

## A Prussian Sailor

(Letter from a Russian Sailor to His Brother.)  
Coves, July 23 (August 6), 1909  
(St. Trafim's Day.)

My Dear Ivan—I am alive and well, and I hope you are alive and well, and that all the family are thriving, and I beg you to greet my father, my stepmother, and little Peter, and all my near ones from me. We arrived yesterday in this country. It belongs to the English, who possess so many countries. Their great Queen is no longer alive, but there is now a King in her place, who is a blood-relation to our Emperor. We were sent on shore yesterday to buy provisions. Everything is very cheap, except vodka, which costs 3 roubles a small bottle. But the English drink a vodka of their own which is also very dear, and they drink a kind of beer which we do not care for much. The houses are all built of brick and warmed with coal. Even the men live in stone houses and heat them with coal. There is no wood anywhere. The houses and the streets are kept very clean, and the people, even the gentry, obey the police, and are humble when they are given orders. The English are Christians and like white men in all respects. They are not heathens. Most of them are very rich, and they have many lackeys who obey their masters like dumb slaves, and dare not look them in the face when they speak to them.

The English food is very nasty, and there is very little to eat, although all eat meat every day, except the very poor, who seldom receive alms from the passers-by. There are here many beggars in the streets, but nobody gives them food or money. We gave a cripple a quarter of a rouble and he was surprised and pleased.

There are many luxurious ships in the harbor all painted white and pretty to look at. All night they are lit up by electricity. The English Fleet is here, too, and it is very big and the ships are fine, and we were heavy-hearted when we looked at it and thought of our brave sailors who had been obliged to fight like lions for their dear country and perish like dogs. But there is no help for it, and if Providence wills we shall one day have another fleet bigger than the first. The tide is very strong here and dangerous for us who do not know where the rocks are, and when we ask nobody can explain, for the English do not speak Russian at all. I only know three words in English: "Plenty whisky," which means vodka; "Five o'clock," which shabash (all over); and "Alright," which means "I thank you." The English sailors are like ours; but they have little to eat or drink. The laws are very strict here, and if a man who has taken drink walks about in the streets he is put in prison. If that happened in Russia we should mutiny. Moreover, it is forbidden to smoke almost everywhere. This is strange, as the English smoke a great deal; but they are an obedient people and clean. They respect their laws.

On shore it is merry. There are many clowns and acrobats dancing and singing, just as though it were a fair. But the English do not know how to sing properly, and they do not dance at all. Although there is so much merrymaking going on, I have not seen one drunken man, so much afraid are they of being put in prison.

The English have a Duma, but an Englishman who speaks Russian told us that it was just like ours, and that they did nothing but talk foolishly there. He also told us that the English women had mutinied because so many of them had been put in prison for beating the police, and that they were being starved in the prisons until they should submit. This seems to us cruel, but the English are often not kind to women and animals, and they say the women interfere in what is not their business just like they do at home. The English have no army, only mercenaries who are paid a great deal. Some of them are riggers. I asked the man who talked Russian why it was that if men were paid so much to be soldiers everyone was not a soldier. He said that soldiers were sent away to foreign climates and that men did not respect soldiers in England. It is also like that in China. The sailors are much respected and much loved, and they are all Englishmen and white men and not mercenaries. They are merry people, too.

The English naval officers are clean-shaven, which makes them look very funny, but they are good officers and know their business. The police are dressed in long great-coats and carry no weapons, because the English people are so docile and submissive; and they have few hooligans here, although they say that in London their big town, there are many hooligans, but then these are hanged.

Yesterday we went to Portsmouth, a big town, for we could not buy what we wanted in this place, which is only a village, although all the houses are built of stone. Portsmouth is a beautiful town with many shops, palace, theatres, and churches, and full of beautiful women who are all married to sailors. It is the custom of the place to obey the sailors in everything and not to rob them. The English sailors are very rich; much richer than some of our generals. They spend their money generously and treat everybody. They would be robbed in Russia, but here everyone lives in mortal terror of the police, and I am told that if a poor man is arrested there is no chance of his not being condemned to prison. They are very strict, so they say, in their prisons, and the "unfortunates" are not allowed even to speak to each other or to smoke! Fancy this happening in Russia! If they are very bad they are sent to America! But this only happens to the very worst criminals.

The English are polite to strangers, but very uncivil among themselves. They never greet each other, and even the naval officers

never shake hands with each other. When I first heard this I did not believe it, as I thought only Turks behaved like that, but it is true, and they do not seem to mind. The gentry live quite apart from the common people, but

will pay a visit to his Majesty the Emperor (God bless him!) and his near ones, and they will drink tea together. Tonight we shall eat and drink to their health, and if Heaven pleases I shall have drink taken. Heaven bless you and all. I am your affectionate brother,  
BASIL.  
—Morning Post.

