 the Dominion Interior Department published an Annual Report concerning this sect of Russian Quakers, who in 1898, to the number of some 10,000, found an asylum within their borders. This official document, far from regarding the Doukhorborsts as a thorn in the flesh, asserts that none of their neighbors, not even the increasing American contingent, surpass them in industry, frugality, and general desirability as settlers.¹

Raskolinks

The rabid bigotry of the Holy Orthodox Church was not content with hunting Rus-

¹ The Evening Post, New York, May 23, 1909.

sian raskolinks—not rascals or rascallions, as some might infer from the etymology of the word, but merely dissenters—within her own borders, but vented her spite against any foreign ones, who might have only a simple “Reverend” or the more dignified “Bishop” prefixed to their names. At the time the Trans-Siberian Railway was opened to travel Russian officialdom in their narrow prejudice absolutely refused to allow any such raskolinks to travel on their transcontinental trains.¹ However, God is no respecter of persons, whether a Pharaoh or a Tsar. The rude shock of the Russo-Japanese war was needed to arouse Russia to a more liberal policy. In 1894-5, during the Chinese-Japanese war, Russia refused to grant passports to American missionaries living at Kalgan, where a spur of the Great Wall divides China from Mongolia. The American government at Washington took up the matter with the Russian government at Saint Petersburg and thrashed it out, until finally passports were promised in case extreme danger in China should compel the American missionaries to escape via Siberia. The Boxer uprising in 1900 furnished the occasion, when a party of various nationalities succeeded in making “A Flight for Life” to Irkutsk and thence over the Trans-Si-

¹ China and Her People, by Charles Denby, vol. 1, p. 225.

berian Railway to Europe and home.¹ While this restriction was still in force Bishop Cranston, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now residing at Washington, D. C., happened to be on a visit at Vladivostok. He desired to take a short ride on the eastern section of the Russian railway, but was prevented because he was an American clergyman. To-day all is changed. Now citizens of any nation, provided with passports—no matter of what religious creed—may freely travel from one end of the Russian empire to the other. The world moves and Russia too, though reluctantly with laggard gait, as of a tired, peevish child, who is being dragged along by his mother.

Political Liberty

Much confusion prevails concerning the political liberty of the freed serf in Russia. "From the moment when, with so loud a flourish of trumpets, Alexander II decreed the emancipation of the serfs, nothing has been done to train, educate, or raise this miserable people from their degradation. While hundreds of millions had been spent in the indulgence in the craze for militarism and conquest, inherent in the one class (chinoviks), which is consulted in the country, the moujiks have been retrograded rather than assisted in emerging from the con-

¹ A Flight for Life, by James H. Roberts.

ditions of mere animal existence. A tithe of the money expended in the exploitation of Manchuria, the sending of secret missions to Afghanistan, and the fleecing of territory from Persia and the Khanates of Central Asia, would have sufficed for the enlightenment of the Russians, the emancipation of the country from its primitive civilization, and the introduction of education throughout the territories of the Tsar.”¹

The liberty granted to the American Negro by the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln was as wide as the poles from that granted by the Imperial Ukase of Alexander II. As in feudal times, the serf remained attached to the soil, ostensibly that he might be available for military service. Government bonds were presented to his former baronial landlords, but not a single kopek nor one square foot of land was given to the poor ex-serf. Any “Russian serf who leaves the village-commune without permission to-day is arrested, fined, imprisoned, and sent back to his native place. . . . In many cases the position of the peasant is hopeless. At present the peasant cannot, without consent of his commune, work for wages. From the wages of peasants, permitted to work in mines, factories, and industrial works, a part may be de-

¹ Russia in Asia, by Alexis Krause, pp. 286, 287.

ducted and paid to the government on account of their commune's indebtedness under the land-redemption scheme. . . . The conditions are such as preclude the creation of wealth by the people and deprive them of hope and legitimate aspirations. . . . He is born to a heritage of debt and saddled with an incubus from which he can free himself in no other way than by emigrating."¹

If these millions of Slavic men "with the hoe"—wageless and hopeless through so long a night of horrid darkness—now descry a faint ray of hope on their far eastern horizon, need we wonder to find them with wives and little ones—all they can call their own—start for that far-away land, even if it be the dreaded, ill-famed Siberia of the exiles? Tolstoy, ever sympathizing with the peasants in their misery, in his last work, *Three Days in a Village*, suppressed by the government after a few copies had found their way to America, depicts a Russian peasant, lured by the call of the wild, selling his patrimony and emigrating with his family to Siberia. Disillusioned there, he returns to his ancestral village, only to find himself homeless, landless, hopeless.

In order to overcome the stupid inertia of ages, special inducements had to be offered. Since 1892 emigrants, on certain conditions,

¹ *Greater Russia*, by William Oliver Greener, edition 1904, pp. 45-47.

receive per head a grant of fifteen *dessiatins* (about forty acres) of land, every man, woman, and child counting. In addition, they are tax free for the first three years, and one half tax free for the following three years, thus making them liable to the full levy at the beginning of the seventh year. Besides, all young men are permitted to postpone their military service for three years (that is, until the farm is in order) and, moreover, to the poorest classes, small loans and grants of seeds and timber are made.¹

“Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!” were the loud cries rending the air during the French Revolution, when the frenzied Jacobin mobs, intoxicated with the first draughts of liberty, paraded the streets of Paris. To the sluggish, century-oppressed minds and bodies of these emancipated serfs, such sentiments sound as far distant as the planet Mars. Not many decades, however, will elapse before Siberia, with its greater though limited freedom, will demand its long-denied rights—those inalienable rights of man—which made the Paris mob run riot, and which Thomas Jefferson embodied in the Constitution of the United States in the modified form of “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” A marked contrast is already noticeable in the people of Siberia from the

¹ The Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia, by Putnam-Weale, pp. 264, 265.

Russians on the other side of the Urals. Men who undergo exile for their political and religious opinions have usually deep convictions, so that their new and freer environment enables them to breathe the air of greater independence. Some predict that "in time these facts will tell, and things will occur which may change the trend of affairs in a moment, which will surprise no one more than the authorities at Saint Petersburg."¹

Russian and American Pioneers Compared

Any attempted parallel between the pioneers of American civilization westward and Russian eastward is both gratuitous and futile. The character of the American pioneers, with their accompanying civilization, is diametrically opposite. The winning of the Mississippi valley, the gaining of California, and the saving of Oregon to the Union were accomplished by men of a radically different type. Siberia can boast of no Daniel Boone, Colonel Fremont, nor Marcus Whitman. Outlaws, exiles, convicts, and moujiks have laid the foundations of an entirely opposite social fabric. Religious liberty and the schoolhouse have produced very dissimilar farmers, merchants, and artisans from those under the persuasion of the icon and the knout.

¹Russia in Asia, by Alexis Krause, p. 320.

Siberia has not always proved to be the rosy-hued Utopia of their dreams. Its long, dark, cheerless winters and short summers do not always compensate for the milder climes and charming shores of the Euxine. One wide-awake, widely traveled investigator believes that "the extreme loneliness of the life and the length of the winter are producing a peculiar Siberian type of people—silent, morose, and inexpressibly sad."¹

The moujik, starting from the fertile valleys of the Dnieper, Don, and Volga, sometimes keeps moving on his eastward tramp until he stands on the shores of the Pacific or the Gulf of Pechili, for he has not yet reached the land of promise. He is still restive, dissatisfied, so that we find him wistfully watching and waiting on those distant shores, eager to sail away to a land about which strange rumors of real liberty have reached his ears. Surely no one need be surprised at reading the cablegram, published in a New York daily, dated October 22, 1909: "The immigration agent who accompanied Commander Atkinson to Manchuria to secure Russians to take the place of Japanese laborers on sugar plantations in Hawaii says over 100,000 Russian peasants in Manchuria want to come to Hawaii. Hundreds of families pleaded for a chance

¹ All the Russias, by Henry Norman, pp. 152, 153.

when Atkinson selected thirty families to come over. Those people cannot make a living in Siberia. Some Russians who accompanied Atkinson were veterans of the late war between Russia and Japan.”¹

Just two months earlier Colonel Rudolph Jasenski, of the Fourth Battery Siberian Artillery, who had seen service at Port Arthur, arrived at Ellis Island, New York, having crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of the Cunarder *Mauretania*. A reporter of the *New York Times* gives this account of the arrival of this Russian officer in America: “Before leaving Russia,” the Colonel said, “I resigned my commission and told the government officials that I should not return. I am alone in this city and have no friends, but I hope to get some kind of employment, and am willing to become a citizen, as I prefer the United States to any other foreign country to settle in. . . . I will not return to Russia, no matter what happens. I speak French and, of course, my native language, but I cannot speak English, although I can read and write it—an accomplishment I acquired in the Military College at Saint Petersburg.”²

The novel sensations which an ordinary Russian immigrant experiences on his first arrival in New York have been vividly

¹ The *New York Sun*, October 23, 1909.

² The *New York Times*, August 23, 1909.

sketched by one of his most observant and ardent admirers: "My Russian friend, amazed, as he was, by the turmoil of the streets and the height of the buildings, is still more awed by the sight of such abundant and wholesome food, to which he may help himself without stint. There are large sweet potatoes, which taste better than cakes and are permeated by the delicate flavor of nuts; they are a greater contrast to the small, gnarly scant portion of potatoes which it has been his lot to eat, than any forty-story sky-scraper can be to the tumble-down shanty in which his father kept store. Meat—a huge piece of meat on his plate—and in memory of his palate only the soft end of a soup-bone, as a special delicacy. What a contrast! 'Last but not least,' the pie, that apple pie, of which he had a whole one to himself and knew not how to attack it; until, finally, following good precedent, he took it into his trembling hands and let his joyous face disappear in its juicy depths. After the dinner he was catechized. All the inhabitants of the far-away town were inquired after, and the record of the living and dead told to the hungry hearers. What a marvelous group this is! And typical of thousands."¹

¹ On the Trail of the Immigrant, by Edward A. Steiner, pp. 158, 159.

CHAPTER XIII

TOMSK

We reached Tomsk at two o'clock in the morning, but did not stop. Beyond Tomsk there is a river to cross—the Tom, of course, unfordable and unbridged. There is a ferryboat with paddles, worked by horses, walking round in a circle on the deck—a sort of *bateau à cheval*. But the ferryman is a Siberian.—*Antonio Scarfoglio, Round the World in a Motor-Car, p. 298.*

Railway to Tomsk

A two days' ride by rail brought us from Irkutsk via Taiga to Tomsk, the capital of Siberia. During this part of the trip the cars were uncomfortably crowded. "Platzkarten," or reserved berths, were not honored. Through the courtesy of our friend, the Russian physician, who went early to the railway station and secured for us reserved berths, we were provided with proper tickets, but they proved to be of no use. I was ordered by the conductor to leave our reserved quarters, where I was with my wife and babe, and was assigned to a coupé for men only. A Russian lady and her daughter, and an English maid to a British dowager, were my wife's companions, while a Russian Jew, a Japanese, and a Hongkong Britisher

occupied the three other berths of my coupé—a typical illustration of the cosmopolitan nature of the travel on this popular overland highway. During the night this Japanese had a constant skirmish over the matter of ventilation with the American occupying the opposite berth. That Far Easterner wanted the coupé hermetically sealed, while the Westerner desired a change of air. Before the first night was over the Japanese retreated from the renewed attacks of the American, who kept opening the coupé door a little, as often as the Japanese had closed it, until finally, out of courtesy or despair, he gave up the contest, and indulged in that sound sleep that usually comes before arising. The following night a Yankee stratagem outwitted the enemy, affording both a cessation of hostilities and ample ventilation all night long. The upper sash was opened a few inches, but was concealed by pulling down the inside shade, so that this ruse proved to be a perfect triumph of the Occident over the Orient.

The congested condition of travel was due to the “Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits” neglecting to attach one of their cars to this Saint Petersburg express at Harbin, as had been promised by their agent to a party of Americans, so that they were all crowded into the cars of our Russian State Express. Their telegrams to Vladivo-

stok and expostulations to the railway officials were all of no avail. Two of the party had paid extra fare for reserving a four-berth compartment for their exclusive use. Notwithstanding this, two other passengers, Russians, were assigned to it, and since these Americans could not make the officials understand, all their protestations and explanations proved futile. At Krasnoyarsk an old, dingy "Wagons Lits" car was attached to our train, relieving somewhat the congestion, though its American occupants complained of its superfluous dirt and dust.

