

## SOLDIERS OF THE CZAR

HIS LOT IS INDEED A VERY HARD ONE.

A Study in the Life and Character of the Russian Private.

In his ordinary, every-day career—this is, in time of peace—the genuine Russian soldier is an exceedingly amiable creature, writes A. Fremdling in the London Speaker. He seldom quarrels even in his cups. If anything, an over indulgence in vodka makes him rather grow affectionate, sometimes even tragic. In his sober moments he is all good nature, song, and gaiety, with nothing of the proverbial melancholy of the Slav attached to him. But on reflection it will be seen that it is only the Slav's extraordinary capacity for endurance that can make the daily life of the common soldier at all supportable. Added to the extreme rigor of discipline, which makes his term of service one long round of kicks and thumps from the sergeant-major (feldvebel) to the mere senior private (diadka), each of whose superiority must be acknowledged with the orthodox salute, poor Tommy Toffsky—as I would call him, by reason of his unqualified toughness—is fed and housed under conditions unthinkable to the western mind. Pay there is practically none. In some of the crack regiments the private receives his ninety copecks every three months, which works out exactly to one farthing per day, allowing it, however, the purchasing power of one penny. But out of this he is expected to keep himself in boot-blacking, pipe-clay, and other trifles in the way of wa-paint, and sometimes even to pay for the making of his boots, the materials for which only are served out from the stores. His washing he does himself (if any). His food, as originally regulated for him by the War Office, might not be too bad nor too sparse; but he has the contractor to reckon with, and so his black,

### BADLY-BAKED RYE BREAD

quite often has more sawdust than meal in it. Of this brutal mixture, with nothing but a grain or two of brown rock salt to flavor it and a draught of pump-water to wash it down with, he manages to snatch a hasty morning meal while polishing his boots or grooming his horse, to get ready for drill or parade. The rigors of these, by the way, are perhaps unequalled in any other army, even the German. Apart from all else, in no other European country is the climate so given to alternating extremes of cold and heat as it is in Russia. The far-seeing Russian military genius avails itself of that circumstance as a special means to inuring its fighting material to hardships. On a winter's morning, when the frost takes grip of your toes as between iron clamps, when it burns on the tip of your nose as a red coal, and cuts through the rims of your ears as with knives, men on parade are kept standing in statue-like lines for half an hour or more, awaiting purposely-belated arrival of the senior officer. On the hottest day in summer, again, when the whole world is a huge Turkish bath, the soldier is kept marching and counter-marching for hours under all the weight of the heaviest possible kit.

Happily, the catering for the mid-day meal is beyond the grasp of the contractor's cupidity, or the poor soldier might be made to dine all the year round off dead donkeys or chopped-up old boots. The regimental, or, in cases of isolated detachments, the company artelschik (steward) appointed from amongst the men themselves, looks to the meat and the vegetables; and the local Jewish butchers and market-gardeners find it much harder to buy over the humble artelschik than the large contractor does to smooth it out with the colonel (polkovnik). Possibly fear of detection might be greater in the former case; for, as it stands with the whole world over, the small man may not sin half so often nor half so well. However, it so happens that Ivan gets at least

### ONE DECENT MEAL

in the day—a generous measure of the national cabbage soup, a goodly portion of fresh beef, boned and run up a wooden skewer, and a bowlful of thick buckwheat gruel (kasha) with a round lake of melted fat in the middle. The evening meal, after a second round of drill, is a thin, watery, insipid broth, made of goodness knows what, with a few potatoes thrown in. There is seldom or never any variation. The seasons may change, new caps may come into being, new buttons, new facings may be sprung upon his tunic, but the soldier's diet does not change.

