# Ice Ram Wins Glory in Arctic

Soviet Ship Krassin Performed "Miracle" in Nobile Rescue.

New York .- The experts said there was no more hope, that only a miracle could now save twenty-one men lost in the Arctic with the dirigible Italia or in searching for those so lost, All the efforts of science were powerless against the obstacles which the Old Man of the North contrived to put in their path, they said.

The experts were wrong. Where airplanes equipped with pontoons and radio, airplanes of all sizes and designs, handled by the best pilots of Europe, had managed, after weeks of labor, to bring one of the Italia's erew to safety, the Russlan icebreaker Krassin, a mere ship, rescued seven and then turned around

and rescued three would-be rescuers. Airplanes and wireless played a part, but the actual hero of the res cue was the strong, slow vessel built to dispute the right of way with icebergs. And, while six other nations contributed their share, the glory of the exploit belongs to Russia,

Recriminations Fly. For a month the Krassin pushed doggedly on through the northern seas. It was a month during which airplanes buzzed helplessly over sick and starving men, or sought for them in vain or got lost themselves. Other ships than the Krassin were unable to penetrate the ice. Men on foot and men with dog teams struggled toward the goal of a little red tent on a disintegrating ice floe. But at the month's end only Gen. Umberto Nobile of all the sixteen men who flew

brought back. Other rescuers were less fortunate. Captain Sera, Italian alpinist, and his Dutch companion, Van Dongen, were missing. Capt. Roald Amundsen and four comrades were lost after the explorer, ignoring his old quarrel with Nobile, had set out to the rescue in a

over the North pole in the Italia had

been saved. His rescuer, marooned

for two weeks himself, was also

French plane. The Amundsen party is still missing, as are six of the Italia's crew. Two members of the crew are known to be

Now, while preparations are being rushed for the Krassin's continued search for the remainder of the lost men, recriminations are flying and hints of carelessness and folly are

freely expressed. The Russian press, glorying in the achievement of the Russian relief expedition, which accomplished more than all the others put together, does not hesitate to attribute the loss of the Italia to mismanagement from the start and to Fascist ambition which sent the dirigible on her last journey in the face of unfavorable weather

reports.

Even more serious insinuations have been made against Capts. Alberto Mariano and Flippo Zappi, who have been quoted as admitting they left their injured comrade, Dr. Finn Malmgren, dying on the ice while they took all the provisions for the three and pushed on toward safety.

The bitterness of these reports is the aftermath of weeks of worry, hope and fear during which the world has seen and applauded feats of heroism, sacrifice and ingenuity which have alternately relieved and deepened the tragedy of the expedition. Warning of the disaster flickered

over the Italia's radio as, racing back from the pole through a storm on May 25, she told of the gathering sleet and Ice and buffeting winds. Then listeners heard only the final S O S and knew that the dirigible was down. Only a rough guess at the Italia's position when she crashed could be made as the relief expeditions got under way in half a dozen countries. It was confidently asserted that in airplanes lay the only hope of rescue, for the ice was too rough and broken for overland travel and too solid for

ships. The power of the Krassin was

not yet appreciated. Norway and Sweden had the first airplanes on the scene, operating over Spitzbergen from the Norwegian Ice breaker Braganza and the senler Hobby. In seaplanes, Capt. Hjalmar Riiser-Larsen and Lieut, Luetzow Holm began the search but found no traces. For a few days Lieut, Bolm was lost when the fog forced him down to camp on the ice with polar bears which fortunately displayed only curiosity and no hostility. They sniffed about his camp at night, but he was able to take off in clearer weather and get back to his base.

Most of Party Stunned. Meanwhile in Italy, France, Sweden and Finland bigger planes were being

hurried north, rumors of faint signals rom the Italia were being circulated. The rumors were not widely believed until two weeks after the crash Radio Operator Biagi of the Italia succeeded in getting into communication with the expedition's base ship, the Citta di

He gave the position of his party as off Foyn island, and in later messages the story of the wreck filtered through

to the outside world. Overweighted with ice, her gas bag perhaps leaking, the Italia crashed toward the rough tee, knocking off the gondola in which General Nobile and nine others were quartered. Lightened, the bag rose again and the only indication of the fate of six men in its upper compartment was given twenty minutes later when a column of smoke was seen some miles to the northeast, in which direction the enrelope had disappeared.

