# Queer Conditions Contrived by Russia in Manchuria

The paw of the Great Bear lies more heavily than ever on Manchuria. Russia has promised to withdraw from the land of the Manchus, yet she is still there. Again and again has she promised and broken her promises. On October 8 the Muscovite government was pledged to evacuate Manchuria, yet when that day came she only poured in more soldiers, and made a great naval demonstration, so that all the world might see and draw a proper conclusion.

There are frequent cable dispatches of late telling of threatened war between Japan and Russia. The little island empire regards with an ever-increasing suspicion Russia's prolonged stay in the three Manchurian provinces; and is ever fearful that the Russian Bear will cross the Yalu river, and "absorb" the kingdom of Korea. Japan has long regarded Korea as her own heritage, and it was Korea which stirred up the jealousies of Japan and China till they went to war in 1896 to settle the question. To Asiatic Russia, Korea bears much the same relation as did Spanish Florida to the United States in the early part of the last century. Russia covets the peninsula of Korea to round out her seashore.

But Russia does not want war. The Muscovites find it easier to conquer Asia with the bank and the railroad. They obtained Siberia without war, and they believe that they will get Manchuria the same way. Armies and warships are as necessary for this mode of conquest as for that of Napoleon, for often times they compel submission without a death just as does the pointed muzzle of a loaded revolver.

Toys are sold in the streets of Berlin which look like miniature merry-go-rounds. On one half the circle are stationed Russian soldiers and the semi-circular shed which overhangs them is labeled "Manchuria." By turning a crank a child may march the soldiers out of Manchuria, only to march them back again. However much Muscovite statesmen may talk about leaving Manchuria, even the babies of Europe understand and play their game.

The fact is Russia cannot voluntarily withdraw from Manchuria. The civilization of the Slav has rooted itself too firmly in this soil to be pulled up except by a political cyclone. One may see everywhere, from Port Arthur at its extreme southern end to the Amoor river, the old Russian boundary, on the north, evidences of the czar's determination to stay always. Under the direction of Russian engineers native laborers are building railroads and military highways, constructing wharves, marking out vast farms and laying out cities. The Russian fortress is found wherever a strategic site will make Russian cannon still more formidable, and almost in the shadow of these guns rise the peaceful sanctuaries of the orthodox Greek, with their white walls and green roofs and cupolas.

Ever since the war between China and Japan Russia has pursued the same policy toward Manchuria. When Japan occupied the Liao-Tung peninsula of Manchuria and began to fortify Port Arthur at its southern tip, Russia, with two other powers, protested. Weak, though victorious, Japan withdrew. What was the chagrin of the Tokio government shortly afterward to learn of the secret treaty of Count Cassini by which Russia leased Port Arthur from China for an indefinite number of years. Having obtained this foothold, the Russians cast covetous eyes on the vast territory which lay between. They accordingly began its conquest by colonization on a scale which the world had never seen attempted before.

The route of the Siberian railroad was originally surveyed with Vladivostok on the Pacific coast of Russian Asia as the sole terminus. Port Arthur, however, washed by the warmer waters of the Yellow sea, now became the coveted goal. Yet Russia did not dare, even with her vast military armament, to build a railroad through the heart of Manchuria at this time. Such a step would have meant war. Russia intended to obtain the same results without war.

A corporation known as the Russo-Chinese bank was accordingly established, which to all appearances was a mutual combination of Russian and Chinese capital. The flags of the two countries appeared on its stationery, and wherever its checks went they seemed to show how harmoniously the two nations were united. Although the bank was only another name for the department of finance of the Russian empire, yet its name pleased Mongolian vanity and won respect. The Chinaman has as great esteem for a banker as he has contempt for a soldier. He had only regarded the Russian as a soldier before. He saw him now in the golden light of a financier.

