

## THE TERRIBLE FAMINE IN INDIA.

(By the Rev. Robert A. Hume, Missionary from Bombay.)

Many things have conspired to make the conditions of Bombay more distressing than I have ever known it. Famine prices prevail. The wages of a laboring man, which in ordinary time are sufficient for the necessities of life, are now inadequate. In consequence multitudes, who still have steady work, are living on one meal a day, and are spending nothing for clothes. Owing to the hard times many mills have been closed, and tens of thousands have been thrown out of employment. They and their families are, of course, in extreme want.

Crowds of poor, distressed people come streaming into the city from the districts. Any of these who have friends or acquaintances here live on them as long as possible, until there is nothing left for the support of entertainers or squatters. Strangers who have no friends have encamped in every open and available spot, rendering even public gardens and the finest streets offensive with their unwholesome habits.

Two virulent epidemics, plague and smallpox, have been for weeks wasting the city. If the present death rate should continue for a year, 150,000 persons will have been carried off in this city of 800,000 inhabitants.

In a great city like Bombay, if anywhere, there should be food enough for the hungry, but even here the people are daily starving to death. Three or four times of late dead bodies have been found near our own gate. Work of any kind and for a mere pittance is gladly undertaken by those who have better times. Some boys, who formerly were pupils of one of our schools, are employed in carrying stone. For every twenty-five trips, when a load of stone as heavy as a lad can carry is taken about 100 yards, he receives the equivalent of about half a cent. By working hard he can earn two or three cents a day.

There are many who are too feeble to work, or for whom employment cannot be found, whom we have to aid. Women and little children are especially

fit objects of charity. Considering the terrible distress about us, I wonder that more do not beg. It is our desire this year again to have at least 200 orphans, and had we the means we might rescue 1,000. Those who wish to help the distressed and save the children need not wait for opportunities, which God is pressing upon us, and which no one would willingly neglect.

The Hindus regard their cattle, especially cows, with superstitious reverence, and have done more to save them than to preserve human life. Recently a large tanning firm at Cawnpore sent an agent to Ahmedabad, the commercial center of Guzerat. He not only purchased hides, which were to be had in large numbers, but after a good deal of difficulty hired from a Mohammedan a piece of land just outside of the city for a slaughter house. He then arranged to purchase cattle on a large scale for from \$1 to \$2 each.

The whole Hindu community was indignant, and efforts were made to have the slaughter closed by a government order. Failing this, the merchants of the city went on a strike and closed their shops. This caused great inconvenience, but the slaughter house continued to flourish, until its manager was induced by the payment to him of 3,500 rupees to close the business and leave the place.

Wealthy men have subscribed large sums, which have been used in purchasing and feeding cattle, which otherwise would have died. From our standpoint it would be an act of mercy to end the miseries of these poor creatures but the Hindu regards it as most meritorious to save animal life, even if it be the prolongation of misery. In the city of Bombay the Society for the Preservation of Animal Life was organized many years ago. It is in a most flourishing condition and has an invested capital of more than \$466,000. Efforts have been made in vain to get this society to use a part of this large sum for the benefit of the people starving from the present famine, but not one anna can be diverted to what the Hindu regards as a far less important object.

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE IN COREA.

"A Corean bride has her eyelids pasted together until she has been three days a wife," says Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, who has lived for more than twenty years in China and Corea, and who is considered among missionaries to know more about "the hermit nation," as the Coreans are called, than any other.

"Their marriage customs are very curious and perhaps I had better tell you about a Corean wedding, which, once, as a great honor, I was allowed to attend.

"The groom wore a costume similar to that of an official at a royal audience—and let me say that this wedding suit is invariably hired, never being owned by the groom. The robe was dark green and wore 'plaques' with a pair of embroidered storks on the breast and back, while a stiff black enameled belt encircled his body like a hoop. He wore a 'palace-going' hat, of woven horsehair, with wings on its sides, and a pair of shoes which closely resembled 'artics' and were at least three sizes too large for him.

