

Progress of the Russian Revolution

New York.—A letter has been received in this city from the capital of Finland which throws many sidelights on the social, political and revolutionary conditions there during the tumultuous days of the Sveaborg mutiny. The letter was written by Mrs. Isabel Donner, widow of Herman Donner, for 23 years United States consul at Helsingfors, and addressed to her son, Prof. H. Montague Donner, of New York.

"Helsingfors, Aug. 10-23.—There have indeed been terrible events happening here. The days of the mutiny were very anxious ones, and the continual firing both from Skatudden and the various fortress islands was fearful to hear. The streets were full of Russian soldiers and Cossacks, and many families fled from their homes. I see that in the account of the ending of the mutiny in the American papers what is stated to have been the real determining cause is not mentioned. On one of the islands held by the mutineers were two large powder magazines. One of these was struck by a shell from one of the men-of-war and exploded, causing great loss of life, and if the second and much larger one had also been struck later the whole island would have been blown up and a great part of Helsingfors also. A building close to it was struck by a ball and set on fire, upon which the mutineers hoisted the white flag and capitulated.

"When the explosion occurred I was sitting by my open window, and it seemed to me as if a cannon had been fired off close to my head. Some maid, rushed in shortly after, saying that many of the windows in the adjoining house had been shattered and that every one expected a second and worse explosion, when we should be all blown up, and urged me to fly at once. But I pointed out to her that I had nowhere to fly to and that the streets now were unsafe. Mr. Cooke,

next day they were induced to return to their duties on the promise that the matter should be inquired into. Two-thirds of the force, it now appears, are of the socialist-revolutionary party, and mostly themselves members of the Red Guard, and sided openly with the latter in the Hagana riot, and on other occasions of turbulence and bloodshed. The police are very poorly paid and are thus drawn only from the lowest class—now it is strongly urged that some million-odd marks should be granted to give better pay and augmenting the force, besides having a body of mounted police armed with rifles. But the senate demurs at the expense! Yet unless and until this is done there can be no safeguard for the public safety and order but in calling upon the Russian military. The Red Guard have been formally prohibited from meeting and acting in future, but who is to enforce this? They permeate the whole of the working classes and terrorize all who disagree with them, and they have no distinguishing badge, unless they choose to assume one. They are now undisguised anarchists and give free expression to their hatred of the upper classes, threatening all sorts of bloody reprisals and committing continual outrages. 'Wait and see what we will do!' a droschka driver said to a gentleman yesterday whom he had driven a short distance, shaking his fist in the face of his fare as the latter was paying him.

"It seems quiet now on the surface, but there is all manner of seething going on below it."

Attempt to Kill Stolypin.

The attempt to assassinate M. Stolypin, the new Russian premier, took place, as everybody knows, at about four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, August 12-25, in the minister's villa on Apothecary Island, near St. Petersburg. The minister escaped the

demand a multitude of victims. It seems that the same motive is now animating the revolutionists. Bomb throwing has assumed the sinister forms of anarchism abroad, formerly wholly unknown to Russia.

Gen. Kusmin-Karaviev, one of the leading liberals, an ex-professor of law in the military academy of jurisprudence, thus sums up the situation laid bare by the tragedy on Apothecary Island:

"Extremists on both sides now resort to murder. The government has found the existing laws, the dictatorial ordinances, martial law, and military courts too great a restraint, and leaps across these barriers at every step. It has put itself on the same plane as the revolutionists' methods and surpassed them, and now the revolutionists are borrowing from the government.

Police Slaughtered.

"Formerly ministers were killed, but rarely governors, and subordinate officers almost never. Now mere policemen are slaughtered by droves. Formerly pains were taken to avoid accidental victims, as in the case of Kalalev, the assassin of the Grand Duke Sergius. Now no thought is given to this. Why is this? Formerly only the principal authors of terrorist acts were executed. Now no distinction is made between those that prepare or throw the bombs and persons engaged in revolutionary agitation. How many have perished in the Caucasus, the Baltic, and in Poland without inquiry as to their gradation of guilt? Formerly there were orderly courts to establish the truth; now neither lawyers nor appeals are allowed. Formerly a few were executed in a year; now hundreds are shot in a month."

