

RUSSIA'S BIG ROAD.

GREAT TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY SYSTEM.

When the Czar's stupendous project is completed our Pacific Coast may become more important than the Atlantic.

The Russian minister of railroads is quoted in recent St. Petersburg dispatches as saying that there is no longer doubt that the trans-Siberian road will be finished next year and that when it is completed it will be possible to make the trip around the world in thirty-three days. In this same dispatch Bremen is taken for the European starting point, for the reason that it is reached by steamer from New York; thence the route indicated is from Bremen to St. Petersburg in one and a half days; St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, ten days; Vladivostok to San Francisco by steamer, four and one-half days; San Francisco to Chicago, three and one-half days; Chicago to New York, one day; New York to Bremen, seven days.



GREAT RAILWAY SYSTEM THAT RUSSIA IS BUILDING.

world be completed next year it will have been nine years in course of construction. The preliminary plan of this construction was outlined by the late Emperor Alexander III. of Russia in his rescript addressed in May, 1891, to the Czarowitz. Surveys were made for portions of this continuous trans-Siberian road in 1887-88. Designed to begin at Chelabinsk, near the boundary between European and Asiatic Russia, it was to end in Vladivostok on the Pacific ocean and, together with the system of Russian railroads, was destined for connecting the Baltic Sea with the Pacific. For the sake of facility of construction it was divided into seven lines under the following names, respectively: The Western Siberian Railroad, 885 miles; the Central Siberian, 1,149 miles; the Baikal Loop Line, 195 miles; the Trans-Baikal Railroad, 689 miles; the Amoor, 1,111 miles; the North Oussouri, 227 miles, and the South Oussouri, 252 miles. So that the total length of the railroad in Asiatic Russia was designed to be 4,507 miles, and the total distance from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, or from the Bal-



RAILWAY ACROSS THE STEPPES.

tic Sea to the Pacific, was estimated at 6,232 miles. This gigantic work has been prosecuted with marvelous vigor and steadiness and a year ago was declared to be nearing completion.

Changes have been necessitated in the line by recent events in China—originally only one port on the Pacific was thought of, Vladivostok, and that was to be reached, first, by a northerly and then by a southerly bend entirely through Russian territory. But owing to interests obtained by Russia in Manchuria it was deemed inexpedient to follow the line as it was originally surveyed, and accordingly a new line direct from Irkutsk southwest to Vladivostok was adopted. Still more recent events in China have caused another change in the main line to be made, and in consequence not Vladivostok but Port Arthur will be the terminus on the Pacific. So that the trans-Siberian Railroad divides into three prongs as near approach is made to the Pacific. One prong goes straight on to Vladivostok, another strikes down through Manchuria and a third bears in a southerly direction down to Port Arthur. Either of these latter is a shorter cut to the sea by several hundred miles, the Port Arthur route being the shortest of the three. Vladivostok is not to be abandoned; it will have its railroad and be made in consequence a commercial place of importance, but it has the disadvantage of being during one-half the year under snow and ice. Port Arthur is open the year round. But this latter port is in China and before Russia decided to extend its trans-Siberian Railroad thither Russia must have come to a satisfactory understanding with China. Within the present year, then, St. Petersburg will be connected by rail not only with Vladivostok, but with Port Arthur, and probably within next year by branch roads with Canton and Peking.

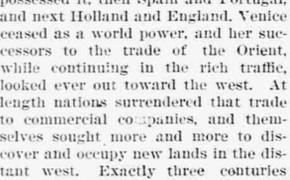
It is estimated that after the road is repaired after the first few years of traffic the journey from St. Petersburg to Peking will be made in five days. From London the most important harbor on the Japan Sea will be seventeen

and a half days. It is now possible by the "North Express" to go from London to St. Petersburg in two days and four hours. It will therefore be possible to reach Peking from London in seven or eight days. But this in the future. While the road is new and stiff the speed at which the trains will run will not be greater than twenty miles an hour, but even so it will be possible to go from London to Japan in sixteen days and to China in seventeen days. The shortest cut at present from London to those countries is across the Atlantic, across the United States or Canada and across the Pacific, and with the best of luck it takes from thirty to thirty-five days to make it. At first thought this promised shortening of the time would seem to bode anything but good to the transcontinental traffic of the United States and Canada which has been heretofore afforded by England in her commerce with Asiatic countries. But the intense rivalry existing between England and Russia is to be taken into account. The trans-Siberian road will not be extensively patronized by England—it will be supported by Russian traffic and, in a degree, by German. Time, it is true, is a valuable element in commerce, but it will be lost sight of by the English while pushing their own interests in



opposition to those of their most dangerous rival, England, at any rate until the Nicaraguan canal is constructed, will continue to support the Canadian Pacific Railroad by her shipments, and at the same time and from the same source the transcontinental lines within the United States will have each a share of benefits.