"On entering the court of their future home he was preceded by an attendant, attired in white, with a red hat, a long string of beads around his neck, and carried under his arm a live goose. The legs of the fowl were fastened together and a skein of red silk was passed through her beak. This man, followed by the groom, entered the court, around the sides of which all the guests were seated, advanced to a red table standing in the center, and the ceremony began.

"The groom, standing immediately in front of the table, bowed three times, touching the mat on which he stood, with his forehead and hands. Then he gracefully resumed his standing position, and taking the goose under one bower as low as before. The goose is the symbol of fidelity in Corea, and it is popularly believed when a wild goose dies its spouse never mates again. The groom then walks to the front of the porch and stands at the foot of the steps, waiting for his bride.

"Two middle-aged women stepped from an inner room on to the porch with the bride between them, each holding an arm and guiding her steps, for, as I have told you, her eyes were sealed completely. Her entire face was painted a ghastly white, while on the middle of her forehead and each cheek was a dab of bright red; her lips were also colored a brilliant scarlet.

"After the feast was finished the groom was conducted to the bridal chamber, where he changed his wedding suit for clothes presented him by the bride, and which were made by her own fingers. He then came out and the bride was taken into the

bridal chamber and seated upon her cushions on the floor, where she sat in placid meditation until joined by the groom, a few minutes or a few hours, as it suited his convenience.

"The life of the Corean woman, while secluded, is not as unbearable as that of the women of many other oriental countries. They are poor and consequently compelled to work very hard, but as a rule are well treated by their husbands. They have pretty names, meaning plum blossom, treasure, etc., but after marriage are known only as so-and-so's wife, until they have a son, after which they are known as the mother of that son.

"As a little lass the Corean girl is taught all about domestic work, and begins early to assist her mother in making the family clothes. If too young to paste she can at least hold over the stove the long iron rod to be used in pressing seams. The heating of this rod is the first thing taught a little girl. Later she learns how to paste clothes together, then to wash and iron them.

"Now, this use of paste instead of thread is a custom, so far as I know, practiced only by the Coreans. It is done on account of their mode of ironing. To accomplish this difficult feat they rip their garments to pieces before putting them in water. After the wash garments are laid on a smooth block of wood or stone and are beaten smooth with ironing sticks. These sticks resemble a policeman's club and each ironer uses two.

"Girls and boys wear their hair hanging in two plaits until they are married, after which the boy fastens his on top of his head, and the girl twists hers at the nape of the neck. Coreans hold marriage in high regard, and show a married man profound respect, while a bachelor is treated by them with marked contempt. I have seen men greet a slip of a boy wearing a top-knot with ceremonious respect, saying to each other: 'He is a man; he is about to be married,' while of a much older man, and possibly a richer, who wears his two plaits, they remark that 'He is a pig; he cannot get a wife. He will always be a boy.'

"In the choice of his first bride the Corean leaves everything to the 'go-between.' But all other wives, and a Corean may have ten, the man makes his own selection. It is seldom, however, that a second wife is added to the household except where the first wife proves childless. In such instances other wives are taken, but the dignity always remains with the first wife. Women are well treated, and as a rule live happy, contented lives. They are gentle, attractive little bodies and devoted to their homes."

## SALARY OF ONE CENT A YEAR.

Iowa county, Wisconsin, lays claim to having the lowest-salaried official in the employ of the United States government. The government hires Frank Lynch for 1 cent a year to carry the mail between Dodgeville, the county seat of Iowa county, and Mineral Point, nine miles distant.

It is the law that such employes shall be paid quarterly, but Lynch, although he has been carrying the mails regularly since last July, has as yet received no quarters of a cent or checks for those months. The young man is not looking for any remittances on his salary until next July, when he expects a check for a whole cent. It is supposed this will be the smallest check ever issued by the government and efforts have already been made to secure possession of it. The mail carrier has received several offers of \$15 or \$20 for the check, but he has so far warily avoided any definite entanglements.

