

# FAMINE SHADOWED INDIA.

BY EDWARD S. HUME.

For Twenty-five Years an American Resident of Bombay.

Having just returned from India, I have read the accounts of the famine in American papers, I have seen the pictures, I have seen the conditions in the famine districts, and I can assure you that the actual state of affairs is much more terrible than painted or pictured. And the worst of it is that, even if the June rains are entirely favorable, no relief can be expected till the crop is gathered in October. Famine photographs frequently represent half starved and dying persons lying on the street or in some field. They are poor but self respecting people, who have never been the objects of public charity



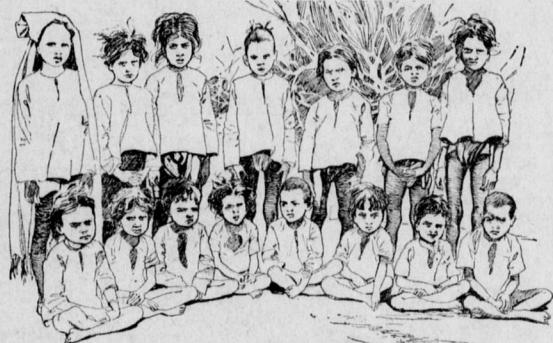
HUNGER KILLED WOMAN.

and have refused to go to famine relief camps until at last death stared them in the face, and unbearable distress has driven them out in search of help. Weary and hungry, they have laid themselves down to rest and have died before waking. Not long before leaving India, while waiting with a brother missionary at Ahmedabad, not far from his house, he pointed to a tree at the roadside and said: "The other day I saw the emaciated figure of a man lying, face down, under that tree. On going near and touching the body I found it already stiff and cold. Examining it more carefully, I found one side torn away, evidently eaten by jackals. A couple of rods away lay the dead body of an infant. A little farther on was found a woman, still alive. She was the wife of the man and mother of the child. She, too, poor thing, died before she could reach the poorhouse, which stood within sight and call of the spot where these patient, helpless ones had fallen down to die."



A starving man is devoid of judgment and of most of his natural feelings. In April we received a group of famine girls. Among them was one who, although much emaciated, began to improve from the day she came to us. After a week she rapidly grew worse. In spite of everything that could be done for her she soon died. We learned at last that, while she was so ill that we were giving her a few spoonfuls of nourishment at a time, raising her gently, because she seemed unable to make any effort to help herself, and even later, when she seemed unable to see or to speak, she had been dragging herself at intervals, when we were absent, out into the garden, a distance of 50 yards, in order to get some green mangoes to eat. For the poor famine child they were deadly poison. She knew it, but the awful gnawing in her stomach made prudence impossible. The only effective preventive to the spread of plague that has yet been discovered is inoculation with plague serum. Whenever an outbreak of the disease is imminent, inoculation stations are opened. Doctors are sent to them; serum, instruments and everything needed for efficient work are provided, but the Hindoos have not taken kindly to this remedy. All kinds of wild rumors have been spread and have been widely believed to the effect that inoculation is most harmful; that it has been devised by the European doctors to punish the Hindoos for supposed disloyalty and as a means for destroying caste. In view of this the government offers two days' wages to every man, woman or child who is inoculated. I know a little fellow 8 years old, whose mother died and whose father is a helpless invalid. Hearing that money was paid to every person who was willing to be inoculated, this poor

HINDOO PRASANT WOMAN IN HAPPY TIMES. These are opened. Doctors are sent to them; serum, instruments and everything needed for efficient work are provided, but the Hindoos have not taken kindly to this remedy. All kinds of wild rumors have been spread and have been widely believed to the effect that inoculation is most harmful; that it has been devised by the European doctors to punish the Hindoos for supposed disloyalty and as a means for destroying caste. In view of this the government offers two days' wages to every man, woman or child who is inoculated. I know a little fellow 8 years old, whose mother died and whose father is a helpless invalid. Hearing that money was paid to every person who was willing to be inoculated, this poor



RESCUED FAMINE GIRLS.

little lad presented himself at one of the inoculation stations. As soon as his arm was healed he went to another station, and this thing went on until the poor boy had actually been inoculated five times in each arm for the 84 cents he received and with which he supported himself and father for six weeks.

