

THE HERB OF PEACE.

Part That Tobacco Has Played in the History of the World.

Widespread objection will be taken to the assertion of Dr. Seaver, the physical director at Yale, based on his experience at the university, that "smoking has a deteriorating influence upon both body and mind," and that "men addicted to tobacco are, as a rule, inferior in physique and intellect to those who abstain from it."

Even the Pope smokes. True, he is the first of the occupants of the Chair of St. Peter to find enjoyment in a cigar, which owes its name to the similarity of its shape to the cylindrical body of the insect known in Spain as the "cigarrero."

It is from those days, too, that date those delightful old-fashioned pews of the English country churches, filled up with cushions, cushions, sofas and sofas, and the squires pulled away at their pipes throughout the entire sermon.

Other deeds display a greater liberality in this respect. In the Mahometan mosques of Egypt and Turkey, and in the temples of the various faiths of Asia, the priest aims to attract the people into becoming interested listeners and spectators of the sacred rite, and I recall how during the progress of the sermons that I enjoyed the opportunity of hearing in the great Buddhist temples of Shihba and of Nikko in Japan, both the preacher and the congregation were repeatedly refreshed with cups of tea, while everybody—men, women and children and priests—smoked till the air was thick with tobacco fumes, which tended to keep us all in an amiable frame of mind, and as such more ready to take to heart the teachings of the preacher.

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A Team of Winners

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with a favor that has no precedent nor parallel. And the brewers put them on the market at a price far less than that demanded for inferior ale and stout.

EVANS' ALE AND EVANS' STOUT ARE SOLD AT ALL LEADING PLACES

JAPS MIGHT FREE RUSSIA'S CONVICTS.

FAST ARMY OF THESE MISERABLE WRETCHES ON SAKHALIN ISLAND, NEAR JAPANESE TERRITORY.

Japanese naval victories have already demoralized Russia's exile system, and they soon might deal it a staggering blow by throwing open its chief Siberian prison.

the further deportation of convicts to the island. If Russia attempts to send her convicts by ship, as was once her custom, from the Black Sea port of Odessa, the Japanese warships will hold them up somewhere along the Pacific Coast.



RUSSIAN FEMALE CONVICTS HAULING WATER.

The government which has doomed them to a living death. At the present time only the Vladivostok squadron prevents Japan from attacking Sakhalin.

books, cutting out their tongues or amputating their limbs, as she had done before. In the middle of the eighteenth century the Muscovites abolished capital punishment, and instead of executing their worst criminals, they banished them to Asiatic Russia.

To this cold, inhospitable, remote part of the earth Russia banishes her worst enemies of state. When a peasant commits an atrocious murder the penalty is Sakhalin.

Sakhalin has been a sealed book of crime and wretchedness to the rest of the world, save for a few travelers who have landed on its frigid shore. Dr. Benjamin Howard visited the island not long ago, and he tells how the prisoners are confined within a sort of stockade, similar to some of the American prisons in which Union soldiers were

Since Russia has completed the continental railroad across her Asiatic domain she has sought to change the character of Siberia from a penal colony to a great industrial province. She has endeavored to wipe out the wretched associations which haunt the name of Siberia because of its past, and which stunted its growth.

In all that large prison there were only three cells, all of which were large rooms. The prisoners do practically all their work in the open air, and go out in gangs to work. The three cells I saw were occupied by the most distinguished prisoners, and it is considered a sort of special favor to occupy them.

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they were herded together in pens, to be forwarded to various destinations.

On visiting the convict pens of Tiumen, in 1885, George Kennan wrote, in "The Century Magazine":

There was practically no ventilation, and the air was so poisoned and foul that I could hardly force myself to breathe it. We visited successively in the yard six "kameras," or cells, essentially like the first, and found in every one of them three or four times the number of prisoners for which it was intended, and five or six times the number for which it had adequate air space.

There are still prisons at Tomsk, Irkutsk, in Central Siberia, and at Khabarovsk, in Eastern Siberia, on the Amur River, but they are used for the temporary detention of prisoners. Exiles condemned to long periods of banishment are sent to Sakhalin, where they are confined in the great prison at Korsakoff for two years or put to work in the coal mines, chained to iron wheelbarrows.

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middle of the yard, and behind him stood the executioner. To the right of the table, and at a good distance, was the man who kept the tally and counted aloud each blow as it fell—one, two, three, and so to the end.