Both Dodgeville and Mineral Point have railroads, but there is none between the two towns. The trip from one place to the other by rail is so roundabout that it is out of the question, so passengers and mail are driven

across country. Whoever has the contract for carrying the mail feels that he is certain of all the passenger trade, for no one has yet had the courage to compete for passenger business with the United States mail carrier. For this reason the transfer of the mail is deemed a valuable privilege.

Every four years the postoffice department awards contracts to lowest bidders for transfer of mail sack. Last year there was the liveliest competition ever known for the Dodgeville-Mineral Point contract. Several different men stigmatized their intention of going into the contest, and the "talk" was kept up until each bidder knew he would have to go pretty low to get the prize. The man who then held the contract had been receiving about \$40 per year for carrying the mail. It is said that when the bids for the new contract were opened in Washington it was found that the three lowest offers for carrying the mail per year were 1 cent, 39 cents and \$1.50. Frank Lynch, being the 1 cent bidder, was awarded the contract for four years.

The tobacco war now raging promises to end in smoke.

## TURKISH BOYS AT SCHOOL.

The beginning of a Mohammedan boy's school life is always made an occasion for a festival. It occurs on his seventh birthday. The entire school goes to the new scholar's home, leading a richly caparisoned and flower-bedecked donkey. The new pupil is placed on his little beast, and with the hodja, or teacher, leading, the children form a double file and escort him to the schoolhouse, singing joyous songs.

To a stranger the common Turkish school presents a singular scene. The pupils are seated cross-legged on the bare marble porch of the mosque, forming a semi-circle about the hodja, who is as a rule an old, fat man. He holds in his hand a stick long enough to reach every student. By means of this rod he is enabled not only to preserve order among the mischievous, but to urge on the boy whose recitation is not satisfactory. But as a rule hodjas are lazy and often fall asleep. Then it is that the pupils enjoy what the American boy would style a "picnic." A trick they specially like to play on their sleeping teacher is to anoint his hair and long gray beard with oil and wax, which is, of course, very difficult to be rid of. You may be sure when the hodja awakes he makes good use of his lengthy weapon.

Some of the answers these little Turks receive to their questions would make an American child open his eyes in amazement. A half-grown boy, in the presence of a missionary, who tells the story, asked the hodja: "What makes it rain?"

"Up in the clouds," answered this wise teacher, "our prophet Mohammed and the one who belongs to Christians went into business together, the profits to be divided. One night Mohammed stole all the profits and ran away. In the morning when the Christian God discovered his loss he pursued Mohammed in his golden chariot, the rumbling of whose wheels makes the thunder. The lightning is the bullets of fire which the God shot after his fleeing partner. Mohammed, finding he could not escape in midair, plunged into the sea, the Christian God following him, and the shock splashed the water out and it fell to the earth in rain."

Indianapolis Press: "I wonder," said the soda fountain clerk boarder, "why the women are so set on marrying soldiers?" "They like 'em because they have already been trained. A soldier's first duty is obedience," said the Savage Bachelor.

## THE WORLD'S TALLEST GIANTS.

Legends of the Indian tribes of Arizona and Northern Mexico tell of tales of a race of giants who once lived on the mesas. Scientists say that prehistoric man was a little hairy creature bearing a closer resemblance to a monkey than a man. Darwinism enforces this belief. The hilts of the weapons of the men of the bronze age are too small to be clasped firmly by men of today.

But the finding of a prehistoric skeleton in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado would, if authenticated, overthrow all the arguments of the scientists. Forty miles from Flagstaff, Ariz., Hull, the guide, has unearthed the petrified skeleton of a man whom he estimated to have been at least 17 feet high. An old Indian led the guide to the human monster's tomb. The skeleton lay face downward on a shelf under a projecting rock. The right arm was extended. The left leg was missing. The right leg had been broken off at the knee, but the foot was found lodged in a crevice near by.