## THE YOUNG QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Perhaps it may be interesting to give a picture of the influence the advent of an English Princess has exercised over the Spanish Court. It certainly has resulted in great improvements in the gaiety of the palace, where those in constant attendance had found the atmosphere somewhat dull. In the days when the Queen-Mother, Queen Christina, reigned as Regent, evening dress was unne-

cessary, but under Queen Victoria Eugene a general brightening of social life has taken place. The smartest frocks and the best of the family jewels are only displayed, while full dress is always worn in the evening. Innovations are seldom popular, and the stately dowagers, recalling the different state of Queen Christina, complain of the disturbances to which their declining years have been subjected. Queen Victoria Eugene, however, is quite the vogue, and her musical parties, card parties, and court dances are enjoyed very much by those members of Madrid society who are sufficiently sprightly to recognize the right of youth to social relaxation. While music and bridge help to pass many evenings at the Spanish Court, Her Majesty has also introduced the English custom of afternoon teas, and delights in paying surprise calls at 4 o'clock. At first this somewhat embarrassed the senoras; but, now that they understand that the amiable young Queen requires nothing more than a simple welcome, they are delighted, and even enjoy the departure from the requirements of Spanish etiquette. The Queen cannot get along without her afternoon tea, and, like her august grandmother, she often takes her tea basket with her in her carriage or automobile. In the country, no less than in the capital, the English Queen has had a marked effect, in each case the modification or change establishing an improvement. At La Granja, where the Royal family at present resides, there existed a rule that the Queen had to spend two hours daily in the gardens of the palace accessible to

## Roman Archaeology

To lovers of art and of ancient history the following items from the London Times in regard to the restoration of some of the ancient ruins of Rome will prove of interest:

The making of the Zona Monumentale will clear the way for an extensive scheme of archaeological research prepared by Commendatore Boni and approved by the Royal Commission. The details of that scheme have now been published, and it has been determined to proceed at once to carry two of them, at least, into effect in order to save from further ruin the great broken arches of the Neronian Aqueduct which crosses the Via di S. Gregorio and to clear away the masonry and rubbish which now block the base of the Palatine hill on that side.

The rest of the scheme can only be carried out according to the progress made by the municipality in clearing the ground. It comprises the uncovering of the bases and surrounding pavement of the Arch of Constantine which are now buried; the discovery below the Via di S. Gregorio of the ancient Via Triumphalis and its partial restoration; the adornment of the surrounding area with trees and shrubs and the marble remains now scattered about the Botanical Gardens; the search for remains of the great seven-storied edifice built by Septimius Severus; the discovery of fountains, if such existed, in the neighborhood of this Settizonio, and the restoration of water supply, drawn from the small stream of the Aqua Marrana, to both them and the old fountain known now as the Meta Sudante.

Beyond the Settizonio, at the beginning of the road now leading to San Paolo, whose level will be lowered, excavations will be made



AFTERNOON GOWN FOR A MATRON.



A SUIT FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR.



FAVORITE FRENCH HAT.



AN EVENING GOWN.

the common people do not mind, and indeed, they laugh at them openly and call them, so I was told, fools to their faces and abuse them and their mothers openly and without fear of any unpleasantness happening. All this is because they obey and respect the law, and it's very well, but we could not live in a country like this, because it would sadden us. Everything is in order here except the railways. There the disorder is terrible. You buy no ticket for your seat and you cannot register your luggage. But the guards are strict and never let even a poor man travel without a ticket! That would be a bad business for you, Ivan, who never take a ticket. They tell me it is impossible to make any arrangement with the railways officials because the Government is so powerful and they are afraid of being put in prison.

I only travelled a short distance, but it was difficult to get a seat in the train. And if I had had any luggage it would certainly have been stolen, as they will not allow you to take much luggage in the carriage with you. The trains are very bad. Their first class is more uncomfortable than our third class, because there is no room to lie down. You can get tea everywhere; but the English do not know how to make tea. It is thick and black and bitter, like soup which has been kept too long. They do not know how to make bread either, and there is no black bread. Their white bread is made of starch and is not fit to eat.

But since everyone eats meat this does not matter. I cannot write any more. I am glad to have travelled in foreign countries, and this is a nice clean country and the people are friendly and all right; but I shall be glad to get back to my native land, for which my heart is weary, and to a place where a man can do as he pleases. We always heard much of English freedom, but a man in prison in our country is freer than a man at large here. I send you a dozen postcards which are very beautiful. They did not cost much money. Please greet my father, my stepmother, little Peter, and all who are near to me. Please Heaven I shall return home soon. Today the English King and those who are near to him

ladies visit the bull-fight out of pure curiosity, the case is different. The first few minutes generally delight them; as the tragedy proceeds, they first get frightened, and then disgusted. Few are able to sit out more than one course, and fewer still ever re-enter the amphitheatre.

## HE NEEDED A RISE

The diminutive office boy had worked hard on a "salary" of 4s. a week. He was a subdued little chap, faithful and quiet. Finally, however, he plucked up courage enough to ask for an increase.

"How much more would you like?" inquired his employer.

"Well," answered the lad, "I don't think that two shillings more a week would be too much."

"You are rather a small boy to be earning six shillings a week."

"I suppose I am," he replied. "I know I'm small for my age, but to tell the truth, since I've worked here I've been so busy I haven't had time to grow."

He got the rise.

in search of the ruins of the Porta Pampae, the triumphal arch built in A.D. 81. When this has been discovered and the exact position of the Porta Capena, a little further south, has been determined, a search will be made for the ancient roads, which will be restored, if possible, and used for paths through the Zona Monumentale. They, and the area in front of the Settizonio, will be lined eventually with laurels and myrtles, as were in ancient times the shrine of Murcia and the temple of Venus Verticordia which once stood on that site.

From the Porta Capena onwards, past the Baths of Caracalla, the ancient line of the Via Appia will be traced and restored. On either side of it excavations will be made here and there in search of the edifices which once lined the famous road.

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