

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1903

How Would You Like to Live in Russia?



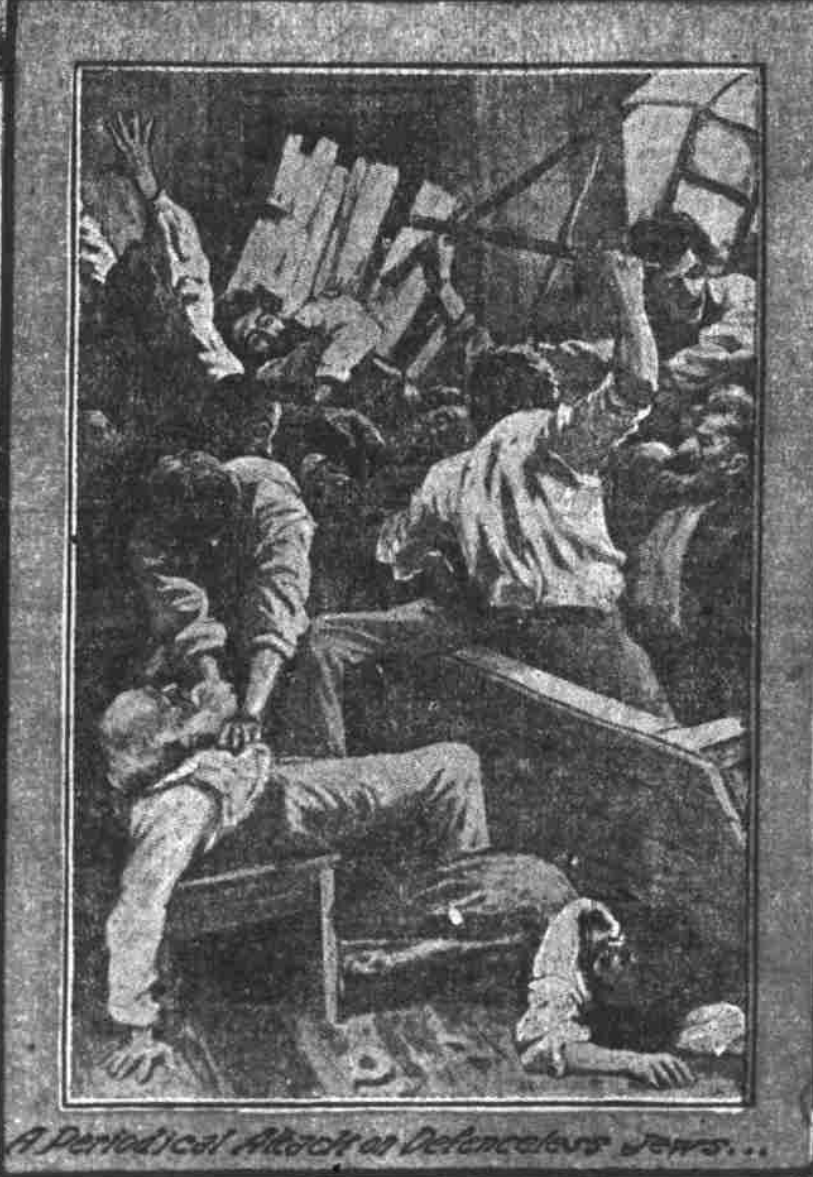
Hard to Be Patriotic in a Home Like This



The Grand Old Political Convict in Siberia...



The Official "Persuader" of Russian Prisons...



A Periodical Attack of Delirious Jews...

The Dark Years of War on Women as Well as Men

SUPPOSE you lived in Russia; can you imagine what would be the manner of your existence, as a Russian man or woman?
 Can you surmise what you would be saying, doing, hoping, at this day and this hour?
 It is not impossible to know. You need not levy on the vagaries of thought transference to waft to you impressions of that distant life or hire a Hindu fakir to do astral projection for the difficult project. Here, simply with your eyes, you can see yourself, if you were born a Russian, and still fettered to the dire fortunes of your birth, engaged in every action, word and thought that rules and moves your being.
 To begin with, your whole habit of life would be reversed. You would be

saying far, far less than you were doing, and you would be doing far, far less than you were thinking.
 So, like those maimed yet terrible mutes produced by the crude cruelties of the Middle Ages, you would seek to be dumb, you would aim to be deaf, yet always you would be a living menace, ripening for some horrific outbreak, the product of your wrongs, your wretchedness, and the inevitable revolt of your innate manhood.
 Today—now—you would be whispering to one neighbor, out of many who had uttered in the past such other whispers as assure you he does not dare betray you.

