

It occurred at Zima. This is a lonely little station on the Trans-Siberian line. Most of the men passengers had got off as usual to get the change and exercise, when the three taps of the station bell sounded, the train-master blew his shrill whistle and the passengers climbed on as our train began to move.

As we ~~thus~~ gathered way, the headlights of a locomotive were seen on the righthand tracks coming toward us. It was coming rapidly and belonged to a heavy passenger train which was to stop at this station. Just when the engine had come very close, a man stepped from the platform ^{to the tracks} in front of it. Was he mad? The train was almost upon him! Was he blind, deaf? Was he drunk? ~~He came~~ He carried a small parcel close to his head? Was he hiding sight of the moving monster? Did he intend---~~hey~~ ha! he reeled! # Did he catch his foot or throw himself? He was down in a flash---down across the rails! A gasp of horror---and then the engine hit him and tossed ~~him~~ him like a bundle of rags a dozen feet along the shining lines of steel and then again rushed toward him!

There was a grining of brakes on our train. A tall young German, who was standing on the lowest step of our car jumped to the ground, and shouting something in his excitement that nobody could understand, dashed down the passage between ^{the ~~lines~~} toward the spot where the man had fallen.

At the head of the other train was a passenger car with heavy iron-grated windows. Soldiers with rifles stood at the doorways. "Condemned, being transported," someone said. I looked up. Behind the bars were many faces. They were exiles coming to a living death in Siberia.

As our German passenger ran crying ahead, he was mistaken for an exile trying to escape. A shout was raised. A soldier with a drawn sword sprang from somewhere and rushed in pursuit. German, soldier and all came to a sudden stop at the place of the tragedy.

~~The thing that had been a man was in a heap under~~

The man who had stepped ~~on~~ down on the tracks a moment before was in a heap under the tender, an arm and leg gone and a terrible gash on the head. White-faced men lifted him out and placed him ~~his body~~ upon our train to be carried to the nearest ~~point~~ point for surgical ~~medical~~ treatment. But it was against hope. The spark of life ~~had~~ ^{soon} gone. *led.*

Who was he? Nobody seemed to know. His clothes showed him to be of the peasant class---that class that has to work so hard and that gets so little in life. His face was lean and gaunt, in spite of his obvious early manhood. A reddish young beard covered his chin.

Was there no writing; nothing to identify him? Nothing. The parcel he had carried proved to be only a few old garments---perhaps all he had in the world. This unknown being, whom some woman, with fear and pain and joy, had brought into the world, had given suck, reared through childhood, and youth to manhood, and perhaps his twenty-fifth year, had now closed his account with the Most High---perhaps tired to death of living the hard life on the Siberian frontier. "Finished," was entered upon the Great Ledger---finished, when life should have only begun.

I ~~had~~ turned away physically and ~~physically~~ spiritually sickened and walked back toward my car. As I did so I was accosted by voices from a prison window of the other train. Looking up I saw the faces of three young women peering through the bars in ex-

cited questioning. A light came from the interior, throwing their heads into silhouette. All three were less than twenty-five; not refined, but in the early flower of life, with firmness and strength in mouth and eye. One had beautiful hair, which the light behind ~~it~~ lit ~~it~~ up like a halo---a halo in this Siberian prison car; a halo going to the horrors of the convict life!

I understood not their tongue, but I knew from their manner and strained expressions that they asked what had happened. I said a few words and made signs toward the wheels. They caught the meaning and drew in their breath in pained sympathy.

These poor young creatures, going in a barred and gaurded car to the Dread Realm of Despair, could yet pour out their hearts' feeling for one whose life had been ground out under the wheels! ~~Or~~ wae

Or was it that they envied him? He had now done with the pains and terrors of it all!

What could I do? What could a thousand such as I do? What can any do until the people of Russia themselves arouse from their dull submission to the military despotism that sucks the blood of their labor while it beats them with rods of iron?

I had gone further along toward my car when I was stopped by voices from another window. This, also, was barred; but men's, not women's faces, were here. One face fascinated me---that of a young student-like man, with wavy hair and gold-rimmed spectacles. I had seen his type often in New York---spoken with his kind often ^{He was going where - perhaps to the mines - for what - may be for the expression of} from the same platforms for Free Russia. He questioned me---doubtless asked what had happened. I answered as well as I could. He, too, showed in his face his heart's pity---this bettere nurtured man who was going to serve the bloom of his life in the terrible wilder-

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ness; perhaps in the mines! Yet he could forget self in such a plight and give his pity to another!

