

American Humor Lived in Archangel.

Writers Write of Peoples, Customs, and Climate in The Sentinel, Published There.

American soldiers, recently returned from service in Northern Russia, have brought back with them interesting impressions of people and things in Archangel and the surrounding country. An idea of what the American soldiers thought of Archangel, its people, customs, and things is given in the newspaper published at Archangel by the American Red Cross.

Copies of The Sentinel which have reached Red Cross headquarters show that the arctic weather was not enough to freeze the humor out of the soldiers or clog their rhyming apparatus. The following description of Archangel, pronounced by the editor of The Sentinel as "the best pen picture of the place written by an American soldier," proves that one of Uncle Sam's boys didn't permit the job to get on his nerves:

A Description of the Weather.

We are so far north that the dog-sun works only when it feels inclined to do so, and in that way it is like everything else in Russia. The moon isn't so particular, and comes up usually backwards, at any time of day or night, in any part of the sky, it having no set schedule, and when it will get lost and still be on the job at noon. Yes, we are so far north that 30 degrees below will soon be tropical weather for us, and they will have to build fires around both cows before they can milk them. Probably about next month some one will come around and say that we will be pulling out of here in a day or so, but then the days will be six months long.

Now up here in this tough town there are 269,531 inhabitants, of which 11,229 are human beings and 208,502 are dogs. Dogs are of every description, from the poodle to the St. Bernard and from the wolfhound to the half-breed dachshund.

The wind whistles across the Divina like the Twentieth Century Limited passing Podunk, and snowflakes are as numerous as retreating Germans here in France.

We read in The Stars and Stripes that the boys in Italy had some tongue-twisters and brain-worriers, but listen to this. Centimes and sous and francs may be hard to count, but did you ever hear of a ruble or a kopeck? A kopeck is worth a tenth of a cent, and there are a hundred of them in a ruble. As you will see, that makes a ruble worth a dime, and to make matters worse, all the money is paper, coins having gone out of circulation since the beginning of the mix-up. A kopeck is the size of a postage stamp, a ruble looks like a cigar store certificate, a 25-ruble note resembles a porous plaster, and a 100-ruble note the Declaration of Independence.

Every time you get on a street car (dramway) you have to count out 60 kopecks for your fare, and most of us would rather walk than be jammed in the two by four busses and fish for money. Before boarding a car each passenger usually hunts up a couple of five-gallon milk cans, a market basket or two, and a bag of smoked herring so that they will get their kopecks' worth out of the ride, besides making the atmosphere nice and pleasant for the rest of the passengers.

When a soldier in search of a meal enters a restaurant he says to the waiter, "Barishnia, zekazetie bifstek, pazoulista," which means, "An order of beefsteak, lady, please." You see you always say "barishnia," which really means "girl," and until a young lady is married she is always addressed in that manner. She will answer the hungry customer with, "Yah ochen rad vas veedet, kak vui pozavayetie?"

(a simple home cure for lockjaw,) meaning, "I am sorry, but we are right out of food to-day."

When a Russian meets another man he knows on the street both lift their hats and flirt with each other. If they stop to talk they always shake hands even if they haven't seen each other for fully twenty minutes. Then they simply must shake hands again when they leave. When a man meets a lady friend he usually kisses her hand and shows how far he can bend over without breaking his suspenders.

"Ah," he will say, "Yah ochen rad vas veedet, kak vui pozavayetie?" which in the United States means, "How do you do?" To which she will reply, "Blagadaru vas, yah ochen khoroeshaw," or "Very well, thank you." It is the knockout. A fellow has to shake hands so much that some of us are getting the habit around the company.

Tribute to the Russian Girls.

Russian girls prompted the following tribute from one of the American boys:

I wonder, little sister, as I see you pass me by,
With your coarse, ill-fitting garments
And your huge, ungainly feet,
If a lot of things aren't true of you,
The which your looks belie.
If some very minor changes
Wouldn't make you mighty neat.

I know a lot of damsels with twice the chance you've had,
Who are twice as prone to grumble
As you ever seem to be,
Who are twice as quick to anger, and
every bit as bad.
As their husky Russian sister ever yet appeared to me.

If you could change your clothes for some my Yankee sisters wear,
I imagine they would envy you the roses in your face;
With proper Yankee footgear and a ribbon in your hair,
You would spot them several tailies and give them second place.

It's a weedy row you're hoeing, but the way you hoe is great.
And I'm proud of your acquaintance,
just as proud as I can be.
It is you in my opinion who will build the future state,
Who will shape the greater Russia as a true democracy.

The Mention of "Going Home."

