

The Wickedest City in the World



The Cossacks Left One Evening About Dusk With the Gold They Had Been Assigned to Guard.

IRKUTSK, Siberia.—There is no doubt about it—this is the wickedest city in the world. One would hardly come to Irkutsk for a rest cure. With a population of 129,000 persons, crammed into a couple of square miles on a head in the Angara river, it produces 100 murders a year, with an average of one arrest for each 50 killings, and for each ten arrests there are but five convictions. This is not because, as a transcription from the city's criminal records. In one day this month there 22 murders and attempted murders within the city limits! Then the few citizens who didn't quite like so much promiscuous murder began to talk of revising their vigilance committee of other days, but those whose memories harked back a little disdained them, writes a correspondent of the New York World.

The vigilantes are worse than the murderers! was the burden of their arguments, which were only too true. A handful of law abiding citizens set up the idea of a vigilance committee not so long ago. The plan was enthusiastically received—by Irkutsk's economic population and the associated things themselves. They enrolled by the score, got together a compact organization and volunteered their services. The governor granted them exceptional powers, and now crime would be stamped out in short order.

How there is a great deal of difference between an Irkutsk policeman and a western guardian of the peace. The difference is in price; the Irkutsk policeman turns his head the other way for a much smaller sum. But then he only gets \$10 a month and he needs the extra money, no matter how little it is.

How Vigilance Committee Worked. Well, the first thing the new vigilance committee did was to get the police on their side—which was why. Then began the showing of rich merchants in broad daylight—they were suspects, you know. Next, under cover of "house-inspection" and "penal prosecution" burglary blossomed forth on every hand. Very soon it took all the power the government commanded to rid Irkutsk of this vigilance committee which was only vigilant for its own best interests.

Well, says Irkutsk's nose too large law abiding population, "they were no worse than the Cossacks," which is strictly true. For example: A few years ago all the gold mined in eastern Siberia had to pass through the government laboratory at Irkutsk. As a matter of fact only about 40 per cent of it did. The other 60 per cent went to the local Chinese dealers in tea and journeyed back to the colonial empire in many and diverse ways—quite a quantity packed in the corpses of confined Chinamen being returned to the east for burial among their ancestors. In spite of that lack

of a considerable quantity of gold managed to find its way into the laboratory, and having been cast into portulaca to Russia and the night. After several night watches at the institution had died sudden deaths the authorities began to perceive the coincidence and appointed a force of Cossack guards to come in each evening to guard the treasure. All went well for a time. Then one dark night the Cossack guards drank a glass of hot "chai," lighted their cigarettes, turned up their overcoat collars and disappeared, with every single ingot of gold on the premises. Since then Cossacks have been looked upon in Irkutsk minds in the same way as vigilance committees are regarded.

Discouraging Burglars. For the last year the city has had a street-lighting system, but the residential thoroughfares a stone's throw from the main shopping streets are left in pitchy darkness. When there is nothing better doing the adventurous element of the population passes the evening in the quieter streets, beating up bearded householders returning from carousals in the restaurants after an unwise degree of internal lubrication and trying ground-floor windows. Not infrequently, as you are passing down one of these streets late at night, you'll be startled by an explosion over your head and the whistle of spreading bird-shot past your ears. Timid householders, without any objection being raised by the police, fire a shotgun from the window before burning in to bed, to show lurking burglars that there is a gun in the house.

The policing is done partly by municipal, partly by private patrolmen, the latter employed by property owners. The private patrolmen deserve an honored place in the annals of twentieth century philosophy. The American idea of a night patrolman is a keen-eyed, stealthy, gum-shoe man in blue, leaving what the Chinese euphemistically term "the piece stealer men" to play first and then taking the trick. The Irkutsk patrolman, with the high-souled idea of his approach and respective burglars of his approach and causing them to abstain from sinning, makes the night hideous by perpetually clattering a powerful wooden rattle. He grasps it firmly in the hand and parades the streets, whirling it round and round at every few paces. Lying half asleep in the early hours of the morning you might imagine yourself in a Pittsburgh boiler factory.

Ex-Convicts as Servants. Many of the servants here are ex-convicts who decided to settle down in the east. For instance, that tall, portly head waiter with the restless eye and the big bifurcated Slavonic beard, who will be recollected by the traveler who has visited the Hotel Rossia at Tomsk, slew his wife and her friend and has served a long term

every one of the islands bearing at some given instant. A line drawn from pole to pole in such a manner as to keep all islands bearing one date on one side and all islands bearing the other date on the other side would afford a perfectly definite basis for the comparison of date and would be the true "international date line." No such canvas has been made. As a general rule it may be said that the date now in use upon most of the different islands or groups is the date which results from the one carried by the European or American colonists, and this date will presumably come from the east or the west. This is not true universally, however, because arbitrary changes are known to have been made in a number of cases. One example of this was in the case of Alaska. When it was purchased by the United States the date in use there was made to conform with the one used in our country.

