

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

WNU Service
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BY THE BARONESS ORCZY

CHAPTER VI—Continued

A groan of disappointment and impatience rose from the parched throats of the men. The passage of old Plante and his sheep had exasperated their nerves. A moment ago they had felt chilled and cramped; now their blood was up, their bodies were in a sweat with the violence of their disappointment. Already Plante and his sheep were far away. That silence, so full of sounds had once more descended upon the forest. Again the men waited with eyes and ears strained, their nerves at angle, their breathing hard and staccato. And there fell upon their straining ears the sound of human life coming from the direction of Mezerles. This time it was the sound of cartwheels creaking through the mud, and of ill-adjusted harness jangling with the movement of weathly plodding horses. There was also from time to time the sound of distant voices, a harsh call or uproarious laugh suddenly stifled as if in response to a peremptory warning. Nothing in truth to suggest the furtive methods of the English adventurers; it seemed more like a party of farmers coming home from market.

The troopers were on the alert, of course, but not quite so keenly perhaps as they were before their disappointment over citizen Plante's passage across the scene. But a minute or two later a quick word from their captain brought them sharply up to attention. The cart had obviously come to a halt, but a lusty shout now rang through the stillness of the night, and there was a general sound of scampering and of running, mingled with calls of excitement and encouragement. A few minutes of tense expectation, then suddenly round the bend a band of ten or a dozen men came into view, armed with miscellaneous weapons. At sight of the diligence they gave a wild shout of triumph, brandished their weapons and rushed to the attack.

"Attention, citizen soldiers!" Raffet commanded hastily. "Do not shoot unless you are obliged. But if you must, shoot low. We must have some of those English spies alive if we can."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth than, with a renewed shout of triumph, the band of young ruffians threw themselves into a pack of enraged puppies on the soldiers, while others made straight for the diligence. But before they had got within twenty meters of it the captain gave the quick word of command that brought the men of the gendarmerie out of the coach, pistols in hand, ready for the fight.

The attacking party, however, held no laggards either. Egged on by the drover from Alconfort and still shouting wildly, they rushed on the men of the gendarmerie as they scrambled out of the coach. Numbers being about equal on either side, the men coming out one by one were at a great disadvantage. Almost as soon as they had set foot to the ground they were fallen on with fist or saber, and soon the confusion was complete.

"What the devil's game is this?" Raffet shouted hoarsely, for to an instant he had found himself at grips, not with the mysterious Scarlet Pimpernel, but with Gaspard, the son of the butcher of Molsson, whom he had known ever since they had been ruffians together. And Gaspard was as strong as some of the bullfrogs his father was wont to kill. Before Raffet could recover from the surprise of this wholly unexpected turn of events, Gaspard had brought his heavy fist crashing down on his willow friend's skull.

"It means," Gaspard shouted, mind with fury, "that thou'rt a traitor and that I'll teach thee to help cheat thy friends!"

Nor could Raffet argue after that. He had need of all his faculties to defend himself against this young ogre. He had drawn his pistol, but Gaspard's ironlike hand had closed around his wrist and the light soon degenerated into fistfuls. The troopers fared no better, either. Though they had been prepared for an attack, they were not prepared for this furious onslaught made upon them by their friends. Name of a dog! What did it all mean? For they were all friends, these madmen, every one of them; young men from Molsson and Lenoxy and Mantex. There was Francois, the mercer of the Rue Grande; and Jacques, whose father kept the tavern at the sign of the Black Swan; and Paul, whose mother was the best washerwoman in Mantex. And words round to the accompaniment of thumping blows.

"Jacques, art thou mad or drunk?" "Achille! Thy father will beat thee for this escapade!"

"Name of a name, but you'll all get something for this night's work."

And all the while blows were raining fast and furious. There was no lust to kill, only wild enthusiasm for a fight, a desire to be avenged on friends who had aided that rascal Lauzet to cheat the men of the district out of the golden prize.

"Give up the English spies or I'll squeeze the breath out of thy throat!" This from Gaspard's brother's son, who had felled his friend Raffet to the ground and rolled over and over in the mud with him, the two men snarling at one another and biting and scratching like a couple of angry dogs.

