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RUSSIA'S RELIGIOUS TRUST. THE GRECO-RUSSIAN CHURCH AND ITS 87,000,000 MEMBERS.

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



Photographed for the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.

THE CHURCH OF ST. BASIL, MOSCOW.

MOSCOW.—I am in the Jerusalem of Russia, in the holy of holies of the world's greatest empire. Moscow has more pilgrims than Mecca, more shrines than Rome and more worshippers than Benares on the banks of the Ganges. It has four hundred churches, monasteries on every side of it, convents on every hilltop, and you can't throw a stone without hitting a priest.

RUSSIA'S RELIGIOUS TRUST.

Talk about the United States Steel company and the modern trust. The biggest trust on earth is this Greek Catholic church. It has eighty-seven million stockholders in Russia alone, and every one of them is subject to daily assessment. The money flows in a steady stream week day and Sunday all the year through, and the amount in the treasury is beyond computation. Even the church itself does not know what it has. The capital controlled by the synod, twenty-five million dollars, is a bagatelle in comparison with the total assets, and the \$41,000,000 a year furnished by the government for church purposes is a drop in the bucket compared with the gifts of the people.

We think we have grand churches. They are nothing in comparison with the cathedrals and churches of Russia. There is one church here which costs \$10,000,000 to build, and there is a cathedral in St. Petersburg which cost more than the Capitol.

The Moscow church I refer to is that of "Our Savior." It stands on the banks of the Moscow river, just outside the Kremlin, and its great golden dome may be seen blazing out under the sun from any part of Moscow. The church is of white stone, built in the shape of a Greek cross. It has golden cupolas at its corners, and a great dome in the center, all of which are covered with copper, plated with gold. It took nine hundred pounds of gold leaf to plate the dome, and it is estimated that there is a million dollars' worth of gold upon it. The interior of the church has marbles and precious stones which cost \$2,000,000, and there are silver pictures within it which cost \$500,000.

The St. Petersburg church is St. Isaac's cathedral. It has cost about twenty millions, and its gold dome is as large as that of the Capitol at Washington. It took hundreds of pounds of gold to plate it almost as much as the dome of the Church of Our Savior. The Kazan cathedral of St. Petersburg has a silver fence about its altar, made of half a ton of Russian plate which was recaptured by the Cossacks from Napoleon Bonaparte, and the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul has a spire plated with pure gold and an interior gorgeous with gold and silver.

TREASURES OF THE KREMLIN.

You have all heard of the Kremlin, the holiest place in this holy city. Moscow is twenty-five miles in circumference. It is a mighty commercial and manufacturing center, having vast business buildings and hundreds of factories. Right in the heart of it is a space surrounded by a wall a little more than a mile in length. This space is filled with gold churches and palaces and is known as the Kremlin. The churches have domes of gold, each as big as a circus tent. There is a great tower with a golden clock, and in the churches and palaces are treasures beyond computation.

I have gone through many of the buildings, accompanied by the priestly guides, and by judicious bribing have had a look at the treasures. One is a picture of the Virgin dressed in a robe covered with diamonds. The robe is sometimes kissed by the worshippers, and I am told that all who touch it are now carefully watched to see that they don't lift off the diamonds.

According to report, this sin was once committed by a princess who was worshipping there. She appeared overly religious, and kept her lips long on the feet of the Virgin, apparently praying in agony. After she left one of the soldiers was missing. She was charged with the crime and confessed and she went to Siberia.

