BINGHAM SPRINGS IS THE PLACE TO FORGET TOIL

Restful Resort in the Blue Mountains, Located About Thirty Miles From Pendleton--Umatilla Valley Reflected in This Beautiful Summering Place--An Ideal Spot for Tourists

By Lulu R. Lorenz.

WE-NA-HA is an Indian word meaning "over the hills," "just over yonder." This is the new name which has just been given the well-known Bingham Springs, a famous pleasure resort, which lies in a beautiful canyon in the Blue mountains above Pendleton, which is visited by hundreds of people from all parts of the northwest during the summer season. It is about 30 miles from Pendleton, and 250 miles east of Portland, on the main line of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company, and a drive of a few miles from the station, over a beautiful road, winding along the Umatilla river with pine trees on either side, high mountain peaks surrounding, and a cool mountain air, all serve to make it a most attractive place.

Trout abound in the Umatilla river in this vicinity in great numbers as well as in many of the tributary streams, and the fisherman has only to go a few rods from the resort to throw his line, and he is nearly always sure of getting a good basket of fish.

Beautiful Scenery.

Those who desire a rest, not only during the heated season, but at any time of the year, find the most beautiful natural scenery here. A section of wild and picturesque beauty. The big houses for the accommodation of the guests are half hidden by overhanging trees from the mountain on either side. The rippling of water and the note of woodland bird blend their music, making all nature beautiful. It is a place of rest, good cool mountain air, and a fine outing.

One of the important features of the resort is a fine swimming pool. This water contains sulphur and has a uniform temperature of about 100 degrees. The springs are several in number, and burst at varying heights from a high precipice, the daily flow being about 120,000 gallons. This water has proven beneficial in many forms of nervous disorders, stomach and liver trouble, and mild types of gout, rheumatism and kidney diseases. The facilities are excellent for bathing. The surplus water is conveyed to a concrete swimming pool, a steady stream flowing in and out, constantly renewing the contents of the pool.

This resort has just recently come under the management of J. A. Borie, a former Pendleton business man, who purchased it with several hundred acres of adjoining land. He made the purchase from Dr. Bingham of Walla Walla, who had owned the place for years. The new manager has already made extensive improvements in the buildings, the grounds, etc., and it will now be one of the most up-to-date pleasure resorts of the kind in the entire northwest. Those desiring may arrange to camp on the grounds in the vicinity of the hotel. Near the hotel is a large music and dance hall and bowling alley. Conveyances meet all regular passenger trains, and in a short time there will be automobiles running over the road from the station.

The Umatilla river has its source in the mountains above the resort and like a silver thread flows through the section, the waters of the river as well as its tributaries furnishing excellent sport for the angler who seeks the speckled trout. Near here is the Umatilla Indian reservation and the country is full of Indian legend.

Through the eastern part of Oregon, where one goes to reach this beautiful spot, are the picturesque Blue mountains, ranging from 1,000 to 6,000 feet in height. The air is laden with balsam and perfume from wild flowers, is cool and exhilarating, the loveliness of nature being manifest on every hand. The foothills are well timbered with pine, tamarack, spruce and fir, while the higher ravines are more densely covered and abound with game.

Mr. Borie, the manager, does not wish to make this a health resort, where all sorts of invalids would be found, but it will be a place for the tired business man, the overworked man or woman, the pleasure seeker, and those who wish to get away from the hum and buzz of the city for a time. It will be open the year round, as this section of the country has its attractions in the winter time as well as in the summer, the pine trees being ever green, and as the water in the pool is always warm, the baths may be had the year around. Physicians will send people here who need the mountain air, quiet and a general rest. With the accommodations that are being given the patrons this resort is becoming widely known.

Flora Like the Willamette's.

According to William C. Cusick, the veteran botanist of Union county, the flowers, shrubs and grass surrounding the Wenaha springs are exactly identical with those on the west slope of the Cascade mountains and are vastly different from those on the east slope of the Blue mountains only a few miles away.

The similarity of the Wenaha wild flowers and those of the west slope of the Cascades is striking and were a botanist placed at Wenaha or in that vicinity in the night, not knowing where he was and should be asked to judge his location by the flora, when daylight came, he would declare that he stood on the west slope of the Cascades, overlooking Willamette valley.

Mr. Cusick is making a trip from the state line north of Milton, due south to the John Day river, gathering new botanical specimens and making note of the botanical curiosities and characteristics of this vast district.