Had they all gone mad, these men of Molsson? The issue of the struggle might have remained longer in the balance had not Raffet just then freed his right hand from the iron grip of Gaspard and discharged his pistol into his willow comrade's leg. Gaspard rolled over onto his back with a groan and a curse.

"Traitor! Thou has murdered me!" he cried, while the blood flowed freely out of his thigh.

But the one pistol shot had the effect of sobering the combatants. The aggressors had pistols, too, and sabers, but in their excitement had forgotten how to use them. The sudden report, however, brought the soldiers to a sense of discipline; awakened them, as it were, from their surprise, and in a moment gave them a decided advantage over the undisciplined attacking party. This wild fistfuls could not go on. It was unworthy of the soldiers of the republic. They were being attacked by a band of irresponsible young jackanapes, whom the devil himself must for the nonce have deprived of reason, but it remained for the picked men of the rural gendarmerie to teach them that such madness could not remain unpunished, and, friend or foe, he who attacks a soldier of the republic must suffer for his wantonness. Far be it from the chronicler of these events to pretend that all these thoughts did surge clearly in the heads of the troopers. What is a fact is that from the moment their captain discharged a pistol into Gaspard's thigh they became masters of the situation. The fight between soldiers and civilians assumed its just proportions; there were a few pistol shots, some saber thrusts, a good deal of growling and cursing, while more than one stalwart besides Gaspard rolled over in the mud.

The fight had lasted less than ten minutes. When the first rush on the diligence was made the twilight was already fading into dusk. Now, when the last shot had been fired and the last of the boths had cried for mercy, dusk was slowly yielding to the darkness of the night. Raffet called the soldiers to attention. They were still panting with excitement, some of them were dizzy from blows dealt freely on their skulls; one or two showed a bunged eye or a bleeding lip, but none of them was seriously hurt. The boths from Molsson and Mantex had not fared quite so well. Some of them had received a charge of shot in leg, arm or shoulder and were lying groaning or half unconscious on the ground; those who had escaped with minor hurts were on their knees, held down by the heavy hand of a trooper. They did not in truth present an edifying spectacle, with their faces streaming with blood and perspiration, their clothes torn, their shirtsleeves hanging in rags, their hair wet and lank hanging before their eyes. Raffet ordered them to be mustered up, his sharp glance ran over them as they stood or crouched together in a line.

"I ought to have the lot of you summarily shot," Raffet said sternly to them after he had inspected his men and seen that victory had not cost them dear. "Yes, shot!" he reiterated, "for interfering with these soldiers of the republic in the exercise of their duty; and I will do it, too," he went on after a moment's pause, "unless you tell me now the meaning of this abominable escapade."

"You know it well, Citizen Raffet!" Paul, the washerwoman's son, said, still breathless with excitement and with a savage oath, "when you joined hands with that traitor Lauzet to cheat us all of what was our due."

"In capturing the English spy and getting the reward for yourselves when it rightly belonged to us."

"The reward," Raffet retorted dryly, "will be for whosoever may be lucky to get the English spy. For the moment I imagine that if he meant to attack us tonight your folly has scared him. The noise you made would keep any brigand out of the way."

Two Colors

Paris now advances the theory that evening ensembles are more beautiful when the wrap does not entirely agree in color and fabric with the gown. In one new ensemble, copper colored velvet wrap, with blue fox collar, tops a bold rose chiffon gown.

Time to Fit Shoes

To get comfortably-fitted shoes buy them in the afternoon, when the exercise of the day has spread the muscles of the feet to their largest extent.

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week
Assembled for Information
of Our Readers.

A 70-day period without a drop of rain fell over Umatilla county. The last rainfall there was on June 16.

Fire of undetermined origin destroyed the sawmill and a large quantity of stacked lumber of the Sourdough Lumber company near Wolf Creek.

Among the fine grain crops of Jackson county was that of John Hueners, who threshed out 5000 bushels from 115 acres on his ranch east of Jacksonville.

A shipment of 5000 lambs was made by T. B. Johnson, Cove stock buyer. The lambs were bought in various sections of the valley and shipped to St. Joe, Mo.