On four different through expresses we met Japanese of the cultured and official class, generally traveling by twos. Were they imitating Caleb and Joshua, spying the enemy's land? Wherever we met the Chinaman and accosted him in his native tongue he always showed a beaming countenance, radiant with joy, whether acting as a trained linguistic waiter on the dining car or as dealer in tea in his own shop at Tomsk, Irkutsk, or other cities, or as itinerant vender on the streets, or as travelers in small companies on the trains as far west as Samara on the Volga.

After leaving Irkutsk the old Siberian post-road could occasionally be seen, sometime on one side of the track and sometimes on the other, recalling the seventies in America, when the "prairie schooner" trail

was easily recognizable by the side of American transcontinental railroad tracks, from Omaha to California.

Both days the train passed through variegated scenery. Now dense forests of pine, fir, cedar, larch, and birch, the latter just beginning to leaf out in their fresh feathery green. Again, passing along clearings, we would see some miserable-looking villages of log cabins, and we would wonder how these poor peasants ever managed to eke out a living during such a short summer season. In some fields peasants were busy starting their spring plowing. In shady nooks, in valleys, and by the banks of streams patches of ice and snow were still to be seen, while amid the rank, grassy growth of the steppes wild flowers were blooming in rich profusion, beautifying the landscape with their bright colors. It was a real delight to recognize the familiar dandelions, buttercups, and cowslips of the homeland, besides large patches of the daring blue borage with its pinkish buds. The flora seemed to be fully a month behind that of our home in north China.

Fifteen miles north of the 1,560-foot long bridge over the Oka are cliffs, sculptured with prehistoric figures different from any in western Europe.¹ After our train had

¹ Greater Russia, by William Oliver Greener, p. 74.

crossed over the Birjussa, with its golden sands, we left the jurisdiction of Irkutsk and entered the province of Yeniseisk.

Yenisei River

Toward sunset on the afternoon of May 26 our train crossed over some islands in the mighty Yenisei River and halted at the colossal electric-lighted depot of Krasnoyarsk. In the early twilight the city, with its numerous buildings and high-pointed towers, presented a very attractive appearance. Krasnoyarsk has a population of some fifty thousand, and is capital of the province of Yeniseisk, which is more than half as large as all European Russia. It is beautifully situated on the left bank of the broad Yenisei, which here is divided by islands into several streams. The Yenisei River is the largest in Asia, and opposite the city of Krasnoyarsk is about half a mile wide. It rises in the tablelands of Mongolia, five thousand feet above sea level, and flows some three thousand miles before emptying into the Arctic Ocean. Several interesting excursions can be made from Krasnoyarsk as a center. By steamboat or post-road the traveler can go northward two hundred miles to the city Yeniseisk and enjoy the strange sights of the town or inspect its museum. If he has four or five days at his disposal, it would well repay him to make a trip to the

Tyrolese-looking town of Minusinsk; and if he travels by steamer, the steep cliffs along the banks will call forth his admiration. Its city museum, containing over sixty thousand objects, well merits studying, as well as do the inhabitants themselves, along with the shepherds and farmers, the miners and hunters in their grotesque costumes strolling through the streets. A shorter outing may be taken to the interesting village of Basaicha, noted for its rock formations, composed of gigantic stone columns. There they stand, as the fossilized ruins of a prehistoric organ, like the Giants' Causeway in Ireland.

A British physician, who crossed the Yenisei seven years before the days of railway travel, describes the salient features of the traffic at that time. "Old toppers would have been filled with a hankering desire at the sight of a caravan, which had just crossed the river—a caravan of vodka, great hogsheads on wheels, conveying to the settlements of eastern Siberia the strong rye-spirit of which Russians are so fond, and which so ill repays their fondness. Members of temperance societies would have been delighted to see there, waiting to cross over, a caravan of nearly a hundred cart-loads of tea on its way from China to Europe. Those who were too whimsical to look with any favor upon tea might yet find satisfaction in thinking of that simpler beverage, of

which they had such an inexhaustible supply in the clear, cold waters of the river."¹

The costly, substantial bridge on which the railway crosses the Yenisei has changed all this. Dynamite would have blown this fine structure into atoms and travel would once more have reverted to the slow, old-fashioned way, had not the reckless revolutionist been dissuaded from his design, when von Plevne was blown to pieces instead.²

Taiga

The sun was bright and the air clear and bracing on the morning of May 27 when, at 10:45 A. M., we left the Saint Petersburg express at the junction Taiga, for Tomsk, sixty miles northward off the main line, through this primitive forest, as the word "Taiga" signifies. Somehow or other, this small clearing in the midst of this "forest primeval" of Siberia did not kindle in our breasts any such romantic sentiments as inspired Longfellow, when he indited his immortal poem, "Evangeline." After a delay of only fifteen minutes we were on a branch line bound thither. The almost interminable stretches of forest, "sad and prophetic," whose solemnity was now and then relieved by recent clearings, pall on one's spirit. The

¹ Four Thousand Miles Across Siberia, by Charles Wenyon, M.D., p. 212.

² Russia from Within, by Alexander Ular, p. 12.

superstitious natives believe there is a spirit which haunts these deep forest shades, and try to propitiate it with offerings. Kant was a renowned philosopher, but no traveler, for his biographer states that he never wandered farther from his home at Königsberg than Pillau, thirty miles distant. Kant once said, "Two things there are that always fill me with awe: the starry heavens above and the moral consciousness within," but Kant had never seen the Taiga.

The melancholy monotony of the three hours' ride was broken by occasional glances at the Siberian settlers, gathered at the stations in the clearings, conspicuous for their numerous stumps and few log cabins. They had country produce, such as eggs, bread, and bottles of milk, and also vodka for sale.

Among all these Siberian maidens one could not pick out one as charming as the devoted heroine of Grand Prè, Arcadie. These buxom damsels evidently did not inherit those chivalric traits exhibited by the early French settlers in Nova Scotia, whose ancestors loved to listen to romantic legends, recounted by roving troubadours. They, like their ancestors along the Dnieper and Don, had daily to drudge in their *izbas* or out in the fields. Poetry, romance, and love seldom if ever brightened their dull days of toil. When the maiden became a mother, and her babe was wailing or restless, it was quieted

by a decoction of crude opium, obtained from the exuding juice of the poppy, which is to be found in every Russian shanty.¹

Tomsk

A neat, white depot in a beautiful grove of white birch awaits the traveler on his arrival at the station of Tomsk. This thriving capital of Siberia boasts of its fine university, two hundred and ten factories, and four banks. We did not loiter long at the station, but, hiring two droskies, rode at once to the city, some two miles distant.

Herds of cattle were browsing on the tender, rich grass under the birches in the park. The street, running northward toward the city, as we neared the suburbs, passed by large, handsome red brick buildings, surrounded with spacious premises on a natural rise of ground; these were technical schools, connected with the railway. The thoroughfare, emerging from the forest park, becomes a broad boulevard with sidewalks and two roadways, separated in the middle by elongated grassy plots, planted with poplars and provided with paths and benches for pedestrians. This highway had been paved in 1904, and the main or "Post Office Street," where are the university and chief hotels, last year, while work in paving its western

¹ Russia, Her Strength and Weakness, by Wolf von Schlierbrand, p. 204.

extension was still in progress. Many of the sidewalks were paved with boards, recalling streets in Chicago before the great fire.

The Russian drosky-driver is a regular Jehu. He loves to make his horse dash ahead on a breakneck gallop. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might do a thriving business in Siberia and Russia. Their reckless driving so wrought upon the sensitive feelings of "The Lady of the Decoration," that she exclaims: "If their cruelty to horses is any criterion of their cruelty to their fellow men, I can't help feeling they deserve their punishment [defeat by the Japanese]. The Chinese and Korean, even in their brutality, are not as bad as the ordinary Russian."¹

Certain it is that if one does not want to run the risk of having himself or his baggage upset he must first learn this indispensable phrase, "*Po-yés-shai medlénno!*" ("Drive slowly!") As it was, our forward drosky, carrying our valises, had scarcely started before, when to our dismay, we beheld our light wicker suitcase go bouncing up into the air and fall down on the roadway—strange to say, without bursting and scattering its contents on the ground.

The great number and superior quality of horses, harnessed to private equipages as

¹The Lady of the Decoration, pp. 87, 88.

well as to droskies for hire, had attracted our attention, so that we were not surprised to learn that horse-breeding was quite a profitable industry in the outlying farms. We were, however, surprised to see so many droskies having rubber tires. Carriage hire is cheap at Tomsk. Forty kopeks is the charge for the first hour, and thirty kopeks for each following hour, while twenty kopeks (or ten cents, United States gold) is the usual fare for a short ride.

Arriving at the Hotel Rossiya (or "Russia"), we found that rooms had been reserved for us, as had been requested by telegram. The obsequious, incessantly bowing hotel clerk, dressed in a swallow-tail suit, but whose linguistic attainments were limited to the Russian language, received us most urbanely and escorted us to the rooms. They appeared too grandiose for our democratic taste, so we were shown other apartments, and finally selected a large room over-looking a residential street, one flight up and provided with two windows. One of these was a French sash-window, or glass door, opening out upon a small balcony over the street. One third of this room was screened off by a wooden partition and curtains, and contained two beds, while there was fine furniture, as of a parlor, in the remaining living room. We partook of the regulation dinner of four courses, served in our room. During

the daytime the southern, sunny exposure made the room pleasantly warm, but toward night the air became so cool that we found it conducive to our comfort to have the large brick *ofen* heated.

Our steady progress homeward was again made evident, soon after our arrival, by our home mail, brought by a servant to our room. It included the Outlook of New York, dated May 8, and a letter from the same city of May 10. It seemed almost a dream, that here in the capital of Siberia we should be reading home news written about a fortnight earlier.

One of our first walks was toward the heart of the city, passing by large retail stores with plate-glass windows to the mammoth book and printing establishment of Makoushin, to whose great branch store at Irkutsk reference has already been made. We made a call upon the family, to whom we had a letter of introduction, and were cordially invited to an evening dinner, which we declined, but accepted an invitation to an afternoon tea.

Upon a long table the ubiquitous *samovar* proudly towered over the lavish tempting array of delicious homemade buns, rusks, cakes, thinly cut bread, choice Siberian butter and cheese, sliced ham, fresh apples, oranges, etc., too numerous to mention. Russian hospitality is proverbial, and here, as

elsewhere, we heartily enjoyed not only the dainty food but also the good cheer of our hosts. Their spacious apartments revealed a cultured taste and an air of comfort. The floor was of hard wood, over which beautiful rugs were spread, while a piano, books, pictures, and bric-a-brac added an element of hominess. Mr. and Mrs. Makoushin with their fifteen-year-old son were present. The father was a prosperous Siberian merchant of hardy, patriarchal build and affable manner. He could speak only Russian, while his wife could converse in German, as well as in her native tongue. The son could speak English quite well and French also. He was expecting to go in two weeks to Paris in order to pass an entrance examination for the Lycée. This young man later acted as cicerone to us on several of our outings.

Women with Careers

The daughter, we were told, was just completing her law course in Paris. Like Dr. Louise Robinovitch and many other Russian young ladies, she was preparing for a career of usefulness. It will be remembered that Dr. Louise Robinovitch, a native of Odessa, Russia, recently astonished the medical world by her novel discovery of electrical anæsthesia, successfully tried in a hospital at Hartford, Connecticut. Her treatment consisted in passing an electric current of

low tension and frequent interruption through the brain of the patient, thereby producing sleep, and so dispensing with drugs as anæsthetics.¹

Women in Russia have to be reckoned with, whether on or off the throne, foreign or native, Catherine II, or Sophie Perovskaya,² Catherine Breshkovsky, or Dr. Louise Robinovitch, or the thousands of earnest, unnamed, self-renunciating women of learning, who go from town to village, teaching the poor ignorant peasant the first principles of liberty and human rights. A keen German observer recently said: "The young women in Russia are more frequently than anywhere else possessed with a life-ideal. I would often hear them say, 'I will not live a useless life, merely going from one corner of the room to the other.' Then also girls of respectable houses, and, indeed, married women, espouse a career, in order, as far as in them lies, to help in the support of the family. In no country of Europe is there to be found among the young people such a striving to make themselves useful, and to exert themselves for the welfare of mankind, so as to have those around them free and happy. This ideal of helpfulness has been dominant

¹ Harper's Weekly, March 5, 1910.

² The most famous woman revolutionist, belonging to the highest nobility, and the first woman to die on the scaffold in Russia for a political offense.

for some forty years. Young ladies who at home keep in their stables ponies—half English thoroughbred—have these later years gone away into the dangerous famine districts and distributed bread to the famishing.”¹ Such is the fervent, loving, loyal spirit of young womanhood in Russia to-day.

