

THE LEPERS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

There Are Fifty Thousand of Them in Our Eastern Islands and They Go About as They Please.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Manila, March 14.—One of the serious problems which confronts the Government here is the selection of a leper island and the segregation of the lepers. There are lepers scattered throughout the archipelago. In many places they mix with the rest of the people. They may be seen begging at the doors of the churches, and it is hard to tell whether they are not in the markets handling the vegetables and meats which we eat on our tables. There are, it is said, 20,000 lepers in the Visayan Islands, and the number in the whole country must be upward of 50,000. Leprosy exists to an alarming extent in several of the provinces of Luzon, and Captain Lynch, one of the doctors of the Health Department, tells me that he saw several hundred cases during his stay in Negros. The Spaniards paid but little attention to the prevention of the disease. They had only two hospitals—one in Cebu and one in Manila. In Cebu the disease is known to be spreading, and in Manila there are undoubtedly many lepers at large.

A Visit to a Leper Hospital.

I took a carriage this afternoon and drove out into the country to the leper hospital. It is about three miles from the center of Manila and not far from the outskirts of the city. You pass by a market where hundreds of men, women and children are crowding and pushing one another in buying and selling, thinking as you look how easily one leper could contaminate the whole. You go by thousands of the thatched huts of the laboring classes, each hut swarming with people, and at last come to a big white building which looks not unlike a penitentiary. It is surrounded by large grounds, and shut off from the road by a thick wall of stone. It has a barred gate, and as you look up you instinctively remember the inscription over Dante's Inferno:

"All hope abandon ye who enter here."

and wonder why it is not inscribed upon it. Entering the gate is like going into a prison. You are in a long passage between high walls of stone, and far down, at the end of this you see the barred doors of the hospital itself.

Come with me and let us take a trip through it. There is a native at the entrance who looks ugly enough to be a patient himself. We ask for the lepers. He points across the court and tells us to enter. We do so, and within a few seconds are in the presence of two scores of horrid-looking objects, who have run to the doors to meet us. Some are young, some old—all are lepers. Here is a boy, brown-faced, bright-eyed, and as quick in his actions and joyful in his laugh as your own boy at home. But look! His hands and his breast are covered with white spots, and one of his ears has already begun to decay. Next to him is a man whose nose has been eaten away and whose eyes are bleared with the disease. Others have foreheads which are falling in, toes almost gone, and their bodies covered with sores. It is so horrible, indeed, that words can hardly express it.

As we hesitate the lepers gather around us. I motion them off, but they point to my camera, and one says "retroto," the Spanish word for photograph, and holding out his mutilated hand, adds those two words in English, "Give money." I take a Mexican dollar and throw it to him and he gathers the horrid crowd in the sun to one side and poses them for me.

In the Hospital.

As I snap the button the native doctor appears, and we go together through the building with the ghoulish crowd at our heels. We pass upstairs through one long hall after another, each filled with beds, upon some of which lepers are lying. The beds are clean and well lighted. The walls are whitewashed, and the building is cool

and well kept. The floor is of hardwood, polished so that our faces and those of these living dead men are reflected in it as we walk through.

Fifty-Five Women Lepers.

Leaving the men's ward, we next go to the women's ward. There are eighty-one men and fifty-five women and girls now in the hospital. The females are of all ages, from little tots of ten to gray-haired, hunched-looking ladies of 60. The most of them are idle, sitting about talking, smoking and chewing the betel. One woman has her mouth so eaten away that neither tooth nor lip are left to hold her cigarette. Her nose is almost gone, but she has put the cigarette in one of her nostrils and is puffing out the smoke through the hole where her mouth should have been. I take a photograph of five of the worst cases, trembling as I do so for fear I may catch the disease.

I can imagine nothing more horrible than the condition of these people here. They have no amusements and no work. They are just waiting to die, and watching themselves, knowing that they must die inch by inch.

