

RUSSIAN AND AMERICAN COLONIZATION.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

Within the last few years the Russians have established on the boundary of Eastern Siberia a vast colony of restless emigrants, whose busy, energetic life is strangely out of keeping with the sluggish inactivity of sleeping Asia. Along the banks of the Amur and the Sungaru and in the various districts which radiate from Vladivostok come thousands of hardy pioneers, subjugating the soil to cultivation, building roads, making homes, and driving an entering wedge of bustling civilization into the lethargic East. These men and women are not transient settlers; they will never go back to Russia, but they will draw Rus-

scious strength of an industrial and vigorous occupation of the lands already under her control.

In the picturesque activity and toil of these Russian colonists there is something which appeals strongly to our American instincts of energy and advancement. No one can read the description of their life and work which Stephen Bonsal contributes to the July Harper's without being reminded of that determination which made productive the broad lands of our western prairies, pierced the forbidding Rockies in search of national wealth, and established the great commercial prosperity of the Paci-

ppi valley, for instance, may be briefly described by a division into three periods—settlement, extravagance, and depression. Upon a fourth era they are now entering, and the many signs of prosperity and revival are sufficiently emphatic and encouraging. The Anglo-Saxon theory of democracy leaves the settlers of a new country to work out their own salvation; they must find out for themselves the natural advantages and disadvantages of the new land, and often without assistance must come to an understanding of its capabilities through many vicissitudes and discouraging experiences. Directly opposed to



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nia to them in closer union, and add a race of men to the people of the Czar who will control this part of the continent of Asia as far south as it is habitable. A wonderfully effective system of civil and military administration guarantees governmental assistance to the settlers, and it is claimed that by the aid of the great imperial railroads an army of 300,000 men can be mobilized within two weeks upon any point of the frontier of China and Korea. Russia is now the virtual suzerain over northern China, and, moreover, there is no nation in the world able to place on the east coast of Asia an army that could cope with her; but she is far-seeing enough to add to her military power the tena-

fic coast. Mr. Bonsal traveled through Eastern Siberia with both eyes open, and his long training as a correspondent has enabled him to recount graphically the significant and salient features of this invasion of the Slays into the East—an invasion peaceful enough now, but with all the portentous possibilities within it of a mighty conflict, and of a forcible solution of the Eastern Question.

It will be of not a little interest to note the economical history of this new section of the Russian Empire, and to compare it with the corresponding growth of new lands under a settlement by Anglo-Saxons. The course of the development of the states of our Missis-

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this idea, the paternalism of a strong imperial government has a tendency to be little such self-reliance. Many suggestions of a comparison between the two systems are afforded by reading, in connection with Mr. Bonsal's article, a contribution to the July number of Harper's Magazine from the pen of Charles Moreau Harger. The latter paper is entitled "The Middle West's New Era." It comprehensively sketches the business history of this portion of our country, arrays the many tendencies which now point to permanent prosperity, and concludes as follows: "The West is settling down to make the most of the resources which it possesses, and has ceased worrying about those which it possesses not. In that lies the secret of its future."

Pera's Desert.

In the long coastal desert of Peru, which is 2,000 miles in length, but only 120 miles broad at its widest part, the rivers disappear in the dry season and begin to flow again in February or March (when rain falls in the Cordilleras. One of the most important of these rivers is the Piura, the return of whose waters is welcomed with great rejoicings by the inhabitants of its banks.

Identified by His Glass Eye.

William Moran, of Wellston, Ohio, was so badly mangled by a railroad train that it was only by a glass eye that the body was identified.

Strange.

He—I can't get my wife to use the telephone. She—That's strange! I thought your wife liked to have a voice in everything.—Whim-Whama.

It Was Too Bad.

Walter Savage Landor, though he often handled his fellow-men somewhat roughly, hated to see an old tree felled and even shrank from plucking a rose. One morning he collared his man cook and flung him out of the window. Then, suddenly remembering on what "bed" in the garden the man would fall, the flower-loving Landor exclaimed: "Good heavens! I forgot the rose vial!"

The American studio lacks the spirit of Bohemianism that pervades the Parisian prototype. In fact it resembles the boudoir rather than the atelier and it is a far cry from the drawing room to the workshop. In Paris if one wishes to visit the artists one expects to find them at the top of rickety stairways that rise from little courts filled with moss covered fountains and bright flowers. The court is hidden behind a bare wall over which the blossoms peep at the passerby and behind which the concierge keeps watch. The studios themselves are full of surprises, odd corners, quaint galleries with little winding stairways, perhaps altar steps picked up from some curio dealer and supposed to have been made sacred by the tread of the priests. Algerian vases rest on medieval chests and carved griffins peer out from oriental draperies and a delightful musty odor mixed with the scent of flowers is ever perceptible. In Chicago if one wishes to visit the artist he must elbow his way through a rushing throng of businessmen, along marble halls, into an elevator where he is jerked to the clouds, and after ringing an electric bell he is ushered into a commodious room with only right angles, big square windows and a sky light. The one particular studio building I have in mind has wide folding doors between the studios so that on Saturday, reception-day, these may be opened, throwing all the studios together. There are brass vases, oriental rugs and chests between them. They look transplanted. The artist pours tea after the most approved studio fashion, good tea with lemon and rum and sugar, etc., made in a Russian samovar too, with the odor of charcoal mingled with the odor of tea, but for all that the flavor of Bohemia is missing. But the pictures are there and after all they are what we go to see. One I remember best is a portrait of a woman in black with grey background. The woman has rich red hair, which is the only touch of color in the whole picture. Whistler would call it a color harmony and such it is, aside from its value as a portrait. We found this in Mr. Clarkson's studio. It is just completed and has not yet been exhibited. Mr. Clarkson has a picture (?) which he calls his masterpiece. It is a view of the lake seen through a small square window half way up his studio wall, the casing of which is hidden by a gold frame. A little stairway covered with rugs leads up to a seat beside it, where one may enjoy the ever changing water to his heart's content. Miss Mentzler has just completed a sketch of a girl in a pink dress. It is very attractive but hardly equal to her landscape and Miss Ostag is at work on some designs for a music hall. Mr. Taft has chosen a cool green burlap for the background of his work in clay, because, he says, it reminds him of the woods which he loves so well. The most attractive piece in his studio is a bust of his wife. She wears her camping costume and has taken a charming pose. Mr. Taft has a sketch of a girl by Mr. Benson of Boston, which is most audacious in color. At this time of the year the studio walls are bare and many of the artists have gone to more congenial haunts. This is the season when, like the bee, they gather the sweets from nature's fields and store them up for winter exhibitions.

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If the armies of Europe should march at an eight-mile gait, five abreast, fifteen inches apart, it would require nine and one-half days for them to pass a given point.

