

THE BURDEN BEARERS OF THE FAR EAST

BUFFALO IN USE IN INDIA



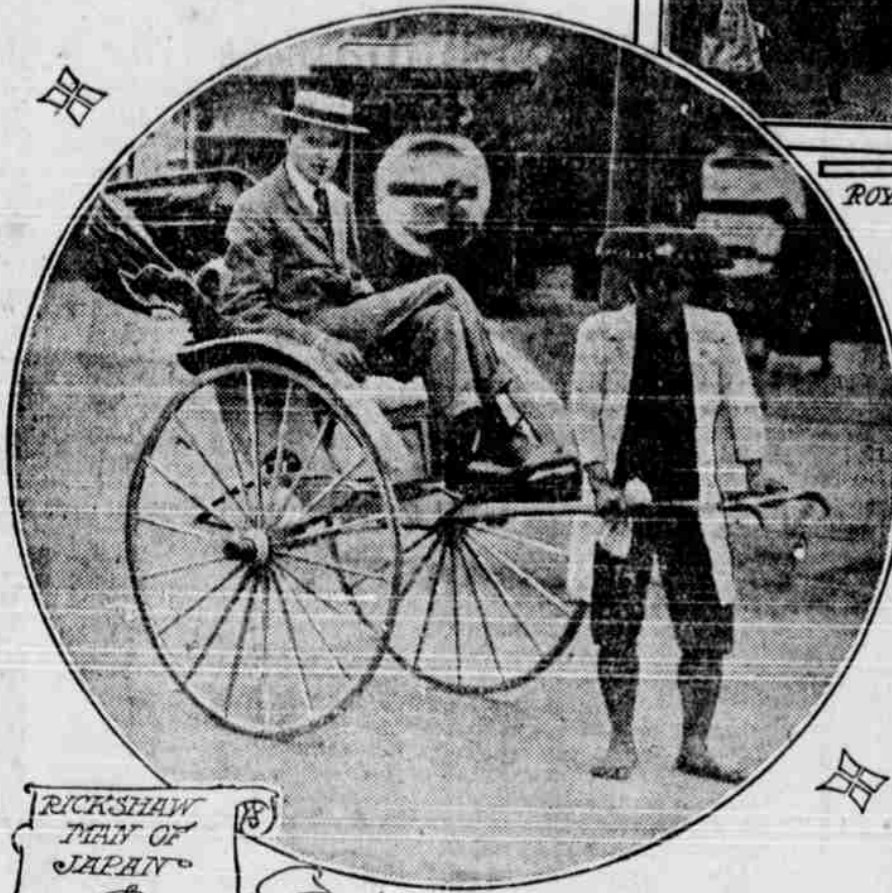
BURDEN bearing is one of the characteristic features of all eastern life. The sole purpose of everything and everybody seems to be the bearing of burdens.

The east would not be the east without the great army of burden bearers—the long caravans of heavily laden camels in the desert, the Turkish "hamals" staggering under towering loads of baggage and merchandise in the steep streets of Constantinople, the noisy water men with their bloated and dripping goat skins in Egypt and India, the tireless rickshaw men of Japan and Singapore and the faithful sedan chair coolies of Hongkong and Canton.

There is one very curious fact that can not fail to impress itself upon the mind of every observant traveler who spends much time in the east—a fact that will very often determine the sex of an oriental.



ROYAL BEARERS FOR KING OF SIAM



RICKSHAW PULLER OF JAPAN



WATER CARRIER IN EGYPT

even though the costume might leave one in doubt; for in Burma, Siam and Java the men and women dress so much alike that practically the only distinguishing feature is the turban usually worn by the men. When it comes to burden bearing, however, there can never be any doubt as to sex, regardless of costume, for the oriental woman almost invariably carries everything upon her head, while the man, just as invariably, bears every kind of a burden swung across his shoulders from the ends of a bamboo pole.

