

NARROW SCENES IN FAMINE STRICKEN CHINA



ON MARCH TO THE CITY.



A SMALL SECTION OF THE REFUGEE CAMPS



REFUGEES STRAW HUTS

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.
TSING-KIANG-PU, CHINA, Jan. 16.—
It depends upon the bumps on a man's head what he will think of a great famine. If his scientific bump be large he will point out, dispassionately and learnedly, that famines are one of the agencies of beneficent nature to keep down the surplus population, and to insure the survival of the fittest. They are painful like a surgeon's operation, but they are really a wise provision for the health of the whole mass of mankind.

"Why do you carry that baby?" asked my missionary friend of an aged, withered old woman in one of the famine refugee camps in central China, as he pointed to a starveling which the trembling old arms held. "There is no one else; the father and mother have both died." And plainly the infant would soon follow them within the portals of starvation gates, through which so many hundreds are daily passing. The death of the parents, and the survival of that old woman and tiny babe, were famine paradoxes; for most of the victims at this stage are the very old and the very young. In still another instance I saw a wrinkled, half-blind old grandmother seated on the bare and frozen ground, her only home in the camp, dividing with a wee child the thin rice gruel which she had managed to procure at the relief kitchen. How she ever made her way through that jam of voracious wild creatures I cannot tell on the same day, at the same place, I saw a man so crushed by the jam that he could not get to the mission hospital without help. The crowd, crowded selfishness of the Chinese in the scramble for daily bread, under ordinary circumstances is more elemental and unconcealed than anything known in the West; add actual starvation as a motive, and you unchain all the savage beasts that lurk in the recesses of human nature.

With greatest difficulty, land his life barely saved.

That is the sort of thing, and worse, which the authorities fear when they refuse to allow individuals to go out into the camps and disburse relief. It is more than a little trying to a white man's eyes to look at a crowd of people clutching at his coat, or falling on the ground before him, or holding forth hungry children for his pity, while he dare not ease his feelings by scattering the few coppers that are dangling in his pocket. But the rule is rigid and doubtless wise, that not a copper penny or a brass cash may be given out directly.

In fact, the officials, as well as most other observers, rather anticipate serious disturbances as a consequence of the famine. Let nobody delude himself into the belief that the Chinese are the abject serfs of an autocratic government; the hundreds of mandarins who have been beaten, dipped in urine and otherwise ill-treated by mobs know far different. The Chinese are nearly always ripe for riot. At any moment the big world which has been so cautious to the swiftness of this famine that has swept away the entire subsistence of 3,000,000 people, out of a total population of 10,000,000, dwelling in an area of 40,000 square miles, may be started into attention by a great outbreak of mad mob desperation, in which all the foreigners within reach may perish. If so, be it remembered that peace and self-restraint are qualities scarcely to be expected of men in the throes of actual starvation.

These famishing Chinese are, as a matter of observation, displaying a respect for law which could be expected of no Western people similarly situated. I have been amazed to see heaps of rice and other articles of food, which are exposed for sale on the sidewalks of streets along which daily pass hundreds of men, in the indescribable grip of the primitive passion of hunger; yet not a grain was stolen. At Tsing-Kiang-PU, the city of about 10,000 inhabitants, I saw tons of rice so displayed, and all the restaurants open to the street, while outside the city wall were encamped 300,000 famishing refugees, many of them dying daily from actual starvation. Yangchow has an encampment of 80,000 refugees, of whom the Chinese governor said that 1,000 died in a single night of cold and starvation. Nanking has three camps of these miser-

erable mortals, with about 100,000 people in them, and Chinkiang has 30,000. These, moreover, are the strong, who are able to pile their meagre goods on the family wheelbarrow and travel south from the North River famine district; of the other myriads who are perishing in their homes, nothing can be said. Nobody has ever written a description of the death-throes of a rat in its hole.

If this were a properly symmetrical article it would have dealt at the outset with the summer rains and floods which inundated this great plain of central China, destroying the crops and in thousands of cases, washing away the mud homes of the peasants. It would likewise have exploited the culpable inefficiency of the Chinese government for not having inaugurated a system of relief before the people began to drop from starvation. Also it would have pointed out the many public works right at hand upon which the famished sufferers could be employed, thus saving their self-respect as well as their lives. But for the life of me I cannot write anything but the haunting, harrowing, inescapable facts before my eyes. If I could for an hour shake off those thin trembling hands that clutch my coat as I pass through the famine camps, or could shut out the wailing of the children whose interest wailing brings them no bread, or the sight of the mothers and widows wailing over their dead, I might write a more cheerful report that would satisfy the reader with scientific bumps on his head.

