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COUNTRIES AND CUSTOMS





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Countries and Customs

With Illustrations

Compiled as Vol. IX

OF THE

BOYS AND GIRLS' FIRESIDE SERIES

By A. L. BYERS

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PREFACE

The Boys and Girls' Fireside Series is a collection of many excellent and interesting narratives, trips and adventures, little sermons, Bible stories, descriptions of nature, of various industries and of foreign customs, bits of biography and history, missionary experiences, little poems, etc., that have been gleaned from various writers. It is believed that they will form a treasure-store of useful reading in which boys and girls will find both pleasure and profit.

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COUNTRIES AND CUSTOMS

BABIES IN OTHER LANDS

THE Indian baby is strapped to a birch-bark board, and hung up in a tree or carried on his mother's back. He has no playthings; and if he cries no one seems to mind it much. In South America some of the cradles are made of palm-leaves. The cradle is often hung up in a tree, and the wind rocks the baby to sleep. In Africa the mother carries the baby in a leather pouch slung on her back. When she gets tired of this way, she makes a hole in the sand under some shady bush or shrub and tucks the baby into it.

An Eskimo baby is tucked up in his mother's hood. It is a warm place, and travelers say their chubby little faces look very good-natured and happy. When the child comes out of the hood he is stuffed into a fawn-skin bag; and a string draws the garment together like a pudding bag, keeping him safe and warm. In Lapland the cradle is a piece of wood, shaped like a canoe, and hollowed out until it is very light. A quantity of grass is put in; and in this soft bed the baby laughs, sleeps, and plays with his simple toys all the very long days. When his mother goes to church, she leaves him outside to keep warm in a hole made in the snow, with a faithful dog to drive the wolves away. Sometimes several cradles are left in a cluster, when the children set up such a chatter as to disturb the meeting.

In Persia, when an Armenian baby is born, it is sprinkled with salt and left to itself for nearly twenty-four hours. This is done to harden it. The baby is tied in its crib, and the little feet are left bare even in the coldest weather. The mothers blacken the eyebrows and eyelashes; and little girls' ears are pierced for rings often when a day old and always before they are four days old.

The day a Chinese baby is born, it is called one year old. When the next New Year's Day comes, even if it happens to be the next day after it is born, it is two years old; and thereafter every New Year's Day is its birthday. If the baby is a boy, the top of his head is shaved when he is four weeks old, and after that is shaved once a week.

In India the baby is rocked in a swing. The mother takes a long cloth and ties the two ends together over a small rafter in the low roof of the house, and puts the baby into the fold of the cloth. When they go out to work in

the field, the cloth is fastened to the branch of some tree. When the baby gets sick, the mother thinks some one of the gods or devils that the family worship must be angry and so she calls a sacred man who wears a yellow cloth and pretends to tell secrets and asks him what the matter is with the child. He takes two or three little idols out of his bag, and puts them down on the ground before him, repeating some prayers to them, and then pretends to hear what they say. Then he tells the woman she has not given her offerings properly, and makes her go and bring a few pennies, a little rice, and even a chicken. These he takes for himself and goes away, telling her the child will get well.

—*Selected.*

QUEER WAYS OF GREETING

WE give our hand and good wishes to all we meet, and we kiss our kinsfolk and intimate friends. It was once thought that kissing was universal, but it has been found out that this practise is unknown to half the world. Instead of kissing, the people of New Zealand and of some other countries rub their noses together.

The way an Andaman Islander greets a friend is by blowing into the friend's hand with a cooing murmur. Charlevoix found on the Mexican Gulf some Indians who blew into each other's ears.

When Australians meet their friends, they weep, lamenting the loss of friends who have died since the last greeting.

In the Orient it is fashionable to remove the shoes instead of the hat.

WAYS OF SAYING GOOD-BY

THE manner of saying good-by differs in different countries. The Turk bids farewell by solemnly crossing his hands upon his breast and making a low bow. The kindly Japanese takes off his slippers as you depart and says with a smile, "You are going to leave my very lowly home. I regard thee." The Hindu falls in the dust at your feet.

The Russian good-by consists of a single word, which is said to sound like a sneeze. A Filipino rubs his departing guest's face with his hands. The Cuban would consider his good-by anything but cordial unless he was given a good cigar.

The Fiji Islanders cross two red feathers. The natives of New Guinea exchange chocolate. The South Sea Islanders rattle each other's whale-teeth necklaces. In other islands, at your going the natives will stoop down and clasp your foot. The natives of another island twist the end of the departing guest's robe, and then solemnly shake their own hands three times.

