

OIL ON RAILROADS.

How the Locomotives of Russia Use Petroleum Instead of Coal.

WOOD USED IN THE NORTH.

The Roadbeds Are Models and the Train Service Excellent.

GIRLS GUARD THE CROSSROADS.

In the Sleeping Cars Travelers Furnish Their Own Bedding.

AN ABUNDANCE OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

MOSCOW, Sept. 12.

HE English are greatly excited at the encroachments of the Russians upon the Asiatic provinces bordering upon their European possessions. The fact is that Russia regards Central Asia as her territory, and she is adding to her Asiatic possessions much faster than the world realizes. While I was in Peking a year or so ago I heard the Chinese growling at the way in which she was taking upon them. Every year or so Russia would move the boundary line a little bit further down, and she has so enlarged Siberia that the country contains more than 4,000,000 square miles, and it promises to be one of the most valuable countries of the world of the future.

The wheat area of Siberia is rapidly increasing and there is a vast emigration going on from Russia into Siberia, which promises to change the face of that country. The Siberian trade of Russia already amounts to millions of dollars a year, and on the Volga you see caravans of boats loaded with iron and wheat and salt, which have been brought from Siberia to Perm and thence floated down the Kama river into the Volga and up the Volga to Nijni-Novgorod, from whence they go by rail over the empire.

The Effect of a New Railroad.

The increase in Asiatic exports and imports since the building of the new railroad to Samarqand is wonderful. This road has been in operation only about five years, and it is already paying expenses and a moderate interest on the investment. It runs more than 1,000 miles right into the heart of Asia, and it brings you within about 500 miles of the railroads in India. Indeed, I had thought of taking this road to Samarqand and thence making my way by caravan and by boat across Afghanistan to Quetta or Peshawar, whence I would have taken the railroad to Calcutta and thence have gone back to America by way of San Francisco, making a tour of the world in this way. I find, however, that my time is too limited for me to carry out this project, but I propose it for one of the globe trotters of the future.

The recent famine has increased railroad building in Russia and a number of new roads have been commenced in order to give the starving peasants something to do. There is a new line being built along the Caspian Sea, and the Tartar city of Kazan is being connected with the railway system of the Volga.

Around the World in Fifty Days.

The chief of the railway branch of the interior department of St. Petersburg, with whom I talked the other day, tells me that the work on the Trans-Siberian road is still going on, and it is estimated that when it is completed passengers will be able to go from Moscow to Vladivostok in 15 days, and the time around the world ought to be



Carrying Wood for the Engine.

then reduced to less than 50 days. General Arsenko, the builder of the Trans-Caspian rail, estimates that by 1897 we may have trains running from the Baltic to the Pacific. This road will open some of the richest wheat-growing countries in the world and it will enable machinery to be taken to the Siberian gold mines, which are now practically unworked for lack of it.

The fate of this Siberian road will probably be the same as the Trans-Caspian. It is being built by the Government as a military line, but it will eventually become a great commercial highway. The Trans-Caspian road is well constructed and well managed. It was largely made by Asiatic labor and it cost only a little over \$10,000 a mile. The ordinary workmen upon it received only 15 cents a day for their labor and the probability is that the Siberian road will find cheap workmen from China, Mongolia or Siberia. The trains on the Trans-Caspian now run at the rate of 30 miles an hour and the locomotives burn nothing but petroleum.

How Coal Oil Hauls Russian Cars.

I have traveled on many cars here in Russia which are moved by petroleum, and all the engines of Central and South Russia are worked with this fuel. It takes 50,000 tons of petroleum every year for the Trans-Caspian road alone, and though the first cost of this is greater than the same weight in coal General Arsenko estimates that coal oil is four times as cheap as coal. It produces power as coal, and I am told by engineers here that a pound of oil will produce twice as much steam as a pound of coal. I have seen a train traveling this week south of Moscow. The train I have taken a look at the engines which use this oil fuel. The oil is kept in a tank back of the engine and it is injected into the furnace through a pipe so made that it meets a jet of steam and this steam converts the oil into a spray before it meets the flame, and it is so regulated that a steady, hot fire is produced. The fire in the boiler is first started with coarse, heavy grass or wood, and it takes a pressure of about five pounds to work the steam jet.

The engineers like it much better than wood, and I found that most of the boats on the Volga river used petroleum for their engines. The petroleum comes from the vast Russian oil fields which lie along the Caspian sea, and it is shipped on the Volga in oil ships, which are great iron tanks in the shape of barges, and which carry thousands upon thousands of gallons. At various points along the Volga there are vast oil tanks such as you see in Pennsylvania, and a great deal of oil is stored underground in wells that are made for it. It is carried into the cars by means of pipes, and the same sort of tank cars are used here for the shipping of petroleum that you find in America. These cars ship about two hundred and fifty millions of gallons of oil a year, and though the big city of Moscow is just on the edge of the Russian forests, a large number of its factories use petroleum for fuel and find it much cheaper.

In the Land of Forests.

