

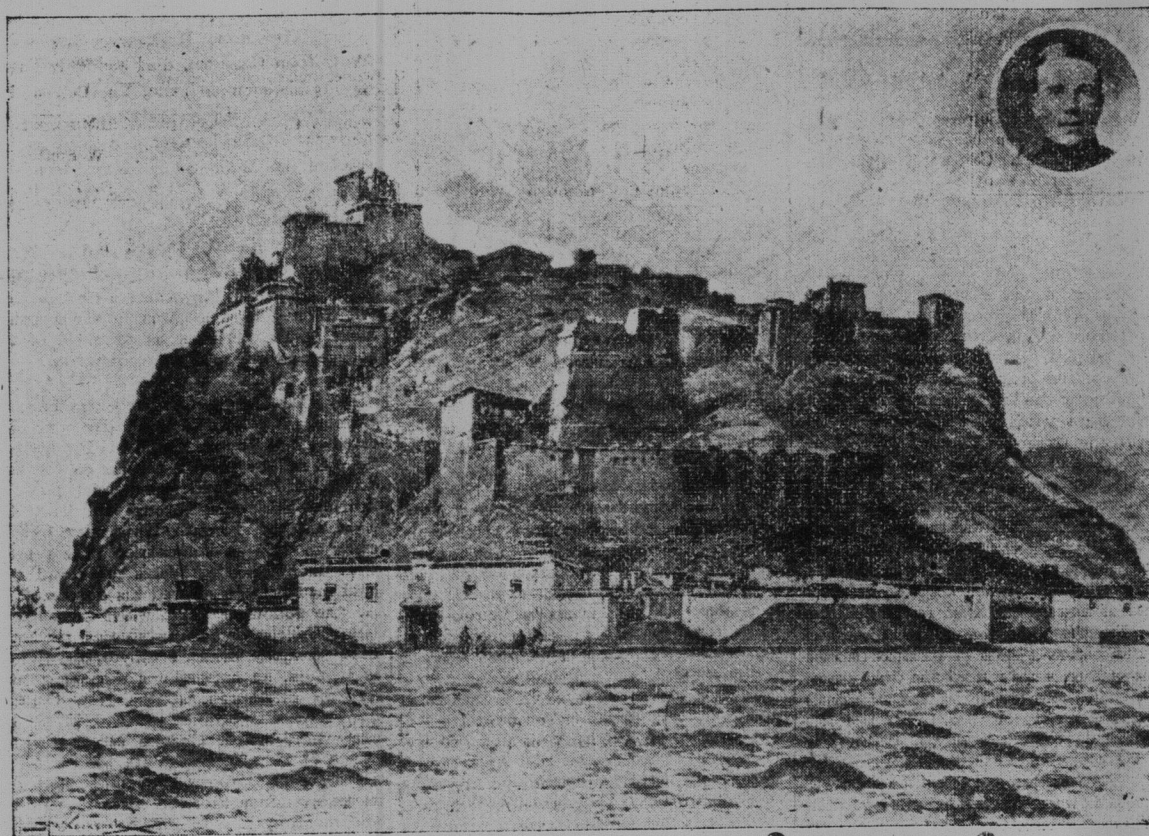
THE SECRET OF THE THIBETAN EXPEDITION.

How Britain is Thwarting Russian Designs Upon India.

GYANGTSE FORT, STORMED BY THE BRITISH, JULY 6

Drawn by H. W. Kookkook from a photograph by an officer of the expedition for the London Illustrated News.

THE HERO OF THE SUCCESSFUL ASSAULT.
LIEUTENANT GRANT.



THE QUEER CITADEL THAT DEFIED THE BRITISH ARMS FOR NEARLY TWO MONTHS

Times, the mysterious land into which British troops are doggedly pushing their way, is thus described in the Book of the East by W. C. Jamieson Reid who spent some time there.

Recent despatches telling of the advance of the British diplomatic expedition into Tibet have been overshadowed by the larger contest in the Far East. Only the close student of Asiatic affairs has given this one of England's innumerable little wars more than scant attention. To the ordinary reader China, Manchuria, Japan, and Russia mean something concrete, something that even the most casual geographical student can understand. But Tibet, the isolated, the mysterious, the country which the world at large looks upon with whimsical disinterest. Yet, while popular interest is engrossed in the deathstruggle of the Slav and Jap, in this other part of the vast Eurasian continent, there are events progressing in which the civilized world must be deeply interested. Tibet, "the forbidden land" of the Asiatic continent, will not long appear on current maps as the last of the unknown regions.