A BLACKFOOT INDIAN HOME

THE dwelling of these Indians is called a tipi (teepee, a word from the Siouan language). It is the type of dwelling used by most of the Plains Indians. Large projecting curtains at the top are moved about by outside poles to keep the wind from blowing the smoke down into the tipi. In rainy weather and at night the smoke-hole can be closed.

Inside the tipi is a lining wall, which permits the outer air to enter at the bottom and pass in over the heads of the family—an excellent system of ventilation. On many Blackfoot tipis there occur decorations at the top and bottom, symbolizing tribal myths.

In typical family life among the Blackfoot Indians of Montana, a man of medium social standing had more than one wife, one of them being the real wife, or head of the house, while the others were, in a way, her servants. The man prepared the tobacco for his pipe; the women made, set up, took down, transported, and owned the tipis. During the day the couches, or beds, were used for chairs.

Just back of the fire, in the tipi, was the family altar. Upon it incense was burned at regular intervals to purify the home in a religious sense. At the rear, between the heads of the couches, hung the sacred, religious objects, or medicine-bundles, belonging to the family. No one was permitted to pass between the fire and the place where those bundles were hung.

The door of the tipi faced the east, and a curtain hung over the entrance. The man's place was on the south side, at the rear. Visitors who entered always took the north side.

This is descriptive of family life among the Blackfoot Indians of Montana as it was forty years ago; and their customs and manners have changed but little since.

—*E. F. DuCommun.*

THE QUEEREST LAMP IN THE WORLD

SO accustomed are we to the electric lights and gas that even a lamp seems strange and old-fashioned in these days, and a tallow candle is regarded almost as a curiosity, to be looked at, but never used.

But all places are not so well supplied with lights as we are, and in out-of-the-way places there are strange things used for light. Away up on the north-western coast of North America the natives have the queerest lamp in the world, so say the wise folks who know about such things. This lamp is nothing more nor less than a fish, a slim little creature whose body is composed so entirely of oil that as soon as he dies and is properly "smoked" he can be lighted as easily as the wick of a kerosene-lamp by applying a match to his mouth!

The candle-fish, as this queer, living lamp is called, can be very easily caught, and as these fish come along the coast at certain seasons of the year in shoals that number hundreds of thousands, there is no reason why the natives of that section should not have all the light they need, and then be able to supply their neighbors.

The candle-fish is "combed" out of the shallow water with great wooden rakes or "combers," which have teeth set close enough together to keep the slim little fish from escaping. Men, women, and even the little children help in these big combing-bees. The older people go out some distance from the shore in the boats and drive the fish in, then the little boys will run into the waves, and with their great combs haul the fish on shore by the thousand.

The women and children dry the little candle-fish, removing the oil from those that are to be used for food, and leaving it in the ones that will be used as lamps.

When the little candle-fish is to be used as a lamp, he is fastened by his tail to a block of wood, with his tiny nose sticking straight up. Several other candle-fish are nailed around him if a bright light is wanted. Then a match is applied to each little mouth, and a grand illumination results. So full of oil are the little creatures that they burn brightly without any smoke until the very tips of their tails are consumed.

—*Exchange.*

[It is customary among the Alaskan Indians to draw a piece of rush-pith or a strip from the inner bark of the cypress-tree through the dried fish to serve as a wick.]

IN THE TROPICS

THE accompanying picture is a true representation of a humble home on the island of Barbados. As one travels over the country he sees many such homes, for the greater part of the people are quite poor. The house often consists of one room with a part curtained off for a bedroom. The walls are usually made of plank, and sometimes they do not fit very closely together, but that matters little in a tropical country like this. You will notice that the



A country home

house in the picture has a thatched roof. This is made of straw or of grass; however, most of the houses here have roofs made of shingles.

You will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that the common people do not go to the table to eat their meals as do the Americans. They usually have but one kind of food. This dish may consist of several vegetables cooked together with a little salt fish for seasoning. When this is ready each one receives his portion in a calabash shell and sits down any place to eat his dinner. Many homes have no dining-table at all. The people here do not call their meals as we do in America. Their morning meal is called "tea." This often consists of a cup of cocoa and a little bread. Then about eleven o'clock they have breakfast; and dinner comes just before dark in the evening. Many cook but once during the day, and that is in the evening. You see, most of the

women work out in the field all through the day, so they must wait to do their cooking when their day's task is finished.

You also notice the goat in the picture. Goats are usually kept tied in the yard or along the roadside where they can graze. At night they are always brought home. Some goats are kept for their milk; in fact, they are sometimes styled, "The poor man's cow." I understand that goat's milk is very wholesome.

