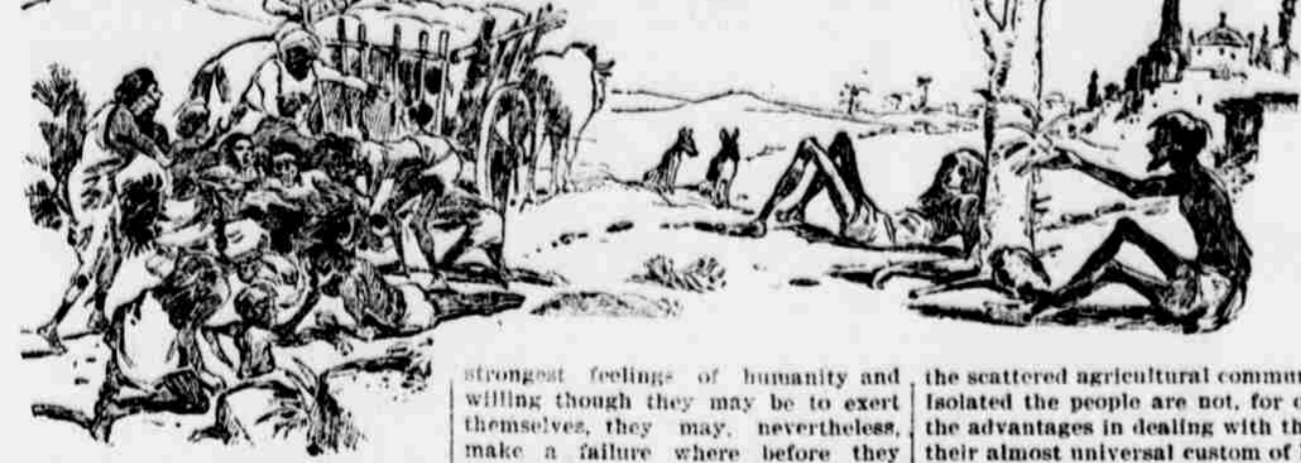


# GREAT FAMINE DISTRESS IN INDIA



Following the custom of the past thirty-five years, the Indian government has appointed a commission to inquire into the extent of the recent famine and the methods adopted for coping with it, having in view the collection of information that may be of value in the future. The report of this commission has just been published, although it was completed and signed as early as last May. The excuse given for withholding it from publication is that it would not have been policy to publish it until the Indian budget had been passed and Lord George Hamilton offered to the world his recent glowing panegyric on the prosperity of India, which, needless to say, was taken with a very big discount by everybody who knew anything about it. But it succeeded only too well in the object it had in view, namely, salving the conscience of the British people, and persuading them to believe that their administration of India left little or nothing to be desired.

As far as the report itself is concerned it lacks the importance of several of its predecessors, that of 1881 more particularly. This is only saying that the ground has been effectively cleared, the rules and regulations laid down for administration during famine periods being found on the whole workable. Severe famine, however, rarely occurs twice running in the same district, and as India is a great congeries of people rather than a nation there has to be a good deal of latitude permitted in dealing with them. A famine code must necessarily be limited to broad principles and the application of them left to those on the spot, and it is this that always calls for inquiry and criticism.

**A Task of Large Moment.**  
The same men rarely have the work to do twice in the same place or under exactly the same conditions and, actuated though they are by the

strongest feelings of humanity and willing though they may be to exert themselves, they may, nevertheless, make a failure where before they scored a success. The great thing is to understand the people, and as officials are constantly being moved about in the way of promotion they are apt to make use of experience previously gained when they really ought to be commencing again almost at the bottom. This no doubt largely explains the failures brought to light in the famine administration a year ago; terribly hard conditions were imposed where the people were unable to bear them, and far too easy ones where they were much more favorably situated.