Course of Empire Turned Back.
It is for other reasons not to be feared that the course of commerce—of empire—will be changed, turned back on itself, and made to move toward the east. It has ever been westward going, and there is every reason to believe that it will continue in that direction. Civilization, so far as we know, began in the Euphrates valley, moved to the Nile valley, and then to the east end of the Mediterranean. Rome took it up and spread it entirely around the Mediterranean, and afterward it drifted out into the Atlantic. There was never any change or shadow of turning in the course civilization would pursue in its march over the world. Meanwhile eastern trade was had by the advancing nations—first Venice possessed it, then Spain and Portugal, and next Holland and England. Venice ceased as a world power, and her successors to the trade of the Orient, while continuing in the rich traffic, looked ever out toward the west. At length nations surrendered that trade to commercial companies, and themselves sought more and more to discover and occupy new lands in the distant west. Exactly three centuries ago England incorporated the East India company, when England was engaged in making conquests on the American continent. "Westward the course of empire takes its way." It was pursuing that course when it left the Atlantic States of this republic and made its way over the Alleghenies and into the Mississippi valley. Again it was pursuing that course when, in 1849-50, the Pacific coast was reached, and the intermediate country began to be occupied by intelligent people. Our interest in "empire" is, or was until recently, limited to these United States. How far that interest may extend and how permanently nobody just now can say. But it is absolutely certain that the part the United States are to have in the trade and commerce of the beyond—of all the Asiatic countries—is to be immense and soon to be realized. The completion of the trans-Siberian railroad is an event of the greatest significance to this country. It means, first, that Siberia, a country as large as all North America and about as diversified as respects climate and soil and general fertility as large portions of North America, will be filled up with industrious people, and that before the twentieth century is half out all Asia will be teeming with new life and sharing modern prosperity. Secondly, it means that the United States will then exchange products on a large scale with Siberia, China and every other country in that quarter of the globe. Then the Pacific Ocean will be white with steam and sail, as the Atlantic now is—and our Pacific States will be populated perhaps not less densely than Japan. The civilization on the Pacific coast will be the best on this continent, and the splendor of its trading and commercial achievements will eclipse anything that has been known in the past on the eastern side of this continent. Only—the United States hesitates to face about and face the Pacific and the Orient.



AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS.

in hand with the building of the main Siberian water ways connecting with the railroad is progressing, and surveys are preparing for the building of branch roads to all the more important towns of the various provinces and to the mining districts. Few of these branches will be built, however, until the trunk line is completed, for most of the energy and money will be devoted to the main road until the great project is an accomplished fact.

An enormous part of the country that is tributary to the Siberian Railroad is amply blessed by nature and is capable of supporting an enormous population. This road will be the main factor in the next century in the development of an important fraction of the earth's surface. We have only to glance over the list of the projected lines connecting the Siberian road with China to get an idea of the immense influence which Russia is certain to wield over all the interests of Eastern Asia.

WINDOW-GAZERS EARN MONEY.
New Method Employed by Merchants to Attract Attention.

"Modern conditions, needs and competition develop many queer pursuits," said the State street merchant. "The business of carrying signs about the street—'sandwiching' it is called—is a century old. Merchants used to advertise their goods, you know, by hir-

ing a man to go about ringing a bell and crying the wares of his patron. That is one of the street noises we have lost. I sometimes think it would be a good scheme to revive it. It would pay while its novelty lasts. The queerest profession of all professions, I think, is the professional window gazer. All pursuits are 'professions' these days, as you are aware. We haven't any 'trades' left. Never heard of a window gazer?"

"There are many in Chicago, and although they don't get rich they are paid enough to keep body and soul together. A window gazer, as the name implies, is a man or woman who makes a living by gazing into a window. You know that if you stand in State street, look fixedly at the twelfth story of a building across the way, you will have a sidewalk blocking crowd about you in no time at all. Well, that is what the window gazer does. He strolls casually along until opposite his employer's window. Then he stops and gazes with an appearance of deepest interest. In five minutes a crowd is gazing with him. As individuals of this crowd get enough and move on others will take their places for possibly half an hour. From a near-by street corner the originator of the audience is looking on. When the crowd has melted away totally he gathers another by the same simple method. He works from 10 in the morning until 9 at night, and he is paid \$2 a day. This may seem a large sum for such work, but it is not when the character of the window gazer is taken into consideration. He must be a gentleman in appearance. To dress well is a desideratum with him. You will perceive that a man fitted out like a tramp might look into a window for an hour without exciting any attention or inducing anyone to stop and look with him. The nearer a window gazer can approach to the ensemble of a man of leisure and wealth out for a stroll the more valuable his services are. The same things hold good of women gazers. They are generally placed in front of the displays in the finer millinery shops of the department stores. You can spot one at any time by taking the trouble to hang about any establishment of this character and keeping your eyes open."—Chicago Chronicle.