And Probably Tough. Nervous Customer—Will that pan-cake be long? Waiter—No, sir, it will be round.

of imprisonment in a barracks of the frozen north. Three murderers are on the waiting staff of the Hotel Central here in Irkutsk, and one in our very hotel, the Metropole.

Irkutsk is pretty gay at nights now, but the citizens look back enviously to the zenith of its career to the days of the recent Japanese war. Then champagne and wines were often continuously transported free of freight charges from St. Petersburg and Moscow in steel cars labeled "Powder"—cars militant with painted imperial eagles and Cossack guards. At Irkutsk the powder cars were shunted off along the barrack sidings and found a final resting place at the end of the rails entering the officers' mess store shed in the barracks west of the big girder bridge over the Irkut river. A colonel of one regiment openly boasted in the Metropole restaurant the other night that more champagne was drunk in Irkutsk in one month during the Japanese war than is sold on Broadway, New York, in half a year.

The fun at Irkutsk starts at midnight; the city is as dead as a Sunday an hour before. Then the moving-picture shows, of which there are three to a block on the Bolshoiskian, spin off their last films and the officers and mining engineers—for all the world goes to moving picture shows in the towns of Siberia—crowd into the restaurants.

Gay Life at Night. You enter a pair of swinging doors, kick off your felt snow boots, hand your fur to an attendant, and pass into a long room thronged with diners, gay with the uniform of the garrison, and women in smart Parisian costumes. At the far end is a small stage on which a score of girls in a minimum of skirt and a maximum of smile go through famous double shuffles and dances executed with a degree of incompetency that would bring a blush to the damask cheek of a Bowery soubrette. A turn finished, the performers or singers skip down to mingle with the audience, scattering around the tables and ordering the costliest fruits and rarest wines that the management surpasses itself in providing. Gay music, crude vaudeville—crude, but going with a genuine verve and snap which is lacked by many a better show—fine fare after the unspeakable desolation of the frozen Siberia wilds, keeps up until dawn.

Here, too, the sons of Uncle Sam keep the old flag flying. Last year there were, for instance, the young Harvard graduate of a burg in the north of Pennsylvania and his friend the clergyman's son. They sojourned here for three hectic weeks, spending \$2,500 in our hotel during that time. The Harvard man disbursed \$1,000 in one day, and another day had \$2,500 stolen from his person. The parson's son always kept, and showed good sense in keeping, a loaded Browning in one hip pocket, but he spoiled this display of prudence by keeping a wad of 20,000 rubles (\$10,000 in the other, to clinch by the ready money lure any



Irkutsk Night Watchman.

rich bargain in mines that he might chance to run across. The management of the Metropole must have a curious admixture of interest and thankfulness for us Americans. The last Yankee staying here was a professional "ossified man;" and the manager is informing all the guests this week, much to their fascination, that one of us is Wilbur Wright's brother. We hoped to extend a good interview to a reporter of the "Siber," giving the latest news of our native Dayton, O., on the morning of our departure—not before, as there is a local club of students of aeronautics, some tactless unit of a deputation from which might recollect that Orville has a beautiful mustache, a facial adornment which cannot be numbered among our charms.

An Ancient Rain Gauge. The credit of inventing the rain gauge has always been given to Castelli, a contemporary of Galileo, who made one in 1639, but the director of the Korean meteorological observatory, Dr. Y. Wada, has shown that it is due to a Korean king. The latter, King Sejo, in the year 1442 caused an instrument of bronze to be constructed to measure the rain, and it is set out in the historical records of Korea that this was a rain 15 inches deep and seven inches in diameter, placed upon a pillar. An example of this was placed in the observatory, and each time the rain fell the officials were instructed to measure the height and make it known to the king. Other instruments were distributed to provinces and cantons, and the results of the observations were sent to court.

Another Little Story of Success. Nan—I hope Jack got through that little deal of his all right. Papa says he's in pretty deep water. Fan—He isn't now; I landed him last night.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

By E. J. Edwards

Lord Kelvin on Electricity

Great Physicist Admitted Its Real Nature is Yet Wholly Unknown but Believed the Mystery Will Be Solved.

In the latter part of September, 1897, I spent an afternoon with the late Lord Kelvin, the electrical engineer for the pioneer Atlantic cables and one of the greatest physicists the modern world has known. He was to sail the next day for his home in Scotland. He had just made a visit of inspection to Niagara Falls and had there seen the largest use of electricity for power, lighting and transportation purposes at that time made in any part of the world.

