

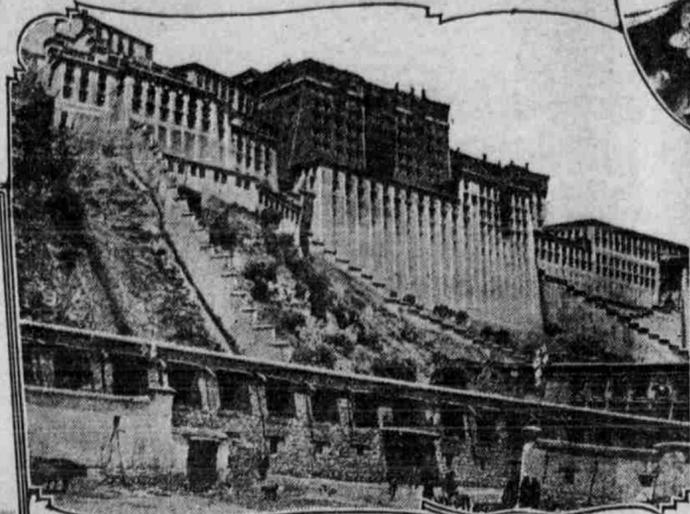
A GODLESS GOD LOSES AN EMPIRE



THE DALAI LAMA OF TIBET



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA



PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA IN LHASA



YUAN SHIH KAI



A BUDDHIST TEMPLE

NEW takes a long time to trickle to the United States from central Asia. There are few inhabited places of the whole earth so far away, counting time as distance. With the coast of Asia reached, the traveler must meet many strange perils, endure many torturing modes of conveyance and spend many weary weeks and even months before he reaches the wild empire of the oriental cowboys who once conquered the world, the land of Mongolia.

Many wild tales have been filtering, slowly, but surely, from that far land in the last three years. Narratives of butchering, of wars and aggressions, of little-understood political turmoils and battlings. Out of it all has formed the very real specter of the Russian bear, marching with heavy, sure tread from the west, grumbling low on the road to Peking and Lhasa.

When China lost this empire, much more than twice as large as the southern states which seceded in 1861, and with a population of 4,000,000 yellow-skinned Tartars, little attention was attracted.

The czar and his grizzled officers accomplished their first steps by appealing to the Mongolian sense of patriotism. Now he is bringing about the complete subjugation of these vast plains by corrupting a man more than a priest, a living Buddha, one of the three embodiments of the ancient teacher and god.

There are three living incarnations of Buddha, the Dalai Lama of Lhasa, who is the supreme ruler of the Buddhist world; the Panchen Lama, and the Khutukhta of Urga, the Mongolian capital and holy city.

When the English soldiers of Colonel Young-husband invaded Lhasa, the sacred capital of Tibet, in 1904, the Dalai Lama became a holy tramp. Far and wide, for many years, he has wandered over the face of Asia, followed by a motley troupe of lesser hollies, exceedingly costly to the communities which entertained him—indeed, almost a curse to his hosts. To some Westerners who saw him, he was only a brutal, sensual, stupid young man; to others he was mys-

terious, sanctified, the embodiment of the religion and philosophy of the East. But on the whole, his influence diminished. His strongest hold of the priesthood had depended on the fact that for nearly two hundred years a grand lama had not visited Peking.

When Russia decided it was time to move their frontier a few hundred miles further east there suddenly appeared a mysterious desire for independence on the part of the inhabitants of Mongolia. Behind the scenes the Russian emissaries pulled the strings. There was revolt from China. The chiefs of the wild tribes demanded autonomous government. They were to be free, with their own government and courts, even their own army. Bitter delusion!

Russia forced the necessary acquiescence at Peking. Japan was brought to acquiesce by an agreement on spheres of interest. The indignant protests of the other powers were somehow smoothed over. Peking was having much more trouble with the southern provinces, the richest of the empire. There was no possibility of sending the necessary military expeditions to Urga.

Mongolia became "free," still to a degree under the nominal suzerainty of China and now under the "protection" of Russia.

The Russians surged in. Their merchants fill the market places. Their consular agents are everywhere and these agents are very easily offended. And with each offence there is a further decrease of Mongolian power.

On the Buddhist New Year's day the Khutukhta dared to plead indisposition and stay away from paying his respects to the Russian diplomatic representative. As a result he was forced

to appear in the most obsequious fashion, with as much kowtowing as ever given to the Dowager Empress Tsi An.

