

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 is powerless when he stood barring the pathway of the Russian advance. 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

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. Thus she moved onward into Asia and annexed Siberia. Thus by struggle after struggle she took Finland from Sweden. Thus by war after war she wrested the Caucasus and Transcaucasia from Turkey. Thus by

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

Colonel Lisenby's Romance

By ANGUS BLANTYRE

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"An old man, Miss Edith, who begins to feel his age," said the colonel. "But you are not old, Colonel Lisenby. I am sure that few of the young men of today hold themselves as erect as you do, and I am quite sure that I have met few of them who have that graceful, deferential manner of yours in the presence of women. I think you are wrong to say that all romance must be dead for you," said the girl laughingly.

They were sitting on the piazza of a country house on the Hudson. From open windows streamed lights and the buzz of conversation, which showed that the guests were enjoying themselves after the fashion of guests in country houses. Before them and beneath them lay the moonlit expanse of the Hudson, and on the other side they could make out the bold line of the precipitous shore.

Tall, slender and graceful, the youth of the girl's twenty years showed in sharp contrast to the fifty odd years of the handsome, soldierly looking man who stood at her side.

"When you were younger, Miss Edith," said the colonel, "you used to be very fond of having me tell you stories, and I think I will tell you one now if you are sure it will not bore you."

"Please do, colonel. I used to think that there was no one who could tell such delightful stories beginning 'Once upon a time.'"

"This story begins in the same way, Miss Edith. 'Once upon a time' nearly forty years ago a young man was very much in love with a very beautiful woman. The two lived in a little southern village on the Mississippi river and had been playmates through childhood. It was an understood thing between the families of the two that the boy and girl should be married when they were grown."

"One day a foolish little quarrel came up between the two young people, and it was not made up as soon as it should have been. Perhaps the

died. I do not believe the man will ever forget her if he loved her as much as you say. I know that if I were to die I would want Jack to love me always, as the man you have told me of loved the woman, and not to think of another woman."

The girl was looking with tear dimmed eyes across the river to where the lights of West Point could be seen on top of the Palisades.

The man's glance followed hers. Neither spoke for a moment, and then, with an effort which he hoped was not visible to the girl, the man said:

"So you are engaged to Jack Carter? I thought I was too old a friend not to have been told of this before?"

"I meant to have told you this evening," said the girl. "Jack says you were so good about getting him appointed to the academy that we have both felt grateful to you. But we neither of us thought that you would be at all interested in a romance."

"You do me an injustice," said the colonel, with a little dry laugh. "I am always interested in romance—for instance, the one which I have been just telling you. I know the man and have taken a great deal of interest in the case. I shall advise him not to propose to the girl. But you must permit me to tell you that I wish you all happiness and that I consider Jack a very lucky fellow."

"They are beginning to dance, colonel. Won't you come in with me?"

"Thanks. I fancy my dancing days are over. I think I will stay here and smoke a cigar."

The girl stepped in through one of the open windows, and the man lit a cigar.

Perhaps it was the moonlight on the water, perhaps it was the old waltz tune which floated out of the windows of the house, perhaps the old memories were brought up so keenly by the story he had told the girl on the piazza. Whatever the cause, the effect was to carry the mind of the man back to another time and another scene.

The Hudson became another river, the Palisades on the farther side became a low, wooded shore. The breeze which came from the river seemed heavy with scent of magnolia. The man who paced slowly up and down the piazza was young again.

At his side there seemed to walk a woman as beautiful and as young as the girl who had just left him. But the beauty of this woman was of the south, and her dress was of the fashion of forty years ago. The measure of forgetfulness which time had granted the man slipped away, and the old keen heartache woke once again to poignant life.

And the man walking with memories and ghosts in the pure, calm moonlight thanked God that the heartache was alive once more.

The Causes of Cynicism.

