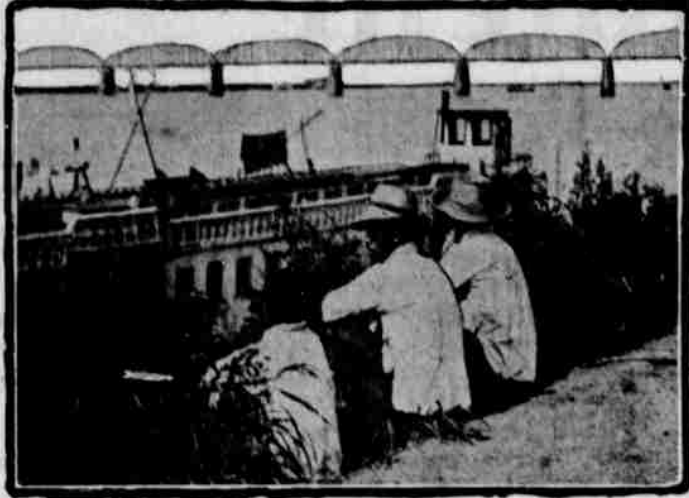


MANCHURIA



Bridge of Chinese Eastern Railway Over the Sungari.

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

MANCHURIA, whose important east-west railway, the Chinese Eastern, has been the bone of contention between China and Russia, is an empire in itself. The state of Texas along with New York and Pennsylvania might be fitted into Manchuria and still leave enough room for New Jersey. In this domain of vast size is a mixed population of Chinese, Koreans, Japanese and Russians which numbers between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000. So near to China's swarming deltas and Japan's overcrowded islands, it is still a land of great open spaces. This is a significant fact in Manchuria politics. For a while Japan and China competed by sending in streams of immigrants; but in late years the Chinese stream has become dominant owing to its lower scale of living.

This northern dependency of China is shaped like a giant jaw tooth whose roots touch the Great Wall where it reaches the sea and whose crown forms the south bank of the Amur river. This tooth is the wedge which separates Russia and Mongolia on the one side and Japanese Korea and the narrow strip of Russian territory along the Sea of Japan on the other. It is a land where empires meet, and, having met, build railroads.

Manchuria is better served in the matter of railway lines than any other part of China. After the treaty of Portsmouth, which ended the Russo-Japanese war, the railways were divided. Japan took over matters in the root of the tooth and Russia those in the crown. So it stood until a few weeks ago when the Chinese ousted Russian railway officials and seized the line. Japan still maintains her own rights in the leased territory surrounding Port Arthur and Dulren and along the railway coossion running north almost to Harbin.

Dalren, Manchuria's chief seaport, has been largely Japanese built and resembles other cities of Japan except that it is worked out on a more modern and magnificent scale. Its docks and harbor equipment are comparable with the great seaports of the world.

Harbin, the metropolis of the north, is purely Russian. It lies on the banks of the Sungari river at the point of change from trans-Siberian trains to the southern connections with Peiping and Tokyo. Harbin now shelters great numbers of exiles from the old regime in Russia.

Mukden the Focal Point.

Mukden, the provincial capital, lies in the plains of central Manchuria and is the focal point of three empires. Here the Chinese and Japanese and Europeans each have their distinct cities, three in one. Modern Japanese business and residential blocks surround the railway station where the traveler from Chosen (Korea) or Peiping alights. A disreputable vehicle with lines reminiscent of old Russia bears the tourist through a straggling European quarter to the gates of the high-walled Chinese city two miles away. Japanese, Russians and Chinese meet but do not mingle.

The Japanese quarter is a splendid example of colonial efficiency. Streets are straight, broad and hard paved. Bazaars are filled with the latest products from Japanese farms and factories—luscious yellow persimmons, dainty tea sets, and gorgeous flowered cotton kimono cloth done up in one-garment bolts. There are hospitals, schools and police stations, electric lighted and presided over by the latest products of the imperial educational system. Over the railway station is an excellent European style hotel, complete with brass beds and tile baths.

A short drive in the rickety Russian droskie and all is changed. The air grows heavier with strange odors. Gray brick Russian houses straggle along a bumpy road bordered by open drains, with millet and sweet potato fields stretching beyond. Occasional recently built Chinese structures give the appearance of new patches on an ancient garment.

This is the so-called international settlement and is well named. Wretched looking white Russian refugees abound. Korean women smoke their pipes in half-open doorways. Occasionally European consular compounds form islands of respectability; the American consulate, occupying a series of large and gaudy temple buildings, being particularly imposing, while a stately Georgian structure upholds the dignity of Great Britain.