North Russia is the land of forests, and if you will draw a line right across Russia through Moscow or a little above it, nearly all of the territory north of this line will be made up of dense woods. The locomotives of North Russia burn wood, and they have engines like our old canal locks, with high smokestacks shaped like a funnel, and with great racks at the back of the engine, which are piled high with wood. The wood is loaded by men who carry it up on their backs upon thousands of faggots, and they throw this wood into the engine, and at nearly every station you will see acres of wood piles ready for the reloading of the engines. The engine which took me from the frontier to St. Petersburg was fired up in this way, and the sweet smell of the burning wood was pleasant far than that of the sulphur coal which was burned by the trains which carried us through Germany. I find the roads here well ballasted, and in the thousands of miles which I have now traveled in Russia I have yet to find a



A Railroad Policeman.

rough road or one that is badly managed. The trains are always on time and the road beds are wonderfully well kept. The road between St. Petersburg and the frontier is worked as carefully as the best kept garden, and I saw women on their knees scraping out the weeds between the ties with knives. In traveling over the black plain I saw men smoothing up the ballast on the road where it had become roughened and nowhere have I seen a piece of bad road bed.

The Girls at the Cross Roads.

The ties are wooden, the rails are of steel and at every cross road there stands a Russian peasant girl with a flag in her hand, which she holds up until the train goes by.

This picture is one of the most lasting ones of Russian travel. Whether the iron horse ploughs his way through the black plain, whether he shrieks as he gallops through the mighty forests or whistles going through the rich agricultural lands of the West, this bare-headed bare-footed Russian Venus, in a calico dress, is there to meet him. She scans guard over the road and she is the emblem of the czar. Another emblem of the czar is the policeman at the station. Each station has its civil officers in uniform, and in addition to these there is a gendarme or a policeman who is appointed from St. Petersburg, and who marches up and down the platform all day long with spur on his high-topped boots, and with a great sword at his side.



A RUSSIAN STATION.

He wears a red cap, with a feather in it, and he acts as though he owned the road. I took a photograph of one of these men, and came near being arrested for it. The man objected violently, but he did not know that the picture was taken until the train was about to leave, and I laughed at him as I stood on the rear car with my kodak in my hand while the train was carrying us away.

The Ceremony of Starting a Train.

It takes about five minutes to start a train in Russia. There is a bell at every station, and this is rung three times before the train leaves. You can tell by the rattle just how much more time you have. First the whistle, then after an interval of a couple of minutes two taps are sounded on the bell, and two minutes after this three taps are rung, when, after a shrill whistle from the station master, the train gets ready to start.

There are many queer features in Russian railway management. The Russian cars are like no other cars in Europe. They are half European and half American. They are of three classes and the rates are no higher than they are in the United States. The distance from St. Petersburg to Moscow is 400 miles and the road is as straight as a string. There are five trains every day. There is a difference in fare on the express over the ordinary train and the first-class express rates are 34 cents a mile, while the second class, which is almost as good, are only 24 cents, and the third class are less than 2 cents a mile. I have traveled quite a good deal in second-class cars and I find them very comfortable. The most of the well-to-do Russians patronize the second-class cars, and as one I expected to carry his own bedding, but the use of a little feeling you can save money and make yourself comfortable. I found it very fine to travel in the first-class sleeper during the first part of my present tour. I had neither soap nor towels with me and I had to rely upon the guards for these as well as for my pillows and bedding. In traveling over the black plain I saw men furnish you much more than a place to lie down upon.

Getting Bedding at Hotels.

You are expected to carry your own sheets and in a first-class hotel, which I found at Saratoff, I had to make a very pronounced kick before I could get any bedding. There was a mattress on the iron

spring, but there were neither sheets nor pillow cases and the nights were cold. After a time I got a rather comfortable outfit for the night, but the next day I found that this was all charged up in my bill and I have had to pay for bedding at half a dozen hotels since then. The passenger boats on the Volga, which, by the way, are very comfortable in other respects, do not furnish bedding, towels or soap, and you always pay extra for these when you order them. If you don't understand the Russian sometimes you pay when you don't order them. I remember a swallowtail waiter who made me pay 35 cents for a cake of soap at the hotel Nijni. I wanted a towel and in order to convey that I saw to him I rubbed my hands over my face as though I



A Russian Traveller.

was drying it. He rushed off and brought me a piece of soap. It was wrapped up in tinted paper and he tore off the wrapper before I could tell him that I didn't want soap. He then took the soap away and I noted that it was charged in my bill, whereas I ordered him to bring it back and took it with me, as I had to pay the bill anyhow.

The Russians Are Great Eaters.

The Russians are always eating. The average man is a glutton, and I have seen



The Old Man With the Samovar.

else in the world. I don't doubt that there are 500,000,000 cavities ready at this writing in this empire for 500,000,000 gold or amalgam plugs, and the Russian with sound teeth is the exception.

