

In the Czar's Domain

INTERESTING LETTER FROM FAR-AWAY RUSSIA.
MR. F. F. TUCKER, MISSIONARY, WRITES INTERESTINGLY OF THAT MUCH DISCUSSED DOMAIN.

Russia, One day from Moscow, June 2, 1910. Dear Friends—As we crossed the Volga river this morning, the sun was a half hour high, and as I came to the dining car to write a few pages—and find I got up before four o'clock! Though the days are long (perhaps four to five hours of mild darkness) they pass quickly. Our last letter was dated Irkutsk, May 28. The grand scenery of Lake Baikal cannot be praised too highly. On one occasion, when the railway was a bit distant from the lake, William inquired, "When they dug this lake, why didn't they dig it nearer the track?"—which has more point as the lake is known to be one of the deepest in the world. William also asked recently, "How does the train know to go where the homes are?"

Irkutsk, the second city of Siberia, has a population of about 100,000 and is the center of government for the province by that name. Our third change of cars was made here, merely stepping across into another and equally well equipped train, which will have been our "home" for nearly a week when we leave it at Moscow. On the same day we passed the convent of St. Innocent, founded in 1672. The country after leaving the lake region has been quite level and rolling, with much of it covered with beautiful birch forests, with some firs and recently oak trees. Just now (for a day or so) the fine land is well cultivated and not a tree is in sight. Some of the birches were nearly two feet in diameter. Our powerful engines at first burned wood, then soft coal, and now use petroleum for fuel.

On Sunday, the 29th, a helpful service was held in the dining car, and the day was a restful one. The journey has been through a wealth of wild flowers—blue, white and yellow anemones, pansies, lilies of the valley, buttercups and lilies. On the 29th, we crossed the splendid bridge, 2940 feet long, over the great Yenesei River. It takes its rise in Mongolia and flows over 2,000 miles to the gulf of Yenisseck. The bridges are uniformly fine, or seem to be, and they were one of the big problems in the construction of this great line. There are over thirty miles of bridges in the 3,375 miles of road. No wonder the total cost of the line reached the 400 million mark. And now we see everywhere work going on for the double tracking of the whole line—which includes many minor changes of the line. Women and girls are nearly as much in evidence helping in the earthwork as the men—and all have something of an "animal" look and general appearance.

On the 31st, we crossed the Irtysh river and two of its big branches and passed Omsk with its 100,000 or more people. About this time the country appeared much like Illinois and the people more numerous.

At last we read and much enjoyed a bundle of farewell letters given us on leaving China. What, with seeing, reading, resting and especially caring for the children, the days seem to pass swiftly. Our fellow passengers, including the Russian bride and groom, are most congenial. Among them is a German, who is governor of New Guinea, Ponape Island, etc., asked about missions and he emphatically says that he favors their work so much that, whereas he has nine societies working in his domain, he wishes it were nineteen. Dr. Sidney Gulick (of Japan) is on the train and it appears that the grammar the governor used in learning the Ponape language is one prepared by Dr. Gulick's father!

Yesterday, early, we passed the big stone pillar marked, Asia on one side and Europe, on the other, so Siberia, which is over one-fourth of all Asia, and one-half as large again as the whole of Europe, is behind us, and we are in Russia proper. One can but rejoice that Russian exile to Siberia is a thing of the past. Southern Siberia is a great country with a great future. The annexation of this vast region began under Ivan the Terrible, the end of the sixteenth century. The frontier forts grew to towns and cities, but the necessary development by emigration is a matter of the last twenty years. The wheat, stock, butter, eggs, etc., are principal articles of export—and will be still more so. Siberia also produces about thirty tons of gold a year to say nothing of vast mineral wealth along other lines. I neglected to say that on the 30th we crossed the Obi—another of the great Siberian waterways, 3,000 miles long. This week we have seen perhaps twenty trains of emigrants, and crowded into the little cattle cars with all their families and belongings, they certainly seem low in humanity's scale. May

the greater freedom of an enlightened Russia elevate them. Log houses along the line have been the rule, but crude, dry huts and thatch-roofs have been the rule today—for much of the Tartar still remains. Indeed, the religion (about Onfa, Samaria, etc) is largely Mohammedan, rather than Greek church.