This at once raised the question whether it is not possible to govern so vast a country more largely by its own inhabitants in accordance with its own wants and traditions. That does not mean establishing representative institutions and placing the mere machinery of government in the hands of the natives; it is quite possible, indeed, that the latter has been done far too great an extent already. The lower branches of the civil service have been thrown open and the ambition of the native seems to be to obtain a government situation, where he is sponsored into all the red tape of the official class. In this way thousands of them came to be employed in famine administration and were much more reluctant to break through the stipulated regulations than the Englishman. If they make a mistake they run the risk of being cashiered, whereas an English official in case of emergency always feels at liberty to exercise a certain amount of discretion, for which he will not be harshly treated by his superiors as long as it is not abused.

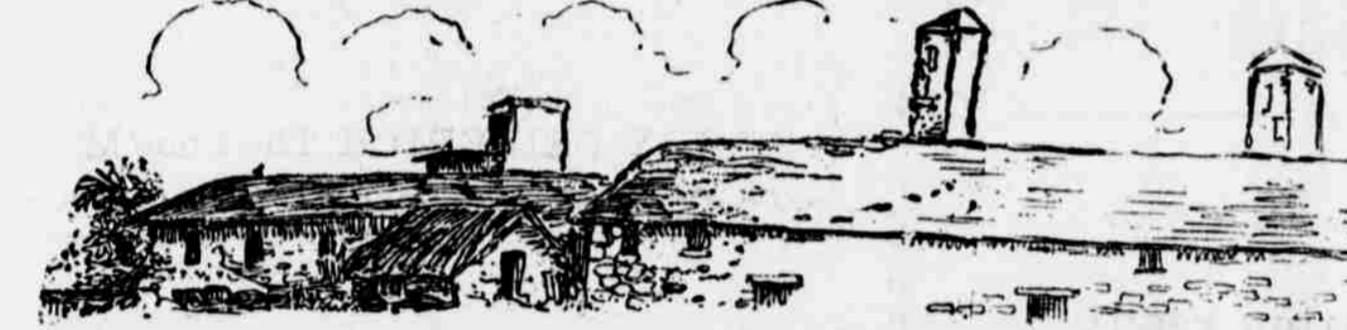
**Work Imperfectly Done.**  
But this is not the kind of government that a country like India stands in need of. Municipal and well regulated institutions are all very well for the cities and larger towns, but just as a sledge hammer is not the proper instrument for cracking a nut, so these institutions cease to be applicable to

the scattered agricultural communities. Isolated the people are not, for one of the advantages in dealing with them is their almost universal custom of living together in villages and groups, so that there is no tracking down the separate little homesteads situated miles apart, as in America or England. In ordinary times these villages are left a good deal to themselves; perhaps the only government official they see in the course of the year is the tax collector. But there is a sense of dependence nevertheless, and if anything the least out of the common occurs the nearest English magistrate is the man who must be consulted. The head man of the village may be the recognized medium of communication, but when it comes to action his powers are very limited.

India, in short, is becoming over-governed and with laws often alien to the genius of the people, however appropriate they may seem in the eyes of modern civilization. Their natural protectors find themselves of little account unless they enter into the prevailing occupation of the well to do and become grain dealers or merchants or rivals in some other way of the ruling race, and their interests they then imagine to be the continuance of cheap labor. But until the value of that is raised to a much higher permanent level the people will never be able to take care of themselves, and each recurring time of scarcity and famine will be accompanied with the same pitiful tales of distress and suffering which no commissions of inquiry will ever eradicate.

**Corroborative.**  
Examining physician (to applicant for insurance)—H'm! Young man, there is something the matter with your heart. Applicant—Your daughter found that out a long time ago.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Up-to-Now Intuensa.**  
"Have you hay fever?" "No; that's old. I have the electric fan sniffles."—Puck.