Another phase of the reign of terror is to be found in the raids made by small bands of revolutionists on government buildings such as banks,

FORGETTING THE MONEY.

By ELMER CARNET.

"Well," demanded the doctor as he honed the carving knife preparatory to cutting the juicy steak, "what's in the paper?"

He glanced severely at his ward Helen, whose duty it was to scan the paper while the doctor attended to his family duties. The girl, usually quick to respond and tell the family the principal news of the day, was strangely silent. Then she gave a great sob and laid her handsome head of glorious brown hair on her arm and sobbed violently.

The doctor ceased his carving and reached for the paper with only the exclamation: "Well, I'll be dished!"

The family awaited in a fever of impatience. Finally the doctor laid down the paper and said in a husky voice:

"Yes, it's pretty bad—but not hopeless. He's young, you know and one knock-out ought not to carry him under. Besides, if you care so much your fortune is ample."

"That's the trouble," the girl sobbed. "He is so proud that he will not let anyone help him—least of all a woman, and the woman he loves."

The other members of the family who had listened to this obscure conversation patiently hoping that the key would be given them, revolted at this point.

"Doctor," remarked Mrs. Doctor, severely, "will you kindly serve the breakfast—or let us know what it is all about?"

Without responding to this sarcasm with his usual facetiousness the doctor silently passed the paper to his better half and after she had read the important story which had so perturbed the other two she wiped her eyes and passed the paper along.

And really it was too bad. Great black headlines chronicled the failure of the house of Cudover & Co., which, while merely meaning the loss of so many thousands to Cudover; with his millions, meant the entire wiping out of Bently Chalmers—the Co., who had all his patrimony invested in the business. The paper stated specifically that the failure not only would wipe out all the young man had invested, but would eat up the entire Chalmers estate. Also that young Chalmers insisted that every dollar of indebtedness be paid if he had to take the clothes from his back.

Now the interest in all this lay in the fact that Bently Chalmers was the affianced husband of Helen, and that theirs had been the most perfect and beautiful love story possible to imagine. Both of the best type of Americans, both left with ample fortunes the attraction was not strange.

Chalmers, with the independence of the young American, however, was not satisfied to lay back and live on the income derived from the struggles and labors of the past generations and had plunged into business to carve out his own career.

To the doctor the failure was sad because he well knew the terrific difficulty in recouping fortunes—and he well knew the value of money.

To the girl it was a catastrophe because she knew the indomitable pride of her lover and she foresaw the end of her own happy dreams.

Even as they talked the matter over the doorbell rang and Miss Helen was summoned to the door. When she returned her white face told the story. She sat a moment as if dazed and then dropped her head on her arms and sobbed in a way to draw tears to every eye.

"Come, come," cried the doctor; "this is no way to carry on. Out with it, Mistress Helen, has he jilted you?"

"Released me," she nodded, "and says he starts for the West to-morrow to begin over again—and that I am not to wait for him because he evidently is cut out for a failure and is unworthy for any self-respecting girl to think about."

"Um," grunted the doctor. "Well cheer up and eat a piece of this tenderloin. I think there are ways to bring young fools like that to their milk."

The girl looked up with hope shining through her tears. When the doctor used that particular tone she knew he was on the warpath and that he had an idea or two up his sleeve—and all the town knew when the doctor got on the warpath there was trouble in sight for the enemy. And Helen knew that the doctor loved her as his very own and that all things would be done for her happiness.

There were many conferences between the doctor and his pretty ward and these usually ended in tears and temper on the part of the latter. But the doctor was firm and nothing was done—with the exception of the quiet work the doctor did to locate the recalcitrant lover.