Most of the party left on the Ice were stunned by the crash. When they were able to take stock, they found that Vincent Pomella had been killed outright, General Nobile had fractured his leg as had Natale Cecciont and Doctor Malmgren, the Swedish meteorologist, had a broken hand.

Their food supplies we're not great, as most of the provisions to be used in case of accident were in the upper compartment. The radio was broken, and most of the party were in despair. Believing at first that the bag had burned, killing their six comrades instantly, the marooned men envied their comparatively easy fate, for they themselves saw only a slow and pain ful death where they were.

General Nobile has told how he disuaded Doctor Malmgren from suicide. how the Swede's optimism returned and how he set out, although injured with Mariano and Zappi to bring aid. The meteorologist insisted on setting out on the hazardous trip afoot because of his superior experience of

Arctic conditions. Planes Drop Supplies. The little group of three toiled over

the rough ice hummocks and disappeared. Meanwhile the radio was repaired and soon planes were flying north to drop supplies for the marooned men. The little tent which was their only shelter had been painted red to make it more readily visible, but three times rescue planes passed overhead without seeing the object of their search.

Three times the sick, starving, helpless six waved madly and hopefully. They could see the planes so clearly that help seemed almost within reach of their outstretched hands. Three times hope died again as they saw the rescuers vanish.

At last a series of radio signals were arranged and four weeks after the wreck Major Madalena in an Italian semplane equipped to receive these signals, circled over the little encamp-He could not land, but he dropped food, clothing, medicines, plies attached to parachutes. Some of the supplies landed safely, others were lost as they floated too far away.

Planes Balked. The danger of starvation was removed, but the problem of rescue remained. The world thought it was solved when Lieut, Einar-Paal Lundborg, Swedish ace, landed his little plane a few yards from the red tent and brought Nobile out to safety. But when he returned for the disabled Ceccioni his plane overturned on the rough ice and he too was marooned.

weeks delay due to bad weather, but the ice was then so broken and soft that another attempt was impossible. It was then that experts said the last chance, barring a miracle, was gone. Hope for the Amundsen party, never heard from after they left Tromsoe, Norway, on June 18, was also abandoned. The six men with the Italia's gas bag seemed doomed and it was not believed the Malmgron party could have survived so long with their meager supplies and poor equipment. Captain Sora and Van Dongen had also disappeared.

The crevices between the ice were too narrow for seaplanes to land, the ice was too soft for planes equipped with skis, the floes were too big for ships to buck. Pessimism was the dominant note of all the despatches.

But the Russian expedition pushed on. It had been well and carefully prepared and it brought into the Arctic a new method of procedure, taken over from the new ice breaker service which was put into operation last year between Vladivostok and the Lena river. In this service powerful ice breakers follow a route which seaplanes carried on board spy out for them through the ice.

Krassin Steams on. The most powerful ice breaker in the world, the Krassin, was sent on the expedition under command of Captain Egge, who was assisted by four navigators especially assigned to him for their experience in the Arctic. The ship, built for this sort of work in 1917, is of 10,000 tons and 10,000 horse-power, and can crush through ice four yards thick,

Leaving Leningrad on June 15, the Krassin steamed on while the world's attention was given to the planes vainly trying their rescue work, Pilot Chukhnovsky, one of the most skillful of Soviet flyers, flew on ahead, directing the ship toward the most navigable channels in the ice fields.

On one of these scouting trips on July 15 he saw two tiny figures on the ice waving frantically. As he returned to give the news he was forced to land himself on Cape Platen, but by wireless he directed the Krassin to the spot and insisted that they leave him antil the Italians had been rescued.

The two men were Mariano and Zappi, nearly dead from starvation and exposure. Carried aboard the Krassin, they revived quickly. At first it was reported that Doctor Malmgren had died a month before and the two Italians, refusing to abandon his body, had remained with it until rescued. But later they said the Swede, too weakened from his injuries to continue, had told them to leave him while they pushed on for help for the others.