This picture is frequently carried through the streets in one of the state carriages, and upon great occasions it has a golden chariot with a priest in attendance. It is known as the Iberian

Its Enormous Wealth—Churches Plated With Gold Which Cost Millions—The Treasures of the Kremlin—How a Pious Princess Stole A Diamond—Church Slot Boxes and Clerical Beggars—Seven Million Dollars' Worth of Candles—Among the Pilgrims—The Power Of the Greek Church—The Holy Synod and Pobodonotseff.

to Mecca go on from all parts of the Mohammedan world, vast crowds of Hindus wander up and down the Ganges worshipping at its shrines, the Chinese make holy journeys to the tomb of Confucius and you see bands of pilgrims throughout Japan going from one holy mountain to another to pray. Here in Russia the pilgrims are millions. There are famous shrines in different parts of the country where they worship. At Kiev such visitors number hundreds of thousands a year, and the same is true of Moscow and other places.

THEY ARE PEASANTS.

The Russian pilgrims are largely peasants. They travel about in ranks of from three to 20, with their baggage upon their backs, and their shoes either tied around their necks or held in their hands. Both women and men are barefooted and usually bare legged, having unwrapped their stockings to keep them clean. I saw unwrapped for the Russian peasant a cloth which he binds about his legs and ankles in the place of a stocking covering the foot and the leg well up the calf.

There are thousands of these pilgrims in Moscow at this writing. You may see them walking through the streets, crossing themselves at every church, and now and then stopping and kneeling to mutter their prayers. They kiss the golden pictures of the Savior, the virgin and the saints above the shrines, and as there are shrines in every block it is quite a chore.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE KREMLIN.

Think of a crowd of religious pilgrims so great that policemen are necessary to keep it in order as it hurries to prayers! Think of blocking the streets of Chicago with would-be worshippers, and you have some idea of what goes on here in Moscow. I went the other day into the walled part of this city, and was stopped by the throng at one of the shrines.

The police had formed two long lines like those you see outside a theater waiting to get to the box office on an opening night. The lines were made up of old and young, poor and rich, peasants and those of the middle classes.

I counted 15 slot boxes along the walls and in the chapel just next the big bazaar in St. Petersburg, and at the corner of the street nearby were 11 more boxes, making 26 in all in less than half a block. These slot boxes were of tin. They cost probably about 10 cents apiece, and it is a poor box that does not make 100 per cent on the investment a day.

CHURCH BEGGARS.

The country swarms with church beggars. Monks and nuns, as well as laymen and laywomen, go about with slot boxes hung around their necks, begging you to drop in some money for the church. The people are generous, and every one gives, so that the sum total of the contributions must be enormous. There are many shrines considered especially holy which can be relied upon for so many thousands of dollars every year. There are painted Madonnas which yield the church enormous sums. One, for instance, is in a little chapel at the Iversky gate, near the Kremlin. The chapel is always thronged, and even the emperor worships in it. Its annual contributions and candle sales are said to net \$50,000 a year, or as much as the salary of our president.

MONEY IN CANDLES.

Talk about money to burn! The Russian church has it. At least it gets it out of the smoke. In every chapel candles are kept continually burning before the altar, and the candles contributed to a great church are numbered by thousands. Every man, woman or child who goes to prayers buys a candle to put in the candlesticks before the altar, and many think that their sins are washed away according to the flame burns long or short. The candles are of all sizes, from that of your finger to as big as your leg, and they cost a good round sum. Some are wax and some tallow. Indeed, it is estimated that 50,000,000 tallow candles and 50,000,000 wax candles are annually used, and that in addition there are also consumed 200,000,000 candles made of paraffine, 50,000,000 made of oil and glycerine, or in all a grand total of 350,000,000 candles. This is in European Russia alone. Now, suppose each candle nets 2 cents, and you have a gross profit of \$7,000,000 from the candles.

This estimate I should say was remarkably small. Indeed I am told that it annually takes 120,000,000 pounds of wax to supply the church candles, and that many of the convents have factories which supply the trade. The same candles are used over and over again, being blown out shortly after the worshiper leaves and fixed up for another customer. The ends are also melted down and recast. There is a big profit in the crosses and images sold by the church, and also in the icons or sacred pictures, which are used in vast quantities and are made in every house. I might almost say, in every room in Russia.