I asked Lord Kelvin—born in 1824, in Belfast, as plain William Thomson—if there had been any advance made by men of science, and especially by those who were occupied with the researches in the field of electricity, which would give them any reliable hint as to what electricity really is.

"No, I do not think that we know today any more about electricity than we did in the day of Faraday and your own Joseph Henry, who, as you probably know, were pioneers in electrical research," was Lord Kelvin's reply. "Of course, there have been many discoveries of laws which control electricity, or, I might more accurately say, which electricity controls, and the discovery of these laws has made it possible for applied science to perfect inventions by means of which electricity becomes a most valuable commercial agency. We have also learned how to measure electricity. I mean by that, how to measure the amount of energy which any given current can produce. We have perfected apparatus by which initial energy is produced; a wonderful example of that is to be seen at Niagara Falls. But so far as I know, we are no nearer the discovery which would show us what electricity really is than we were 100 years ago.

"I do not know whether I shall be permitted to live long enough to see the day when the secret of electricity is disclosed," continued Lord Kelvin. "Yet I can see no reason why it should not be discovered. However, Mr. George Westinghouse tells me that, notwithstanding his close study of electricity, and his application of electric energy to various apparatus, to him it seems as though we are today farther away from the penetration of the mystery than we were at the time when he took up electricity upon its commercial side.

"But why should not the secret of electricity be discovered? We have

learned what fire really is. A hundred years ago it was thought to be an organic element. They called it phlogiston, but science mastered the secret of fire, and showed that in fire there is no phlogiston, only vibration. Dr. Priestley more than a hundred years ago discovered oxygen, and we now know what the component parts of our atmosphere are. We have learned what the composition of water is and that it is not an original element, but is formed by the combination of two gases which are organic. Why should it then be impossible to demonstrate the organic nature of electricity? I have sometimes thought that I was on the right road to the discovery, only to find that I was not. Many men of science are studying this problem, and although Mr. Westinghouse is persuaded that we are as far away as ever today from knowing what electricity is, yet he did say to me that his experience jus-

tifies him in suspecting that electricity is not a quantity or a fluid, but a quality, just as light is. I should think that would lead Mr. Westinghouse to suspect that electricity is, like light, caused by vibrations emanating from the sun.

"I am not given to predictions—men of science do not predict. But I am willing to say that if we at last learn what electricity is, then there will open up a new era of material advancement to mankind, in which civilization will be developed far beyond the point it has now reached. I sometimes think that with the discovery of the nature of electricity we may find the great specific for disease, that electricity contains within itself health-perfecting energy. At present, however, men of science can do no more than say that they suspect that electricity will be found to be not an organic body, but vibration or some form of molecular or atomic concentration generated by the sun." (Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Darky Was in the Woodpile

Senator Mahone Found Out Why Wade Hampton and M. C. Butler Wanted Negro as Postmaster of Columbia, S. C.

United States Senator William Mahone of Virginia, who as a Confederate general, galled at the siege of Petersburg the title of "The Hero of the Crater," was sitting listlessly in his seat, the first one on the rear row of the Republican side of the senate, one April day in 1881. The senate was in special session. Senator Mahone had hardly had time to get accustomed to his senatorial toga, for he had only become a member of the senate on March 4.

Suddenly, Senator Mahone became greatly interested; the president had just sent to the senate nominations for postmasters for some of the larger southern cities. Mahone had been a member of the committee on post-offices and post roads, and as he was the only member of the senate from the south affiliated at that time with the Republican party, he was expected to exercise care that all postoffice appointments made in the south would be such as would prove satisfactory to the southern Republicans.

The senator made haste to read over the list of nominations, and he discovered among them the nomination of one John Allen to be postmaster at Columbia, S. C. At once Senator Mahone went from one to another

of the Republican senators seeking information about John Allen. At last he obtained it. Senator Roscoe Conkling informed him that he understood that John Allen had been made postmaster of Columbia by President Hayes, and that the present nomination was a reappointment. Furthermore, the New Yorker said that Allen was a colored man, and that he believed his nomination had been approved by the two senators from South Carolina, Wade Hampton and Matthew C. Butler, both of whom were Confederate veterans.

"Impossible!" Mahone exclaimed. "General Butler approves the appointment of a colored man for postmaster of Columbia? Why, Columbia is Wade Hampton's own town. I shall have to look into this immediately."

As soon as a cab could take him there, he went to the postoffice department and made his way without announcement into the office of the postmaster general.

"Mr. Postmaster General," Mahone said, in a thin, piping voice, "the president has sent to the senate the nomination of one John Allen to be postmaster of Columbia, S. C. That nomination will be referred to my committee. I want to know about him. Is he a colored man?"

