# POVERTY OF CHINA

## Misery of the Millions That Are Always Hungry.

## GRIM STRUGGLES FOR FOOD.

**Horses, Donkeys, Mules and Camels When No Longer Fit For Work Are Turned Into Butcher's Meat—The Gleaners on the Sugar Wharfs.**

Writing of the millions and millions of inland China, whose lives are spent face to face with starvation, Edward Alsworth Ross in the Century says:

"No natural resource is too trifling to be turned to account by the teeming population. The sea is raked and strained for edible plunder. Seaweed and kelp have a place in the larder. Great quantities of shellfish no bigger than one's finger nail are opened and made to yield a food that finds its way far inland. The fungus that springs up in the grass after a rain is eaten. Fried sweet potato vines furnish the poor man's table. The roadside ditches are bailed out for the sake of fishes no longer than one's finger. Great panniers of strawberries, half of them still green, are collected in the mountain ravines and offered in the markets. No weed or stalk escapes the bamboo rake of the autumnal fuel gatherer. The grass tufts on the rough slopes are dug up by the roots. The sickle reaps the grain close to the ground, for straw and chaff are needed to burn under the rice kettle. The leaves of the trees are a crop to be carefully gathered. One never sees a rotting stump or a mossy log. Bundles of brush carried miles on the human back heat the brick kiln and the potter's furnace. After the last trees have been taken the far and forbidding heights are scaled by lads with ax and mattock to cut down or dig up the seedlings that if left alone would reclothe the devastated ridges.

"The cuisine of China is one of the great toothsome cuisines of the world, but for the common people the stomach and not the palate decides what shall be food. The silkworms are eaten after the cocoon has been unwound from them. After their work is done horses, donkeys, mules and camels become butcher's meat. The cow or pig that has died a natural death is not disdained. In Canton dressed rats and cats are exposed for sale. Scenting a possible opening for a tannery, the governor of Hongkong once set on foot an inquiry as to what became of the skins of the innumerable pigs slaughtered in the colony. He learned that they were all made up as 'marine delicacy' and sold among the Chinese.

"Another time he was on the point of ordering the extermination of the mangy curs that infest the villages in the Kowloon district because they harassed the Sikh policemen in the performance of their duties. He found just in time that such an act would 'interfere with the food of the people,' something a British colonial governor must never do.

"Though the farmer thriftily combs his harvest field, every foot of the short stubble is gone over again by poor women and children, who are content if in a day's gleaning they can gather a handful of wheat heads to keep them alive on the morrow. On the Hongkong water front the path of the coolies carrying produce between warehouse and junk is lined with tattered women, most of them with a baby on the back. Where bags of beans or rice are in transit a dozen wait with basket and brush to sweep up the grains dropped from the sacks. On a wharf where crude sugar is being repacked squat sixty women scraping the inside of the discarded sacks, while others run by the bearer, if his sack leaks a little, to catch the particles as they fall. When sugar is being unloaded a mob of gleaners swarm upon the lighter the moment the last sack leaves and eagerly scrape from the gangplank and the deck the sugar mixed with dirt that for two hours has been trampled into a muck by the bare feet of twoscore coolies trotting back and forth across a dusty road.

"There are a number of miscellaneous facts that hint how close the masses live to the edge of subsistence. The brass cash, the most popular coin in China, is worth the twentieth of a cent; but, as this has been found too valuable to meet all the needs of the people, oblong bits of bamboo circulate in some provinces at the value of half a cash.

"Incredibly small are the portions prepared for sale by the huckster. Two cubic inches of bean curd, four walnuts, five peanuts, fifteen roasted beans, twenty melon seeds, make a portion. The melon vender's stand is decked out with wedges of insipid melon the size of two fingers. The householder leaves the butcher's stall with a morsel of pork, the pluck of a fowl and a strip of fish as big as a sardine, tied together with a blade of grass. Careful observers say that four-fifths of the conversation among common Chinese relates to food.