Is not this the spirit of the Cross? And shall it not yet overthrow the Crowned Tyranny on the banks of the Neva?

It happened at Zima. He stepped in front of the in-coming train just as ours was pulling out.

Zima is a lonely little station on the Trans-Siberian line. It is, in fact, a mere railroad siding in a region thinly dotted with emigrant farms. Our west-bound train du lux awaited ~~an~~ the passing of an east-bound commoner. A June wind softly fanned through the window, and after the roar of travel, the twilight notes of crickets came out of the vast stillness with startling sharpness.

A locomotive whistle brought many heads to the windows. The double lights of the train we awaited ^{were} coming down the ~~side~~ tracks. Three taps of the station bell, a shrill blow on our train-master's whistle, and we started.

Just then the man stepped out of the dusk of the upper end of the platform and down on the tracks of the on-coming train!

Was he mad? The train was almost upon him! Was he blind, and deaf? Was he drunk? He carried a small parcel close to his head. Was he hiding sight of the moving monster?

Ha! he reeled! Had he caught his foot or thrown himself? He was down in a flash---down across the rails! A gasp of horror---and then it hit him---and tossed him like a bundle of rags a dozen feet along the shining lines of steel---and again rushed toward him!

There was a grinding of breaks on our train and a mad scrambling for the doors. When we got out we had gone past the spot. A tall young German, ^{one of our passengers,} dashed through the narrow lane between the trains, shouting something that no one could understand. I followed with a press of others.

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At the fore-^{head} end of the now still other train was a passenger car with heavy iron-grated windows. Soldiers with rifles stood at the doorways at the car ends. "Condemned, being transported," somebody said. I looked up. Behind the bars were many faces. They were exiles, coming to death-in-life in Siberia!

As our German passenger ran crying ahead, ^{he was mistaken for an exile trying to escape. A shout was raised.} a shout was given that ~~an exile had escaped!~~ A soldier, with drawn sword, sprang from somewhere and rushed in pursuit ^{until we} ~~we~~ all came to a sudden stop ^{when} ~~and~~ ^{Then} all was explained.

The thing that had been a man was in a heap under the tender, an arm and a leg gone and a terrible gash on the head. It was with difficulty that the body could be drawn out.

Who was ^{he?} the man? Nobody seemed to know. His clothes showed ~~that class that has to work so hard for~~ ^{and gets} so little in life. His him to be of the peasant class, and his face was lean and gaunt, in spite of his obvious early manhood. A reddish young beard covered his chin.

^{Was there} ~~was~~ there ^{no} ~~no~~ writing; nothing to identify him? ^{Nothing.} ~~Nothing.~~

The parcel he had carried proved to be only a few old garments---perhaps all he had in the world. This unknown being, whom some woman, with fear and pain and joy, had brought into the world, had given ~~sue~~ ^{sue} suck, ~~read~~ ^{read} reared through childhood, boyhood, youth and young manhood ^{to} ~~per-~~ perhaps to his twenty-fifth year, had now closed his account with the Most High---perhaps tired to death of living the hard life on the Siberian frontier. "Finished" was entered on the Great Ledger---finished, when life should really have only begun.

I turned ^{away,} physically and spiritually sickened, and walked back toward my car. As I did so, voices came from ^a the grated window of the ^{other train.} ~~prison car of the other train.~~ Looking up, I saw the faces of three young women peering through the bars at me in excited ques-

tioning. A light came from the interior, behind them, throwing their heads into silhouette. All three were less than twenty-five; not refined, but in the early flower of life, with firmness and strength in mouth and eye. One had beautiful hair, ^{which} that the light behind lit up like a halo—a halo in this Siberian prison car, ^{a halo} going to the ~~his~~ horrors of the convict life!

~~Their faces pressed against the bars as spoke to me.~~ [?] I understood not their tongue, but I knew from their manner and strained ~~fa~~ expressions that they ~~questioned me about what had asked what had~~ happened? I said a few words and made signs toward the wheels. ~~They~~ They ^{caught the meaning} ~~comprehended in an instant~~ and drew in their breath in pained sympathy!