Now, you may think that the people who reside in these humble homes are quite dissatisfied and unhappy, but I assure you that such is not the case. I sometimes think they are much more thankful than many who have an abundance of this world's goods.

Most of these people belong to church, though I am sorry to say that but few of them are truly saved. We trust the time is near when they shall all hear the pure gospel. While they are so poor in this world's goods, we desire that you pray for them that they may find the true riches. —*G. Q. Coplin.*

SYRIAN DOORWAY SCENE

JESUS, in speaking of his second coming, said, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; one shall be taken, and the other left." To this day, in the land where Jesus lived, women grind wheat between two stones, just as they did when Jesus spoke these words. In the picture you can see how they do it. Much crushed wheat is used in making a favorite dish called *kibbe*.

From their headdress we know the women in the picture are of the Christian part of the population. The headdress of the woman pouring the wheat into the mill is very common. It is a square piece of thin material about twice the size of a man's handkerchief, and it has a pretty edge worked on it. It is doubled so that it is three cornered and then tied on the head, to keep the hair tidy. It is worn all the time, as it is a part of the hair-dress. The *mondeel* is often of a bright color, and is usually very becoming to its wearer. When a woman goes out, she wears her long, thin scarf, *vwoile*, over the *mondeel*. Some young ladies wear the *mondeel* only at home; when they go out they comb their hair as we do, and some of them wear hats.

The women, you see, are sitting at their work. Most Syrian women sit on the floor or on a low stool to do their washing, cooking, and bread-mixing; and it seems to them that we would become very tired from standing so much.

The large basket tray may be used to carry bread from the public oven. It is carried on the head. Figs, grapes, or tomatoes may be laid on it and put

in the sun to dry. In silkworm season, it is a silkworm nest.

The jars of water are at their places in the bench. The *breek* takes the place of pitcher and cup.

At one side is the fatted sheep. It has probably had a few hours' rest from being stuffed, as it is of its own accord eating leaves from the basket. The stuffing of the sheep is very likely the work of the grandmother in the doorway.

Often the widowed grandmother lives with one of her sons, or rather the son brings his bride to the old home. There is respect for age, and the children love their parents and care for them.

A little girl and a little boy are in this family, and happy are the parents because they have a boy. Boy babies have a warmer welcome than girls, but



Grinding in Syria

both are loved. Too often, however, the parental love, though warm and constant, is untaught, and the parents do not know how to give their children the training they need. The children are not, as a rule, dressed and combed so tidily and prettily as American children. Nor are they blessed with such an abundance of toys and picture-books and the privilege of enjoying many interesting things. But though their life is simple, it is happy.

These people know something of Christ, but most of them do not know they can be saved from their sins. You can have a part in their salvation by praying God to send messengers to them with the full gospel story.

—Bessie L. Byrum.

A SCENE OF JAMAICA

IF you should pass along the roadway which follows the seacoast near Kingston, Jamaica, you might meet a crowd of travelers such as you see in the picture. They are country or mountain folk on their way to market.

These people carry heavy loads on their heads for great distances, and



Mountain folk on their way to market

as a result of this training their carriage is erect and graceful. They can scale steep mountain-passes without difficulty, and easily support their bulky loads.

The donkey is their common beast of burden. He has no difficulty in keeping his footing while traveling over the mountain-roads, and for this reason is more useful to the people than a horse would be.

The mountain-people of Jamaica are very religious. They know the Bible surprizingly well, and it is never difficult to engage with them in a religious conversation. But many of them are thirsting for a better knowledge of the Lord and of his will concerning them.

DOING THINGS BACKWARD

ABOUT fifty years ago when Commodore Perry came to Japan and first introduced American ways and customs to its people, they said that the Americans do and say everything backward. And we find that the Japanese, to us, appear to do the same thing.

Instead of saying, "Mr. Alexander," the Japanese say, "Alexander, Mr.," But more surprising still is the fact that they use this same title for both men and women. And even the very small boys and girls are addressed in this manner. Some boys and girls would like this, no doubt, but I think perhaps they would not be so well pleased if they knew that the dogs, also, are called Mister. The word they use for Mr., is San. If your name were Charles Brown, the Japanese would call you, Brown Charles, Mr.; and if your birthday were Jan. 4, 1910, they would write it 1910, 4, Jan.

When the Japanese write they begin at the upper right-hand corner of the sheet of paper and write lengthwise of the paper, in stead of at the upper left-hand corner and crosswise as you do. Instead of riding on wagons and driving the horse, they walk and lead him.