Lime water falling on the corpse had turned it into stone. The outlines of the body were perfect. Hull did not turn the fossil over or make accurate measurements. He and the old Indian studied the stone skeleton for ten minutes and then returned to the trail.

Near by Hull found perfect footprints of the giant imprinted in stone. Their distance apart showed his stride to have been at least five feet. This would, however, indicate a height of not over 10 or 11 feet.

When Hull returned to Flagstaff scientists scoffed at the story and his friends laughed at him. He has not since visited the skeleton because of his fear of ridicule, and of course—though he clings to his story and says he will lead any scientist to the spot to prove or disprove it—his giant must for the present be labeled "interesting if true."

But there are plenty of sure enough giant remains.

Travelers in Peru tell of monster human skulls found at Chanca, thirty

miles from North Lima. Of this race of giants a tribe lived on the island of Puna, in the Gulf of Guayaquil. Their skulls and weapons are in the Smithsonian institute. Yucatan Indians have a legend of the giant Navapach, who tripped up belated travelers by lying down across the trails.

The Mexican giants were buried in a sitting posture in enormous stone urns. Similar coffins made of clay have been found on the plains of far-off Chaldea, in Asia. Skeletons of these men nine feet high have been found near Progreso, Mexico. Their skulls and weapons are in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington.

The giant skeletons discovered by travelers from Arizona to Peru have the same average height. Their weapons and utensils are alike, showing that the tribe once hunted and ranged along the Pacific coast of the two continents.

In the curious burial mounds scattered over the American continent skeletons of giants have been found, sometimes reaching about eight feet in height. The skeletons of the women are a half foot shorter.

Giants of olden days, legends say, were cruel and of enormous strength, feeding on human flesh. Unromantic science points out that modern giants are good natured, weak physically and small meat eaters.

To cap the climax scientists declare that a giant is only a freak, like a dwarf or a three-legged chicken. They have even invented the name gigantism for the particular disease that makes giants.

The comparative tables given of modern and prehistoric giants seem to show that allowing for the uncertainty of measurement of the latter, there is probably not much difference between them. But a man 8 feet 6 inches high would of course seem much bigger to a race of pigmies than he does to the average modern Yankee.

Miss Ella Ewing, the Missouri giantess, is accounted eight feet high, and she is one of the best modern instances of abnormal growth.

## FULTON AND PERPETUAL MOTION.

It would appear that Philadelphia has been selected, more than once, as a ripe field for "promoting" perpetual motion schemes. From out the musty pages of Cadwallader David Golden's "Life of Robert Fulton," published in New York in 1817, and picked up at a second-hand book store in Washington, in 1900, comes a great story of the credulity of the Quaker City, and the part the great inventor, Robert Fulton, played in dislodging the great fake.

"Many men of ingenuity, learning and science had seen the machine," says the author, "and some had written on the subject; not a few of these were his zealous advocates, and others, they were afraid to admit that he had made a discovery which violated what were believed to be the established laws of nature, appeared also afraid to deny what the incessant motion of his wheels and weights seemed to prove. These contrived ingenious theories, which were hardly less wonderful than the perpetual motion itself."

From what the author states at length it would appear that the implicit believers and "stockholders," supposed that Redheffer had discovered a means of developing gradually some hidden power, which though it could not give motion to his machine forever, would keep it going for some period, which they did not pretend to determine.

In 1812 New Yorkers were also taken in very badly with a perpetual motion scheme. It appears that Mr. Robert Fulton was a perfect unbeliever in Redheffer's discovery, and although hundreds were daily paying their dollar to see the wonder, Mr. Fulton could not be prevailed upon for some time to follow the crowd. After some deliberation, however, he concluded to protect, if possible, the very crowd he refused to follow. It appears the machine was in an isolated house in the suburbs of Philadelphia.

