

the government here has made in road building since the last Russian war, when it learned such a sad lesson owing to the impossibility to transport the necessary provisions and other equipments for the Kars army. The fact is, very little headway has been made. A few miles of moderately good roads are built from Samson to Sivas and Gurune, and also toward Erzurum; but, as a whole, the government is in about the same dilemma as before the war. Aside from these state roads, the roads generally are as yet practically impassible with any considerable burden. The method of transportation from the most important territories of agriculture and fruit growing mountains is by means of caravans consisting of either donkeys, mules, horses, or camels—a very hard way of serving life indeed. From Sivas to Marash the writer traveled in such a train—perfect donkey speed, slow and tedious, upon which neither force nor coaxing would create any impression.

The roads which connect these principal cities of the interior of Asia Minor are no more than trails located in the nearest possible mountain passes. They appear to be as old as the cities which they connect. Very little is done toward keeping them in repair, and hence they are nearly impassible. When, therefore, two caravans meet on a dugway winding for miles around on the tops of high mountains, where the trail only admits of a single file, our mule drivers have a hard time in passing; not only because of the narrow road, but also because they seem to have imbibed somewhat of the mule nature. No one will move to accommodate a passage; thus by force of much quarreling a passage is made, often resulting in one or more of the animals moving off the dugway, and animal and burden going to the bottom of the ravine. The road from Gurune to Marash—a distance of about 110 miles—is of this description. The trail crosses a range of mountains about like the Wasatch mountains, and as the canyons are coursed by large rivers, as a matter of course the trail is forced into the tops of the mountains in order to avoid great cliffs and precipices. From the main trail are many minor trails leading off to the various Kurd villages in which the mountains abound. These villages are located high up in the mountains among the pines and the clear little streams of cold water. The villagers seem to be content with a

plentiful supply of wood and water; for they are dragging out a most miserable existence—poor in the full meaning of the word. The farms are fertile because high up in the mountains. To our great surprise, we find whole sides of the mountains cleared and laid out in vineyards, and a very fine quality of grapes are produced. But the Kurds do not surprise the world with any improvements. They live as their fathers have done in centuries past. Ruins of villages with their graveyards are seen all along the roads. Comfort is out of the question; and to do anything for the improvement of their condition they think folly; for God is the Giver, they say, and He has so ordained it; therefore improvement belongs to Him and Him only.

It is needless to state that the products beyond consumption are not easily disposed of. A farmer will load down his ass with a bushel or two of wheat, barley, or grapes, and will spend from two to six days, according to distance, in going to Marash, Albistan, or other cities to dispose of his wares. Here his grapes will bring from two to five cents per batma (about seven pounds). His wheat and barley fetch something like Salt Lake City prices. Sometimes they will spend a day in gathering two large armfuls of wood—because timber in many places is scarce, then another day to sell it in Albistan, the gain being five cents, or three pounds of salt. This neglect of good roads is a fault of the government. The roads were not built according to our way of understanding justice. These roads being laid out by the government, the villages of the road district were ordered out by goodwill or force, as necessity demanded, and each man, poor and rich alike, was forced to build from three to five metres of road. This was well enough for the rich, but a strong medicine for the poor man. Then, again, the *backsheesh* game was employed. The road engineer was paid to lay the road off in the hills so as to save the farms in the valleys, thus making traveling hard, and likewise hindering their own advancement, not knowing the advantages of a good road and easy transportation.

No manufacturing of any great importance can be found. Some home-made cloths are made, some of them of very good quality; but they do not supply the home market. Much of the cheap cotton goods of England, and even America, have

found their way into this country; and, as a matter of fact, bring no good to the home production. The best articles made are Turkish mats, which are real gems of their kind, being both neat and durable. These mats are the only furniture found in most of the houses, and are the substitutes for our chairs and sofas, and sometimes beds. The mats are very ingeniously made, of many colors and figures, and when brought to foreign countries fetch a good price; but enterprise being in the background, the trade is not considerable.

About the most extensive home industry is the manufacture of the "buffalo chip." This article is prepared chiefly by the women. These poor serfs are to be found on the roads and commons, early and late, gathering the fresh material for the "chip." When a sufficient quantity has been procured it is softened with water, and sometimes mixed with a little straw. After a thorough mixing, mostly done with the feet, the "chip" is by hand formed into rough cakes, and, so far as room can be found, the "chip" may be seen on the sunny side of the walls of the houses or outhouses, systematically stuck on to dry. When dry and ready for the fire they are put upon the market, and in places form an extensive portion of the commerce.

While thus taking a glance at the world at large, with its sin and low life, the effects of disobedience to our heavenly Father, how can one help saying: "Youth of Zion, appreciate your condition in life, obey God and His servants, remember your calling is to reform a fallen world filled with all manner of wickedness." Here while we travel from one village to another, we are subject to robbers, and are not safe in our houses unless the doors and windows are securely bolted with heavy iron. In Zion, our peaceful mountain home, you are safe by day and night, with none to molest or make afraid—the present dark clouds notwithstanding. Let us appreciate our advantage. F. F. HINTZE.

ON THE RAILWAYS.

There was another awful wreck on the Union Pacific Friday morning, Jan. 4, near Medicine Bow, Wyoming. One freight train, attempted to pass another on the same track, with the usual result in such cases—a collision. Details are meagre, but from what can be learned, the engineer of the moving train did not discover the other until quite close. The ponderous locomotive