Instead of showing the greatest respect to the very old people, they respect the children. This is very bad for the children, and also for the parents. The children always eat first. They are seldom ever punished and the mother must obey the eldest son. Plenty of spending-money must be given them, and generally they do as they please. The baby is the idol of the family and its will governs all. It is never allowed to cry if such can be prevented by petting, coaxing, and giving it all it wants. When starting to school the Japanese begin at what we call the back of the book.

When men and boys are well dressed in Japanese style they wear divided shirts. Men carry fans about with them as women do in America.

Old ladies shave off their eyebrows and black their teeth. When men shave they have the inside of their noses and outside of their ears shaved. The men wear very long nails on the little fingers. The father is not expected to show much affection for his family, and none outside the home.

No one is supposed to show signs of emotion. Joy, sorrow, surprize, and like things must be hidden from all eyes.

People sit and sleep on the floor. They travel on the left side of the streets. They bathe in very hot water at all seasons.

The most highly-prized plants and shrubs are those which are very much dwarfed.

When the Japanese make a very nice dinner, only the husband eats with the

guest. Each person has an individual table about the size and height of a foot-stool.

Nearly all the people go bare-foot in the house.

Very little girls have their heads shaved, and only a very large scalp-lock remains. Boys never wear hair long enough to require combing until they become young men.

When these people set a day, they do not name the day of the week as we do, but the date of the day in the month. If you make them a little present or entertain them at a meal, they must not only thank you at the time, but also the next time they meet you, if it is a month or so later.

All these and many more things go to make up the customs of the people.
—*W. G. Alexander.*

BIRTHDAYS IN JAPAN

JAPANESE children do not have separate birthdays. Instead, there is a festival in March for all the little girls, and another in May for all the little boys.

If you were a little girl and lived there, all your relatives and friends would give you presents in March. Your little sister would have presents on the same day too; and so would your girl cousins, and all the little girls you know; and there would be big birthday parties going on everywhere.

Then in May the boys would have their turn. Their festival is called the "fish festival." Every family having a boy sets up a big flagstaff in the doorway of its house. On the top of the pole is a gilt ball, and flying from the pole is a whole string of fish made of oil-paper or cloth. The golden ball signifies a treasure the fish is supposed to be forever trying to reach. This means that the boy, when he is a man, will have to battle his own way through life in the same way as the fish struggle up the river. It is a sort of little lecture to the Japanese boys to be ambitious.
—*New York Advocate.*

JAPANESE GIRLS

MANY of my readers, I suppose, have never seen a Japanese girl, and know but little of her dainty manners toward her people at home as daughter and sister and toward her visitors.

First, you must understand that there are different classes of girls in

Japan. The girl whom you see in the picture is an ideal Japanese girl; and if you were to come to Japan and visit her, you would find her very dainty in her manners toward you and would, I believe, admire her manners very much.



Japanese girl

She is perhaps entertaining company, for she is preparing tea for some one. There is hot water in the little kettle on the tray, and she has poured some of it over some tea-leaves in the little tea-pot she is holding in her hand. Now she is just ready to pour some of the tea into the small cups, and then, taking one at a time with each hand on either side of the little saucer underneath the cup, she will (if her guests are a distance from her in the room) quickly rise to her feet and walk to a guest. When she is just in front of her guest, she will again get down on her knees, and after placing the tea before the guest, she will place her two hands together in front of her on the floor and bow politely, and then quickly rise to her feet and go for the next cup. Of course if her guests are too far from her (say in the next room), she will place the cups on a tray and take them to her guests and then place the tea before them.

If she wishes to speak something, she does not stand up to speak it, but gets down upon her knees, as Japanese think it impolite to stand up and talk when in the house. When she slides a door, she gets upon her knees to do so; then she rises to her feet and passes out; and again she kneels to close it. She is not awkward about it, but does it all so gracefully you could not help admiring her. She also treats her father, mother, brothers, and sisters kindly, and is polite to them also. She does not speak loudly at all, for she is taught to speak in low and gentle tones. She is also taught not to laugh loudly.

In her home she learns to sew, to cook, to take good care of her clothes, to dust and sweep, and to do many other useful things. She eats, sews, folds her clothes, cuts vegetables, etc., sitting on the floor. Also she sleeps on the floor. Japanese do not have tables, chairs, and beds as we have, and altogether their way of doing is just opposite to ours.

I am sure the girls of America would greatly enjoy having a Japanese girl friend. Japanese girls treat one very kindly and receive one into their home with a warm welcome. I am very fond of the girls of Japan. I have met with different classes. The ones I have told you about are the best trained and educated.