Shortly after Mr. Fulton entered the room devoted to the exhibition, he exclaimed, "Why, this is a crank motion." It appears his well trained ear enabled him to distinguish that the machine was moved by a crank, which always gives an unequal power, and, therefore, an unequal velocity in the course of each revolution, and a nice and practiced ear may perceive that the sound is not uniform. Fulton knew that if the machine had been kept in motion by what was its ostensible moving power, it must have had an equable rotary motion, and the sound would have always been the same.

After five minutes' talk with the inventor, Mr. Fulton did not hesitate to declare that the machine was an imposition, and to tell the gentleman that he was an impostor. Notwithstanding the anger and bluster which these charges excited, Fulton assured and reassured his friends and the crowd without examining the machinery closely that the whole thing was a fake, and that if they would support him in the attempt, he would detect it at the risk of paying any penalty if he failed.

Having obtained the assent of all who were present, he began by knocking away some very thin pieces of lath, which appeared to be no part of the machinery, but to go from the frame of the machine to the wall of the room,

merely to keep the corner posts of the machine steady.

Golden's own description at this point is vivid: "It was found that a catgut string was tied through a lath and the frame of the machine to the head of the upright shaft of a principal wheel; that the catgut was conducted through the wall, and along the floors of the second story to a back cock loft, at a distance of a number of yards from the room which contained the machine, and there was found the moving power.

This was a poor old wretch with an immense beard, and all the appearance of having suffered a long imprisonment; who, when he broke in upon him, was unconscious of what had happened below, and who, while he was seated on a stool, gnawing a crust, was with one hand turning a crank."

The story goes that the proprietor of the perpetual motion soon disappeared. The mob demolished his machine, the destruction of which immediately put a stop to that which had for so long a time and to so much profit exhibited in Philadelphia. Philadelphians might aid New York in her attempt, at this time, to appropriately mark Fulton's grave.

### CONFECTIONERY IN RATIONS.

The Germans about ten years ago introduced candy into the rations of their soldiers. The idea was the outcome of experiments undertaken by the German government. It was demonstrated that the addition of candy and chocolate to the regular ration greatly conducted to the improvement of health and endurance of the troops, and at the present time the army authorities in Germany issue cakes of chocolate and a limited amount of other confectionery.

The British were the next to follow this example, and the queen, as has been extensively advertised, forwarded five hundred thousand pounds of chocolate in half-pound packages as a Christmas treat for the soldiers in South Africa. Jam has also found great favor with the British war office, and 1,450,000 pounds have been dispatched to South Africa as a four months' supply to 116,000 troops.

The United States is following in the same path, says the Medical Record, and candy has been added to the regular army ration of the American soldier. It is stated that one New York firm has shipped more than fifty tons of confectionery during the past year for the armies in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico. The candy supplied is of excellent quality, consisting of mixed chocolate creams, lemon drops, coconut maroons and acidulated fruit drops. These are packed in tins especially designed to fit the pockets of a uniform coat. The question of providing jam with the army ration is also under consideration.

A correspondent of the Hartford Courant in Manila writes: "Mail is held, often ten days, to be shipped by a transport instead of mail steamer, and as there is no proper place for the stowing of mail on transports much has been lost and damaged—and did wait three weeks. It seems to me that the least the government could do for the exiles who are fighting for their country is to see that they get their mail promptly."

## MAN OF 40 LEARNS TO TALK.

Gino Martino, forty years old, has forgotten how to talk. His ailment is a rare one, and from a medical standpoint is one of the most interesting ever treated in Harlem hospital, New York.

As the result of a most successful operation performed by Dr. Thos. Neafsey, the house surgeon, Martino's life has been saved. In time he may be able to talk again, but he must be taught as though he were a child. "Aphasia" is the medical term for the disease. It is due to an injury of that portion of the brain governing the power of speech. He can understand all that is said, but is absolutely unable to articulate any word of his own accord.