These poor creatures, ~~made by~~ ~~as~~ prepared by nature for the arms of lover-husbands, but instead, going in a barred and ~~an~~ an iron-barred, soldier-guarded car to the ~~Dred~~ ^a Realm of Despair, could yet pour out their heart's feeling for one whose life had been ground out under the wheels!

Or was it that they—~~these young things~~—envied him? He had now done with the pains and terrors of it all!

What could I do? What could a thousand such as I do? What can any do until the people of Russia themselves rouse from their ~~dull~~ brutish submission to the military despotism that sucks the blood of their labors, while it beats them with rods of iron?

A few steps further on I was stopped by ^{voices} a ~~voice~~ from another ^{grated windows.} ~~window of the prison car.~~ They were men's—~~their faces~~ bearing against the bars. I ~~picked one face out instantly;~~ ^{fascinated me} that of a young, student-like man, with wavy hair and gold-rimmed spectacles. I had seen his type often in New York—spoken with ~~such~~ his kind from the same platforms for Free Russia. Now how I wished ^{that} ~~free~~

that Free Russia had come!

But his ~~teught~~ thought was evidently was, like that of the his fellow women prisoners, on what had occurred; and when I contrived to make him understand, he, too, showed in his face his heart's pity---this better-nurtured man, who was going to serve the bloom of his life in the terrible wilderness---perhaps in the mines! Yet he could ~~ge~~ forget self even in such a plight to give his pity to another! Is not this the spirit of the Cross? And ~~she~~ shall it not ^{yet} overthrow the Crowned Tyranny on the banks of the Neva? ~~at last?~~

France is still sending some of her condemned to Guiana, as England for so long ~~did~~ sent hers to Australia and New Zealand. IN Australia and New Zealand a new and wonderful people sprang from the virgin soil---a people ^{who} that in many respects are leading the world in political and social democracy. And so in Guiana France will see the torch of progress lead the way. But what of Russia and her condemned?

For long, long years the frightful marching of exiles has been going on---^a marching out of vast, agricultural Russia into vaster---seemingly illimitable---Siberia. ~~Abse~~ Absconders, thieves, murderers; the vicious, the desperate, the so-called irreclaimable, ~~she~~ ^{guard, have} chained together, under military, ^{is} marched along the interminable state highway; ~~---marched~~ under a burning sun, against piercing blasts; through rain, frost, snow; marched along that road that I had seen from my luxurious car window, stretching out like a yellow band until lost in the distance; and ^{then I knew still ~~winding~~ winding} yet winding its way along over hill and through dale, across grassy steppes and prairie sands for thousands of versts. It was a road that ^{is} ~~crossed~~ ^{crosses} one continent and half of another.

Chained with the criminal outcasts in these marches were men of learning and refinement and women of delicate nurture. They had not been condemned for crime, but for politics or perhaps merely for the expression of political opinions that we in this country hold as cheaply as the encompassing air, to wit: that all men are created equal; that government by some, of the many, without the many's consent is a despotism; that an Autocracy and a Czar constitute such a despotism; that it is the duty of all to overthrow this despotism, to the end that liberty, equality and fraternity may be established among men.

As against the expression of such opinions, and especially and moves toward their fulfillment, wealth, station, title, refinement, health and natural rights counted for nothing. All were swept down before the secret espionage of the police; and espionage as certain and fatal as that of the infamous delators of the terrible Emperor Domitian. No matter who they might be---of great family, titled rank or distinguished scholarship---they were seized, summarily sentenced, pushed into the manacled column and put upon the horrible march.

Even in this day, when all the rest of the world is on the march of enlightenment, Russia still has these terrible black marches of death and despair and death. True, they do not go on foot the same frightful distances. The Trans-Siberian Railroad now takes the prisoners to Irkutsk, to the town of Irkutsk, in mid-Siberia, ^{where start on the march. *I Irkutsk*} It is a new town of sixty thousand inhabitants, that has had a mushroom growth like one of our western cities. It is the pulsing heart of a wide, rapidly developing farming region. Its houses are of wood, ornamental and ~~was~~ tastefully painted, and its churches, with red, blue, green and gold-capped minarets, rise above all.

Some of its inhabitants are have been voluntary emigrants, but for the most part it is wise not to ask, ^{how} unless privately, ~~who~~ ϕ so-and-so, is; for the ~~prob~~ came there, no matter how prominent, for if he be not of the ~~ese~~ official class, he may probably was transported, worked out his term and started life anew in this spot in the eastern wilderness.

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