

SARGASSO IS SEA OF MANY SECRETS

Expedition Will Explore Mysterious Region.

As if an enormous giant had put his finger into the sea and stirred it round, the entire North Atlantic ocean slowly revolves in the direction of the clock's hands.

In the center is the Sargasso sea, a gigantic collection of floating islands, made of seaweed and inhabited by countless living things.

Nobody knows how Herodotus, in ancient times, came by the alarming stories he told of this mysterious region, for it is only during recent years that it has been properly charted.

When Columbus and his men were drawn into this oval-shaped vortex, his ship remained out of control for 45 days, and the crew thought they were condemned to perish in a watery prison, closely guarded by seaweed barriers for 200,000 square miles. But a strong wind luckily carried the ship to safety.

Supported in the water by small air balloons, the feathery wisps of Sargasso are mostly olive-brown in color, with blotches of white. The chief source of supply has been proved to be the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea.

Sailors do not like this strange trapper which floats, almost like land, on the bosom of the Atlantic. It is reputed to be the home of barbed fish and the hiding place of mysterious monsters. Animals drifting about on the surface of the sea, with only the scattered cover of moving seaweed, are exposed to many dangers, not only from the birds always hovering above, but from hungry fish lurking in the patches of unrovered sea, which is the fittest in the world.

To protect themselves, all the living creatures huddle, in a remarkable way, the color of their floating home. One grotesque little animal is conspicuous owing to the disproportionate size of its head and jaws, and resembles the frog fish, sometimes seen near British coasts.

Making its nest of seaweed bound together by long cords of its own manufacture, this singular creature combines all the characteristics of an animal, a fish, and a bird.

A short-tailed crab of the shell-less type swarms on the Sargasso weed and is bleached with white to match the light patches on its surroundings. These and many more peculiar creatures will be examined by Professor Beebe, of New York, who recently set out to explore this little-known region.

A secret ambition of the expedition is to capture a monster squid, a terrifying fish of the cuttlefish family, with black eyes at least 42 inches in diameter and about 50 feet in length. The body of these giants, one of which the explorers hope to capture, is wrapped in a loose mantle from an opening in which emerges the oval-headed head with its sharp, parrot-like beak.

Victoria Invested Wisely

Through the good advice of Disraeli, her chief adviser, Queen Victoria of England, invested in Suez canal stock and was thus enabled eventually to leave additional millions to her children. She also was one of the original owners of a share in the New River Water company which provided the water supply for London. The water shares originally worth a pound (85), enhanced in value to where they were worth millions, and even the richest of others like the Rothschilds were forced to be content later with a sixteenth or a thirty-second of a share.

Quake Made Trouble

All was peaceful and quiet Saturday night in the Springfield police station when Patrolman Clark, who was entering something in the police blotter, suddenly shouted: "For the love of Mike, Mitchell, stop shaking the table. How do you suppose I can write?" Patrolman Mitchell indignantly denied that he was shaking the table and accused Clark of being responsible. The argument was waxing warm, with each denying and accusing, when the telephone rang and gave them their first inkling that an earthquake was the cause of the table's strange behavior. —Boston Globe.

China's Trade in Bones

For many years, the economical Chinese have put animal bone to good use for various ornamental and practical articles and for fertilizer, but the traffic in this commodity in recent times has greatly increased so that now they are said to be importing large quantities. During the first six months of 1922 Shanghai alone imported nearly 1,500 tons of cow bone valued at more than \$278,000, principally for the same makers. In 1922 China exported more than \$1,000,000 worth of bone. —Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Sheet Covers Two Acres

Near Fitzgerald, Ga., there is a large tobacco field or bed covering two unbroken acres, so that a large sheet containing two acres of cloth had to be designed to cover it. The bed is on the farm owned by H. K. Sligh, which is on the Dixie highway.

Use the Bath Spray

You can keep your screens clean by giving them a bath every week with the bath spray. Then your curtains will not soil so easily.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale by Mary Graham Bonner

SOME DAY

John had been promised that some day he would be taken to Cow Bay.



The Lunch Basket.

think it was a pretty enough name for so lovely a spot and they called it Silver Sands.

None of the people who had loved it for years called it anything else but Cow Bay. Maybe the name was foolish and maybe it wasn't a very beautiful name.

But if you've always had a name for a place you become attached to it and even if it isn't just the right name, you don't want to change it.

Cow Bay was really a gorgeous spot. It had a great wide, wide beach, and it was very, very long. From one end of the beach to the other the surf rose and fell, tumbled in foamy white tumblers and came dancing up on the sunlit sand.