In proof of the fact that he is able to understand questions are asked him to which he makes no reply, but when told to shake his head or move his arm or leg he does so. His eyes look searchingly and then placidly at his questioner, showing his mental struggle in an endeavor to express his thoughts.

Already the task of teaching him to talk has been started. Each day for ten or fifteen minutes Dr. Neafsey gives him a lesson interpreted by Dominick Harris, a nurse who speaks several languages. Dr. Neafsey frames a sentence of small words which Harris translates into Italian for Martino to repeat. But like a little child learning to talk Martino can only get the last

work of the sentence, and if it is more than two syllables he is able to pronounce but the first syllable.

When the lessons began Martino could pronounce but one word, that was "acqua," water. He understands what "acqua" means. Now his vocabulary consists of about nine words which he seems to understand. When he repeats a word correctly after the nurse, he smiles and appears delighted. For fear of further mental derangement, Dr. Neafsey limits the time of the lessons, although each day that limit is allowed to be slightly increased.

It may be months, perhaps years, before Martino will be able to speak his native language again. Dr. Neafsey intends to try the experiment of teaching him English, several words of which he has already mastered.

Martino is accused of stabbing a collector who came to his home, No. 2125 Second avenue, two weeks ago, for money. The collector's stab wounds did not demand hospital care. He shot Martino and is now confined in a cell in Harlem prison awaiting the result of Martino's injuries.

The bullet from his revolver struck Martino on the forehead about an inch and a quarter above the left eye. The skull was fractured as the breaking of a pane of glass by a bullet. The cracks radiated from a central point fully two inches away.

## THE MAN EATING TIBURONS.

In response to the frequent plaint that very shortly the dark corners of the earth will all have been illuminated by the lamp of civilization, and that there will be no more unknown lands for the traveler to explore, or the novelist to exploit, it may be pointed out that actually within four hundred miles of Juna, on the Southern Pacific railroad, there is an island inhabited by a tribe of savages as treacherous and bloodthirsty as any that have existed on the earth.

A little above the midway line in the Gulf of California, close in to the Sonora shore, lies the island of Tiburon, a compact body of land about twenty miles in length and fifteen across at its broadest part. To an observer from a safe distance the low shore line presents a thickly wooded appearance, with high mountains in the interior, though beyond the fact that it is inhabited by savages who are cannibals, little further is known.

From time to time a few sailors who have had the misfortune to be wrecked on the island, and the good fortune to escape, have reported that upon reaching the shore they were decoyed inland by natives who spoke an unknown language, when their companions were killed and eaten. That there is probable truth in this assertion is borne out by the survivors of the expedition sent out two or three years ago by Jesse Grant of San Diego, to prospect the island, when some members of the party who had ventured inland never returned and the remainder were obliged to sail hurriedly on account of the

threatening attitude of the natives. So fierce, indeed, has become the reputation of these Tiburon Islanders that the Mexican soldiers are much adverse to being sent upon expeditions to punish their depredations upon the mainland, to which they appear to resort for the purpose of obtaining wives, much after the way in which the Romans first obtained theirs from the Sabines.

Many theories have been put forth as to the origin of this tribe, a very probable one being that they are lineal descendants of the Aztecs, driven to this island by the Spaniards under Cortez, where, rumor further adds, they still practice many of the strange rites of that conquered people. It is possible, also, they may be akin to the Jakis, with whom the Mexicans seem now to be engaged in a desperate conflict.

To the man in search of adventure, Tiburon Island offers an unknown field comparatively close to the borders of the United States, where he may test his powers of courage and endurance to the utmost.

Mrs. Dominis, otherwise known as Lillooklanli, the ex-queen of Hawaii, will sail from San Francisco on May 15 for her home near Honolulu. She is bitterly disappointed by the failure of her pension claim and says she will never again set foot in the United States. She is about 63 years of age, and enjoys an annual income of about \$25,000 by inheritance, largely from the private estate of her brother, and other property that was not confiscated by the Dole government.