PILGRIMS OF 1903.

We are accustomed to think of pilgrims as connected with the crusaders, and do not realize that there are millions upon millions who are making pilgrimages today. There are tens of thousands of Russians who go from all parts of this empire to worship at Jerusalem. There are pilgrims from Africa, Greece and Armenia who march on foot and by sea to the sacred places of Palestine and there is also a vast pilgrimage of Mohammedans to the city of the crucified Christ. The pilgrimages



A RUSSIAN PILGRIM PEASANT.

and numerous children, I walked along outside to see what the attraction might be. It was a picture of the Virgin looking out of gold clothes in a gold frame, so propped up on a table that it stood upright. The picture was about four feet square. The clothes were carved out of gold plate, only the face, hands and feet being painted. On each side of the picture was a policeman, and behind it were several long-haired priests, in long black gowns and high black caps. There was a contribution box in front of it.

The worshippers were admitted to the picture one at a time, and as they came each took off his hat and bowed low. He then knelt upon the cobblestone street and crossed himself, then kissed the hands of the picture again and again and went on his way making the sign of the cross. Many were women and some had babies in their arms. The women would kiss the hands

of the Virgin and then have their children kiss them. There were old men, who bared their heads and knelt, and young boys and girls who did the same. All were terribly in earnest, and the scene was too serious a one to cause a smile.

After kissing each dropped a coin in the contribution box and passed on to the priest to buy a candle to be burned before the picture in the church later on, and each took a drink of holy water from a cup handed by the priest, giving a contribution as he did so.

I stood some time and watched the scene. The driver of every cart that passed raised his hat and in the finest of the churches the companies took off their hats and crossed themselves and prayed. The poorest and the meanest here are not ashamed to pray in public. They show more respect to their religion than we do to ours, and whether it be true or not it is worthy of respect for the respect they pay to it.

ONE-FIFTH CHRISTIANITY.

We Americans are so far away from the Greek church that we have little idea of its numbers. It is one of the great churches of the world, surpassing any other in Christendom, outside the Roman Catholic. If all the Christians on earth were gathered together, one in every five would belong to this church. There are 98,000,000 Greek Christians in the world, and altogether less than 14,000,000 Protestants. The Roman Catholics number 230,000,000, the Mohammedans, 177,000,000, the Hindus, 100,000,000 and the Confucianists, 256,000,000. There are about 145,000,000 Buddhists, 43,000,000 Taoists, chiefly Chinese, and 14,000,000 Shintoists, all Japanese.

The bulk of the Greek church is Russian. It has in this country alone more than 87,000,000 members out of its 98,000,000; in other words, four-fifths of all the people of European Russia belong to it.

PRIESTS AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

The Greek Catholic church differs from the Roman Catholic church in that it denies the supremacy of the pope and allows all its members to read and study the Scriptures in the native tongue, and also in allowing the priests

to marry. In the Roman Catholic church a priest must be single; in the Greek Catholic church every candidate for the priesthood must be married, but if he becomes a priest and his wife dies he cannot marry again. He is then expected to go into a monastery for the rest of his life.

There are two classes of the clergy, the blacks and the whites; the blacks are the monks and the whites are the priests. The blacks are always selected from the black clergy, and they have a higher social standing than the ordinary priest. The monks in the monasteries spend most of their time in fasting and prayer. They do not have any special work, and lead rigorous lives.

The priesthood is recruited from the sons of priests, and priests usually marry priests' daughters. The clergy is by no means so respected as ours, and many of its members are ignorant and superstitious.

THE HOLY SYNOD.

The czar is at the head of the Greek Russian church. He governs it through the holy synod, which meets at St. Petersburg. He appoints every officer of the church, and can transfer and dismiss in many cases. In reality, however, he does but little as to church government, leaving everything to the procurator of the holy synod.

