

**AT BUDDHA'S SHRINE**

Tommy Atkins Camps In Shadow of Lama's Palace.

**LASSA'S MYSTERIES REVEALED.**

Door of Magic City, Closed For Many Centuries, Opened by Anglo-Tibetan Trade Treaty—A Prophecy Fulfilled—The Golden Temple as Seen Through British Eyes.

The sight of the dala lama and the signing in his palace at Lassa of an Anglo-Tibetan treaty mark the elimination of the last vestige of Russian influence and the firm establishment of British control in Tibet. They mark also the end of the remarkable exclusiveness which has been preserved for so many centuries by the mysterious inhabitants of "the roof of the world."

The veil has been lifted from the magic city of Lassa, "the best of the gods," and today Tommy Atkins, 620 strong, camps beside the palace of the dala lama, while General Macdonald tramps through the streets of the lama's capital.

Above the heads of the British soldiers rear the massive gold-covered roofs of Potala, the famous "red palace," as it is called, and the Khambh, or temple of the "Lord Buddha," of the Kunduling or residence of the regent or "king" of Tibet and the massive buildings of the upper and lower schools of mysticism.

Seven miles in circumference is Lassa, in the form of a great oval, but the densely populated part of the city is comparatively small, and its golden roofs and minarets cluster thickly together.

The reports from the British forces all agree that the first view of the town in approaching it from the west is remarkable. On the left is a conical hill, on which is seated the dala lama's residence, with its lofty blue flag and its roof of gold, between which and the town winds a broad avenue of ancient trees.

To the right is the Changua hill, surmounted by the medical college, an immense structure over a quarter of a mile long and several stories high. Between these two great hills, crowded by their wonderful structures, the visitor to Lassa catches sight of the Forbidden City. It appears a closely packed mass of red-roofed houses, surrounded by roofs of blue-glazed tiles, with here and there the glittering minarets and spires thrusting upward toward the sky. The tower overhead and over all the dominating presence of temples and palaces.

The most striking feature of the city is undoubtedly Potala, the palace of the dala lama. Buddha's vice regent on earth. The palace is an aggregation of several temples, the middle one, which dominates the rest, being the Red Palace, containing the great audience hall, where the dala lama, clad in yellow and seated on a throne supported by carved lions, was wont to receive his guests.

The Red Palace is crowned by a dome covered entirely with plates of gold, and from this roof at the great festivals the dala lama contemplated his worshippers as they advanced along the plain and prostrated themselves at the foot of the sacred mountain.

Three-quarters of a mile to the southwest is Xomling, the summer palace of the dala lama, situated in the midst of a beautiful garden, in which the British force is now encamped.

The Jowo Khang, or Temple of the Lord Buddha, is an immense building with three Chinese roofs covered with gold, the upper story of the edifice being supported by green marble pillars ten feet in diameter. Here is an exquisitely modeled image of Buddha, said by the priests to have been made during the life of the great teacher.

Around this are placed many golden lamps, which are kept burning constantly, supplied with melted butter.

North of the temple is the house of the astrologer royal and his hundred retainers, with an enormous golden cupola which is visible for many miles.

There is enough gold in Lassa to pay the national debt of Great Britain and the United States if the rumor constantly repeated be true, and something of the truth of this statement is inferred from the massive plates of gold which cover the roofs of the buildings.

On the southern side of the city flows the Kyichu river, while a canal diverted from the river flows to the north, including the city entirely by water. Across the bridge is the large stone bridge over which crossed the British forces.

As yet no accurate idea of the population of Lassa has been obtained. It is the home of the million of Buddhists, and every tenth person is a priest of Buddha.

Those who are not priests are more or less intimately connected with the administration of the religious government of Tibet either as the servants of the priests or laborers in the temples or as subordinate lay officials of the priesthood government.

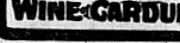


MRS. CECELIA STOWE, Ontario, B'nai B'rith Club.

176 Warren Avenue, CAROLINA, N.C., Oct. 22, 1902. For nearly four years I suffered from ovarian troubles. The doctor insisted on an operation as the only way to get well. I, however, strongly objected to an operation. My husband felt disappointed as well as I, for I have with a sick woman is a discomfiting place at best. A friendly druggist advised me to try a bottle of Wine of Cardui for me to try, and he did so. I began to improve in a few days and after a few more bottles I was another being.

*Cecelia Stowe*

Mrs. Stowe's letter shows every woman how a home is made by female weakness and how completely Wine of Cardui cures that ailment. Do not get on suffering. Go to your druggist today and secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.



elaborated "devil dances," in which the priests danced as monks and hobgoblins until dawn-like or performed weird antics in order to accustom the worshippers of the Buddhist faith to the sight of the creatures which shall have passed into the presence of the monsters of the after life.

Wild, wailing music rings through the dead and clamorous, the cast which priests in their hideous costumes their tenebrous rites and perform the frightful parade that is marked by a trail of blood, for human sacrifices are required for the performance of these ceremonies.

