

EXPLORING A LONG DEAD CITY

Colonel Kosloff's Two Years in Central Mongolia.

TARTAR TOWN OFFERS MUCH NEW

Made Many Discoveries on the Site of Chara-Choto—Whole Library of Early Buddhist Literature.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 17.—Exploration attracts the Russian mind rather than its historical than its geographical bearings. The exploring bent of the slav has turned always to where it might expect to unearth some human remains...

It is the fourth expedition to Mongolia equipped by Russian czars in the last forty years. Colonel Kosloff's first effort dates back twenty-five years ago...

The expedition left Moscow in November, 1907, traveling by the Kurak railroad over the Russian plains and the Ural mountains, through the steppe and forests of Siberia...

At first they found themselves on Mongolian prairie, but were not long in coming upon a hilly country rich in plant and animal life. Behind Urga, the Mongolian capital, the physiognomy of the hills underwent a sharp change...

After enduring a terrific sandstorm the expedition reached the River Edinogol, which draws its waters from the snow of the Nan-brain mountains and flows northward for 200 miles...

He gave the Russians a thorough guide map of the district. Very soon they came on traces of an earlier land culture—millstones, the courses of water canals, and pieces of clay and porcelain vessels...

As Kosloff advanced into the Chinese Mongolian waste he found marked differences in the character of the peoples. In the north the nomads were more and more Chinese. They ceased to adhere to the national life of their race kindred...

In March, 1909, Kosloff's caravan halted at Lake Sochun, in the middle of the Mongolian desert. Their approach to it was signalled by the sight on a fine spring evening of a flock of birds flying over the lake side...

Even a novice pilot would be able to wipe out all the clouds in the sky. The other fellow's cloud seldom looks like that to keep.

Never judge a man's importance by the self-conceit he has on tap. And some girls are known by the company they keep.

It is a man who doesn't listen to reason it's a sign that he doesn't agree with you. There is something wrong with the woman who prides herself on her lack of pride.

The longests of today say that their ancestors when they first came to the country found the ruins in the same state that they are now. It was a town of Chinese type, its high mud walls facing the four points of the compass, built on an island...

Like terrace, which the river Edinogol once flowed round on its north and south sides, but it now has diverted its course into the salt basin Chadan-Chotu. There is a suburb town outside the eastern gate connected with the fortified town by earth bastions reaching to the gate.

Kosloff, after the Mongolians that Chara-Choto or Chara-Balschen, the Black City or Fortress, had its last ruler, the Batyr (Russian Bogatyr or hero) Chara-Djan-Daum, who had an unconquerable army which he sought to win the Chinese throne...

The Russian Orientalist, S. F. Oldenburg, A. I. Ivanoff and W. L. Kotwicz have declared that Chara-Choto was the residence capital of the Tangut empire, Si-Siya, which existed from the eleventh to the thirteenth century.

The Russians opened a tomb that stood a quarter mile from the west wall of the city on the back of a dry riverbed and in it they found an entire library of books, manuscripts and Buddhist sacred pictures on linen, thin silk and parchment...

After storing all these priceless archaeological materials the Kosloff expedition left the home journey and reached St. Petersburg at the end of last year. Its entire collection will be handed over to the Asiatic and Ethnographic museum of the Academy of Sciences.

TRYING TO SAVE THE SALMON

Oregon Wakes Up and Begins Replenishing Streams Ravaged by Canneries.

There is a glimmer of hope ahead for the American people deprived of meat by high prices. If no relief should be afforded the matter of meat and food crops by the various official investigations now under way, not to mention the effect of strikes and boycotts, salmace may be found in the salmon. This noble fish, all ready to serve when turned out of its native can and requiring only a drop of lemon juice to develop its intimate flavor...

The state of Oregon has lately established a large central hatchery with a capacity of 60,000,000 eggs, and has cut down the open season for catching fish to a few days, including a month in spring to a week, and a four hour closed period from Saturday night to Sunday night during the open season. The latter restrictions, operative in 1909, did not decrease the total yield for the catch on the Columbia River, but had the beneficial result desired, which was to allow more of the parent fish to reach the spawning and spawning grounds on the headwaters.

