

OUR COMIC SECTION

THE FEATHERHEADS

Still Missing



Events in the Lives of Little Men



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

A Little Previous



SURPRISES IN PEKING



The Great Wall North of Peking.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

ALTHOUGH Peking has been renamed Peking, and Nanking is to supersede it as capital of China, the old town, with its structures and traditions that have played their part in history, cannot but continue as an important center of Chinese life.

There is much that the tourist to Peking finds that is unexpected, and every visitor to the old capital has pretty definite ideas of what he is to find. For one thing he expects to find the town corrupt and contented; nor is he disappointed. In the palaces, the government offices and the multitude of barracks which surround the city, some self-seeking gangs of grafters who have plundered the Chinese people since the overthrow of the monarchy are still to be found. But the age-long Chinese tradition which would have centers of government also centers of learning has, in spite of reactionary rulers, filled the capital with thousands of eager students for whom Peking is not only a city of splendid memories, but a city of hopes.

There is the Peking university, a first-class American mission institution; the University of Peking, an equally high-grade government school; the new Chin Hwa college and a score of lesser schools.

It was among the students and teachers of Peking, particularly among those of the universities, that the liberal movement of recent years in China started, and continued in the face of wholesale arrests and suppression by corrupt officials. By the Peking students the movement was spread throughout the land.

To find Peking the source and center of this forward-looking movement for reform is not the least of the surprises which await the visitor.

Buddha and Confucius.

In the great Lama temple in the northwest corner of the city, with its seven sun-lit courtyards and its hundred dories, one may see on any forenoon three-score yellow-coated novices droning the morning lesson, cross-legged, before the many-headed God of Mercy, or half a dozen monks in purple palliums celebrating a Lamist mass with rice out of a silver bowl and wine from a gold-mounted chalice fashioned from a human skull.

Just across the street from these Moltrous lamas, who represent the debased Buddhism of Tibet and who minister chiefly to the Mongols of the North, is the quiet, shady close of the temple of Confucius, wherein are neither monks nor loids. Here the master is represented by a simple wooden tablet bearing the letters of his name. It is but little more exalted than the tablets of the four notable philosophers and the twelve particular disciples who share the hall with him, and the two and seventy famous scholars whose names are recorded in the long, low building on the sides of the court.

The initial reaction of the visitor to much that he sees in Peking is apt to be one of disappointment, followed by surprise, then by delight and admiration.

Exploring the Western Hills.

When he leaves the city gates and goes to the western hills, there is surprise and delight, but no initial disappointment. Perhaps that is because he has heard so much of the city and so little of the hills that he goes expecting nothing; perhaps it is because the hills, in spite of their barrenness, are altogether lovely.

However that may be, half the charm of Peking is not in Peking at all, but in its surroundings. Shrine upon

shrine, palace upon palace, lie without the city walls. They dot the surrounding plain; they nest on near-by wooded knolls; they lodge in crevices of the wide-circling, treeless hills—those quiet hills, slow curving, like billows after storm; verdant and velvety in summer; in winter bare and red-brown, deepening into twilight purple. To understand Peking and to love it, one must feel its glory in the setting of the hills, not see it through the critical dust of the streeted plain.

One of the most pleasant ways in which to explore the hills is by rickshaws. Blankets and quilts must be taken, for every provident traveler in China carries his bed with him. Away one goes three and a half miles, at a dog trot, to the western gate, thence seven more over the willow-shaded highway to the Mountain of Ten Thousand Ancients, a pleasant wooded hill-lock.

Before it lies a broad lake and on its slope stands the far-famed Summer Palace. Though several centuries more recent than Kublai Khan, this is indeed the stately pleasure dome of the poet's imaginings. Kublai might well have decreed it, with its graceful, spire, triple-roofed pavilion set upon a massive four-square base of stone, towering above porticos and paltous, kiosks and summer houses, grottos and labyrinthine passages, islands and lily ponds, bridges of marble, and grotesque dragons cast in bronze.

Another jog of seven miles takes one past the Jade Fountain pagoda, past leisurely camel trains, beyond the high road and the dust of tourist autos, under the shadow of somber, square, beacon towers, marching in single file, at half-mile intervals, out over the hill crests.