The government has already expended more than \$47,000,000 in the free distribution of food to those who are unable to work and in employing the able-bodied at cash wages in the construction of reservoirs, irrigation ditches and other public works that will mitigate future droughts. In addition, there are generous and splendidly organized systems of private charity, the funds being supplied from every part of the civilized world and managed chiefly by American and European missionaries of long experience in India. It is the duty and privilege of every one to have some share in this sacred work of humanity. Gifts may be sent to Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York, treasurers of the committee of one hundred; William E. Dodge, chairman, and Dr. L. T. Chamberlain, executive director, by whom they will be cabled promptly to the responsible and representative American-Indian relief committee, under the chairmanship of United States Consul William H. Fee, at Bombay, with the veteran missionary, Robert A. Hume, as executive secretary.

The New York committee of one hundred on India famine relief co-operates with committees of the same name in Boston, New Haven, Baltimore, Washington, Indianapolis and other cities, each of which has charge of the work in its own section. The committee states that on receipt of a postal addressed "Committee of One Hundred, 73 Bible House, New York," supplies of illustrated literature are sent without charge and expressage free. The help of individuals, clubs, lodges, labor unions, employers, proprietors of hotels and summer resorts, churches, Sunday schools, young people's societies, King's Daughters, etc., is earnestly sought in distributing this free literature. Many who will lend a hand in this way can aid the cause as much as if they were able to draw a handsome check themselves.

## SOME WORK.

Housekeepers Should Not Be Sacrificed to False Economy.

Insist upon proper appliances to do your work with. A carpet sweeper costs but \$2, and it is an incalculable saving of the housewife's strength. Green wood is enough to wear out the patience of a saint. A crack in the oven will upset the plans and peace of a whole family. And a smoky flue almost jeopardizes a woman's chances of heaven.

These are a housekeeper's tools, and she should see to it that they are in good working order. More than this, she should arrange her workshop to the very best advantage. Labor is multiplied by having to go hither and yon for utensils and ingredients. Think out an arrangement that will save you steps.

Do not sacrifice yourself to a false notion of economy. Once a farmer's wife for years did the ironing for a family of six with two irons. Think of the waste of wood and strength, and the time and temper involved in that little piece of mismanagement.

An economy that wears out the mother of a family is dear at any cost. It is the pernicious kind that risks breaking the mainspring to save buying a ten-cent watch key.

Learn to save yourself. Don't stand to shell peas, but sit. Do not wash dishes with lukewarm water or iron with half-heated irons. Lie down and rest until both are hot.

## A Needle Book.

This little needle book is shown in the actual size. It has a foundation of cardboard not very stiff, cut double the shape and size of the illustration without a join up the back; the piece when cut out thus is a diamond shape; it is covered with a piece of silk or satin, embroidered with the little rosebud spray, and the border shown, or



a piece of broche may be used instead. It is lined with plain silk or satin of a contrasting color; the embroidered piece should be lined with a thin layer of wadding, then stretched over the card, the edges being turned over and laced across from side to side.

The lining silk should also have a thin layer of wadding put over it; the edges are turned in, and it is fixed to the inside of card by pins, then seamed neatly to the turned-in edge of the silk. The stitches are hidden by a tiny silk cord which finishes the edge. Cut two pieces of white cashmere or fine flannel a little smaller than the cardboard, pink the edges, and sew them into the center of the book, fold the book over in the center, press it to bend the card. Sew baby ribbon on the two corners, and tie in a bow.

## What One Woman Thinks.

A pretty woman is never clever. She is too wise.

The average age of widowers when remarrying is forty-two, of widows thirty-one.

The jailer is the only person you can't blame for keeping bad company.

You never know how good some men are until you read their obituaries.

A large part of Christianity consists in being good and amiable to everybody.

It is very hard for a wife to remember sometimes that Adam was made first.

The smallest act may be glorified by the kindly spirit that prompts its performance.

This world would again be an Eden if men would only do what women think they ought to.

The woman who can put on her shoes without sitting on the floor is about as rare as the man who goes to bed without hanging his necktie on the gas jet.

## Narrow Wedding Rings.

Now that fashion has decreed that the wedding ring shall be an inconspicuous band of gold, hardly wider than is necessary for a guard for other rings, jewelers say that women with the good old-fashioned kind, which made the finger look as if it was in a straitjacket, are coming to have the rings shaved down to the prevailing style.

A man complains of this as showing a lack of sentiment in regard to woman's most precious possession, but it is safe to assume that nothing but the dictates of Mme. Grundy, which one knows cannot be ignored, had made the thick, wide, unwieldy bands once in vogue bearable to the owners and wearers.

