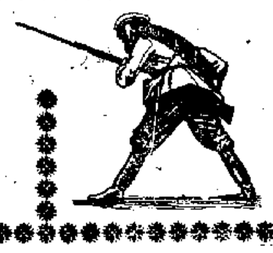
The RUSSIANS



Their Lust For Land--The Empire's Mission--An Autocrat Ruled by a Bureaucracy--Always Preparing For War--The Revolutionary Spirit Is Rampant

CZARS may come and czars may go, but Russia's policy is changeless. That is why a naturally peaceful emperor of supposedly autocratic powers who was committed to a pacific reign by his suggestion of The Hague arbitration tribunal finds himself at war with Japan. Beyond a doubt the war is a genuine grief to Nicholas II. He did not desire it, he endeavored to prevent it, but even the autocrat of all the Russias was powerless when he stood barring the pathway of the Russian advance. Peace? Why, of course the czar wanted it, and so did the potent bureaucracy that sways him, provided peace did not interfere with Russia's absorption of Manchuria and her acquisition of Port Arthur, the long coveted ice free port on the Pacific.

His Lust For Land.

The Russian has an insatiable appetite for land. He has absorbed Poland, Finland, part of Turkey and wide stretches of Asia. Manchuria is his present meal, but he is casting greedy eyes upon Korea, Persia, Afghanistan, Turkey, India and what remains of dismembered and helpless China, and unless his advance is checked now by the legions of Japan or later by those of some other power or powers his progress southward will end only at the Mediterranean, the Red sea and the Indian ocean.

The means by which this land was taken have varied. Sometimes by war, sometimes by diplomacy, sometimes by settlement, he has reached his ends. He did not hesitate at butchery if butchery were necessary. He cheerfully fled if lying would forward his purpose. He fomented internal discords in the coveted kingdom if he thus could come in under the guise of peacemaker and take the country for his own. If it were necessary to reach his ultima Thus she moved onward into Asia and annexed Siberia. Thus by struggle after struggle she took Finland from Sweden. Thus by partition after partition she absorbed the larger portion of Poland. Thus by war after war she wrested the Caucasus and Transcaucasus from Turkey. Thus by crowding and fighting she conquered portions of Turkestan, Transcaspia, Khiva and Bokhara.

Napoleon's Prophecy.

Thus by diplomacy she gradually tightened her grip upon Manchuria until Japan sprang to arms. Who can wonder that Napoleon, who had the longest vision into the future of any man of modern times, said that Europe would ultimately become "all Cossack or all republican?" He could have added that Asia will become all Slav or all civilized.

The evident "mission" of Russia is to spread all over the world and convert everything to the temporal dominion of the czar and the spiritual dominion of the Greek church. The declared "mission" of Japan is to carry western civilization to the orient, to be the leader of the far east in the march of modern progress. In the course of events these two "missions" collided. The result was war.

In time of peace the Russian constantly prepares for war. On a peace footing the army numbers about 1,000,000 men, and each year 500,000 recruits men reach twenty-one and are liable to military service. In time of war the government has 3,000,000 men, half a million horses and 3,000 guns. Exemptions from entering the army are many and various. These are, first, physical disability; second, when the candidate is a breadwinner for a family; third, medical men, chemists, teachers, members of learned professions, proficients in technical studies, etc. (this applies only in times of peace, of course); fourth, those exempted because of special circumstances. All these causes serve to disqualify nearly half of those who apply. If the remainder amounts to more than the district's quota, choice is made by lot.

The Conscripts.

About 7 per cent of the male population of each district is thus taken each year. This is not the holiday affair it proves to be with our own national guard, but is rather serious business. The men are conscripted, and a wooden lock is placed on the leg of each. Amid the lamentations of relatives the conscripts are loaded into wagons and taken to the nearest recruiting station. Arriving there, each man first passes into the hands of the doctor, thence to the military barber. If successful in the medical ordeal, the top of the applicant's head is shaved; if unsuccessful, the back. The rejected candidate is truly unfortunate. He is thrust out without any clothing, his apparel dumped out after him, and he is allowed to dress in the cold. Then every soldier is privileged to kick and cuff him as a mark of contempt for his physical disability. Even with these indignities, however, the rejected are happy enough, for have they not escaped the hell of the most despotic army discipline on earth?

