

## Scenes in Breadless India.

Dr Louis Klopsch Tells His Personal Experience in the Stricken Land.

That famine still stalks abroad in India, despite the falling of rain, is vouched for by all travelers returning from the stricken land. Help is still needed, and immediate help at that. Relief Committees all over the country are increasing, rather than decreasing, their efforts to collect money for the starving millions. The principal agency for the receiving and distributing of money for the sufferers, The Christian Herald of New York, is in receipt of some \$8,000 a day and is forwarding the cash as fast as it is received. At the Bible House, the office of the paper, a large force is employed to open and sort the huge mail that comes addressed to the India Famine Relief Work. Every remittance is promptly acknowledged in print. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, the editor, is in Europe addressing great audiences in behalf of the relief fund. In this country from all sources probably one million dollars has already been collected and forwarded to the committees who distribute the money in India. Much more money is needed to save the breathless ones from death and to take care of the half million helpless orphans left by parents who have already perished.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of The Christian Herald, who recently returned from India, gives a chapter from his personal experiences, as follows:

"You surely will go to Agra and see the Taj Mahal before you sail," said my companion, when I informed him that we were that day to begin the last trip before our return home. "Everybody that comes to India visits at least that," added he, by way of encouragement when I shook my head negatively. We had come to see the famine fields and our time was getting short and every moment of it was mortgaged in advance up to the hour of our departure. Relief operations were of immediate and urgent importance while sightseeing could be deferred. So we started off that night for Baroda a city of 110,000 inhabitants, the capital of a Native State of that name, arriving at 7 a. m.

The Gaekwar was off on a visit to England there to be presented to the Prince of Wales and the Queen, hence there was no invitation awaiting us to visit the new and imposing princely palace, but nevertheless on our way from the station we passed through it and admired its magnificent architecture and sumptuous modern furnishings. Strange to relate there was not a soul to inquire into the why and wherefore of our presence. All was as quiet as the interior of a magnificent mausoleum. The garden surrounding the palace was in a fair state of cultivation but no bird carolled its morning lay, and neither the buzz of the bee, nor the chirp of the cricket relieved the dreadful monotony of the oppressive silence.

We spent a few moments inspecting the never failing well—dug at an expense of 9 lakhs or rupees, or about \$300,000. We then wended our way through the narrow dirty streets of the capital to the place where once the poor-house was located, but on our arrival there we were informed that, owing to the abnormal increase in the number of its inmates, it had been removed to more capacious quarters a mile off. Thither we directed our steps and in due time we reached the antithesis of the Gaekwar's Palace. As rich as were his quarters so destitute was the poor-house. In my notebook I wrote a line that reads: "This is the worst I have yet seen," and as I recall it now, I marvel that I ever had the courage to pass into and through the filthy wards, and more filthy yard that constituted this shocking blot on civilization.

I had become accustomed to sights nauseating and revolting, but the Baroda poor house stands out as the most terrible conglomeration of abject misery that ever met my gaze. The sun's rays penetrated my pith hat and dazed brain and eyes, while an effluvia of concentrated decomposition rendered breathing both difficult and dangerous. Almost stifled and stupefied we wended our way through the dead and the dying, with small-pox, dysentery, fever and cholera to the right and to the left, leaving terror behind us only to find horror awaiting us.

I left Baroda for the last of these letters because I was painfully conscious of the paucity of my vocabulary to do justice to the subject and after I have written the worst I shall feel that even then, I have only faintly indicated the real condition of affairs.

At the entrance to the poor-house stood

a woman blind. I had often seen women who had lost their sight as the result of the horrible famine, but I had never seen one who looked as did this woman. Reduced to a living skeleton; the balls of her eyes were actually decaying in the sockets of her ghastly skull and flies innumerable were acting the part of scavengers undisturbed.

She stood bareheaded in a sun which would have proved fatal to me in less time than it takes to write this incident. Her claw like hands inactive hung down her sides until she heard our footsteps. Then they were raised appealingly in the direction of the sound while she mumbled almost inaudibly her plaintive petition. Not realizing at first that she was blind I walked up close to her when another more frantic effort on her part brought her two hands into direct contact with my face.

I shuddered as I felt the cold, clammy touch, but being blind she could not see it. I quickly got beyond her reach and then, as I supposed, unobserved placed a rupee in her hand. In another instant a dozen other miserable remnants of humanity pressed forward pleading vociferously for help. Just then the attendant appeared and promptly ordered them back. What might have happened but for his timely interference I dread to contemplate, as Mr. Freese and Mr. Hudson who has since died of the cholera, with my other companions had advanced more quickly and were beyond the reach of my voice.