Siberian Gentleman's Life.
"For five months of the year the Siberian man of fashion lives in the open air, either at the mining camp or in the hunting field," says Thomas G. Allen, Jr., in Ladies' Home Journal. "He is an early bird under all circumstances, and invariably rises between 7 and 8 o'clock, although he may have had but a couple of hours' rest. Nearly every meal is succeeded by a nap. However, dressing operations do not take very long, for when he retires the Siberian only divests himself of his coat and boots. Shirts are unknown in Siberia, and in many houses beds, also. The samovar is set on the dining-room table at 8 a. m., together with eggs, black and white bread, sardines, jam and cakes, etc. Breakfast is eaten, and washed down by five or six glasses of

tea stirred up with sugar, cream and sometimes jam. At 1 o'clock dinner is served, and at 5 in the afternoon another small meal, much like that of the morning, is taken. A meat supper follows at 9 o'clock.



AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS.

Naming the Child.
"Among the plantation negroes in the old times," writes a correspondent, "the naming of a child was a matter of great moment. Since they all had the same surname, the distinction had to be made in some other way. And since there were 100 or more to be named, the Bible, classics, literature and history were culled from very freely by the master or some other member of the family to assist the parents in this matter. Among the various names I recall this was the most original one; Elijah the Prophet Lucius L. Polk Mars Abberth L.—. The later name was a compliment to one of the young masters, and not to have given the title would have been an act of discourtesy. The name, however, was abbreviated to 'Prop,' and he was so called."—New York Tribune.

Italy's Crown Prince.
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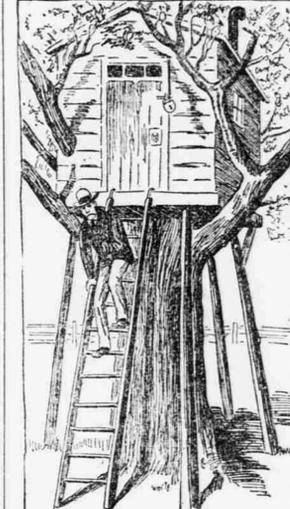
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AN ECCENTRIC BARON.

He Prefers a Tree to a House as a Place of Residence.

In the neighborhood of Huis ten Bosch, where the peace conference met in Holland, lives Baron Van Hyussen, an eccentric Holland nobleman who prefers a tree to a house as a residence. His "nest" is a shanty ten feet high, eight feet broad and ten deep, standing fifteen feet above the ground among the branches of a mighty oak in the thickest part of the forest. Baron Van Hyussen says his house is cool in summer, being protected by the green roof, and not too cold in winter. He wouldn't exchange it for any palace in the world.

He reaches it by ladder, but nobody else does, as he has no friends and is not on visiting terms with his relatives. When he leaves his refuge to walk among the trees or to fetch food or water he lets down his ladder-drawbridge and immediately pulls it up again by a special contrivance. When



THE BARON'S HOME.

he is at home the ladder is always up, and no amount of calling, shouting or other noise can make the baron lower it or persuade him to poke his head out of the door.

When, fifteen years ago, he moved up among the trees the servants he then employed brought to the nest a small folding bed, a rocking chair, a tiny table, a cooking stove and a safe. These things are known to be in the shanty—whether there is anything more besides the baron's fierce watchdog nobody knows.

It is surmised, however, that Van Hyussen keeps much money, gold and silver, on hand, for he is a miser. Click-click of coins coming from the leafy dome; on such occasions the baron is supposed to be counting over his treasure, but whether this surmise is true is a question. Perhaps he is merely trying his gun. Shooting is the only pleasure he allows himself, and, being the owner of the forest where he lives, he provides all the meat for his table. Wonderful stories are in circulation respecting the man's skill as a crack shot. Maybe that is one reason why he never yet was molested by burglars or robbers.

Twenty years ago Baron Van Hyussen held the post of chamberlain at the court of old King William. He was then one of the gayest dogs in the kingdom and aided his royal master in many an escapade, for he was full of money and health. Suddenly, in the midst of pleasures, he withdrew himself from society, appointed an administrator for his estates and went to the forest, where he spent a month putting up the house shown in the illustration. That done, he discharged his servants, sold his horses, carriages and furniture and said "good-by" to the world. He has rarely spoken to anyone since.

Brain Stimulant.
Sleep is the best brain stimulant. The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go direct to bed, and to stop there as long as he can. Sleep is the only recuperator of brain power. During sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since every act of thinking burns up solid particles just as every turn of the wheel or screw of a steamer is the result of consumption by fire of fuel in the furnace.

When Leap Years Will Be No More.
Within eight more centuries leap year will have become a relic of the present time. By that time the extra eleven days lost to make up the changes from the old Julian calendar to that of the present day will all have been duly accounted for, and the world will run around in just 365 days, and no more.