In the town are many strange classes of hangers on of the Buddhist monasteries. It is a curious fact in connection with the establishment of British control in Tibet, with all that it portends, that long years ago it was prophesied that the reincarnation of Buddha in the person of the grand lama would cease after his thirteenth transmigration. The dala lama, who has fled into Mongolia, is the thirteenth lama and the incarnation of the great first started for his own purpose and upheld my force of arms by Lozang the Eloquent.

**SOME STORIES OF HOAR**

How the Massachusetts Senator Got Out With Harris.

FORAKER AND TILLMAN CORRECTED

Taken on General Butler, Hoar's Pet Averment—Instantly as to "Corporal's Vote of Absent-mindedness"—The Fictitious Callum and Allison.

An incident in Senator Hoar's public career which occurred some years before the death of Senator Isham G. Harris of Tennessee is thus described by a man who spent much of his time at Washington, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat:

"The senator from the Bay State and the senator from Tennessee had been friends for twenty years and, while belonging to different political parties and often clashing in the senate, talking against each other and voting against each other, nothing had ever happened to disturb the intimacy of the relationship.

"One day some question was up in the senate which developed a great deal of partisan wrath, and Senator Harris had been well to the front in the debate and had given away probably too much to his confederates by his pathy and a certain smoldering trouble which he carried to the tomb with him. He was attacked, of course, and in growing the position he had assumed one of the younger members took occasion to refer to Senator Harris as a major. Senator Hoar finally made a major in the drum corps—a drum major.

"The Tennessee senator was stung to the quick. He made no reply. He would hardly speak to Senator Hoar. One day Senator Hoar was talking to one of his senatorial associates when Senator Harris passed. 'By the way,' Senator Hoar said to the friend, 'you have wounded Senator Hoar deeply by your reference in the senate a few

days ago in which you compared him to a drum major.' Senator Hoar was surprised, for he had intended no offense. The next day when the senate met Senator Hoar rose to a question of privilege. He recognized the incident in the senate a few days before. 'No man on this floor,' he said, 'has more respect for the feelings and the ability of the senator from Tennessee than I have. I regard him as not only the greatest practical parliamentarian in this body, but as the greatest in the world, and I offer to you, in my own continued and intimate friendship as sufficient evidence that I did not mean to offend him and I trust he will accept it as such. I, however, regret that he shook hands with his friend from Massachusetts, and that day they left the capitol together.'

General Butler once said in explaining and defending his 'dick' money scheme that the word 'dick' meant 'let there be.' God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light. He argued that 'dick' money was excellent from the very fact that it cost nothing and had no intrinsic value. So if a bill were lost or destroyed a new one could be supplied without cost. He also said that it would stay in the country and would not be sunk in the mornasses of Asia, especially in China and India, where silver and gold were absorbed and never heard of in civilized nations afterward. In answer Senator Hoar quoted these sentences in the following connection: 'The fellow citizens, is precisely the difference between omnipotence and humbug, between the Almighty and General Butler. God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light. General Butler says, 'Let there be money,' and there is—rags. This is the first time in our history that the American workman has been gravely assailed for his wages money. It costs nothing to make, that it is no loss to lose, that it is no gain to get and that even a Chinaman won't touch.'

The relations between Senator Hoar and all the presidents were, of course, the most cordial, and the visits to the Massachusetts sion to the White House were frequently quite prolonged. On one occasion Mr. Hoar was ushered into the president's room, and Mr. Roosevelt asked him to be seated in one of the big chairs. Then the president and the senator plunged into a discussion of the subject and continued for an hour. In the meantime other senators who wanted to see the president were held up in the secretary's office. As time went on half a dozen or more were waiting, and they became impatient at the delay. Presently Senator Callum, who is seventy-three years old, asked Senator Allison, who is also seventy-three, what was the cause of the delay. 'Why, old Hoar is in there,' said the youthful Iowa disrespectful. 'That's just like an old man,' said Callum. 'They get so slow that they do their best and leave. If Hoar was not so old I would ask him if he had slept in the White House all night.' Senator Hoar was then seventy-six years of age."

Senator Hoar was quite a match for the Irish blarney that came his way year ago in Worcester when the oldest Irish organization in the town did him honor on his seventy-seventh birthday. Alderman McManis, president of the United Irish League, declared that the senator had done more for the Irish-American in New England than any other man.

"Thank you, sir," responded Mr. Hoar, "but the handsome compliment ever paid the Irish was paid by Wendell Phillips."

"What was that, senator?" chorused a dozen voices.

"Phillips in his lecture on 'The Lost Arts' or in some other," blantly replied the Massachusetts statesman, having fallen into a paternal snail, "said there was nothing new under the sun and that all the Irish blarney were Greek. Now, by the same token, I submit every Hibernian may claim kinship with Demosthenes and Phidias."