I understand that the health officers are considering the matter of a leper island, and that at the earliest possible moment the lepers will be gathered together and carried there. This has been done in Porto

Leper Beggars and Leper Workmen—A Visit to the Hospital at Manila and a Look at Its Horrid Inmates—The Health of the City and Its High Death Rate—Something About the Black Plague and the Smallpox—Uncle Sam's Vaccine Farm, Where Water Buffaloes Furnish the Virus—Skin Diseases and Mineral Springs—Filipino Superstitions—How Black Dogs Bring the Cholera—The Angiting-Angiting Which Prevents Death and Disease.

Rico, and there is no doubt but that it should be done in the Philippines.

The Lepers of Asia.

This part of the world seems to breed lepers. There are said to be more than a million in India, China and Japan, and in this estimate half a million is assigned to Hindoostan. No accurate statistics have been taken for China, for lepers are to be found in all the cities in the southern part of that empire. They mix about with the rest of the people, and you see leper beggars everywhere. On many of the rivers they go about in boats asking for alms, thrusting out bags attached to long poles at every boat and ship which goes by. They blackmail the funeral processions and levy tribute on the mourners, threatening to touch them if they do not give alms. There is a leper asylum in Canton which has 500 inmates. There both sexes live together, and many of them marry and have children.

I saw no Chinese lepers in the Manila Hospital, but there is a large Chinese population here and without doubt some of the Chinese are lepers. Leprosy was known in China several hundred years before the days of Confucius, and it is said that one of the disciples of that sage died of this dreadful disease.

Leprosy is usually caused by contact, but it is the more prevalent wherever the people are overcrowded, dirty and poorly fed. A hot, moist climate, such as we have here, is conducive to it, and the Government is using every effort to put the town in a better sanitary condition.

The Health of Manila.

So far, our soldiers have been very healthy here in Manila, and also in all parts of the Philippines. I have no doubt but that these islands are among the most healthful of all tropical countries, and, for people who live well and take care of themselves, there is but little danger. The heat is no greater than that of the United States in the summer.

The natives, however, have no health regulations and a house-to-house visitation which the sanitary officers are now making shows that the city is in a very bad condition.

The death rate for the last six months of 1899 was about 41 per 1,000, estimating the population at 200,000, or 37 estimated at 100,000, about 31 per 1,000. These figures are exceedingly high. Hong-Kong, which is in the same latitude as Manila, and which has about the same climate, has a death rate only half as large, and it is next door to China, with all the plagues that that country so regularly produces. Here we had practically no plagues during the time above mentioned.

The Black Plague.

Within the past few weeks, however, there have been a number of cases of the black death or bubonic plague. This plague has broken out at several of the ports of Japan and China, and there have been a number of deaths from it here. I found it at Kobe, Japan, when I passed through on my way to the Philippines. All the passengers taken on there were examined for evidences of the plague before they were permitted to come on board the ship, the captain of the steamer requiring a doctor's certificate from each.

The black plague has, in the past, been very prevalent in China, especially in Can-

ton and Hong-Kong. It also exists in India, and there are now a large number of cases in Bombay and Calcutta.

Want to Eat the Rats.

The doctors here tell me that it is often communicated by rats, and, within the past few weeks, they have sent out an order that all the rats are to be killed. It is charged that the Filipinos and the Chinese will not co-operate with the health department in this matter because there are many among them who eat rats as food. I have bought dried rats which were offered for sale as edible articles in the cities of China, and I see them for sale in the Chinese stores here. The rats communicate the plague by contact, or by running over the people. It is also carried by the fleas which live on the rats and carry the disease to the human beings whose bodies may form their next feeding ground.

How the Plague Comes.

So far, nearly every one who has caught the black plague here has died. The disease comes upon one without warning, in the shape of a fever which in a short time raises the temperature of the patient to 105 degrees and upward. There is no chill, but the patient has a severe headache and shows signs of stupor. After twelve hours the glands of the neck, the armpits or the groin begin to swell, and soon become as large as hens' eggs. In some cases the patient vomits blood, and within a few hours he dies. Some few recover; and if one can keep himself alive for six days after exposure he is probably safe.