I entered the first of many wards separated from one another by a bamboo partition. It was full of patients suffering from every manner of ailment. Cholera, dysentery and guinea worm predominated. On some cots the unfortunates were doubled up. The temperature was appallingly high. The air was laden with an odor superlatively offensive. It was thick with effluvia of the vilest stamp. The cots were defiled, reeking with filth. Pain, misery helplessness were on every hand. The agonizing groans of men and women writhing in cholera's fatal and unyielding grip were almost beyond endurance.

No attempt was made at a treatment. I called for the physician. There was none. A hospital assistant with not as much knowledge of medicine as an apprentice in a pharmacy was in charge. "How many of these people will be saved?" I asked. "They come here to die," was the stoic response. It was the abomination of desolation, and I was as helpless to help as the victims themselves. Yet I would have gladly given at that moment all I possessed had it been in my power to afford relief even for one single hour to those whose piteous gaze between the spasms mutely appealed to the white man for the help that they vaguely longed for yet did not expect, and which he unfortunately was unable to render. Never, never shall I forget that sad experience. But what I saw in the first ward was only a specimen of all the others. We travelled from ward to ward only to repeat the same experience. Our heart strings were wrung until the ever present consciousness of our own utter helplessness became so oppressive that a continuation of the tour threatened to unnerve us.

We stepped out into the square skirted by the bamboo enclosure and into the brazen sun. There before us on the ground without shade or protection of any kind, stark naked, lay a number of women in the last throes of the cholera.

They seemed unconscious, yet the contortions of their bodies indicated that they were suffering intense pain. We called an attendant and ordered him to carry the women under shelter from the burning rays.

We did not stop to think that we lacked authority to enforce our demands. Fortunately there was no objection, and the women were one by one carried under a roof. One of them was practically dead, and at our request a few rags were thrown over her for decency's sake. She was not removed, and then and there she died. We had seen enough. We were anxious to get away. But it occurred to us that thus far no children had been in evidence. So we made inquiry concerning them and learned that they were kept in what is termed the kitchen. We asked to be shown there.

The kitchen in the Baroda poor-house must be seen to be realized. In a bamboo enclosure under the supervision of a fat, turbaned Hindoo, sat three hundred skeletonized, diminutive creatures, mostly naked all sickly and miserable and many of them totally blind. In the entire number there

was not a single child which in our country would not be considered hopelessly afflicted with marasmus.

Millions of flies gorged themselves on festering sores and on eyes sealed with nauseating exudations. The sight of these poor little helpless human beings was sad-dening beyond description. Never have I seen anything approximating in abject misery and utter destitution as this gathering of innocents. Not a cry escaped their lips. The place was as silent as the abode of death. Hardly a hand stirred. Not a sound was heard. With the exception of the blinking of the eyelids there was no indication of life. Had our eyes been blind we could have passed by this place in total ignorance of the presence of a living being. We walked in and no one paid the slightest attention to our movements.

The Hindoo seemed as lifeless as the children. The sanitary conveniences and the kitchen were one. We entered and cautiously advanced step by step zig zag fashion in our efforts to escape pollution. We reached the center of the enclosure. The Hindoo looked on silently. The whole concern seemed dazed. Stupor was creeping upon us. Death seemed to be encircling the Baroda kitchen and all it contained, first mercifully numbing the senses as the surgeon administers an anesthetic before he performs the operation.

Suddenly there was a stir. Two men bearing a can of milk appeared in front of the Baroda tent. The children became animated. The Hindoo revived. He came over to where we were standing and informed us that milk was to be given to the feeble children. We followed him to the entrance and watched its distribution. As soon as some of the tin cups were filled the children scrambled for them. There was not enough for more than four of the number, and the more vigorous ones got what there was. The feeble ones went without it.

Some of them were too weak to rise. They cried inaudibly, but their grief was more pitiful than if it had sought noisy expression. Perhaps punishment awaited every demonstration on their part, and hence they dared not complain. God only knows. We protested against the totally inadequate supply of milk and lack of proper management. The Hindoo explained that more milk would be served in the evening. Eight long hours! And then perhaps only as much more. How could these hungry ones survive?

We asked the Hindoo how many of the little ones died daily. He professed ignorance but volunteered the information that their bodies were burned.