The total population of Russia is about 130,000,000, of whom 4,000,000 are Jews, and its area is 8,447,234 square miles, nearly three times as great as that of the United States, Alaska and all Uncle Sam's insular possessions. The holy synod of the Greek church dominates all religious affairs, and the people are very devout.

The Revolutionary Spirit.

The legislative, judicial and executive powers are all vested in the emperor, who is assisted by a cabinet of ministers, by a council of state, by a "ruling senate" and by the holy synod. The people have little voice in the government, and there is deep seated discontent among them. Revolutionary movements are constantly under way and are sternly repressed. There is no freedom of speech, the press is muzzled constantly, and the bureaucratic hierarchy rules czar and people alike. More and more money is spent each year on education, and yet the universities are veritable hotbeds of revolution. Thousands of students and other educated men are banished every year. The revolutionary spirit is strong in the army, and on numerous occasions troops have refused to fire on rioters when ordered to do so. The present war will doubtless have somewhat of a repressive effect temporarily upon the revolutionary movement, but only a greater measure of personal liberty will satisfy the people and cause them to cease endeavoring to change the czar's form of government.

Two Views of Tolstoi.

Mrs. Craigie, in the course of a lecture on "The Science of Life" before the Birmingham Ruskin society, spoke as follows of Tolstoi:

"The multitude, on being asked what Tolstoi's opinions were, would no doubt say that he wrote gloomy novels, that he disapproved of tobacco, of war, of property, of alcohol; that he now dressed like a peasant, worked in the fields and indulged in other eccentricities which do not belong to the sphere of life in which he was born. Tolstoi seems to have said to himself: 'I have a remedy for all the woes and disappointments of life. I shall get rid of my money, and I shall work, and if everybody else does the same humanity will be saved.' Now, I do not question for a moment that he has found his own peace of mind. St. Ignatius wished to make humanity stronger; Tolstoi wishes to make humanity happier. Both men had the courage of their impulses, and a man's impulses are his life, whereas his opinions are often his source of weakness."

THE CZAR'S SOLDIERS AND THE RUSSIAN DROSKY.

goal by indirection, then the indirect route was followed; if he was compelled to seize his prey when the other powers were not looking, such seizure was made; if he had to wait a century before achieving his object, he waited patiently and stolidly. Beaten back at one point, he reached out at others, but always and everywhere he kept in view one thing—to get the land.

The Russian Purpose.

Russia can be compared to a lake fed from some invisible source and ever increasing in its area. Like the lake, too, it has only spread over contiguous territory. This is the peculiar difference between the Muscovite and every other conquering nation. Rome and England have taken colonies wherever they could be secured. Russia took only those adjacent. She even sold Alaska, which, though near, was separated by water. There is no nation so unified, so organic, and this unity is not only governmental, but geographic. Whatever she takes she assimilates. It may be never so much at enmity to her, she makes it Russian. This process may require centuries. Her purpose is longer. She may leave the captured territory the fiction of a separate government, even permit it to remain ostensibly under the control of some other great power. It suffices that she has gained a foothold. This she never relinquishes, but bides her time, gaining larger and larger concessions until at last the captured province is a portion of her ever advancing empire. Thus she spread eastward from Moscow to the Ural mountains.

A NERVOUS WAIT.

Weird Sensation When the Church Became Totally Dark.

"I went to a Fifth avenue church last Sunday night," said a man who is good once a week, "and quite unexpectedly got a new sensation. The church was brilliantly lighted, but something went wrong with the electrical apparatus, and all of a sudden most of the lights went out. Midway in the building two or three bunches of bulbs continued to shed a sepulchral twilight, but the pulpit was shrouded in darkness, and nervous members of the congregation began to fidget.

"This condition of affairs lasted for some minutes until the choir had finished an anthem. Then the preacher arose and requested the people to remain quietly seated for half a minute in total darkness, when the church would be fully illuminated again. With the words the few remaining lights went out, and for a space darkness like that of a coal hole prevailed.

"It was the weirdest, most uncanny wait I ever had. Every man and woman of the 800 or 1,000 in that church was as still as death almost. I suppose the darkness did not last a minute, but it seemed to me to be an hour. When the lights again leaped out there was a sigh of relief from every person in the church. I guess they all felt as queer about it as I did."—New York Press.

HORSEHAIR FOR BOWS

Only Black or White From Russia or Germany Is Used.