I have never seen anything else which was so painful to witness. The knout has a large, thick handle, the strands of the whip are divided into three by knots, and with a hard end, and the scourge descended like a bird of prey and picks out the flesh.

One of the most horrible Russian prison scenes, according to escaped or liberated exiles, is the spectacle of the convicts taking a bath. It has long been the rule to compel the prisoners to wash the day before Christmas. However thick may be the dirt on their bodies the rest of the year, they must try to scrape some of it off at this time, in the name of the Church.

There were only two public baths in the town. One was kept by a Jew, and had separate rooms which cost 50 copecks each, and was frequented by the higher classes. The other bath was patronized by the poor people. It was very small, could hold only a few bathers at a time, and was remarkable for its dirt. We were taken there as a matter of course. It was a bright, sunny day, and the convicts were as happy as children. Soldiers with loaded guns accompanied us.

When Petroff opened the door of the bathroom my first thought was that I must have got into bed by mistake. Into a room not more than twelve feet long by as many broad a mass of human beings were crowded.

A thick cloud of vapor hung over the bathers, nearly enveloping them, and the floor was so filthy that I did not know where to set my feet. When at last we got to the wall where a bench was, we found that every available place on the forms had already been taken. Petroff explained to me that we must buy a place. Petroff had prudently carried a coin in his fist all the way. He handed it over to the man, who immediately disappeared under the bench, just below my seat, where the mud was about two inches deep.

Two men washed themselves, as the common people care but little for soap and hot water, their idea of a bath consisting of getting up to the highest shelf, whipping themselves violently with a bundle of birch twigs, and then pouring cold water down their backs. . . . And all this mass of human

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of high and low standards of refinement are made to associate in their lives, for is afforded by the visit of Stephen Bonsal to the temporary prison at Khabarovsk, on the Amur River, at the mouth of which lies Sakhalin. He writes in "Harper's Magazine":

On the second floor was the jail for women. None of the women were in chains, and they occupied large and sunny rooms. Some stood for their men. Several had their children with them. In one room we stopped and talked with two women who were as unexcitable as day to night. One was a great, handsome blond girl from Russia. She might well have served the sculptor as a model for Diana. Her face was so fine, in her eyes were soft, ingenious and almost childlike. She had poisoned her husband for love of another man. Across the hall from her stood her sister in crime; but what a contrast in outward appearance! She was a little woman, and she, too, had poisoned her husband for love of another man. Her face was yellow and sallow, her forehead low and receding, her nose was flat and her lips drooped and curled like a deerhound's; her face was without expression, dull and stagnant, like a muddy pond.

At home the Russian peasant shows the effects of serfdom and his inborn instinct to be governed by always electing an overseer to boss him. If four laborers are told to dig a ditch, they immediately choose one of their number to give them orders. So in their prison life Russians seem to prefer supervision rather than individual liberty. The inmates of a prison divide themselves into groups of ten, each of which elects a captain to govern them. Says Mr. Bonsal: The captain becomes responsible in the eyes of the prison authorities for the nine men who have honored him with their votes. Whenever a detachment of men is sent to work, the captain, if he is not of prison rules, and the individual delinquent cannot be ascertained, the captain, or starosta, receives the punishment. This system, as I said, works well, and makes for law and order.

MEMORY.

Why We Remember Some Things and Forget Others.

This is a subject regarding which a good deal of nonsense is habitually talked. We often hear people say that they have a good memory for certain things, but a bad one for other things. This I believe to be a delusion. A man's memory is good or it may be bad, but it cannot well be good for one thing and bad for another thing. It might as well be said that a bottle was good for holding brandy, but bad for holding whiskey. In the case of a feeble intellect all its faculties will be feeble—memory, judgment and all the rest; but they will not be feeble for one purpose and vigorous for another purpose. The fact is that our memory is in itself equally powerful or feeble for all purposes, but we remember those things which interest us most, and so say that we have good memories for such things; while we forget those things which do not interest us, and we say, accordingly, that we have bad memories for those things.