As for housing, he is housed anyhow. Just at the moment we read in the newspapers of thirty thousand reservists being herded in an open field, awaiting mobilization. Nothing better need be expected. So did Russia with some forty thousand Turkish prisoners after the fall of Plevna, keeping them for a whole week penned in like sheep, the sound and the sick together, flinging amongst them a shower of loaves pell-mell once in the day, by way of feeding them. The imagination may be helped a little, as to the cumulative effect of the treatment of those unhappy Turks, when it is added, in one line, that the stench four miles around was unbearable. As a general rule, it might be said that the standard of comfort amongst the Russian people is lower than what it is amongst more western people. But concerning the

army, it is rather due to the low estimate taken of the common soldier is something less than a head of cattle, certainly a good deal less than a horse. Between the stabling of the cavalry horse and the lodging of its rider there is a world of difference in favor of the former animal. Up to very recently beds and beddings were unknown quantities in the Russian barrack. The soldier carried his

### MATRASS AND BLANKET.

on his back in the form of a great-coat. That used to be all, except sometimes a handful of musty straw shaken over the hard plank. Things are a little better now, but that does not apply to soldiers on the move, to the manoeuvres, or to the theatre of war. The way they are disposed of for the night amongst the villagers reminds me of a certain lady I knew in a small town in the south of Ireland, who kept some sort of a licensed shebeen in a partition off her kitchen, and took in lodgers on cattle fair days. She stood in her door pocketing the fourpences from all the drovers, thimble-riggers, and ballad singers that came the way, passing them all on to the loft overhead. "Where'll I find me bed, ma'am?" one of the other might venture to enquire, looking up to the already crowded loft. "Where'll ye fin' yer bed, is it!" she would return with a contemptuous toss of the head, at the idea of being bothered any further. "How do I know? Go up the ladder."

There is at least one distinguishing trait in the moral constitution of the Russian Tommy, and that is all his own. He is the most expert and the most brazen-faced thief in the world. He will steal the apple out of your eye while you look him straight in the face, and will swear a thousand oaths that he knows nothing whatever about it. There is a significant saying amongst Russians: "Is this the way to the public-house," and its origin lies in the story of the soldier who, on being surprised by the inmates of the house where he had let himself down through the chimney one night, coolly asked whether he was on the right road for the public-house. Some how, Vanka has got it into his thick skull that he is within his rights to piller all he can, provided only he does it well. As a matter of fact, too, his punishment comes to him only when he tumbles and gets himself caught. A trio of Cossacks once captured a live fat pig, killing it on the spot and carrying it off to their own den. They were seen to do it; and before long the owner caused an official search to be made, under the personal direction of the hetman or shotnik. But all that could be found was a sick comrade lying on his back in his great coat, with arms folded and shapka (cap) drawn over the face. It was the pig; and when all was quiet again the officer gave them something to drink.

### TRACING RAILWAY CARS.

Very Few of Them Get Lost For Any Considerable Time.

With cars coming and going every hour in the day and night, constantly shifting never more than a few hours in the same place how does a railway keep track of its equipment? How can it ever tell how many cars it has with which to handle its business and where it can put its hands upon them?

The handling of cars is systematized. This is the simple explanation of a seemingly difficult problem. Some one at headquarters or division points is camping on the trail of every wandering bit of rolling stock and a tremendous system of records and tracers makes it practically impossible for cars to get lost.

The handling of the Northern Pacific's equipment is delegated to a separate branch of the service the car service department at the head of which is Ira B. Richards, formerly of Tacoma, and many years in the Northern Pacific employ. Mr. Richards has grown up with moving cars. He knows them like a book. Any of the distinctive features of the work of the Northern Pacific car service department have been worked out under his direction. Few railway lines have been able to make such a department do more for the public and the organization of fifty-five clerks required to transact the business of the department seems to be perfect. Each desk has a number which appears on each bit of correspondence originated or handled by it and which enables a rapid distribution of the thousands of letters arriving daily.

The Northern Pacific Railway has nine hundred and thirty locomotives moving practically day and night. It also has nearly eight hundred passenger cars which are handled by means of a system applying exclusively to this class of equipment the details of which are looked after by Chief Clerk Ballion and his force. But the important task is the handling of its 34,178 freight cars and the 4,000 to 6,000 additional freight cars of foreign lines constantly moving between St. Paul and Portland.