Every year Mr. Cusick locates some entirely new specimen of flower or plant in eastern Oregon and is now largely engaged in classifying eastern Oregon plants and wild flowers as to locality. He is making notes of places where sunflower is found, where larkspur, blue bells, lupines and all other varieties of flowers and plants are indigenous and this localization will be preserved for the botanical history of the state.

A number of rare plants have been located in the Blue mountains by Mr. Cusick and he is an enthusiastic seeker and prospector for new varieties. He takes a keen delight in his work and has collected many thousand specimens which are now to be found in the various botanical collections of the country.

CORNER OF LARGE SWIMMING POOL.

PHOTOS BY Moorehouse

TROUT CAUGHT IN THE UMATILLA RIVER NEAR WE-NA-HA SPRINGS.

BACHELOR'S HALL AT THE RESORT.

THE LAW OF OBEDIENCE--By Elbert Hubbard

THE first item in the common-sense creed is obedience.

Do your work with your whole heart.

Revolt is sometimes necessary, but the man who mixes revolt and obedience is doomed to disappoint himself and everybody with whom he has dealings. To flavor work with protest is to fall absolutely.

When you revolt, why revolt—climb, get out, hike, defy—tell everybody and everything to go to hades! That disposes of the case. You thus separate yourself entirely from those you have served—no one misunderstands you—you have declared yourself.

But to pretend to obey, and yet carry in your heart the spirit of revolt is to do half-hearted, slip-shod work.

If revolt and obedience are equal, your engine will stop on the center and you benefit nobody, not even yourself.

The spirit of obedience is the controlling impulse of the receptive mind and the hospitable heart.

There are boats that mind the helm and boats that do not. Those that don't get holes knocked in them sooner or later.

To keep off the rocks, obey the rudder.

Obedience is not to slavishly obey this man or that, but it is that cheerful mental condition which responds to the necessity of the case, and does the thing without back talk—unuttered or expressed.

Obedience to the institution—loyalty! The man who has not learned to obey has trouble ahead of him every step of the way. The world has it in for him, because he has it in for the world.

The man who does not know how to receive orders is not fitted to issue them. But he who knows how to execute orders is preparing the way to give them, and better still—to have them obeyed.

NEW BOOKS *and* THEIR PUBLISHERS

"BARHAM BEACH," by Julia Ditto Young.—In the author's prefatory notes she says: "At my home, 291 Bouck avenue, Buffalo, May 1, 1895, was begun 'Barham Beach.' It was not written quite with the headlong speed of its predecessors, the first rough draft not being completed till June 10. The first and only manuscript was finished July 20 at 'The Nest,' Mrs. Lavinia M. Oberst's cottage at Crystal Beach, Canada, and the next day was sent over to the city for the inspection of William McIntosh, editor of the Evening News, who is our valued friend and adviser. The poem contains 1,998 lines, in 19 parts; no two consecutive parts are in the same form or meter.

"1908—During the 13 years that have elapsed since the following pages were written they were preserved in the Erie County Savings bank, Buffalo, N. Y., and in the First National Bank of Caledonia, N. Y., at the home of Francis and Eliza Blakeslee."

One can hardly understand—and no explanation is offered—why a work of such merit should be preserved unpublished for 13 years. It is a poem in which there is a wonderful mingling of the real and ideal, and a blending of the most powerful emotions with the subtlest wisdom of the world.

It is an allegorical romance. Theodore, the hero, and Louise, the heroine, are the finely attuned strings upon which the author sounds the heights and depths of human joy, misery and temptation, while every note finds its echo in the condition and trend of the times.

Save and except a weakness in the events of the nineteenth part, which smacks a little too strongly of the ancient law of "Do well and live happy ever after," the poem is one of the most vitally human works that has been given to American literature in recent years. It simply vibrates with human passions and emotions, and lays bare the vacillation that even the strongest souls experience when love and duty are being weighed one against the other. It also lays bare some hideous truths that the feminine heart will deny and deny, kicking against the pricks, but submitting to through a sense of duty; but which, nevertheless, is truth with a large proportion of women.

The book as a whole justifies what an admirer of Mrs. Young's has said to her about it: "'Barham Beach' will give you a place in English literature in the line of the worthies of the centuries who have written immortal words—words which the world will not let die until the world itself dies and goes darkling out in space, a perished planet."

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of an autograph copy, No. 417, of Mrs. Young's book. She is her own publisher.

"The Book of Fish and Fishing," by Louis Rhead.—This is a complete compendium of practical advice to guide those who angle for all fishes in fresh and salt water.