Cynicism is never a native quality of the mind. It always has its birth in some unhappy experience. The young man finds that the girl who has gathered up for him all the harmony and melody of earth rings hollow at the test, and he drops his lyrical language and becomes cynical of women. The citizen of Boston has naturally grown cynical of newspapers. The candidate for public office who has been definitely retired to private life by being "knifed" at the polls distrusts party politics. A man publishes a novel and thenceforth is cynical of the publishers of novels. Yet these misfortunes have their salutary aspect. The disappointed lover, generalizing bitterly upon the sex, is not always implacable. A cooler judgment tempers and restores his passion, gives it another object and so guides him to a safer if less gusty and emotional love. The citizen of Boston, the betrayed candidate, the blighted young novelist, all have for their condition, even though they know it not, a valuable compensation, for the very event that has brought them to this pass of reasonable cynicism has stirred their indignation—yes, in spite of their seeming inertness, indignation is now smoldering.—Arthur Stanwood Pier in Atlantic.

Her Cigars.

"My dear," said he the day after their wedding anniversary, "I'll just take those cigars to the office. It's customary, you know, to have a box handy in one's office."

That morning he sent the box of Extras down to his friend Jones, with his compliments, and he chuckled at the joke he was playing on Jones.

When he met Jones in the elevator he was persuaded to have one of his own cigars, which Jones said were "all right." He accepted one and, to his dismay, found they were "all right."

That evening when he arrived at home he said to his wife: "My dear, I smoked one of those cigars you gave me and liked it very much. How did you happen to pick out such good ones?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You made such a fuss about your birthday box that I got the young man next door to buy this box for me."

"Oh-h-h!" said the dear husband. And he countered to himself, "Just like a woman, bless her—always goes contrary to expectations!"—Buffalo Times.

English Kissing Customs.

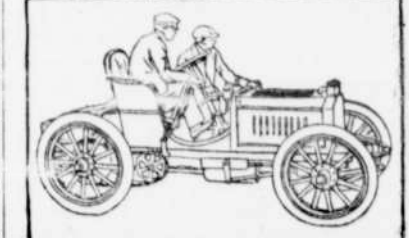
At Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, at periodic intervals the mayor and corporation assert their rights over the streets of that native river by proceeding to various points, where they proclaim their authority. Perhaps as an inducement for the mayor to undertake this particular duty, on landing on the green he is permitted by ancient custom to kiss the prettiest girl present, conferring upon her a sovereign as compensation. At Bournemouth, where the kiss mayoral is also conferred, it is an ancient and loving custom for the retiring mayor to give

Automobile Plans

The Much Talked of Meet at the St. Louis Exposition, Etc.

Automobilists are enthusiastic over the plans for the national run to be made to the Louisiana Purchase exposition to be held at St. Louis this summer. While no definite action has yet been taken by many automobilists, it will not be long before the itinerary of runs for the season will be mapped out, and this will include the trip to the Mound City.

Great interest is being shown in the run. At the Chicago Automobile club it has been the talk of the members since the schedule of the New Yorkers was announced. Frank K. Studd, who is on the runs and tours committee of the American Automobile association, says Chicago will probably have the largest



W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., AND HIS RECORD BREAKING AUTO.

delegation of any city in the trip to St. Louis, and he does not hesitate to say that 300 machines are likely to line up for the race to Missouri.

Chicago should have more machines in the event than any other city on account of its nearness to the exposition city.

President John Farson of the Chicago Automobile club is in New York and, according to a letter received a few days ago, is not likely to return immediately.

President Farson predicts a big season in the sport not only in New York and Chicago, but all over the country. He says that great interest is being manifested in Gotham.

The annual meeting of the Florida East Coast Automobile association was recently held at Daytona, Fla., when several important changes in the constitution of the association and other things which will bear on next winter's tournament were decided.

The former president, Dr. H. H. Seeley, who labored earnestly for the association, was succeeded by C. G. Burgoine of New York, who is doing splendid work for good roads in Florida and is the owner of three automobiles.