Left Behind. The last they saw of him, they said, he was waving to them feebly from the shallow grave they had dug for him in the ice. He had no food, for the Italians took all the provisions

with them. The day after this rescue the Krassin fought her way to the little red tent and took aboard the five men, who had so often seen rescuers in planes passing almost close enough to touch that they could not believe in the reality of the Russian vessel. On the way the Krassin had passed the lost Captain Sora and Van Dongen. A Swedish plane rescued them and later picked up their companion, Varming, who had been left behind because of snow blindness.

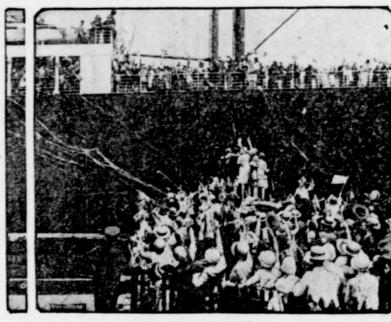
Returning toward Advent Bay for coal, the Krassin picked up Chukhnovsky. Aside from the feat of rescuing men given up for lost, the sturdy hopes for the flyers still lost and a new conception of Russian efficiency.

Joy Is in Doing Good Great minds, like heaven, are pleased

in doing good, though the ungrateful

#### subjects of their favors are barren in His friend, Lieutenant Shyberg, rescued him in a similar plane after two return .- Rowe.

Scots Leave for Visit to Home Land



Two thousand five hundred Scots, comprising the largest excursion ever to leave an American port, starting on the steamship Caledonia from New equipped for the search. As they York on a visit to Scotland.

### AT 82 PASTOR STILL IS ACTIVE ON TIGHT ROPE

Veteran Iowa Methodist Minister Gives Bible and Wife Credit for Long Life.

Des Moltes.-The "secret" for lon; healthy, and happy life is really no ness to his "faithful wife, a good cook, secret at all, believes Rov. William a good housekeeper, and in every way Christie Smith, veteran Iowa Methodist minister, who at eighty-two can still walk a slack rope and "kick your hat

The formula has been proclaimed to the world for more than 2,000 years and may be read by all desirous, in the Bible, declares Doctor Smith. Following are the Biblical formulae

"Hear, O, my son, and receive my sayings and the years of thy life shall be many." Prov. 3, 7-8.

"What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days that he may see

from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it." Ps. 34, 12-14.

Besides his faith in scriptural prescriptions, Doctor Smith attributes no small part of his longevity and happia splendid helpmate."

Docto. Smith was born on a farm in Ohlo, next to the youngest of nine children. When he was ten years old the family settled on a farm in Warren county, Iowa. His father's death, when he was thirteen years old, forced him to take charge of the farm.

Getting his schooling "between farm chores," Doctor Smith was not only a practical farmer at twenty-five, but he was a graduate of Simpson col-

lege, Indianola, Iowa. White attending Simpson college in 1869 he did not have the advantage good? Keep thy tongue from evil and of a gymnasium. For exercise he took thy lips from speaking guile. Depart | up slack rope walking, stretching a many try to look pleasant.

rope between two trees at 'ils boarding house. He has never lost the agility he acquired through this recreation, and two years ago entertained delegates to a Christian Endeavor convention with feats on both slack and tight ropes.

One Sunday, not long ago, Doctor and Mrs. Smith drove 50 miles in their nine-year-old Ford to a former charge, where he preached the sermon, "Don't get angry, for it interferes with digestion and poisons the blood,"

"Patience, sobriety, and kindness are virtues that prolong life and make it pleasant for all."

### Unknown Pays Debt

Portland, Ore.-Charles F. Donnelly, president of the Northern Pacific railroad, recently received an envelope containing \$1,000 in United States currency with a six-word unsigned note reading "for undercharge in freight years ago."

Few people try to look wise, but

MOTHER'S **RUSE HAD** 

+0+0+0+0+00+00+0+0+0+0+0+0 (@ bv D. J. Walsh.) RS. PRINDLE shook her head.

**FAILED** 

"No. You can't go, Alicia. You can't leave me. I'm in no shape to be left. Why, I have had to send for the doctor again," she said.