This book is on a different plan from any previous publication of a similar kind. Its size is convenient, 4x7 inches, so that it can be easily carried in the pocket. It is abundantly illustrated, the author's drawings being of a very practical kind, showing many of the devices described in the book. Moreover, the United States bureau of fisheries has given the first privilege to reproduce in this book 48 of its splendid fish drawings, which represent most accurately all the characteristics of each species mentioned. The text of the book is very compact and arranged for easy reference. It is a complete angler's cyclopedia as to the method of capture of all kinds of fresh and salt-water fish that are angled for with rod and line. It gives a full account of the best artificial lures, flies and tackle. There are maps showing the distribution of the various fish, the charts showing at a glance how, when and where to get the fish, with a complete list of places in the United States and Canada. It is written for the vast army of both fresh and salt-water anglers; it is interesting to the veteran who knows, and informing to the tyro who does not know.

Mr. Rhead is editor of "The Basses" and "Brook Trout," and author of "Bait Angling for Common Fishes." The Scribners are Mr. Rhead's publishers.

"The Strength of the Hills," by Alice MacGowan.—Among the short story writers whose work is familiar to the public, none better deserves the wide popularity she has attained than Miss Alice MacGowan. She and her sister, Miss Grace MacGowan Cook, have written much in collaboration. The tales written by them combine many of the qualities that go to make short stories of the first excellence. There is always narrative interest—a rapid and ingenious complication of plot; there is also the characterization, a touch that lifts the stories of these writers quite out of the class of machine made magazine fiction; and finally there is a vigorous, idiomatic and admirably flexible style that renders with singular felicity and adequacy the nature of the Tennessee mountaineers with their strong elemental passions and their pungent, racy wit and humor.

Miss MacGowan is just finishing a novel that deals with Tennessee mountain life, with which the author is perfectly familiar. It will combine with the admirable love making that goes on in these tales of feud in full career, plenty of illicit distilling of "mountain dew," and enough fine eating and ssault and battery to enliven the plot. All these transactions go on before a wild background of mountain and forests.

It is understood that after "The Strength of the Hills" has run its course as a serial in Putnam's and The Reader, beginning with the June number, it will be published in book form by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Addresses of Governor Charles E. Hughes."—A collection of the addresses of Governor Hughes has recently been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The book begins with an introduction written by President Jacob Gould Schurman of Cornell university which is at once a brief biographical sketch and an estimate of Governor Hughes' career as a public man; and after this it offers a generous number of selected speeches, which are arranged in three divisions. Under one head stand addresses relative to the speaker's attitude toward public office and official duty; under a second head come the addresses concerned with the question of the regulation of public service corporations, and under the third head miscellaneous occasional addresses.

Appearing in the nick of time, this book will afford the public who wish to vote with their eyes open a chance to know fully and precisely where Governor Hughes stands with regard to public questions.

"Quickened," by Anna Chapin Ray.—In her new novel Miss Ray has combined a chrming description of Quebec surroundings and society with a study of character which goes deeper into human nature than any she has hitherto made. She gives here an admirably sympathetic study of the way Catholicism reaches certain deep seated needs of the heart, and the influence which acceptance of its authority may work on an ardent and impressionable mind, once turned toward religious satisfaction. She does this without compromising a sturdy Protestantism of the intellect, and indicates the common ground of the two faiths, both of which are bsed on human necessities. The heart of the story is in Thorne Alstrom's struggle, and its gradual working out according to an inward necessity, not by outward compulsion. Yet the novel in other respects is well worth reading, has many a picturesque description, as of the pilgrimage scenes, and has a number of clever characterizations, tender, touching, womanly and brave—and the minor characters are intensely individual and realistic.

Miss Ray's successive novels have appealed to a constantly increasing number of readers. Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.50.

"The Under Groove," by Arthur Stringer.—Mr. Stringer is the well known author of "The Wire Tappers" and "Phantom Wires."

The present book can best be described as a story of pure action in which the hero, a young fellow of the most attractive personality, impelled by some outside force over which he has no control, plunges one after another into a series of the most reckless and dangerous adventures. By a freak of fate he is enabled to perform many services for the daughter of a millionaire, Edith Shaler, whose destiny early threatens to become woven into his own despite the wide social gulf that divides them. This book has been described as Mr. Stringer's best and most exciting novel, and in its tense qualities surpassing anything the author has yet produced. The McClure Co. Price $1.50.