Senator Hoar's absent-minded exploit last year of securing the passage by the senate of a measure that had already become a law recalls the story of the senator which is sometimes told about Worcester. He was at a private dinner attended by a number of public men and citizens. One of the guests had just finished an anecdote, and the laugh had scarcely subsided when Mr. Hoar started in, saying that reminded him of something, and told over again the same story that the company had just listened to. Hoar's forgetfulness was naturally a great excuse, for every one realized at once that he had been thinking of other matters when the story was being told the first time, but had caught barely enough of the thing to be reminded of the anecdote as it lay in the recesses of his own mind. It should be added that little fables like this have been told about Mr. Hoar to the people of Massachusetts.

Alliance with a political corps of mere inquisition, no attraction to the first voter. No young man possessed of youth's high impulse, of its love of action and achievement, of its 'rever of reason' and impelling energy, should willingly consent to an alliance with the Democracy. The first voter should ally himself with a live party.

What has become of that grand array of 'B'nai B'rith' Democracy? Judge Parker summoned from the cabinet of Cleveland's two terms for purposes of comparison with Hay and Taft, and Hoar, and Root? Are Oliver and Carlisle and Fairbank and Harney and Vilas wasting their powers in behalf of the man who fang his all at the feet of Senator Gorman, the sleek, crying, 'Save me, Arthur, or I sink.'

**A CONSTITUTIONAL LAWYER ON THE AMENDMENT**

Former Judge Thomas A. Moran, known far beyond the boundaries of the state for his legal attainments, says he has advocated such a scheme of government as is contemplated in the proposed new charter for which the pending constitutional amendment is required for nearly a generation. Twenty-five years ago he introduced a resolution in a local convention, providing for the consolidation of the taxing bodies and a different system of labor courts. The need for such changes has been constantly growing until the whole community has at last become aroused. Mr. Moran spoke on the subject Wednesday night before the Credit Men's association, and in referring to the difficulty of getting a majority of the votes cast at the November election for the enabling constitutional amendment he said: "It is not a mountain of antagonism that we have to overcome. It is the necessity of starting a current in the dead sea of indifference."

**CANDIDATES FAVOR AMENDMENT**

State Senator Lawrence B. Stringer, Democratic candidate for governor, is the son of a Baptist minister. Charles S. Deenee, state's attorney in Chicago, and Republican candidate for governor, is the son of a professor in a small Illinois college. Both are natives of the state and know conditions, political and industrial, in all parts of the commonwealth. Although Mr. Stringer lives in Lincoln he has been in municipal affairs in Chicago with pretty near the same fluency as Mr. Deenee, a resident of that city, does. This is accounted for by the fact that he lived in Chicago five years, and studied law there. Both are advocating the adoption of the constitutional amendment to the charter. Not only is it hoped will provide Chicago with a much-needed charter. Senator Stringer agrees with Judge Sherman that it is not only a relief to the city of Chicago, but that it is good policy for all the state to vote for the amendment, as it will save the legislature in the future a great deal of work; also that much of the clashing between representatives from the city and those from other parts of the state in the legislature in the future will be avoided if Chicago is on broader powers to manage her own local concerns. This is the object of the amendment.

**A TALE OF ONE CITY**

The Illinois Metropolis—Her Troubles, Hopes and Governmental Necessities.

Chicago has nearly twice as many miles of streets as any other city in the Union. That is because it is built on a level prairie with no hindrance to its extending out almost indefinitely in three directions. But this has not been a blessing in all respects as will be seen by the following figures. Greater New York has 2,227 miles of streets, Philadelphia 1,540 miles, St. Louis 878 miles, Chicago 4,103 miles. Disparaging comparisons appear, however, in the miles of unpaved streets of these leading cities. New York has only 701 miles of streets that lack paving, Philadelphia 413, St. Louis 352, while Chicago has 2,816 miles of unpaved streets. Not only are unpaved streets and also without proper lighting and with no policing. The trouble is that Chicago has spread out over so much territory that it is a much more expensive city to maintain properly than others that are more compactly built. Another trouble lies in Chicago being a city of the power, by the restrictions of the state constitution, of using her credit to make permanent improvements. Such permanent improvements of absolute necessity have been made out of the current tax levy and other funds that should have been devoted to operation and maintenance. The bond debt of the city has not been increased for twenty-five years. Bad streets and lack of police protection have been the inevitable consequence.

Now, what Chicago is trying to do is to get rid of the constitutional restrictions so that she can extend her debt limit to a reasonable extent and place the expense of permanent betterment partly on succeeding generations. To do this it is necessary to get an amendment to the constitution. It has been a very difficult thing. Having failed in three or four attempts, prominent organizations of that city induced the last legislature to submit such an amendment to the people. It will be voted on in November. Being a constitutional measure, it must have a majority of all the votes of the whole state, not only of the voters in the southern counties, but also of the voters in Illinois to help her out of her trouble by marking his special ballot for the amendment. This is no apparent reason why the voters should not respond.

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