The Black Hundred

One afternoon, as we were out riding near the public square, young Makoushin pointed out the governor's residence—a low, quaint bungalow—which had been plundered by the “Black Hundred” in 1905, during those dark days of blood and loot. His uncle held the office of governor at that time, “but,” he informed us, “they did not kill him.” He also showed us the extensive gutted brick buildings of the Trans-Siberian Railway and the adjoining theater, which the same mob of rioters had set on fire, after looting the vaults of the railway company. Those were exciting times, as the days of the *auto-da-fé* in Madrid, Spain. The brutal official butcheries at Kishinev were perpetrated by this same secret society, the “Black Hundred.” “Men were burned alive by the hundred in Tomsk; women were cruelly tortured in Odessa, . . . and there were more men, women, and children killed in that one city

¹ Russland in XX Jahrhundert, by M. L. Schlesinger, Berlin, 1908.

in the course of a single month than in all France during the great Revolution.”¹

This “Black Hundred” was an association of rascals, which a patriotic Russian curtly informed us was “like Tammany, New York, you know.” This secret organization was used by the governmental party to counteract the efforts of the Revolutionists, and is also called “The Union of the True Russian People.”²

University of Tomsk

The University of Tomsk—the only university in all Siberia—is finely located on the main street, near the center of the city. It has a well-kept campus in front of its main buildings. The grassy border of the wide sidewalk outside the campus was planted in an economical and, to us, novel way. There were two rows of poplar trees. The inner row had been allowed free growth until the trees had attained a height of about thirty feet. Then the upper section of ten feet had been lopped off and planted, as is done with willow-saplings, on the outer edge of the grass-plot, forming the second row of shade trees. Both of these rows seemed to be flourishing.

The largest and, in some respects, the most

¹Dr. Dillon, in the *Contemporary Review*, December, 1905, p. 888.

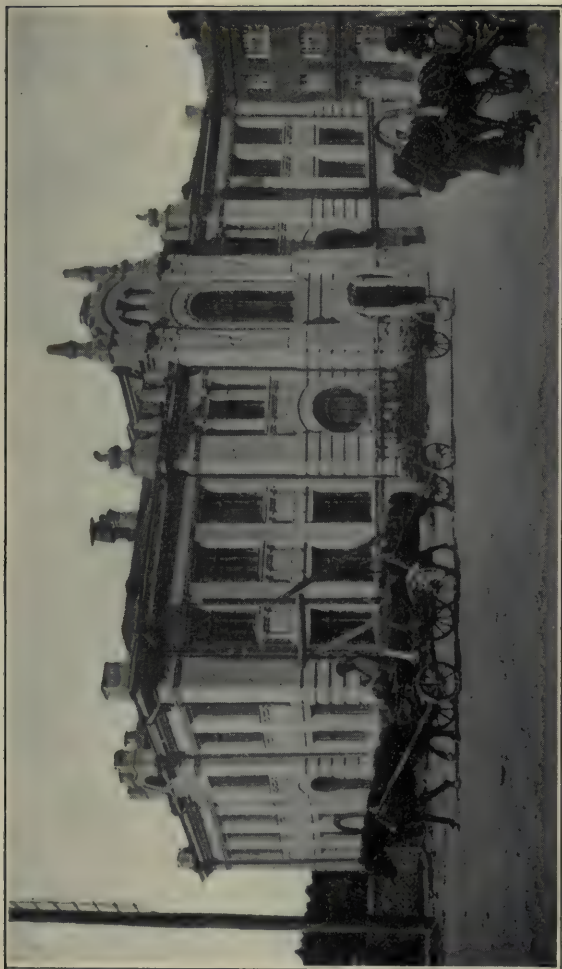
²The *Reaction in Russia*, by George Kennan, in the *Century*, June and July, 1910.

imposing and substantial buildings in Tomsk are the University buildings. Its new large technical school in architecture may well rival any in Western lands. Its medical department is especially flourishing. Under the existing regime at Saint Petersburg we would naturally expect that a theological department, including comparative religions, and a legal faculty, explaining and emphasizing legal rights of man, whether based on the Mosaic law or the Napoleonic code, would be kept in abeyance, and such is the fact. No such restriction, however, rests upon the medical department, so we look with unbounded admiration on the new, imposing, solidly built and artistically constructed Clinic, occupying a whole block, and also wonder at the fine, well-equipped Bacteriological Institute, away out here in the very heart of the wilds of Siberia.

This University was opened just two decades ago, in 1889. It has some two thousand students and a library of one hundred thousand volumes, and its privately endowed Scholarship Fund amounts to \$2,500,000, United States gold.¹

Its museum possesses large collections of rare curios, but they are housed in cramped, crowded rooms, utterly inadequate for such fine specimens, some of which belong to the

¹ Siberia: A Record of Travel, Climbing, and Exploration, by S. Turner, p. 99.



BACTERIOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, TOMSK

Bronze Age, recently unearthed from mounds discovered near the sources of the Yenisei. It is particularly rich in objects illustrative of native tribes throughout Siberia. Our guide showed us some specimens of American Indian workmanship, which had been presented by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., and compared these with various articles made by Tungus and Aleutians, such as birch-bark canoes, fancy translucent fishskin garments, and also beadwork on leather made by the natives living along the Amur River, long before Columbus discovered America.

Windows and Wedding

Why everywhere in Siberia a glass tumbler holding a fluid was placed on the inner window sill between the double-sash windows, which are needed to ward off the severe cold of winter, we could not understand, until the explanation was given that the fluid in the tumblers was ammonia in solution, placed there to prevent the formation of vapor on the panes of glass which otherwise would obscure the view.

Looking out of those double-sashed windows of the Makoushin mansion one afternoon, we saw carriages draw up before the old Greek Cathedral, where a crowd quickly gathered. Madame Makoushin told us that it was a Russian wedding, and advised us to

go over and witness the ceremony. So her son gallantly offered to escort us. We hastened across the street and entered the Cathedral. Going inside the reserved corded space, he led us to a favorable standing place, for he was well known to the officiating priest. From this vantage ground we eagerly watched the wedding ceremony, so novel to us. The priest, clothed in gorgeous yellow robes, had a most peculiar head of brown hair, which stood out stiffly all around his head, instinctively reminding one of the comic pictures of a mischievous boy so frightened that each hair stood on end. However, there was nothing comical in the ceremony, but, as in most Greek Church services, all was solemn and symbolic. As usual, the music throughout the ceremony was especially rich and thrilling, and particularly fine were the deep, mellow notes of the priest, wearing the fantastic Circassian head of hair. "Without effort, the voice of the priest was the sound of virile, unexhausted, elemental vocality itself, suppressed, purified, beautified by devotion and lofty spiritual feeling."¹

The expectant couple, in holiday attire, did not stand before the altar but in the center of the room. The priest led them by the hand to their proper positions and then gave

¹ The Russian Advance, by Albert J. Beveridge, p. 349.



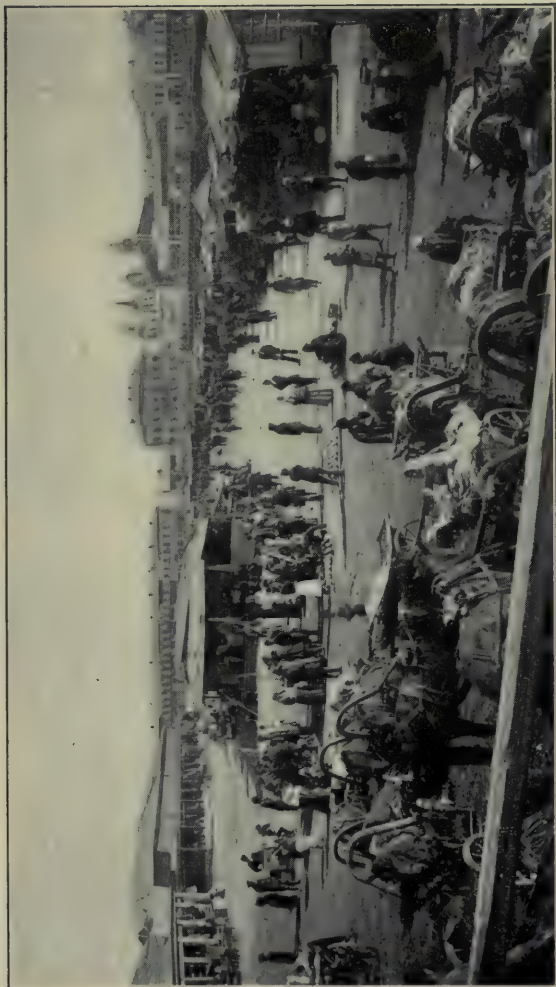
OLD CATHEDRAL, TOMSK

each a lighted candle, symbolizing caution in looking before they leaped into wedded life. After considerable singing and reading, the priest lifted the heavy Bible from the lectern and presented it in turn to bridegroom and bride to kiss, indicating that this book should be revered as their guide through life. Then he dipped two gold rings into holy water and, after pronouncing his blessing, handed one to each of the bridal pair. The man placed his upon the middle finger of the woman, who did the same on the middle finger of her future husband, symbolic that each belonged to the other. After this two lofty golden crowns were produced. One was placed upon the bridegroom's head and the other upon the bride's, symbolizing that the man was to be king and the woman queen in their new home. Then, as if to restrain them from becoming unduly elated by these assured regal rights, he threw a long wide scarf around their clasped hands and rather unceremoniously led them both on a quick pace three times around the lectern, on which lay the Bible and a crucifix, thereby declaring that the truth and love of God should be the center of all their actions. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was then partaken and the crucifix kissed, thus emphasizing the sacrificial nature of God's love, which their lives should exemplify. Finally, to manifest that marriage is honorable, so that

no one entering wisely into its holy precincts need ever be ashamed, they kissed each other in public and the ecclesiastical ceremony was over. At this moment loving relatives and friends began cordially to greet the happy pair, and the glad bells in the Cathedral tower above chimed their hearty approval.

Market Place

The widely extended market place, with its ever-changing, strangely clad crowds, shifting amid the busy shops and stalls, where meat, game, vegetables, fruit, and other produce, and also farming and household utensils, articles of clothing, as well as clumsily made toys, were sold, was always an unfailing source of attraction to us, whether we were leisurely sauntering or slowly riding along. One morning, noticing some bunches of fine-looking radishes, we inquired the price and were told thirty kopeks per bunch. Thinking the price too high, we ordered the coachman to drive on, whereupon the peasant woman rushed out of her stall and ran after our drosky and threw a fine, bright-red specimen of a radish into little Marion's lap, as if to show that she was not really so avaricious as she might seem to be. Suffice it to say, that on our next visit there we purchased some of her tempting wares.



THE MARKET, TOMSK

Carriage Ride

One afternoon we rode in a drosky up the steep winding incline at the eastern extremity of the city and enjoyed the extensive views from the edge of the vast eastern steppe, which stretches far away toward Lake Baikal. The city of Tomsk lies so low near the foot of this steppe that formerly, only a few miles away, this low-lying city could not be seen. Not many years previous a party of nearly one hundred soldiers and returning emigrants, losing the post-road by a heavy fall of snow, perished, and some of the frozen corpses of the party were afterward picked up within three miles of the city limits. Such a catastrophe would be almost impossible now, since these cliffs along the edge of the steppe are being covered with churches and residences, visible for long distances. From these surrounding bluffs, toward sunset, when the twilight glow illumined the numerous green domes, cupolas, towers, and roofs of the city, spread out on the plain below, the outlook bore a striking resemblance to a somewhat similar scene from the heights of Walnut Hills, overlooking Cincinnati.

Near the market by the stream Uschaika, dividing the city into two parts, we could look down from the bridge spanning the creek and see the many motor boats which ply across the Tom River to a riverine re-

sort and to the summer houses on its opposite side.

Street Sights

The long evenings, when the sunshine lasted toward nine o'clock, were highly relished by the natives. At Saint Petersburg we met a Russian who had lived some time in New York. He stated that he disliked the American summers, where one swelters under the fierce heat, and the twilights are so short, whereas in his Russian home he could enjoy the long, delightful summer evenings. Before retiring we would take a glance out of our front windows and notice citizens still enjoying the long-drawn-out twilight—most reasonably so, when one thinks of their hibernating for half a year or longer in their stuffy winter quarters. Some evenings, even after eleven o'clock, we would step out on our little balcony to "view the landscape o'er." Even at that late hour a rosy glow would be visible on the western horizon, so that the streets were not yet real dark, while the contours of the Greek churches and the upper parts of city buildings would cast clear-cut silhouettes against the bright sky.