There were times when China was short of ready cash, and the Russo-Chinese bank each time went to her aid. And so, when China was asked to grant a concession for a railroad from the Siberian trunk line to Liao-Tung bay, and the Russo-Chinese bank offered to furnish the necessary $250,000,000, China could not well refuse. With the same discretion with which the bank was named, the railroad was called the Russo-Chinese railroad. On its stationery were the grouped flags of China and Russia. These flags also appeared on the cars and engines, and on days of popular festivity they floated over the depots.

After the road was built the minds of some Chinese awakened enough to see the railroad's true purpose. They discovered that it penetrated the most fertile as well as the most densely populated districts of Manchuria, and had for its terminus the Russian fortress of Port Arthur. On the north it joined with the Siberian trunk line at Harbin, on the mighty Sungari. It passed through the capitals of the three Manchurian provinces, which are the cities of Tsitsihar, Kirin and Moukden. It tapped the Gulf of Liao-Tung, by means of the port of Newchwang, and skirted the whole eastern coast of this arm of the Yellow sea.

When the other powers became alarmed at the armies of soldiers which kept pouring in with every train from Siberia and European Russia, the officials of the czar explained that they were simply "railway guards," and, to further prove that their presence was wholly warrantable, they pointed to an out-of-the-way sentence of the railroad's charter, which permitted Russia to guard the railway with troops, but did not limit the number. Far faster than the soldiers, however, came the colonists. Families were gathered from all parts of the czar's western dominions, and put aboard trains of the Siberian railroad at Chiliabinsk, the border town between European and Asiatic Russia. They were charged nothing for transportation. Their wants were cared for on the way. At each railroad station along the 6,000 miles of track there was hot water and fuel where they might cook, and markets of wooden sheds where they might buy food from the peasants at low cost. A traveler going eastward on the Siberian railroad at the present time will pass train after train of these immigrants, huddled together in cars as tightly as cattle, with their dirty bags of clothing and grimy pots and pans. They are all bound for the promised land of Manchuria.

Every inducement is held out to the Russian settler in this untamed country. To each male member of the household is given 100 acres, and oftentimes a man who has a large number of sons will assume ownership of more than a square mile. In addition to the land the government furnishes the settler with agricultural implements, carpenter tools and cattle, and even advances him money, to be repaid at an insignificant rate of interest.

Although immigration has amounted to nearly 200,000 a year, nevertheless it has not penetrated far from the railroad. The region is too vast. Manchuria consists of 380,000 square miles, an extent three times as great as that of the British isles and equal to Germany and Austria combined. It already possesses a native population of 22,000,000, of whom 12,000,000 inhabit the southern province of Liao-Tung, 8,000,000 the central province of Kirin and 2,000,000 the wild northern province of Hetung Kiang. Besides the immensity of her task Russia is hindered by another difficulty. Many of the Russian settlers lose energy and ambition in their new homes. Life has been made too easy for them. Instead of extending their possessions many are content just to eke out an existence, to cut down the nearest tree when they need fuel and thresh a bit of wheat when they need food.

In spite of its northern latitude, Manchuria is not the barren country which it is popularly supposed to be. With the exception of four ice-locked months its fields are luxuriant with wheat, millet and the oil bean; so that it has come to be called the "Garden of China." In the summer its southern part looks to an American much like Illinois, and one may find on its most northern hills lilies-of-the-valley, pink peonies, white and yellow daisies and the fragile dog roses, as in Wisconsin or Minnesota. In these regions of higher latitude there are vast forests of hardwood, such as walnut and oak, together with the soft pine and fir. Russia realizes the wealth of lumber which may be taken from Northern Manchuria and, accordingly allows no foreigner to trespass there.

For the purpose of supplying her thousands of colonists with a great seaport and commercial outlet Russia has built the city of Dalny, fourteen miles from Port Arthur, on the eastern side of the Liao-Tung peninsula. Engineers built its wharves, laid out its streets and even planted trees along driveways intended for pleasure vehicles before the inhabitants arrived. It was a city made to order. Yet the experiment appears successful. The population is rapidly growing and the lines of steamships which load here directly from the ears of the Siberian railroad are increasing in number and in frequency of service.