It is wonderful how much travel is done by the poor class in Russia. The third-class cars are always full. They are more like cattle cars than anything else. The people are crowded in in all sorts of ways. They are not supposed to have any rights that the railroad officials are bound to respect, and I saw one man knocked down and shoved back into the station just as the car was about to start because he did not have his ticket in his hand. He told the guard that the party of peasants with whom he was traveling had the ticket and that he had already gotten on the car, but this did him no good, and though he cried and howled he was held back while the car bore his friends and his family away. The peasant cannot travel in Russia without a passport. I have not had to show my passport at the most dangerous crossing where I came into Russia, but the peasant dare not come from one part of Russia to the other without permission of the local government

under which he lives, and he is asked to show his passport at the ticket office. The Luggage Arrangements. It doesn't pay to carry much luggage in Russia. I have a trunk with me that weighs about 200 pounds, and it costs me \$5 every time I move. Only 40 pounds of baggage is allowed with a ticket here and the excess is always charged for. There is no charge, however, for packages carried inside the cars, and the result is that every passenger has a half dozen bundles and the cars are filled with packages and baskets and trunks with handles on them. Railroads are Russia's greatest need. The present era of railroad building is producing but little in comparison with what Russia should have in iron tracks. One of the great causes of her recent famine was the lack of transportation, and there are millions of acres of good land here which might be made valuable by railroads. The United States is very much like the Russian empire in that it is an agricultural country, and with us the average distance of the center of production from the nearest railroad is less than four miles. Here in Russia it is 240 miles. In Belgium this distance is about two miles; in England it is three miles and over the whole great American continent it is only 13 miles. Russia is, perhaps, the most undeveloped good country in the world to-day. What it needs is good capital and railroads allied to good government. If it ever gets this it will be the great country of the future.

Sugar That Gets the Teeth.

His tea is good and he serves it with a bit of lemon and a lump of the hardest sugar you ever put between your teeth. If you drink the tea like he does you will pull a lump of sugar between your teeth and suck the tea through this, and the chances are that when you get as old as he is your teeth will be in the condition of his. Nine-tenths of the Russian peasants have bad teeth, and there is more chance for good enterprising dentists here than any place



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EXPOSITION—Black Path, the surprise of the year, Black Path, one week, beginning September 26, afternoon and evening. One week only.

PERFECT action and perfect health result from the use of De Witt's Little Early Risers. A perfect little pill. Very small; very sure.

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The German Catholic Congress.

On the occasion of the meeting of the German Catholic Congress, which is to be held at Newark, N. J., September 26 to 29, the Committee of Arrangements of this body has arranged with the Pennsylvania Railroad at a very satisfactory rate of single fare for the round trip (in other words \$5) tickets to be sent from September 24 to 26, good to return until October 3, 1904. You have your choice of two routes returning: one via Washington; the other via New York. Both will have provision for stop-off at Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. When you purchase your ticket, the agent will advise you what route to return, either direct or via Washington.

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WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BY CONAN DOYLE.

"It's strange, it air," he was saying as I opened the door of the room where our social little semi-literary society met; "but I could tell you queerer things than that 'ere—alrighty queer things. You can't learn everything out of books, sirs, now. You see it ain't the men as can string English together and as had good educations as find themselves in the queer places I've been in. They're mostly poor men, sirs, as can scarce speak a right, far less tell with pen and ink the things they've seen; but if they could they'd make some of your European's har ris with astonishment. They would, sirs, you bet!"

His name was Jefferson Adams, I believe; I know his initials were J. A., for you may see them yet deeply whittled on the right-hand upper panel of our smoking-room door. He let us into his secret, and also some artistic patterns done in tobacco upon our Turkey carpet; but beyond these reminiscences our American story-teller has vanished from our ken. He glared across our ordinary quiet conviviality like some brilliant meteor, and then was lost in the outer darkness. That night, however, our new Mexican friend was in full swing; and I quietly lit my pipe and dropped into the nearest chair, anxious not to interrupt his story.

"Mind you," he continued, "I hain't got no grudge against your men of science. I likes and respects a chap as can match every beast and plant, from a buckeye tree to a grizzly with a jaw-breaker's name; but if you want real interestin' facts, something a bit juicy, you go to your whelms and your frontiersmen, and your scouts and Hudson Bay men, chaps who mostly can scarce sign their names."

There was a pause here, as Mr. Jefferson Adams produced a long chroot and lit it. We preserved a strict silence in the room, for we had already learned that on the slightest interruption our Yankee drew himself into his shell again. He glanced around with a self-satisfied smile as he remarked our expectant looks, and continued through a halo of smoke.

"Now, which of you gentlemen has ever been in Arizona? None, I'll warrant. And of all English or Americans as can put pen to paper, how many has been to Arizona? Precious few, I calculate. I've been there, sirs, lived there for years; and when I think what I've seen there, why, I can scarce get myself to believe it now. 'Now, which of you gentlemen has ever been in Arizona? None, I'll warrant. And of all English or Americans as can put pen to paper, how many has been to Arizona? Precious few, I calculate. I've been there, sirs, lived there for years; and when I think what I've seen there, why, I can scarce get myself to believe it now.

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