The fruition of British plans in regard to Tibet will produce far-reaching political and economic results. It will strike a telling blow at Slavonic prestige in Asia; and, in the event of the final success of Japanese arms on the Pacific littoral, will place a barrier in the path of Russian expansion which even Slavonic might and craft will have difficulty in surmounting. In all this there is a bit of poetic justice. Russia has been proclaimed as the peace-keeper; but Russia seized arbitrary advantage in China, and elsewhere in Asia; while England's hands were securely tied in the late South African war.

Purpose of Expedition.

If we are to believe British statesmen, the purpose in Tibet is simply an armed demonstration to impress Tibetan officials, and oblige them to maintain safety and freedom of trade on the roads extending from northern India to the western borders of China. Tibetan officials have countenanced brigandage against trading caravans using these highways between India and China; and now, according to the Asiatic administrative circles, it is time that these barbarous neighbors on the north be taught a salutary lesson.

But for anyone acquainted with the innermost of Asiatic political conditions it is not difficult to fathom the real motives. Russia, in her vast campaign of Asiatic expansion, has been actively paving the way in Tibet, by subtle diplomatic maneuvers, for eventual armed aggression. "India must some day be Russian" has been more than the phantom of Slavonic ultra-jingoism; far-sighted and calculating Russian statesmen have dreamed of the entire Eurasian continent as an appanage of St. Petersburg. Unfortunately for this gorgeous Slavonic dream two factors must be taken into calculation, to the disadvantage of Russian plans. One is the fact that England has been registering her dissatisfaction with any such scheme; and the effort which England now is making to assure the sphere of British influence over Central Asia is but part of the pre-arranged agreement existing between the two great island kingdoms of the East and West. And as Japan is determined to strengthen her grasp and influence in Tibet and Central Asia, England's policy in her present invasion of Tibet is to thwart Russian designs on her Indian Empire.

Tibet Almost Unknown.

Tibet is the least known region on the habitable globe, though teeming with features of interest for the scientist, the ethnologist, and the student of aboriginal mankind in general.

Forming a high tableland almost in the very center of the Asiatic continent, thousands of feet above the sea level, surrounded on all sides by mountain ranges among the highest in the world, and covered throughout its whole extent with appalling deserts, vast salt-swamps, and immense ice-covered plains, Tibet is not a land which would attract the traveler in search of beauties of landscape. When one has traveled through its arid wilds the impression left on memory is that of a combined Sahara and Antarctic ice-plain. Never a tree is seen, and scarcely a flower, except for a few months in

the year. Mountains covered with soil which by thrift and industry might be made productive, are left in their wild state for the growth of coarse grasses, furnishing scanty pasturage for the small herds of scrawny cattle. More favored regions are inhabited by small herds of wild asses, antelopes, and yak, affording subsistence to a sinister and uncouth population.

The sterility of the landscape is reflected in the natives. It would be impossible to imagine a people more unenlightened and barbarous. No spark of civilization has yet made itself felt.

In stature the Thibetans are above most other semi-barbarous races in Asia, but comparatively shorter than the European. Though classed as a single race, there is no homogeneity between the different tribes; and these in turn are divided into sects and clans, each deriving its name from some feature of the landscape or from some mythical legend or ancestor.

Hostile and Warlike.

The worst trait of the Thibetans is their ungovernable hostility and their love of warfare. Each tribe is generally at war with its neighbor, and in many cases on the most trivial pretext. Two men may quarrel over the possession of a knife or equally valueless article. The aggrieved party returns to his village, or encampment and reports the facts in the case to his chief. His right to the article in dispute is never considered; it is enough that he should have quarrelled over it. War is immediately declared on the tribe of his rival by sending messengers with arrows dipped in blood, and the head of any unfortunate prisoner of war who may have been captured prior to the outbreak of hostilities. From that moment the quarrel becomes deadly. No concerted action is taken, the future strife being much in the nature of a gigantic feud. When a man of one tribe meets one of the rival tribe, a combat takes place until one or the other has been killed, the victor cutting off the head of his vanquished foe as a trophy of his prowess. His standing among his people is determined by the number of these gory trophies adorning the roof of his dwelling. Poisoned food, and the poisoning of wells and springs, are subtleties which either tribe feels itself perfectly at liberty to use to compass the downfall of a rival.

