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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1903. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

PART THREE.

OUR RUSSIAN MARKET.

THE EMPIRE OF THE CZAR AS A FIELD FOR THE COMMERCIAL INVASION.

(Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

ST. PETERSBURG.—I have come from Berlin to St. Petersburg as an advance scout of the American invasion. I went across North Germany to Stettin on the Oder and there got a German steamer which took me over the Baltic to Kronstadt and landed me in St. Petersburg. The trip cost \$15 and lasted three days. Our ship was so heavily laden with German goods for Russia that we could not move about upon deck, and the cabins were so filled with commercial drummers that we had to sleep three in a room.

Everything about the steamer was German. The beds were too short and the bedding was shorter. It is cold on the Baltic at this time of year, and the fat feather tick which was my only covering reached but to my chest. When I covered my neck I had an attack of cold feet, and as far as I was in danger of bronchitis. The food was German. We had coffee and bread and butter at 8 o'clock in the morning, pork chops or veal cutlets, or Hamburger steak along about 10, a dinner at 2 and supper at 7. There was plenty of light and dark beer with each meal, and cheese of all kinds, from Schweizer to Limburger.

I talked with the German drummers as to their trade with Russia. They claim that they have the foreign trade of the whole empire in the exception of agricultural machinery in their inside west pocket, and as far as I can judge at this early writing they are not far from correct. I find Germans everywhere. They have their stores in every city and their agents on every road. They do so much of the business that German is generally understood by the larger merchants. There are more than 13,000 of them in St. Petersburg alone, to about 2,000 French, 2,000 English and less than 50 Americans.

THE BIG RUSSIAN MARKET.

We are sending a few million dollars' worth of goods here every year, but our exporters have not begun to tap the trade. The most of the American goods are handled by Germans or sold through German agents, and we do not seem to realize the magnitude of the empire nor the enormous possibilities of its trade. It is already one of the greatest markets of the world, and in the future it will be a hundred times greater.

Have you ever thought of the size of Russia? You know it is big, but do you know how big it is? From the top of Russia in Europe to the bottom is about as far as from New York to Salt Lake City, and across it from west to east is almost as far as from New York to Denver. It comprises about two-thirds of the European continent, and it is about two-thirds as large as the United States without Alaska or our outlying colonies. A large part of the country has some of the best soil on the globe, but it is not half cultivated. The better farmers are introducing our agricultural machinery and year by year the crops increase.

But Russia in Europe is less than one-fourth of the Russian empire. It has more than 6,000,000 square miles of land in Asia, the most of it in great blocks, including vast tracts that will raise wheat, cotton, dairy products and everything under the sun. The land contains minerals of all kinds, and it is on the whole the greatest undeveloped property in the world today. Altogether the Russian empire contains

more than one-sixth of all the land on the earth's surface, or about two and one-half times as much as is owned by the United States.

This vast extent of country is thinly populated. It will probably support 100 men where it now supports one, but, nevertheless, it has a vast population. The czar rules almost 130,000,000 people, or just about one-twelfth of the population of the globe. That means if you could put all the people on this big round earth into one place one in every dozen would be a Russian.

These people are not like the savages of Central Africa, who have but a few wants. More than 100,000,000 of them are white people who spend money like water if they have it. The peasantry of Russia are very poor, but when they get rich they scatter their money around more extravagantly than any other people on earth. They want the best, and will pay big prices for it. The market of the future will be in their increased wealth and increased wants. As it is now, the average Russian is not worth one-fifth as much as the average American. There are vast territories where the earnings of the inhabitants are not more than 12 cents a day, and altogether the foreign trade is now worth only \$5 or \$6 per person.

The people live upon almost nothing, with their black bread and cabbage soup, and their clothes being the cheapest of the cheap.

Most of the Russians are farmers, but there are a million and a half who are now working in the factories, and there are at least 4,000,000 who carry on village industries in addition to tilling the soil. But all this I shall describe as I go over the country.

ST. PETERSBURG IN 1903.

In this letter I want to tell you something about St. Petersburg, and how it does business. I was here 19 years ago, but since that time an immense capital has sprung up on the banks of the Neva. St. Petersburg is the same center of politics and society as it was then, but it is now a great manufacturing center, and it does an enormous business with all parts of the world. In riding out into the country on the railroads you go for miles past towns built among smokestacks. There are iron works, machine works and mills of all kinds. This is the chief seat for the rest of Europe, and a vast commerce flows through it.