Yesterday we found Onfa to be a great oil center. Toward evening there was evidence of a great rain early in the day and the train had to proceed slowly over recently repaired places. Long haired Greek priests, women carrying water with curved shoulder poles, women and girls with fagots of fuel on their backs, koumiss for sale, great wheat and rye fields, are among the many items of interest. The children and the rest of us continue to enjoy everything. Margaret and William enjoy little Russian Ura, three years old, though they cannot understand a word she says.

Moscow, June 5, 1910.

We arrived in the ancient capital on the early morning of the 3d—exactly on time, and most thankful that we had met with not the slightest accident during these eleven days of rail travel. Is it Howell who says that to go to a country without knowing the language is like going to school without a teacher? Perhaps so, and yet, as our party of six have had a most efficient and informed interpreter, we have seen far more than we had thought possible in the two days we have been here. Just now I am with the children while Emma has gone to the (Greek) Church of St. Saviour. I would like to do at least partial justice to the grand old sights in this important city (nearly two million population) but I know I cannot, even were words adequate. The Palace is a dream of elegance, wealth and magnificence, and the marvelous, inlaid floors never more enjoyed than by William and Margaret who were allowed to play about upon them.

The new palace, built after Napoleon's time is far grander and at the same time far less interesting than the old palace, dating from the thirteenth century. In the Church of Michael Angelo, packed with a worshipping throng, are buried all the emperors up to Alexis, and here for these 700 years prayers have been offered, as today for the souls of the departed emperor—so few of whom died a natural death. Yesterday among the many fine paintings adorning all the 600 churches of the city, we saw one painting, many hundred years old, depicting the story of Jonah, and though the whale seemed very small, Jonah emerged quite uninjured.

Our all too brief visit to the Moscow art gallery yesterday can merely be mentioned, though worthy the pen of an artist to the extent of many volumes, for here are many of the finest paintings of Europe—though nearly all by Russian artists. Those by Verriesthagen appealed to us especially. Though he was a painter of carnage and war, he has done much for peace through the very truthfulness of the scene of battle. His great canvas of a mound of skulls is well titled, "The Results of War." Alas, that he should be drowned in the war with Japan. As would be expected, religious subjects abound, often with conceptions quite new to one. Thus the crucified Jesus is represented as being carried, cross included, by angels to heaven, by one painter. The several paintings by Malsosky attract much attention, and the crucifixion by Rabushkin gives food for new thought. On leaving the museum when it closed, we took a launch on the Moscow River and went to Sparrow hill, five miles (8 versts) away for a fine panoramic view of the city. Here Napoleon viewed the city and determined to take it, but alas for the plans of men.

I know better than to try to describe the Kremlin, with all its priceless treasures and historic associations. Though oft rebuilt it dates back to the eleventh century. Crowns, scepters, jewels, solid plate, thrones, robes are there till it is almost beyond the mind of men to even compute their intrinsic worth. These are in what is called the "Treasury" and the Kremlin contains many other historic buildings. Most of these are churches or monasteries, and the singing or chanting we heard in a number was most wonderful in its richness and depth—like the voice of many waters. The jewels from a single "ikon" had been stolen from the church of the Assumption, and their value was a million roubles or (500,000). They have recently been recovered. Napoleon took some ten thousand pounds of silver and seven hundred pounds of gold from this

ancient church, now 600 years old and more, and the evident wealth of this and all the churches may be inferred.