The water was always so deep and gorgeous blue. The foam so white and fluffy and as it came rushing in on top of the waves the sun danced a rainbow dance through it.

Behind the beach was a forest of low fir trees. It was quite far away from any place except some farms and people did not gather there in large numbers.

So, when you had a picnic there, you felt as though you almost owned the sky and the sea and the beach and the forests—there was so much of all. "Some day you'll go to Cow Bay. That's a promise." This was what John was told.

"Some day we'll have a picnic at Cow Bay and you'll go, too." This was what they said to him.

Then the days began to get warm and they planned to go to Cow Bay. They planned the picnic they would have. John's family were going and some friends of the family and another little boy was going so John would have someone just his own age with whom to play.

They would have lunch there and afternoon tea. There would be milk for John and his friend instead of afternoon tea, but they would have it in the afternoon, so they could call it afternoon milk. There would be cookies at this meal, too.

It was splendid to see the lunch basket being packed with all the delicious sandwiches which John's mother made.

It was fun to start off in the motor. First they went through the town where John lived.

Then they took a ferry and it was great fun to ride upon a boat right in the car and then stand still while the boat carried them all across the water to the other side.

At the other side they started the car again and went through a small town, then through some woods and beyond some farms to Cow Bay.

There it all was—the blue, blue sea stretching way, way out as though it knew it had all the world, the banks at each far end of the great wide beach, the surf, the clear, clean salt air mingled with the fragrance of the forests—oh, what a heavenly place it was.

They ran races, they went in wading, they went swimming, they ate, they rested, they had their pictures taken, they went in wading again and swimming again and ate again, and they came home after a wonderful day the same way they had gone.

But when they got home there was just one thing John couldn't understand.

They had said they were going to Cow Bay "some day," and now they had gone on Tuesday.

Why hadn't they gone "some day" as they had said instead of Tuesday? And then they explained to John that "some day" meant any day upon which people did the thing they had planned to do "some day."

Ambition

Kindly Old Gent—Well, my little man, what would you like to be when you grow up?

Little Man—I'd like to be a nice old gentleman like you, with nothing to do but walk about and ask questions.

CHINESE TURKESTAN

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

CHINESE or East Turkestan, the latest country to attract an American scientific and big game hunting expedition, is with the possible exception of Tibet, the most inaccessible region of considerable extent outside the frigid zones. Tibet is a huge lofty plateau from which rises range after range of mountains. It is this huge wide Tibetan mountain mass which blocks the road from the south to Chinese Turkestan. To the southwest is the sea of high mountain peaks of the Karakorum mountains on the northern Kashmir border. Due west lies "the Roof of the World," the famous Pamir region; and from the Pamirs the Tian Shan range and its connecting links to the Altai mountains sweep off to the northeast separating the country from Russian Asia. Inside this major barrier the Tian Shans curve round enclosing Chinese Turkestan on the north and almost completely walling it round with a rim of the world's loftiest mountains.

It is only in the East that an opening exists to Chinese Turkestan, and that is across extensive desert regions, dotted with low mountains, which extend off to China proper. Geography, then, has conspired to make this region a Chinese province, by effectually fencing it from the rest of the world and by facing its one door toward China; and this in spite of the fact that the great majority of its inhabitants are not and never have been Chinese.

Chinese Turkestan is roughly 600 miles wide, north and south, and something more than 1,000 miles long, east and west. Inside the mountain walls the land slopes rapidly down to what seems a very low, level plain which constitutes more than half of the 354,000 square miles of the country. Although more than 20,000 feet lower than the highest peaks that tower over it, this plain is still several thousand feet above sea level. Even the Lop Nor, the salt marsh-lake into which the greater part of the drainage of Chinese Turkestan finds its way, lies 2,675 feet above the sea. Two hundred miles north of the Lop Nor is a small Asiatic "Death Valley," 330 feet below sea level. Mus Tagh Ata, highest of the country's peaks, reaches a height of 24,400 feet; so that there is a vertical range of more than four and a half miles.

Much of It Is Desert.

The snow-capped mountains of the Pamir region and the Tian Shans send down great quantities of water which forms the Tarim river, Chinese Turkestan's one great drainage system. Beginning in the southwest this river flows near the western and northern rim of the great plain, picking up additional streams and torrents in its progress, and finally empties into the Lop Nor near the eastern edge of the country. The heart of Chinese Turkestan, within the arc of the Tarim, is a great desolate desert, the Takla Makan, uninhabitable and seldom penetrated. Since the beginning of history important towns have existed along the northern and western rim of the country—through which contact with the East is maintained. Among the more important of these are some well known by name even to those unfamiliar with Chinese Turkestan such as Yarkand, Kashgar and Aksu.