The Russians are using Yuan Shih Kai to discipline the Khutukhta. Yuen, "president" of China, has known how to use religion to further his own purposes. He has re-established the state religion of China over the protests of the Christians and the European powers. Now he writes to the Khutukhta informing him that in the opinion of the Tibetan clergy, his manner of living is open to grave objection on account of profanity, and that unless he mends his ways he is likely to be repudiated by the Buddhist church.

The message goes on to enumerate some of the irregularities committed by the Khutukhta, making special mention of his wife and children as a worldly possession incompatible with monastic life.

But he might have gone further. A photograph and an automobile are among the frivolities of the ruler of Mongolia, and he is very fond of betting on athletic contests.

As one of the heads of the Buddhist church, the Khutukhta has no right to marry; yet no sooner did he become independent (as he thought) than he not only took to himself a wife, but actually proclaimed her to be the reincarnation of the goddess Chagandara!

To be anybody in Mongolia you must be the reincarnation of somebody. This takes the place of Norman blood.

For three years he has been allowed to maintain this standing scandal at his monastery at Urga, the Russians encouraging him. But now the Russians, using Yuan and the Dalai lama as catspaws, are about to put the Khutukhta to the question through the last-named worthy.

There will be little sympathy wasted on the Khutukhta himself. He is certainly a most unworthy representative of the Buddhist church. The Khutukhtas of Urga originated at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Dalai Lama, after a long period of real, if not nominal captivity, at the capital of Mongolia, returned to Lhasa.

The question arose: How would the Mongols continue to live without a living Buddha in their midst? The Dalai Lama then discovered that the son just born into the house of Tushet Khan, the most powerful of the Mongolian princes, a direct descendant of the great conqueror of Genghis Khan, was himself a reincarnation of Buddha.

The marvelous boy was taken to Lhasa, there brought up and afterward sent home as the first Khutukhta (grand abbot) of Urga.

It was from this great appointment that the present Khutukhta, the eighth in the order of succession, has descended—though not in the flesh. For the Khutukhtas have no business to marry and to establish a dynasty, but are selected each time on the death of the last holder of the office from among the babies born at that very moment.

None of the previous seven Khutukhtas was allowed to live too long. It is a sign of decadence of the old Peking authority that the eighth Khutukhta, who was born in 1871, has succeeded in asserting his right to live so long as this.

But his life has been a worthless one. He has a great predilection for strong liquors, he is very fond of cards, he likes the yellow, glittering metal more than anything else in the world, and so far from passing his time in pious devotions, he rides in a motor car, plays the piano, listens to the phonograph, and has surrounded himself with a little harem.

It is these worldly qualities which have made him accessible to Russian influences, but it would not surprise the Mongolian world to learn that they also have brought upon him his ruin.

—For when it really proves true that Russia has withdrawn from him her protection nothing will save him from the Dalai Lama's excommunication and then a new baby promptly will be found to preside as Jebson Damba Khutukhta over the Mongolian church.

MIXED-UP ROMANCE

By DONALD ALLEN.

"I'd give \$100 to see him."
"You are a little goose!"
"He must be handsome and gallant."
"He's a low-browed criminal."
"I hope they won't catch him."
"I'd like to be the one to shoot him down!"
"If they arrest him, I'll help him to escape!"

"Look here, young lady, you don't want to make an idiot of yourself over this thing! You can climb rope ladders, play ghost and scare the cook into fits, but you stop there. There won't be anything in being arrested."
"It's for father to talk to me."
"It's for me, and I am talking."

There was Mr. Dalzelle, widower; there was his son, Bob, twenty years old; there was Aunt Phyllis at the head of the house; there was Kitty, aged eighteen, and there was the cook.

Brother and sister were having breakfast together when the above conversation took place. As a rule, brothers pay little attention to their sisters, but Bob had taken it upon himself to begin to boss when he was seven years old.

Another country Raffles had broken loose, and was plundering the county residences for miles around. He had not reached the Dalzelle place yet, but in time he must, and Bob bought a revolver and carefully loaded it and placed it under his pillow and then slept so soundly that Mr. Raffles or any other gentlemanly burglar could have stolen the chimneys off the house.