There is a vast amount of horsehair annually used in the United States for making and repairing violin, violoncello and bass viol bows. All of the hair comes from Germany and Russia, in which countries the tails of horses are generally allowed to grow much longer than here. The foreign hair is also coarser in texture and tougher than that which grows on the American horse, and these qualities make the imported article more valuable than the domestic product.

There are only two kinds of horsehair suitable for making bows, and they are of white and black varieties. The former is used for violin bows, and the latter, which is heavier and stronger, is the best material for making bows for cello and bass viols, because it bites the larger strings better. The imported hair is put up in hanks of thirty-six inches long, which is five or six inches longer than the standard violin bow. A hank is sufficient for one violin bow, while two hanks are required to hair a cello or bass viol bow. There are about one and a half ounces of hair in a hank, which is worth from 20 to 30 cents, according to the quality of the hair.—Philadelphia Record.

THE ART OF BOXING.

Fistic Combats Were Highly Esteemed In Ancient Times.

Pugilism, the practice of boxing or fighting with the fists, was a manly art and exercise highly esteemed among the ancients. In those days the hands of the pugilist were armed with the cestus, leather thongs loaded with lead or iron. This form of athletic sport was at first only permitted to freemen among the Greeks, but gradually it was taken up as a profession and lost much of its prestige.

As an illustration of its early use we find in Virgil's fifth Æneid the record of a match between Dares, "with nimble feet and confident in youth," and Entellus, the veteran champion, "strong and weighty limbed," when the combatants—

Their arms uplift in air, their heads withdraw
Back from the blows, and, mingling hand with hand,
Provoke the conflict.

Pugilism has been a typical English sport from the days of King Alfred, but its golden age as a profession dates from the accession of the house of Hanover.—London Standard.

Living and Working.

Few people outside of lunacy and Indians not taxed really live without working.

Those who work without really living are much more numerous, including, as they do, millionaires and seamstresses with more than six small children.

In the perfect day, when the lion and the lamb shall walk together and the rich shall go down to the college settlements and play bridge with the poor, we shall all doubtless both live and work.—Life.

Phil May's Habits.

The all night and next day habits of Phil May, the artist, have furnished material for many a story. Joe Tapley, the singer, said that he came across May one night and heard that the latter had not been to bed for four nights and days. He remonstrated, and May said: "Never mind, Joe; we'll make a bargain. Don't you lose any sleep on my account, and I promise that as soon as I feel tired I'll go to bed!"

The Boston Girl.

"Will you marry me?" he asked bluntly.

"No," replied the Boston maiden. But she added coyly: "I am not endowed with supercilious power. Put your question properly. Ask me if I will become your wife."—Philadelphia Press.

An Eloquent Objection.

Mrs. Newlyblessed—But you certainly don't object to such a wee little baby he that? Janitor—Oh, it ain't the size as counts, mum—it's the principle uv the thing!—Exchange.

The Limit.

"He's a mighty mean man."

"In what way?"

"Why, he's stone deaf, and he never tells the barber until he is through shaving him."—Life.

Chronic Bronchitis Cured.

"For ten years I had chronic bronchitis so bad that at times I could not speak above a whisper," writes Mr. Joseph Coffman, of Moutmorenci, Ind. "I tried all remedies available, but with no success. Fortunately my employer suggested that I try Foley's Honey and Tar. Its effect was almost miraculous, and I am now cured of the disease. On my recommendation many people have used Foley's Honey and Tar, and always with satisfaction." Sold by all dealers.

—The man who gets something for nothing, pays the most in the end.

—Foley's Kidney Cure if taken in time affords security from all kidney and bladder diseases. Sold by all dealers.

SILENT FAMOUS MEN

CELEBRITIES THAT HAVE BEEN NOTED AS MISERS OF WORDS.

Some of the World's Greatest Characters Have Been as Sparing of Language as They Have Been Prodigal of Deeds of Renown.

It is a curious and interesting fact that many of the world's greatest men have been as sparing of words as they have been prodigal of deeds.

It is doubtful if there ever lived a more taciturn man than Wallenstein, the famous commander of the Austrian army during the thirty years' war. It is said of Wallenstein that he "lived in an atmosphere of silence" and never uttered a word that was not absolutely necessary, nor would he permit others to speak in his presence more than was essential. One of his chamberlains was hanged for waking Wallenstein with needless noise. His servants were so many mutes, not daring to open their lips in his presence, and he was surrounded by patrols, and the approaches to his house were barricaded by chains to preserve him from the least disturbance. In comparison with Wallenstein, it has been recorded, Diogenes would have been a chatterbox and William the Silent a brawler.

