

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO

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Is Your Advertisement in This Issue?
The Big Illustrated Weekly, Read by Everybody.

FIFTY-NINTH YEAR

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Son of a Serf the Most Influential Man in Russia

(Special Correspondence) ARSAW, Aug. 30.—On a bitter night last winter several peasants were waiting for a train, with true Russian patois, at a small railway station, not far from Moscow. Most of them preferred walking up and down the platform to being roasted alive in the waiting room, for the huge stove there was hot, and they had on their shagakins. From time to time, however, one of them went in to warm his hands and feet.

Suddenly an old man rushed out, faster than he had moved for years, shouting: "Mother of God have mercy on me! I am a sinner, I am sitting here!" At that moment the man who sold the tickets, with the small wretched peasants, wrote letters and performed the various other duties of a wayworn Russian station, told the crowd that he had just sold a ticket to a man who certainly did not come from this world, so strange was his look. He had no sooner sold this than a woman ran up, shouting that a ghost with horns on his head had passed her on the platform and walked into the waiting room.

After all had expressed their astonishment and doffed incidentally that they were not afraid, it was decided to tell the peasants to go and investigate.

Though he did not like the Jews, the peasants are the most superstitious people in the world—he went to the waiting-room followed at a safe distance by the peasants. True enough, there was a very orthodox-looking devil, quietly

drinking a cigar and perspiring freely, his great coat thrown back and his horns shooting out from his head, in the most Satanic manner possible. The devils' heads were black, with a single white hair on each brow, and the pupils across the railway line as far as the eye could see.

"Don't be a fool, man!" cried the devil. "I'm only in fancy dress, and name in here to keep warm." It was Alexei Savchenko, who, almost 75 years old, was going by train to a hall

in Moscow, dressed as his Satanic master.

VARIED EXPERIENCES

"A doctor must know medicine and a lawyer the law," he says. "But a journalist must know everything and everybody who comes within his reach. To him nothing is common or unclear."

In those days he was much less conservative in his ideas than now. His campaign against Russian nationalism in the world—he went to the waiting-room followed at a safe distance by the peasants. True enough, there was a very orthodox-looking devil, quietly

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HARD WORKER

Journalist, dramatist, publisher and bookseller, M. Savchenko, proprietor and editor of the "Novoye Vremya," is one of the most extraordinary men in Russia today. His biography is not confined to forming practical jokes, it is really railroads. He is the hardest worker in the empire. Despite his great age, he writes like a young man. All his articles, books and plays are brilliant, the better writing.

The better writing exists between English-speaking people and Russia are, in a large measure, due to his energy, his literary books by English and American authors into Russian and edited others. When they were ready he could not find a publisher to bring them out.

Nobody will read stuff written in English and America," was the verdict. So he translated and published them himself and founded large Russian editions in the principal cities of Russia, and them and other reprints of Russian favorites in such cities as New York and advertised them so well that people flocked to buy. It was he who gave the way for the Anglo-Russian alliance. In the old days Russian Anglo-Saxon was only a passing sport, shop-keeping and whistling but Show and American life.

INDEPENDENT YOUTH

Savchenko did not choose journalism—this was the strangest part of his history. His first drift was to the army. His father was a serf on a large estate in the province of Voronezh. The serf became an old general. The youth got out of hard work and went into the army, and was promoted to the rank of captain. He got his son into the Cadet college and was anxious for him to enter the army. But young Alexei did not like the profession. He left at the end of a year, much to the disgust of his father, who declared he would go to the dogs, and entered a university.

His father refused to send him money and so he became a teacher in a small district school. Indefatigable from his youth, he worked hard every moment of his spare time, read, studied, wrote verses and sent his poetical productions to various newspapers—with having the satisfaction of seeing them in print. His success, however, in this he managed to get some position established. A review and in three years he was in the midst of a feverish whirl of writing, producing a stream of stories, poems, reviews and articles on art. He says that the time which he then spent, spent in the village school was the foundation of his success, for that was when he laid up the enormous store of miscellaneous and out-of-the-way knowledge that helped him to be so successful.

Probably nothing much would have happened yet if an even greater man than Lord Roberts had not thrust himself into the British consciousness.

It was the kaiser. It was not until about a year ago that the German scare became noticeable on what is always the safest, surest sign of the national pulse—the casual talk of the hum-drug men in the second and third class compartments of suburban trains on their way to their office and shops in the morning. If there are signs that is big enough to withdraw their attention from the doings of local cricket and football heroes, it's serious.