We crossed the square that led to the gate. But before we reached it we were surrounded by groups of starving people piteously pleading for a few pice with which to purchase grain. Tears actually trickled down the cheeks of many of the supplicants as they held up to our gaze their emaciated shriveled little ones in ocular demonstration of their deplorable condition. Mothers swooned to and fro moaning out unintelligible petitions.

Children prostrated themselves to the ground chattering a strange tongue and with frightful rapidity of utterance the story of their woes as though anxious to tell all before we made our escape. "Oh my King!" cried they, "it will be very well if you will help us, for we are very hungry. And driven to despair at the thought that their appeal lacked eloquence or earnestness, they slapped their hollow stomachs and persuasively added "I'm starving—it you will help me God will give you many children." My heart sank within me.

Why should I have been called to witness all this suffering. Why not some wealthy man, who with a stroke of the pen could fill these empty stomachs and yet never miss the cost. I took one of the children in my arms. The mother said it was ten years of age. It could not have weighed more than thirty pounds. It was a skeleton absolutely denuded of flesh. The large glistening eyes were fixed on mine as though eager to catch the promise of help. And yet I could not give any for I remembered my experience at the gate. A rupee given at this moment might mean death for these people were desperate. They were beyond reasoning. Their own sufferings and their children's woes had driven them nearly mad. If help was to be given it had to be given generally and the coin I had with me would not have satisfied a measurable fraction of the requirements. I handed the child back to its mother. It was but a matter of hours, and long before I left India for home the vultures had devoured or the flames had consumed all that was left when the catastrophe overtook it.

As I write this I verily believe that not one of the twelve hundred who were in the Baroda poor-house came out alive. It was a veritable dead-house, and those who once entered seemed hopelessly doomed.

This is the last of my letters descriptive of my tour of the famine fields of starving

India. 'Ma bab' rings in my ears. Would to God I had the means to be father and mother to them all and give them enough to still the pangs of hunger until Providence graciously sends a harvest so genial and abundant that it shall satisfy every hungry man, woman and child in starving India.

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

### DYSPEPSIA AND HEADACHE.

An Elderly Lady Tells of Her Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After a Score of Other Remedies Had Failed.

Dyspepsia causes more genuine distress than most diseases that afflict mankind. In this country from one cause or another, its victims are numbered by the thousands, and those afflicted always feel tired, worn out and miserable, and are subject to fits of melancholy or ill temper without apparent cause. It is obvious that the human body, in order to perform its functions, must be properly nourished, and this cannot be done when the food is improperly digested. Those who suffer from indigestion should exercise care as to diet, and only easily digested foods should be taken. But more than this is required—the blood needs attention in order that the stomach may be strengthened, and the secretion of the gastric juices properly carried on. There is no other medicine offered the public that will act so promptly and effectively as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this is given in the case of Mrs. F. X. Doddridge, St. Sauveur, Que. In conversation with a reporter, Mrs. Doddridge said:—"For quite a number of years I have been a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, accompanied by the sick headaches that almost invariably come with this trouble. I suffered from terrible pains in the stomach, bloating and belching wind. All food seemed to disagree with me, and as a result of the trouble, I was very much run down, and at times I was unable to do even light housework. I am sure I tried a score of different medicines, but without success, and as I am sixty years of age, I had come to believe that it was hopeless to expect a cure. A friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with good results, urged me to try this medicine, and my husband brought home a couple of boxes. Before they were finished, I felt much better, and we then got another half dozen boxes, and these have completely restored my health, and I not only feel better than I have done for years, but actually feel younger. I very cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to similar sufferers.

If your dealer does not keep these pills, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### THE DANGER IN ELECTRICITY.

Novel Electrical Experiments by a Swiss Scientist.

Some very interesting experiments have just been made in Zurich, with the object of ascertaining the precise conditions under which electricity is dangerous to human life. The general impression has been that currents of less than 500 volts could not be fatal, yet a few cases of deaths have been recorded through currents which were as low as 120 volts. Alternating currents of 100 volts have in like manner been regarded as absolutely harmless, yet experience shows that this conclusion is not always correct.

With the object of arriving at definite truth on the vexed questions, Professor Weber, a distinguished Swiss scientist, made several experiments on himself. He first made a test with 30 volts, and found that when he grasped the wires with moistened hands, his arms, wrists and hands were practically paralyzed. It was impossible for him to move a hand, an arm or even a finger, and the pain in these parts of his body was so acute that he could not endure it for more than ten minutes. He also experienced considerable difficulty in freeing his hands from the wires. His next test was with 50 volts, and the pain in this instance was so acute that he could not endure it for more than two seconds.