Evergreen blackberry picking began at Waterville the last few days. Most of the growers are shipping to the Eugene Fruit Growers, who are paying more per pound this year.

Fifty-one guineas obtained from the state game farm near Pendleton were released in the north Santiam district recently. A number of wild turkeys were released there a month ago.

The evergreen blackberry season opened at Sweet Home recently with a promise of a heavy run. The price is fair, and a good many pickers are in all the fields. The berries are fair in size.

Andrew J. Sherwood, foremost citizen of Coquille, resident for nearly fifty years and most prominent democrat of southwestern Oregon, died in the Coquille hospital, following an emergency operation.

J. H. Cronkite of St. Helens submitted low bid for the new fire house station and was awarded the contract by the council. With complete plumbing and heating system, the structure will cost close to \$10,000.

Lying down on several sticks of dynamite, L. Swanson, about 45, logger employed at the Crosssett Western Camp No. 17, near Wauna, committed suicide by setting off the explosive. His body was blown to bits.

Ground was broken for the P. L. Campbell memorial fine arts museum, the product of several years of intensive effort by campaign workers, led by Irene Gerlinger, Portland, former regent of the University.

Dredging the Yamhill river below Lafayette locks is progressing. This is government work supervised by E. Demary of Dayton, who has a crew working on two shifts. The channel is being deepened and widened.

A test of better than 61 pounds a bushel is being made by some of the wheat being hauled to the warehouse in Wallawa, according to Lee Bell, manager. Most of the wheat hauled is being done by auto truck and much wheat is being stored.

After 13 years of idleness and litigation, due to the alleged mismanagement, the once prosperous gold and copper mine, the Akamada, near Grants Pass, will be reopened within a month, according to P. J. Loneragan, mining engineer and stockholder.

With a large proportion of the crop already in, the wheat yield of Yamhill county will probably exceed 300 carloads. It was estimated by county granaries. Besides this, more than 40 carloads of oats will be shipped. The yield in bushels will be more than 500,000.

The fire siren sounded while Fire Chief Carlson was in a barber chair at Bend. One-half of the chief's face was shaved and the other merely lathered. He jumped into his automobile and followed the fire truck. The alarm was false, so Chief Carlson returned to the shop and the other half of his face was shaved.

THE MARKETS

Portland

Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.35; soft white, western white, \$1.25; hard winter, northern spring, western red, \$1.22.

Hay — Alfalfa, \$19.50 per ton; valley timothy, new, \$19.50; east valley Oregon timothy, new, \$20.50; clover, \$16; oat hay, \$16; oats and vetch, \$16.50.

Butterfat—46¢50c.
Eggs—Ranch, 30¢35c.
Cattle—Steers, good, \$11.11.50.
Hogs—Good to choice, \$10.12.50.
Lambs—Good to choice, \$11.12.

Seattle

Wheat—Soft white, western white, \$1.25; hard winter, western red, northern spring, \$1.22; bluestem, \$1.34.

Eggs—Ranch, 30¢39c.
Butterfat—50c.
Cattle—Choice steers, \$10.50 to \$11.50.
Hogs—Prime light, \$12.65 to \$12.75.
Lambs—Choice, \$11.11.50.

Spokane

Cattle—Steers, good, 9.75 to 10.50.
Hogs—Good and choice, \$12 to 12.25.
Lambs—Choice, \$9.00.

The decision of the county board which ruled that Columbia City, Deer Island and Canaan districts could not draw transportation for students attending the Rainier High school has been upheld by C. A. Howard, state superintendent of schools.

The marketing of fir cones has become rather quiet at Sweet Home, but at Lebanon it has assumed large proportions. The old creamery building there has been obtained as a storage place. The Frank Parish barn has also been secured. Drying and threshing will start soon.

The St. Helens golf course was officially opened on Labor day with an all-day program. Invitations were sent to golfers of Vernonia, Rainier, Scappoose and Clatskanie. The new course, which is on the highway a short distance south of the city limits is 2805 yards long and is par 35.

A committee of the Eugene chamber of commerce and a delegation from the Siuslaw valley appeared before the state highway commission at its meeting at Portland recently, and demanded immediate action toward construction of the Siuslaw highway between Rainier and Cuern.