But silence is a characteristic of many of the world's most famous soldiers. Napoleon boasted that in his dealings with men he never wasted a word and made monosyllables answer most purposes. But nothing escaped his eyes, and he could compress more within a sentence than most men could convey in a quarter of an hour.

The great Duke of Marlborough when receiving reports from his generals would produce his watch and say, "I will give you a minute." And it was likely to go hard with the officer who did not observe the limitation. To his staff the Duke of Wellington was always more or less a sphinx. A nod or a shake of the head was often the only response they could get from him, and when once he was asked what he considered the best equipment of a commander he answered, "A long head and a silent tongue."

Von Moltke almost rivaled Wallenstein in taciturnity. He never opened his mouth if a gesture would suffice, and when the news was brought to him that the French had declared war he simply said to the aid-de-camp, "Second pigeonhole on the right, first tier," and turned round to sleep again. But he had said all that was necessary, for in the pigeonhole indicated were complete plans for the campaign which closed in brilliant victory. Von Moltke used to say that one verb in the German language was worth all the others put together, and that was "thun" —"to do."

The worst thing his enemies could say of President Grant was, "He won't talk because he has so much to conceal," and yet it was precisely in this silence that Grant's real strength lay. His orders and dispatches were the briefest ever penned, and when once a charming young lady playfully asked him why he would not talk to her he answered, "My dear, don't you know that silence is one of the greatest arts of conversation?"

But it has been the same in all ages. Charlemagne was a perfect miser of words, holding, with Confucius, that "silence is a friend that will never betray;" Hannibal was a "man of monosyllables," and Julius Cæsar was nicknamed by his soldiers "The Oracle."

Even great statesmen and writers who cannot suffer from any lack of words have often been among the most reserved of men. Of Addison, Johnson says, "Of his external manners nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or sullen taciturnity which his friends called modesty by too mild a name." According to Chesterfield, he was "the most timorous and awkward man I ever saw," and even Addison himself, speaking of his own deficiency in conversation, used to say, "I can draw bills for a thousand pounds, though I haven't a guinea in my pocket."

Dryden was unutterably dreary as a companion. "My conversation is slow," he once wrote, "my humor saturnine and reserved, and I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company and make repartees." And Shadwell tells how he once dined with Dryden, and from the beginning to the end of the meal the poet "never opened his lips except to eat."

Thomas Carlyle was a "hoarder of the gold of silence" and would sit for hours, puffing away at his pipe, without uttering more than a grunt or a gruff monosyllable. Leigh Hunt, his neighbor and intimate, once wrote to a friend: "Have just spent a pleasant hour with Carlyle. When I went in he growled, 'Hallon; here again!' and at parting he snapped out, 'Good day!' and that is the sum of the conversation he honored me with. But how eloquent his silence is! I just sat and looked at him and came away strengthened for fresh struggle."

A Blustering King.

Of King George IV. Thomas Creevey, who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century, tells this story:

The king had appointed the bishop of Winchester to administer to him the sacrament on one of the Sundays about Easter. The bishop was not punctual to his time, and when he arrived the king, in a great passion at having been kept waiting, abused and even swore at him in the most indecent manner, on which the bishop very coolly said he must be permitted to withdraw, as he perceived his majesty was not then in a fit state of mind to receive the sacrament, and should be ready to attend on some future day, when he hoped to find his majesty in a better state of preparation.

—Flattery has bought more souls than gold.

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Mrs. Mary Dailey, South Boston, Mass., writes: "My baby, four months old, was sick. I tried a good many things but nothing seemed to relieve him. He could keep nothing on his stomach and was troubled so much with colic I hardly closed my eyes day or night. I gave him Laxakola a few times, it worked like a charm, and he now rests pretty fair all night.

How satisfactory it is to know there is at least one laxative will cure constipation and other bowel troubles, and if it does not cure you need not pay for it. Laxakola is the surest and safest laxative for both children and adults; a large bottle costs only 25 cents; it tastes nice, acts promptly and surely, and if you are not thoroughly benefitted by its laxative and tonic properties come right back and get your money from F. C. Snyder.

—Is the six-foot man with the square jaw that is led around by a little bunch of petticoats.

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—If a man could understand one woman in the world, he could understand them all, but he stops at the first.

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—Even gamblers have the same horror pious folks have, for games of chance —the chance of losing.

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