The old secretary, John B. Parkinson, was re-elected, and the former treasurer, S. H. Gove of Daytona, will continue to act as treasurer.

The first vice president, W. H. Peters, was superseded by J. A. Hendricks, and J. D. Price of Ormond was elected second vice president.

It was decided to make all races next year invitation races and also to raise the entrance fee in order to keep the annual meetings at a high standard.

It was also decided that there will be no change in the annual meet. The question of purchasing new timing clocks so as to time every mile in a long race was left for later decision.

The expenses connected with the tournament, including the fifteen miles of telegraph and telephone wire along the beach, were about \$5,000, but the total cost, including prizes, was several thousands more.

The dates for next winter's meet will be between Jan. 17 and Feb. 6, when European competitors will undoubtedly be present to compete with the Americans.

The weather conditions at this year's meet were not nearly as good as those of last year, as the days were cold and the atmosphere moist, which, it is conceded, makes the Vanderbilt mile thirty-nine seconds all the more wonderful.

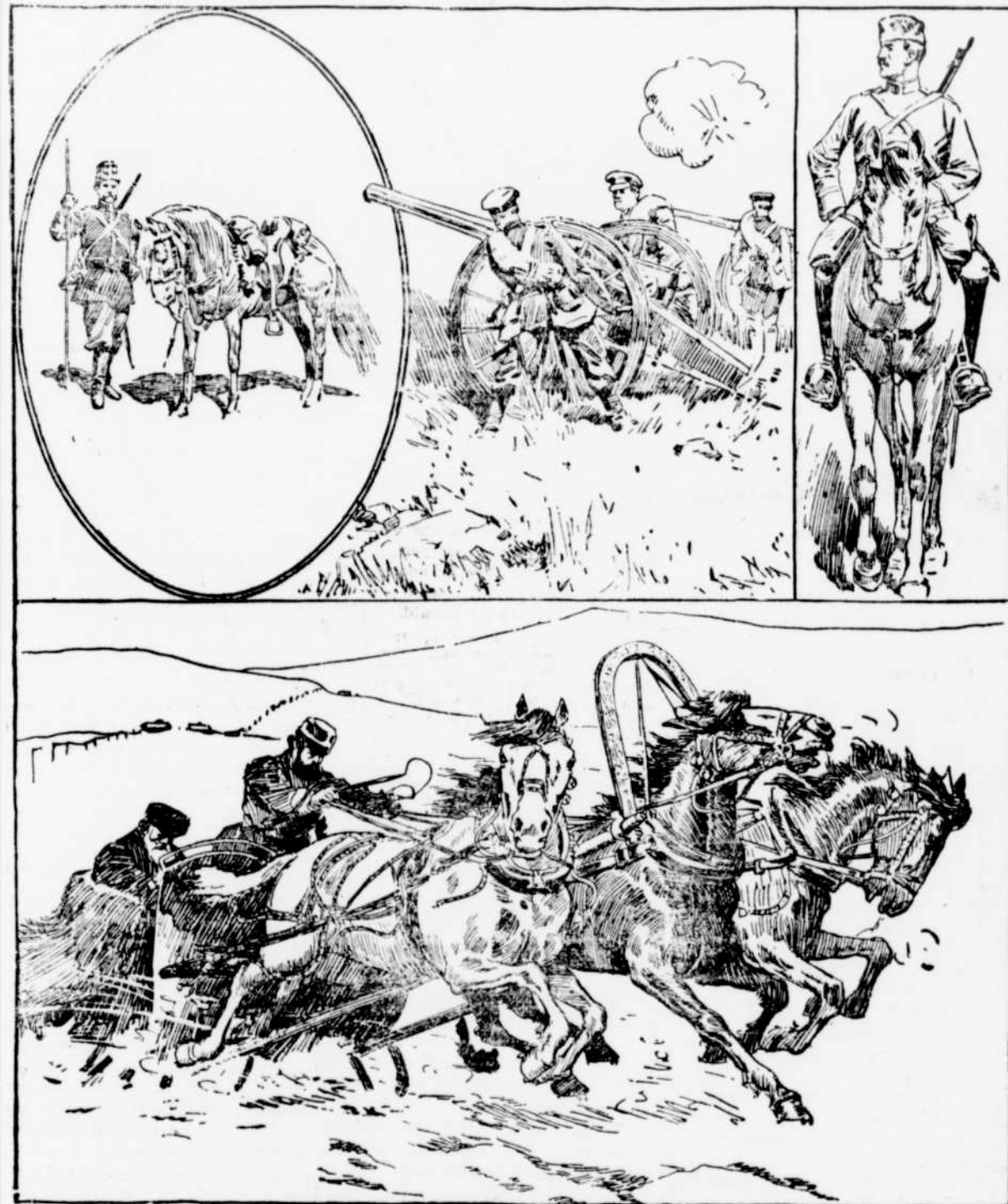
The rating of automobile and power boats was decided at a meeting of the American Power Boat association held recently in the east.

