

AGES OF EXPLORE LINKING INDIAN CIVILIZATION

Dr. M. A. Stein interviewed on His Remarkable Journey in the Clouds--Three Years of Arduous Exploration--Something Further Regarding Valuable Manuscripts Found in Cave

By Prof. James Wilson, M. A. Stein, leader of the British-Indian government mission in central Asia, may well be, as it is, the archaeological sensation of the year. His series of expeditions in central Asia, involving three years' travel and the covering of 10,000 miles in some of the wildest and bleakest regions of the earth's surface.

By a curious irony of fate, the explorer received his only serious injury on the very last day of his work, when engaged in surveying an unknown range of an altitude of 20,000 feet. It was after this accident the explorer had an arduous mountain journey of 18 days before he could receive medical assistance. He then underwent four operations, the results of which he is still lame. The story of his excavations amid the sites of buried cities and the legends among the most fascinating of modern records. Discussing his work, the explorer said:

"One object of my travels was the exploration of ancient sites and ruins through the Tarim basin in eastern Turkistan and the desert areas which researchers into the deserts which extend between the western part of China proper and the eastern part of India. This geographical exploration played a considerable part in the work, with the view of studying the question of physical geography and the climate and the process which has taken place in historical times in these parts of central Asia, and also to determine the probable origin of the Kunlun and Nanshan ranges."

"During the earlier part of my work I was able to travel through very interesting regions forming part of

the little office rooms of the guard house, or outside them, in the rubbish heaps which the Chinese soldiers had left. The distribution, organization and commissariat arrangements of these frontier forces can be exactly traced in the official orders, indents, and other records which I found among many curious details of life along the insular frontier can still be recovered.

"One of our most profitable finds proved to be a treasure cave literally crammed with ancient manuscripts, paintings and other Buddhist remains. These had been deposited and hermetically sealed up in a side chapel of one of the great Buddhist shrines. Here I found the whole of a large temple library, with other valuable relics which had been deposited there toward the end of the tenth century of our era, evidently to save them from a threatened barbarian invasion, and which have ever since remained absolutely protected both against men and the ravages of the desert.

"The manuscripts which we recovered from their imprisonment of centuries frequently dated in their oldest portions as far back as the first century after Christ, but owing to the great mass of the records, it was quite impossible to make a thorough examination. The books were done up in bundles, and were practically as fresh as when deposited. The number of manuscripts exceeded 4000, and as far as can be told, are approximately in about seven different languages.

"During the summer of 1907 a region of upward of 20,000 square miles was surveyed in the high Nanshan ranges, where the dread of Tangut robbers and the absence of guides made the work of a particularly anxious character. No human beings were encountered, and only the dread of losing their way prevented my pony men and escort from carrying out their repeated attempts at mobility. After a return to the northern parts of the Tarim basin during the winter in 1907-8 there was more opportunity for exploration at a number of spots along the great caravan route, and this still further increased the collection of frescoes and ancient sculptures, etc.

"Then came a hazardous march right through the Taklamakan, from north to south, during which the endurance of the caravan was put to a very severe test. My camel had to march for nearly two weeks without water, and practically without food, and this alone enabled us to arrive safely at the point where the Karim River dies into the sands. Great regions of dead trees, once courses, which the river had formed since early periods, formed perhaps the most dismal ground which it has ever fallen to my lot to visit.

"Imagine hundreds of square miles covered with absolutely dead, dense spruce, with the ground beneath a veritable tropical delta stricken with death, and the dead and leafless forests, with no trace of life except the tracks of wild animals, made a scene which can never be forgotten.

"At the end of last July I started for the Karim, with the intention of penetrating on two previous expeditions. This time the expedition was undertaken from a new direction, and proved successful. But the difficulties experienced in this march of terrible rugged ranges, rising to over 20,000 feet, with deep cut and mostly impassable valleys, proved exceptionally severe.

"At the end of a successful expedition in the high mountains of the Kunlun range, where the great loss of weight we managed to cross most of the barren plateau forming the extreme northwestern extremity of the mountains, after reaching Kara Kash river we had only before us the task of connecting

the surveys to the south of the north. For this purpose a watershed ridge had to be climbed from the Kara Kash valley at an elevation of between 20,000 feet and 21,000 feet.