This man is the famous Pobodonotseff, who for 10 years has been one of the leaders of the intellectual and religious life of Russia. He is now 76 years old, but he still directs the synod and its priesthood. He has remarkable ability, great scholarship and unswerving honesty. He is the son of a professor of Russian literature in the University of Moscow, was educated under his father and had a number of prominent positions before he rose to be the head of the church. He claims to



A TYPICAL CHURCH BEGGAR.

be liberal and to allow liberty of conscience throughout Russia, but this is frequently denied and his holiness is charged with fanaticism.

However that may be, there are a vast number of Russians who do not belong to the Greek church. There are in all more than 11,000,000 Roman Catholics, almost 4,000,000 Protestants, about 14,000,000 Mohammedans and 5,000,000 Jews. The Greek priests, however, are the dominant religious force in most parts of the empire and the people follow them.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

GRAND OLD POPE LEO AS SEEN BY A WOMAN.

A roar came up the church—passionate—indescribable. Lucy held her breath.

There—there he is—the old man! Caught in a great shaft of sunlight striking from south to north, across the holy sacrament—the pope emerges. The white figure, high above the crowd, sways from side to side; the hand upraised gives the benediction. Fragile, spiritual as is the apparition, the sunbeam refines, subtilizes, spiritualizes it still more. It hovers like a dream above the vast multitudes—surely no living man!—but thought, history, faith taking shape, the passion of many hearts revealed. Up rushes the roar towards the Tribunals.

Lucy—the alien and Puritan Lucy—surrounds herself completely. She believes nothing save by the slightly parted lips, and the flutter of the black veil fastened on her breast; but it is as

though her whole inner being were dissolving, melting away, in the flame of the moment.

In a proud timidity—as one who feels herself an alien and on sufferance she hangs again upon the incomparable scene. This is St. Peter's; then the dome of Michel Angelo; and here, advancing towards her amid the red of the cardinals, the clatter of the guards, the tossing of the flagella, as though looking at her alone—the two waxen fingers raised for her alone—is the white-robed, triple-crowned pope.

And August, unheeding the great pageant swept on. Close, close to her now! Down sink the crowd upon the chairs; the heads fall like corn before the wind. Lucy is bending, too. The papal chair borne on the shoulders of the guards is now but a few feet distant; vaguely she wonders that the old man keeps his balance as he clings with one frail hand to the arm of the chair rises incessantly—and blesses with the other. She catches the eyes, the look, the meaning of the eyes—the sharp, long line of the closed and toothless jaw

Spirit and spectre—embodying the Past, bearing the clew to the Future. The pope and his cortege disappear behind the group of guards, behind the altar, and presently, Lucy, craning her neck to the right, could see dimly in the farthest distance, against the apex, and under the chair of St. Peter, the chair of Leo XIII and the white shadow, motionless, erect within it, amid a court of cardinals and diplomats.

One more "moment," however, there was—very different from the great moment of the entry, yet beautiful. The mass is over, and a temporary platform has been erected between the confessor and the nave. The pope has been placed upon it, and is about to chant the apostolic benediction.

The old man is within thirty feet of Lucy, who sits nearest to the barrier. The red cardinal holding the service—head of the group of guards, and high officials—every detail of the pope's gorgeous dress, every line of the wrinkled face and fleshless hands, Lucy's eyes command them all. The quivering voice rises into the sudden silence of St. Peter's. Fifty thousand people hush every movement, strain their ears to listen.