It was decided, after a lengthy discussion, that an automobile boat is one whose rating exceeds ten times the square root of its load water line length. In automobile boats the midship section shall be the actual greatest transverse immersed area. All other elements for measurements shall be the same as heretofore provided in the present racing rules of the association. The classification shall be all be low 50 feet, between 50 and 100 feet and all over 100 feet.

It was resolved that the owners of power boats who wish to have their boats timed for a record over the measured mile course in Manhattan bay, New York, for which a certificate will be issued by the association, will be required to notify the secretary of the association at least a week in advance. The fee for official timing is to be \$10 and the days chosen for the runs are to be the second and fourth Saturdays in May, June, July, August and September.

Padden in the Game.

Dick Padden has composed his troubles with St. Louis Americans and recently joined the Browns.



THE CZAR'S SOLDIERS AND THE RUSSIAN DROSKY.

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 lied if lying would forward his purpose. He fomented internal discord in the coveted kingdom if he thus could come in under the guise of peace-maker and take the country for his own. If it were necessary to reach his 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, 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,

crowding and fighting she conquered portions of Turkestan, Transcaucasia, 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 870,000 young men reach twenty-one and are liable to military service. In time of war the government has 3,500,000 men, half a million horses and 6,000 guns. Exemptions from serving 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, professors in technical studies, etc. (this applies only to times of peace of course); fourth, those exempted because of special circumstances. All these causes serve to disqualify near-

physical disability. Even with these indigoties, 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 severely 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 empire's form of government.

"YOU DO ME AN INJUSTICE," SAID THE COLONEL.

man was wrong; at any rate, he was heartily sorry afterward that he did not say he was wrong and make peace in that way.

"Before the quarrel was made up the civil war broke out, and the young man considered it his duty to go to the front in the ranks of the southern army. It was his luck to see a great deal of fighting and to win promotion more than once. At Gettysburg he was badly wounded and captured. For months he lay in a hospital and on his recovery was confined in a northern prison until the end of the war."

"When the war was over, he was released and hurried back to the little village he had lived in. There he found that the woman he loved was dead. Her mother told him that it had been said in the village that he was killed at Gettysburg and that when nothing was heard of him afterward the girl had died of a broken heart."

"If the man could have had his wish, he would have died also, but he was not cowardly enough to resort to suicide, and he lived. He came to New York and sought forgetfulness in the hardest of hard work. Success came to him in ample measure, and, what he valued more, he found in his work something of the forgetfulness he sought."

"Memory of the woman he had loved did not leave him. The man himself in his bitterest moments never wished for that."

"The man, as the old memories became dimmer after many years, began to wonder if it was best for him to always live a solitary life. Then he began to wonder if he was not in love with a beautiful young girl whom he knew and then resolved to ask her to marry him. Do you think he did right?"

The girl did not answer for a moment, and then she said in a voice so low and sympathetic that you could almost detect the ring of tears in it:

"I am thinking of the woman who