small children. Already we hunger continually. If I were gone, they would perish."
 "Is it not true that the speech of Guchkoff, in the Douma, when he proved that all the grand dukes are dangerous to the army because they are above it, has made it certain they must go? Do we not know that Peter Nicolaevitch must quit as inspector of engineers, that Constantine Constantinovitch must leave the department of military schools?"
 "Who knows?"
 "Everybody. But it is to come gradually, so that they may retire with honors, and we may not think we gained a victory."
 "But the Fortress Peter and Paul has doors that still open inward."
 "Thou art again afraid."
 "I have little children, brother."
 "I am dumb once more. But there is now a hope."
 "For the army, yes."
 "But for the people?"
 "I must go, little brother."
 "Farewell, then."
 That is what you would be saying, and the way you would be saying it, in Russia today. Eagerly, or very timidly, if you were the typical Russian of the Russians, your long despairing soul, clamorous in your hungered, revolting body, would be seizing on the glimmer of hope held out during the summer by the action of the

great, all-powerful czar in taking heed of the epochal address to the Douma by M. Guchkoff on the intrusion of grand ducal influences on the conduct of the Russian army.
 The czar was so profoundly impressed with the facts disclosed in that vehement arraignment of the hereditary curse of Russia that he consulted with M. Khomyakoff, the Douma's president. Soon, despite the rigid censorship exercised over printed news throughout the desolated empire and despite the terrifying espionage that lurks in wait for the rashly uttered word, the presage of a new dawn tinted faintly the haunting nightmare of the national existence.
 How faint the tint, how blackly dim the dawn, you would comprehend if you were one of the Russian people, a son of those serfs who were emancipated from slavery into barely nominal freedom and into realities of want and oppression beside which the candid, feudal brutalities of your ancestors' serfdom are now remembered as the bliss of a forfeited paradise.
 You would fight! They have fought. You would submit! They have submitted. You would conspire! They all conspire. You would flee! They do flee, if they can.
 But not until the last, desperate resource of evasion and the last, futile blow of revolt had failed would you resignedly die. And after that fashion, too, they are dying.

If you were a Russian, and very young and sanguine with the leaping pulse of youth, you might believe that the czar of today is to be the czar of tomorrow. But if you were mature, with a man's mind stored with the bitter lees of a man's experience and observation, you would know your czar for the vacillating man he is, cursed with his indelible record of aspiring impulses fizzling out in renewed impotence, renewed odium, renewed out-Herodings of Herod in the slaughtering of innocents.
 And you would doubt, very hopelessly, the rescue of any single, solitary department of Russian life, that promised loot, from the grasp of the grand dukes, a grasp which until now has been as inexorable as it is universal.
 If you were a Russian, you would not be able to choose what sort of a Russian you should be any more than with all your ambitions and work you have been able to become the sort of American you want to be.
 Indeed, your range of aspiration in that field of absolutely limited opportunity would be so infinitely little, compared with the range America offers you, that you would have scarcely one chance out of 100,000 to change your station, against the 99,999 chances you have here.

MILLIONS FACING FAMINE

So if you were born in Russia, even as late as the last census, in 1897, and if you were now only 11 years old, the bitter chances are 97 out of 126 that you would be a Russian peasant, for then 97,000,000 out of the 126,000,000 people in the Russian empire were peasants, nothing more.
 What kind of a peasant? Well, the chances are one out of two at best that you would be chronically hungry; one out of seven at best that you would now be starving.
 If you lived in the fertile black soil province of Voronezh, the best in the land for crops, the net profits of your ground would be hardly enough to pay the taxes on it.
 As late as four years ago if yours were one of the 28,293 families in Voronezh, you would have had just one chance out of two for escape from the condition of perpetual hunger, which has since beset 13,967 families out of the total.
 A quarter of a century ago the proletariat—that class of the population who are so poor that their utmost endeavors cannot earn their daily bread—amounted to 5 per cent., or one in twenty among the Russian people.
 In 1881 the proportion of the proletariat had risen to 15 per cent., or three desperately hungry people out of every twenty. There are now nearly 25,000,000 composing the proletariat, or one out of five or six who constitute the enormous army of the ravenous.
 Simply as a Russian subject, not with your chances limited by your pitiful estate as a peasant, but with all the advantages of the total population admitted to the calculation, you would have 42 chances out of 100 of knowing how to read and write if you were 21 years old.

(CONTINUED ON INSIDE PAGE)

"ALL of the grand dukes are to go."
 "It is not true, little brother. Only one has gone—Nicholas, from the council for national defense."
 "But the Grand Duke Serge Michaelovitch, the inspector general of artillery, has resigned."
 "Pouf! Wait until that resignation is accepted—Sah!"
 An interval, while a man—an ordinary,

harmless, unsuspecting human being—passes, thirty feet away. You wait, dumb, alert, until a shout could not reach his ears. Then you two whisper again:
 "The Douma has cut all the claws in the army."
 "These are words for Siberia, little brother."
 "Dost thou fear to hear them, brother?"
 "Greatly. But go on, yet speak lower. I have