"Comfort is scarce as well as food. The city coolie sleeps on a plank in an airless kennel in a filthy lane with a block for a pillow and a quilt for a cover. When in a south China hospital the beds were provided with springs and mattresses, supplied by a philanthropic American, all the patients were found next morning sleeping on the floor. After being used to a board covered with a mat they could not get their proper slumber on a soft bed."

# KEPT TO THE POINT.

**Interruptions Didn't Make Blaine Lose His Self Possession.**

In his "Yesterday With the Fathers" Dr. William Wilberforce Newton tells an incident which, fortunately escaping tragedy, serves nevertheless to illustrate the imperturbable self possession of a famous statesman.

Upon one occasion the Hon. James G. Blaine addressed a large concourse of people. There was a great wooden platform, on which were the speakers and the officers and a famous German band. I had been invited to make the opening prayer. After this Mr. Blaine began his address with the following sentence:

"I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then some one in the crowd called out, "Hurrah for James G. Blaine!" and then a great ovation greeted the Republican leader. At its close Mr. Blaine began again by remarking:

"As I said a few moments ago, I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then a terrible grinding, crushing, earthquake-like sensation was felt by all of us who were seated on the platform, and the entire staging went down with a rush. We were tumbled one over another, speakers, officers, German band and all, and for myself I felt as Korah, Dathan and Abiram probably felt when the earth opened and swallowed them up alive in the pit.

Mr. Blaine and I happened to be wound round together, legs and arms in inextricable confusion, and as we were trying to worm ourselves out of the melee he said to me:

"Mr. Newton, isn't there an article in the Apostolic Creed about the resurrection from the dead?"

"There is, Mr. Blaine," I replied, "and there is also an article about descending."

When the debris was removed and a place made for the speaker he began again by saying, for the third time:

"Notwithstanding these many interruptions, I am as opposed as ever to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

# GENIUS OF SCHUBERT.

**Whatever the Great Composer Felt Flowed Forth in Music.**

Whenever Schubert happened to turn over the leaves of a volume of poetry, verses that pleased him would become clothed in melody. They would sing themselves in his mind with superb accompaniment, noble in rhythm and rich in harmonies. If paper happened to be within reach the song would at once be written down.

One July evening in 1826, after a long walk, the composer strolled into a beer garden and found a friend sitting at a table with a volume of Shakespeare. Shubert picked up the book and read the song in "Cymbeline," "Hark, Hark, the Lark." The beautiful melody, with its accompaniment, as we now have it instantly flashed upon him, and he wrote it down on the spot upon staves hastily scrawled across the back of a bill of fare. In the course of the same evening he set to music the drinking song in "Antony and Cleopatra" and the verses "Who Is Sylvia" in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

And all this exquisiteness came from the son of a cook and poor mechanic, whose chief delight as a baby was to pick out melodies on a rusty old piano in his father's shop and whose acme of human bliss was reached when he was taken to a neighboring joiner's to try his infant hands on a fine new instrument. He was a charity pupil in the Imperial School of Music, but neither its orphan asylum atmosphere, the two meals a day nor the ice cold piano with the ice cold instruction dampened the little Franz's ardor. Whatever he felt flowed forth in music.—New York World.

### Pockets Make the Man.

Mrs. John Lane in a volume of essays called "Talk of the Town," takes an ingenious way to prove that mentally woman is superior to man.

Just consider. The most ordinary kind of man has at least a dozen pockets, while a woman of transcendent intellect generally has none, or, if she has one, it is where she can't get at it. Now, try to imagine a man doing his errands with a purse, handkerchief and shopping list in one hand, the tail of his skirt in the other, his umbrella under one arm, meanwhile making an effort to keep his head clear for business problems and at the same time keeping a wary eye out for motors. He couldn't do it. There really is no doubt that man owes his superiority to women entirely to his pockets.

### Misleading.

A man once ran for office, and after a very close election the returns showed that he had been elected by a few votes. A friend with whom he had been discussing the matter asked:

"What makes you think that all the ballots weren't counted?"