On the south side of the Takla Makan desert numerous streams flow from the great Tibetan mountain rampart. Most of these streams never enter the Tarim drainage system, but lose themselves in the desert. One, the Khotan river, reaches the Tarim in times of flood, but at other seasons comes to an end in the greasy sands many miles short of the big river. As on the northern and western rim, their lands irrigated from the many small streams that flow from the mountains on the border of Tibet. In this southern group of oases, Khotan is the most important and the most famous city.

The great majority of the inhabitants of Chinese Turkestan are a mixture of Aryans and central Asiatic Turks. The country is simply a conquered province of China and there are only enough Chinese to hold the most important official positions, toarrison the chief cities, and to control certain lines of trade. Although the Chinese have been in control off and on for many centuries the people have never adopted the Chinese tongue nor have the officials learned the Jagatai Turkish language most generally spoken. All Chinese officials are provided with interpreters.

To the Chinese, East Turkestan is Sinkiang, or "The New Province," a name which advertises the westward extension of Chinese conquest many centuries ago. Sinkiang embraces also the division Sunganaria, just north of Chinese Turkestan. The governor of the entire province, the "Futai," has his capital at Urumchi.

Ostentation Counts.

Because of the prevailing ideas of class importance and official prestige, European travelers in Chinese Turkestan are accorded consideration in proportion to the ostentation with which they travel. Those who walk are looked down upon. Everyone of any importance rides, and the better the mount the greater the respect directed to the rider. Uniforms also

bring increased respect—more or less in proportion to their showiness. One traveler tells how he was rated as a very important personage, indeed, because when he called on officials he always got himself up in golf trousers, black leggings, a bright smoking jacket, and trimmed his hat with bright colored cloth.

The road to Chinese Turkestan from India leads not over a single mountain range and a single pass, but involves crossing a belt of high mountains and deep valleys about 200 miles broad, through several major passes and numerous minor ones. The most direct route leads from Srinagar, capital of Kashmir, as an advance base, north by way of what is sometimes called the Hunza Pass into the Taghdumbash Pamir, the Chinese portion of "the Roof of the World." This road leads over the final barrier between British and Chinese lands close to the point where British, Afghan and Chinese territory have a common corner, and Russian territory lies only about twenty miles away. From the Chinese Pamir, a region whose valleys lie at an altitude of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, the route runs down some of the headwater streams of the Tarim through a rough mountainous region and foothills, to Yarkand, metropolis of Chinese Turkestan.

The less direct route from Kashmir to Chinese Turkestan leads first to Leh, remote hill town of Ladakh, about 200 miles to the east. From Leh eastward leads an important caravan road into Tibet, while to the north lies the eastern route to Chinese Turkestan. The Karakorum Pass, over 18,000 feet high, the key to this route, is about 100 miles north of Leh. A short distance beyond Chinese territory is reached and the way then leads through a rough country, following river gorges and striking across ridges, to the lowlands. Caravans both to Khotan and Yarkand follow this route, diverging in the latter stages of the journey.

As a traveler approaches Yarkand after a trip through the bleak regions to the south he is impressed by the fertility of the oasis in which this remote metropolis is situated. This is especially true if he arrives at a season when the extensive orchards of apples, pears, peaches, apricots, mulberries and walnuts are in bloom or fruit. The soil is a deep, fertile loess which needs only water to make it exceedingly productive.

Yarkand a Busy Place.

Although a large community, Yarkand is uninteresting. There are no structures of architectural value. The mosques are devoid of beauty and there is a squalid sameness to the dwellings. The structures lining the principal streets have "sidewalks" protected by flat thatched projections to afford protection from the sun.

Considerable business is conducted in the bazaars at Yarkand. During the open season in the mountains caravans are constantly coming in from India, China and Russian Turkestan, and leaving for those countries. The various oases of Chinese Turkestan each have characteristic handicraft products, and a selection of these are always available in Yarkand: carpets, rugs, silk and cotton fabrics, metal work, leather goods. Most characteristic of the country are jade ornaments, for the mines of Chinese Turkestan are the most prolific source of jade known to the world. Since conditions in China have been so disturbed in recent years, the output of jade has fallen off markedly. Khotan, being nearer to the mines, is the particular jade center of the country.

Kashgar, a hundred miles to the northwest of Yarkand, has a population only about half as great as Yarkand, but its inhabitants seem more prosperous. Its bazaar is cleaner, its shops better and the streets are wider. Kashgar is not so fortunate, however, in the matter of fertile soil and must import some of its food-stuffs from other oases.