"Here on the very last day of his expedition Dr. Stein had several severely frostbitten while taking a photographic panorama view, which compelled him to work on an ice covered and exposed ridge after a climb of more than nine hours over difficult glaciers. A speedy return to where medical aid could be obtained was imperative, but the explorer had the satisfaction of knowing that the task which entailed the loss of some of his toes really marked the conclusion of his program.

Intelligible to Clark.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Former Governor Sam Hauser, the grand old man of Montana, was one of the witnesses in the investigation held by the United States senate to find out whether the mining millionaire William A. Clark was entitled to his seat in the United States senate.

"I want to see Mr. Clark," "Where did you see him?" "At his house."

"Yes, sir."

"I told him if he would loosen up he might have a chance to be elected to the senate."

"Loosen up?" "I don't follow you, is that a mining term? I do not understand it."

"Maybe you don't," snapped Hauser, "but Clark did."

God finished woman in the twilight hour— And said, "Tomorrow thou shalt find the place where the mother of the race— With love the motive power— The one compelling power—"

All night she dreamed and wondered— Her lover came—and then she understood— The purpose of her being here— Life was good— And all the world seemed right— And nothing was, but right—

She had no wish for any wider— By all the questions of the world— Supreme— loving and superbly— She passed upon her way— Her feminine, fair way—

But God neglected, when he fashioned man, To fuse the molten splendor of his soul— With that sixth sense he gave to womankind— And he marked his plan— Aye, marked his own great plan—

She asked so little, and so much she gave— That man grew selfish; and she soon became— To God a great sorrow and the whole world's shame, Man's sweet and patient slave—

His uncomplaining slave— Yet in the night his nights no dark and long— She clasped her little children to her breast— And wept— And in her anguish of despair— She cried upon her anguish— She knew how great her wrong—

And one sad hour she said unto her heart— "Since thou art cause of all my bitter pain, I bid thee abdicate the throne; let him be king— His masterful, do thou part—"

She wept no more— By new ambition stirred— Her eyes turned out to regions strange and vast— Men stood aside and watched, dismayed— And all the world demurred— Still on and up, from sphere to sphere— The thorny paths bloomed with the roses of her tears— Who once demurred now followed with acclaim— The hiss of the cheer— The loud, applauding cheer—

She stood triumphant in that radiant hour— Man's mental equal and competitor— But all the cost! from out the eyes a great sorrow— Had come love's motive power— Love's all compelling power—

WOMAN'S INVASION INTO TRADES INEVITABLE

THE COST
By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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DID YOU EVER HAVE A QUARREL WITH YOUR HUSBAND?

By Lawson Carter Rich

It is no secret that a man is in dangerous ground if he ever ventures to interfere in quarrels between husbands and wives. We are all familiar with the picture of the benevolent individual who could not bear to see a husband maltreating his better half, and under such conditions he will attack by them both, the wife, if anything, getting in the livelier tattle on his unreflexive head. But I never expected to see a man's name suggesting in a recent paper that many family quarrels could be avoided by the practice of a little thoughtful unselfishness on the part of the husband.

The most surprising thing in the matter is that the criticisms have all come from the women, whose side of the case I had ventured to expose. To make matters worse, these women whom I am led to suppose have sometimes figured in the most unflattering united to assault me with the most vigorous denunciations for laying the blame on the men. Now, I appeal to you, my friends, and to all who are interested in this not a very trying position to be placed in. I must make my peace with this array of offended wives, and the only way I can do to do it, is by maintaining unreservedly that they are the parties in the wrong.

I suggest that the family quarrels which generally are to blame will stir up this chorus of indignant females, whereas if I seek to find out any possible conditions which might be considered in error, I am willing to profess that my troubles will begeth. However, the matter is too serious to gloss over with an effort to show at least a deep interest in a subject which, in varying degrees, sooner or later affects us all.