Asked what service his department performs for the public in locating shipments moving over the Northern Pacific Mr. Richards said: "We undertake to furnish on request complete information showing the location of any loaded car moving on our rails. We tell shipper when it will reach its destination. We find shippers consider such information valuable to them and a special telegraph record is maintained for that purpose for all cars that move

### MORE THAN ONE DIVISION.

"Given a car number we can in-

stantly locate the car at any station it standing or in what train if moving and the location of such train regardless of the class of freight. Also we furnish daily by wire information concerning certain loads to our General Agents at their respective headquarters. Consignees are advised of the location and progress of their shipments.

This relates however merely to moving cars. To know what and where these cars are is a different problem. Trains reaching destination instantly lose their identity and the forty to sixty cars move in as many different directions.

On the top floor of the headquarters building at St. Paul a small army of men in charge of Chief Clerk McCauley see to it that these cars do not go astray. An average of about nine hundred reports a day are received from freight conductors and as many more from agents and others covering the movement of cars in their charge. These cover 30,000 to 35,000 home and foreign cars. A tremendous system of records is maintained formidable to the novice yet exceedingly simple in principle by means of which it is impossible to move a freight car from one siding to another 2,000 miles away unless information reaches the St. Paul office. Forty-five books contain the individual car records. These are never more than a few hours behind the actual movements of the cars. Six huge books show the foreign cars moving on Northern Pacific lines. A lost car is charged against the foreign line which has received for it and such line is held responsible until it has either produced the car receipt from some other line or paid for it. The system of handling cars moving on home tracks is so complete that months have elapsed since a single car was able to elude the department even for a brief interval.

"We receive twenty cents per day for cars off the line and one dollar per day for cars held longer than twenty days," said Mr. Richards. "We pay foreign lines the same rate for the use of their cars. This item alone is of great magnitude. It proves an incentive to keep cars moving however and when the question of money enters in other lines don't let us go to sleep. Collections last year for per diem and similar items amounted to \$546,000."

Two thousand cars come to the Northern Pacific every day and approximately two thousand cars are sent off the line each day yet not one gets lost. The tracing and checking system has been reduced to such accuracy that

### ERRORS ARE IMPROBABLE.

Handling passenger cars and trains is a somewhat different question. In Mr. Richards' office there is an immense board which is apparently covered with queer colored pegs. Each peg represents a car. Color indicates class and the serial arrangement of the pegs a train or number of trains. Each passenger train moving over the system and there are ten "North Coast Limited's" and the same number for each of the other overland trains constantly in motion is shown on this board. Every car is shown. If a car is dropped en route or picked up en route a peg is dropped or added. A glance gives a graphic picture of the entire passenger train situation the location of each train and its progress. Supplemented by an elaborate system of reports by telegraph the board gives every minute detail of the days' passenger train movements. Little boxes arranged to represent a train and containing pegs which represent the cars in the train contain special information in the form of report slips.

"Mr. Richards asks: 'What equipment is in the Limited which left Portland yesterday and where is the train?' The operator instantly gives the location, the engine, coach equipment, and any fact which may throw light upon the train movements.

Thousands upon thousands of car reports come into headquarters each week, each sitting to the proper man and finding its final resting place in the proper cabinet or record. "The days when 'maverick' cars existed have passed. Cars cost too much and lost cars are a money burthen were lost until a proper accounting is made."

### AN OLD SUIT OF CLOTHS.

Old Mrs. Bentley—"Josiah, there comes a shabby-looking man with a bundle on his back, and I think we ought to do something for him."

Old Mr. Bentley—"I'm willing, Maria."

Old Mrs. B.—"I say, my man, if you'll come into the house I may be able to find some decent clothing for you."

Old Man (gratefully)—"Thank you, mem."

Old Mrs. B. (in the house)—"Now, there's a lot of cast-off clothing that my husband doesn't want."

Old Man (examining the lot very carefully)—"Vell, I gif you one dollar for the lot, und, so help me, not von cent more."

Old Mrs. B.—"But I want to give you the clothing."

Old Man (looks over the lot again, very, very carefully)—"Vell, I tell you vot I do; I dake zem."