This kind of a rivalry, which may last for years, until a powerful chief, not in the quarrel, steps in and orders representatives of each of the warring factions to meet at his hut. There a feast has been prepared; and two bowls of food, one of which contains poison, are placed before the two emissaries. The tribe whose representative dies is held to be the aggressor, and is obliged to pay a heavy fine of cattle and other articles of value to the tribe whose claims have been sustained by the process of ordeal. A similar method is adopted in the settlement of disputes between two individuals of the same community, when the wives and the entire possessions of the man who dies belong to the one who survives.

As to the woman, the traveler is struck by the hardness and misery of her lot. Although, owing to the scarcity, a woman is a valuable commodity, she is treated with the utmost contempt, and her existence is infinitely worse than the very animals of her kind and manner. Polygamy is rarely practiced, increasing the horror of her position, for she is required to be a slave to a number of masters, who treat her with the most rigorous harshness and brutality. From the day of her birth until her death—few Thibetan women live to be over fifty—her life is one protracted period of humiliation.

Affection is Unknown.

Among the Thibetans affection is unknown. Witnessing the hardships attending the early life of the children, one wonders how they survive. When a child is born the mother is driven from the village or encampment, and takes up her abode in some hut or cave in the open country, with a scanty supply of food, furnished by her husband, and brought to her by women of the tribe. When the child is born the mother remains with it one or two months, then returns to the village and informs her husband of the birth of a male, some consideration is shown to her; should it be a female, however, she receives a severe beating from her husband.

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band, and suffers the scorn of the tribe. "At an early age the boy is impressed with the numerous duties which he is given when hardly able to walk he is given weapons, and at the age of twelve years has become an accomplished hunter. When fifteen years of age he is required to go through an initiation ceremony prior to becoming an active member of the tribe. This function is accomplished by the trial of ordeals, being carried on before a council of chiefs and kinsmen, who closely watch the youth while he is being subjected to such inhuman tortures as being strung up by the thumbs and burned with red-hot iron. If he passes through this ordeal without manifesting signs of pain, the next stage of his initiation is proceeded with. Should he fail, his lot is far worse than that of the most miserable slave; he is cruelly beaten and abused, and subjected to the contumely of all, until the unfortunate wretch gladly ends his existence. Having passed the first ordeal, the youth is isolated in a hut at some distance from the village, is denied food, and goes through a lengthy period of starvation, being visited by the priests; who provide him with slips of prayer-paper, and teach him the precepts of the religion of his fathers. On his release he must give proofs of his prowess as a hunter or warrior, or he cannot enter the tribe as a member.

Courting a Severe Ordeal.

While among the Thibetans witnesses of the queer ceremonies incident to marriage and death. Wives are sometimes secured by a foraging expedition on a weaker tribe, and by seizing as many women as may be desired. The usual method, however, is this: When a warrior, suited with the glory of martial life, desires a wife, he waits upon the father of the girl who has attracted his eye, and makes an offer of marriage. The father, after weighing the matter carefully, for a refusal is likely to provoke a long and bloody feud—in turn waits upon the priest and acquaints them with the nature of the offer, at the same time paying to them a munificent bribe in order to secure the answer of the deities as to whether the marriage should be entered into. The wife-seeker, should he be diplomatic enough, has meantime carried a large bribe to the kinsmen, who stand both father and son to the limit of safety, when the decision of the deities is given.

For a month the accepted suitor must keep the family of his favored one supplied with meat and other luxuries, and must be on his guard against rival suitors. At the end of a month the chosen one is invited to a grand feast by the father of the girl, where the betrothal is sealed by each cutting a small incision in the arm and mingling the blood flowing from the wound. This function of blood-brotherhood having been finished, the girl is brought forward, veiled with grease and various colored pigments, adorned in all her finery, and with a rope tied round her neck as a badge of subservience. Then ensues a scene of the shrewdest bargaining, the father dilating on the good points of the girl much in the manner that a connoisseur of blooded stock would expound the good points of an animal, while the suitor, having calculated how many cattle he is willing to give, strives to secure her at the lowest possible price. The requisite price having been paid, she is led to the house of her husband, where she is subjected to a severe beating in order properly to humble her spirit, and made to run round the village loudly proclaiming the merits and value of her husband, meanwhile touching those objects which are supposed to have a potent influence over her welfare, such as the tails of the cattle or the little stone idols placed in front of each dwelling.