The plague kills rats as well as human beings. Dead rats are found in the drains in the infected portions of China, and the rats ran from such places almost as fast as the men.

Object to Cremation.

The doctors here have had considerable trouble about disposing of the bodies. They at first insisted that all should be buried, but the Chinese and Filipinos made such an outcry over this that General Otis has

countermanded the order. When the plague was so bad in Canton many of the pallbearers who were paid to carry the coffins to the graves were stricken with it, and when four men would go out for that purpose often but two would return. The Chinese here are very anxious to have the bodies of the deceased sent back to China. They put them in immense wooden coffins which are hermetically sealed by varnish, however, but which are, nevertheless, unsafe in case of the plague. During the prevalence of the disease at Canton there were a number of Chinese coffin associations—men who clubbed together to furnish coffins for the poor. In one such club 2,000 coffins were given away, and all together more than 60,000 coffins were furnished for plague patients.

A Nation of Scatchers.

It is said that 50 per cent of the people of the Philippines are suffering from skin diseases, and, from the amount of scratching I see going on, I judge the figures are not overdrawn. Every second person you meet, whether man, woman or child, jerks his clothes this way and that, apparently hunting for fleas. The diseases are largely caused by eating fish, which forms the chief diet of the native Filipino. It brings about a fish eczema, in which the skin scales off, causing a rash. It suits one almost eagerly, but is easily cured, and is not at all dangerous.

The natives themselves pay but little attention to such diseases, although they have numerous medicinal plants, and the mineral springs, hot and cold, which are found in different parts of the island, are well patronized.

The Smallpox.

The most dangerous of all the skin diseases is, of course, the smallpox, which has lately broken out in a number of places. It exists along the line of the railway in Luzon and at several ports, and is said to be spreading in Panay and Cebu. Several officers of the army have had it, but as yet it has not affected the foreigners to any extent. The spring months are the most dangerous times of the year for this disease. The weather is hot and dry, and the heat from moon until about 4 p. m. is often oppressive.

I called at the Health Department today and made some inquiries of the doctors. They are not alarmed at the situation, but say that they are vaccinating as many people as possible. A wholesale vaccination of all the people would be a good thing if it could be carried out. It must be remembered, however, that there are 500,000 of them, and that at least 200,000, I should say, need such treatment. Practically no vaccination had been attempted among the lower classes up to the time of our taking possession of the islands. The people do not look upon smallpox as we do. They are like the Chinese in that many of them pay more attention to it than they do to a bad cold. They do not care to be vaccinated, and the Chinese especially object to having their arms scratched up by the doctors.

A Carabao Vaccine Farm.

Nevertheless, the doctors are making many vaccinations. They have established a vaccine farm here at which they use young carabao, or water buffaloes, to furnish the virus. Instead of cows, as with us, Ten thousand points so treated were sent

out in response to one order yesterday, and carabao vaccine is being distributed through all the army posts. I went out to the vaccine farm this morning and watched the mode of treating the animals. A carabao calf about a year old was lying strapped down upon a table as I entered the operating hall. The head and three legs of the beast were strapped to the table. The animal lay upon its side, its head and three legs so fastened that it could not move, and its fourth leg, one of the hind ones, so tied to a post that the belly was plainly exposed. The hair had been shaved from this part of the body, and it was upon it that the vaccination wounds were being made. The skin of a carabao is of a delicate pink, and that of a calf has the peachy tint of a maiden's cheek. It was upon this tinted background that the scratching was done, evident by a dozen bloody spots which could be seen here and there upon it.

A native Filipino doctor was performing the work of inoculation, the poor carabao now and then uttering a cry which was almost human as the fingers cut through his hide. The doctor told me that the scab formed very quickly, and that a large number of points can be dipped in one scab. The carabao are thoroughly examined to see that they are healthy before they are vaccinated. Their sores last but a short time, and within a week or so they are as well as ever.