"Yes; not a full-blooded negro, I believe, but still a colored man." "Who recommended him?" "Well, the two South Carolina senators, Wade Hampton and General Butler, came to see me. I told them that the president would like to reappoint John Allen, unless they had some valid objection. Wade Hampton replied that Allen was a good man, and a very efficient postmaster. Then I turned to General Butler, and he told me that he agreed fully with General Hampton."

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Postmaster General," cried the Virginian, "that Wade Hampton actually recommended the appointment of a colored man for postmaster of his own town?" "That is exactly what Senator Hampton did," the postmaster general replied.

For some minutes Mahone stood as though in deep contemplation. Then he said: "Well, Mr. Postmaster General, if Wade Hampton has recommended a colored man for postmaster of Columbia, then I want to tell you that there is a colored man in that wood pile, and I am going to find him." A few days later, Mahone met the postmaster general in the lobby of the hotel at which both were guests. He took the cabinet officer aside.

"You remember," he said, "I told you that I was going to find a darky in that Columbia postoffice wood pile? Well, I have found him. Wade Hampton's nephew is the deputy postmaster there. He needs the money—he needs the money. John Allen will be reported favorably by my committee, and will be confirmed as postmaster." (Copyright, 1911, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Would Start Them Right. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst is starting an agitation in England for such juvenile courts as she found in America. She would have young offenders sent to state schools, where they will receive technical education suited to their age and capacity.

A Serious Matter. To take a woman too seriously is to take her for life.—Florida Times-Union.

The Author of Ben Hur

Low Wallace was of medium height, erect, dark to swarthy, with finely chiseled features and keen black eyes, with manners the most courtly, and a voice unusually musical and haunting. His appearance, his tastes, his manner were strikingly Oriental.

He had a strong theatrical instinct, and his life was filled with drama—with melo-drama even. His curiosity led him into the study of many subjects, most of them remote from the affairs of his day. He was both dreamer and man of action; he could be "idler than the idler flowers," yet he was always busy about something. He was an aristocrat and a democrat; he was wise and temperate; whimsical and indolent in a breath. As a youth he had seen visions, and as an old man he dreamed dreams. The mysticism in him was deep-planted, and he was always a little aloof, a man apart. His capacity for detachment was like that of Sir Richard Burton, who at a great company given in his

honor was found alone poring over a puzzling Arabic manuscript in an obscure corner of the house. Wallace, like Burton, would have reached Mecca if chance had led him to that adventure.—Meredith Nicholson in the Atlantic.

Nest on a Telephone Wire. A humming bird perched on her nest balanced on a small telephone wire is the unusual sight offered visitors to the F. J. McMonies home on the North side, says the Portland Oregonian.

Its Use. "What do you suppose is the use of the ocean line which they talk about crossing?" "I suppose it is to hang out the wash of the sea."

OTTUMWA WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms; shooting pains all over my body, sick headaches, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to you for my cure."—Mrs. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 624 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Consider This Advice. No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous medicine, made only from roots and herbs, has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, confidential, and always helpful.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



DAISY FLY KILLER. Watson & Co., Columbus, Wash. D.C. Patent references. Best French.

PATENTS



PERFORMING POLICE DUTY. Officer Muldoon—That fellow's flirting with every servant girl on my beat. I'd run him in if I could charge him with some offense. Chalker (the milkman)—That's easy. Charge him with impersonating an officer!

Sincere but Awkward. It was at the private theatricals and the young man wished to compliment his hostess, says the Boston Transcript: "Madam, you played your part splendidly; it fits you to perfection." "I'm afraid not. A young and pretty woman is needed for that part," said the smiling hostess. "But, madam, you have positively proved the contrary."

A SPOON SHAKER. Straight From Coffeedom.

Coffee can marshall a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones overcome. A lady in Florida writes: "I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me. I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents.

"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood. "I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see. "So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect. "I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

REALLY HAS NO EXISTENCE

International Date Line is Purely Imaginary, but It Serves a Specific Purpose.

The international date line is imaginary, and is drawn through the Pacific ocean somewhat irregularly, but trending in a general northerly and southerly direction and separating the islands of the ocean in such a way that all those which lie to the east of it carry the same date as the United States, while all those which lie on the west of it carry the same date as Japan and Australia. The nature of this line may be made by the following illustration: A traveler leaves New York city at noon on Monday and proceeds westward just as fast as the earth turns in apparent westward progress with such precision that he keeps it always directly south of him. It will be noon, therefore, at every place he passes. If, however, he asks the day of the week at every point of his journey he will be told that it is Sunday at all points