Horace Walpole used to say that his memory was all-retentive as to the names of persons and of places, but that it was absolutely impotent in regard to dates. It has been said of him—by Macaulay, I think—that he could tell you the name of the grandaunt of King Ethelwald; but that he could not tell you whether she lived in the year 599 or in the year 1598. The truth was that he took an interest in names and genealogies, but none in dates. Similarly, in his introduction to "Anne of Geierstein," Scott aptly says: "I have through life been entitled to adopt old Beattie, of Melkledale's, answer to his parish minister when the latter was eulogizing him with respect to the same faculty: 'No, doctor, said the honest border laird, 'I have no command of my memory; it retains only what happens to hit my fancy, and like enough, sir, if you were to preach to me for a couple of hours on end I might be unable at the close of the discourse to remember one word of it.' Perhaps there are few men whose memory serves them with equal fidelity as to many different classes of subjects, but I am sorry to say that, while mine has rarely slipped me as to any snatch of verse or trait of character that had once interested my fancy, it has generally been a frail support not only as to names and dates, and other minute technicalities of history, but as to many more important things."

RUSSIAN CONVICTS WASHING GOLD.



confined during the Civil War. Within this wooden wall stand the long, low, prison buildings, in which the convicts work and sleep. For the reason that an exile during his two year term of imprisonment is compelled to wear leg irons, with a five pound ball tugging at each foot, he is allowed a greater amount of freedom than the inmate of a New-York State prison. Dr. Howard said in an address to the American Geographical Society:

In all that large prison there were only three cells, all of which were large rooms. The prisoners do practically all their work in the open air, and go out in gangs to work. The three cells I saw were occupied by the most distinguished prisoners, and it is considered a sort of special favor to occupy them. Two were occupied by princes, and were fitted up about as well as the quarters of an ordinary captain. In and about the church on Sunday mornings there are groups of the free. No prisoner is allowed to go there. In the Greek Church a great deal of the service is done by laymen. The layman in this case, a capital reader, was a murderer. The choir, also splendid singers, were murderers. But I asked myself, is it not better that all these convicts should be wrapping together than that they should have been hanged?

One of the chief modes of torture which the Russians used in the darkest days of the Siberian prison system was the knout. Whenever an exile aroused the special ire of his keeper he was lashed with the knout. When a man refused to confess the knout extorted his secret. No will was so strong that one could endure its cutting blows. In Russia the knout has been officially abolished, but in Sakhalin it is still used in administering torture, and sometimes death. Few outside of certain prison officials ever behold a convict punished by the knout, yet when Dr. Howard was at Sakhalin he witnessed a man put to its torture, because the resident physician was forced to seek his assistance and advice in handling the case. He says: The criminal was stretched out on a table in the

belong was swaying backward and forward, shouting and yelling, and clanking their chains on the floor. A crowd had collected around the window where the cans of hot water were handed in and carried over the heads of the bathers, who squatted on the floor.

Over all this bedlam reared the voice of Isai Fomitch, who had climbed on to the highest shelf. He was nearly beside himself with the heat and whipping, but it seemed as if no earthly heat could ever satisfy him. He hired a man for a copeck to whip him, but the latter soon found the heat too much for him, threw down the rod and ran away. Isai Fomitch, nothing loath, hired another, then a third—he could be generous at times—and had as many as five men whip him that day.

After the convicts serve two years in the prisons of Sakhalin, or in the coal mines, they are allowed to make their home in some penal settlement on the island. To each one is given a parcel of land, and tools to build a house. The exile clears away a bit of the primeval forest, and with the trunks of the trees he constructs a log hut, with walls a foot or more thick, to withstand the arctic winds of winter. If he has made a good record, the government gives him a wife, some chickens, seed for planting, and a horse. Women comprise about one-fourth the population of the island. When a man wants to marry and is regarded as eligible, he is taken to the women's quarters and permitted to look at the inmates, ranged up in the long line for his inspection. After a few whistles he makes his choice. He may have killed his wife in Kuznetsk and she her husband, yet the two vow to take each other for better or for worse. Many of the women on the island go there voluntarily, because their husbands have been condemned to its prisons. In her love for him such a wife will live with women committed there for the most heinous crimes, haul water wagons, harnessed like horses, or scrub the floors of the officers' quarters. In one year, 6,526 out of the 15,798 women exiled from Russia went voluntarily. A striking illustration which shows how women



HOME WHICH A PAROLED RUSSIAN CONVICT HAS BUILT ON THE CONVICT ISLAND OF SAKHALIN.