## HOW BOOKS ARE REVIEWED.

**Publishers' Plan to Save Valuable Time for the Editor.**  
They were discussing sanctum secrets and the talk had drifted to book reviewing. "It must take a lot of time even to read all the books, aside from the writing of the reviews," remarked the very young reporter. The literary editor smiled. "There are tricks in all trades and the book publishers have theirs," he replied. "See here," and he picked up from his desk the publisher's announcement of a novel that had just come in for review, says the Philadelphia Record. "This, in a general way, gives me an idea of the story, but here is the key printed at the bottom: 'Chapters 2, 3, 5, 10 and 12 give the key to the plot; pages 92 to 102 show something of the author's descriptive powers; pages 110 to 111, chapter 23, to page 213, and pages 222 to 225 reveal his knowledge of the western mining life and its types; also something of his humor. Chapter 30 presents the heroine in a very striking and dramatic light; pages 292-293 and chapter 32 conclude the incidents of chapter 22. The last chapter gives evidence of the author's knowledge of Indian character which he uses to make a terribly impressive end of his half-breed villain.' From that you will see," continued the literary editor, "that it isn't at all necessary to read the book unless you want to. A cursory glance at the pages indicated by the publisher will give you ample information for the writing of a perfunctory review."

## NATIVE CEMETERY, MALACCA.

**All the Graves from Kings to Peasants Are Nameless.**  
The Makam is that vast native cemetery in which it is the desire of every Panang Malay to find his last resting place. It covers many acres of ground, and the little nesans, or headstones, rise everywhere through the rank growths that cover the fruitful soil. A few trees stand here and there, trees with thick, fat leaves, soft and flabby to the touch, of the kind called "spoons" by the Malays, because their shape is not unlike that of a flat rice ladle. Occasionally the grave of a

raja, a noble, or a man of wealth is marked by a headstone upon which some pious words of Arabic invocation have been rudely carved; some others are squared roughly, but for the most part the graves have no other ornament than a round piece of water-worn granite protruding only a few inches above the surface of the ground, or a rudely carved wooden peg leaning crazily to one side. Two or three of the graves have tumble-down erections built over them by the piety of the surviving relations of him who lies beneath. Their devotion, however, has not been equal to the task of keeping their work in repair, and the decaying uprights and cross-pieces have the appearance of a pile of spell-casts. Traces may be noted in other parts of the cemetery of spasmodic attempts to fence in some of the graves, but these have long been abandoned as Utopian. On one raja's grave may be seen a huge iron four-posted bedstead, which Oriental wisdom—doubtless after long and anxious discussion—has at length devoted to what its owner conceived was the end for which it was originally fashioned. Rude huts rise here and there among the graves, with the grasses and creepers clinging about their knees, and these are built by the desire of the dead—who have left money behind them for the purpose—to accommodate the priests and holy men who come to chant verses of the Kuran during the quiet nighttime, that the souls of the departed may rest in peace. All the graves, from those of the kings who ruled the land to those of the peasants who tilled the soil, are nameless; and thus, when a man has lain beneath the sod for a year or two, even those of his kindred who held him most dear are unable to say with certainty where their brother lies buried.—National Review.

## ROCKEFELLER ON SUCCESS.

**The Advice of the Richest Man in the World.**  
Recently John D. Rockefeller addressed the students of the University of Chicago, to which institution he has given more than nine million dollars. He spoke in part as follows:

"Students of the University of Chicago, what can I say to you that will enable you to make the best use of your opportunities? You look out upon the world with bright prospects and from a standpoint far more advantageous than that of many who preceded you. Whatever your station may be hereafter, do not fail to turn gratefully to your families and friends, who have stood by you in your time of struggle for an education. Many of them toiled incessantly through long weary years that you might be possessed of advantages which they were unable to secure for themselves. I entreat you not to forget them. In the end the question will be not whether you have achieved great distinction and made yourselves known to all the world, but whether you have fitted into the niches God has assigned you, and have done your work day by day in the best possible way. We shall continue in the future, as in the past, to need great men and women to fill the most important positions uncomplainingly and acceptably. The vital thing is to find out, as soon as possible, the place in life wherein you can best serve the world. Whatever position this is, it is the highest position in the sight of God. I tremble to think of the failures that may come to some of you, who are possessed of the brightest intellects and capable of the greatest accomplishments. So much has been said of late on the subject of success that I forbear making particular suggestions. The chances for success are better today than ever before. Success is attained by industry, perseverance and pluck, coupled with any amount of hard work, and you need not expect to achieve it in any other way."