Alicia Prindle flushed as she returned the letter to its envelope. It had, contained an invitation from an old school friend for a month's visit at Lake Gleam. Alicla felt in need of change and vacation. She was tired, for the year of teaching that had just closed had been a particularly trying one. Her mother's continued invalidism had excluded her from all pleasures and she had been obliged to stay at home except when she was actually before her classes. The only person she had seen much of was her mother's physician, Doctor Warren.

Alicia's disappointment was excessive. Helen's letter had meant so much to her. They had not seen each other in two or three years, since Helen's marriage, in fact A month at the lake camp was warranted to benefit and stimulate. Besides, John would be there. Helen's older brother, John, whom Alicia had met at Helen's wedding and had remembered with pleasure. To forego seeing John March seemed almost unbearable.

It was not in Alicia to oppose her mother's wishes. She had been brought up rigidly to be a dutiful daughter first of all things. At thirty-two she was still obedient to the commands of Mrs. Prindle.

"I wonder what alls mother, anyway?" Alicia asked herself as at her mother's request she went up to "slick her hair a little" before the doctor came. "She has always seemed well enough until within a few months. Doctor Warren doesn't seem to help her a bit. Of course her digestion isn't what it was and she has a touch of rheumatism, but I'm sure it's nothing serious. It can't be"-a queer look crossed Alicia's quiet interesting face-"that mother is in love with Doctor Warren! Oh, no! He's too oung for her.

A car stopped before the door. It was the doctor, Alicia thought. "If she doesn't call me I won't go down. I don't care for the man at all." But her mother did call her and she had to run down to open the door to Doctor Warren.

"Good afternoon, Miss Alicia. Fine weather," he remarked. It was the usual thing. Alicia responded in kind and led him into her mother's pres-

Mrs. Prindle tooked flushed and there was a bright sparkle in her eyes. She sighed heavily and seemed to be in pain. Clearly her condition puzzled the doctor. His plain, grave face expressed query as he noted her

"Mother," Allela burst out when he had gone. "I don't believe he knows what is the matter with you. Why don't you try dear old Doctor Walte?" Doctor Waite had been the Prindles' come to town. Immediately Mrs. Prindel had made a change. From Doctor Warren's first visit her symptoms had developed amazingly until they required his constant attendance.

Mrs. Prindle's eyes snapped. "Mind your own business, I know enough to mind mine."

Tears come into Allcia's eyes. She had borne just about all she could for one day. She ran up to her room and, flinging herself down on the bed, cried in a little-girly, broken-hearted way. "I mustn't behave so to mother," she thought at last. "Perhaps she is seriously ill and trying to conceal it.

I must see that she' takes her medicine regularly. I haven't paid much attention to it, but from this time I She went softly downstairs, con-

trition in her heart. As she pushed aside the curtain from the living-room door she saw her mother standing by the table contemplating the medicine which the doctor had just left. Suddenly Mrs. Prindle gathered the tablets up in her hard and tossed them into the fireplace, where a small fire was burning. Alicia gasped. It came to her that this was not the first time her mother had destroyed the medicine she had just paid for. What did It mean?

Alicia stole away from the door. She went out of the house by the back way and began to work in her tiny flower garden, seeking in action to calm her troubled mind. As she worked their next-door neighbor, Mrs. Horten, tooked over the fence,

"How's your mother, Alicia?" Mrs. Horton asked. "I see the doctor has been there again today."

"Mother seems about the same." "Are you going visiting anywhere this summer? You ought to have a change before you start in another year's work, Alicia. You are looking tired." Mrs. Horton said, eyeing All cia's gentle face.

"I've been invited to Lake Gleam," Alicia replied. "Helen Cass wants me to come-Helen Marsh, she was befere she was married. Perhaps you remember her. They have a summer cottage. Her brother is with her." "Why in the world don't you go?"

demanded Mrs. Horton. Alicia sighed, "Mother thinks I mustn't leave her. It would only be for a month and Aunt Emma would come right here and stay with her-" "Your mother has got a notion,"

Mrs. Horton interrupted. "A-notion?" faltered Alicia. "A notion in her head. That's what alls her, I'm certain."