Pushing on deeper into the hills one comes at Pi Yun Ssu, to the temple of the Green Jade Clouds, the loveliest temple in the north.

Trip to the Great Wall.

One of the most fascinating trips to be made from Peking is to the Great Wall. It is wonder enough for one journey to walk atop the wall and look out over the dusty brown plains of the north where Tatar horsemen once swarmed toward the passes, and to see trains of pack-mules straggling through the great stone gateways oblivious of the traffic on the nearby rills, their backs laden with merchandise as were the backs of pack-mules two thousand years ago.

Like so much in or near Peking, the Great Wall is at first disappointing. It is disappointingly small. It is, in places, only twenty feet high and as many broad, while the city wall of Peking is twice as high and, at the base, thrice as broad.

When one stands close under the Peking city wall it looms above with the massive grandeur of an abrupt high cliff; but when the traveler gets off the train at the Nankow pass and sees the bit of wall scrambling up the hillside before him, he wonders why it is called "great."

That, however, is only at first. He has only to climb up out of the pass and follow the wall for half an hour and he begins to understand.

Away it goes before him, and behind, up, up the topmost ridges of the hills—bending, swaying, climbing, leaping like the supple, agile dragons of the palace-garden screen. It undulates, it sways, it marches before, it takes the curve of the hills like a swift auto on a mountain road, on and on and on, across the farthest gully, beyond the farthest peak. Where the mountains blend into the clouds, there it is; where the last horizon vanishes, it is there.

Yellow Gold in Favor Once More With Paris

One of the outgrowths of the new fashion interest in jewelry is the development of new color arrangements. The vogue for beige has undoubtedly had its influence in bringing back yellow gold into favor. Dull silver is frequently the accompaniment of certain new tones of gray that are difficult for most jewelry. Topaz combined with cloudy crystal is the perfect complement for the dull white

that is being worn along the Lido this season. Blue jade and light turquoise for sports costumes in the new greens are other innovations.

Summer Sleeves

Half-length sleeves are established for summer, but usually they are lengthened over the elbow. Madame Jenny adds a shaped cuff, nicknamed the stovepipe joint, on a frock. She trims the collar and sleeves, with chartreuse green crepe de chine and belt with glistening silver bells.



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Special Duty Placed on Last Homecomer

Governor Gore of West Virginia was talking at a Charleston luncheon about oil troubles.

"Strong measures are needed," he said, "to save our oil reserves. Yes, we must cut to the root of the evil—not just resort to expedients, like the paterfamilias.

"A paterfamilias with a large family of daughters said to a friend one day:

"With all these daughters of mine coming in at all hours my night's rest is naturally much broken up, and for some time the consequence was that I'd oversleep myself every morning and be late for work at the office. Bad business."

"The paterfamilias looked gloomy, then he brightened up.

"But I've hit on a splendid expedient now," he said. "I've made it a hard and fast rule that the last girl in calls me on her way to bed."

His Wish

"There is no such thing as can't," remarked the Thoughtful Guy.

"I wish there was no such thing as can," growled the hub of the can-opener wife.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Propriety

"Is he a consistent man?"

"I should say so; he dresses up every Sunday before he tunes in the church service."

An Impossibility

She—"I am very sorry but you must forget me." He—"Impossible! You see I'm a memory expert."

Simple and Effective

"How does he and his wife get along together now?" "By being together as little as possible."

Popularity often wins new acquaintances and loses old friends.

It isn't his friends that point out the man's faults; it's his kin.

Life is the only lottery in which man is compelled to take chances.

GREAT RESULTS FROM COMPOUND

Read How This Medicine Helped This Woman

Brainerd, Minn.—"I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in a newspaper and I have got great results from its tonic action at the Change of Life. Before I took it I was nervous and at times I was too weak to do my housework. I was this way about a year. But now I do all my housework and do chores outside also. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done wonders for me and no woman should be without it. I sure can speak a good word for it."—Mrs. JIM SMITH, R. R. 7, Brainerd, Minnesota.

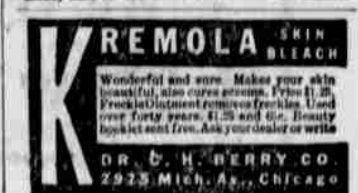


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