The stately public buildings and attractive stores, having large plate-glass show-windows, in Siberian cities, like Irkutsk and Tomsk, were as great a revelation to us as were those of Portland, Oregon, in 1877, be-

fore that enterprising city on the Pacific slope was linked to the great transcontinental lines of railroad.

Benches along the main streets in front of stores and in residential streets before citizens' homes are quite an institution in Irkutsk and Tomsk. One day as we were coming from the post office, on the main street at Tomsk, we were accosted by a Russian traveler, whom we had met several times in the dining car between Harbin and Irkutsk, and on whom we had practiced Russian. He seemed delighted to meet us again, and proposed our sitting down on one of these public benches nearby, so that we might converse at our leisure. This we did, as we gazed upon the droskies and basket-like telegas dashing past in the street, and the crowds, some briskly and others leisurely promenading on the sidewalks. We found out that he was planning to proceed toward Russia on the same train with us. He told us that he was a Mohammedan from Vladivostok, where he had been engaged in shipping meat by cold storage from Australia to that port, and now he was on his way to Caucasia.

Receiving Prison

In our desire to see as much as possible of the life of a place, we would often wander into side streets. Once in Tomsk, as we were so walking, we heard rough-sounding

voices, and, looking up, saw many windows of a broad, high building, crowded with convicts, clothed in earthen-colored garments, and many with iron chains on their wrists. Unintentionally we had stumbled upon one of the large receiving prisons, for which Tomsk has an unsavory reputation. Instantly the horrors of Siberian prison life, as described by George Kennan, were conjured up from our memories. An uncanny feeling startled and oppressed us. Hastily we quickened our steps to escape from the sight and sounds of this horrid spot. Ever afterward in our strolls we were careful to keep away from that detested place, although only one block away was located a prosperous young ladies' seminary. One day we rode by a grove in a fashionable quarter, where were buildings connected with a popular Café Chantant, but young Mr. Makoushin's comment upon it was, "Not good."

City Park

A large city park, ornamentally laid out with winding walks, planted with trees and shrubbery, and provided with refreshment booths, where cakes, kumiss, ices, and other delicacies were in brisk demand, was a favorite resort for the multitude, as well as for our trio, since it was only one block away from our hotel. We would frequently saunter around the paths or sit down on one

of the many benches and watch the peasants in their odd costumes and the school children at their sprightly games. Crowds gather in this park evenings as well as during the day. Late one afternoon workmen were busy decorating a portion of these pleasure grounds with gala flags and fancy lanterns for a "Firemen's Show."

Special playgrounds were set apart for the children. One space was full of nimble, rollicking urchins, exercising on swings, horizontal and parallel bars, rings fastened to hanging ropes, vertical ladders, and similar apparatus. In another space there was a miniature slide-hill, on which a smooth, round log about a foot thick and fifty feet long was so fixed on a slant that one's own weight would send him sliding down. Off at arm's length at one side was a smooth railing, which could be touched to steady the timid or save the luckless from a fall. This Siberian sport, we thought, was an improvement on our old-fashioned American fun of sliding down a cellar door, so exciting in our childhood days. We never wearied watching the constantly changing, brightly colored stream of happy, ruddy-faced boys and girls, who, like Tennyson's "Brook," seemed to "go on forever." One little tot, apparently four years old, would take his turn in sliding down the log, trudging uphill and then tobogganing down again, with as much zest as

his playmates twice or thrice his age. One little maiden, not yet in her teens, carefully held in her lap her baby sister, while with the other hand she steadied herself by holding on to the side-rail. Handicapped as she was, she never seemed to have enough of the play, and her gleeful face said that she was having, in the anglicized phrase of a Chinese youth, "a lot of fun."

Dentists

Another American enterprise, besides sewing machines, kodaks, typewriters, cash registers, gramophones, and other Yankee notions, had apparently found its way into Siberia's capital, and that was dentistry. Judging from the numerous signs of dentists and dental schools displayed on the main and side streets, Tomsk ought to encourage a profitable export trade along the dental line. Such a bountiful supply of dentists ought to more than suffice to repair the jaws not only of all its own citizens and all the strangers within its gates, but also all the tribes of Aleuts, Buriats, Tungus, and Kirghis roaming over Siberian soil.

Yellow Literature

It did seem a pity—but perhaps it cannot be helped at present—to see "yellow literature" for sale. It was vauntingly displayed at newspaper kiosks, where were small paper-

covered pamphlets, illustrated with pictures of masked assassins, robberies, and murders, before which stood groups of youthful admirers. Several years ago heathen Chinese officials in Peking prohibited the sale of objectionable pictures on their streets on the ground that they corrupted the morals of the people.

The baleful influence of this cheap literature has been noticed in a recent number of the Outlook, New York, October 1, 1910: "Without attempting to fix or apportion the responsibility for the general disregard of property and personal rights in Russia, we may point out the existence of a cause of crime to which attention has never been directly called either by the government or by its enemies, and that is the unrestricted circulation of criminal literature. In connection with the recent exhibition of books and periodicals in Saint Petersburg, the Department of Press Affairs compiled, for the information of visitors, a statistical classification of all the books published in the Russian empire in the year 1909. From this classification it appears that, in point of circulation, the literature of crime takes fourth place (after schoolbooks, almanacs, and tracts), with 585 separate titles and 8,981,520 copies. The books which make up this immense class are all intended for circulation among the peasants, are sold at an

average price of three cents each, and are collectively known to the Russian book-trade as 'Pinkerton Stories.' They may be described as flimsy 'penny dreadfuls,' whose paper covers are embellished with cheap colored pictures of crime or the instruments of crime, and whose contents may be inferred from their titles, some of which are: A Nest of Criminals, The Man with Three Fingers, The Bloody Altar, The Revenge of the Escaped Convict, The Corpse of the Gold-Seeker, The Bloody Pavilion, The Two-Footed Wolf, A Mysterious Crime, The Bloody Talisman, The Church Robber, Modern Inquisitors, Kidnapers of Girls, The Incendiary, A Sect of Murderers, Secret Bullets, Lynch Law, and The Manufacture of Counterfeit Money."

Legend and History

One of the sights of Tomsk is the tomb of Theodore Kusmitsch, who died in 1861. This tomb is erected in the cemetery of the Alexander Monastery on the heights above the center of the city. A popular legend, based on the resemblance of this ascetic to the Tsar, Alexander I, and fostered by the priests, is that Alexander I did not die in southern Russia, but escaped in disguise to Tomsk, where he lived as a hermit, under the name of Theodore Kusmitsch. This rumor is believed by many devotees, who flock to



TOMB OF THEODORE KUSMITSCH, TOMSK

worship at his tomb. It was this legend that worked such an overpowering weird spell over Count Leo Tolstoy that the octogenarian novelist stealthily stole away from his comfortable home, in the pathetic attempt to imitate Kusmitsch. All the world knows how he, finally succumbing at a lonely railway station, abruptly met his tragic fate.

The nunnery in which Tsar Peter II compelled his bride, Princess Katherine Dolgoroukaya, to take the veil, and where she was immured two years, until released by Empress Elizabeth, has been razed to the ground and now the fine Greek Church of the Incarnation occupies the old site.

Other Faiths

Tomsk exhibits a surprising liberal spirit toward other faiths. Besides two Greek Cathedrals and innumerable Greek churches, there are sacred edifices dedicated to the Mohammedan, Hebrew, Roman Catholic, and Protestant faiths.

In one quarter of the city stands a lone Mohammedan mosque, with its tall, slender minaret, where the muezzin stands and calls the faithful to prostrations and prayers. How did this lonely mosque ever spring up on this wild Siberian soil? Could it be possible that some descendants of the Mamelukes, who had been sold into Egyptian slavery by Genghis Khan, after long listen-

ing to the legendary tales of their forbears, became suddenly possessed with a resolve to seek out those boundless ancestral steppes, and so left the alluring city of Cairo, with its one thousand mosques, bringing with them the seed of this solitary, graceful minaret, which so astonished our eyes to-day?

Here also we find a Jewish synagogue. How did this colony of Jews ever come to settle here? Were they of that company of Israelites who in the dim centuries of the past halted here, preferring to remain on this side of Jordan than to wander farther toward the promised "land of Sinim," the ruins of whose old synagogue have lately been discovered inside the walled city of Kai-Feng-fu, on the banks of the Yellow River?

Then, again, we distinguished the characteristic cross on the lofty steeple of the Roman Catholic church. Do these Romanists claim descent from the followers of Saint Thomas, who is said to have visited India, just over the border of southern Siberia, or, perchance, of Xavier, who later labored there?

Authentic history states that Catherine II induced many German Protestants to settle on the fertile land in southeastern Russia, and bestowed upon them special privileges, including freedom of worship. Ekaterinburg, Ekaterinodar, Ekaterinoslaw, Ekaterinowka, and many other places, in which

her name is interwoven, indicate how highly this liberal-minded empress was esteemed by these thrifty Teutons. Recently many of these German-speaking subjects have migrated into "Greater Russia."

Repulsive Painting

The Lutheran church at Tomsk, a neat, homelike structure, is admirably located opposite the City Park. However, as soon as one enters the sacred edifice, he is startled and shocked by a large painting directly in front. The conspicuous painting represents the Christ in a kneeling, agonizing posture in the garden of Gethsemane, limned in a most revoltingly realistic manner. God is love, and his "love divine, all love excelling," reveals itself not only in Gethsemane and on Calvary, but also at Bethlehem, Bethany, and everywhere as he "went about doing good." So do we find him portrayed in the great masterpieces.

In the celebrated fresco of "The Last Judgment," painted on the inner wall of the Sistine Chapel, Michelangelo depicted Christ in the prime of his vigorous manhood, acting as divine Arbitrator in deciding the destinies of mankind. Raphael and Murillo loved to paint over and over again the miracle of the incarnation. Thorwaldsen sculptured his monumental Christ with extended arms of blessing and invitation, so that as with

wondrous rapture we gaze at his colossal Christ, in the Lutheran cathedral of "Our Lady," at Copenhagen, we can almost hear his gracious words saying, "Come unto me."

Some such incidents in the loving, triumphant life of Christ are far more uplifting and inspiring for the house of God. Vast, stately cathedrals, like those at Cologne, Toledo, and Chartres may impress the worshiper with divine awe, as is right and meet in God's holy temple. But this divine awe, if truly contemplated, is so overwhelming in its very infinitude, that we need a reminder of the very essence of Deity, love. So we joyfully welcome the genial warmth of the sun's rays, which stream through the exquisitely beautiful stained-glass windows of these cathedrals, radiantly illumining the familiar biblical stories of faith, hope, and love, and lavishly throwing a mass of wondrous rainbow tints on the cold pavement below.

Now, this painting in the Tomsk Lutheran church represents our Saviour excruciatingly jaded, indescribably sad and appallingly ghastly. Either it ought to be removed at once, or its counterpart, illustrating some incident in his joyful, merciful, or triumphant life, should also hang there to counteract this repellent spectacle. Otherwise, if we belonged to that communion, nothing but deep religious conviction could ever induce

us to attend the services there Sunday after Sunday. Rather would we be inclined to join the earnest throngs who flock to the many Greek churches, so attractive with their superb music, gorgeous rites, and handsome icons, revealing the benign Madonna and the infant Christ in all his innocent loveliness.

Cathedral Service

It chanced to be Whitsunday during our stay at Tomsk, and we managed to wedge our way into the new Cathedral amid surging crowds of zealous worshipers, where rich and poor met together. Compared with the Pharisaic exclusiveness in some of our American Protestant churches, this free commingling of rich and poor in their common worship of God was most refreshing. True theocracy it was, when in this Cathedral the splendid uniforms of the army officers and the broadcloth suits of the wealthy citizens, along with the costly furs and velvets of the ladies, brushed by the side of the tattered felt and ragged sheepskin of the peasants. In the presence of God the millionaire and the beggar stand equal. Indeed, are we not all, in the sight of our heavenly Father, equally his children throughout life, as well as in the hour and article of death? Especially appropriate is it to remember and emphasize this wholesome truth in the house of God.

The aged and infirm would find this Greek worship, though varied by almost incessant prostrations and crossings, very wearisome. The prescribed posture, apart from those above mentioned, is standing, and the service is by no means brief. This standing attitude in worship contrasts strikingly with that of the ordinary pampered American congregation, who complacently, if not resignedly, are seated in their reserved upholstered pews.

Participating in Russian church services means the practice along devotional lines of "La Vie Intense," as "The Strenuous Life," by Roosevelt, has been rendered in French, and putting forth extra effort as in the good old days, when the prophets urged the people, saying, "Come ye and let us go *up*" to the Lord's house, established on the top of the mountains. Downhill-going is easy, but uphill work means exertion. Worshipers in the Russian church to-day do not find their devotional exercises any lazy lolling about on soft pews. Rather may it be regarded as one phase of muscular Christianity.