Some 900 cannon trophies are shown in the Kremlin, and the greatest bell in the world, weighing some 450,000 pounds is here. The Monastery of Miracles shows a three phase picture on the outside, giving at different angles a picture of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove. Everywhere one sees pictures of the Father, God. The view from the top of Ivan's tower is a beautiful one, with spires, gilded domes and minarets in all directions. Truly these people are very religious. Our guide remarked that Russia was a grand country and the people a "good people" but the royalty and officialdom hopelessly bad, while the Douma was an expensive farce. Certainly it seems strange for the government to have a monopoly of the manufactures and sale of all alcoholics, not to mention playing cards, and other monopolies, special taxes, levies, etc.

I must not take time to tell of the church of St. Basil, 500 years old, eight chapels about a central one. John III put out the eyes of the Italian architect so another would not be made. We probably go on tonight and will write again from London or Edinburgh. Excuse poor writing. All four send greetings.

F. F. TUCKER.

A Great Cow.

They have a cow at the University of Missouri that is really a wonder. There is no guess work about what this cow does; for every pound of milk is weighed and tested, not merely for butter fat but for total solids, including the protein, sugar and ash. The remarkable thing is that this cow produced as much food in one year as is contained in the carcasses of four fat steers weighing 1,250 pounds each.

She produced 18,405 pounds of milk which contained 552 pounds of protein, 618 pounds of fat, 920 pounds of sugar, and 128 pounds of ash. A 1,250-pound steer contains by analysis 172 pounds of protein, 330 pounds of fat, 43 pounds of ash, or a total of 549 pounds of food. The total of the dry matter in the milk which this cow gave in one year was 2,218 lbs. all of which is edible and digestible. The steer with a live weight of 1,250 pounds contains 56 per cent water in the carcass, leaving a total of 548 pounds of dry matter. This includes the hair, hide, bones, tendons, entrails etc., in fact, the whole animal, and a good deal of this, as we know, is not fit for food. In short, this cow produces proteins equal to that of more than three steers, fat enough for two, ash enough for three, and besides that produced 920 pounds of milk sugar, worth as much per pound for food as ordinary sugar.

Now, don't tell us that this is a fairy story. It is absolutely true, and shows how much food for man a cow can produce if she is bred for milk production, in the hands of a man who knows how to make her give down.

Suppose you divide the result by four, and succeed in producing a cow that will give as much dry matter as there is in a first class two-year-old steer. Now it takes two years to grow a steer; and then you cannot eat all the dry matter, nor is it all digestible; while the milk is practically all digestible. The possibilities of the cow are beyond the conception of most men, even those who have made it a matter of special study. As meat advances in price we will have to live more on milk and its products, because it can be produced cheaper than meat.

UNTIL JANUARY 1st SIX MONTHS

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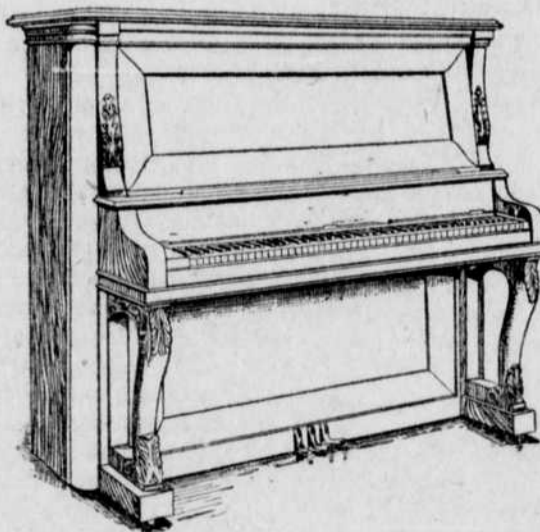
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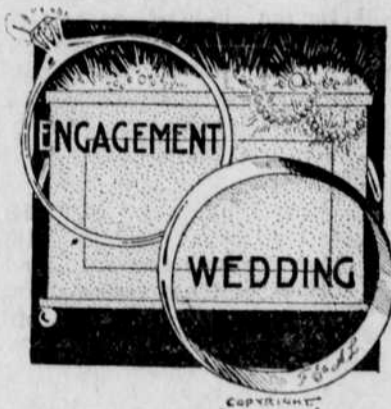
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