It is not the weight of the wedding ring which makes the marital tie hard to break.

## Hetty Green at Home.

Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, lives modestly in two small flats in a brick block in Hoboken, N. J. There are two electric push bells at the door, under each of which one finds the name "C. Dewey." Mrs. Green prefers that the public should not know where her home is situated, and she uses this name because her pet dog's name is Dewey, and she commonly calls it "Cutie." The parlor is in the lower suite, and is a little larger than a good-sized closet. A couch, a small table and three chairs are the furnishings, and the ornamentation is quite as simple.

## WOMEN AS POLITICIANS.

THEY WIELD SCEPTRE IN HALL OF CONGRESS.

The Statesman in Society is More Successfully Approached at Five O'clock Teas Than Anywhere Else—Lobbyist Plays Second Fiddle.

Beneath the great white dome in Washington our law makers are writing history in the hall of Congress, while their homes are the center of that social interchange that represents the intricate machinery of the stage. Washington society is of itself a factor conducive to the dissemination of the informal mingling in the happy freedom of the 5 o'clock tea.

It is on record that more state secrets are hatched and disclosed over the nuts and wines than any amount of lobbying could accomplish. It is not the professional lobbyist who to-day wields the scepter in the halls of Congress, but the fashionable hostess who understands her part and arranges her menu to tempt the palate of her guest.

How many legislative favors are won across the flower-decked board will never be reckoned. Yet the age writes its story on the page of time. The power wielded by the wife of a politician possessed of ordinary diplomacy is unbounded, and when to this quality is added wit and beauty her success is assured. A well known social leader whose husband has been twice elected to the Senate asserts that a successful social career is sufficient to guarantee a re-election to Congress, and that one brilliant entertainment properly reported has more influence with a constituent than any number of official favors.

Conspicuous among women whose influence has been felt in legislation without apparent deviation from her natural environment may be numbered such congressional dames as Mrs. Frye, Mrs. Elkins, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Gallinger and Mrs. Driggs. In order of precedence Mrs. Frye may take the lead, in view of the Senator's long and repeated tenure of office and from the fact of his wife being at once a woman of modesty and decided political opinions. She has from the first assumed an influential position among the resident hostesses, her familiarity with delicate points of etiquette and thorough knowledge of political questions rendering her advice eagerly sought by those less fortunate, while her sweet womanly heart has never been known to refuse assistance to those in need.

Senator and Mrs. Frye have for a great many years occupied a suite of handsome apartments at the Hamilton Hotel, during the winter, spending their summers quietly at their primitive little cottage on Squirrel Island, off the Maine coast, where the Senator may indulge in his favorite pastime—fishing—forgetful of the world of politics and all that lies beyond his horizon.

Mrs. Elkins, wife of the Senator of West Virginia, is also regarded a beloved and familiar figure among residents, her beautiful home on K street, west of Farragut square, being ranked as one of the charming social centers of the city. Twice returned to Congress, Senator Elkins has also been a Cabinet minister under the Harrison administration, when Mrs. Elkins' receptions were the most enjoyable and largely attended of each session.

As Miss Hallie Davis, daughter of ex-Senator Davis of West Virginia, she enjoyed a thorough familiarity with social life that well fitted her for her present responsible position. Her sudden change of politics is in conformity with her ideas of wifely duty.

Mrs. Cushman K. Davis, wife of the Senator from Minnesota, is essentially a true and loyal helpmate to her illustrious husband, who is justly proud of his handsome wife. Mrs. Davis possesses an innate power of discernment and gifts of diplomacy that renders her approval or disapproval not to be ignored; her naturally vigorous health and splendid vitality being an invaluable quality in her social career. To require advice or assistance is sufficient introduction to Mrs. Davis' good graces and her hand is ever outstretched in liberality.

Mrs. Gallinger, wife of the Senator from New Hampshire, enjoys a widespread personal popularity for her many lovable qualities of heart and mind. A truly devoted wife and mother, Mrs. Gallinger takes a keen interest in her husband's political career and willingly endures any amount of fatigue in the interest of her obligations. When duty calls this brave little woman never flinches, but swallows all mere personal preferences in its fulfillment.

Senator Gallinger and his wife, with their son, have lived for years past at the Elmsmere, one of the most popular of private hotels.