Yesterday I witnessed two tragedies which seemed not to command more than a passing glance from the highway along which they were enacted. The first was at one corner of an encampment of straw mats, tiny, temporary huts not big enough to house a cow, and yet containing whole families. A child had died, and its body had been wrapped in a piece of straw matting, since the death rate is too high for the authorities to supply even the cheapest coffins for any but adults. The mat which enshrouded the corpse had been its only shelter while living, and now the gruesome bundle leaned against the family's few possessions. Beside it, mate, with face buried in his knees, sat a big boy. Over it bent the mother, her wailing assailing the ears of everybody within a furlong. She wept alone, unheeded. In a few hours the soldiers would cart away the body, and she and her son would be driven back into the country to face slow death for themselves.

A few hundred yards farther on I came to a newly-made grave, evidently of a son and husband. It was one of many recent graves along the main highway to Peking. On one side it crouched a wrinkled, bent and tattered old mother, with scarcely sufficient vitality to make her mourning heard. After a time she arose and with her bare hands heaped bits of earth upon the central grave mound. The widow, who could afford no mourning garb except a small square of white cloth the size of a handkerchief upon her head, went and walked as only an Oriental woman can do. Her body shook with shuddering sobs. All the grief of the ages seemed embodied in her mourning. This famine means more to those two lonely women than it does to my scientific friend.

Near the same spot a middle-aged man, with some mourning rags of white upon him, fell on his knees as we approached, and clutched at our clothing. Plainly, he had gone to pieces. He was a nervous wreck, as well as a starving man. He had just been out burying his old mother, and grief, combined with hunger, had been too much for him. So, in an almost delirious frenzy, he besought the honorable foreigners with noble hearts to help him. Our only possible course was to shake him off and pass on.

In an elemental struggle such as this, between man and hunger, with existence itself as the stake at issue, it is hardly possible to find evidence of beast-selfishness. So, when I saw a woman with two little children, one of them suffering from small-pox, living in a mat but three feet high, three feet wide, and four or five feet long, I was

not astonished to learn that her husband had deserted her; that has been the way of some husbands in every such disaster. The astonishing fact is that so many parents and husbands are loyal; it is really common among these uncounted famine victims to find the parents wan and emaciated and the little children comparatively ruddy. True, many parents are selling or giving away their children, and even drowning them, but this is usually an expression of solicitude for the child's welfare. Even the sale of little daughters into slavery must not be judged by Occidental standards. Several mothers have been known to give their children, or to accept them as a gift. This morning I had pressed on me by a foreign mother as healthy a specimen of Chinese babyhood as one would care to possess. Having been driven from the refugee camp, with her family and possessions on a wheelbarrow, she was on her way back to the country to starve, she said, and I fear she spoke truly.

The stoicism with which, having exhausted all possibilities of bettering his lot, a Chinese will sit down to await the end, is an interesting and admirable trait. There is nothing of a pessimist about this; it is the way, learned in a long school of endurance and suffering. When a farmer said to a missionary whom he knew: "I have been ten days in the camp, but I could not get a morsel of food. Now I am going back home to eat my dog, and then starve," he meant literally that. As might be expected, this famine has resulted in a great mortality among dogs, since both of those animals are esteemed proper food by the poorer classes. A beggar whom we met on a city wall was carrying a dead cat. What was he going to do with it, we asked. "Eat it, of course. But he was willing to sell it to the foreigners, and he would let us have it cheap—only 120 cash (six cents)."

Practically the entire famine district has been almost wholly cleared of live stock. We have no beasts, and men are eating beasts' food. It is the way one farmer succinctly put it. He meant that the people are living on grass, bark, roots, leaves, and such like. This morning I inspected the houses of almost an entire village, looking for food—and such bare, crude, filthy and comfortless homes they are—and nowhere did I see a grain of rice. The whole village is subsiding upon dried sweet-

potato leaves, which I found cooking over many stoves. Out here it is customary to extract the oil from peanuts and then to press peanuts, shells and all, into a hard cake as cattle fodder. Beans are treated in the same manner. Now, these dried cakes are sold as food for human beings. I watched one man, on whose features grim hunger had written large her signature, buy a portion of this. He was given a wedge about four inches long, three inches deep, and possibly two inches wide at the outer edge, for 20 cash, which is two-thirds of the government allowance per day for an adult. The avidity with which he devoured and devoured dry of a "new" China which about these days, of course, the attempt is not wholly successful, and myriads of starving people have not received a single cent. Most of those who have managed to escape the cost of all foodstuffs have fled to the country. All of them distrust the official promises of help. The assistance that is at present extended is not expected to hold out for a month, since a cent and a half a day given to 3,000,000 persons is a sum to tax any treasury.