Some Filipino Superstitions.

One trouble about vaccinating both Filipinos and Chinese lies in their superstitions. Many of the Filipinos are fatalists. They think they are fated to die or get well, and if so vaccination will not help them. One belief is that cholera is brought by a black dog which runs through the streets with the disease following behind him. They believe in charms and in prayers as preventives of disease, and the priests have encouraged them in this. Some years ago cholera morbus was common, and some of the friars advised the people to pray to St. Roque. The disease kept on for some time, but when it stopped that saint got the credit for it.

The Filipinos have numerous shrines scattered over the country which are supposed to be especially holy. One is at Anti Pulo, not far from Manila. It is frequented by thousands of pilgrims in the month of May, and it is said that the village there relies almost entirely upon such pilgrims for its living. It is a town of about 4500 people.

There is a famous shrine in the island of Cebu whose patron is known as the Holy Child of Cebu. This child is an image of Jesus which is said to have been found on the seashore more than 300 years ago by one of the Spanish soldiers. It was taken by the Augustinian order of friars and a church was built for it. This church was burned, but the image was saved and another was erected, in which it is still kept. The image is about fifteen inches high and is loaded with silver trinkets. It is carried about in a procession on certain days of the year.

There are plenty of relics of saints in the churches here in Manila, and scattered over the Philippines are virgins, saints and relics which are supposed to have special virtues in the healing of the bodies and the saving of souls.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

BRIDLE AND BIT.

"THIS is the time," said an archdeacon, when the clergy were going to luncheon, "to put a bridle on our appetites."

"Yes," said Doctor Randall Davidson, Bishop of Winchester, "this is the time to put a bit in our mouths."

LOVE IS BLIND, INDEED, WHERE AGE IS A CONSIDERATION.

Many Notable Instances Where Differences in Years Were No Bar to Happy Matrimony.



WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has joined a company of middle-aged women who married men much younger than themselves, by her union with her collaborator in "A Lady of Quality," Mr. Stephen Townsend. This eclectic of women who are in the public focus was headed years ago by George Eliot, the English novelist, who married Mr. Cross, a gentleman of 22, while she was 50. It includes Mrs. Langtry, Adeline Patti, the Baronesse Burdett-Coutts, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Mrs. Frances Higginson, Mrs. Mark Hopkins and many more not quite so prominent, perhaps, as those here mentioned.

Prophitely in nearly every case was the main factor in bringing about the union, for in more than one instance the young husband was first the private secretary of his future wife. It was so in the case of Mrs. Burnett, who is now somewhere in the fifties. Throughout her life romance has crowded it, though it seems to approach a peaceful termination now. The new Mrs. Townsend was born in England and came to this country with her parents as a child. The Hodgsons were poor, but Frances cherished a dream that brought her riches. She had written some things of merit that had been published, when she met an equally poor and unknown young man named Burnett. He was a physician with a small practice and a hobby. The latter concerned the study of the eye. When the Burnetts married, the wife, in her ardent love for the man of her choice, conceived the idea of writing a story for publication, that he might be able to go to Europe and its great hospitals.

"That Lass of Lowrie's," a novel whose characters were drawn from her childhood recollections of her early home in the English mining regions, was timely offered to a magazine editor. It was immediately accepted, and just as rapidly brought money and fame. With the money, so fairly earned, Doctor and Mrs. Burnett went to London. At the end of two years the young Tennessee physician, obscure and without fame at first, was regarded as one of the foremost practitioners in his specialty, a reputation which he sustains to this day.

The Burnetts came to New York in Washington, "Through One Administration" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" followed the first successful story and were as eagerly published.

Of their married life it was said that it was ideal, and it came like a bolt out of a clear sky, when in 1855, it was reported that Doctor and Mrs. Burnett had parted. The rumor was denied by the doctor and his wife, but it would not down, and like all those events that cast their shadows before, a separation came several years afterwards. Incompatibility of temperament was cited as the cause for the separation. No scandal ever tainted the fair name of either husband or wife.