Mrs. Edward H. Driggs, the wife of Representative Driggs of Brooklyn, N. Y., is reckoned one of the most attractive among congressional women, her charming personality and cultivation of mind rendering her eagerly sought after among social leaders. To be a friend of Mrs. Driggs is a privilege jealously sought after. Essentially a womanly woman, Mrs. Driggs is an ardent politician at heart and takes a keen pride in her husband's political ambition.

## Where It Started.

When a knight of old entered the company of ladies he removed his helmet to indicate that he considered he was among friends, and that there was no need to protect himself. This practice has survived in the custom of tipping the hat when saluting a lady.

## BLANK ALIBIS.

Kept in the Drawer With Other Useful Papers.

"I want a dozen blank alibis," exclaimed a breathless youth, rushing pell mell into Justice Stein's court on State street the other day.

"What?"

"A dozen blank alibis," repeated the boy. "They sent me over here from Blank & Blank's office, and they said they wanted them in a hurry."

The handful of attorneys and court officials that were in the room began a hearty laugh at the boy's expense, but the court was more considerate for the embarrassment of the youthful seeker after wholesale alibis.

"Well, we don't keep them up here, you know," explained Stein, making a supreme effort to keep a grave face while he "strung" the lad. "But you go down to the clerk's room below here and they will give you all you want of them. If the man you ask doesn't know where they are, tell him he will find them in the drawer where they keep the advance decisions for street railway damage cases."—Detroit Free Press.

## Settling It.

"The literary society out my way had a sort of lively session night before last," remarked a moss-backed Arkansas lawyer from out near Turkey Trot, who had percolated into the office of the Polkville Banner. "They took an' debated the question of why 1900 hain't a leap-year for about two hours."

"Ah!" returned the able editor. "How did they settle the question, Mr. Sogway?"

"By announcin' that the first d—d scoundrel that brought it up in public ag'in would be lynched."—Puck.

## No Sale Was Made.

Agent—I should like to show you, madam, this patent bag to hold clothes pins. It costs only 25 cents and, as you see, slips along the line, making it much easier to get at than to stoop to the basket every time.

Mrs. McLaherty—An, phat's the matter wid me mouf that costs not a blessed cent, an' is always wid me, I'd like to know. It's meself that can howl a dozen o' pins and be sociable like over the fence to Mrs. O'Toole with the same breath, begorra!

## The Cloud.

Still the war cloud lowered angrily over South Africa.

"What does it portend?" we asked anxiously.

"Reign!" answered the Genius of the Anglo-Saxon Race, in all confidence.

With modern appliances the end was able to justify a great many means.—Detroit Journal.

## Oom Paul Kruger.



## Diplomacy.

McJigger—Jigsby should go into politics. He's a born diplomat.

Thingumbob—Think so?

McJigger—Yes, indeed. He was chairman of a committee of ten to get up a church entertainment, and he immediately provided for nine sub-committees and made each of his associates a chairman.—Philadelphia Press.

## The Reason.

"Brayalotti was just complaining to me that he finds it almost impossible to get any subscription to that hospital he's interested in."

"I'm not surprised. The chump announced publicly that the list would not be published."—Life.

## Effective Energy.

"Joppo, you make nice, fine garden beds."

"Yes, when my wife sets me to digging I'm mad enough to pulverize everything that comes in my way."—Detroit Free Press.

## What About "Heavies"?

Bobbs—Did you read Prof. Tellyscope's article on how to weigh stars?

Dobbs—No. But I suppose you'd weigh them just the same as you would chorus girls, wouldn't you.—Baltimore American.

## Same Old Hat.

"Harry, don't you think that is a pretty good straw hat I bought you for thirty cents at the rummage sale?"

"Yes, indeed; I liked it last year when I paid \$3 for it."—Chicago Record.

## In the Menagerie.

The Elephant—Professional life would not be so bad if it were not for the long jumps.

The Kangaroo—Oh, I don't mind them.

The  
Tribune  
Is  
The Leading  
Newspaper  
In  
Freeland!

At the subscription price of \$1.50 per year the Tribune costs its readers less than one cent a copy.

Think of that!

Less than one cent a copy! And for that you get all the local news, truthfully reported and carefully written up.

Besides all the local news, the Tribune gives the news of the world in a condensed form.

Thus the busy workman can keep informed as to what is going on in the world without buying any other paper.

The Tribune is essentially a newspaper for the home circle. You can read it yourself and then turn it over to your children without fear of putting anything objectionable into their hands.

Order It  
from  
The Carriers  
or  
from  
The Office.