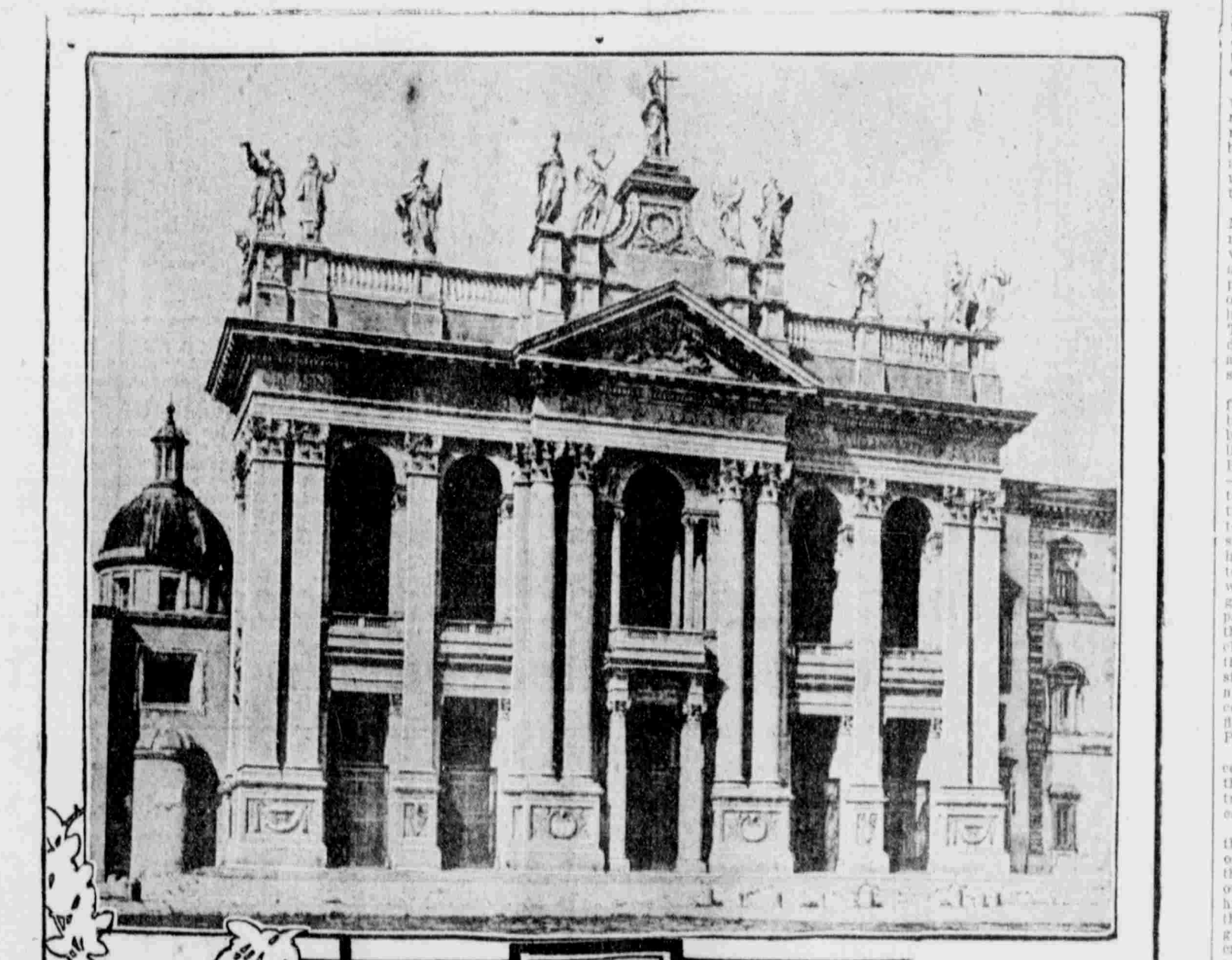
Ah! how weak it is! Surely the effort is too great for a frame so enfeebled, so ancient. It should not have been expected—a head. Lucy's ears listen painfully for the inevitable break. But no!—The pope draws a long, sigh—the sigh of weakness—"Ah! poverty, to!" says a woman close to Lucy. In a transport of pity—then once more attempts the chant—sings again—and sings. Lucy's face softens and above her eyes all with tears. Nothing more touching, more triumphant than this weakness and this perseverance. Fragile, indomitable face beneath the papal crown! Under the eyes of fifty thousand people the pope sighs like a child, because he is weak and old, and the burden of his office is great; but in sighing, keeps a perfect simplicity, dignity, courage. Not a trace of stoical concealment, but also not a trace of flinching. He sings the end, and St. Peter's listens in a tender hush to see if there seems to be a moment of collapse. The long, straight lips close as though with a snap, the upper jaw protruding; the eyelids drop; the emaciated form sinks upon the chair, and Lucy's guard raises the bells violently.