"Darling," exclaimed the happy husband, after the minister had pronounced the fatal words, "I am not worthy of you." "Of course you are not," she replied; "but after a girl has celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday for five consecutive years, she can't afford to be too particular."

Nearly 80,000 estates changed hands in Great Britain last year.

## LAZY SOUTHERN WHITES

SAID TO BE VICTIMS OF THE HOOKWORM.

The Little Parasite Has Made Its Appearance in the North.

That insidious parasite, the hookworm, which is responsible for the enervating disease sometimes described as laziness, that has the south in its deadly grip, has made its appearance in the north says the Brooklyn Eagle. It has been located at Buffalo, at Middletown, Conn., and at one or two of the mining towns of Pennsylvania. These facts have been reported to the Government doctors and scientists who are trying to ascertain whether the hookworm has invaded the north for good or whether its appearance is the result of local causes and will not be repeated.

The above cases have been reported to Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, who shocked the United States a year or so ago with the statement that a tiny worm, half an inch in length, and no larger around than a hatpin was the cause of the widespread anemia in the southern rural sand districts.

### LAZY SOUTHERN WHITES.

Dr. Stiles has been investigating this parasite for four or five years. He got interested in the little hooked worm long before he suspected that it was responsible for the disease that saps the vitality of hundreds of thousands of people in the southern states. Long study of its habits of life, and its constant occurrence in persons afflicted with dizziness, emaciated in body, impoverished blood generally run down and with no desire to work, finally led to the suspicion that the hookworm was responsible for these conditions.

The hookworm disease of the South differs somewhat from that of the old world complaint. What has heretofore been called malaria, and complaints supposed to be the result of dirt eating, are now known to be due to the hookworm.

The hookworm is usually about half an inch in length and about as large around as a hatpin. It has a distinct curve, being shaped somewhat after the fashion of a boomerang. Sometimes the curve is in the middle of the worm. The parasites are provided with a heavy armature of sharp teeth by means of which they pierce the intestinal mucosa of their victim, causing minute hemorrhages and greatly weakening the patient. The injury to the intestinal walls does not stop with the bite. The wounds form an excellent point of attack for bacteria, and the intestinal wall becomes diseased. The uncincoliasis may be swallowed in contaminated food or

### DRINKING WATER.

Persons handling dirt are especially apt to get the microscopic worms on their hands, and it is an easy matter to transfer them to the mouth.

The observations of Dr. Stiles are to the effect that whites are more susceptible to attack than negroes, and, although it occurs in both blondes and brunettes, it is more noticeable in the former class. Persons who work about earth fall ready victims to the parasites, which enter the system for the most part through the skin. Thus bricklayers, miners and farmers are particularly subject to the trouble. It has also been found that women and children suffer more from the hookworm than men.

Dr. Stiles has found what he believes to be a sure cure for this uncanly disease. He prescribed thymol and male fern, to be administered after a diet of milk and soup for three days. Doses of these drugs have effected cures in less than a week; that is, have removed the cause of the disease by expelling the worms. There is more or less danger connected with the use of thymol because of its poisonous effect on the system, and it should be administered only with great care.

### SLEEPLESS CREATURES.

There are several species of fish, reptiles, and insects which never sleep during the whole of their existence. Amongst fish it is positively known that pike, salmon, and goldfish never sleep at all; also that there are several others in the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes a month. There are dozens of species of flies which never indulge in slumber, and from three to five species of serpents which also never sleep.

### KILLED BY JOY.

A workman named Otto, residing in Berlin, had been dismissed by his employers, and walked the streets for a fortnight. He grew despondent because he could not obtain employment, and was on the point of committing suicide when he received official intimation that he had just won \$2,500 in the State Lottery. Otto was overjoyed at the news, and hurried to apprise his friends of his good fortune. He had scarcely walked a few yards in the street when he fell to the ground dead—killed by joy.

Wyte—"Browne is very economical isn't he?" Black—"Browne? Well, I'll tell you. Browne is the sort of man who, when he wants an awl, and hasn't any, instead of buying one, will go to work to make one by straightening out a cork-screw."