Suddenly the carriage winds through

a towered and tortuously curved gateway in the wall of the Chinese city. Uneasy smells increase into a distinct malodorous certainty. One-storyed gray brick, gray tiled houses line a deeply rutted roadway. Blue cotton clothes are worn with the monotony of uniforms. Cheerful, unwashed yellow faces flow past in continuous streams. Perpetual and strident bargaining fills the air. Coal balls, sweet cakes, fly swatters and boiling tea water are hawked with shrill cries and ringing bells.

Given Up to Trade.

Such is the ancient Manchu capital from which the dynasty throne was moved to Peiping in the Seventeenth century, after the Manchu conquest of China. The huge palace of the successors of Genghis Khan still dominates the city with its gaudy emptiness, and tombs of Manchu rulers with columned halls and curving eaves brood in lonely magnificence in forests outside the city walls.

These few helterisks from a historic past lie like soiled jewels in the mud-colored monotony of a dirty commercial city. Modern Mukden is wholly absorbed in trade. Lying in the center of a rich agricultural plain, it forms the meeting point of two great railway systems. One, running east and west, connects Tokyo and Chosen (Korea) with Peiping; the other north and south joins Port Arthur and Dulren to the Trans-Siberian railway. A monument to its commercial importance as well as to fallen soldiers is the modest war memorial of the Japanese heroes who fell in the historic battle of Mukden during the Russo-Japanese war.

Although in the same latitude as Chicago and Boston, Mukden has a rather severe climate of the so-called "continental" type. Winters are long and cold; summers short but torrid. The hot season, however, ripens surrounding miles of beans and giant sorghum, making Mukden the bean cake and bean oil market as well as the alcohol distilling center of North China. Cold winters bring a season of intense activity in the fur market. Buyers from the New York fur houses bargain with traders from the North for all sizes and grades of skins from dog to marten and from Siberian squirrel to Manchurian tiger.

Surrounding coal mines furnish abundant supplies for a bustling railway center. On the other hand water is comparatively scarce for a large part of the year. The relative disproportion between these two elements is probably responsible for the grimy complexion of Manchuria's somber but seething capital.

Land of the Soy Bean.

Manchuria, like new England, is the land of the bean, this time the soy bean. Beans, bean oil, and bean cake, or leavings from the oil presses, are chief exports.

The soy bean's rise from obscurity, only 20 years ago, to its present importance, is a wonder of modern commerce. Today its products, manufactured by the wholesale at Mukden, are shipped all over the world. Not only does the soy bean provide a sauce which is the Worcestershire of China, but it also masquerades as cheese, candy, fertilizer, flour, and oil for lighting and lubricating.

The Japanese use it widely as the basis of confectionery. In this form it is highly palatable and the Japanese consider their candies and pastries more wholesome than ours—indeed they are appalled by the quantity of sugar which Americans consume.

Dalren, just north of Port Arthur, on the Liaotung peninsula, exported in one year nearly 150,000 tons of bean oil, and most of this came direct to the United States. Many of the ultimate consumers thereof probably were no more aware that soy bean oil was the basis of a delicious mayonnaise dressing than that hair-seal oil was an important ingredient of the bonbons they ate after dinner.

The region generally referred to as Manchuria really comprises three provinces of China, which are Tsitsihar, Kirin and Liaotung. The latter, which also is known as Shing-King or Fengtien, is the most southerly and gives its name to the peninsula where Port Arthur and the Japanese reservation are located. It was here that the encroachments of Russia, in 1898, brought on her war with Japan.

Chinese in Manchuria are, as a rule, not native sons. They have immigrated hither from all parts of China, driven from their homes by war and famine. The recent shortage of food and political turmoil in Shantung have sent millions of farmers and laborers from that province alone.

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

BY THE BARONESS ORCZY

WNU Service Copyright Baroness Orczy

STORY FROM THE START

The Scarlet Pimpernel, known during the French revolution as the most intrepid adventurer in Europe, is an Englishman. At a house party given by Sir Percy Blakeney the latest adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel, the rescue of the Tournon-d' Agenais, is being related by Sir Andrew Frouke. The Scarlet Pimpernel is really Sir Percy Blakeney, popular London dandy. The failure of Lauzet, revolutionary chief of the section in which the Scarlet Pimpernel has been operating, to prevent the escape of the Tournon-d' Agenais brings the condemnation of the government upon him. He causes the arrest of the Deszeze family on a charge of treason.

Chapter III—Continued

The following day was market day in Molsson, and at first Lauzet had been doubtful whether it would not be best to wait another twenty-four hours before carrying through his friend Chauvein's project. The dawn, however, broke with ideal conditions for it; a leaden sky, a tearing wind, and torrents of rain alternating with a thin drizzle. On the whole, nature had rained herself on the side of all those who worked their nefarious deeds under cover of semi-darkness. Lauzet, gazing out on the mournful autumnal aspect of weather and sky, felt that if the Scarlet Pimpernel did indeed meditate mischief he would choose such a day as this.