But his guards raise the bells violently. The pope's trance passes away. He opens his eyes, and braces himself for the last effort. Whither than the gorgeous cope which falls about him, he raises himself, clinging to the chair; he is the skeleton fingers of his partly gloved hand; his look searches the crowd.—Mrs. Humphrey Ward in Eleanor.

A CAT'S REMEMBRANCE.

Sister Watkins, who lives on Bainbridge street, west of Twelfth, in Philadelphia, has recently lost a very estimable and beautiful cat, which for many years was the pride of the neighborhood. This cat wore a collar with silver bells, and when she accompanied her mistress on the street and waited by Sister Watkins' side while she talked to a friend, limited her chat by mewling and shaking the bells violently. Full of years and highly respected, Pussy died, and, being decently buried in an adjoining yard, she had a large following to her last resting place. On her return from Pussy's funeral, Sister Watkins inspected her best looking chair. She was "that struck" and she rushed out for assistance and when friends returned to give assistance, one exclaimed: "Why, it's two rats!" and another said: "It's a whole family!" A brave woman rocked the rocking chair by poking it in the back with a clothes prop, upon which the entire rat family jumped on to the hearth rug, settling themselves before the fire. At once one of the visitors picked up Pussy's collar and began to shake it, upon which the mother rat gave a squeak to her family and scampered out of doors, followed by the tribe. Subsequently it was only necessary to shake the bells around the house to chase all rats.—Lippincott's Magazine.

WHERE POPE'S BODY WILL REST.



THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.

The popes of Rome are allowed to choose their own burial grounds and it is the custom for each successor to the chair of St. Peter to designate the spot he selects.

ROUGH ON THE GENERAL.

During the recent visit of Maj.-Gen. Baden-Powell to Liverpool, the ladies of the city, in particular, paid him special honor, and so impressed him that he reciprocated by revealing the well-kept secret of why he is not a Benedict. "The ladies are critical," he pleaded, "and see no great points in me. I have had that pretty straight from one of them myself." And he told the story of how when in South Africa, his duty was to tell an old Dutch lady that she must leave her house, which was wanted as a police station. He told the lady to go, and presumed she would obey. Finding in a few days that she was still in possession, he sent his men to turn her out. She refused to go, and she said no one had told her. "Oh, yes," replied a sergeant, "the general told you himself." Then came madame's silencing retort: "You don't mean to say that that little red-faced man was the general?"—United Service Gazette.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.

for his final resting place. The late Pope Leo had chosen the church of St. John Lateran and in this beautiful structure the bones of the holy man will lie.

A SMART LIEUTENANT.

A good story is told of Mr. Arnold-Forster and his omniscience. As secretary to the British admiralty he was recently being shown round a battleship by a smart young lieutenant, whose every attempt at explanation of the various objects inspected met with the disconcerting interruption. "Yes, I know all about that." The formula was repeated in the dynamo-room, and received with due respect. When they were again on deck, however, the lieutenant ventured an inquiry as to the value of the secretary's watch, remarking enigmatically that if it was a cheap one it might recover. "But it is a costly gold chronometer," Mr. Arnold-Forster replied. "Then said his guide, 'I fear it can never be used again. A cheap watch can be demagnetized, but these fine instruments are utterly ruined. But, sir, I thought that as you said you knew all about it, it would be impertinent of me to have interposed with a warning.'—United Service Gazette.