The cook moved her bed and bureau against her door every night, and slept with her mouth open and ready to scream.

Aunt Phyllis had four extra bolts put on her door, and never neglected her prayers.

Mr. Dalzelle hid the sugar tongs in a vase and went to bed feeling that it was rather mean to serve Raffles such a trick.

It was Miss Kitty who made a hero of the despoiler, and the newspapers were a good deal to blame for that. They said he must be a gentleman and a college graduate; they said he was handsome and debonaire; they said he carefully avoided houses where there was illness, for humanity's sake. The girl was appealed to. It was romantic. It wasn't butter at 45 cents a pound, and short weight at that, but it was a young man of birth and breeding driven to burglary to get food for his starving mother, or something of the sort.

Miss Kitty sympathized with him and admired him.

If Raffles would only call during the daytime and relate his sad story she would cheerfully give him all the change in her savings bank and try and get him a clerkship in a grocery in the nearest village. She sat for hours on the veranda, but he didn't appear. She lay awake half the night, but he had business elsewhere.

On the night preceding the conversation at the breakfast table, Mr. Raffles had plundered a house half a mile away, and in a most charming way had begged an old maid's pardon for having found her asleep with her hair in curl papers. This was the cash-sheaf of romance.

If Miss Kitty were to go down and sit on the bridge would the knightly robber appear?

If she were to saunter into the woods would her Robin Hood be there?

"I don't care a snap what Bob says!" she exclaimed at her other self in her mirror. "If there is any way I can help Mr. Raffles to escape the police and then reform and be good, I'm going to do it."

Half an hour later the cook told her that as many as twenty officers had Raffles surrounded in an old barn about a mile away, and the fellow was sure to be captured.

"He needs help and he shall have it!" said the girl to herself; and ten minutes later she was speeding away in her runaway.

There were half a dozen men around an old barn, but there was no Raffles there. If he had been there he had vanished. When Miss Kitty was told this her face lighted up with such relief that after she had passed on one of the officers asked:

"And who in the devil is that?"
"The Dalzelle girl," was answered.
"Is she related to Raffles?"
"Don't think so."

"But she seems mighty well pleased that he has outwitted us again."
"Oh, that's the girl of it."

Miss Kitty aped on rejoicing. Raffles was still free. They might have run him so far that he wouldn't return, and the thought brought disappointment. One can't ruminate very well in driving an auto or a runaway, and after going three miles she turned in to an old and abandoned house to sit on the broken steps and ponder and wonder. Poor Raffles! He had tried to burgle as gently as he could, and when an inmate of the house awoke and shouted to know what he was doing there, he had gone right away without stopping to argue the matter. It was true that he took money and jewels, but it was also true that if he found the baby about to fall out of bed in its sleep he tenderly replaced it in a safe position.

A sound like a sneeze in the old house.

The girl whirled and glanced over her shoulder. There was yawning vacancy where the door had once hung, but there was nothing she could see in the room.

Her father was an insurance man and employed clerks. Why not give Raffles a position there until he could better himself. She would speak to him that very evening. Mr. Raffles would have to change his name and stop running out nights, but there was no doubt that he'd cheerfully make the sacrifice.

A yawn from the old house!

"Mercy, what was that!"
The girl arose and started to move off, but bethought her of tramps and sat down again. She had no fear of the wayfarers by daylight. One of them had turned in there the night before, but he might not even wake up.

If brother Bob knew that she had come out hoping to aid Raffles what a row there would be! But how was he to know? And if he did find out she would stand right up and sass back and let him know that his days of bossing her were over with forever. A sneeze and a cough!

Miss Kitty jumped to her feet and faced the doorway.

The next moment she was facing a man of thirty who was cursing under his breath. He looked tough. He looked wicked.

"Who the blank are you?" he demanded as he looked from her to her runaway and back.

"I—I am Miss Dalzelle," she stammered.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came out—to—to—"

"You came out to play the spy for the officers!"

"No, sir. I thought—thought—"

"What in blank do I care what you thought? Raffles isn't caught yet, and isn't likely to be. Much obliged for the runaway?"

"Here! Here!" she cried as he started from the vehicle.

"No time to talk!"

"But you can't take that!"

"But I have! Give my love to all the bone-head officers who are trying to find my tracks in the mud!"

He had gone! It was Raffles of the romance!