Chinese Turkestan has a scientific interest for ethnologists and a sentimental interest for all Westerners, for it is the reputed early home of the Aryan race.

The Pamirs, which lay for centuries almost a mystical region, became well known during the Nineteenth century due to Russian and British rivalry in that part of the world, and the dispatch by each of surveying parties. When this activity began the Chinese, too, established military posts near their borders. Almost as effectual in clearing up the geography of the region have been the numerous expeditions of big game hunters, chiefly British, who have gone into the region. The world long spoke of the Pamir region as a very high plateau. Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, then an M. P., visited the country in 1894, and was among the first to brand this a misconception, and to describe the Pamirs as very lofty, flat-bottomed mountain valleys, walled in by still more lofty peaks. In spring and summer grass grows luxuriantly on the floors of these valleys, a fact taken advantage of by a few nomad Kirgiz who bring in their flocks for fattening.

Wild sheep and goats, yak, foxes, marmots, lynx, bears, beex, leopards, wolves and wild dogs make up the animal life of the Pamirs. Fish abound in the lakes and numerous birds are found.

AFTER HER BABY CAME Mrs. Hollister Unable To Do Her Work for Six Months

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health



MRS. HENRY HOLLISTER WYANDOTTE, MICHIGAN

Wyandotte, Michigan.—"After my baby was born I did not do my own work for six months and could hardly take care of my own baby. I always had a pain in my right side and I was so bad I was getting round shoulders. I would feel well one day and then I would feel for three or four days that I would be in bed. One Sunday my mother came to see how I was, and she said a friend told her to tell me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So the next day I got a bottle and before it was half taken I

got relief. After I was well again I went to the doctor and he asked me how I was getting along. I told him I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and he said it did not hurt any one to take it. I am always recommending the Vegetable Compound to others and I always have a bottle of it on hand.—Mrs. HENRY HOLLISTER, P. O. No. 1, Box 7, Wyandotte, Michigan.

Another Woman's Case

St. Paul, Minnesota.—"I have a little girl three years old and ever since her birth I have suffered with my back as if it were breaking in two, and bearing-down pains all the time. I also had dizzy spells. I had read several letters of women in the newspapers, and the druggist recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to my husband for me. As a result of taking it my back has stopped aching and the awful bearing-down feeling is gone. I feel stronger and do all of my housework and tend to my little girl. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills for constipation. I have recommended these medicines to some of my friends and you may use this letter as a testimonial if you wish. I will be pleased to answer letters of other women if I can help them by telling them what this medicine has done for me.—Mrs. PIERCE, 117 West Summit Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Skunk Frozen to Track

F. L. Rice, a member of the section crew at Woodville, Maine, reported one day last winter that as the men started over the track in the morning they saw a skunk on the track ahead of them. Drawing near, they discovered that it had been caught there by its tail being frozen to the frosty rail. Rice killed the skunk, and then it was quite a pull to free its carcass from the rail.

A Pessimist in New Bedford

Teacher—Tell me, Johnny, how many mills make a cent? Johnny—Not a one of them.—Boston Post.

Queen Mary's China

Queen Mary is a great collector of china, especially Wedgwood and old Chelsea. Her interest has been gradually sorting and rearranging the china at Windsor, where the special cabinets containing it are lit up from inside at night.

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a safe and reliable remedy. 221 Pearl St., N. Y. 10047.

Awful Girls

"Gee, there's an awful lot of girls stuck on me!" "Yeah, they must be an awful lot." —Minnesota Star Mail.

CHILDREN CRY FOR Fletcher's CASTORIA. MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages. To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Be again as healthy as you used to be! The health and vigor you had in your youth can be yours again. Rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's disease, and kindred ailments, are the result of weak, sluggish, impure blood, and the reason your blood becomes like this is because it lacks the iron which is essential to enable it to throw the poisons out of your system. It keeps on circulating these impurities through your body and these ailments steadily grow worse. They finally become dangerous. The most amazing tonic ever discovered, to give your blood the iron it needs, is Acid Iron Mineral, bottled just as Nature herself produced it. Physicians and scientists have never been able to duplicate A. I. M. It is the only mineral iron which can be taken up directly by the blood corpuscles. This is why it purifies and strengthens your blood and so quickly gives you back that energy, appetite and vigorous health Nature intended you should have. For more than thirty years, this remarkable, natural blood tonic, has been bringing suffering men and women back to strength and health. It will do this for you. Go to your druggist today and get a bottle of Acid Iron Mineral. Also get a box of A. I. M. pills. A-I-M Percolating Corp. SALEM, VIRGINIA