**Rules Ahead.**  
Mamma—No, dear, you can't go out this weather. Now, if you'll promise not to ask me to let you play outdoors I'll get you any toy you want. Tommy—All right, ma; get me a bow and arrow.—Philadelphia Press.

**Millions of Cigarettes.**  
In one New York factory 30,000,000 cigarettes a week are turned out on an average all the year round.

## A MEAN BUNKO MAN.

**Nefarious Game He Played Upon a Confiding Fellow Traveler.**  
He got on the train at a way station and sat down beside me. He was long, lean and lanky. First he looked out of the car window and then at me. Settling deeper into his seat he suddenly remarked: "Dry day, eh?" I merely nodded my head affirmatively. "Do you drink, young man?" I said I didn't mind if I did. He said he would mind though. "Furthermore," he continued, "I am surprised that a man of your modest appearance with eyes denoting Christian breeding, a forehead denoting good moral character, and a mouth too pure to withstand the taint of intemperance, should be willing to indulge in the flowing bowl." I could only squirm about in my seat and prepare myself for an eighteen-carat temperance lecture about to be thrust upon me. "And young man, do you know that hundreds of homes have been devastated by strong drink?" I knew. "Do you realize that the idols of manhood have been shattered and wealth squandered by liquor?" I realized. "Are you aware that wine is a mocker and drink is the national curse?" I was aware. "Are you cognizant of the fact that every glass is the foundation stone of intemperance?" I was cog. "Do you know that wines, liquors and cigars are the advance agents of insobriety?" And, young man, for the sake of your parents; for the good of your wife—if you have any—I want you to make me one promise—"And that is?" I hurriedly interrupted, willing to promise anything, for his words had aroused me, and I knew I had been groveling in the dark and that every drink was a blot on the sunshine of my home. "I want you to promise me that you will not let another drop of liquor pass your lips." "I won't," I almost shouted, extending my hand as a seal to the faithful adherence to my promise. "And you will not yield to temptation?" "I will not." "And you will not ask for a drink should you see some one else imbibing?" "I give you my word of honor I will not." "Thanks, young man, thanks," and with that the mean, groveling, contemptible, long, lean, lanky hypocrite put his hand to his side pocket, brought forth a pint flask of whiskey, and drank to his heart's and stomach's content, while I sat up like a bunkoed committer amid the giggling occupants of the train.—St. Louis Republic.

## RED AS A DANGER SIGNAL.

**This Color Represents Physical Fear Says a Reflective Writer.**  
"I picked up an old volume of South Sea travels the other day," remarked a young railroad official a night or two ago, "and was struck by one of the customs of the far away Society Islanders, which turned my thoughts upon the subject of colors and their effect on the human mind. It appears that on the islands there is a kind of seaweed, or semi-marine growth, which when dried burns with a bright cherry red flame, somewhat like Bengal fire. The natives of the different islands of the group collect the stuff, cure it and keep a supply on hand. It is, however, never burned, except in times of danger; but the moment that any grave emergency arises a heap of the hay is set on fire, and every native within sight of the signal is in duty bound to rush to the rescue. The custom brought home to my mind the almost universal use of red light as a danger signal, and caused me to wonder whether there is not some other reason than mere chance for that hue's having been singled out as a symbol of physical danger. Efforts have been made, with considerable success, to show the relation between the sense of sound and sight, and it has been pretty clearly shown that the color gamut does have a corresponding musical scale; so why not assign to colors also a scale of nervous sensation—thus red represents physical fear; blue, as we all know from the lurid light of the moon, and the electric flash, superinduces inexplicable mental dread; yellow light, I would say, arouses a sensation of physical unrest, without any feeling of danger, while white light arouses only pleasurable sensations or a mild intoxication. Of course, the analysis might be carried by scientific study to other colors and combinations in endless degree, and the man of an investigating turn of mind might find it infinitely interesting to chase the 'red light as a danger signal' back through history, and find when and how the symbol was first adopted."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Meanest Frank of All.**  
One of the meanest of Halliwell's pranks was played on the West Side, and the meanest part of it is that in the act itself there was nothing but the most praiseworthy spirit of industry. A small, neat, three-story flat building, built of Milwaukee pressed brick, stands on the corner. Originally it was of a reddish gray, but the laxity of a smoke inspector has allowed it to shade away into a dull dust color that is quite indescribable. Some time in the night of Oct. 31 somebody with a pail, scrubbing brush and bar of soap appeared under a pair of bay windows and washed a piece of wall three feet square beautifully clean! In about two weeks, provided it doesn't freeze to hard, the janitor of the building hopes to have the spot washed out. But it is a big job.—Chicago Tribune.