Newchwang, the ancient treaty port, which was formerly the chief port for this part of Manchuria, has also passed into the hands of the Russians, who intend to transfer its commerce to modern Dalny, where it will be almost within range of the sixteen-inch guns of Port Arthur.

According to the recent treaty between China and the United States, the port of Moukden, on the Lia river, and the ancient capital of the Manchus, is to be open to the commerce of the world. Moukden is a station on the Russo-Chinese railroad, and Russia desired that it be kept closed to other nations. The present mobilization of troops in this city, therefore, is watched with especial interest at Washington. Moukden has a population of 200,000, and is the largest city in Manchuria. It is to the Manchu class of Chinamen what Jerusalem is to the Jews, or Mecca to the Mohametans. The present ruling dynasty of China traces its ancestry back to the Manchu emperors of Moukden, before they conquered China and made Pekin their capital. At Moukden are the tombs of the Manchu emperors, and the royal burying ground is ornamented with stone images of elephants as ponderous as some of the carved shapes that mark the graves of Egyptian kings.

Japan has not been slow to realize the importance of the bank and the railroad in gaining control of foreign territory. In much the same way that Russia built the Manchurian branch of the Siberian railroad from Harbin to Port Arthur, Japan has built a railroad through almost the whole length of Korea. It extends from Fusan, the southern terminus, on the Korean strait, to Seoul, the capital, and northward to Changsiang, which is a few miles from the Yalu river and the lumber mills of the Manchurian Russians. While Russia and Japan are mobilizing troops and battleships, the little land of Korea is still the Land of the Calm. Though she is in the midst of the storm, with Manchuria to the north and Japan to the west, nevertheless her 14,000,000 inhabitants are living much the same lives that they lived in the brightest sunshine of peace. Korea is indeed the same Korea, where the centuries work no change, and where the customs and traditions of antiquity are the traditions and customs of today.

The peninsula of Korea is hardly more than twice the size of the state of Ohio, and yet its people regard their land as the most important in the world. Their king, Li Hsi, in their eyes is far more powerful an individual than the czar of Russia or the emperor of Japan, and the Koreans who hold state offices deport themselves with such a dignity that it is as hard for a Westerner to keep from laughing in their faces as it is to look sad at an opera bouffe.

It is in Korea that the men appear on the streets dressed in flowing coats like women. They also wear a tall, cylindrical hat, which is so transparent that one can see their hair done up in a topknot. Each Korean citizen of importance carries a sort of wrist bag, where he keeps what an American would stuff into several dozen pockets.

It is in Korea that a man is a baby until he is married. If he persists in being a bachelor, and thus lives to a toothless dotage, he is still called by pet names, and in token of his inferiority he is compelled to wear his hair down his back in a pigtail. It is only when he weds that he may put up his hair in the topknot and cover it with the transparent hat. Bachelors must go hatless to their graves.

In Korea news and opinions all take the form of memorials. If a husband would tell his wife to visit her relatives he must present her with a memorial. The present king issues a great number of memorials, and one of them, which was on the subject of dress reform among the women, almost drove these peaceful folk to civil war. The king wanted the women to abandon their topknots, so that the men should enjoy this distinction alone. Here is the memorial:

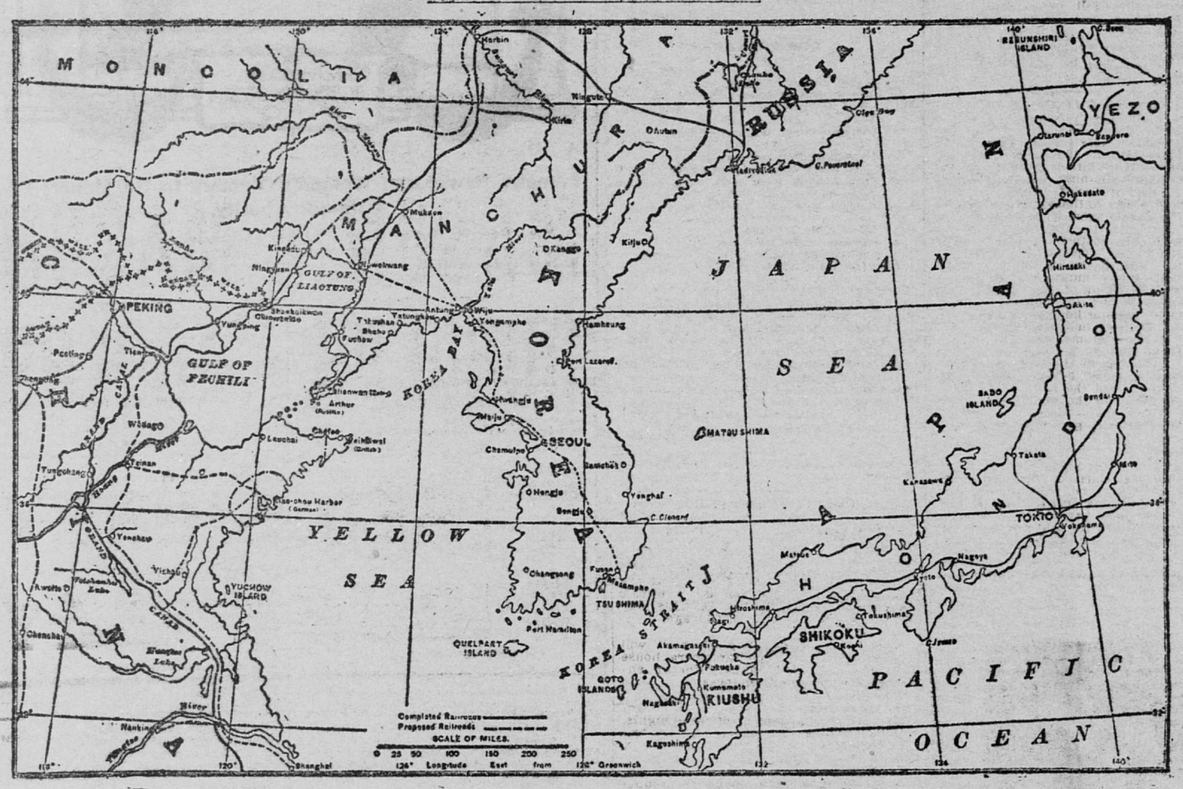
"Laws and edicts proceed from the king. Treaty relations must now be observed with the rest of the world, and changes be introduced into politics. We have, therefore, introduced a new calendar, a title of the reign, and changed the style of dress and cut off the topknot. You should not regard us as loving innovations. Wide sleeves and topknots have become familiar by usage. The topknots and hair bands stand in the way of health, as you know. Nor is it right that in this day of ships and vehicles we should stick to these customs."

But the edict caused such a revulsion of popular feeling that it was finally withdrawn.

In this land of Confucianism the Fourth commandment of the Christian is more closely obeyed than in many Christian countries. A Korean son does not leave his father when he is twenty-one, or several years earlier, should the opportunity present itself. Instead, he cares for him with as constant attention as if the father was indeed his sweetheart. When a Korean son meets his father on the street he bows almost to the ground and greets him with the most affectionate language. If the father should fall sick the son gives up his business or his own family duties and stays closely by the paternal couch. Should the father be cast into prison the son stands without the door, and if driven into exile the son goes, too.

Divorces are not so common in Korea as in the United States, because husband and wife do not have the same chance to grow tired of each other. The marriage is always arranged by the parents of the bride and bridegroom, and after the wedding the husband and wife see little of each other. He goes his way and associates with his own companions. She lives in her world and busies herself apart with her duties and pleasures. If she is a woman of rank she never goes into the public streets unless behind the curtains of a palanquin. No one can see how gayly she is painted or what gorgeous hairpins adorn her tresses.

## FOCAL POINTS IN THE GREAT FAR EASTERN QUESTION.




Showing That Portion of the World in Which There Is Likely to Be a Real War.