Worship of Ancestors.

Worship of ancestors is carried on among all the tribes. At intervals the bones of illustrious forefathers are dug up and carefully washed. With preternatural gravity the natives go about this operation, carrying huge pots of water to the open graves and religiously scrubbing the bones. Lustrations as the operation is, to the natives themselves it is an intensely solemn and sacred ceremony. As the possession of a large "bone" gives the fortunate individual great power in the tribes, these bones are sometimes seized for debt or on the inauguration of a feud, the person or family so deprived of the sacred relics being doomed until the bones have been redeemed.

"The every-day life of the Thibetans is

limbo—or else in the back part of her father's tent or hut, while these same relatives guard the entrance in each case the latter being armed with Lolo thornsticks. The groom, when these preparations have been completed, rides up and announces his intention of seizing the bride. This requires fortitude, for the relatives beat him unmercifully when he attempts to reach the woman. If he manages to elude his assailants and touch the toe of the woman, she is his, he is welcomed into the family and complimented on his ardor. Should he fail, he suffers no ill, but the loss of cattle and other presents given during the negotiations. By the sale of a girl to one man, however, the father does not relinquish his claims upon her, but may sell her to other suitors who come afterwards, until she may have a half-dozen husbands.

"The Thibetans are possessed of a deeply religious spirit. Lamas and witch-doctors hold almost unlimited sway, their power being superior even to that of the chiefs. In its basic elements their religion is Buddhist; but more attention is paid to various forms of mummerly and magic, in no wise dissimilar from the most degraded forms of African fetish-worship.

one of hardship, but rarely one of toil, as they are philosophers on a small scale in believing that today is here to be enjoyed, and that the morrow has yet to come. The greater part of their life seems given up to the practice of their religious devotions and to the pursuit of necromancy and soothsaying, although a little more disposition for honest toil would in a great measure ameliorate their present miserable existence. But the Thibetans have no time for small things—those elements of industry and application to the stern necessities of life which go to make up the real prosperity of a country.

Besides believing so fully in the powers of magic and necromancy, the Thibetans have numerous strange myths, one, the most curious, pertaining to the sun, moon and stars. The sun is believed to be an immense ball of yak-meat and fat, whereas the spirits of departed ancestors are supposed to feast, the light being caused by its heated condition. The stars are portions of this immense feast which, dropping to earth, give birth to animals for the sustenance of suffering humanity. The moon is a lesser ball of similar texture as the sun, in use while the larger one is being replenished for the morrow. When the sun or moon fails to appear in cloudy days and nights, it means that the deities are undergoing a period of fasting and religious abnegation. And the parched and sterile condition of bleak regions is ascribed to the fact that many thousands years ago the sunball slipped from the hands of its keepers, descended too near the earth, and, before being recaptured scorched those parts with which it came in contact."

PREVENTION ALL-IMPORTANT.

Punishment Not So Important

as Prevention -- Keep the Boys Out of Trouble and Save the Hangman a Job.

Students of criminal problems are impressed by the expanding disposition to stultify the value of preventive measures. Formerly the principal stress was placed upon reformation; now, although the importance of reformatory influences is still recognized, the great emphasis is given to prevention. The theories of the two methods of dealing with the crime problem are not inconsistent, but the current judgment concerning the relative value of the two schemes of operation involves large social interests.

A state reformatory, without supplying any solution of the commandment of crime, operates as a palliative, as a helpful agency and as a needed appendix to the penal system of any commonwealth. At a state prison the youthful adult first offender is bound to touch elbows with professional and petrifed criminals, and in the jails of most states he is pretty likely to get sucked into a demoralizing environment which tends to make his last estate worse than his first. At a state reformatory restorative influences can be scientifically applied to him; his better impulses can be induced to rub their eyes and wake up; and a useful trade, habits of industry, the trick of application, a sense of moral responsibility and the capacity of self-control can be taught. It seeks to give the rascal an opportunity, plus tools and the means of applying them, to make a "No Throughfare" sign is erected across the criminal highway, and to enable him to work out his own salvation and to exercise the choice of sinners or swimming. The underlying assumption is that if a wayward chap is reformatable the best and, without the deepest thing to do with him is to reform him. The plan deals with the offender and not with the offense.