I suspect that it would pay every government to establish photographic in the suburban trains of rival nations and thus get records of genuine popular opinion worth far more than the views of the top layers of society.

Boys of England in a Fever of Militarism

General Baden Powell Has Caught Young Britain's Fancy With His Boys Scouts Scheme and Now He Has 200,000 of Them in His Organization, Learning the Essentials of a Soldier's or Frontiersman's Life.

(Special Correspondence)

ONDONG, Sept. 1.—Ever since the Boer war, England's greatest living general, Lord Roberts, has been crying in the wilderness in season and out of season—until he has come to be looked on as something of a crank—for the awakening of England to the danger of invasion. Others joined in the cry after a while, but nothing much came of it, the average British business man's view being that he was quite safe behind the navy, and that it was rather annoying to be bothered and taxed just to gratify the whims of folk who didn't happen to have anything else to do except excite themselves over their own bids.

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FOCUSSED ON GERMANY

Well, as I was saying, this talk suddenly focussed on Germany and the results show what a difference it makes in the intensity of feeling whether you discuss foreign rivals in general, or some one rival in particular. Rightly or wrongly, three ideas became widespread. They were only vaguely shadowed in the newspapers, but the M. S. T. (i.e., the man on the suburban train) voiced them bluntly. First, that the Germans as a nation would like to humiliates the English; second, that they are plotting against English trade, the English army and the English navy; and third, and this is the most important, that the boy scouts is not military.

A recent canvass of several hundred boy scouts showed that 35 per cent of them intended to join either the territorial or the regular army when they are old enough, 10 per cent intended to go into the navy and most of the rest were looking forward to a life in the colonies where they will be able to put to good use the lessons of self-help and woodcraft which they have learnt from "B. P." and his helpers.

The fever for scouting has even spread to the girls, and J. A. Kyle, the secretary of the national organization, told me a few days ago that he had been overwhelmed with applications to form patrols for girls.

We are now working on a scheme,

he said, to take the girls, too, and put their enthusiasm to some use.

Scouting has been taken up by the girls, and advertisements in such papers as the "Boy Scouts" have been made to sell the advertising space.

Perhaps the most interesting development has been the sudden craze let loose by Gen. Baden Powell when he founded the Boy Scouts. Today there are 200,000 of them in England and the movement has spread to the colonies and to the continent. It is estimated that "B. P." now has about 300,000 juvenile followers scattered over the world.

BOY SCOUTS RALLY

The boys ever caught on here so rapidly or so completely. Within a month public schools like Eton, Harrow, Winchester and St. Paul's have had the

cadet corps for years, but membership

and open space in the suburbs of London and even other large towns in the country, though, and especially the chance to be a real frontiersman appealed to the boys and they flocked into the new organization. "B. P." has confessed since that he had no idea he was starting so big a thing.

But he has risen to the occasion and is now at the head of an organization that will have a far-reaching effect on the military future of England. The boys soon have familiarized not only the boys but their parents with the idea that the boy scouts is the shadow of a doubt that many a parent who would have opposed his boy joining the army or the territorial force a year ago, is converted today to the idea of military service for everybody.

The boy scout is trained to take care of himself in the open, to read maps and to observe the country, and all the little signs which are so useful to a frontiersman or to a scout in war.

The boys wear a uniform consisting of a khaki shirt, loose blue running breeches, and a slouch hat. They carry a long pole which may be used as the backbone of a tent, as part of a stretcher, for a wounded comrade, or with a flag tied at one end for signalling. The scouts are organized in patrols of half-a-dozen to a dozen members, with an older boy who is known as a scout master in charge and they are expected to render military obedience to him. Every fine afternoon they are taken out in the fields and woods and trained in the art of scouting and the open air life.

SOLDIERS IN EMBRYO

But the crowning glory of the scout's life comes once a year, when a few hundred of the best, chosen for their proficiency in the arts of the frontier, are taken into camp somewhere far away from the cities, and live for a fortnight under the command of "B. P."

The defender of Mafeking against the Boers knows the British boy as few other men do, and to his young followers he is no more than another human when he sits with them round the camp fire and tells them stories of his campaigns in Africa.

He is fond of saying that the tendency of the boy scouts is not military.

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