Foreign relief is being distributed in the form of flour to bring down the price. "Famine prices" is no mere phrase here; the cost of all foodstuffs has risen 200 per cent or more. The missionaries, who have been chosen by the general relief committee at Shanghai to disburse the world's bounty, are busy dotting the stricken regions with depots for the sale of food, thus making every dollar given continue its work throughout the entire six months of distress; for the worst will not be over until July.

(Copyright, 1907, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

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The writer well remembering his numerous effigies on canvas and in marble, he readily fancied how he looked in the flesh. Most of us feel an inchoate thrill of the past, a sense of character, and notice items trivial or important that help to form it. We also very promptly notice in the great what we would not observe in the humble.

Napoleon had several favorite positions for his hands. Now they were crossed on his back, again the right was thrust in his bosom. They were small, shapely, and readily expressive of his restless, vaulting ambition. After he became Emperor, he was more and more increased with the assumption of greater responsibilities. His regular, classic features rarely betrayed his mood. His mood was invariably serious, thoughtful, contemplative, and as one would never forget, he was a man of many schemes for power and fame.

Facing the deck of the Bellerophon, a lonely captive, he was the same—thoughtful, reserved, impressive. There was the smooth, massive brow, calm and fearless; and the penetrating, eagle-looking straight to the front. He was still imperious, impenetrable unapproachable. Wrapped in an austere, almost morose, and yet a man of all surroundings. On victorious fields or rock-bound St. Helena, in victory or defeat, glory or disaster, his unique personality preserved him—the one Napoleon among men.

It is true that Napoleon complained very much at St. Helena that Sir Hudson Lowe persisted in the rudeness of entering his room without being duly announced. Calling to a man who had made emperors and kings come at his beck and call.

There was no occasion, surely no need, of the Englishman showing such disrespect to the distinguished captive. It is quite possible Sir Hudson was

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It is charged he was of violent temper, yet it cannot be said his temper as soldier and leader suffered thereby. Men of heroic mold have made much of the world's best, and few are free from human faults or failings. With scarce an exception of note, these have not been found in the ranks of his great soldiers.

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it he simply inscribed the words "St. Transil. Gloria Mundi."

EMANU-EL WON'T SELL.

Trustees of Temple Reject Offer of \$3,000,000.

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"I know that many offers have been made for the property, but none as large as the last, and I know that even a much greater sum would be refused for the property; not because we think it worth more, but because it is not, never has been, and probably never will be. The congregation is the richest in the country, and its income is much beyond its requirements. Consequently there is no reason why it should part with so valuable a piece of property as the Temple."

The original home of the Temple Emanu-El was in Chrystie Street, where a little Methodist church had been purchased, and from a congregation which had outgrown it and moved up town. This was in 1850, about five years after the congregation had been formed, but prior to that time its services had been held in an old courtroom and in public halls rented for the purpose. The first rabbi of the congregation was the Rev. Dr. Leon Marzabacher, who was one of the pioneers in the Reform movement among

the Jews of this country. Six years later, in 1856, the congregation purchased one a Baptist, in 14th Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues, was acquired by the Temple, and that remained its house of worship until 1869, when the building in Fifth Avenue was erected at a cost of about \$400,000. The architect was Leopold Eidlitz, and it has been spoken of as one of the best examples of Moorish architecture in this country. The Temple was dedicated with imposing ceremonies by the Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise, and on the day after its doors had been opened for the first time to the public it was free from debt. On the death of Dr. Adler, the Rev. Dr. Gustav Gottheim became the rabbi of the congregation, and a few years later the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman was appointed assistant rabbi. Dr. Silverman succeeded Dr. Gottheim, and has now as associate rabbi the Rev. Dr. Leon Magnes.

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It is charged he was of violent temper, yet it cannot be said his temper as soldier and leader suffered thereby. Men of heroic mold have made much of the world's best, and few are free from human faults or failings. With scarce an exception of note, these have not been found in the ranks of his great soldiers.

It is entirely possible France will never have another Napoleon like the first who bore the name; it is also possible the nation will never again need so great a soldier if it is to remain a republic. In the great march of epoch-making events it may be best for the French nation and for Europe that the history of the past remain as it is.

That history in its recorded greatness will ever cling to France as tenaciously as did the fatal robe poisoned with the blood of Jesus to the unwary fatal Hercules.