So much has this become second nature to them that I have seen Burmans and Javanese tie a stone or other useless weight to one end of their shoulder pole in order to balance some indivisible load at the other end, thus doubling the weight of their load in order to carry it in the customary manner. And the oriental woman exhibits the same reluctance with reference to carrying any kind of a burden, whether large or small, in any manner except upon her head, the sole and solitary exception being her baby, which is usually tied upon her back. We are sometimes amazed by the size and weight of the loads borne upon the heads of these women of the east, but at the same time it is not at all unusual to see these same women carrying upon their heads empty dishes, fragile glassware, things easily broken and of practically no weight; but habit is so strong with them that every object, no matter what its character, must be borne upon the head.

It is this habit of carrying heavy loads upon their heads that gives such a superbly erect and queenly carriage to practically all the women of the far east. The drawing of water seems to be their peculiar task, and Palestine is not alone with her Rebekas at the well. While the veiled women of Egypt and Syria fill their great kullehs of Nile clay and the little brown girl wives of India dip their shining brass water pots in the temple tanks or in the sacred Ganges; the merry, graceful little girls and women of happy Burma, favored above all the women of the east, gather in a social sort of a way at the village fountains and spend long hours in the gossiping, dear to feminine hearts before they fill their fat brown "chattles" with the water for their household needs. And there is here no suggestion of domestic slavery or unhappy household bondage, as these slender, brightly clad little daughters of Burma balance the dripping chatties upon their great coils of beautiful hair and bear them happily back to the little basket homes under the shadowy groves of plantains and areca palms, which are so generally the abode of sweet content.

When an oriental man bears water it is usually in a black, slimy, greswome-looking pigskin or goatskin, slung across his shoulders and looking for all the world like the corpse of some drowned thing. These are the "sakkas" or water men of Egypt and Turkey, who carry water for sprinkling the roads to lay the dust in the vicinity of the bazars and to supply also the ordinary wants of the oriental household. To the same class belong the "bhists" of India, who form a separate religious caste by themselves and who carry the water in their slimy goatskins every morning to fill the huge tin dishes, which in India serves you as a bathtub.

There are also other water bearers among the men of the orient, but these have nothing to do

with household duties and form a business class by themselves. They are the "sherbull" and "khemal" of Egypt, Turkey and Syria who sell sherbets, cooled with the snows of Lebanon and sweetened drinks flavored with leecrice and attar of roses. The musical clink of the two brass bowls which these men carry and strike constantly together as they walk, is one of those characteristic sounds which to one who has traveled in the orient is inseparable from every memory of an eastern city.

One strange feature will invariably impress itself upon the observant visitor to Rangoon and Hongkong, two of the largest and most splendid cities of the far east, and that is the fact that they are practically horseless cities, especially Hongkong, where horses are seldom or never seen. In Rangoon horses are used for carriage purposes, but are never used for the hauling of freight and merchandise, and in both Rangoon and Hongkong practically all freight is hauled about the streets on curious freight carts drawn by numbers of coolies pulling on ropes. In Rangoon the carts have two large wheels and the coolies are always Hindus, for no Burman would so demean himself or so insult his pride as to become a beast of burden. In Hongkong the freight vans are low, four-wheeled arrangements and are drawn by half-naked Chinese coolies. It is a pitiful thing to see how cheap a thing is human life in this great city of Hongkong, where nature has done so much to create an earthly paradise.

The streets are so steep as to make the use of horses quite impossible, and as the greater part of the European population lives on the "Peak" or on the steep streets leading up its sides, it seems to be necessary that many thousands of Chinese coolies should sacrifice their lives in this heart-breaking work of burden bearing on these steep mountain roads. There are hundreds of great mansions and beautiful European villas on the slopes of the "Peak," and in building these homes every brick and stone, every timber and pound of mortar had to be carried up from the city on the backs of Chinese coolies, laboring for a few pitiful pennies a day. Every ounce of household supplies is brought up in the same manner on the heads and backs of Chinese coolies climbing these steep and slippery roads. Coal is transported in sacks of 150 or 200 pounds, suspended from a pole on the shoulders of two coolies, who very often are women. Most of the drinking water is brought up in the same manner, and the dwellers in these mountain homes are carried down to business in the city in the morning and back again to the heights after the day's work is done in sedan chairs, borne on the shoulders of these same faithful coolies. The work of the "bearers" in the steep streets of Hongkong is so trying that it is said a coolie seldom lives more than five or six years after taking up this work.

