

War to the knife has been declared against capital, and the authorized Anarchists carry papers as proof of their authority. There you have Russia reversed again.

The Czar and Empress are less unpopular in Russia to-day than almost any capitalist. In fact, nearly every one has forgotten that his late rulers are alive, whereas all of the *narod* are only too keenly aware of the existence of the capitalists, whom many of them believe ought to be killed or exiled.

If there is bloodshed, it will probably be the workmen who will cause it. They are parading the streets constantly, armed with the military rifles which they captured in the Revolution, and the use of which they understand only enough to endanger the lives of all within range when they begin shooting. The red flag is prominent in all these parades, emblazoned with such slogans as "Down with Capitalism!" but lately the red flag has become "too tame," as a workingman said to me, and now the black flag is frequently seen.

I shall never forget the first procession of this sort which I saw on the Nevsky Prospect. It was the funeral of a *tavarisch* supposed to have been "killed by capitalism," and the marchers were in a sullen mood. They marched slowly, dragging their rifles in the most unmilitary manner. They were smallish men, stooped and twisted, their faces pinched and bearing an expression which was partly hang-dog, partly malignant, and wholly irresponsible; a tremendous contrast to the healthy, boyish faces of the young soldiers and peasants from the country who watched them pass. They looked fit for any kind of mad, destructive orgy. Yet they seemed, somehow, not to blame for their appearance, which excited pity as well as fear in the onlooker. For the look which made them fearful was the stamp of industrialism, the mark of the beast which the factory had put upon their brows.

If there is a Terror, these industrials are the men who will make it, and the industrial situation is the weakest spot in weak Russia to-day; it is far worse than the demoralized military situation. All over Russia the workers are striking for impossible demands. Given one hundred or two hundred per cent. increase in wages, they have frequently asked for as much as five or six hundred. The result is that many factories have closed up; but sometimes the workers have forbidden this and tried to run the plants on a co-operative basis. Some Englishmen who announced that they would close their factories and return to England because the demands of the workers were so ruinous to business were told:

"Oh, no, you won't. You'll stay here and run these factories for us, the workers."

JAPAN'S position in the great world struggle seems to be somewhere near the tip-most top of a pinnacle of dazzling prosperity—a regular Fuji-yama of net profits, so to speak. A flood of gold has set towards the inland empire from the coffers of her allies and great rivers of merchandise and munitions go down to the seven seas from Nippon and

such like centres of Japanese industry to displace German trade and all the gaps left open by the closing of so many factories in France and the disruption of industry generally throughout Europe.

The result has been the creation of a new army of little brown millionaires, or, as a writer in *Munsey's Magazine* puts it, "Japan is almost as full of millionaires these days as a cherry tree is of blossoms in the spring." There is no lack of lavish living in the re-distribution of this newly acquired wealth, but in the main the successful merchants and promoters of Nippon are enjoying their money with calmness and discretion. As to the manner of their spending the writer in *Munsey's* says: They of the land of the Mikado, simply as they often live when they must, have the ability to spend more money with less ostentation than any race, except perhaps New Yorkers of the true Knickerbocker strain.

"To spread open your books under the light of your lamp," wrote a sage of old Nippon, "and hold com-

munion with men of bygone ages, is surpassingly comfortable."

It is the height of luxury for a Japanese; however, to be able to say that he is reading the words of a philosopher in the original manuscript; and he is willing to pay enormously for that satisfaction. Ancient scripts have risen remarkably in price during the last two years. It is nothing unusual these days for a wealthy collector to pay twenty or thirty thousand dollars for a little scrap of classic poetry.

In bidding for antique works of art, the newly rich of Japan regard no limit but the snow-cap of Fuji. Tiny vases covered with glorious glaze, the work of long-dead poets of the clay, are being sold for sums which would stagger Fifth Avenue.

Some of the new millionaires of Japan have taken up golf, which they play on links maintained in the most approved style. They are building country houses like castles of old in splendour. They are following many American and European ways, and yet, lavishly as they are scattering large incomes in air, they are wonderfully influenced by subtle refinements inherited from their ancestors.

For the pleasures of the table they care little. Any one who has seen a Japanese sipping a cocktail



throughout an entire meal, and bestowing more thought on the bouquet of champagne than on its effect, will realize that there is a vast difference between the standards of the Occident and those of the Island Kingdom, even in treading the wisteria path of gastronomic dalliance. Mostly the extravagance of the newly rich of Japan finds vent in endowing colleges, assembling treasures of literature and art, and ministering to those senses and desires through which men nourish the soul.