Owing to the new laws, says H. C. McAllister, master fish warden of the state, the number of eggs obtained at the hatchery on the McKenzie river, nearly three hundred miles from the mouth of the Columbia, amounted to \$352,500 as against \$200,000 in 1908. This is a very gratifying result, and it is believed that the hatchery will be able to supply the market with a large quantity of fish in a few years it will become a large, reliable part of the national food supply.

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Omaha Woman Saw Halley's Comet on Its Last Visit

WHEN Halley's comet appears in the heavens it will be almost in the light of a familiar visitor to Mrs. Mary Svacina, who in her 104th year is enjoying life at her home, 1017 South Fourteenth street.

Mrs. Svacina was past her twenty-fourth year and married back in the old Bohemian home near Zohorany when the comet swept within the view of earthly folk before. In those long, long ago days, the humble Bohemian folk knew little of the knowledge that the savants had stored up in their universities. The comet was to them a message of various omens, probably the wrath of God.

Zohorany was terrorstricken and the people fled to the churches to pray to the saints that they be spared. There could be no other meaning to them than that the world was to be destroyed when the stars fell in showers and the mighty, mysterious body of light appeared in the Old World sky.

Many of the old folk of Omaha can recall the tales told by their grandfathers of the year that the stars fell, but Mrs. Svacina, in her remarkably well-preserved age, stands alone as one that can recall the visit of the comet as a matter of personal observation. She saw the comet, not as a child, but a person of mature years, however, was not a shaver in the terror that gripped the hearts of the people. For she had not been a churchgoer and communicant for well near a century. Back in its those days as now she had trust and faith. When the comet had passed with its train of stars, Bohemia and all the world beside had seemed from heaven to be freed and secure their prayers had been answered, and there were many who believed who had never believed before.

Mrs. Svacina cares not about comets and the matters about which the world of today is concerned. She spends her days in her home turning over the pages of her Bible from Bohemia, which she has read so very many times over that she has no count of it. Martin Svacina, her husband, died here thirty-five years ago. She has been alone since, refusing to give up her home to go to live with her children, who are themselves grown and married. With her own hands she cares for her home and takes pride in her housekeeping. Why not? She has been at it longer than most women.

In Mrs. Svacina one sees that much marked feminine desire to have one's own way. And she has her way, too. She is the mistress of her home. She finds her way about the Bohemian settlement in which she lives with all the ease of any other resident. She calls at the home of friends and visits her children, rather preferring, however, to welcome them to her own home.

There is a remarkable degree of liveliness about Mrs. Svacina, despite her extreme age. From her apartment one would not believe her to be more than 75 years old. Her step is firm and her voice clear. She wears her spectacles to read, but at other times looks at one with a clear eye. Diet is not a matter of much concern to Mrs. Svacina. She makes rye bread and beer a part of most every meal and relishes it, too.

Mrs. Svacina reared eleven children of whom five are yet living. Peter, the baby of the family, 26 years old, runs a grocery store on South Thirteenth street and Jacob, 62 years old, a retired grocery man, lives a few squares away. Martin, the eldest son of the family, is 78 years old. He is living at Seattle, Wash.



MRS. MARY SVACINA.

Life was not always so pleasant for Mrs. Svacina as it is now. In her childhood the government of Bohemia was oppressive to the Czechs, the strain which Mrs. Svacina represents. For three days out of each week, she, with all the rest of the folk of her village, worked for the government. It was a toll of labor, a tax, in addition to the taxes on the land and on the produce. She escaped it all by coming to America. The Czechs started a movement for a revolution and independence, but the power of the Germanic influence was too much. They stayed at home and lost.

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EAST SIDE DEVIL CHASERS

Cabalistic Charms Sought for All Kinds of Ills.

ODD SURVIVAL OF SUPERSTITION

Aliments Ascribed to Evil Eye and Cured by "Holy Word"—Some Wonder Workers Work for Fees, Some for Living.