The reformatory system isn't humanitarianism running amok, but is the application of sound psychological principles.

ties. The treatment is not protracted; the training is not sugar-coated; the taste of the castor oil of rigorous discipline is not obliterated by any sarsaparilla syrup. Born in New York and still on the junior side of the gray-haired period, the reformatory system has extended to Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas and Colorado, and has reached the talk stage in several other commonwealths. Results that are creditable, although not colossal, have been achieved, and the reflex influence of the reformatory on prison and penitentiary administration has been broadening and uplifting. The practical usefulness of a reformatory is determined, not by the physical plant and not by the laws and rules governing the institution, but by the personal equation of the executive head and by the spirit animating the official staff.

But it is easy to harbor a false and exaggerated notion of the value of a reformatory. It is said that a Mormon farmer once drove a yoke of oxen into the Great Salt Lake to drink, and when they came out they were covered with mud. No such short-cut formula can accomplish the transformation of a criminal. To build up a reformatory through a reformatory and expect him to come out at the other end with wings working their way up through the shoulders of his own mind, and round out a morally uneducated fellow by dishing him on canned goodness and potted virtue is always a laborious process and not always an effective one. Efforts to wash off the taint of crime by regular and repeated applications of the water of discipline made foamy by the soap of high ideals is bound to encounter frequent failure. The water of reform is not the water of the stream rather than the water of the stream from the source. Formation is easier than reformation, and pays better besides. If a dozen youngsters are being developed into criminals while a dozen adult criminals are being reformed, the net progress is slow. The present tendency of belief is that the vital feature of the whole question is to reach social harmony against the initial development of delinquency; and without peering on the preserves of prophecy it is easy to hazard the confident guess that an increasing measure of thought and of activity during the next decade or two will be devoted to rescuing the child in the alley from his vicious environment and to heading off the manufacture of offenders. Prevention involves the large problem of the street and the still larger problem of the home. Solomon's injunction to "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it" goes as deep as ever plummet sounded. Centuries afterwards the same fundamental idea, lodged out in meter, was exploited by Pope in the utterance that "the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and still later by Wordsworth in the line that "the child is father of the man."

Just what form and fashion any comprehensive scheme of prevention will assume one would hesitate to venture to suggest, but it is probable that many forces, operating along parallel lines and each playing its own part, will be brought into action. But it is getting to be pretty thoroughly recognized that opportunities must be provided where a boy can blow off steam without committing a misdemeanor; where, under regulation, he can gratify a natural love for daring and adventure without being chased off the reservation by a bluecoat; and where the free and full development of his body and soul can be effected without contamination and without drifting into hoodlumism. Vitality and truly vital is the statement uttered by Jacob A. Riis, the other day, that you can't make a whole man out of half a boy. The trend of the new thought is toward the problem of making whole boys.—Boston Transcript.

STARTLING PICTURE OF THE CZAR AND M. PLEHVE.

The Dictator Who Has Just Been Assassinated.



JAP AND RUSSIAN FACE TO FACE IN THE RENCHES BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

The Quarterly Review for July contains a very sensational article from the pen of a Russian official of high rank. The writer declares that the real character of the Tsar is utterly different from the legendary portrait in which Nicholas II is depicted as a prince of peace, a Slav Messiah. When he began his reign in 1894 he was still his mother's child, sensitive, passive, diffident. The state council which was convened to do homage to the new monarch expected imperial majesty, but were confronted with childish constraint, a shaming gaze, a furtive glance, and squinted eyes added into the apartment. With downcast eyes, and in a shrill falsetto voice, he hastily spoke a single sentence: "Gentlemen, in the name of my late father, I thank you for your services," hesitated for a second, and then, turning on his heels, was gone.

But this was only a temporary phase. When he met the Zemstvo a few days later, the keynote of his appearance was "almost superhuman dignity." M. Pobedonostsev, it seems, had hypnotized him. One of the Zemstvos had tried to hope that "his confidence might not be wholly shared by the bureaucracy." The autocrat strode majestically into the hall, and, with knitted brows, stamping his little foot, ordered the representatives of the people to put away such chimerical notions, which he would never entertain. Since then the Tsar has looked upon himself as the center of the world, and has meddled in every affair of state, domestic and foreign, thwarting the course of justice, immovably his subjects, boasting his love of peace and yet flinging his tax-burdened people into the horrors of a needless war.