"The Girl and the Game," by Jesse Lynch Williams.—The book consists of lively, vivid and interesting stories of college life told by one who has been an undergraduate himself and has a sympathetic understanding of the student's view of things in general. A distinctive feature of the book, which gives it quite a new character among the fiction of the college, is the "Eight talks with a kid brother"—genial, elder brotherly advice and counsel of a graduate of 10 years' standing to an undergrad.

Mr. Williams is well known as the author of "Princeton Stories," the best book of college stories ever written, and his new book will be eagerly welcomed by all who have read his other stories. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price $1.50.

"The Golden Rose," by Amelia Rives.—This is the latest novel by the author of "The Quick and the Dead," who is now the Princess Troubetzkoy.

For sheer exotic beauty this novel borders close upon the poetic, while the passion that is packed into it—passion of the pure ecstatic sort—makes of it something equally dramatic. Men and women may view the plot differently. An exquisite woman who has endured the misery of unhappy marriage conceives the belief that love must have no physical fulfillment. Then she comes to love one man utterly and he—in the ecstasy of mid-summer, in the spell of Virginia shadowy lawns, of odorous gardens of melting moonlight—is momentarily able to stand on her high ground of platonic passion, lifted there by his own devotion and her ethereal fervor. Nevertheless and after all men are men. Called abroad, from leaving her with wild regret he returns—indifferent.

A chance encounter in a New York theatre lobby is the moment of realization that the dream is done, and is attended by a description of the glittering Broadway night through which one is made to understand how different an average man may see in the moon-lit lane and the electric midnight street.

"The Golden Rose," as a title, is the symbol of the woman's unrealizable dream. No one ever saw a golden rose, and perhaps not every one has hoped to see one. Nor is it at all certain that the ideal rose would be golden. The author does not say that it is. She simply places by its side a "painted apple" with the suggestion that with those who love it is "always the painted apple—never the golden rose." And the end is one that will divide the painted apple among women and men, which is as it was in the beginning and as it should be.

"The Golden Rose" will remain a delicate, unparalleled fancy in fiction of love that is half fire, half spirit. Harper & Brothers. Price, $1.50.

The McClure company have just published, in an attractive and inexpensive little volume, Cale Young Rice's poetic drama, "Yolanda of Cyprus." "This play which was originally published by The McClure company in Mr. Rice's "Plays and Lyrics," will be played next season by Donald Robertson.

It is notable for the richness of its semi-oriental coloring and for the deeply romantic flavor of the theme from which the tragic action of the play has been fashioned. Three of Mr. Rice's best-known plays are: "A Night In Avignon," "David," and "Charles di Tocca."

"The Weight of a Name," by Paul Bourget.—Mr. Bourget's latest novel (L'Emigre) is of the highest form of fiction. It is not merely fiction as expressed in the imaginings and inventions of a master novelist, it is also a psychological inquest, a study of emotions, sentiments, susceptibilities, virtues—and this by an author who is one of the greatest artists among modern men of letters. It is a study incarnated in a poignant drama of the old aristocracy in France today, and its theme enables novelists to bring into play all the passions and all the ideas of the present time in France. The fame of the author and the profound knowledge displayed in analysis of human character make the story one of the most important contributions to new fiction. Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.50.

"Trees in Nature, Myth and Art," by J. Ernest Phythian.—This book is just from the press of George W. Jacobs & Co. In it the author makes the following comparison between tree life and human life.

In what ways are trees like us? They are born, grow to maturity, fail and then die. They draw nourishment from the earth and air; and by its aid are formulated the myriad cells of which they are built up; the nutriment being changed by a process we can trace, but cannot understand, into root, stem, bark leaf or other part of their economy. They have no heart to pump the fluid nourishment throughout their frame and twig, but other forces effect the needed circulation of food. They have a rough thick skin to protect their sensitive, vital parts. Earth, air, rain and sunshine are needful for their life; and they vary in character with varying habitat. They come near to us in that they differ in sex, and it is only by great restraint that we do not speak of their lovemaking.

An authoritative and comprehensive book, "The Complete Lawn Tennis Player," by A. Wallis Myers, is issued this spring from the press of George W. Jacobs & Co. This volume, which is not intended for experts only but for all players, deals with every department of the game, from the proper handling of a racket to the management of clubs and tournaments. The photographs from which the eighty-odd illustrations have been made show such players as Norman Brookes, Holcombe Ward, Miss Sutton, etc., in action. Such illustrations are not only interesting, but should be particularly helpful to inexperienced players.

"Well, young man?" thundered the head of the house.

"S-sir," stammered the youth, "I want to marry your d-d-daughter."