The real comfort and ease of traveling by sedan chair is a most surprising thing to one unfamiliar with this mode of travel. A very delightful surprise it is after the soul-cracking experiences of camel back and elephant riding in Africa and India. The reason for this is that the bearers invariably keep step, and as they always

go at a gentle trot the motion is easy and in no way tiresome. It is a strange experience to ride hour after hour through the narrow, bewildering, crowded streets of this most amazing city on earth, with half-naked coolies streaming with perspiration and constantly yelling at the top of their voices for the populace to clear the way, for it is a most remarkable thing to see the respect shown to the burden bearer in China. The man with a load always has the right of way, and the man with the heaviest load invariably is given precedence. In this wonderful land of China, which we have so long been taught to despise, the burden bearer is honored as in no other land, and labor is exalted in a manner unknown to our western world.

At Shanghai we come upon another strange and peculiarly Chinese mode of conveyance and burden bearing—the passenger wheelbarrow, upon which it is necessary to carry two passengers in order to balance the barrow. These barrows are very generally used in the Shanghai district, both as freight carriers and for transporting passengers, and it is a decidedly amusing sight to see some rich Chinese farmer or country merchant, wonderfully arrayed in silks and balanced by his wife or a huge crate of poultry, as he rides into the walled city of Shanghai on one of these lumbering wheelbarrows.

In Ceylon, Burma, Siam and the Malay states, and in many parts of China, and throughout all the islands of Japan, the rickshaw is the common and almost universal means of travel, yet, curiously enough, the rickshaw was the invention of an American missionary to Japan and was unknown to the oriental world less than seventy years ago.

These rickshaw men of Japan are a most admirable class—patient, honest, faithful and often exceedingly well informed. It is a most amazing thing to see the politeness and consideration of the sturdy rickshaw men of Dai Nippon. It is, moreover, a politeness born in their souls; never lacking under the most trying circumstances. Under the rules of their business etiquette, one rickshaw man may not run past another without begging his pardon, and the truth of this was borne upon me very forcibly during a hurried rickshaw ride across Yokohama one day when I had only 16 minutes by the watch in which to catch a train for Gotemba. The speed with which we made that two-mile journey around Yokohama's famous Bund and through the Bente-dori to the Tokyo railroad station necessitated no less than 27 several and separate apologies; at least, I lost count at the twenty-seventh. Two rickshaws passing rapidly in opposite directions collided, mixing up the two vehicles and throwing one of the rickshaw men to the ground. Again the native Japanese politeness asserted itself. Instead of abusing one another and possibly resorting to blows, the two little rickshaw men righted themselves, politely took off their huge mushroom hats, bowed most courteously and begged one another's pardon! Imagine two American cabbies apologizing to one another after such a collision!

much of anything from either observation or experience. Every time I see a young fellow just throwing himself away and ruining all his chances forever of amounting to anything and doing it with his eyes wide open, I say to myself, 'Well, I guess there are a good many of us humans who haven't any more sense than so many fool flies!'

FLIES ARE NOT OBSERVING

Will Walk Into a Trap With Their Eyes Open—Many Human Beings Haven't Any More Sense.

It is a mighty good thing for the people of the country," says Abe Lincoln, "that the fly hasn't any sense. A fly will walk deliberately into any sort of a trap with his eyes wide open. Put down a piece of sticky fly paper and pretty soon a dozen flies use it as if that isn't so remarkably, but every

one of them kicks and struggles as long as it lasts, telling every other fly that it is in trouble.

Naturally, one would suppose that the first dozen had got into, would keep away, but they don't. The more flies get stuck on the paper, the more the others want to get on. It is so with any sort of trap. You can't fix up anything in the nature of trap that a fool fly

won't fall for. If it wasn't for the fact that a fly can raise a family of 18,000 or 20,000 children inside of a week, and that a baby fly on Monday morning may be the great-grandmother of a million flies before Saturday night, the tribe would have been extinguished long ago.