Distribution of the 1929-1930 Oregon blue books got under way at Salem recently under the direction of the secretary of state. New features of the book include tables showing a comparative vote at recent elections, highway map of Oregon and cut of the state house. Approximately 8000 were printed.

Frank O. Johnson, for 12 years deputy county roadmaster of Marion county, was appointed county roadmaster at Salem, to succeed the late W. J. Culver, who died recently. Before being appointed deputy county roadmaster, Mr. Culver served for 12 years as supervisor of Hazel Green road district.

Elizabeth Daley of Seilo waited 84 years for her first airplane ride, and the thrill came last week. In company with Miss Bess Morris she winged over Seilo, which has been her home the greater part of her advanced years. The thrill must be experienced to be appreciated, she said on her return from the clouds.

Salem high school students will not be allowed to loiter in neighborhood grocery and confectionery stores next year, according to school officials. The action followed charges by William Kahlsdorf, Salem merchant, that boys of school age had received liquor in a rear room of one of these stores during the last school term.

A freight car on the Great Southern railway slipped its brakes at Annie Laurie, raced down hill 17 miles and, defying attempts to derail it, crashed into an upbound freight train near Neabeck station. Engineer Phillips and Fireman Heimerich of the freight saw the car careening down the track and jumped to safety. The engine was demolished.

A six-inch steam pipe under head of 150 pounds pressure from a battery of boilers blew up at the electric power plant operated in connection with the Willamette Valley Lumber company mill at Dallas. The tremendous head of steam wrecked the entire end of the building into which it blew, sending timbers and pieces of pipe hurtling through the engine room.

The equestrian statue of former sheriff Til Taylor of Umatilla county was put in place recently on the concrete base in Til Taylor Memorial park. The bronze memorial will be officially unveiled at the Round-Up this month. The sombrero crown was fastened in with screws, as the statue was too tall to come safely up the Columbia highway without hitting the tunnel roofs.

With more than 100 delegates and their families present, the annual convention of the Oregon State Federation of Labor was held in Tillamook. The first night many of the delegates went aboard fishing launches and witnessed salmon netting in Tillamook bay. The Tillamook County Fishermen's union and the Nehalem Bay Fishermen's union were hosts to the convention.

At 9 o'clock Sunday night the most costly fire in the history of Hood River was under control with loss estimated at \$250,000. Only the absence of wind, the new cold springs unlimited supply of water and the Hood River fire brigade, aided by trucks and men from The Dalles and White Salmon, held the fire from the business section, the big warehouse of the Apple Growers' association and the Dan Waulle company.

Damage amounting to between \$30,000 and \$35,000 resulted from the fire which destroyed the Milton Box company sawmill at Milton recently. The fire was not discovered until the structure was well burned. It was constructed as a fireproof building.

Monday saw the first big shipment of the fall turnover of lambs over the City of Prineville railway. The group represented by Lynn Nichols has ordered 110 cars for their contracted livestock, which will be greatly augmented by shipments of other parties.

NEARBY AND YONDER

By T. T. MAXEY

A Gorgeous Lake

ONE of the most beautiful lakes which this world holds is Lake George in eastern New York state. The Indians called it Andiatarocit—"Where the lake shuts itself in." Father Jogues, a Jesuit missionary, who probably was the first white man to see it—1642, named it "The Lake of the Blessed Sacrament," but in 1758 this was changed to Lake George, in honor of King George II.

More properly it might be christened Surprise lake. It is so shut away from the world that one comes upon it with unexpected suddenness. The scene astonished! One had not before realized that nature could take a body of water, sprinkle hundreds of little floating-garden-like islands about in it, forest its irregular shore line, and a background of protecting mountains and produce such an entrancing picture.

Located on the line of early-day exploration activities between Canada and New York this region naturally became a battle ground. The whoop of the savage and the boom of cannon have rolled across it. The ruins of ancient forts are mute reminders of the tragic struggles which occurred. An imposing shaft commemorates the Battle of Lake George—1755.