Some years after disastrous Waterloo, and the death of Napoleon, and while St. Helena was still a painful memory to the French heart, a famous sculptor produced a superb marble effigy of the greatest of soldiers. Upon

it he simply inscribed the words "St. Transil. Gloria Mundi."

EMANU-EL WON'T SELL.

Trustees of Temple Reject Offer of \$3,000,000.

NEW YORK, March 6.—The fact that he, for sale, of \$3,000,000 had been made for the Temple Emanu-El's property in Fifth Avenue and 43d Street cause, some excitement in real estate circles yesterday, which was not dimmed by the news that the offer had been rejected. A member of the congregation confirmed the report, and said:

"I know that many offers have been made for the property, but none as large as the last, and I know that even a much greater sum would be refused for the property; not because we think it worth more, but because it is not, never has been, and probably never will be. The congregation is the richest in the country, and its income is much beyond its requirements. Consequently there is no reason why it should part with so valuable a piece of property as the Temple."

The original home of the Temple Emanu-El was in Chrystie Street, where a little Methodist church had been purchased, and from a congregation which had outgrown it and moved up town. This was in 1850, about five years after the congregation had been formed, but prior to that time its services had been held in an old courtroom and in public halls rented for the purpose. The first rabbi of the congregation was the Rev. Dr. Leon Marzabacher, who was one of the pioneers in the Reform movement among

the Jews of this country. Six years later, in 1856, the congregation purchased one a Baptist, in 14th Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues, was acquired by the Temple, and that remained its house of worship until 1869, when the building in Fifth Avenue was erected at a cost of about \$400,000. The architect was Leopold Eidlitz, and it has been spoken of as one of the best examples of Moorish architecture in this country. The Temple was dedicated with imposing ceremonies by the Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise, and on the day after its doors had been opened for the first time to the public it was free from debt. On the death of Dr. Adler, the Rev. Dr. Gustav Gottheim became the rabbi of the congregation, and a few years later the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman was appointed assistant rabbi. Dr. Silverman succeeded Dr. Gottheim, and has now as associate rabbi the Rev. Dr. Leon Magnes.

The trustees of the Temple Emanu-El, who rejected the \$3,000,000 offer, are: James Seligman, president; M. H. Moses, S. M. Shaffer, Louis Stern, Daniel Guggenheim, A. J. Dittenhofer, William Speisberg and Louis Marshall.

Building Locomotives.

Over the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia floated the other day a big white pennant marked "30,000." The steamer was raised in celebration of the turning out of the thirty-thousandth railway engine built in the shops.

There is history behind the fact that these Baldwin locomotives, 23,000 have been built since 1870, while only 2,000 were set up in the thirty-seven years of operation before that year—New York World.

Excepting at Rivoli and Austerlitz (the former when a young general, the latter when nearly a decade older, he had never felt more confident of victory than on this fatal morning, when quietly and carefully he viewed the position of Wellington's troops.

At St. Helena in a reminiscence talk he recalled that in the first hours of the fight he had no doubt of the result, but as the battle progressed he was annoyed by the stubbornness and stayings of the British. Repeatedly he massed his troops in an attempt to carry the English positions, to rush over hollow squares, to scatter solid ranks.

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and the waving of gay pennons amid the many battle-stained flags of France. Surely this inspiring sight was well repaid by the enthusiasm of French soldiers on the eve of battle. For the nonce their beloved leader was again in glory—the dark shadow of disaster and defeat neither seen nor felt as he rode along the front of the army. He was calm, placid, inscrutable in outward mien. Sitting low, but firmly, in his saddle, with cocked hat tilted to the front and thoughtful eye looking straight ahead, he was to gaze sadly on a defeated army and a last battlefield.

Napoleon's plans at Waterloo did not lack in any respect or in any manner reflect on his oft-repeated genius for battle. He still possessed the quick discernment of the plans and movements of the foe; he was the same great soldier. It is true he had never met such an army and commander as that which confronted him. It was the well-ordered army of the Prussians under Blücher, twenty or twenty-five miles away. Their own Grouchy they were sure would see to keeping these away and prevent their joining the "Iron Duke." But alas! that loud, loving shout was never again to gladden the proud heart of Napoleon. Late in the afternoon Blücher and his Prussians decided he had fought his last battle.

The writer in fancy once feebly pictured Napoleon's grand order of battle, and the splendid review just preceding it, a spectacular review plainly behold from the English position. (A young artillery officer was refused permission to fire on the Emperor and staff.)

On the order the Emperor with his large and splendid escort, amid the rattling of drums, the martial notes of stirring bugles, the flashing of bright sabres

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