I fear it is a lamentable fact that too many marriages are entered into without regard to the seriousness of the undertaking. Too many young couples take little heed of the responsibilities which they are entering into, and in which two people solemnly undertake to live as one, little or no thought being given to what is involved. The most solemn obligations are undertaken, and it is impossible that these obligations can be kept if their seriousness is not apprehended from the start. A great many of the responsibilities of the home depend upon the husband and wife, and in the families of the rich and of the poor, daughters are too frequently left with nothing but the most meager preparation for these serious duties. Girls are not taught to "keep house" nowadays, and no one can expect to run a household, whether by their own hands or by the agency of others, if they have the least conception of what that work really is. Why don't mothers take the time to teach their only to heart? If they are capable mothers themselves, they should be able to bring up their daughters to take with them in their responsibilities. If they are not, and they are filled with a sense of their own incapacity, the realization of these shortcomings should be a warning to them to force the importance of securing for their daughters the training which they so sadly neglect.

The bread winner of the family, whom in this case we will suppose to be the man, finds that a large share of his life is wasted in the care of the crusts and crumbs, he slowly but surely develops a sense of discouragement and disappointment, and in the end he is driven to cruel recrimination at any time. Moreover, the woman who is not keenly alive to the importance of attending to every detail of the household economy is too often to be found with many little things upon her hands. The absolutely true of many of the most hard worked members of the community. Our windows are untidy, homes appear the heads of countless mothers, seeking the entertainment of a social call with a neighbor who gazes at a window across the street, watching with eagerness the passers-by, the lady of the house spends many hours in preparing for her daily visits to her friends, and then sallies forth to the middle of the century, after which can be ill afforded, to fulfill her social duties, joining in floods of idleness. Wives whose minds are occupied with obligations, leaving no time to care for children at home, and we are pained by the contemplation of a child's untidiness, which tell of children less homes on every side. Now blessing can come upon a home in which the family life is a matter of consideration. Men are not women inevitably live a life which is built upon selfishness. There is no such thing as a man who is devoted to his wife and children, and who lives in the home as the most precious gift of God, the child lives in the home, who is treated as mere toys, to be honored and petted while the fancy serves or dressed in the most expensive sort of sort of soulless creature, to stir the envy of neighbors whose children do not happen to be so well dressed.

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Early Day Scout

Captain L. B. Knauss, ex-United States Scout, who recalls the horrors of the Custer "Massacre"

OSCEBURG, OR., June 12.—That the annihilation of that heroic band of soldiers led by general Custer on the lonely plains just back on the Little Big Horn river 33 years ago, was not a massacre by the Indians, but a fight to the death, is the opinion of the only survivor of the scene, Captain L. B. Knauss, pioneer scout, one of the party who were with the hundreds of dead strewn upon the field when daylight dawned after that awful slaughter. Captain Knauss is a resident of Osceburg, and one of the most highly respected members of the police force.

Captain Knauss remembers vividly the scene of carnage at the Custer battlefield. He was a young man then, and the impressions of such a harvest of death as he had never dreamed of were fixed indelibly in his memory. With a party of scouts and soldiers Captain Knauss assisted in digging the trenches, in gathering up the dead heroes, in burying the bodies with the simple rites of the United States army. The scene, and especially the scarpless heads of the soldiers is all too vivid in his mind to this day.

Five deep scars upon the body of Knauss show something of the service he has seen. One arrow wound is in the head, received from an Indian during the Sioux outbreak. During this struggle Knauss met a chief face to face, and after a struggle killed the red man, only to find that his victim was Spotted Tail. The panther claw necklace which Spotted Tail wore, and the long black hair of the chief are trophies cherished by Knauss and admired by his friends.

Among the relics of the chase of the redman and of the battle upon the plains, Knauss had preserved a number of excellent paintings made by his own hand, a "Savage" rifle, especially made to carry an immense charge of powder for long range shooting, Indian arrow heads and numerous trinkets picked up on the Custer battlefield. Among the paintings is a picture of a star which may have been the one which was picked up by the Custer party. The government service again took up the song of the razor. Two years ago he came to Osceburg, and in a short time was given a place on the police force, but few people being advised of the story of his thrilling experiences, he was present and on retiring from the government service again took up the song of the razor. Two years ago he came to Osceburg, and in a short time was given a place on the police force, but few people being advised of the story of his thrilling experiences, he was present and on retiring from the government service again took up the song of the razor.



W HATEVER is, is best for the final purposes of the universe. The inevitable is always right.

The "Woman Invasion" into all the trades professions, arts and crafts, is inevitable.