**A Wild Guess.**  
"They say the Shamrock's captain didn't lay his course right." "Perhaps he didn't put enough tacks into it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## THE TIME TO LAUGH.

**SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.**

**The Irishman and the Bicycle.**—The Foes of Rum—The Up-to-Date Boston Boy—Heard on the Ice—Borrowed Witticisms.

### IT SURELY WAS A BAD CASE.

A little man recently walked into a dry-goods store and said: "I do not know how to use the telephone. Will you please call up this number? Thank you." "Here is the number. What shall I say to the doctor?" "Tell him that his paralyzed patient's walking around this morning." "Yes." "That I think there is hope for his recovery. I cut off the hair and put fourteen fly bilsters on him last night. I found that his appetite is fine, but he won't touch raw meat. One of his ears fell off during the night and I think he is blind in one eye. I find there is no use in giving him medicine. It makes him howl. His tongue looks as if it had been put through a wringing machine. What does he want me to do?" "He says to let the patient alone until he gets downtown. By the way, Mr. Blank, I don't know your patient, but it must be a sad case." "Yes," said the little man as if looking for sympathy, according to the New York Mail and Express, "I think that he was at one time the finest colic that ever cracked a bone."

### THE DIFFERENCE.

An Irish farmer went into an ironmonger's shop to buy a scythe. After serving him the shopman asked him if he would buy a bicycle. "What is that?" inquired the Irishman. "It's a machine to ride about the town on." "And, shure, what might the price of it be?" "Fifteen pounds." "I'd rather see fifteen pounds in a row." "But what a fool you would look riding round the town on the back of a row!" "Shure, now," replied the Irishman; "not half such a fool as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle!"

### FOES OF RUM.

The Prohibitionist had assailed the Demon Rum mercilessly, and with every fresh onslaught the man with the red nose had applauded. "Friend," said the lecturer at last, "you look like one who has been a drinking man." "You bet I have been, stranger," replied the man earnestly; "but it does my heart good to see you git out after rum. I never did have no use for it. Tain't a fit drink for any man. You can't hammer it too hard for me, an' when you're through I've got a bit of old rye here that'll warm your heart up good. I like a man that knows what to hit an' what not to hit."

### THE PULLMAN SLEEPER.

"I heard a funny conversation not long ago on a Pullman," said a traveling man. "It was bedtime and two ladies near me were getting themselves ready to turn in. They were talking about the inconveniences of it, when I heard one remark: 'Well, I must say that I do not like these sleeping cars at all.' 'Oh,' responded the other in a more cheerful frame of mind, 'wait till you have lived awhile in a flat, as I have, and you won't think the sleeping car is so bad, after all.'"

### HEARD ON THE ICE.



She—"Oh, tell me frankly, what shall I do to keep from drowning?" He—"Shut your mouth." She—"Ugh! You brute! I've a good mind to drown first."