And yet, come to think it over, I don't know but that flies show about as much sense as a lot of humans. The fool humans keep walking into traps with their eyes wide open year after year, and don't seem to learn

much of anything from either observation or experience. Every time I see a young fellow just throwing himself away and ruining all his chances forever of amounting to anything and doing it with his eyes wide open, I say to myself, 'Well, I guess there are a good many of us humans who haven't any more sense than so many fool flies!'

It is the fidelity in the daily drill which turns the raw recruit into the accomplished soldier.—W. M. Punshon.

WAR REMINISCENCES

COST OF ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

United States Government Pays Out \$300,000 Annually to Fit Veterans of Our Wars.

The government has been expending on the average about \$300,000 every year in providing artificial limbs to soldiers of the Civil and other wars, but although \$300,000 was appropriated and spent in that way in the past year, the appropriation asked for next years was only \$115,000, and it has been granted. The reason will appear, remarks the Boston Advertiser's Washington correspondent. It has to do with the law.

The amount of the appropriation has been, in fact, dropping year by year. In 1903, the first year of the triennial period, the appropriation was \$514,000. In 1906, the appropriation was \$425,000; in 1907, \$105,000; and in 1908, \$120,000. In 1911 it was \$105,000. Every third year the appropriation is always very large because the old soldiers may renew their artificial limbs every three years, and they always take good care to do so. The total number of old soldiers provided with artificial limbs, legs or arms or both, is now 9,382.

If the old soldier does not want an arm, or a leg, or both, that he may need, he can take money in lieu of the artificial limb. This is called "commutation."

Many of them do so, whether they really can use a limb or not. And they are certain to make a requisition every three years as the law permits, and that is what makes the appropriation jump so high every three years. The value of the "commutation" is \$75 for a leg, and from \$35 to \$75 for an arm. How long such a limb ought to last varies, it has been found. Sometimes they last only a year, and sometimes ten years. The beneficiaries make the artificial legs last about seven years and an arm much longer, but nevertheless they ask for "commutation" taking the money and going on with the old limb. The commutation number about 1,500. In 1909 the commutations numbered 5,718; in 1910, 2,117, and in 1911, 1,530.

The war department says that the disabilities of most of the beneficiaries are of such a character that artificial limbs or apparatus render no relief. The commutation alone is of value to them, and that is their extra compensation for having rendered service to their country.

The government also appropriates every year \$2,000 to furnish artificial eyes and ear drums to not only old soldiers, but to any soldier disabled in the military service of the country. A great many such cases arise in the artillery and naval branch of the military service because of the firing of large guns. The sum of \$5,000 a year is also spent in providing trusses for disabled soldiers.

Commendable Exactness.

Colonel Richardson would allow no officer to be saluted on guard if out of his uniform. One day the colonel saw a young lieutenant in plain clothes, and though he knew the young officer intimately he called to the sentinel to turn him out. A short time afterward the colonel went visiting, and returned late at night in the rain, without the counterpane and with a borrowed raincoat. The sentinel called the officer of the guard, who happened to be the young lieutenant.

"Who are you?" he asked, knowing full well who he was.

"Colonel Richardson."

"What! Without a uniform? Oh, no. You're not the colonel. You're an impostor, and if the colonel knew this he would break every bone in your body."

"There was nothing for him to do but to return to the dreaching rain, but the next morning he called the young lieutenant to him, and told him he had "done his duty with commendable exactness."

Making Exceptions.

A story is told of Col. Sol Meredith of the Nineteenth Indiana. At the Louisville skirmish the colonel was at the head of his men as they formed in line of battle under fire. The shells were exploding over them, and the boys would involuntarily duck their heads. The colonel saw it, and exhorted them as he rode along the line to hold up their heads and act like men. He turned to speak to one of his officers, and at that moment a large 18-pound shell burst within a few yards of him, scattering fragments in all directions. Instinctively he jerked his head almost to the saddle-bow, while his horse squatted with fear.

"Boys," said he, as he raised up and reined his steed, "you may dodge the large ones."