NEW YORK, March 5.—Over an the East Side hundreds of old men have earned reputations by their skill as soothsayers, devil chasers and wonder workers. They are employed to break the spells cast upon children and otherwise undo the mischief the devil is held responsible for, said a man who lives on the East Side. "Almost every block in the ghetto has a man who is known to the women in that block as possessing supernatural powers."

"When a child gets sick all of a sudden and the women cannot assign a proper reason for the sickness the man is called in or the child is brought to him. He mutters something in an unintelligible language for a few minutes, rubs the child's forehead with his hands, shakes his fist in the air as if menacing someone and then informs the good woman that her child must not eat well, for he has frightened the devil away."

"Some of these wonder workers take money for their work and charge as much as a doctor would. Others do it for charity and for the honor that there is in the profession. "There are thousands of women on the East Side who are regular visitors to these wonder workers, not only when they are sick, but also when they have any worry on their mind. Sometimes it is advice, but most often a charm that they receive for the quarter or half dollar which they pay out."

The wonder workers have all the more influence since, unlike the devil chasers of other nationalities, they are almost exclusively men and are not mediums, mind-readers or fortune tellers. Whether they are always sincere about it or not, they convey the impression that they are fighting the devil not with black art of any kind, but with the "holy word."

A search for some of these wonder workers was not without interesting incidents. Upon the advice of one who is thoroughly familiar with the East Side way, the reporter approached an old woman who was selling candies on Heister street and asked her if she could not recommend him a man who could cure a child suffering from an evil eye.

BIG HARVEST FOR TRAPPERS

Louisiana Profiting from a Whim of Fashion.

LARGE INCOMES FOR POOR MEN

Millions of Muskrats Killed to Supply the Demand for Furs—Mink and Otter Skins Also Obtained.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 26.—The Louisiana trapping season will be over on March 1 and contrary to expectations the fur crop of the state will be a good one and will leave probably a million and a half in the hands of the trappers.

Half a dozen times in the last dozen years it has looked as though they would have to work for a living instead of following the free and easy existence they lead in their huts and pronges along the great sea marsh of Louisiana or the rivers, bayous and lakes which empty into the Gulf. They are unfortunately exterminators.

Starting with the alligators, they killed the entire saurian tribe in Louisiana, converting them into hand bags and satchels, until there were no alligators to kill. Then when fashion changed, they set in to kill the terns, greys and other seabirds for their feathers. In two years they exterminated several species of these birds and would have annihilated all of them had not the Audubon society intervened and secured the protection of the birds by state and federal statutes.

When it looked like hard work with the hoe and the spade for the trappers, furs came into fashion, and the arctic region not being able to supply the demand, substitutes were sought for everywhere. To the surprise of everybody it was discovered that Louisiana was a great fur producer. It contributed last year more furs than any other state except the wilder states of the far west, for it turned in for 1909 in a season of three months something like 10,000,000 pelts.

The business has assumed immense proportions. A number of dealers spring up in New Orleans, and the trappers hold the competition so great and prices so high that from their point of view they rolled in wealth. Think of a trapper, living in a hut a negro would disdain, who probably never made \$300 a year before in his life, receiving \$5,000 or \$6,000 for muskrats and mink.

DETECTIVE OF OLD JAPAN

Folk Lore Story that Goes Back to Feudal Days.

PRACTICAL USE FOR THE IDEA

Mayor of Yedo, Who Sentenced a God to Imprisonment for Evidence that Led to the Arrest of Highway Robbers.

Somebody said recently that the detective story is as old as the pyramids and that some of the "Arabian Nights" forecasted "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "A Study in Scarlet" by a thousand years and more; but no better proof of the catholicity of the detective story can be found than that offered by feudal Japan, which produced the tale of the arrest of the stone god Jizo.

In this folk story of ancient Yedo the hero detective moves with all the seeming indirection of Lesca and Sherlock Holmes' his marvels to perform. O-saka was, mayor of Yedo under the eighth shogun and holder of the high justice and the low over all the merchants of Tokogawa's capital.