"I don't know what you mean," Alicia wondered. "Guess I'll go in and see your mother," Mrs. Horton sald. "Better come, too, Alicia, I've got a bit of news for

her that may surprise you both." Alicia accompanied Mrs. Horton into the house. They found Mrs. Prindle at her desk looking over some ac counts.

"Feeling better, eh?" began Mrs. Horton. "That's good. You look as well as you ever did, Eliza."

"You can't tell anything by my ooks," returned Mrs. Prindle. "Is that so? Well what I was going to say was that I'm glad you're doing so nicely. You'll be able to get

along fine while Doctor Warren is away. "Away!" exclaimed Mrs. Prindle. 'Where is he going?"

"Why haven't you heard?" He is going to the Northwest-on an extended trip. Going to be away three months, Doctor Walte has all his patfents during the time."

"What is be going for?" Mrs. Horton was enjoying herself amensely. "Why, he's going on his wedding

trip, my dear woman. He's going to narry my niece, Jennie Merwin, the 20th of this month." Mrs. Prindle caught her breath and

turned white as ashes. "It isn't true!" she burst out. "1 won't believe it."

"Call him up on the phone," said Mrs. Horton, leaving the room. Mrs. Prindle made a motion as if to

o so, but Alicia held her back. "Mother, please! Of course, Mrs. Horton is right." Alicia followed the neighbor in real distress. When she came back she found her

other unconvinced but grim, "It's true," Mrs. Prindle said. "After all I've done to make him take an nterest in you-"

"In me, mother?" Alicia said in sur prise. She understood at last. Mrs. Prindle glared at her. She never had Doctor Warren again.

She had recovered suddenly and com-Alicia went to Lake Gleam to visit Helen. When she came back radiant,

Neither did she have Doctor Walte.

happy and engaged her mother received the news coldly. "Maybe you're satisfied, but I am

# not," she said.

Provision for Elks Under a program sponsored by the Wyoming conservation commission, the United States government would join it in purchasing 11,000 acres of land in the Jackson Hole country for the southern elk herd. This would be used physician antii Doctor Warren had in addition to the 4,000 acres of range which the elk now enjoy and would produce sufficient hay for the 20,000 animals in the herd. Arrangements would be made to bunt the elk and to market the surplus. The herd belongs to the state of Wyoming and the land is owned by the federal government. Working together these two agencies could collaborate in a plan to preserve the herd at a fixed size. This would mean good hunting and protection for the elk.-Exchange.

Chinchilla The chinchilla rabbit is of comparatively recent origin and made its appearance first in France and iater in England. About 1918 the breed was brought to America, where it has become increasingly popular. Hardy and vigorous, it develops rapidly from birth to maturity, and can be bred successfully in almost any climate. Although attractive and exhibited extensively as a show animal, the chinchilla is essentially a utility rabbit and is raised primarily for meat and

# Afghans Fond of Butter

The food of the Afghans is very simlar to our own, but it is cooked in different way, for quantities of butter are used in preparing almost everything. The favorite dish, which is known in many of the countries near Afghanistan, is called polao, and consists of meat, butter and rice, to which various spices are added.

### Cause for Gladness

Helen had not seen her grandmother since the child was a wee tot. Grandma came to them on a visit and proved to be quite young looking and stylish. After greetings were over Helen, standing at a distance, looked at her grandparent and appraisingly said: "Grandma, I is so glad you is so full of youngness."

## Mail Matter Handled for Scattered Gypsies

From far corners of the earth letters go from gypsies to Fort Smith. Ark., to be forwarded to other far corners. At Fort Smlth is the gypsy information and postal center. W. H. Cole, an adopted gypsy, and his wife, a qualified "gorgio," or outsider, oper-

Cole was adopted at the age of eleven years and wandered with the rovers. visiting every state in Old Mexico, until manhood. He speaks the language fluently.