### Old Saw's Origin.

"The old saw 'Never look a gift horse in the mouth' arose in the English town of Carlisle," said the student of maxims, "it seems there were two friends, two old Carlisle farmers—Martin Timson and David Dean—who said they would remember one another in their wills. Dean happened first to go, and Timson went to hear his will read with an expectant look. But, the will nearly forgot him. The town was remembered, the church and a number of persons, Timson only came in in a codicil for a horse. Well, the old boy was pretty mad.

"'What' did your chum leave you, Martin?' the townspeople, smiling maliciously, would say.

"'Nothing but an old horse,' Timson would reply, and then he would berate the memory of his friend.

"One day the parson heard him going on like that, calling the dead Dave Dean a miser and a hound and a liar; and the parson up and said in his anger:

"'Be ashamed of yourself, Martin. The horse Dean left you is a good animal.'

"'It's an old bog horse,' muttered Timson.

"'It is not old. The nag is young,' the parson insisted.

"'Come look at it. Come see if it's young,' Martin Timson said, and he led the parson to his stable. He opened the mouth of the horse his friend had left him, and he began to study the animal's teeth so as to show how old it was.

"'In his excitement he must have hurt the horse in some way. It reached for him suddenly and bit off his nose.

"'There, Martin, that is what you get,' the parson said seriously, but poor Martin made no answer. With his hand to his face he ran home as fast he could go and took straightway to bed. He never by Jove, got up again. Blood poisoning set in, and in a week he was dead.

"Apropos of his death the parson preached a sermon entitled 'Ingratitude, or, Look Not the Gift Horse in the Mouth.' It was out of this sermon that our common saw arose."—Philadelphia Record.

### Final Choice.

"You're the first girl——"
"Oh, don't," she said;
"For whether or no the past is past—
The point now is to make me feel
Quite sure that I shall be the last."
—Town Topics.


MEN

Whose Manhood Is Slipping Away

Your manhood is failing and will soon be lost unless you do something for yourself. There is no time to lose. Impotency (lost manhood) is never on the stands ill. Either you must master it or it will master you and fill your whole future with indescribable woe. Now, right now, is the time to save yourself. Once cured by us you will never again be bothered with weak organs, prematureness, loss of ambition, nervousness, failing memory, or other similar symptoms, which rob you of your manhood and absolutely unfit you for study, business, pleasure or marriage. This is the punishment meted out by nature for violating the laws of health.

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There is only one sure way in this life. Nature in all such cases is weak and crying out for help. The wasting processes, with losses and leakages, have wrought an injury to those particular organs, causing them to shrink, shrivel and decrease in size, to become overworked and lack proper circulation and nourishment, shattering the nervous system, impairing the memory, dulling the intellect and preventing free, easy action of the brain; deranging both body and mind, and the crisis sooner or later surely will come. Now, to check this wasting process, stop all losses and leakages, and resupply the lost vitality is to repair the injury that has been done. Nature is then given a chance to recuperate. The circulation is equalized and both body and brain are given a new impetus by merely aiding nature at the right time and in the proper way. A course of the New Treatment will do this. It is for weak men of all ages who are in every way weak. We will restore you to what nature intended you to be—a hale, hearty, happy man, with physical and mental powers complete. Every train brings some man from a distance to be cured. Call or write today. Everything confidential. No secrets given away. Consultation and advice free.

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42.

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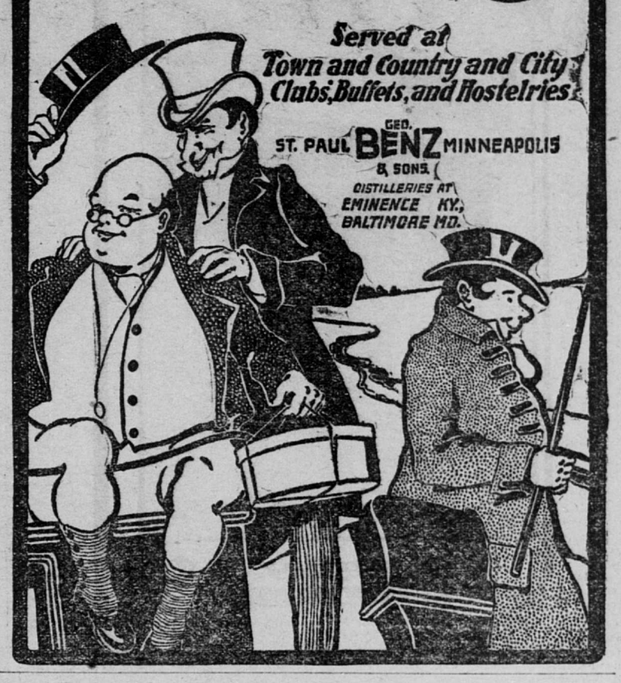