In honor of this Whitsuntide festival, the interior of this vast Cathedral was beautifully decorated with an abundance of leafy branches from white birch and poplar trees and with bouquets of wild flowers. At one counter near the central pillars a brisk trade was kept up in candles, large and small,

which the devotees, after purchasing, carried to other priests near particular shrines, where they were lighted and with others made the dim religious light brighter. On one long table near the candle-stall small rolls of bread were being purchased. One incident showed that Siberian notions of etiquette differed from ours, for a gorgeously robed priest deliberately took out a comb and with it adjusted his hair in the presence of all the congregation, before he placed a heavy golden crown on his head and proceeded with the prescribed ceremony; but this public performance was of a piece with another long-haired priest, whom we saw riding in a drosky with his wife at his side and her bandbox in his lap.

The exceeding richness and profusion of costly icons in this new Cathedral was very noticeable—some quite quaint in design. One had a realistic representation of the Son of God in the bosom of the Father, while another exhibited the Holy Ghost by a fantastic combination of a beatific woman's face with the wings of a dove at each side but minus a body.

Monday, another holiday—"The Descent of the Holy Ghost." We were disappointed and disgusted to find on going out that all the large stores and public buildings were closed, on this our last day in Tomsk, since we had planned to make a few more pur-

chases. Under the circumstances we tried to make the best of it and so strolled along the streets and parks sight-seeing amid the throng of festive, happy-go-lucky holiday-goers. To some Siberians, who had evidently imbibed too freely of their favorite vodka, we gave a wide berth. Why did so many of the populace make such a public spectacle of this historic spiritual event by reversing the scriptural injunction: "Be not drunken with wine, wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit"? And this sorry travesty of God's most gracious gift on the very day set apart to commemorate "The Descent of the Holy Ghost"!

CHAPTER XIV

ACROSS THE STEPPES

Some of the Asiatic steppes are grassy plains. Others are covered with succulent, evergreen, articulated sodaplants. Many glisten from a distance with flakes of exuded salt, which cover the clayey soil, not unlike in appearance to freshly fallen snow.—*Humboldt*.

Onward from Tomsk

ON Tuesday, June 1, long after daybreak, but really quite early—for the correct time by the clock was only half-past four—we arose, packed our goods, and at half-past six o'clock started for the railway station. The morning air was fresh and bracing. After bounding over the uneven cobblestone pavement of the city we enjoyed all the more the early ride back again over the smooth park roads leading through the white birch forests.

We might have continued our journey by water down the Tom and Obi and up the Tobol Rivers to Tobolsk, as had been suggested. Or, if we had been so inclined, we could have made an excursion by steamboat to Barnaul, one hundred miles south, among the foothills of the Altai range, where its population of 30,000 inhabitants, its thriv-

ing mining industries, and its choice municipal museum would have interested us. This mining industry was established there in 1738 by Demidoff, whose enterprise was recognized and rewarded with the rank of nobility by Peter the Great, and by this town with his statue in a public square. Proceeding fifty miles further south from Barnaul by steamboat up the Obi toward the Altai mountains, we would have arrived at the busy, picturesque town of Biisk, with its 18,000 inhabitants. At this remote town, if we should chance to discover that our "fluid assets" had run short, we could have them replenished at the Russo-China Bank there. We decided, however, to abide by our original plan.

The poet, whose enraptured soul gave vent to the strains, "Backward, turn backward, O time!" might have felt some consolation to find that each day one hour had heeded his passionate appeal, but for full and complete satisfaction he would have to voyage over the Pacific from America to Asia. After crossing the 180° meridian, the steamship captain arbitrarily drops out of the calendar one entire day. The voyager retires, for instance, on Monday evening and awakens the next morning to find it Wednesday. Nowhere else on the surface of this globe of ours can be found a more effectual way of killing time.

Immigrants

The railway stations were of the same monotonous type. Occasionally we would watch the thirsty immigrants, holding kettles, pitchers, bottles, and cups in their hands, standing in line to take their turn to get their government *keep-o-tok*. Most pitiable was the forlorn appearance of many of them, stranded at the various stations and huddled together on the platforms. Among them were many mothers with baby and bundle strapped on their backs. Some were barefooted, although furs were worn by some of our fellow passengers. Many men and women wore coarse sandals braided out of rushes, which looked as cheap and crude as the straw-shoes with which the Japanese used to shoe their horses before and long after the days of Commodore Perry. The pungent odor which exuded from some of these immigrant cars was easily distinguished from that "of Araby the blest," and presented a strong contrast to the pure ozone of these sunshiny days, for

It is the month of June,
The month of leaves and roses,
When pleasant sights salute the eyes
And pleasant scents the noses.

Passing Sights

Every telegraph pole had two numbers painted on it. One indicated the individual

number of the pole and the other the year in which it had been erected. Movable fences for the purpose of warding off snow-drifts reminded us of similar appliances over the Rockies and Sierra Nevadas on American transcontinental railroads.

After leaving Taiga the forest gradually became less dense, and before long we emerged upon the open steppes with their broad, seemingly limitless fields of wild grass and flowers. Windmills on many farmsteads added a quaint Dutch feature to the landscape.

A few hours' ride west from Taiga brought us to the flourishing town of Novo-Nikolayevsk, on the right bank of the Obi, with its 25,000 inhabitants. Lord Ronaldshay, Major Swayne, and other British sportsmen have selected this place as their favorite starting point in their pursuit of mountain sheep, ibex, wapiti, and other large game on the northern slopes of the Altai.

Bridges and Rivers

Our train crossed the Obi River on a railway bridge 2,640 feet long. These railway bridges over the Yenisei, Obi, Irtysh, and other Siberian rivers are all fine, solid structures—veritable triumphs of engineering skill. In our schooldays we studied the outlandish names of these Siberian rivers. Little did we then dream that the day would

ever dawn when we would be comfortably gliding over them on such magnificent bridges. A trip to the moon would have seemed just as probable. At the time Jules Verne published his famous romance, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, the story was generally considered as preposterous as a tale of Baron Munchausen. Truth is stranger than fiction. To-day, that once popular book has been relegated to the back shelves of the libraries, side by side with tomes on ancient history.

Omsk

Early on the morning of June 2 our train stopped at the station of Omsk, which, like other Siberian depots, is situated miles away from the city, but a branch line of railway or a drosky affords the means of communication.

Omsk is a city of considerable importance, having 53,000 inhabitants and twenty-nine educational establishments, and is the center of a growing agricultural district. The grain and hay are gathered chiefly by machines, bearing the names of Deering and McCormick of Chicago. These American harvesting machines are great favorites with Siberian farmers, on account of their lightness and adaptability compared with the heavy, clumsy articles of British or Russian manufacture. Recently an American lady has do-

nated funds with which to erect a Baptist church in the city.

Along the sloping banks of the Irtysh, where the waters of the Om flow into it, and not far from the steamboat landing, extends the city park. Near by, on the banks of the Om, is the Children's Playground, with its summer theater, a miniature of its prototype in the Parisian Champs Elysées. As in most large Siberian cities, so here is a fine museum, with choice specimens of the prehistoric period, collected from the surrounding steppes, curious articles of indigenous domestic industries, and a rare collection of ornithology.

Omsk is historically noted as the place of banishment for the celebrated writer, Dostoyevsky, whose popular work, *Buried Alive*, which has been translated into many languages, reveals some aspects of the execrable exile system. According to Roznovsky, a fellow prisoner, Dostoyevsky was twice flogged by the prison authorities. Once he was punished for having complained, on behalf of the other prisoners, because a lump of filth was found in their soup. The second time his offense was that, in defiance of an officer's command, he saved a fellow prisoner from drowning. On both occasions he was brutally beaten. After the second flogging, which his companions regarded as fatal, he was removed to the hospital. Fortunately

recovering, he was ever afterward dubbed by his fellow-convicts with the nickname "Deceased."¹

By traveling down the Irtysh River, the traveler may proceed to Tobolsk and further eastward to Tomsk. Or, if possessed with an adventuresome spirit and desirous of seeing some of Russia's acquired possessions in Central Asia, he could journey by steamer south 685 miles up the Irtysh to the Oriental city of Semipalatinsk and thence by post-road to the great city of Tashkent in Turkestan, with its 156,000 inhabitants, which Russia annexed in 1865, and thence by rail via Samarkand with its mausoleum of Tamerlane, thence to Bochara, Merv, and the Caspian, then across this inland sea to Baku, with its petroleum industry, and so on to Europe.² On his way he could visit Russia's new Asiatic stronghold, Vladikaukas, "Queen of Caucasia."

Petropaulovsk

A six hours' ride from Omsk brought us to the city of Petropaulovsk, named in honor of two great apostles, one who labored chiefly among the Jews and the other among the Gentiles. A third of its 21,500 inhabitants are Mohammedans. In the city, two miles

¹ Russia and the Russians, by E. Noble, p. 220.

² Travel and Sport in Turkestan, by Captain J. N. Price Wood.

distant from the railway, is a noted barter-market, whose slopes open on an interior court, where brisk trading is carried on, chiefly in cattle and hides. Up to 1826 this place was notorious as the mart where Cossacks publicly sold their captives.

Kourgan

The next important stop is at Kourgan, or Kurgan, another six hours' run. Kourgan, situated on the river Tobol, derives its name from the Tartar "gur," "kyr," or "kur," signifying a grave, or hill, and "khan," a house—literally a grave-house.¹ Many of these tumuli, or hillocks, dotting the plains have been found to contain rare collections of archæological treasures, which now enrich the museums of Saint Petersburg and other cities.

Butter Business

Kourgan is one of the main centers in the manufacture of Siberian butter. Many do not yet realize that the quantity of butter exported from Siberia is double that of wheat. An Englishman, engaged in this business, traveled with us from Omsk to his home in Kourgan, where, on alighting, he was affectionately greeted by his wife and son. He gave us interesting particulars about this profitable industry. Just before the

¹ The Russian Empire, by Haxthausen.

train pulled into the depot at Kourgan he pointed out one of the large butter establishments, in which he was interested. Large letters in Russian, German, and English advertised "The Union Cold Storage Co., London." He stated that fourteen English, German, and Danish firms were at Kourgan, about twenty-one at Omsk, and others at Barnaul and other places on the surrounding steppes.

This business of butter-making in Siberia has been greatly assisted by the government. In order to secure efficiency and economy in its manufacture and excellence in the product, a professor of agriculture is appointed by the central authorities to study the latest improvements all over the world in the science and art of butter-making. The results of their investigations are published in pamphlet form and distributed to trained men, graduates of universities, who teach at the Siberian Dairy Schools, established at Kourgan, Omsk, Barnaul, and elsewhere. An *agronom*, or professor of dairy farming, has the oversight of each dairy, who gives personal attention and instruction to the peasants, so that a moujik of average intelligence, after three months' training, is qualified to manage a dairy. These dairies belong to coöperative associations or *artels*, so popular in Russia, who hire these qualified dairymen to manufacture butter for

them on modern scientific methods. In 1903 the government granted substantial subsidies to assist these *artels*. There are more than two hundred and fifty *artels*, and their number is constantly increasing. Government experts, usually from the Baltic provinces, and also skilled Danish butter-makers, who must be provided with government diplomas, supplement the work of the native butter-makers, by systematic visitations, practical demonstrations, and correction of errors. Each of these inspectors has oversight of ten creameries. The governmental instructors also teach the peasant how scientifically to feed cattle on fodder during the winter, somewhat on the plan of American silos, so that butter is produced all the year round.

This immense butter-making industry had its origin in the dairy of an English wife of a Russian, who lived in the Tiumen district, and whose dairy to-day is still regarded as a model. In 1896 hers was the only dairy in all Siberia.

This butter business has assumed so great proportions that to handle the traffic the railway has ten hundred and eighty refrigerator cars of fifteen tons each, for which the railway arranges a weekly service of seven trains, each train, if necessary, composed of thirty-five cars. These trains of refrigerator cars are easily distinguished by being painted white. They convey the butter

to Saint Petersburg, Riga, and other Baltic ports, where steamships regularly carry the golden product to England. Sometimes as many as one thousand tons of Siberian butter have been delivered in London within a single week.

Russian Eggs

This Englishman, now employed in the butter business, told us that previously he had been employed in the poultry business in the country southeast of Moscow, where he shipped eggs by the wholesale to London. It may be news to some to know that Great Britain annually buys nearly £1,000,000 or \$5,000,000 worth of Russian eggs.