## INSTANCES OF FAST WORK

ASTONISHING THINGS DONE IN ONE DAY.

Sir Edwin Landseer's Great Record—Mr. Bryan Shook Hands.

One of the most remarkable and most artistic of twenty-four hours' records stands to the credit of Sir Edwin Landseer, who had promised a picture for the Spring Exhibition of the Royal British Institution in 1845. On the day before the opening he was found standing in front of an untouched canvas. "I shall send that to the Institution tonight, a finished picture," he declared to the astonished messenger who had been sent by the Hanging Committee to see if the promised picture were ready, "and have consequently given orders not to be disturbed." True to his word, Landseer put the finishing touch to his canvas and dispatched it to Pall Mall that very evening; and as "The Cavalier's Pets" it was one of the greatest successes of the exhibition.

### BOTH AUBER AND MOZART

performed equally wonderful feats of rapid workmanship. Mozart was making merry with his friends at midnight when not a single note was written of the overture to "Don Giovanni," which was to be produced on the following evening. When he had said good-bye to his friends he calmly went to bed and slept until five o'clock in the morning. Awaking refreshed, and with a bowl of punch in front of him, he set to work on the overture, dashing off sheet after sheet with incredible rapidity and dispatching them to the copiers. The opera was to begin at seven in the evening, and a few minutes later Mozart was in his place as conductor, baton in hand, while the parts with the ink still wet on some of them were being handed to the orchestra.

Not long ago Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jun., decided to have a railway constructed around his estate at Deepdale, and as he wanted it in a hurry he saw no reason why it should not be made in a day. For a millionaire to order is to be obeyed; and within twenty-four hours the Deepdale estate was

### GIRDLED BY A RAILWAY

a mile long and an engine drawing a freight train was snorting its way along it. When, some time since, Calientes, a town of 2,000 inhabitants, just over the Nevada line, was virtually wiped off the map, owing to a change in Denator Clark's transcontinental railroad, which was being built towards the Pacific Coast, its inhabitants made little to do about being thus left in the lurch. They simply packed up their belongings, made for a point on the new route, and within twenty-four hours had run up another town large enough to accommodate them all.

Another remarkable record was made by Mr. Bryan during his Presidential campaign four years ago. Not a small part of the duty of a candidate for the White House is to shake hands, with the thousands, with his supporters; and on one day in October, 1900 Mr. Bryan eclipsed all records by gripping no fewer than 11,420 hands between an early breakfast and a late supper.

An astonishing musical feat was performed recently at Padua, when Bencia, "the world's champion for uninterrupted piano-playing," gave a recital lasting from seven o'clock on Sunday morning to eleven o'clock on Monday evening. During this time he played 250 compositions from memory, with only two pauses of

### TEN MINUTES EACH.

An Italian professor not long ago recited the whole of Dante's "Divine Comedy" from memory, in a continuous sitting of twenty hours. He began at six o'clock one evening and finished at two the following afternoon, was never once prompted, and did not make a single mistake.

At the National Sporting Club Tom Burrows, an Australian athlete, succeeded in swinging a pair of clubs for thirty consecutive hours, maintaining an average rate of fifty-five evolutions a minute. A company of change-ringers a very few years ago rang a peal of Double Norwich Court Bob Major of 15,072 changes on the Erith Church bells. The peal was commenced at eight o'clock in the morning and was concluded at twenty-five minutes past five in the afternoon; and a band of Birmingham bell-ringers also achieved a remarkable feat one recent Boxing Day on the bells of St. Martin's. In eight hours 133,332 changes were rung without a moment's rest or intermission.

### AN OPTIMIST.

The story of the laziest man yet discovered comes from the south. "Yes, sir, he was the laziest man on record. What do you reckon he did when his house was on fire?"

"Dunno."

"Warned his hands at the blaze, and said he was thankful he didn't have to split the wood for it!"

Brokeleigh—"I did think of ordering a suit from Cutts, but I couldn't get him to promise to let me have it in time." Newitt—"Way, he's usually very prompt." Brokeleigh—"Oh, yes; but he wanted me to be equally prompt."