The writer and his party are supporters of monarchy and opposed to Nihilism, Socialism, and every kind of revolutionary

agitation. They desire a strong monarchy, not a wild Oriental despotism. Unstaidly, half-hearted, self-complacent and fickle, the Tsar changes his favorite with his fickle moods, and allows obscure and dangerous men to influence him. M. Sipyagin is described as a flattering courtier who obtained great ascendancy over the Tsar. The Tsar made him not his friend only but his comrade, and even dined and supped at his house. On April 14, 1901, the minister invited the Tsar to dinner. The Tsar consented. Preparations were made. Officials were sent to search for a special kind of big strawberries. Gipsies were engaged to sing. Prize chickens from Paris were telegraphed for. St. Petersburg was scoured for piquant delicacies. But on the Thursday fixed for the imperial repast Sipyagin was dead. He had been assassinated by a youth as a warning and a protest.

The Tsar's choice now fell on M. de Plehve, who became Dictator of All the Russias, and helped to ruin the Finnish nation. He is of obscure parentage, a German blood with a Jewish strain. The disaffected peasants were cruelly dogged by his orders; and he brought about the fall of M. de Witte, the finance minister, who spoke too freely to the Tsar. De Witte said:

Your majesty pledged your word to evacuate Manchuria, and the world believed you. Russia will now lose all credit, and perhaps not even gain Manchuria, if it please your majesty to break that pledge. War also will follow, and we sorely need peace. Besides, Manchuria is useless to us. Therefore I cannot be a party to that policy.

The courtiers said that "Witte is a haughty dictator, who gives himself the air of an emperor." So the Tsar dismissed him. M. de Plehve is now the most influential personage in the empire—a Mus-

covite grand vizier, who wields absolute power. The massacres of the Jews, the banishment of the Finns, the spoliation of Armenians, the persecution of Poles, the rule of nobles, the dogging of peasants, and the espionage system, are his work.

The Tsar is very superstitious and credulous. He is ever conversing with spirits or consulting the spirit of the dead. He reads no books. He keeps his ministers in the dark. Shortly after the war began a number of officials asked Gen. Kuropatkin how things were going on. The war minister replied:

Like yourselves I know only what is published. The war is Alexeyev's business, not mine.

When three ministers implored the Tsar to evacuate Manchuria and keep the peace of the world, the Tsar replied: "I shall keep the peace of my own country as well." To one of the grand dukes, who, on the day before the rupture with Japan, vaguely hinted at the possibility of war, the Tsar said: "Leave that to me, Japan will never fight. My reign will be an era of peace and the end." The writer suggests that the Tsar is on the verge of insanity—he resembles in certain ways the unfortunate Paul I. In his study he is generally busy signing replies to addresses of loyalty, or writing comments on official reports. His courtiers pretend that these comments are precious; for even such trivial remarks as "I am very glad," "God grant that may be so," are published in large type, glazed over in the MS., and carefully preserved in the archives like relics. When the Japanese consuls at Shanghai urged the Chinese to summon the "Manchur" to quit the neutral harbor, the Tsar penned on the margin of the report the memorable words: "The Japanese consul is a scoundrel." Among other strange revelations,

the writer declares that the Grand Duke Alexis, whose foreign mistress, a French actress, causes ministers to tremble, is the great palmer on the navy. In his connection it is worth noting that the German Socialist organ, the Vorwarts, recently published a terrible account of the immortality rite among the officers of the Russian army in Manchuria.—London Leader.

The Art of Bargaining Exemplified by D. of W.

The late Levi Z. Leiter now and then used to narrate incidents of his early life as a clerk in a dry goods shop of Leistersburg (Md.) With one of these incidents, with a parable, Mr. Leiter would often illustrate some points he wished to make.

"Be frugal and careful in your dealings," he said to a young business man one day, "but never be grasping. Never try to overreach. Such courses too often make a man ridiculous, and give him, besides, a bad reputation that lasts all his life."

"A reputation of this kind was acquired in a moment in our Leistersburg store by a woman, and she could never shake it off."

"This woman came into the store and said to me, in the presence of a good-sized crowd of spectators, 'I am very glad.'"

"How much is this guimpe, young man?"

"One dollar a yard, ma'am, I said."

"But she was slightly deaf. She misunderstood me."

"Two dollars a yard?" she exclaimed. "Well, it ain't worth it. I'll give you a dollar and a half, and that's all I'll give."

"One dollar, ma'am, is the price," I repeated in a louder key. "The Japanese consul is a scoundrel." Among other strange revelations,