### The Car on Route.

"Has his excellency donned his bullet-proof shirt?" "Yes, your highness." "And his great coat of six-inch armor?" "Yes, your highness." "And no suspicious characters have been found within a thousand miles?" "No, your highness." "Then let the armored train proceed."

### Ruin Ahead.

Mamma—"No, dear, you can't go out this weather. Now, if you'll only promise not to ask me to let you play outdoors I'll get you any toy you want." Tommy—"All right. Get me a bow and arrow."

## FROM MOUTHS OF BABES.

"How old are you, little girl?" asked a visitor of 3-year-old Minnie. "I'm not old at all," was the reply. "I'm 'most new."

Teacher—"To what class of birds does the hawk belong?" Small Pupil—"Birds of prey." Teacher—"That's right. And where does the quail belong?" Small Pupil—"On toast."

"I do hope I will grow to be nine feet tall," said little Tommy. "Why do you wish to be so tall, dear?" asked his mother. "So when I get in a crowd I can see what is going on," replied Tommy.

"What do you think of your new baby brother, Margie?" asked a visitor of a little 4-year-old miss. "Not much," was the reply. "Before he came mamma said I was the apple of her eye; now I 'spose I'm nothin' but the core."

Johnny (aged 6)—"Papa, can I go to the circus this afternoon?" Papa—"No, my son. A good boy would not want to go to a circus." Johnny—"Then, papa, don't you think I ought to go while I'm bad enough to enjoy it?"



Miranda Milkweed—"Law, child, how'd your head get to be so big?" Emerson Longfellow Bea-on-street—"It is caused, madam, by a superabundance of cerebral cortex in the lower frontal lobe, an ultra vesicular growth of the mid-brain and extraordinary developmental phenomena in the medulla oblongata. This condition has, for its primary causation, excessive intellectual strenuousity."

## BORROWED WITTICISMS.

**From Juvenal.**  
"More worlds to conquer," Alexander cried. He frets and sweats, pent in the narrow side Of our cramped universe. Let him go on And reach his destined end, at Baby-lon; A coffin shall content him. Death alone Your great man's littleness is bold to own. —From "The Queen's Chronicle," by Stephen Gwynn.

**Mutual Pleasantry.**  
First Citizen (stopping passerby)—Excuse me, but you have my umbrella. Passer—Are you sure it is yours? First Citizen—Indeed, I am, for there are my initials on the handle. Passer—Then you are the man I'm looking for; I'm sure you will have no objection to giving me the new umbrella you took in exchange for this.—Richmond Dispatch.

**Pleasantry in Passing.**  
"Well, declare," remarked the thin man, who was being uncomfortably crowded by a very stout person, "the trolley company ought to charge passengers by weight." "Think so?" retorted the stout person. "At that rate it wouldn't be worth their while to take you on at all."—Philadelphia Press.

## They Cost Money.

She—"Do you find golf a very difficult game?" He—"Oh, no! Not after you've acquired a little knowledge." She—"What do you consider the most difficult things to acquire?" He—"The sticks and balls."—Philadelphia Press.

## Put on Her Mettle.

Sidney—"I can always make my wife keep a secret." Rodney—"How do you manage that?" Sidney—"I start out by telling her that I know she can't keep it."—Detroit Free Press.

## The Struggler's Outlook.

Dobbs—"An artist needs some high ambition to keep his art fervor alive." Daubs—"Oh, well, maybe our pictures will get worked up into soap advertisements some of these days."—Detroit Free Press.

**When the Temperature Fell.**  
"I'm so worried about Brother Henry," said Clara to her caller. "I do hope he'll come out all right." "How long was he sent up for?" asked Mr. Hunker, sympathetically.—Smart Set.

## The Casual Observer.

This old world has some curious ways. You watch with eager eye. And don't know if you ought to laugh Or if you ought to cry. —Washington Star.

## Just a Beginner.

She—"Has she many friends in society?" He—"Oh, yes; she hasn't been in long, you know."—Smart Set.