Counts for Nothing.

An Irishman came onto the powder wharf at City Point, seated himself, took out his pipe and put it in his mouth.

"You can't smoke here," said the guard, his hair on end with excitement.

"I know, sorr; I'm not smoking," said the Irishman.

"But you've got your pipe in your mouth," continued the guard.

"Yes," retorted the Irishman; "an' I've got me feet in me boots, but I'm not kickin'!"

Saving the Privates.

Sergeant Maloney was charged with being found drinking in the company of two privates. "Captain," said he, "I did it to prevent them two privates getting drunk."

"What do you mean?" thundered the captain.

"Sure now, Captain," replied the sergeant. "They each had a point as whusky, which was too much for them, so I helped them to dispose

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TOLD HER LIFE'S AMBITION

Small Girl Somewhat Crudely Expressed Her Desire to Be a Teacher When She Grew Up.

At one time or another during the ward school life of a little girl there prevails the ambition to become a teacher. Perhaps it is the indisputable authority possessed by the hand that wields the rules or the nonchalant display of wisdom on topics surrounded by the most inaccessible difficulties to the small boy and girl. They will nearly always tell their ambitions to a well liked teacher, and one rather surprising declaration was given by a little maid in one of Miss Clara Townsend's rooms before she became principal of the James school.

Among the special favors coveted by the youngsters is the permission to stay behind after school and clean the blackboards. One evening a little girl was given the desired privilege, and while engaged in the task she struck up a shy sort of conversation with Miss Townsend. Finally the usual confession was made. "When I grow up, I am going to be a teacher," she announced. "That so?" pleasantly asked Miss Townsend. "And why do you want to be a teacher?"

"Well," was the rather surprising answer, "I'll have to be either a teacher or a lady, and I would rather be a teacher."—Indianapolis News.

Both Vows Broken.
Apropos of the anti-vice sectionists' fight against the Nobel prize award to Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller institute, Prof. Herbert Satterley said the other day in Jacksonville:

"These anti-vice contradicted themselves terribly when they try to prove that animal research is useless and futile. They just put themselves in the position of one of their number whom I met at my hotel the other day. 'As this anti was dining I bent forward and said to him: 'Pardon me, but you are, I believe, both an anti-vice sectionist and a vegetarian?' 'Yes, sir, that is correct,' he answered. 'Then,' said I, 'you will probably be shocked to learn that you have just eaten a live caterpillar with your lettuce salad.'"

Our Discontent.
Brand Whitlock, the mayor of Toledo, was talking about discontent. "It is our discontent, our divine discontent," he said, "that will make a great nation of us. 'I believe in discontent. I can sympathize even with the discontented old farmer, who said: 'Contented? When'll I be contented? Well, I'll be contented when I own all the land adjoinin' mine—and not be fur, by gum!'

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Old Experience Still Holds the Palm.
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A So. Dak. woman found some things about food from Old Experience a good, reliable teacher. She writes: "I think I have used almost every breakfast food manufactured, but none equal Grape-Nuts in my estimation. "I was greatly bothered with weak stomach and indigestion, with formation of gas after eating, and tried many remedies for it but did not find relief. "Then I decided I must diet and see if I could overcome the difficulty that way. My choice of food was Grape-Nuts because the doctor told me I could not digest starchy food. "Grape-Nuts food has been a great benefit to me for I feel like a different person since I begun to eat it. It is wonderful to me how strong my nerves have become. I advise everyone to try it, for experience is the best teacher. "If you have any stomach trouble—can't digest your food, use Grape-Nuts food for breakfast at least, and you won't be able to praise it enough when you see how different you feel." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

Keeping Her Word.
Josephine—Do you know to whom Stella is engaged?
Margaret—Yes, but I promised I would not tell. However, I don't think there'll be any harm in my writing his name on a piece of paper for you.—Satire.

Their Clutch.
"Guns have an easy job, haven't they?"
"How do you mean?"
"They're employed only to be fired."

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One laxative, three for cathartic. Adv.

I don't want a woman to weigh me in a balance; there are men enough for that sort of work—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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