The town already has about 1,500,000 people and new buildings are going up in all parts of it. The buildings are large and modern. Some of them are of five stories. Others are lower, covering a vast space. The Nevski Prospect has perhaps the best houses and the largest and finest stores, but there are other streets almost as good and I find enormous markets in out of the way parts of the city.

THE BAZARS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

So far I have not found a department store here. I understand there is one in Moscow, and it would seem to me that a good one would pay in St. Petersburg. The business here is done somewhat like that of a department store. I mean you can buy almost everything under one roof, but every department has its individual owner and there are a thousand merchants, each working for himself in the store. In other words, the business is done in bazaars.

The biggest bazaar is that of the Gostiny Dvor, which is right in the heart of the Nevski Prospect, the widest and best street of St. Petersburg. This bazaar covers as much as three or four city squares. It is a long low two-story building, composed of one solid mass of booths or stores opening out upon a corridor, which is separated from the street by a line of pillars like the cloisters of a monastery. The corridor is about 10 feet wide. It is painted white, and is well lighted. As you stand in it you can see a moving mass of promenaders and shoppers which so fills it that you cannot see to the end of the street. The stores are each about 15 feet square with plate glass at the front reaching from floor to roof. The most of the goods are in the windows and the wares are of the most gaudy description. There are many jewelry stores and brass and gold and silver wares meet your eyes at every few steps.

RELIGIOUS MERCHANDISE.

A part of the bazaar is given to icons and religious merchandise. These Russians are the most pious people on earth. They are always praying and the priests have a great influence. They have to pay as well as pray. They buy brass and gold-plated images of the Saviour to hang up in the houses and churches. Every living room has such an image and as a rule a candle is kept burning below it. The face of the Madonna or saint is painted and the brass or gold so cut out that it forms the clothing and frame of the image. Some of these things cost enormous sums.

The jewelry stores are especially fine, and the fur stores are magnificent for Russia is the chief fur market of the world. The skins of tigers, wolves, jackals and foxes are beautifully mounted with the heads of the animals intact, so that they grin out at you as you walk along the corridor. The walls and you find shelves piled high with furs, and upstairs are bales and bags of them, some of the skins being worth almost their weight in gold.

Then there are dry goods stores and notions stores and toy stores all in this same bazaar. The toy bazaars sell babies in swaddling clothes and little ladies in the costume of the country. They sell all sorts of toys, domestic and imported, and there would be a good market here for the machine toys of the United States.

In other parts of the bazaar are basket stores, hardware stores and stores selling gents' furnishing goods, including dicyes or imitation shirts. Some of the stores have even dicye vests which reach only to the height of the chest, being merely a white belt when the coat is off, but when on like a full white dress vest.

How the Germans Have the Business—Russia's Enormous Size—One-Twelfth of the World—Our Russian Customers—A Look at the Bazaars of St. Petersburg—Its Merchants—The Tariff and How It Affects Americans.



Photographed for the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.

RUSSIAN TAILORS SELLING TROUSERS ON THE STREET.

Our commercial travelers will have to sell to the Russian merchants, and in order to deal well they ought to speak Russian or at least German. They ought to know something of the merchant class and how they do business. They must be careful now to offend them, and it will pay them to study their customs before they begin to trade.

The merchants as a rule are proud of their business. They are essentially Russian and they do not put on foreign airs. The most of them wear long coats and high-topped boots, into which they stuff their pantaloons. They usually part their hair in the middle and cut it off around the neck so that it forms a sort of brush as it hangs down the crown. They are shrewd traders and go on the principle that everything is fair in trade. Some of them are very rich and as a rule the richer a man is the poorer he dresses and the less style he puts on outside his own home.

The most of the merchants are religious. Every store of this big bazaar has a sacred picture over the door with a little candle burning under it. Sometimes the picture is no bigger than a playing card and some times even as small as a postage stamp, but it is always there. The proprietor and his clerks each say a prayer and cross themselves as they open the store, and they all say prayers before they leave.

SHUTTING UP SHOP.

I spent one night at the great bazaar watching the closing of the different stores. It was 9 o'clock, the usual closing hour, but in this latitude as light as at 5 o'clock in the United States. As I looked the clerks came out and began to put up the shutters. They closed the whole front of each store, leaving a crack for the clerks and proprietor to come out.