A Baronesse's Private Secretary.

Another private secretary came into riches by marrying the Baronesse Burdett-Coutts, who was over 60 years of age when she started the British middle and matrons by uniting herself in marriage with Ashmead Bartlett. He was a penniless young man in his twenties. In spite of the amazing disparity of age between the pair, no whisper was ever breathed of a disagreement even between them. Mr. Bartlett proved an able man, who is somewhat of a figure in British politics to-day.

The Baronesse Burdett-Coutts has many prototypes in history. Mme. De Stael was almost twice as old as her second husband, De Rocca, a handsome young military man. Three singers, Lilli Lehman, Lillian Nordica and Clara Louise Kellogg, are happily married to husbands younger than themselves.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the authoress, lived a happy married life with Herbert D. Ward, a man young enough to be her son.

Langtry's Husband a Mere Youth.

Hugo de Balthe, who married Lillian Langtry a few months ago, is but 27, while she is past 50. The Jersey Lily is still a beautiful woman, and her young husband is said to be one of the finest-looking young men in the smart set of London. Those who know them well say it was a love match pure and simple.

Adeline Patti-Nicolini contracted marriage with Baron Cederstrom when the latter was not more than 30, while the singer made no secret of her 55 years. The Swedish Baron was desperately in love with the great prima donna and would not take "No" for an answer in his suit for her hand.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the author, married Mrs. Samuel Osborne, who had grown-up children when she joined her fortune to that of her young husband.

Americana Women Follow English Precept.

In America we have several examples of elderly women marrying young husbands, and almost in every instance living happily with them.

Doctor Ashton Tillot was 24 when he married Mrs. Calista Phelps, aged 78. Mr. Charles Regill did worse, when he sued and won the hand of Mrs. Adele Ronalds, who was past 80 on her wedding day.

Mrs. Frank Leslie married young Willie Wilde, a man much her junior. The marriage turned out unhappily.

Mrs. "Billy" Florence's third matrimonial venture with a young man has turned out very well.

Mrs. Frances Higginson, a staid and 60-year-old Boston widow, married her son's college chum, young James W. Smith, with whom she eloped. The Smiths live at Montecito and are very happy. It is said by their neighbors, who are in daily communication with them.

When E. F. Searies began to decorate the country house of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the widow of a California millionaire, at Great Barrington, he had no idea that he would be master of that house himself, but the lady fell in love with him, though 72, and they are living in paradise.

The Hodgsons were poor, but Frances cherished a dream that brought her riches.