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# HOW CURLEY, THE CROW SCOUT, TOLD OF THE CUSTER AFFAIR

## Some Reminiscences of Steamboating in Early Days on the Missouri.

Special Correspondence.

BISMARCK, Jan. 2.—Before those great arteries of commerce, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern railroads, traversed the business system of the Northwest, bearing the life blood of business enterprise and activity from the heart of the nation to its farthest extremities, the Missouri river was the one great commercial artery of the frontier. Far in the clear air of the upper river the funnels of steamboats vomited their clouds of smoke, as they bore up supplies for government military posts and intrepid pioneer settlers, to return with cargoes of buffalo hides and other products of the activity of hunters, trappers and fur traders. The historic lore of the river has not been well preserved, except in the minds of steamboat captains, hardy and courageous men, who braved dangers and surmounted great obstacles in obeying the behests of commerce, that moves ever onward over trackless wastes through barren plains in pursuit of profit.

From Bismarck, which in the early seventies was one of the extremities of civilization on the Missouri, thirty-five steamers plied their paddle wheels through the muddy waters of the river northward and westward. Immense river boats they were, some of them, and immense cargoes they carried upward and downward along the stream.

Conspicuous among the river captains of those frontier days was Grant Marsh, who for forty years has been a steamboat man on the upper Missouri. He is now over sixty years of age, grizzled with years and exposure, but apparently not beyond the prime of strength and health. His shoulders are broad and his frame is stocky, indicative of physical strength and endurance. His jaw is square and nose prominent, indicating courage and determination. He is a mine of interesting and historically valuable information of early days upon the river, days when there was not the pen of the tale-teller or the pencil of the artist to preserve the history of current events. His career upon the river, with its incidents and events, sometimes tragic, sometimes humorous, would make a volume of story far more fascinating than fiction could invent.

Capt. Marsh was in command of the steamer Far West, that brought down the wounded of Reno's command at the time of the desperate battles with the Sioux Indians on the Little Big Horn river, one of which resulted in the massacre of the entire command of Gen. George A. Custer. The Far West was a supply-bearing steamer, working with Terry's command in the campaign of that summer against the Sioux. The captain of the river steamer in those days was pilot, whose knowledge of the treacherous shoals and bars made him an invaluable man in river traffic. Far up the river the Far West had pushed its way, moving at times, as some of the crew insisted, over sandbars and shoals where there was barely enough water to float a chip without grounding. At the mouth of the Little Big Horn it lay on the morning after the fateful battle of Custer with the Sioux under Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Gall and other chieftains. It was there, too, during the progress of the savage attack on Reno's command by the same tribe.

There were on the boat, aside from Marsh, the military commander of the vessel, his attaches, soldiers and the crew. Marsh and several others were fishing from the side of the boat, which lay there anchored and awaiting developments. The military command had separated several days before, and there was consequent deep interest in the progress of the campaign against the hostiles.

While the fishing operations were in progress, there appeared a Crow Indian from the brush beside the river, naked except for his breechcloth. He appeared to be laboring under intense excitement, and with one arm upraised, holding his gun over his head, he signaled to those aboard the boat. There was a ripple of interest when he appeared that deepened as he signaled. His tribal nature was clear to the plainsmen aboard. The Sioux Indian parted his scalp lock in the middle and brushed the hair to each side. The Crow brushed his hair back from him forehead after the pompadour fashion. The distinction was readily apparent to the practiced frontiersman. Plainly the solitary Indian had some message to convey and he was taken at once aboard the boat.