Before departing the merchant and his clerks crossed themselves. They crossed themselves and prayed when they stood outside and then watched one of the men pull the great doors together and turn the ponderous keys in the lock of the door. The merchant took a string and tied it about the iron work so that it crossed the opening of the door. He joined the ends of the string with wax and stamped the wax with his private seal, so that it was impossible to open the lock without cutting the string or breaking the seal. Then there was another tapping of the wax on all sides, all crossed themselves again and muttered prayers, and all shook hands and went away to their homes.

This ceremony was observed before

almost all the stores of this vast bazaar. Not a clerk left before the shutters were up and employers and clerks departed together. Indeed, I saw but one man who did not seal his store with wax. He was a pious-looking fellow and apparently contented himself with saying an extra prayer over the fastenings. As I watched him I said to my son Jack, who was with me: "There, my boy, is a man whom you would do well to imitate. He believes in prayer and he takes the Lord to take care of his goods."

"Yes," said Jack. "I see he does, but I also notice that he is mighty careful to lock his store with three separate keys before he gives the Lord a chance."

FEDDLING IN RUSSIA.

I am surprised at the backward method of Russian business. Our American invaders should come here and study the situation. They will find many things the same as in the middle ages. There are open-air markets, where all sorts of things are sold, and peddlers go through the streets with every kind of ware, even to caps, trousers and boots. A man will have half a dozen pairs of pants on his back, and sell them as he goes. Of course there is no trying on. The police would not permit that, but as nine-tenths of the Russians wear their trousers in their hands, the fit is more a waist measure than anything else. The shoe peddler carries his wares from house to house, and the itinerant shoemaker may be found in every other street hallooing bells while the customers wait.

RETTALIATE AGAINST THE AMERICANS.

At present most American goods pay an extra duty because the United States discriminates against Russian sugar. The discrimination came from the influence of our sugar trust; but it

would have paid us better to have admitted Russian sugar free than to have our trade hampered by the present restrictions. All customs matters here are in the hands of the finance minister, and when we put our duty on sugar he at once put duties on almost all American imports. We still sell plenty of machinery, because the American machinery is better than any other, but many of our goods are kept out.

I chatted with Mr. Hernandez De Sota, our vice consular general here, as to this tariff. During the talk he told me how he had been forced to pay \$11.50 for bringing an old American bicycle into Russia.

"I was," said he, "connected with the customs at Dresden, and was ordered to St. Petersburg. I had a letter from

the Russian ambassador at Berlin asking the frontier customs officers to treat me leniently, and also papers showing that I was connected with the United States government. Nevertheless, when the customs officers saw my bicycle they said it was classed as machinery and that I must pay a duty of 15 rubles, or \$3. "But," said I, "this is my personal property. You can see that it is an old machine, for I have ridden it 4,000 miles. I bought it in America some years ago."

"Ah!" was the reply, "American, is it? We have a new rule as to American machinery, and will have to charge you almost double the duty. According to that the tariff is 25 rubles. This amounts to \$17.50, and that amount I paid."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

DEATH OF THE KING OF BURGLARS.

Tragic Fate of "Big Jim" Brady, Last of a Notorious Band—Old, Poor, His Stolen Fortunes Gone, the "Modern Jack Sheppard" Foretold His Fate.

Concerning this story, already printed in brief form in the Deseret News, the New York Herald says in a dispatch, N. Y. dispatch:

Bowed down with illness and his 78 years, penniless, homeless and friendless, James Brady—"Big Jim" Brady—almost the last of the greatest band of bank burglars and daring thieves that ever lived, was killed by the post-express, at Larchmont, this afternoon.

Only a few hours before this man, whose crimes had once baffled the police of two continents, who once owned \$100,000 in New Rochelle real estate, had been discharged from his only home, the Westchester County poorhouse. He had wandered to the railroad track to go, he knew not whither, and as he picked his way from one track to the other to escape the New Haven express, he stepped directly in front of the other train. The heavy cowcatcher threw his body high in the air and it fell directly on the track to be decapitated.

At the almshouse last night those in charge were repeating the last words of the aged man as he wandered forth: "Good bye. You'll never see me again. Something's going to happen to me."

No one would have known that the body at the New Rochelle morgue was Brady's had it not been for the little bag of picks and knives he had made at the almshouse to sell for a few pennies. "Dashing, handsome, dandy," that he was," wrote Inspector Thomas Hyman, possibly the greatest enemy Brady and his band ever had. "Brady for many years belonged to the most dangerous band of criminals in the country. He was the modern Jack Sheppard, a bank burglar, a jail breaker, a sneak thief, forger and high class alarum crook."