Finally one glorious day the doctor came home almost bursting with the important news he had to give out. He summoned Mistress Helen to his den with an air of mystery which caused him an accounting with his spouse, who rightly believed she should be the first to hear the news.

He told Helen that he had succeeded in locating Bently Chalmers in a western town where he was working in an office like a slave for a thousand dollars a year. Then the doctor and Mistress Helen got their heads together and concocted a great scheme to bring Mr. Runaway to his nuptials, as it were.

One day the humdrum life of Bently Chalmers was interrupted by a letter from an old-time friend in the old town in the East—one of the few who had

been entrusted with his address. The letter filled him with a great sorrow—and then with a great joy which wiped out the sorrow altogether. It told him that on account of the shifting of the values of securities and a series of unfortunate investments of her property, the entire fortune left Helen by her father had been swept from the boards and that she was practically a pauper. The letter further said that her pride was so strong that she refused to remain with the doctor, who had been all of a father to her, but had determined to go out as a teacher or governess—and added how sorry all society was to lose so bright an ornament. His correspondent went on to comment on the pity of the situation which sent a frail and unacquainted girl—used to all the luxuries—out into the merciless world to suffer and struggle—and perhaps die.

Chalmers finished the letter with a whoop and two days later was speeding eastward as fast as the limited would carry him—with a week's lay-off to his credit.

Helen was charmingly pleased to see him but somewhat reserved and haughty as he attempted to explain his flight. But he pleaded his cause with eloquence and logic—and with passion and love and won, of course.

"I ought to send you about your business and I am going to—I think—and hesitating lost, or won. So she went away with her lover into the little city in the great West, in the role of poverty and they started in to live on a thousand a year. Luckily he got a raise of a couple of hundred presently and they got on very well in their little vine-clad cottage in the suburb. But it was tight pinching and they sighed now and then for the theater parties and the automobiles and the seashore—and the countless diversions of the other days. But the sighs always ended in smiles and laughter and in renewed assertions that they would not trade the present life for the old one—no, not if all the gold of Croesus were to be thrown in.

This sort of thing went on all very well until the doctor, on a western trip to inspect some mining stock, be thought himself to stop off to see how his ward was getting on. When he saw the simple cottage he smiled pleasantly—doubtless a fad of Helen's. But when he was ushered into the plain little sitting room with its cheap but tasty furniture he gasped, and when he had sized up the apparel of the pair and partaken their plain but appetizing supper, he began to think hard.

Presently he got a moment alone with Helen.

"What does this all mean?" he exclaimed. "Surely you have not gone on fooling your husband all these years?"

Blushingly she nodded her head many times.

"But why?" insisted the doctor. "There is no necessity for it and really it must be hard work—and very dull for you both."

"No, no, my dearest guardian," replied Helen. "We are so very happy that I cannot bring myself to disturb the dream."

"But," exclaimed the doctor, mystified, "what do you do with the checks I send you every month?"

"Do you want to know?" she replied. "Then follow."

In the sewing room she pulled an impossible little drawer in the sewing machine and extracted therefrom a thread box which she handed to him with a blush. He opened it and there, neatly piled up were all the drafts he had sent her since she had left his home—amounting to many thousands of dollars.

"And he still thinks he saved you from poverty," queried the doctor, chuckling.

"Yes—and don't you dare to intimate to the contrary," replied Helen.

"Good girl," said the doctor, leaning over and kissing her, "but we will have to lay up a little scheme for her to make her money back, because Chalmers—or any other man—will tire of this sort of an unequal some day." (Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Minister's Righteous Wrath.

O. H. Kuhn, of the great banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., is a lover of fresh air, and when he crossed the Atlantic on La Provence during her recent record-breaking westward trip he insisted on having all the public rooms well ventilated.

To a Frenchman who complained that there were too many open windows and portholes, Mr. Kuhn said: "You remind me, sir, of an old minister who used to preach, though he loved fresh air, in a small, crowded and ill-ventilated church."