The Coles keep an accurate record of movements of gypsy tribes, according to the New York Times. Gypsies started sending mall to him for for warding in 1907, when he opened a store in Fort Smith. Year by year the mail has increased until now the shop is cluttered with sacks of letters and telegrams, requiring the attention of both Cole and his wife. Mrs. Cole also acts as administratrix for the

gypsies, handling considerable money "Gypsies aren't as poor as on m.ght she is quoted as saying re-

cently. "We held in trust \$30,000 which one family in New South Wales, Australia, earned in one year by telling fortunes. "Most gypries are bonest. They do

not kidnap children as they are supposed to. They generally have plenty of their own. And gypsy girls rarely bob their hair. If they did they would be punished."

### Use for Fish Waste

Out of the great quantities of fish waste and scrap, formerly discarded as useless, an industry is developing. Many countries now utilize this waste for manufacturing fish meal and fer tilizer. Fish meal is used as food for hogs and cattle. The United States leads in its production, followed by Norway, Japan and Great Britain,

### Marks State's Admission

When a state is added to the Union the star is added to the flag on July 4, following the date of admission.



Tower-Like Mud Houses of Tibet.

(Prepared by the National Geographic

Society, Washington, D. C.) N SPITE of penetration by an oc casional explorer, Tibet is still almost as little known to the world

as in Marco Polo's day, 600 years ago. Practically nothing is known, even, of the origin and ancestry of the Tibetans. This is probably due in large part to the rigid exclusion of men of science and other travelers. The Tibetans themselves dismiss the subject with hopeless fairy tales and legends. One of these has it that the progenitors of the race were "a shedevil of the Himalayas" and an ape

from the plains of Hindustan. To the lay observer there is no resemblance whatever between the Tibetans and the Chinese, nor are they similar to the Malayans. In features and characteristics they resemble the American Indians more nearly, perhaps, than any other distinct type, although in color and other characteristic features there is an indication that they may have sprung from the

original Mongol people. Outside the few towns and the many monasteries, the people of Tibet may be divided into the nomad herders of the uplands, and the settled farmers of the valleys. The nomads live throughout the seasons in their yakhair tents, tending their herds of yaks -great awkward, long-haired, cowlike

The valley folks build thick, mudwalled houses with flat roofs. Their farm operations are carried on under conditions that a well-equipped American farmer would consider a heavy handleap. The plows used are made entirely of wood, with a single handle. They have been developed beyoud the most primitive types or wooden plows, however, having removable digging parts which are re-

placed when worn or broken. The front end of the beam of the plow is attached to the middle of a wooden bar, each end of which is bound to the horns of a yak. One person usually leads the yak team, while another walks behind, holding the handle of the crude implement The work of rowing and plowing is done mostly by the men, while the women do the greater part of the harvesting.

The harvested grain is carried to the tops of the houses, where it is threshed on the flat roofs by means of flails. Primitive mills are set up along the streams, where the grain is ground raw into flour and parched into "tsamba," the latter a particularly important article in the Tibetan diet.

Clothes Do Not Make the Man. It is by no means easy to judge the financial status of a Tibetan by the kind of clothes he wears. One may see men dressed in rough sheepskin, with their hair hanging in tangles down their backs and their appear ance indicating that they had never had a bath in their lives, bargain for

something worth hundreds of dollars.

If such an individual decides to purchase the article, he will pull out of dust and unconcernedly weigh out a sufficient quantity of the shining powder to pay for it. Less uncouth purchasers will probably use in their transactions the rupees of Chinese mintage, which constitute the most generally employed medium of exchange in Tibet. Chinese brick tea, like salt, is also used in some sections in place of money.

The outstanding marriage custom in Tibet is polyandry, under which a woman has several husbands, usually brothers. Under the usual arrangement, one husband will take care of the home in the valley, if there is one; another will be in charge of the yaks or sheep in the uplands; a third will be the trader, taking care of the caravan, while others will be assigned special duties.

Woman, on the whole, occupies a better position in Tibet than in a great many of the eastern countries. She is practically master in the home and usually all transactions of a business nature concerning the family must have her sanction. Nor is she confined and prevented from going out

as she pleases. Any reference to the social institutions of the Tibetans would be incomplete without mention af the lamas. They are the monks or priests of Tibetan Buddhism and live in great monasteries called lamaseries. Nearly knowledge than all previous events in every family in the country has at their circumscribed kingdom.

least one son who is a lama. Fully, one-seventh of the entire population of Tibet, it is estimated, live in the lamaseries, being supported, of course, in the main, by the remainder of the population.