It is one of the detours which the race has been obliged to take in its march onward and upward, a winding and ascending path at times, and again a path leading into unpleasant jungles, but always coming out into larger avenues of opportunity and up to conquest.

Meanwhile, it is a curious study, and an interesting one to watch the change in the mental attitude of the human race. No one who observes can dispute the fact that woman has grown more aggressive mentally and less responsive emotionally with her enlarged sphere and improved opportunities in life. She has adopted many of man's trophies, and she has taken the human race in her pursuit of "equality."

The world was given recently the depressing spectacle of 2000 women, congregated together in a national convention for a dignified and noble purpose, yet dispersing themselves like ward ward wretches to their homes.

During the week which the convention lasted, the long friendships were dissolved, bitter enemies, monetary anger settled into lasting hatred and disputes took the form of bitter and bitter accusations and humiliating accusations.

These women represented the best blood of America; they were women of education and on retiring from the great achievement of the sex and of the organization to which they belonged.

A Great Opportunity Lost

Yet their methods indicated that they failed to realize one great truth; viz., that the greatest monument any nation can possess is refined, gentle, kindly-hearted, noble womanhood. That type of womanhood is not represented by women who bitterly fight for petty positions and fleeting honors and who do not hesitate to bring into play all the questionable methods of male politicians.

For woman to impress upon man her competence and readiness to assume positions of responsibility, she must come to him by ballot without losing any of her feminine graces. Here was her chance to reach him in the higher methods of conducting a national campaign. But of this she was ignorant.

Not only is the modern woman growing more aggressive, but she is losing in consequence growing effeminate.

The most significant phase of her mental attitude is her feeling that it is the fact that neither observes the degeneration of the other from the original type. The brilliant, brilliant achievements spoke with fond admiration of her husband, who, in order to allow her full scope for development, had assumed the role of housekeeper and nurse for the children. Now the woman in whom the primal instinct of love for the man has chosen for her mate exists in all its pristine splendor could not think of him as a housekeeper or nurse, with a womanly spirit.

Circumstances might force her to accept this sacrifice on his part; but she would realize that it was a sacrifice and she would be silent.

Again, I have heard a woman repeat with pleasure a remark which gave her a superior over her lover or husband. The womanly woman, however "superior," would resent any such remark from a man chosen for her mate. In her own attainments could never give her happiness at the cost of a reflection upon the man she loved.

Sex's Progress Upward Step

There is something congenially wrong with the mind of the woman who does not grasp this view of the matter. The woman who understands love in its natural and full sense could not permit her lover to be placed in a questionable light for the gratification of her own vanity. If she indulges in a desire to act as her valet, or maid, or as her lobbyist at a woman's convention, she would feel hurt in her most sensitive point—her woman's love; and to suggest such positions to him would be an insult to his manhood, and he would be justly angry.

Yet everywhere today are women, permitting and men accepting these situations, and neither seems to regard it as an unusual state of things. But it is unnatural!

So transformed by ambition have some women's minds become from the original patterns that cases can be produced where the wife has stipulated that her husband should have his marriage, because she had had her name with stars. But more painful and shocking to Cupid, even than the woman's refusal to accept her man's acceptance of such a stipulation.

To bear a man's name is, to a normal loving woman, the next dearest privilege of her life. She has stipulated that her name go down to posterity in the red wax and the natural ambition of the woman to see her name in the face conditions which affect the human race today are but passing phases, and will give way before the great purpose of humanity. Luther Burbank, in experimenting with fruits and vegetables, produced new and better types of fruit before he obtained the perfected result.

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FOURTH'S VICTIMS

Toll Paid of 1316 Lives in Celebrations of Six Years.

William Orr, in the June Atlantic.

It is evident from the comments of the press on the present evils of our Fourth of July that there is urgent need of a definite control and wise reduction of the popular use of toxic beverages. The roll of dead and wounded for the last ten years, as compiled by the Chicago Tribune, is eloquent in its warning. The figures tell their own story of an insensate and reckless abuse of the day's privileges:

Year	Dead	Wounded
1908	72	2,736
1907	68	3,807
1906	51	3,561
1905	59	3,561
1904	58	3,049
1903	52	3,665
1902	41	3,740
1901	25	1,809
1900	25	2,797
1899	33	1,744

Totals..... 598 29,988 (7761)

Surely the sorrow, suffering and mutilation here represented mock the claim that our nation is a present observer, is in any sense a fatal day. Served is it a day of terror, anxiety, and dread.