Miss Kitty Dalzelle sat down and wept. She had indulged in a charming illusion for days, and it had been knocked skyhigh in about sixty seconds. It was a hard blow, and the maid was still weeping when an auto halted and some one touched her arm and gently asked:

"Can I be of any assistance to you?"

It was a young man of pleasant face and voice, and he had no chauffeur with him.

"A—a man has run away with my runaway!" was gasped.

"It was yours, eh? He passed me two miles back, and I am afraid he won't stop for 30 miles. He looked to be a hard case."

"That was Chevalier Raffles."

"You don't say!"

"He was hiding in this old house."

"I declare!"

"Do you know my brother, Bob?"

"I'm afraid not, though I can tell better after hearing your name. Mine is Duke Winwood."

"And I am Kitty Dalzelle, and I have a brother, Bob. You won't tell him, will you?"

"Never in this world! Now that your machine is gone, I am ready to convey you home in my auto."

"But what explanation can I give regarding the loss of the runaway?"

was the innocent query.

"We'll talk it over as we go."

It was talked over. Raffles made good his escape. The runaway was never recovered.

"Something mighty funny about all this!" said Bob after Mr. Winwood's seventh or eighth call. Sis lets go of one hero and picks up another in less than an hour, and is getting too cheery for anything."

When the engagement is announced Bob will get full explanations.

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Flying Postman.

The ministry of posts and telegraphs of France recently made plans to create an aerial postal service to carry late letters from Paris to the mail steamers for the West Indies and South America, which leave France only twice a month. Two hundred pounds or more of letters for South America arrive in Paris during the evening and night preceding the departure of the steamer from Poulillac. To reach that port in time to go aboard the steamer the mail must leave Paris by train at 6 p. m. A successful trial of the proposed auxiliary postal service was made. Lieutenant Roubin left Paris in the morning with ten kilograms of letters, and arrived at Poulillac in good season. The government plans to make other similar trials, probably between Paris and the Mediterranean ports. If the experiments succeed, a regular aerial postal service will probably be established.

Youth's Companion.

Some musical experts came out badly in a test which was tried on them recently in a Paris studio. A number of violins of all ages and values, including a Stradivarius that had been sold for \$15,000, were played on, in a darkened room, to an audience that included many people of sound musical judgment. The instrument which they thought the finest turned out to be a Belgian violin made this year, the second place went to a French instrument of 1911 and the Stradivarius came third.

Musical Experts Fooled.

GIRL STEEPLEJACK MAKES DARING CLIMB



Constance B. Bennett, fair-haired and good-looking, is a mere slip of a girl not yet twenty years old. To see her in a street costume one would never believe that so charming a girl would undertake feats at which many a so-called stout-hearted man would quail. It takes considerable nerve

to climb an 85-foot pole, 420 feet above the street level, yet this is the particular stunt Miss Bennett is seen accomplishing in this picture. It shows her shining slowly up the flagpole atop the Equitable Trust building, in Wall street, New York city. Thousands of spectators in the surrounding sky-

scrapers watched the daring girl with fear and trembling, expecting at any moment to see her go tumbling through space and muzzing up the sidewalk below. Miss Bennett is too much of a lady to be the perpetrator of such a horrible scene, so her audience was disappointed. The structure on the left is the tower of New York's loftiest skyscraper, the Singer building.

Fight Stories' High Prices.

Paris already possesses an organization on the lines of the Wives' union. It is proposed to establish in London in order to control the cost of living. The baker extracts 18 cents from them for a four-pound loaf of household bread, and as much as 20 cents in some districts, while better quality bread is never sold at less than six cents a pound. Other necessities of life are equally dear in proportion. In a manifesto issued when the League of Parisian Consumers was formed to fight these high prices it is stated that the dearness of food is not due solely to high tariffs and octroi duties. The average Parisian shopkeeper wants to retire from business at the age of forty or thereabouts, and bleeds his customers as much as possible. If tradesmen could be persuaded to keep in harness a little longer they would, it is thought, be content with smaller profits.

India's Gay White Way.

Many East Indian theaters keep their performances going until four or five in the morning. These dramatic orgies are not, says the Times of India, however, due to the length of the plays, as in Chinese theaters, but to the fact that the trams do not begin running until five o'clock. As the spectators gather from distant villages and have strong objections to paying gharry hire, they expect to be entertained until the trams start.