But to return to the picture, for sheer beauty this 36-mile-long lake rivals the waters of the world. "The visitor," as one writer aptly put it, "feels the gripping atmosphere of romance growing out of the military tragedies of nearly two centuries ago and there is a natural beauty here that the world has not duplicated."

"Indian Summer"

COMMONLY speaking, Indian summer is a name which, through continuous usage, has become attached to a particular kind of weather—the most delightful type of autumn days—a warm, sunny period which follows a spell of unseasonably chilly weather which some folks term "Squaw Winter," when spider webs float in the air and a distant haze goes the view.

The origin of the term has been the subject of much discussion and appears to remain more or less unsettled. The belief is rather popular that this is a fixed season which recurs with marked regularity, but records of the weather do not prove that this belief is founded upon fact.

Periods of Indian summer may and often do appear repeatedly during the two or three months of autumn weather. In other words, there may be several Indian summers during one autumn.

In Europe it is somewhat commonly thought that the dates of the recurrence of Indian summer are more definitely fixed than is the case in this country, but the records of students of atmospheric phenomena may not substantiate this belief. It is, however, a matter of record that in parts of Europe this "after-summer" season often is associated with the names of saints, presumably because the weather usually is mild when these saints' days are observed, hence this period frequently is referred to as "St. Luke's Summer," "St. Michael's Summer," "All Saints' Summer," etc.

An Unmatched Panorama

FIRST Orange mountain, which the Indians named Watchung, in northern central New Jersey, near the Oranges, rises above the surrounding landscape, its crest being perhaps a mile and a half long, half that wide and some 500 feet above the tides of the sea. This mountain is included in the Essex county park system.

Although a mere upstart, in comparison with the majestic Rockies in our great West, the particular location of this mountain and the surrounding natural development co-ordinate in the formation of a scene, from the rocky ledge at the summit known as Eagle Rock, which has been famous ever since the days of the French explorer Carteret.

Eagle Rock long has been a public breathing spot, freely patronized by local folk. The contributions of man have been instrumental in attracting the great mass of population which centers around New York harbor and metropolitan New Jersey and have also amplified the unusualness of the view.

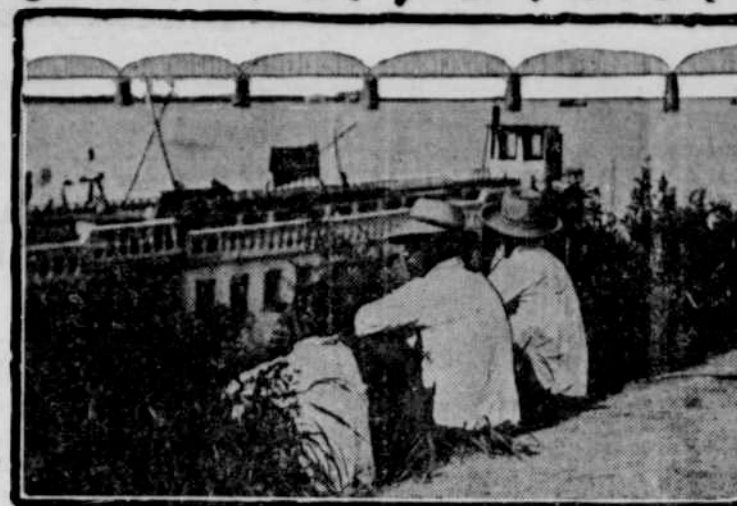
Today, the visitor looks off at a fascinating and expansive panorama, made up of a great cluster of lovely suburban communities spread across the intervening territory between the mountain and the sea, the greatest port in the world and the richest city on earth, the whole constituting a segment of the most important center in the universe. The guide book informs that "From Eagle Rock can be seen more homes and the workshops of more people than from any other natural elevation in the world."

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Denotes Duplicate

Asterisks or small stars are placed before the serial number on paper bills which have taken the place of defective bills. It merely means that the note bearing the serial number preceded by a star has taken the place of a defective note in circulation.

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 Dalren and along the railway concession 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 Peking 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 Peking 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 light and presided over by the latest products of the Imperial educational system. Over the railway station, 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-story 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 dynastic throne was moved to Peking 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 heirlooms 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 Peking; the other north and south joins Port Arthur and Dalren 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 half-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.