"Aw, take her and welcome. I was afraid you were courting the cook."

JULIA DITTO YOUNG, AUTHOR OF BARNHAM BEACH.

TEACHING ALL TO SHOOT
Work of National Board of Rifle Practice

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20.—It is an interesting fact that the national guard of the various states and territories are equipped with better rifles than the United States navy and marine corps. The former, like the army, has been armed with the Model 1903, popularly known as the new Springfield, while the navy continues to use the Krag. This is not, however, the fault of the naval authorities who would be only too pleased to change to the new rifle, but alas, there is no money available. It would cost about $1,000,000 to equip the navy and marine corps with New Springfields and as congress did not appropriate the money and no other fund is available these branches of the service will continue using the Krags. The teams from the navy, marine corps and naval academy which will shoot in the national matches at Camp Perry, however, will use the new rifle, the department having purchased 100 of them from the war department, to be used in the trials now in progress and in the matches. There is a warm but generous rivalry between the army and the navy over these matches and extensive preparations are being made by both services to win the national trophy. The army brought from the Philippines a dozen of the best experts stationed there to compete for places on the infantry and cavalry teams, while the navy has detached from the fleet now in Pacific waters, the following: Ensigns Dortch, Doherty, Wilcox and White, and Midshipmen Osborn, Lewis, Woodward and Amsden. They will proceed to Annapolis where the contests for places on the naval and naval academy teams will be held. Early next month both teams will go to Camp Perry, Ohio, where they will practice constantly until the matches. The army teams will be trained at Fort Sheridan and Fort Ethan Allen, and then proceed to Camp Perry. Last year the navy team won the trophy and a midshipman won the national individual rifle and the national pistol matches. The army proposes to carry off the honors if possible, while the navy intends to hold them.

It is not likely the naval militia will be equipped with the new army rifles for some time to come. Occupying a somewhat anomalous position, they cannot be equipped from the regular fund available to the land forces and the total appropriation for the naval militia is only $100,000 which must be divided among 19 organizations according to their strength. Should the commanders desire it, however, it is understood a portion of the quota for their commands may be used for this purpose.

The state of Ohio is making elaborate preparations to entertain the crack military shots of the United States at the national matches in August the more so as it will probably be some years before the matches are again held on that range. There will be almost 1,000 team members and substitutes in attendance on the national team match alone, representing almost every state and territory, and all branches of the regular services together with a team from the army in Cuba. There will probably be 800 entries in the national individual rifle match and half as many or more in the national pistol match. In addition there will be hundreds of marksmen who are ineligible for these matches but who will contest in the matches of the National Rifle association and the Ohio State Rifle association, shot during the preceding two weeks. Approximately 100 army officers will be detailed to supervise the national matches, together with a regiment of regulars to act as markers and scorers. The state has purchased 66 acres of additional ground to the west of the range which will admit of firing at all ranges from a common firing point. The new 1,000-yard butt will be 800 feet long, or reenforced concrete and equipped with telephone connections, buzzers, etc. Just north of the railroad terminals a new messhall is being constructed. It will be 76 by 172 feet, two stories in height with an extension for the kitchen. The upper story will provide a large drillhall without pillars. This building will also be of reenforced concrete. On the lower floor 1,000 men can be messed at one time. For the national matches congress made a special appropriation of $12,000 to provide for the messing of the competitors, which mess will be conducted by the army. Another important improvement is the construction of a standpipe with a capacity of 75,000 gallons of water, all water used at the camp being carefully filtered. An intercepting storm-water sewer is being constructed to drain the camp. It will empty into a large basin and the water will be pumped into the lake, which insures a perfectly dry camp. All roads are being macadamized and parked and cinder footpaths are being constructed to all parts of the range. These improvements will cost the state about $35,000 in addition to the cost of the additional ground. In July the Second Infantry will be at Camp Perry for qualification of its men and it will probably be designated to remain during the matches in August.

Considerable saving in ammunition to the state will be effected by a recent decision of Assistant Secretary of War Oliver, who has held that where an officer or enlisted man of the national guard qualifies as an expert rifleman or as a sharpshooter, he enters the next season's practice with the qualification of the grade next below, so that under special course C, the expert of last year will have to qualify only in this class, and the sharpshooters only as sharpshooters and then experts. Instead of having to qualify in all three classes as marksmen, sharpshooters and expert.

A Missouri Fish Story.

From the Kansas City Star.