"It happened that one Sunday, through some oversight or other, a window in the church was left partly open. The old minister actually began to preach in a fairly decent atmosphere. But in a minute or two an aged deacon arose, clumped solemnly to the window and closed it."

"The minister paused in his sermon to say bitterly:

"Deacon Jones, if I were preaching in a bottle I verily believe you'd put the cork in."

Not Afraid.

"Chippers is an odd Dick. I've never yet asked him a question that he didn't give some sort of an answer."

"He's schooled to it; you know he was seven years with the weather bureau."—Detroit Free Press.

GOOD-BY, MOSQUITO

ELECTRICITY TO AID IN RIDDING WORLD OF PEST.

Frenchman Confident That by the Use of His Device Mankind Will Live and Sleep Easier.

At last the mosquito has its match. A Frenchman has invented an electrical machine that will kill mosquitoes faster than a 40,000 horsepower dynamo could breed them. This electrical mosquito killer is a genuine device.

In a description of it the European edition of the New York Herald says: "M. Maurice Chauvin has declared war not only on mosquitoes, but on gnats and flies. Up to the present, says M. Max de Nansouty, in his interesting scientific causerie in the Temps, humanity has been forced to bode these plagues at bay by means of clouds of tobacco smoke or by mosquito nets. Another means of capturing them was to smear a lighted lantern with a mixture of wine and honey.

"M. Chauvin proposes to replace this by electrocution, thanks to an apparatus which he has invented and patented.

"A sort of cylindrical lantern is constituted by two rings suspended one above the other and connected by parallel and vertical chains. These are connected with a source of electricity which may be either the current which provides the light or furnished by a little accumulation in such a fashion



that each of the chains is always 'live.'

"In the center is a lamp, either electric or other. This light attracts the mosquitoes, which begin to buzz around the lamp and come in contact with the chains. The moment the insect touches two at once with its long legs it establishes a short circuit and is immediately electrocuted.

"If this apparatus is installed in a bedroom it has only to be lighted a short time before the owner retires to rest to insure a quiet night's sleep."

HANDS FREE FOR WORK.

Labor-Saving Cradle Devised by British Columbia Indians.

Domestic labor-saving machines are generally regarded as exclusively the outcome of science and civilization. Nevertheless the Indians of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, have devised an ingenious appliance for rocking the cradles of their infants.

The cradle is suspended by cords



from the projecting branch of a small tree, while a third cord carried from the end of the branch is attached to the mother's foot. She is thus enabled to swing her offspring, her hands being left free for other work.

Our illustration depicts an Indian mother pursuing her double occupation. The tree, it will be noticed, has been cut and shaped for the purpose to which it is put.—London Answers.

Big Bear Drowned.

An unusual tragedy occurred in Trout Run, a tributary of Fine Creek a few days ago, by which a big black bear lost his life, having been drowned.

A woodsman found the body of a large bear weighing several hundred pounds in the stream pinned against a log. From the position in which the body lay it was evident that the bear tried to cross the stream on the slippery log and fell into the current, which was strong as the result of hard rains. He became entangled in some underbrush. There was evidence of a hard struggle, the log showing places where the bear had scratched it trying to get a hold to pull himself out of the stream.—Lock Haven Express.

Brakes Used by Tyroleans.

They have an easy, if somewhat primitive method of braking their carriages in Tyrol, where the mountain roads are very steep. It consists simply of removing the hind wheels when sharp grade is met with. Although one receives something of a jolting, the sense of safety makes up for that inconvenience. The ordinary brake would scarcely hold, and one would be forever running the risk of having the cart run away with the horses and plunging over the high banks with the ordinary method.



the English consul, had warned me that morning on no account to leave the house, so that we were as safe at home as anywhere else, and must risk whatever might happen. Poor Sophie was nevertheless full of alarm. There were no windows broken in this house, strange to say, although many were shattered at quite the other end of the town.

The Red Guard at Work.