Thus it was that in the early dawn of this market day the citizens of Molsson had a sad scene to witness. Soon after seven o'clock a small crowd collected round the big, old-fashioned diligence which had drawn up outside the Deszeze house in the Rue des Pipots. To right and left of the vehicle were soldiers on horseback, two on each side, mounting guard, and the man who held the reins was also in the uniform of the rural gendarmierie. Every one in the city knew this man. Charles Marie was his name, and he had begun life as a baker's assistant—a weak, anemic looking youth, who had been sent out of the army because he was no use as a fighting man, so timorous and slow witted was he.

Lately he had obtained a position as hostler at the posting inn in Mantes, because, it seems, he did know something about horses; but why he should have been chosen to drive the diligence to Paris today nobody could conjecture. He must have had a friend in high places to be so exalted above his capabilities. Anyway, there he sat on the box, looking neither to right nor left but straight between the ears of his off-leader, and not a word would he say in response to the questions, the jeers, and the taunts which came to him from his many friends in the crowd.

Soon, however, excitement centered round the porte-cochere of the Deszeze house. It had suddenly been thrown wide open, and in the doorway appeared poor Citizena Deszeze, escorted by two officers of gendarmierie, and closely followed by Madeleine, her little daughter, also under guard. It was pitiable to see the poor invalid who could scarcely stand on her half-paralyzed limbs, thus being dragged away from the home where she had lived as a happy wife and mother for close on a quarter of a century. A murmur of sympathy for these two women, and of execration for the brutality of this arrest, rose from the crowd. But it was quickly enough suppressed. Who would dare murmur openly these days, when spies of the revolutionary government lurked at every corner?

Hostile glances, however, were shot at Citizena Lauzet, who had come over that morning from Mantes and now stood by, somewhat detached from the crowd, watching the proceedings in the company of his friend Chauvein.

"Is this in accordance with your idea?" he asked in a whisper when, presently, Chauvein completed a quick and comprehensive examination of the diligence.

Chauvein's only reply was a curt and peremptory "Hush!" and a furtive glance about him to see that there were no likely eavesdroppers within hearing. He knew from experience that the famous League of the Scarlet Pimpernel also had spies lurking in every corner; spies not so numerous, perhaps, as those in the pay of the committee of public safety, but a great deal more astute, and he also knew—none better—that the case of the Deszeze family was just one that would appeal to the sporting or chivalrous instincts of that band of English adventurers.

But he was satisfied with the mise en scene organized under his super vision, by Chief of Section Lauzet. Prominence had been given all over the department to the arrest of the Deszeze family, to the worth and integrity of his head, the sickness of the wife, the charm and modesty of the daughter. Half a dozen picked men of the gendarmierie of Mantes, armed to the teeth, would join the diligence at Mantes, but they would ride inside disguised as passengers, whilst it was left for anybody to see that the coach was traveling under a feeble guard of four men, an officer, and three troopers, and was driven by a lout who was known to have no fight in him.

CHAPTER IV

The Road to Death

Lauzet had been inspired when he chose this day; a typical day in late October, with that pitiless rain lashed by a southerly wind that would score the roads and fret the horses. Down in the forest the diligence would have to go almost at foot pace, for the outline of every tree on the roadside would be blurred, and objects would loom like ghosts out of the mist.

Yes! The scene was set for the comedy invented by Chauvein for the capture of his arch enemy. It only remained for the principal actors to play their roles to his satisfaction. Already the female prisoners had been hustled into the diligence amidst the sighs and tears of their sympathizers in the crowd. Poor Madam Deszeze had sunk half fainting with exhaustion into the arms of her young daughter, and the two women sat huddled in the extreme corner of the vehicle, more dead than alive. And now amidst much jolting and creaking some shouting and cursing, too, with cracking of whip and jingling of spurs the awkward, lumbering diligence was started on its way. Some two hundred meters farther on it came to a halt once more, outside the commissariat, and here the male prisoner, Citizena Deszeze himself, was made to join his family in the airless, creaking vehicle. Resigned to his own fate, he set himself the task of making the painful journey as endurable as may be to his invalid wife. Hardly realising yet the extent of their misfortune and the imminence of their doom, the



Hostile Glances Were Shot at Citizena Lauzet.

three victims of Lauzet's capidity and Chauvein's vengeance suffered their martyrdom in silence and with tragic nation.