After the usual three signals, our train pulled out of the station of Kourgan and steadily glided over the level steppes west ward toward the Urals, passing *izbas*, wind mills, and telegraph poles in quick succession.

CHAPTER XV

OVER THE URALS

There is a chain of mountains, celebrated for a long time, but better known in our day by its numerous mines and smelters, and by the scientific explorers, who have traversed it in all directions. These are the Ural Mountains, which the people living there revere and call "the Girdle of the Earth," and which Strahlenberg rightly fixes as the boundary between Europe and Asia.—*P. S. Pallas, Observations sur les Formation des Montagnes, 1777, p. 10.*

Chelyabinsk

At Chelyabinsk, an important junction at the foot of the eastern slope of the Urals, the Trans-Siberian Railway divides into two branches, one going north one hundred and fifty-four miles to Ekaterinburg, where it crosses the Urals and proceeds westward via Perm, direct to Saint Petersburg. The other line continues due west, via Slatoust, Samara, and Tula, near Count Tolstoy's estates, to Moscow. At present two trains run weekly to Russia's old capital, and one to the new one on the Neva.

At this junction not far from the railway depot stand the immense modern barracks for the accommodation of immigrants en route for Siberia. The city of Chelyabinsk,

situated nearly three miles distant from the railway on the banks of the Mias, contains some 27,000 inhabitants. The approach by the railway westward to the Urals, like that to the Rocky Mountains on the Union Pacific, is so gradual that the tourist is surprised when he learns that the train has already arrived at the summit of the pass. At this high point a triangular pyramid of white marble has been erected on the dividing line between the two continents. One of its three sides is inscribed "Asia," and another "Europe." This is the celebrated "Monument of Tears," noted for being embraced by thousands of weeping exiles, as they pay sad farewell to Europe before plunging into unknown Siberia with its terrors, intensified by incessant horrible rumors. Their hearts are as heavy with inconsolable grief as were the ancient Israelites who in their eastern captivity, sat down and wept, hanging their harps on the willows in a strange land.

Scenery

The scenery, where the railway crosses the Urals, possesses no elements of grandeur or sublimity at all comparable to Switzerland or the Canadian Rockies. The tourist is, perhaps, reminded of pleasant, picturesque views along the Pennsylvania or Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad over the Alleghenies rather than that of the Denver and Rio

Grande or Canadian Pacific over the Rockies. As our train wound its way around the many mountain curves the speed was slackened, for there was danger of cave-ins and landslides from recent heavy downpours. In some places the ground looked very miry and treacherous. The newly shoveled-up dirt showed that the roadbed had just been repaired from washouts. So in those risky sections our train crept along at a snail's pace, passing gangs of laborers with spades in their hands.

Minerals

This Ural region is noted for apparently inexhaustible mineral wealth. Here precious gold is mined. Ninety-five per cent of the world's supply of platinum is produced here. Its greatest riches, however, consist in limitless deposits of iron ore, providing four fifths of the pig iron used in Russia, not to mention the profusion of precious stones, including porphyry and jasper of great beauty and immense slabs of malachite, which, as gigantic pillars, vases and table-slabs enrich the palaces, museums, and art galleries of Moscow and Saint Petersburg. Out of this Ural treasure-house are taken twenty-five per cent of the gold obtained in Russia, besides silver, mercury, copper, nickel, zinc, cobalt, and coal. Rich stores of sapphire, emerald, beryl, chrysoberyl, tour-

maline, aquamarine, topaz, amethyst, rock-crystal, garnet, jade, marble, diamond, asbestos, and pyrites are found imbedded in the solid sides of this same rugged range of mountains.¹

Demidoff, the Miner

Peter the Great and his imperial successors perceived the necessary part which these valuable minerals play in providing not only for "the sinews of war" but also for public expenditures in time of peace. So they have wisely striven to encourage these mining enterprises. History records how the first iron smelter was established in 1623, and that a very industrious miner named Demidoff had a small iron mine on the confines of Siberia. Peter the Great on visiting the spot was so pleased with the industry and reputation of this miner, and so eager to encourage mining, that he made Demidoff and his heirs in perpetuity, a present of an extensive district, surrounding his small patrimonial mine. This enormous grant of ground turned out to be a source of inexhaustible wealth. It was found to cover some of the richest veins and finest quality of iron ore in Russia. The output soon enriched its industrious proprietor. His son continued to work the mine and to explore

¹ Oriental and Western Siberia, by A. B. Granville and Atkinson, p. 81.

more ground, and invested the capital thus acquired in purchasing additional estates. Among these was one in which soon after a gold mine was discovered that has yielded on an average 100,679 pounds in pure gold annually. When Peter the Great learned how valuable a subject he had rewarded in old Demidoff he wished to see him classed in the rank of nobles. After some hesitation the old man agreed to accept his sovereign's further bounty. When he was asked, what his coat-of-arms would be, he replied, "A miner's hammer, for I want my posterity never to forget the source of their wealth and prosperity." At present the Demidoff estates comprise 3,095,700 acres.¹

Souvenirs

At the various stations in the Ural Mountains, booths for the sale of trinkets, which are manufactured out of precious stones or of iron, attracted the attention and the money of passengers. Paper knives of figured ironwork, paper weights, and other fancy iron souvenirs are for sale at Slatoust, where is located an important government armory. This city is one of the most picturesque spots along the line of the railway through the Urals. Here the rushing Ai makes a grand curve, as it impetuously forces its triumphal

¹ Oriental and Western Siberia, by A. B. Granville and Atkinson, p. 81.

way onward through enfilading mountains. "Sta-to-ust" is Russian for "Chrysostom," or "the golden mouth," to whose honor Mosoloff, a Moscow merchant, the founder of the town, erected a church in 1754.¹

At these stations among the mountains we bought a few souvenirs, such as a handsome alexandrite bracelet, a chain of brilliant aventurine beads, and a pretty whitish moonstone brooch in the shape of a butterfly. The settings of these souvenir-gems were of very inferior workmanship, so that after comparatively little use, all of this Ural jewelry fell to pieces. Especially handsome were the alexandrite stones.

Freshly picked bunches of beautiful wild flowers were also offered for sale by peasant boys and girls, at the way stations. We longed to have the train stop long enough just outside these towns, that we might jump out on the wild prairie and gather a few handfuls of forget-me-nots, lilies of the valley, purple lilacs, and other beauties, which "were so near, and yet so far," for, in a most tantalizing manner, our train stolidly and steadily whirled by toward the setting sun, utterly oblivious of these floral beauties and confirming the poet's true insight, that

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

¹Greater Russia, by William Oliver Greener, p. 74.

CHAPTER XVI

THE VOLGA

The whole history of Russia is the history of its three great rivers, and is divided into three periods: that of the Dnieper with Kiev; that of the Volga with Moscow; that of the Neva with Novgorod, in the eighth century, and Saint Petersburg in the eighteenth. The Dnieper made Russia Byzantine, the Volga Asiatic. It was for the Neva to make it European.—*Rambaud, History of Russia, vol. 1, pp. 27, 28.*

Samara

Our train halted at the busy city of Samara, a little this side of the great Alexander Bridge over the Volga. This fine specimen of a railway bridge has fourteen sections of 360 feet span each, and is built so high that at low water it is 135 feet above the river. In its structure nearly 7,000 tons of iron were used, and it was constructed entirely by Russian engineers.

Division of Night and Day

Since it was broad daylight at 4:30 A. M. when we alighted from the train, we jumped into a drosky and, as usual, placed our possessions in another, and without delay started for a popular kumiss sanitarium, charmingly situated on high bluffs, overlook-

ing the Volga, nearly two miles distant. Our guidebook stated, "The best time to visit the watering place is spring and early summer," so we concluded, as it was June 4, we had arrived just in the nick of time. We had pictured to ourselves the novel experiences we would have at a Russian spa, which we might compare with other fashionable watering places, as Wiesbaden, Leamington, or Saratoga, and where we could mingle with the crowds of visitors and observe how they quaffed this quaint drink, kumiss, manufactured here out of mare's milk. The guidebook said that the custom is to begin by drinking daily one or two bottles and gradually increase the quantity until five bottles are drunk daily. But

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.

The heavy rains, which caused the wash-outs in the Urals, had evidently dispersed their moisture over and into this famous "black earth" district. Jersey mud and Nishnibotany clay are nothing compared to the sticky, oozy black mire through which our horses tugged and wallowed. Providentially without any very serious mishap, we arrived at the sanitarium, only to find that it had not been yet opened for the season! Weary from travel and hungry as bears from our early ride in the cool morning air, there

was nothing to do but to retrace our steps and find a hotel at Samara. Still while the horses had a few minutes to catch their breath, we strolled along winding paths, amid shrubs and vines dripping from the heavy rains, through the artistically laid-out grounds, coming occasionally upon pretty rest-houses, from which could be obtained extensive vistas of the broad sweep of the Volga valley and the mighty river flowing at our feet. Then our jaded beasts tugged away through the mire back to the city.

When we came to settle with our drosky drivers at Samara, we paid them, as we supposed, according to the regular printed tariff. To our surprise, they indignantly refused to accept this fare, and showed us the tariff-card on which was distinctly printed, that night rates prevailed for twelve o'clock midnight, until 7 A. M., during which time the charges were double those of the daytime—daytime being counted from 7 A. M. until midnight. It did indeed seem passing strange that, riding, as we did, in broad daylight, the time should be reckoned as nighttime. But such was the case, not only in Samara but also in Saint Petersburg. There the daytime officially begins at 7 A. M. and lasts until 12:30 A. M. If in the realm of nature the darkness of midnight is officially and arbitrarily reckoned as daylight, is it any wonder that in Russian politics, dark-

ness and light, right and wrong, are so hopelessly confused?

Scythians

This city of Samara, with its 92,000 inhabitants, is situated in the celebrated "black land," which feeds 25,000,000 people and is the center of an immense grain trade. It was in this fertile district that Herodotus placed the Scythians, and, strange to say, refers to their drinking mare's milk even in his day, centuries before the Christian era. Homer's Cimmerian darkness in the *Odyssey* refers to the long, dark, wintry nights of this hyperborean region, where

The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells,
The sun ne'er views th' unfathomable seats
When radiant, he advances or retreats.¹

Among the many precious trophies in the Hermitage at Saint Petersburg are two rare vases, the Silver Vase of Nikopol and the Golden Vase of Kertch, dating from the fourth century before Christ, or about the time Herodotus wrote his history. The unknown artists depict upon these vases Scythian horsemen of the same racial features as their descendants lassoing and taming horses precisely as is done on those same plains to-day.

¹ *Odyssey*, Bk. XI.

The City

Samara on the Volga, though situated farther east than Bagdad, Mecca, and Zanzibar, is in close touch by rail and water with European civilization, as its various industries, fine stores, and public buildings testify. We spent the day in this busy commercial city in sight-seeing and making purchases. In the early evening we rode to the wharf so as to be in time to catch the steamboat for Nijni-Novgorod, scheduled to arrive at 7:30 P. M. Like steamers on the Mississippi and other rivers, punctuality was not always observed. However, three hours behind time, the steamer with its load of passengers was moored alongside the wharf. Many of them were from "Little Russia," whose Mongolian features are so pronounced that it is not necessary to scratch a native, as the map of Russia is printed on his face.

We boarded this steamer, which on its way to Samara had stopped at Saratoff, the site of ancient Sarai, where the Tartars once had their headquarters, referred to in Chaucer's lines,

At Sara in the land of Tartare
There dwelled a king, who werryed Russie.

Shortly after we had ensconced ourselves in our comfortable, clean staterooms she started up stream with her cargo of freight and passengers.

River Travel

Every river possesses a peculiar charm of its own. The Volga was no exception. The broad decks and capacious cabins of a river steamer, especially after a long ride in the cramped quarters of a railway car, offer a cordial welcome to the tired, dust-begrimed traveler. The fresh air, the broad views on every side, the sense of freedom in promenading the deck or loitering on shore at landing places all combine to render river travel a most refreshing change.

The commodious Yangtse steamers plying between Shanghai and Hankow at times run close to the green-tiled fields, where Chinese urchins are riding astride of water-buffaloes and industrious coolies are tilling the soil or carrying produce in baskets suspended from bamboo poles. Now the steamer glides near ancient walled cities guarded by lofty gate towers, and anon, it is steaming by the side of Golden, Silver and Little Orphan Islands, where art, with her temples, shrines, and pagodas, vies with nature with her trees, crags, and shrubbery. This kaleidoscopic panorama of Oriental landscape and life presents an ever-varied entertainment to the traveler on his voyage up China's mightiest stream.