The Tibetan faith is nominally Buddhism, but in reality it is more truly a veneer of Buddhism over the old Bon religion, a religion of devilworship. They are exceedingly superstitious, believing in ghosts and in the daily interference of devils in their affairs.

#### Rule by the Priests.

In its form of government, Tibet is. one of the few remaining theocracies in the world. The Dalai Lama of Lhasa combines in his person the functions of head of the lamaist church and supreme temporal ruler of Tibet. His chief governmental assist-

ants are also priests. The lamas, even the ordinary monks, occupy a privileged position, constituting in effect a class to them-

selves. Next in rank to the ruling lamas are the lay officials of the government. The next lower step in social grafation leads to the headmen of the vilages, usually the wealthlest residents of the localities. Next in order are the wealthy villagers not headmen, and below these come the ordinary folk. At the bottom of the social ladder are the servants and slaves of the

well-to-do. In education the Tibetans are very backward, there being nothing in the country in the nature of public instruction. A few of the more wealthy families hire a priest to come into

their homes to teach their sons. The country folk of Tibet, as the villagers and nomads may be called in distinction from the thousands of residents of the lamaseries and the few traders of the larger towns, engage in a number of minor industries in addition to tilling the soil and tending their berds and flocks. In the past a considerable number of Tibetans have bunted musk deer, collecting the musk for export. Owing to the rapid decrease in the number of animals, however, the exports have fallen off markedly and the industry

may be said to be a dying one. Wonderful and awe-inspiring concoctions of Chinese medicine contribute much to the industries of the Ti-

Metal Work and Book Making. Some mining is carried on by the Tibetans of the eastern border region, but the industry is of small proportions. The products mined include lead, gold, and iron. Iron is used for swords, some of the most elaborately ornamented commanding a high price.

The Tibetans love to embellish their scabbards with silver, coral, and turquoise, and some of them are fine examples of workmanship. Iron is also used in the manufacture of crude guns, or was until within the last few years, when it became possible to obtain firearms of western manufacture, In Chiamdo, principal town of Kham, his dirty gown a leather bag of gold | Tibetan workers in Iron make of that metal large wine flasks, which are

much sought after throughout Tibet. In some of the lamaseries of Tibet the monks make and gild idols for sale all over the country. The Gartok lamasery near Batang turns out thousands of the images. With their crude facilities, the monks are unable to gild the idols as it would be done by a modern Western process, but must apply a rather heavy coat of

pure gold. At Litang, about a hundred miles to the east of Batang, where there is a large lamasery, and in the lamasery of Derge, about 200 miles above Batang, in the Yangtze valley, the printing of religious books is an industry of importance. The Kanjur, which is the Buddhist Bible, and the Tanjur, its commentary, each comprising 108 volumes, are printed at the two lamaseries from blocks on which characters are carved. The blocks occupy many large rooms and the printing of one set requires the work of many

men for many days. The Tibetans have been making great strides in the last few years, especially since the Younghusband expedition in 1904 and 1905. Far from making them antagonistic to Westerners, this contact with the outer world has done more to break down prejudice and to give them a thirst for

# Large Scotch Choir

In connection with the Edinburgh Musical festival held recently in the Scotch city, a choir of 2,000 voices sang familiar Scotch Psalm tunes. The leaders were Sir Richard Terry and Geoffrey Shaw. Many of the songs were accompanied by a pipe organ, and some were rendered unaccompanied Singing to organ accompaniment. Sir Richard said, as the event closed, left him "cold," unless ship.-Christian Advocate.

the singing was very good, but the old Psalms sung by a large choir unaccompanied, thrilled him "to the marrow." His remark that he wished that the advocates of the "sickly Nineteenth century part-songs, of which there were many in the hymn books. might be present to hear it," won applause from the audlence.

### "Enlarging the Heart"

A fine way to enlarge the heart is to crowd in another genuine friend-