"You see," replied the successful candidate, "I'm judging from the number of fellows who've come around asking for a job on the ground that they voted for me." New York Times.

### His Affliction.

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was.

"Yes'm," replied one little fellow; "he was a poet."—Christian Register.

**The minutes saved by hurry are as useless as the pennies saved by parsimony.—C. B. Newcomb.**

# NAPOLEON'S FALL.

## The Modern Attila Crushed by His Streak of Insanity.

## A VICTIM OF MEGALOMANIA.

**Envious of Alexander the Great, He Aimed to Rule the Whole World, and France Sacrificed a Million Men on the Altar of His Monomania.**

Were readers of history asked today what three human characters have been most prominent in making the history of the world there could probably be great diversity of opinion as to two of such personages, but as to the third the general agreement could probably point to Napoleon Bonaparte. T. P. O'Connor, who for many years has made a study of the modern Attila, as he was called by his contemporaries, presents in his London magazine an article entitled "The Insanity of Napoleon's Genius," in which he shows him to be a victim of megalomania, that form of mental alienation in which the patient is possessed of gradiose hallucinations.

Mr. O'Connor discards the idea that Napoleon because of his gigantic power for work had a perfect physique and invulnerable health. He suffered as a child from extreme nervousness later from facial neuralgia. He had a nervous twitching at the mouth and the right shoulder. After Toulon he long suffered from a painful and wasting cutaneous disease, and at times he had fits of an epileptic character. As he was about to leave Strassburg in 1805 on the way to the mighty victory over General Mack at Ulm he had one of these spasms. After dinner on the day he was leaving, says Talleyrand in his memoirs, the emperor had called him into his room. There Talleyrand found him gasping for breath. "I tore off his cravat for he seemed like to choke. He did not vomit, but sighed and foamed. M. de Remusat, first gentleman in waiting, who had also come into the room, handed him water, and I sprinkled him with eau de cologne. He was suffering from some sort of cramp, which passed off in a quarter of an hour. We laid him in an armchair. He began to speak, put his dress right, commanded us to observe the strictest secrecy, and half an hour later he was on his way to Carlsruhe."

Another sign of the abnormal in Napoleon was his intense irritability, and often there came a nervous breakdown that reduced him to the condition of a hysterical woman. This irritability sometimes took the form of fits of weeping. He would fly into a passion on the slightest provocation. In his impatience he tore many a garment to pieces because it inconvenienced him in some trifling way. He had an inner melancholy that never left him. While he talked of death, Napoleon never had any serious intention of taking his own life. He never lost his grasp of life. While a man of dreams, he was a man of action. Success did not make this dreamer more cheerful. He had strange moments of bitterness and hatred and a desire to inflict pain. For instance he would say to a lady after asking her name, "Dear me, I was told you were pretty," or to an elderly gentleman, "You have not much longer to live."

It was comparatively early in his career that his insane desire to rule not France, not even Europe, but all the world, took possession of him. The real reason for his crushing downfall is to be found in this megalomania. He himself caused his downfall. No poleon alone could have conquered Napoleon, and it was this megalomania that undid him.

There was his dream of the control of Europe. "There will," he said to his intimates while he was still first consul, "be no peace in Europe till it is under the command of a single leader, under one emperor, with kings for his officers who will distribute kingdoms to his generals, making one king of Bavaria one landman of Switzerland, another stadtholder of Holland and giving them all official posts in the imperial household, such as grand cupbearer, grand chamberlain, grand master of the hounds, etc."

Napoleon did place kings in several countries and controlled the policy of nearly every country of Europe—a wonderful achievement for the poverty stricken charity boy who got his education at Brienne at the expense of his sovereign. He might have remained the king of kings in Europe had he been satisfied with that awful height. But he was not satisfied; he never was satisfied. After Europe there was Asia.