A day's trip down the picturesque miniature river, the Tonegawa, in Japan, affords a most idyllic refreshing route to Tokyo after

the fatiguing jinricksha, basha, or railway ride to Nikko.

The charm of a Nile voyage is as delightful when enjoyed to-day as it was to the ancient lotos eaters, and forever lingers in one's memory as a dream. The intoxicating atmosphere, the clarity of the desert air, the lazy *dahebiahs*, the Bedouin life on river and shore, the mammoth temple-ruins on the river-banks all unite in producing an overwhelming and indelible impression. No wonder the hustling Yankee loves to bask there.

World-renowned is the Rhine with its enchantment of castle and legend. The Hudson, with its unsightly ice houses above West Point and its famous Palisades near New York, is the favorite of Americans. The grand Columbia is the pride of the Northwest, where big salmon leap high out of the water and splash back again as the steamship glides near the base of titanic cliffs over half a mile high, whose frowning brows are crowned with castellated Ehrenbreitsteins. The majestic Saint Lawrence laves the lovely tree-clad shores of the Thousand Islands. Further oceanward in its mad course the surging stream plunges through the Sault and other rapids, tumultuously tossing the great steamer, so that she quivers from stem to stern, as though struck by a sudden gale in mid-Atlantic. The mighty Mississippi, the "Father of Waters," as the superstitious In-

dians termed him, is often compared to the revered "Mother Volga" of the Russians.

So life on the Volga has its own peculiar charm. The steamers are both large and comfortable, like those on the Mississippi, and are even called American. The staterooms are good-sized and clean with the ubiquitous icon, though of diminutive size, perched, not like Poe's raven on the door-lintel, but high up in its conventional corner opposite the entrance. The sheets, pillowcases, and bedding are charged extra. The service is excellent. The cuisine is more Slavonic than French, yet the traveler by judicious selection from the elaborate menu, will find the food quite satisfactory.

Kazan

Early on the morrow our steamer stopped at the old Tartar city, Kazan, long the stronghold of the Golden Horde Mohammedans in their rule over Muscovy, and from which they made their inroads into Europe. Its name, Kazan, is derived from the Tartar word meaning "golden kettle," commemorating the incident of a slave of the first Khan, who accidentally dropped a golden kettle in the tributary, Kazanka, which debouches here into the Volga. The city was founded by Batu Khan, grandson of Genghis Khan. In its stubborn resistance to the attacks of Ivan the Terrible, its streets flowed with the

commingled blood of Moslem and Giaour. The expulsion of the Mohammedans from Kazan bears the same historic importance to the Russian as the expulsion of the Moors from Granada does to the Spaniard. The siege of Kazan was long drawn out; German engineers were employed to spring mines under the city walls, and a miraculous cross was brought from the Cathedral of Moscow to bring victory to their arms. Soon a breach in the walls was made, the Russian forces entered and slaughtered their infidel foes. So horrible were the gruesome piles of the massacred that even Ivan the Terrible, like Scipio before Carthage, was moved to tears, exclaiming, "They are not Christians, but yet they are men." Perhaps the career of this Muscovite ruler would be judged with greater leniency if we bore in mind that he lived at the time of the Inquisition.

A polite Norwegian commercial traveler called our attention to some men climbing up the staircase to the upper deck of our steamer. They were Mohammedans. Toward sunset they mounted aloft, where each spread out a rug upon which they kneeled and prostrated themselves, knocking their foreheads on the deck in their prayers to Allah, as they endeavored to face toward Mecca, notwithstanding the ever-swerving course of our steamer.

Tolstoy

In its celebrated university, Tolstoy, the novelist, was once enrolled as a student. The horoscope foretelling the fickleness of his nature was even then indicated by his student life. He matriculated in mathematics, then studied successively law, medicine, and Oriental languages, and finally left the university without obtaining a degree. His future career has been well summarized as "a man who preaches celibacy, and is the father of thirteen children; who denounces war, and fought at Sebastopol; who preaches purity of life and confesses that he has committed practically every crime known to man; who is an aristocrat of aristocrats, and yet makes his own fire and dresses like a peasant; who writes romances that the world calls masterpieces, and denounces these novels as folly; who finds the inspiration of his life in the gospel of Christ, yet mutilates the Bible according to his own subjective fancies, denies the divinity of Jesus, does not believe in immortality, and scorns the organized church and its ordinances. Count Tolstoy is a living paradox."¹

On Shore and Stream

At various landing places peasants stood in double rows, between whom passengers

¹ The Zlon's Herald, by Professor J. R. Taylor, August 19, 1908.

came and went. There they displayed their wares for sale, such as rye bread, red radishes, kettles of hot boiled chicken, and pigs' heads, eggs, milk, and other produce along with flowers, chiefly lilies of the valley.

High up on the hills away from the river we passed numbers of windmills, sometimes as many as five or six clustered together.

Strange objects were occasionally passed floating downstream. Immense rafts or timber boats, built of thousands of large logs, tier on tier, into the shape of a bulky vessel like Noah's ark, were drifting down toward the Caspian. Sometimes two of these were fastened together below and connected above by bridges, capped with houses like conning towers for the lumbermen. Then again we passed by numerous other river craft, including peculiar oil boats with decks awash, carrying the crude oil of the Caucasus.

On the morning of June 7 the heights of the world-renowned annual fair town appeared in the distance. Like the Alcazars, or fortified palaces of Seville, Toledo, and other Spanish cities, the Kremains or lofty citadel-palaces of Kazan, Nijni-Novgorod, Moscow, and other Russian cities are always prominent and interesting places to view and visit. Modern trolley cars and antique edifices unite the old with the new in this busy city. The widely extended mud-flat, covered by the many buildings of these Fair



TIMBER RAFT ON THE VOLGA

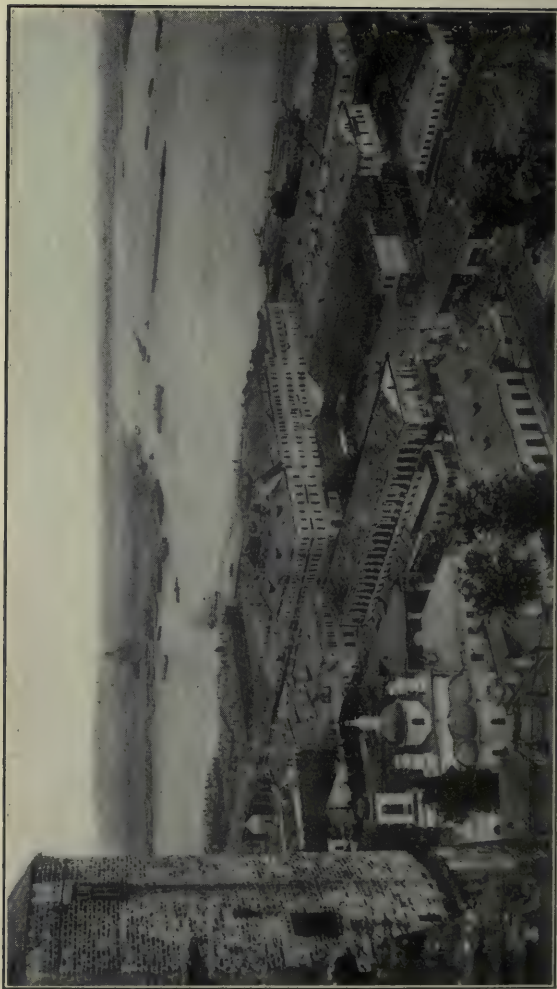
Grounds, was inaccessible save by boat, for the bridge across the Oka was being repaired. A month later all would be bustle and confusion at the great Fair of Nijni-Novgorod.

Limit of Fame

The Volga loomed up before the ecstatic vision of the tea-guzzling scholar, Samuel Johnson, as the far-off limit of fame. Boswell records how one evening at the Essex Head Club in London, Johnson startled the company by exclaiming: "O! Gentlemen! I must tell you a great thing. The empress of Russia [Catherine II] has ordered *The Rambler* to be translated into the Russian language, so I should be read on the banks of the Volga. Horace boasts that his fame would extend to the Rhone. Now the Volga is farther from me than the Rhone from Horace."¹ Facts are stubborn things, and truth is sometimes unpalatable. But, as we scanned both banks of this broad stream, we could detect no signs whatever of any natives or foreigners, singly or in groups, engaged in perusing the pages of *The Rambler*, or any other book. Perchance the riverbanks were still too damp and chilly, since every now and then patches of winter snow were still visible, hidden from the sun in shady nooks and ravines by the river sides. Whether during the long-drawn-out sultry

¹ Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, 1847 edition, p. 755.

days of July and August lovers of literature idly recline upon the grassy banks of the Volga, as is the vogue on summer afternoons by the Cherwell and Isis at Oxford, our experience on the Volga furnishes no proof.



NIJNI-NOVGOROD WITH WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS ON OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE OKA RIVER

CHAPTER XVII

THROUGH RUSSIA

The people, the Russian people,
God grant their night is past,
And the gloom of their weary waiting
Lost in the dawn at last!
From the Baltic to the Okhotsk Sea
The stars have heard their wail,
And the steppe-winds borne their prayers to heaven
That Right may yet prevail.

The people, the patient people,
They are the strength, the power—
Their hearts are true to the Russian Land
Though darkest clouds may lower.
It was Yermak, the valiant Cossack,
Who broad Siberia won;
Through Minin, peasant of Nijni,
Were the tyrant Poles undone;

And Archangels' Lomonosoff,
Child of the common throng,
A fisher lad, was first to shape
The sounding Russ in song.
The people, the trusting people,
God grant their night is past,
And the gloom of their weary waiting
Lost in the dawn at last.

—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

Ride to Moscow

NIJNI-NOVGOROD rivals Naples and New York in the rapacity and extortion practiced on strangers passing within or without their

gates. A midnight buffet-sleeper train of antiquated "Wagons Lits" cars whirled us across the level country to the fascinating old capital, Moscow.

Moscow

What especially interested us in this strikingly composite Muscovite capital was the *Kitai Gorod*, or "Chinese City," surrounded by its city wall. This so-called Chinese Wall is as much of a caricature of the walls of Peking, Nankin, or other Chinese cities, as the vile decoctions called American ice-cream soda in European cities are of the genuine article sold in New York, Chicago, or other American cities.

The Redeemer's Gate

The Kremlin is the heart of Moscow, as Moscow is the heart of Russia. How highly the Kremlin is honored is well expressed in Viazemski's lines:

The Kremlin is our Sanctuary and our Fortress;
The source of our strength and the treasury of our
faith.

The most popular gateway into its historic precincts is through the Redeemer's Gate. This remarkable gateway was built by skilled workmen from other lands. English architects crowned it with the beautiful Gothic towers, but the massive gateway itself is the product of Italian workmanship, as similarly

in India Italian artists wrought at Delhi, Agra, and elsewhere those wonderful creations of palace, tomb, and mosque. During the past few years a Florentine mosaic expert has been employed by Lord Curzon to restore the beauty of the famous palace at Delhi. The Redeemer's Gate was built by a Milanese artisan, just one year before Columbus discovered America.

Over the entrance to the Gate is the miraculous icon of the Redeemer, to which reverence is paid by all, Tsar, peasant, citizen, and stranger alike. "Hats off!" is the rule on passing through the Redeemer's Gate, as in entering Grant's Tomb in New York. Occasionally a person, forgetful or disrespectful, fails to doff his hat. Instantly a guard approaches to remind him of the customary etiquette. Every man will show his real breeding whether at home or abroad. In 1879 a party of American and British tourists visiting Constantinople were disgusted at the boorish insolence of a Russian officer. It was Friday, when the Sultan was in the habit of riding from his palace to worship in a mosque nearby. As his Majesty passed in his imperial carriage, every one, native and foreign, politely saluted him, except this tall handsome Russian. Alone he stood bolt upright in his hired barouche, insultingly displaying Russian bearishness against the sovereign of Turkey—a piece of brazen im-

pertinence equaling that of Count Robert of Paris in that same Byzantian capital. It will be remembered that the Emperor Alexius, in order to insure respectful obeisance from the bold but often rude Crusaders, had the door into the imperial reception room of his palace made so low that each guest on entering was compelled to bow down before the emperor, seated on his throne directly opposite. Count Robert of Paris, discovering this, simply turned around and backed in, to the dismay of all present.