IN uptown New York, occupying a section which a decade ago included one of the city's best residential districts, flourishes the wealthiest negro colony in the world, says one of the staff writers on the *New York Times*. There are those among its members who count their fortunes in six figures.

The colony extends roughly from 131st Street to 144th Street, and from Seventh Avenue to the Harlem River. It is, however, constantly lengthening and widening, and in two years' time the negro population has swelled from 50,000 to 70,000.

More than 500 negroes in the district occupy private houses which rent from \$720 to \$1,200 a year. More than 250 own their own homes. A pioneer negro real estate man in Harlem, estimates that about one-third of the real estate in the section is owned by negroes.

The colony has a dozen churches. The largest, St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church, is in 134th Street, near Seventh Avenue. It was designed by a firm of negro architects and was built at a cost of \$250,000 a few years ago. In the rear is a large

parish house. St. Philip's has 1,900 communicants, and a choir of forty voices.

The Metropolitan Baptist Church, at 120 West 138th Street, runs a grocery and butcher store and a real estate business for the benefit of its congregation. It recently started to purchase for investment purposes a house a month. In addition to the churches, there are countless religious missions. The colony supports three weekly newspapers and a fraternal paper devoted to negro affairs. Social life in the colony finds its expression in church festivals and clubs. The principal war topic, it may be remarked, is the Fifteenth Regiment, N.G.N.Y., of which the colony is tremendously proud. It will tell you that the regiment was the first in the State to receive its full military quota, and that when it gets to the front and into the fighting it will do the same valiant deeds as a certain other negro regiment did at San Juan Hill, Santiago, Cuba, back in 1898.

Prisoners of the Terai

(Concluded from page 10.)

rolling down Joan's cheeks now. Her eyes yearned towards her brother like those of a mother who sees her child in danger. And then the most extraordinary thing happened. The apparently lifeless figure of Jack Polgarthen stirred slowly. The light crept back to his eyes. He lifted his arms a little. And at last he caught hold of a friendly hand and stepped to the ground. He clung to his sister like a child.

Colverton and Blundell were crying like children. Salpetriere was crying and laughing and dancing all at once. But Joan led her brother quietly away from them all and made him lie down. She pillowed his head on her lap. Her hands were stroking his face, and sometimes she whispered to him, little piteous bits of tenderness.

MEANWHILE the Chief Priest, anxious to conciliate, had ranged his assistants opposite the other niches, where they were employing their powers to bring back the prisoners to life.

The result was beginning to show itself as Blundell and Colverton and the others turned away from the Polgarthens. All round the Temple the figures in the niches were stepping and stumbling to the ground. Some crumbled to dust even as they stirred. Others staggered a few steps. The infantryman of the Mutiny period, who had seemed to be a mere boy, grew old and grey before the very eyes of those who watched him. His face shrivelled into the lines of old age. His eyes lost their freshness. He became an old, old man in a few minutes.

"I be one o' Havelock's men," he whispered, hoarsely, and then collapsed. When they picked him up he was already dead.

"There were so many of us," said Polgarthen, afterwards. "We were shadows in a world of shadows. We were separated from the living and the dead. Some had been so for centuries. Our world was without sight or sound. Space did not exist or time or matter. We were not properly conscious of each other. Yet, when Joan tried to draw me back to the world, I was conscious of an atmosphere of hostility. Then suddenly I escaped and the other world went right away."

Then he himself went off into a long, easy sleep, which Salpetriere declared was the best thing he could do. The others delayed their departure long enough to set the Temple blazing and then the airship climbed swiftly into the sky, leaving the Teraians standing helplessly round the wreckage.

Just to Read Aloud

A WELL-KNOWN business man, who was lately married, took out some life assurance last Thursday. Coming up-town Monday morning, he was accosted by one of his friends with the salutation: "What's the matter, old man, you look worried?" "Well, to be honest with you I am. You know, I took out some life assurance last Thursday." "Yes," replied the sympathetic friend, "but what has that to do with the woe-begone expression on your face?" "Well, the very next day after I had it written my wife bought a new cook-book. Possibly it's all right, but it certainly looks suspicious." —Kansas City Star.

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