Thus did Curley, the Crow scout and solitary survivor of all those who went with Custer, appear with the news of the massacre. For miles he had made his way through the wild country, seeking some white man to whom he might communicate his dolorous intelligence. But, having found the white men he was seeking, another obstacle was raised. Curley knew but one word that was intelligible to those on board the boat. It was "Absaraka," the Crow equivalent for white soldier.

His native shredwness and ingenuity served him well in imparting the news he had to convey. Seizing a pencil from Marsh, and a bit of paper, he squatted upon the deck before a flat medicine chest that lay there, placed his paper upon it and upon it he drew a small circle. This he studded rapidly with dots from his pencil. While he studded the circle with dots he muttered rapidly and repeatedly, "Absaraka! Absaraka!" showing his drawing intended to represent a detachment of white soldiers.

Hastily he drew another larger circle about the first, and studded it also thickly with dots, all the while crying "Sioux! Sioux!"

His meaning was tragically clear! A detachment of soldiers had been completely surrounded by Sioux Indians. What was to be the next revelation in this Indian's pantomime?

Drawing himself erect, he thumped his breast repeatedly with his fingers, accompanying each motion with a significant exclamation, as of a man receiving a death wound. Then he cried again: "Absaraka! Absaraka!"

Thus was the massacre of Custer and his command told in pantomime by the only survivor of those who had been with the detachment. Curley, an Indian scout, by covering his head with his blanket to conceal his Crow scalp-lock, had escaped death by mingling with the Sioux, and succeeded in making his way from the Sioux lines to the river. On the next day came confirmation of the news of the massacre, with additional knowledge of the desperate battle fought by Reno's command and Benteen's. Not long after, the wounded of this battle were brough in or travois, an Indian contrivance, in which long poles are suspended across two mules and a sling made of blankets or skins to support a body. No wagon transportation was available. The Far West made the journey to Bismarck, a distance of 1,020 miles, in fifty-four hours, remarkable speed for a river boat, over treacherous bars and through uncertain currents. Dr. Porter, surgeon of Reno's command, accompanied the wounded down the river. Marsh's marvelous trip earned him the thanks of Gen. Terry and official acknowledgment of the war department, as having been largely instrumental in saving the lives of the wounded, by getting them speedily to a place where rest and proper medical treatment could be obtained.

Dr. Porter, Reno's surgeon, died not long ago in Agra, India, while on an Indo-European tour. Marsh is still a steamboat man on the Missouri, where the river traffic now is only the shadow of its once glory. Curley is living in Montana, the state of his nativity. Such was one incident in the life of a river man.

In 1871 or 1872, Capt. Marsh had aboard his boat Sitting Bull, noted as a Sioux medicine man and a leader of the tribe in the uprising that resulted in the Custer massacre. Bull, with 171 of his followers, had been prisoners at Fort Randall during the winter, and were being escorted to a northern reservation. Bull had learned to write his name, and drove a thriving traffic in autographs at a dollar an autograph. Among his possessions was a handsomely carved pipe of pipestone, much desired by an interpreter on board the boat. Bull refused to sell, so the interpreter besought Marsh to intercede with the chieftain.

Bull had learned the value of money, and held that if an autograph sold for a dollar, a pipe, representing skill and labor bestowed on a substantial object, must be highly valuable. An offer of $50 was refused. The interpreter was discouraged.

"Tell him," said Marsh, "that he has kept me dodging bullets for years along this river. He has kept me part of the time in a pilot house sheathed with boiler iron to protect me from the bullets of his warriors fired from the timber along the river banks. He ought to take that into consideration and sell cheaper!"

The message was duly conveyed to Sitting Bull, who reflected a while and sent back this answer:

"Tell River Chief (Marsh) that if he had kept out of my country and off of my river he would not have had any trouble and would not have had to dodge the bullets of my young men!"

The pipe transaction fell through.