The final start from Molsson had been made at eight o'clock. By this time the small city was filling with the neighboring farmers and drovers, with their cattle and their carts and vehicles of every kind, all tending either to the Place du Marche or to the various taverns for refreshment. Lauzet, accompanied by Chauvein, had ridden back to Mantes. Just before nine o'clock the diligence rattled over the cobblestones of that city, and a halt was called at the posting inn. It was part of the program to spend some hours in Mantes, where the extra men of the gendarmierie would be picked up, and only to make a fresh start when the shades of evening were beginning to draw in. It was not to be supposed that the English brigands would launch their attack in broad daylight, and the weather did not look as if it were going to mend.

Chauvein, of course, was there, seeing to every arrangement, with his friend Lauzet close at his elbow. He had himself picked out the six men of the gendarmierie who were to ride in disguise inside the diligence; he had inspected their disguises, added an artistic or realistic touch here and there, before he pronounced them to be good.

Finally he turned to the young officer who was in command of the party (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Senate Pages

The page boys in the senate are paid \$3.30 per day while the senate is in session. Their hours are concurrent with those of the senate, but it is necessary for them to report some what earlier than the hour at which the senate convenes. Their duties are those of messengers generally. Under the laws of the District of Columbia they are required to attend school for 15 hours each week. Some attend night school and other attend classes conducted by an instructor at the capitol in the mornings.

Magnificent Opal

The finest opal in the world was unearthed at Lightning Ridge, New South Wales, is 8 1/2 inches by 2 inches, weighs 700 carats and combines every color of the rainbow in shimmering perfection.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

By faith you can move mountains; but the important thing is, not to move the mountains, but to have the faith.—Arthur Clutton-Brock.

It is wonderful how large a little bit of a fraction will grow, if you only multiply it enough.—Robert Beverly Hale.

FACTS ABOUT FOODS

According to the findings of Dr. Phaddeus L. Bolton, head of the department of psychology, Temple university, Philadelphia, who recently concluded an investigation in which twenty feminine office workers were subjected to exhaustive tests of speed, endurance, mental alertness and muscular control, at various hours of the business day—his conclusion is that fatigue, diet, and working capacity of the modern business girl are closely related, and decrease in working capacity due to fatigue can be offset by the timely ingestion of highly concentrated, energizing foods.

Back of the investigation lies the growing belief on the part of employers that the unwise reducing diets resorted to by large numbers of feminine workers are responsible not only for frequent absences due to illness, but for lessened and poorer quality of work while in the office.

The studies showed that working capacity is comparatively low at the beginning of the office day. The human machine, like the race horse, must go through a warming-up process. The greatest rush in the average office is from two-thirty to five, and the period of most strain.

In the investigation it was sought to determine to what extent working power may be sustained at its early afternoon peak by eating suitable quantities of foods which are quick restorers of depleted energy.

Foods having high sugar content were selected because sugar is not only a concentrated energy food, but one which is quickly assimilated by the system. Its effects, therefore, are almost immediately apparent to the trained investigator equipped with the necessary laboratory instruments.

Such investigation, to be brief, has shown positive results in favor of small quantities of concentrated food taken in mid-afternoon. There can be no doubt that the physical and mental let-down which is apt to occur at the busiest business period of the day, is to a considerable extent due to insufficient and improperly balanced diets, and can be largely, if not wholly, prevented by the eating of foods that in small volume act quickly as fuel for the body engine.

The serving of sweetened cold drinks, or a few pieces of candy taken when the energy seems to flag, will act as an emergency ration and supply the calories needed for the rest of the day's work.

Approximately five hundred thousand calculations were necessary in compiling, tabulating and comparing the records of twenty girls.

Have a Date for Breakfast.

The addition of dates to a cooked or dry breakfast food, is quite a common custom and is but the work of a minute, for one who keeps cleaned dates ready for use. If one can obtain pitted dates in packages that are not too dry, such are most convenient. Dried out hard dates are practically useless for ordinary serving. They should be soaked and stewed and then perhaps strained through a sieve to make them eatable.

A package of dates may be pitted and dropped into a glass jar, covered and kept in a cool place and they will always be moist and ready to use.

Four dates sliced and added to a breakfast dish of cereals is sufficient for one serving. Here is a new one which you will like to try:

Hasty Pudding De Luxe.—Cook together one-half cupful of cornmeal dropped slowly, stirring constantly one teaspoonful of salt, at least one hour. Just before serving stir in one-half cupful of grapejuice and one cupful of sliced dates. Any of this left over may be fried and served with bacon for breakfast.

The practice of serving sugar with cereals is so common, yet a few dates or raisins will add the sweetness as well liked and at the same time makes the dish more attractive.

Date Bran Muffins.—Take one cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of bran, one cupful of dates sliced, one cupful of milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of molasses and two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening. This makes a dark, tasty muffin which will be enjoyed by those who must have some of the coarsest flours in their diets. Sour milk may be used for these muffins, adding one-half teaspoonful of soda and but two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. The texture of the bran used will vary the quality of the muffins, but any bran may be used with good results.

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