"The incident that most painfully affected me was the affair at Hagana square, close to the Longa Bron (Long Bridge), where is situated one of the power stations and car houses of the electric tramway. Here, as perhaps you know, the Red Guard had attacked and wrecked some of the cars, being determined that the general strike should be carried out, from which all the better class of the townspeople dissented, and when the Volunteer Skydsdgarde (i. e., Safety Guard, the Communal Guard spoken of in the dispatches) came up to the defense of the cars the Red Guard, lying in ambush behind the booths and angles of the houses, opened a murderous fire upon them from their rifles, killing seven, including the captain and lieutenant, formerly officers in the disbanded Finnish army, and wounding many others. The Volunteer Guard were armed only with revolvers and could not even see their assailants, who were only finally dispersed by the Russian troops. The brutal wretches kicked the dead bodies of their victims and trampled on them. All the seven—there were an artist and an architect among them—were buried by the town in one large grave, side by side, and the funeral was attended by thousands, although it poured with rain the whole day.

"There was a strike of the whole police force a short time ago because they did not like the officer who instructed them, and the Skydsdgarde had to turn out in their place. The

explosion of the bomb, concerning the introduction of which no two stories agree, but from the ruins of the building 28 corpses were later recovered and the maimed bodies of 32 wounded persons were taken to the hospital.

The attempt to take the life of M. Stolypin is of the greatest importance as marking the end of one epoch and the beginning of another in the Russian revolution. In its lurid light the present situation in Russia is clearly discernible. After the failure of the Sveaborg revolt and the Kronstadt mutiny signs were not wanting to reveal the fact that the phase of the revolution which consisted of the "removal" of officials highly placed had got beyond the control of the executive heads of the revolutionists. On August 10-September 1 the central committee of the socialist revolutionary party, hitherto the principal terrorist organization, repudiated the butchery at M. Stolypin's villa. The worst fears inspired by this crime are thus confirmed. The central committee long ago lost control over the provincial assassins and revenge committees. It is no longer the predominant terrorist influence in the capitals. Indiscriminate slaughter has become the "mot d'ordre" of everybody who can get hold of a revolver or a bomb.

Governmental Atrocities.

It is, however, pointed out that the government first set the example. Admiral Dubassoff cannonaded residential houses in Moscow because revolutionists forced their way into them and fired from roof, window or courtyard. Gen. Min and Col. Riemann slew without inquiry into guilt or innocence. They allowed themselves to be misguided by blind zeal and hate and the desire to inspire terror. It was no longer a question of putting only those out of the way who were known to be dangerous to the state. The situation appeared to

post offices and churches; considerable sums of money and a large amount of treasure have thus been seized.

The revolutionists operate in broad daylight as follows: Five or six soldiers are standing before a government building with loaded rifles, ready to fire, when suddenly each is confronted by a stalwart youth pointing a revolver to his forehead, whereupon the soldiers stand as though seized by a cataleptic fit while other revolutionists thoroughly pillage the apartments within. When the operation is finished the stalwart youths walk backward about 15 paces, holding their revolvers pointed and enjoining the military to remain inactive. Then they run. The warriors quickly shoulder rifles and a series of loud reports in quick succession are heard, the smoke slowly lifts, and nearly all the soldiers are seen sprawling on the ground dead or wounded, other revolutionists, screened among the spectators, having deftly shot them from revolvers before they could fire their rifles. The next day the newspapers announce a robbery in Warsaw.

Fear Uprising of Peasants.

The recent transfer of 10,000,000 acres of the imperial lands to the peasants seems to be another step that shows the state of panic that now prevails. It is believed that the cities can be dragged into submission by martial law, but that only far-reaching measures will save the country districts from the worst horrors of anarchy.

The liberal policy of M. Stolypin seems to be no more commendable to the people than the acts of the reactionary grand dukes. The terrorists are determined to go on until they have assassinated every highly placed official in the country. Warnings of the fate that awaits them are being daily received by every minister, governor and public officer.