Ventilated Waterproof Goods.
The experiments made by Mr. Berthier of Paris have resulted in the discovery of a simple method of imparting to clothing fabrics the quality of repelling water and yet admitting air for ventilation, the basis in this case being the use of wool which still contains the animal grease.

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"I wonder if that girl next door plays by ear?" "No, by the hour."—Chicago Daily News.

He—"What are you two girls talking about?" She—"Nothing; are your ears burning?"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Jones got broke of walking in his sleep." "How?" "His wife made him carry the baby."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"How did you succeed in your speech?" "When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did."—Judy.

He—"Was your brother engaged in the late war?" She—"No; not until after he came home."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Dasher didn't weigh his chances when he went into that enterprise." "And yet he speculated on a large scale."—Moonshine.

"I saw you waiting around your lawn this morning." "Excuse me, that wasn't a wait—it was a hose reel."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Adalbert—And so I am the first man that you have ever kissed? Guinevere—Yes; Adalbert; the others took the initiative.—Chicago Daily News.

"Do you think strong drink shortens a man's life?" "It may, but I never saw a toper who didn't live out the fullness of his days."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Who's that horrid little man over the way?" "Oh, that's my brother." "How stupid of me, dear; I ought to have known by the likeness."—Ally Sloper.

Listening to a speaker, you can tell every school teacher in the audience by the way they look when he mispronounces a word.—Washington Democrat.

Surprising.—Mr. Gotham—"Here, sir, is some whisky which I have had in my cellar for twenty years." Col. Kaintuck—"Well! How did it get lost?"—New York Weekly.

Browne—"Walter, bring me a dozen oysters on the half shell." Waiter—"Sorry, sah, but we're all out of shell-fish, sah, 'ceptin' aigs."—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

"I would like a straw with this lemonade," said the lady at the table. "Hey!" ejaculated the waiter, who was hard of hearing. "No; straw, I said."—Yonkers Statesman.

Birdsge Bill—"Wot is a loafer? Why, a loafer is a feller dat loafs of course! The Bowery Chicken—Dat shows your ignorance. A loafer is a feller dat loafs and has no bank account.

Maudie—"You wouldn't know my fiancé now if you met him." Nell—"Why, has he changed so much as that?" Maudie—"That isn't it, exactly. I've changed him."—Pick Me Up.

Mrs. Murphy—"Now, which wan of youse byes trun that ball 'ro me base-ment windy?" The Pitcher—"All kicks must be registered with the umpire, laddy. Play ball, fellers!"—Up-to-Date.

The Wife—"If you object to giving me money always, why don't you give me so much a year and have done with it?" The Husband—"I do give you 'so much.' That's just what I object to."—Judy.

Salesman—"This is the fashionable color, madame." Mme. Parvenu—"Very likely—but can't you let me have a cloth of that 'local color' the painters talk so much about?"—Le Journal Amusant.

Young Optician—"It seems to be a complication of conjunctivitis, presbyopia and astigmatism." The patient—"Say, mister, how many pairs o' specs'll it take to cure 'em?"—The Jeweler's Weekly.

"Johnny, are your people going to take you with them on that trip across the ocean?" "Yes'm." "Aren't you afraid?" "Nome. Ain't afraid of nothin'. I've been vaccinated an' baptized."—Chicago Tribune.

"Your voice," said the commanding officer, "is decidedly rasping." "Yes, sir," replied the subordinate, touching his hat. "I have been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all the morning."—Chicago Tribune.

"I hear that Mr. Whiffletree has secured a divorce from his wife," said Mr. Birmingham. "He has been murdered out of the matrimonial army," replied Mr. Manchester.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Benevolent Stranger (to little boy who is looking about for something on the ground)—"What are you searching for, my dear? What have you lost?" Little Boy—"My balance, sir; I tumbled off er that fence jess now, and nudder sed as how I'd lost it, so I thought I'd try and find it afore father came home."—Ally Sloper.

Investor—I've hit a money-making thing at last. The preachers will go wild over it, and it will sell like hot cakes. It's a church contribution box. Friend—What good is that? Investor—It's a triumph. The coins fall through slots of different sizes, and half-crowns, shillings and sixpences land on velvet; but the pennies and half-pennies drop on to a Chinese gong.—Tit-Bits.

"Golf is such an expensive game that I really can't afford to play," sighed Mrs. Quiverfull. "That's where you make a great mistake," said Mrs. Bowser. "I found it a great economy. I don't have to keep a nurse any more, as the children are always on the links with me; we don't have any more doctors' bills; and besides all that, I don't have to buy any more expensive delicacies to tempt my husband's appetite. He talks so much about his game at dinner that he doesn't know what he's eating."—Harper's Bazar.