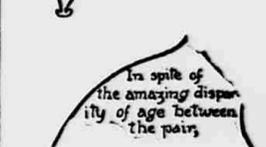
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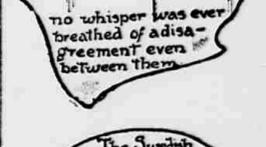
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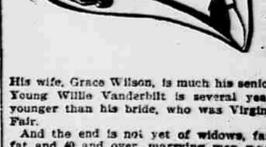
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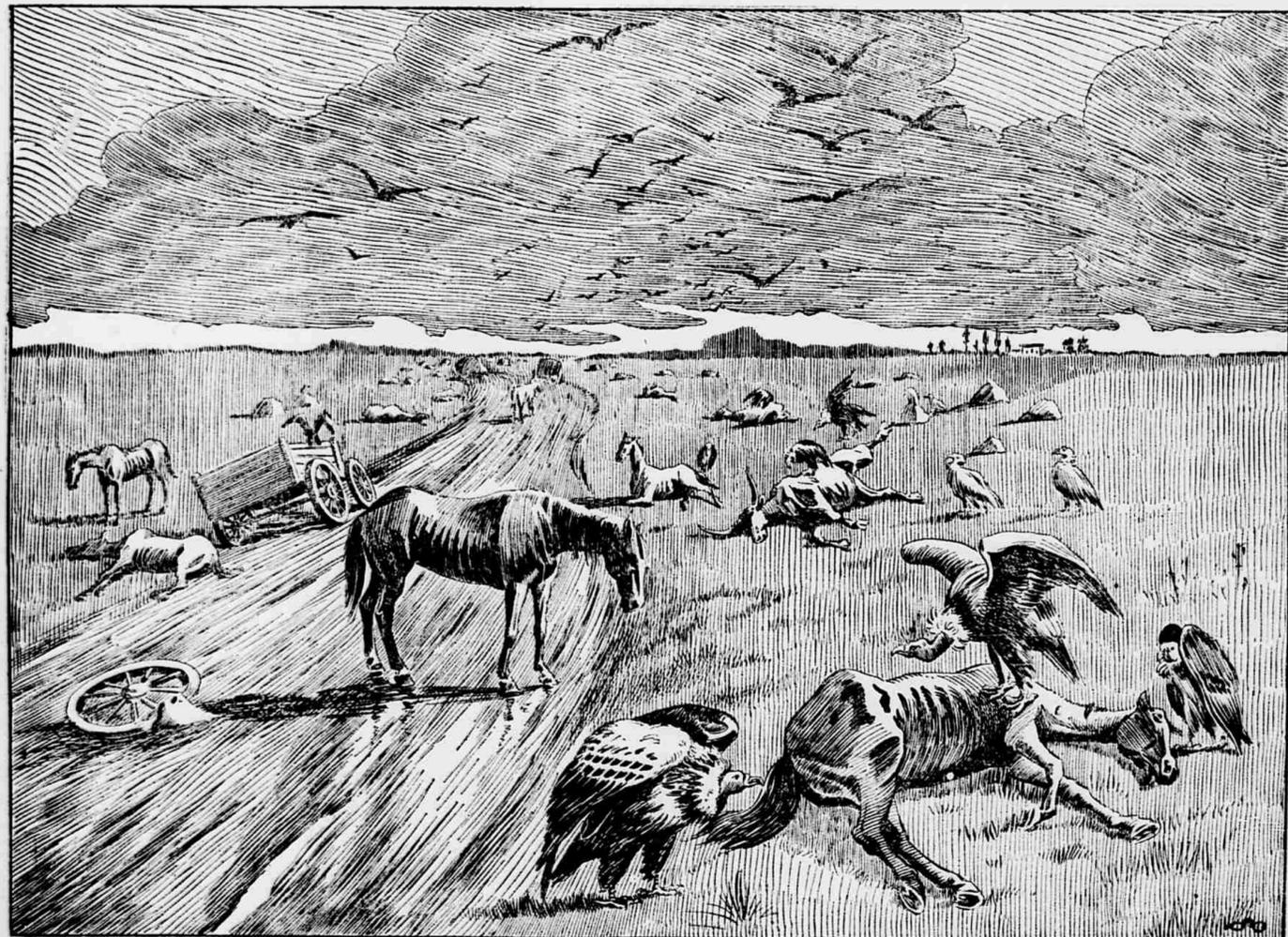
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ON THE HEELS OF LORD ROBERTS'S INVASION OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.



The road from Jacobsdal to Paardeberg, after Lord Roberts had traveled it with his army of invasion into the Orange Free State, presented an exaggerated repetition of a spectacle common to many old "Forty-Niners," who followed the overland trail to California in search

of gold. All the way between the two points was strewn with dead and dying oxen and horses, fallen exhausted by the way, and hordes of vultures flocked to the grewsome feast.

His wife, Grace Wilson, is much his senior. Young Willie Vanderbilt is several years younger than his bride, who was Virginia Fair.

And the end is not yet of widows, fair, fat and 40 and over, marrying men much younger than themselves. Lady Randolph Churchill is reported to be in love with and engaged to Lieutenant Cornwallis West, a dashing young guardsman, not quite the age of her son.