Neither was it possible for him to free his hands from the wires, and for the reason that his hands and fingers were so benumbed by paralysis as to be practically lifeless. A similar result was obtained when he made tests with dry hands, but not until the intensity of the currents had reached 90 volts.

The conclusion at which Professor Weber has arrived is that 'there is danger in grasping the conductors of two alternate currents with the hands while in a dry condition whenever the difference between the intensity of the two conductors exceeds 100 volts. At the same time he points out that, while currents of such comparatively low intensity are under different conditions absolute harmless. In explanation it is said that these strong currents affect so quickly the surface of the body that it is impossible for them to press into the interior and produce physiological changes there.

Another notable discovery was made by Professor Weber. He knew that many a workman had been killed while handling a conductor in which the current was 115 volts, while engineers had constantly handled a similar conductor without meeting with any injury, and he determined to find

out why the current has proved so fatal in the case of workmen. One reason, he claims, is because engineers, owing to their training, are constantly on their guard against danger from electricity, and, furthermore, while performing such work are isolated from the ground through the soles of their shoes. The workmen, on the other hand, sometimes work in their bare feet and sometimes in damp leather shoes, the result being that either through this dampness or through their own bodies a connection is established between them and the earth which necessarily leads to their death.

Professor Weber's experiments have attracted widespread attention among scientists, and the belief among them is general that our knowledge of electricity is more likely to be increased by practical tests of this kind than in any other way.

### Feeding the Monkeys.

At a time when reports of famine are brought from India and our sympathies are so heavily drawn upon our suffering poor, we cannot help feeling how hard the lack of food must fall upon the wild creatures as well. To understand how directly the life of the jungle is dependent upon the life of the town we need only read such accounts as this, which is given by an English lady from Dumraon, India:

We drove some distance into the jungle, and stopped at a sort of stone erection at four cross roads. We went up several steps, and the gardener gave a loud call of "Ow! Ow! Ow!" and from all directions came running monkeys, some about three feet high, and several mothers with tiny babies in their arms.

The monkeys were in distinct tribes, and those on one side would not go near those on the other. We threw them grain, which they rapidly picked up, and at last I could not resist going down to see if they would feed out of hands.

They crouched around me, and to my surprise a few of the big ones came up, and with one little hand held mine, while with the other they picked food from my palm.

All the time they looked anxiously into my face; but if I squeezed their fingers ever so little they gave a screech and bounded off, showing all their teeth at me. One female trotted along by my side for a long way, holding on to my finger.

I was shocked to see the bad manners of the gentlemen, who smacked the ladies' heads and knocked over the little ones in their eagerness to get at the grain. I was sorry when the food was all gone; but every day while we were at Dumraon we paid the monkeys a visit.

### Aunt Edey's Bonnet.

While visiting Boston not long ago Aunt Edey, a lovely old Quakeress, took a morning walk in the Public Garden. Feeling tired after a while, she sat down on a bench, and as she sat there, a picture of serenity and dignity in the dress of her sect, she attracted the attention of a passing gentleman.

He was 'doing' the garden, and was borne along by several women, a wife and four daughters, all of whom were clothed with transatlantic splendor, gowns of the latest mode, and elaborate hats perched on enormous rolls of hair, which overhung the temples with the bulge of a haymow.

The gentleman, evidently, was unfamiliar with Quaker dress, for he halted and gazed open-mouthed at Aunt Edey, his eyes lingering longest on the gray silk bonnet which did not quite hide the smooth hair. His party passed passed along, but he did not move. Presently he glanced furtively at his convoy, and then took a step toward Aunt Edey.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but that's the most sensible bonnet I have ever seen."

"I am glad thee likes it," returned Aunt Edey, placidly.

### Village or City.

The line has been drawn, it seems, at which a small town emerges from its chrysalis condition and becomes a city.

Farmer Oatcake was a witness in a case in circuit court. He had given his testimony and was about to step down, when the lawyer who was cross examining him asked, as a matter of form:

"This took place, did it, in the village of Bunkertown?"

"Yes, sir," replied Farmer Oatcake, "in the city of Bunkertown."

"You call it a city, do you?" said the lawyer. "What is your idea of the difference between a village and a city?"

"Well," rejoined the farmer, on reflecting a moment, "a village is a place you can take a drove of cattle through the main street, and a city is a place where you can't."

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