This O-saka received a salary of 10,000 koku of rice and Mrs. Y. Ozaki, who is the wife of the present mayor of Tokio (old Yedo renamed) and who is the chronicler of the craft of O-saka in the Japan Magazine, says that the old chief earned his salary ten times over. "One day a servant employed by the proprietor of a big store near Japan bridge in Yedo was sent with a heavy pack of valuable cotton goods on his back to a dyer in Honjo district. When the store's messenger reached Yokogawa street he was ready to seek rest. What more safe invitation could have offered than the little grove of trees set about his neighbor's grove of the god Jizo, the patron saint of travelers and defenseless women and children?"

The somnolent porter awoke from a nap to find that his employer's cotton had disappeared. In great distress he went to the storekeeper and confessed that he had slept. The storekeeper, who was only a few steps from the grove of the god Jizo, the patron saint of travelers and defenseless women and children? "You are certainly to blame for having fallen asleep," reproved the mayor, "but Jizo is equally to blame, for he is a god bound to protect every one who trusts in him and in this instance he has betrayed you. I cannot pardon him for his neglect of duty. I will have him arrested and brought before me for trial."

O-saka gave immediate orders to his court officers to go and arrest the Jizo of Yokogawa street and bring him before the mayor's seat for trial. Three of the officers departed in a palanquin and first found the arms of the stone god with coils of rope; then they tried to lift him from his firm pedestal into a cart. A great crowd assembled before the Jizo, attracted by the unusual behavior of the court officers. When they were told that Jizo had to be removed from his pedestal, the citizens of Yokogawa street and the neighborhood of Honjo marvelled.

The task of unseating the god was too much for the three court officers and they sought aid of those standing about. They promised that in return for assistance they would admit the messenger workers into the court room to witness the extraordinary trial. Hundreds were spurred by curiosity to lend a hand and when the stone god went through the streets, strapped to a cart like any offender the crowd grew. It filled the great hall of justice when Jizo was lifted on a wooden platform and placed upon the great hall of justice. "Addressed the god in stern words. "You are a negligent fool, O Jizo!" he exclaimed in a voice loud enough for all to hear. "You are supposed to protect every one who believes in you and who renders tribute, yet this time you have made a prayer to me, then you have robbed me very fast and he was robbed while he slept. You stand accused of being an accomplice in this robbery. Have you anything to say for yourself before I pass sentence?"

Mayor O-saka waited for a few moments as if expecting the stone lips of Jizo to open in reply, but when no answer was made by the god he passed sentence immediately. "Since you do not defend yourself I consider that you are guilty," said his honor. "Therefore I will imprison you for only plain thieves." They think this court is a penny show and they laugh at the court's orders. Shut all the gates at once."

The scared attendants hastened to shut the gates of the court room. Then Mayor O-saka adjudged every man in the great crowd in contempt of court and fined each of them one dan, a limited length of cotton cloth. The hundreds thus suddenly found in contempt were happy that their punishment had been so light at least, and under bonds they hurried to their homes to bring back the cloth fins. Before the day was done 300 pieces of cotton cloth had been presented before the mayor's court, the name of each culprit being written upon one tan of cotton cloth which he presented.

Before he would allow the 300 to go, however, O-saka retired with the porter who had been robbed to an inner chamber and he asked the porter to look over the 300 pieces of cotton cloth and see if he could identify any of them as having been once in the pack he had carried. Since every manufacturer of cotton cloth in Yedo always marked the selvage of each strip with a little red trademark stamp the porter searched the edges of the many strips of cloth for a stamp similar to that borne by the cloth which he had been robbed. He found that two of the pieces of cloth brought to pay the mayor's fine bore the stamp of his plundered pack. Instantly Mayor O-saka gave orders for the arrest of the two men who had brought the cloth; they confessed to the robbery and all of the cloth they had taken from the sleeping porter's pack was restored to him.

All the other pieces of cloth taken in toll by the mayor were restored to their owners and all but the two guilty ones of the crowd which had attended the trial of Jizo were released. Then Jizo, the stone god, was put on a cart, wreathed with the evergreen pine and the bamboo, symbols of long life and prosperity, and he was carried back to his pedestal in Yokogawa street at the head of a triumphal procession. Jizo had vindicated himself and Mayor O-saka, the wise, set even the more firmly in his seat of power.

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