Another jingle called "A Psalm of Life," was inspired by the daily rumors concerning the home-going of the American forces. Here it is:
Tell me not, to make me glummer,
Going home is just a dream.
For we shall not stay all Summer
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest.
(Though in Russia somewhat slow)
"Yank thou art, and soon returnest"
Passed the Senate weeks ago.

Not resignation and not sorrow
Is the destiny we face,
But to hope for that to-morrow
When we leave this (censored) place.

Life is short and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though brave and stout,
Often double time are beating.
When it's home we think about.

In the World's broad field of battle,
In this (cut by censor) strife,
Do not trust this piffing prattle
That the sentence is for life.

Trust no rumor so unpleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead
Act—Act in the living present;
Home is just six weeks ahead.

Regulations oft remind us,
There is no such word as fear;
We shall go and leave behind us
Room for much home talent here.

Talent that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main
Who beholds our Russian brother,
Seeing may take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
Speeding each succeeding day,
Still achieving—still pursuing,
Heaven grant we leave in (deleted by censor).

There are other verses and many other articles in The Sentinel, but

those quoted indicate how Archangel and its environs impressed the American who fought there in the long months of 1918 and 1919.—N.Y. Times.

A Gold Pioneer.

In a modest little home near Washington, Josephus Stephens, miner and pioneer of the California gold rush of '49 and the early '50s, and regarded as the oldest authority on mining and the early west, died the other day.

A native of Green Country, Pa., he went west before the first rush in '49, and rode over Idaho, Montana, Utah, Nebraska and California on horseback in search of gold mines.

His life was filled with adventure of the pioneer period. Through his advice several men were started on the road to millions. Until the time of his death he was consulting expert for scores of wealthy mine holders and investors.

In 1849, when the east turned its face towards the west in search of gold, Mr. Stephens was working on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers on steamboats. When the fever struck the Middle West he packed up his few belongings and mounted a horse, setting out for the gold fields of California.

Although his advice was the making of men worth millions to-day, his estate, while considerable, is modest as compared to those left by men he aided.

Famous personages of the last two generations in the West were well known to the miner. He met Mark Twain on a Mississippi steamboat, and, realizing the talent of the quaint young writer, induced him to offer his first articles for publication. Jos Billings, another foremost writer of his time, also received his first encouragement to enter the field of literature from the miner. He was intimate with Brigham Young, of Mormon fame. His acquaintance with John Wilkes Booth, who killed Lincoln, led to his arrest in San Francisco. Later he was released, with apologies. Mr. Stephens had slept beneath prairie schooner top and Indian tepee. Indian Chieftains made him of any woman!—N. Y. Times.

TO CORRESPONDENTS!

Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their real names, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. In future no correspondence will be considered unless this rule is adhered to.

Love and Honor But Not Obedience.

The Episcopal church is wise in omitting the word "obey" from its marriage ceremony. In a measure, doubtless, the idea of wifely obedience derives from the old notion that the woman is the man's chattel; and, in so far as it does so, it is obviously not to be expected that modern women will speak the word seriously, even on the most serious occasion. Men also like to avoid a dubious situation. It is not only the law that was not only the law that was "an ass" when it is assumed that a husband is responsible for what his wife does. Yet historically the idea of wifely obedience has an origin as remote as the poles from the status of goods and chattels. In the code of the Middle Ages obedience was highly among the virtues, the foundation on which

society as a whole rested. To obey and to rule, each in its place, was the sum total of public morality. And so in domestic life, each house had a mistress, but each household had a

master. What the Middle Ages called obedience we of to-day call service. Where it was once thought "democratic" to volunteer in defence of the nation, we now know it to be more truly in accordance with free institutions to have universal service. The time may come when even women realize that, in its place, the spirit of service is not ignoble. It was a maiden in advance of her sex who said, "Promise to obey a man? I could promise to obey anything, and do it. But to love and honor 'till death do us part—to promise that is beyond the power of any woman!"

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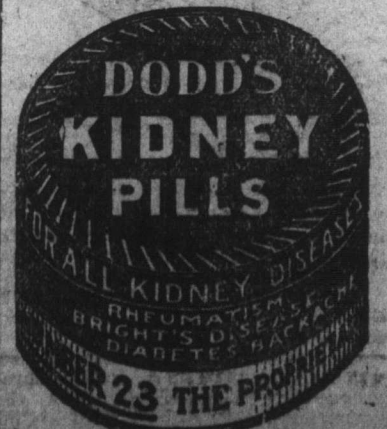
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By order,

JAMES HARRIS,

Secretary.

Dept. of Public Works,
St. John's, Nfld.,
Sept. 2nd, 1919.

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