A Lucky Find.

I shot a kiss into the air. It went far out of sight. It journeyed far, I know, and where. And then came on the night. For years I sought the kiss in vain. And then one day I found it on the lip of one fair maid.

PENMANSHIP NEGLECTED

By Mrs. John A. Logan

WE NOTICE in a Chicago paper that the attention of the public school pupils in the public schools has at last commanded the attention of the teachers, and that Professor Dows has been appointed to take charge of the penmanship department of the Chicago Normal School.

Penmanship and simple writing have long been neglected in our public schools. Many methods seem to have been tried, but the result is that penmanship which has so demoralized the children that it is a rarity to see a letter well written or the words correctly spaced. It is suggested that the style to be used by Professor Dows is very like that of the old Spencerian, which after all was one of the most powerful and legible writing that we have ever had, and it would be very hard to improve it. It is the opinion of those who pride themselves on their good penmanship, especially women, that as a matter of fact it is one of the most graceful accomplishments a woman can have. Another unfortunate part of the subject is that the penmanship which is the result of many letters often find it impossible to decipher the thing written by the writer. This neglect of penmanship has been greatly encouraged by the introduction of the typewriter, for latterly people depend almost entirely upon the typewriter. It is claimed, however, that records made from the ribbon of a typewriter will not stand the test of time. But records written by the majority of the penmen of the present day are almost as useless as if they had faded out, for often times the writing is so bad that it is absolutely illegible. It is the duty of everyone to encourage good penmanship.

Those who of the olden time went to the writing schools are today far better than those who attend the penmanship classes of the present time. There was a time when one hour was given at least three times as long as is given to a pupil in the school was obliged to write after a copy-plate. They were taught how to hold the pen, the position in which they should sit, and the importance of uniformity in writing letters of similar character. Much good resulted from this training, and the result of all pieces of writing were not only attractive

to the eye, but could be readily read.

Some of the signatures that we see of the present day are like a Chinese puzzle, and unless the name is printed in large letters, it is impossible to read a loss to know by whom the signature was made. This is especially annoying to those who receive correspondence with their correspondents, and our increased population no doubt has led to a neglect of penmanship. There is no reason why a young man or woman should write a legible signature as well as an illegible one if they would only take the time to do so. The result is that many people living who remember that Hon. Horace Greeley's writing was so good that it was never effaced, and that he himself severely reproached those who did not hesitate to take the same in security, and that he would not have written and could only read the signature. Yet many stories have been told at the expense of his wretched writing, but the present day furnishes many instances of a similar nature. It is not to be deplored as easily as his could be considered by busy men necessary that they should have their letters written to them on a typewriter to save time as they cannot afford to spend the time in writing their own letters. The desire for novelty in everything has probably had much to do with the neglect of penmanship. The various styles of writing, but it would be profitable if some of the old methods were used everywhere. It is a real test to read the writing of the men and women of the olden days.

THE FARMER BLAMED

Increased Cost of Living Attributed to Agricultural Shiftlessness.

From the New York Sun.

One of these days the people who are looking forward to tariff revision, in the belief that revision will result in a material reduction in the cost of living, will wake to a clear realization of the fact that the general public is that there can be no appreciable reduction in the cost of living except by the American farmer. Properly understood, the farmer's method of production will effect a very important reduction in the cost of farm products. The business of farming should be as much a business as manufacturing.

SHORTER LIVED

Charged to Civilization—Believed to Be Their Law of Nature.

From New York Tribune.

In a letter from Japan published in the Hamburger Nachrichten a correspondent says that the increased mortality among the natives is, according to the Japanese statisticians, attributable only to changes in the matter of living brought about by association with the more civilized nations. "The natives," says the Hamburg paper, "for foreign innovations have had only good effect. The natives live now in the same kind of houses and subsist on the same kind of food as in the days when the Englishman and the American came to the country. The benefit has been created. It is the women of the town and middle classes who are much better standing than they had. They are not, as heretofore, compelled to remain indoors, but drive and walk about. The noblemen who used to be

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