The famous thief catcher knew where Brady had been the companion and leader of such men as Scott Dunlap, "Mike" Kurtz, George Howard, Max Shuborn, "Jimmy" Hope, "Dan" Noble, "Ned" Lyons, "Red" Leary, and last, but not least, Sophie Lyons herself.

Some of the robberies he had participated in were the famous ones of the Ocean bank in this city; the Kensington bank in Philadelphia; the bank at Northampton, which shared with the

Manhattan bank of this city the distinction of being the scene of the greatest robbery in the country; the Washington (D.C.) bank, the most robbery of Glenn Falls and Fort Jervis, N. Y.; Paterson, N. J., and San Francisco. The French jewelry robberies conducted by Brady and Sophie Lyons are in a class all by themselves. Within a few months the pair, while the police were at their wife's end, succeeded in taking jewelry valued at several hundred thousand dollars. They were never arrested.

Of all the crimes the best example of Brady's coolness and audacity is always said to be the Kensington bank robbery, in which \$50,000 was taken. Brady, straight, blue-eyed and six feet two inches in height, dressed as a policeman, went to the bank one afternoon. He announced himself from the back of the bank. "We understand a band of New York burglars have planned to rob this bank tonight," he explained. "I have been sent to catch them. Leave it all to me. Say nothing to anybody or they may get tipped off. It was arranged to be carried out at 2 o'clock in the morning, after blinding and gagging the unsuspecting watchman, two confederates were admitted and the robbery leisurely proceeded."

Brady knew the inside of a prison, but not for a very long time. He escaped from Sing Sing in 1873 from a Vermont jail a few years before, and from small jails throughout the country repeatedly. His experience as a picker of locks made almost all steel barred doors easy to him.

Brady was born in Fairfield, Vt. He was the son of a jeweler, and after receiving a fair education at the St. Albans academy learned the trade of a jeweler, and afterward that of a skilled machinist. He tried of this to become a grocer's clerk, but feared the grocer's name and left hurriedly.

Brady was shot by Inspector Pitts in the house of Dr. Harrison, in Corning street, in 1872. He served a sentence of 11 years in Sing Sing for shooting a policeman.

Brady was married and had a wife and several daughters. He bought the New Rochelle real estate and turned the property over to his wife. One of his daughters married a Swedish nobleman. Brady's wife left him and he went to the poorhouse.

The death of Brady leaves only "Jimmy" Home, equally aged, living quietly on a Connecticut farm, and "Dan" Noble, in Dannemora prison, of the old band.

PRINCE AND WIFE TO SEPARATE.



PRINCE RUPERT OF BAVARIA.



PRINCESS GABRIELLE AND HER "BABY" DAUGHTER, SINCE DEAD.

It is reported that Prince Rupert, prospective heir to the Bavarian throne, and his beautiful wife—Princess Maria Gabrielle, are to separate. The couple are now on a voyage to China and the marriage ties will be dissolved as soon as they return to their own land. Prince Rupert has long had the reputation of being one of the richest of his set. The pair will separate because they feel that they will never be able to agree. They have been married only three years. They have two children. The prince is only 24 and the Princess Gabrielle not quite 24.

CHIEF JUSTICE WALTER CLARK, OF NORTH CAROLINA.



Chief Justice WALTER CLARK of North Carolina.

William Jennings Bryan has, it is said, selected what he deems an ideal candidate for the presidency in 1904. He is Chief Justice Walter Clark of the supreme court of North Carolina. Mr. Bryan may urge his nomination on the Democratic ticket. The former candidate for president thinks that Justice Clark has none of the failings which, in the opinion of Mr. Bryan, vitiate the many candidates mentioned for the place on the Democratic ticket. Justice Clark is 56 years old and famed as a learned jurist. He is an ex-soldier, a great scholar, and is considered a leader of great executive ability.

WOMAN'S DAILY NEWSPAPER NEARLY READY.



The Chicago Daily Bulletin will soon be ready for publication. This is not a mere friendly announcement of the forthcoming launching of a contemporary. It is a matter of great news interest, for the Bulletin will be the first woman's newspaper ever issued. It will be of women, for women and by women. Females will sit at all the editorial desks. Lady reporters will do the news gathering. In fact, save in three minor cases, the entire staff will be composed of femininity. The experiment will be carefully watched. Above are photographs of three of the most prominent members of the editorial staff.