French Revolution

If, as some predict, the French Revolution is to be reënacted in Russia, the Gallery of the Rumyanzev Museum will play a subtle but powerful part. On its walls hangs a large oil painting, depicting a terribly shocking tragedy from the French Revolution. A countess of genteel, cultured mien and dressed in fashionable costume had been horribly maltreated and murdered. Her disfigured corpse, with her costly robes sadly torn and stained with blood, had been left like a dead dog on the highway. The mob of infuriated peasants, armed with improvised weapons, who had perpetrated this deed of villainy, were retiring to a village in the distance, while high up on a frowning cliff in the forest stood the sacked castle, a victim to the devouring flames.

What's in a Name ?

Some years ago a number of benevolent Russians, imitating the Christian activities in the congested quarters of English and American cities, started similar work in the slums of Moscow, designating their work by the English word, "Settlement." To the Russian civil authorities this foreign term was obnoxious, so they stopped this enterprise for one year. Last year exactly the same altruistic activities were renewed without any interference on the part of the government, since it had been rechristened and was now called "Children's Work and Play."

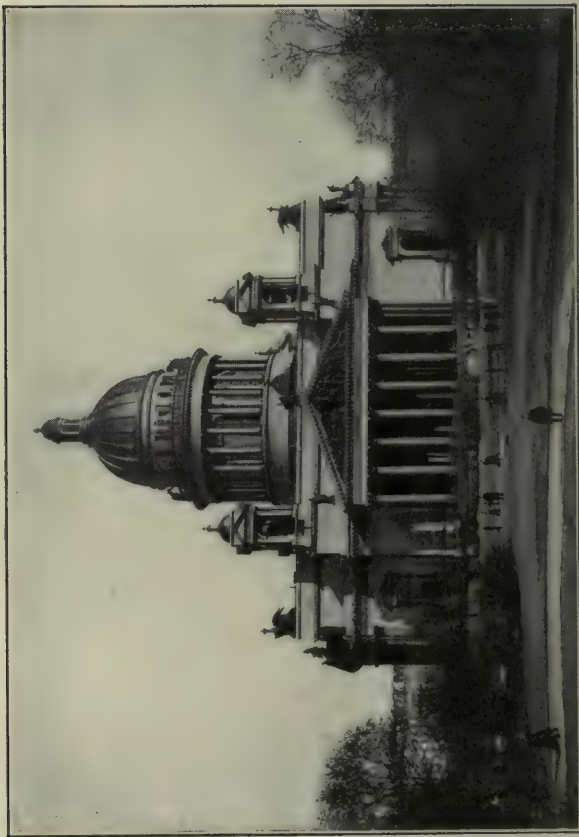
Sparrow Hill

A drive outside the city to the heights of Sparrow Hill brought us to the historic spot where Napoleon first beheld Moscow, and afforded us a magnificent outlook over the ancient capital, unrolled as a map at our feet. When Mohammed from the heights of Lebanon first gazed upon Damascus, gleaming in all its loveliness like an emerald in the desert, he was so entranced with its beauty that he gave orders that the city be spared from sack and slaughter. One of the most touching episodes in the life of our Saviour occurred when he was making his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. He was rounding the southern shoulder of Olivet for the last time, when suddenly the glorious

temple, the city walls and gates, with the mass of other buildings, burst in all their splendor upon his vision. Utterly overcome by his feelings, and yearning for its highest welfare, "he wept over it." No such sentiment troubled Napoleon. On Sparrow Hill he ordered his artillery to be planted and the city to be bombarded. This being the case, is it any wonder that the grand, costly Church of the Redeemer has been erected and a service of thanksgiving is held every year to commemorate the defeat of the Corsican? But to find the most simple yet expressive memorial to Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign, one must travel seven hundred miles westward to Vilna, Poland, where, not far from the city where the French army barely escaped annihilation, is a monument which reads on one side, "Napoleon Buona-parté passed this way in 1812, with 400,000 men," and on the other, "Napoleon Buona-parté passed this way in 1812, with 9,000 men."

Saint Petersburg

As the fine structures, parks, and roads of the "model settlements" of Shanghai and Tientsin afford the Chinese a peep into Western civilization, so Saint Petersburg, Russia's European capital, was built by order of Peter the Great to "open a window into Europe." However, as Emperor Nicho-



SAINT ISAAC'S AT SAINT PETERSBURG

las has candidly stated, "Saint Petersburg is Russian, but it is not Russia."

Saint Isaac's Cathedral

Saint Isaac's Cathedral, for instance, is modeled with severe simplicity along European lines. It was erected to the honor of Saint Isaac of Dalmatia, on whose festival, May 30, 1672, Peter the Great was born. Its foundations, like those of Saint Mark's at Venice, are built upon thousands of piles, at the cost of nearly one million rubles, and constantly need repairing. The first edifice was made of wood, which afterward was replaced with stone. Then Catharine II, who erected on a mammoth rock in the adjoining park the bronze statue of Peter the Great riding a horse in a fantastic attitude, began to rebuild it in marble, which Paul I slovenly finished in brick. A Russian wit who epitomized the successive building operations in these words, "This church is the symbol of three reigns, granite, pride, and destruction," had to pay the penalty for his temerity by banishment to Siberia. The present grand and elegant Cathedral was begun in 1819 and completed in 1858. The lavish expenditure of choice marble, fine granite, and figured bronze in its construction, and the enormous value of its brilliant *ikonostas*, and the sacred gold and silver vessels of its church service, are appalling, staggering to

the imagination. The titanic blocks are built into the form of a Greek cross, but the colonnades of its portico are an imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. Its majestic solemnity throws upon the visitor a pall of gloom and awe, similar to that experienced on entering the Escorial. That gloomy monarch, Philip II, with the wealth of Mexico and Peru at his feet, sat day by day on a neighboring hillside superintending the creation of that one compact, colossal mass of stone, called the Escorial, combining cathedral, monastery, palace, and mausoleum. The pyramids of Egypt and the Escorial of Spain seem to belong to the same old aristocratic family. Both stand solemnly and silently alone in their majestic massiveness on the sands of the desert. The somber, though rich mass of Saint Isaac's betrays the same racial characteristics of depressing immensity, as though a distant *nouveau riche* relative in "the Land of the North."

CHAPTER XVIII

HOMEWARD BOUND

The more you see of Russia, the more deeply you fall in love with Uncle Sam.—*The Lady of the Decoration.*

Departure

WITH a sense of relief akin to that felt in leaving India in 1907, we stepped aboard the scrupulously clean Finnish steamer, Von Doebeln, moored alongside the cholera-stricken city of Saint Petersburg. Over two years previous we boarded a Messageries Maritimes steamer at Bombay, while the plague was raging in northern and central India, after we had almost trodden upon a dead rat in an alley at Delhi, and had nearly touched another on a stone wall at Bombay. White streaks of chloride-of-lime were still marking the street gutters and other parts of Russia's capital, when the spotless Von Doebeln, at 6 P. M. on June 19, loosened from her moorings and, dropping down the Neva, steamed into the Gulf of Finland, on its way to Helsingfors and Stockholm. The next morning found us making a stop of several hours at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, where we enjoyed a short ramble ashore. Then the steamer plowed its way

westward, arriving at Stockholm at one o'clock in the afternoon of the following day.

The Voyage

On this passage the steamer's course was amid a multitude of islands and islets, making the voyage indescribably delightful, with their ever-varying sylvan scenery, rivaling that of Lake George, New York. Only for about an hour does the steamer cross the open sea, and that at midnight, so our party were unaware whether in the open ocean there were heavy seas or not.

Meals on these Finnish steamers are served in a most unique, democratic fashion. A superabundant variety of food, such as cold salmon, ham, sardines, caviare, radishes, salads, butter, bread, and a few hot dishes, as fried fish, stewed kidneys, and fried eggs, with plates and cutlery are piled up on a long table in the center of the dining saloon. Each guest is expected to take from this table a plate, knife, and fork and, after choosing whatever he wishes, he goes to his assigned place at one of the many small tables arranged around the sides of the room and there sits down. After he has succeeded in disposing of this preliminary repast, a regular course meal is served. For instance, if dinner, the waiters bring in soup, fish, roast, salad, and dessert. As one may surmise, this ample preliminary meal of ap-

petizing food often suffices. It was pleasing to notice that although each traveler was at liberty to go to the long table and help himself, there was no evidence of pushing and grabbing—so different from many a hungry crowd on American and British lines of travel. Here everyone was considerate of his neighbor, and everything was done decently and in order. The after-dinner coffee, which was daintily served on the after-deck, was pronounced the finest ever tasted, being unexcelled by the thick, sweet concoction of Constantinople and Cairo, or the amber, clear beverage of Paris and Madrid.

Quarantine

On account of the cholera at Saint Petersburg the Swedish health authorities detained all the passengers until each had been provided with a ticket and a sheet of paper as large as foolscap, printed in three languages, informing him that for four consecutive days he must appear before the local health authorities personally, or be subjected to a heavy fine. Even when visiting Upsala, before the expiration of the time-limit, we had to waste nearly half a day in calling upon a medical officer. One lawless American young lady disregarded this daily visit and had to pay a considerable fine, to her surprise and disgust. Like pill-taking, quarantine though necessary, is generally unpalatable.

Russian Detectives

Friday, the last day of our stay in that charming capital of Sweden, the city was being gaily decorated in honor of the expected visit of Tsar Nicholas II on the morrow, and Russian detectives were very solicitous lest any outrage should be perpetrated on the sacred person of the Autocrat of all the Russias. We chanced to be in the office of the "Northern Travel Bureau," engaging our passage across the Atlantic, when the ticket agent asked us whether we had noticed the man who had just hurriedly slammed the front door on his way to the street. He informed us that he was a Russian detective on the track of two Russians, who had purchased tickets in this office a few minutes earlier. This detective had asked the agent what kind of tickets they had bought, and seemed satisfied to find nothing suspicious in the transaction. The incident serves to indicate the excessive surveillance of Russian detectives.

Stay in Sweden

In spite of the quarantine fetters, shackling our movements day by day, our sojourn in Stockholm was delightful, including an excursion to Upsala and repeated visits to the open-air museum at Skansen, with its many attractions. Skansen has the reputation of being the pioneer open-air museum of



RUSSIAN CHAPEL AT WIESBADEN

the world. Here could be studied the historic progress of the Swedes from their earliest past up to modern times. Relics of bygone days, herds of reindeer and other animals, and gaudy costumes of peasants from distant districts attracted crowds. The long summer twilight thronged the streets and parks with citizens and guests from other lands. Dinner was served very early, at half-past five in the afternoon, so that all might take advantage of the delicious coolness of the broad daylight evenings and return before dark for a light nine-o'clock supper.

A Russian Memento

A beautiful Russian chapel is situated a little below the summit of the Neroberg in the environs of Wiesbaden. It was erected as a mausoleum for the Duchess Elizabeth Michailowna, a Russian princess, and is built in the form of a Greek cross, and its interior is lavishly decorated with marble and gilt. Its roof is surmounted by five golden domes, ornamented by double Greek crosses. It is a perfect gem in itself, but when seen glistening in the bright sunshine through the long funnel-opening cut in the dense, green foliage of the forest, its resplendent beauty is only surpassed by the Wartburg Castle at Eisenach, when viewed through the arboreal telescope from Hohe Sonne, some three miles away.

Home Again

After bidding farewell to Russia, our route took us by way of Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Belgium, France, and England, where we tarried at various alluring places a day, or a week or so, as the fancy took us. Then we left England in the swift steamship *Lusitania* for New York. It was really provoking, notwithstanding the luxuriousness of the steamer's equipment, to find the length of our voyage trimmed off so short at both ends. A little more than four days after we had lost sight of land in Europe we came in sight of the American side of the Atlantic.

Robinson Crusoe

Robinson Crusoe's thrilling narrative has captivated many a youth, who in his later life may have forgotten that this hero's last exciting journey was from China through Siberia and Russia to his old home in England. He narrates how he left Russia by boat at Archangel, as we did at Saint Petersburg. A certain devout elderly acquaintance of ours, whose pastor's preaching had been adversely criticized, taking his part replied, "But I always like his closing remarks." So after reading to the finish Robinson Crusoe's long life of adventure and travel, we heartily indorse his closing remarks: "And here [in

England], resolving to harass myself no more, I am preparing for a longer journey than all these, having lived seventy-five years, a life of infinite variety, and learned sufficiently to know the value of retirement, and the blessing of ending our days in peace."

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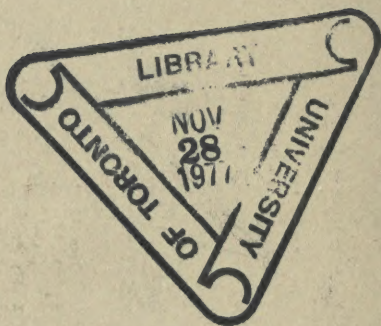
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