"It is a well known fact that when alarmed fish scuttle into dark places beneath the water. A friend of mine told me of an ingenious plan adopted by an old fisherman on the Blue river to take advantage of this fish custom," said A. S. Valkenburgh, United States district attorney.

"The old fisherman procured a barrel, bored a number of holes in it and weighted the bottom with lead and iron. To the top were fastened two ropes attached to a windlass on a boat. Rowing out to the middle of the Blue the barrel was sunk, resting on the bottom of the river. Then the old fisherman sent his four sons, two in each direction, to points 50 yards away, where they entered canoes and commenced to beat the water with flat paddles, raising a great hubbub. Gradually they worked down to the boat, where the old fisherman was ready to haul out the barrel. As they came close to him he quickly manned the windlass and the barrel came to the surface. By actual count there were 28 shad, 40 carp, 17 catfish and nine jack salmon in the barrel. The catch weighed 160 pounds."

Botany to Rescue of Shipwrecked.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"There is no reason, save ignorance, why shipwrecked sailors die in their open boats of starvation."

The speaker was a botanist.

"Let the shipwrecked include a light net in their luggage," he said, "and let them trail this net behind them as they sail or row upon the sea's surface. Every few hours they can haul in and take from it a meal of small shellfish or other tiny sea fruit.

"Everywhere the sea's surface teems with animals and vegetable matter capable of sustaining life."

ANNA PETROVNA, "THE SENSELESS"--Plucky Moscow Woman Drives Sledge to Support Injured Husband

MOSCOW, June 11.—Russia can only boast one feminine "cabby." This phenomenon is to be found in Moscow. She is dark, fat and fifty—and her name is Anna Petrovna.

Moscow is more conservative than even other Russian towns—therefore, when she began to drive a sledge people called her "Bezobrazju," or senseless. A glance at her broad, sturdy figure and calm eyes, however, will at once dispel any suspicion of stupidity. She took to cab driving to support her family. Her husband, a mason, was injured years ago by falling from some scaffolding. This winter, her only son, who kept the family pot boiling by cab driving, died of typhoid. She followed his coffin to the snow-clad cemetery without the town and on her return home, went to the little stable for the horse. She must sell it, she thought, to buy food for her husband and herself, for the priests had taken their last copeck when they buried the boy. On seeing the horse an idea struck her. Once, when still a well-to-do peasant's daughter, she knew how to drive. She harnessed the horse, put on her dead son's cap and padded cloak and drove to the open space near the Kremlin, where drivers wait for fares. The plucky woman was greeted by a chorus of jeers from the men already on the rank and the crowd which collected plied her with questions, satirical compliments and snowballs. As nobody had the courage to take a sledge which attracted so much attention Anna Petrovna returned home that night without having obtained a single passenger and the little horse got straw instead of oats for his supper. It is to be feared that its new owner got still less. But next morning she returned to the Kremlin, greatly to the joy of the crowd.

Her first fare was a short-sighted general from the provinces who did not realize he was being driven by a woman till he reached his destination and was proud to think his new uniform attracted so much attention. He was so angry when he discovered the truth that he gave Anna Petrovna only half the amount he had bargained for (there are no fixed fares in Russia so that you can go as far for a cent as for a dollar if you possess the necessary talent for haggling) and told her to go home and cook her husband's dinner. "I've got to earn it first, excellency," was her spirited retort, which so pleased one of the spectators that he hired her for a long course.

But "Senseless" Anna's troubles were not over. The cabbies at the Kremlin swore revenge. First they tried to make her drunk and, when that failed, spread a report among the loafers that she would give a bottle of vodka to the first man who hired her before noon next day. When she drove to the stand next morning she was besieged by would-be passengers and the four strongest who fought their way into her sledge, ordered her to drive to a vodka shop at the other end of the town, thinking it best to get as long a drive as possible for nothing. Of course, on arriving at their destination they demanded the vodka. On her indignant refusal they set about pulling the sledge to pieces and cutting the harness. The poor woman fought them lustily, receiving several cuts on her face and losing several teeth. At last the police interfered and the whole party was taken to the depot. Anna Petrovna told her story so well that she was discharged.

Before many hours were over all Moscow had heard of the woman cabby and all Moscow went to look at her. She quickly became the most popular person in the town. New harness was bought for her by subscription and it was considered "the thing" to be driven about by Anna Petrovna. She has now bought a second horse and plies so good a trade that, were it not for fear of sharing the rough treatment she got at first other women would follow her example.

She is wont to say in relating her adventures, "I have no beauty to lose, so my broken teeth don't matter much."