On the day he was crowned emperor in December, 1804, he said to his minister of marine: "I grant you my career has been brilliant and I have risen high. But what a difference from ancient times! Look at Alexander the Great! After he had conquered Asia he declared himself the son of Jupiter, and, except his mother Olympias, Aristotle and a few Athenian pedants, the east believed him. Nowadays if I were to declare myself the son of the Everlasting Father there isn't a fishwife but would hiss me! The nations are much too enlightened now, and nothing great is left to do."

"And France," says Mr. O'Connor, in conclusion, "sacrificed a million lives to the monomania of a megalomaniac. What tragedy in history is so gigantic, so appalling, so pitiful, is a sense so ironic?"

**None are less eager to learn than they who know nothing.—Guard.**

# HUNTING TRUFFLES.

**In France They Train Dogs to Find the Prized Plants.**

Truffles, like mushrooms, belong to the family of the fungi, but are a distinct and very peculiar genus. They are cryptogamic plants and subterranean, their position underneath the soil varying from two to three inches to two feet in depth.

They have no root, stem or leaf and vary in color from light brown to black. They are sometimes globular in form and vary in size from that of a pecan nut to that of a duck's egg. Their surface is watery and covered with a skin. Their exact method of growth is not precisely known. They are, of course, regarded as a great luxury by the epicure.

Truffles are mentioned by Juvenal, Pliny, Plutarch and Martial. The Athenian epicures were acquainted with them, and a story is told of a bon vivant who freed a whole family of slaves who had invented a delicious method of preparing them.

France has the credit of producing the finest truffles. Dogs are commonly bred to search for them.

The method of "breaking" these dogs is to give them for a time pieces of truffles every morning before they are allowed to partake of any other food. After a certain period, when their appetite for truffles increases pieces are hidden in the ground, and they are made to find them. Thus they are gradually taught their business, though it often takes as long as eighteen months before a dog becomes skilled in the art.

In some parts of France—Poitou and Perigord, for instance—pigs are trained for truffle hunting, and by some they are deemed to be better fitted for this work than dogs.—Harper's Weekly.

# SHE WAS LOYAL.

**Likewise Honest Enough to Tell Lincoln the Truth.**

During the war between the states Miss N., a high spirited Virginia young lady, whose father, a Confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to obtain an audience with the president but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be prudent and not betray her sympathy for the south. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the little maiden and, looking searchingly into her face, said:

"You are loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied:

"Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!"

Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. When they had left the room Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuosity.

"Now you have done it!" he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame."

Miss N. made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words:

Pass Miss N. She is an honest girl and can be trusted. A. LINCOLN.

### What She Wanted.

They had been married but two months, and they loved each other devotedly. He was in the back yard blacking his shoes. "Jack," she called at the top of her voice, "Jack come here, quick!"

He knew at once that she was in imminent danger. He grasped a stick and rushed up two flights of stairs to the rescue. He entered the room breathlessly and found her looking out of the window.

"Look," said she, "that's the kind o' gown I want you to get me."—Harper's Magazine.

### The Eyes of the Japanese.

A Japanese friend of mine once saw among my papers a picture of an Englishwoman dressed in Japanese clothing.

"She is no Japanese," he said. "She is European."

"How do you know that?" I asked him. "Her costume is correct; her hair is straight; she has no ornaments."

"Yes," he replied, "but look at her eyes. Her eyes look out on the world as though she understood it. The Japanese woman never looks like that."—From "England Through Yellow Spectacles."

### Light of the Firefly.

Professor McIntosh says that a temperature approaching 2,000 degrees F. would be necessary to make a light equivalent to that emitted by an ordinary firefly. The enormous waste of energy in all industrial methods of producing light is a matter of common knowledge, and the example of the firefly remains unimitated by man.—Argonaut.

### Tactful.

"Johanna, please go to the pawnbroker's and pawn my gold watch. The poor man, I understand, is not getting much business, and I think we should help him along."—Fliegende Blatter.

### Still Worse.

"Mrs. Fastleigh has given up cigarettes."

"Did the smoke make her ill?"

"No. The bobbs make her dog ill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.