—*Grace Alexander.*

TOFU

HERE comes the *tofu ya* (*tofu* means bean curd, and *ya* means seller)! Here he calling, "*To . . . we . . . ee . . . !*" I am sure he has some good fresh tofu, and it will be nice to get some to put in the soup for dinner.

Tofu is made from the soy-bean, which is soaked, ground fine, and cooked.



A Japanese selling tofu

The milky substance thus obtained is curdled by putting some brine into it. It is then cut into cakes and sold as tofu. It is not very good at first, but if one eats it occasionally one will learn to like it very much. It is used much by the Japanese as a food, and when they can not get it, they are much perplexed about what to eat.

To make soup, they scrape dried fish, put it into boiling water, add sugar

and soy to make it taste, and then put in tofu and vegetables, if the latter is desired, and serve with rice. Pickles made of large radishes (pickled in salt and rice-brand), plums, cucumbers, eggplant, small onions, etc., are eaten nearly every meal. Japanese think they can not eat without these articles of food. A bowl of rice, tofu soup, and pickles make quite a nice meal for a Japanese.

From the looks of this man, I would judge him to be quite old. He must become very tired before the day is ended, for generally he gets up very early and starts out to sell his wares. He goes the same route twice a day. See his large hat. It is perhaps a hot day, so he wears the large hat for a sun-shade. He carries his tofu over his shoulder by the pole you see on the basket back of him. This basket hangs on one end of the pole and is balanced by the wooden bucket, or tub, on the other end. He shoulders it quickly and goes off on a trot calling, "*To-we-ee!*" or "*Tofu-u!*" They have different expressions for calling out their wares. In the basket he perhaps has fried and baked tofu, either of which I like better than the fresh tofu.

There are many tofu men, and they are to be heard in Tokyo most all the time. Some of them have a whistle, and some say very funny things to make the people laugh and to get more customers.

Besides the tofu-sellers there are many other men who carry their wares in the same way, and it is indeed interesting to hear their calls.

—*Grace Alexander.*

SOME OF AUSTRALIA'S PECULIARITIES

SHOULD we Americans visit Australia, we should find ourselves surrounded with many strange objects and conditions; but we should also find many things with which we are familiar here at home.

In that strange continent, the only one in the world occupied by only one nation, the gardens are full of summer flowers in November, and Christmas comes with the bright flowers and the hot sunshine of mid-summer. Even the heavens at night look different from what they do above our northern homes. Instead of our familiar groups of stars, we should see unfamiliar groups. The woods, animals, and birds are so different that we might think Australia was yet near the beginning of time, if it were not for the present signs of civilization, such as the telegraph, trains, newspapers, etc.

In despite of the loneliness of the great desert of Australia, and the oddities of its flora and fauna, there are many things to remind us that the twentieth-

century civilization has reached this isolated continent. Although travel across the sandy desert is done mostly on camels, yet a telegraph line stretches right across this barren area from north to south and carries messages from the southern to the northern coast, and thence they go to all parts of the world.

The continent is divided in two parts by the Great Desert, West Australia having no land communication, except by telegraph, with its nearest neighbor-state. The commonwealth has, however, undertaken to build a railroad across the desert, thus connecting Eastern and Western Australia.

THE ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA

IN one respect the aborigines of Australia are like no other people in existence. They are wild, and no one has ever succeeded in civilizing any of them. They prefer to live their own wild life, hunting and fishing for the means of subsistence. They are dark copper-colored and possess a very low



The corroboree

order of intelligence. Their language is little better than a gibberish. The women are called gins, and they, as well as the men, are not very prepossessing. In their camps they live in squalor.

They have a peculiar custom at meals. They sit in circles, the men in the

inner circle, the women next, and the outer circle composed of the children. When the men have finished with the food they are eating, they throw what remains over their shoulders, and the women catch it, they in turn throwing what they leave to the children. The dogs get what is left after all have eaten.



Throwing the boomerang

The men are expert hunters, using a weapon called the boomerang that is used only by the Australian blacks. It is really wonderful what they can do with this weapon. They are able to throw it so that it will come in whirling circles back almost to their feet. At one time there was in Sydney a company of aborigines giving an exhibition of boomerang-throwing. They would stand on the edge of a cliff and throw the boomerang out over the ocean. It would go away in whirling circles until one could hardly see it in the distance, and then come circling back again and finally settle on the ground near the feet of him who threw it.

There are many different tribes among the aborigines, and they are often at war with one another. This has done much toward decreasing their number. They cut and scar their bodies with the teeth of sharks, making many fantastic designs.

Another strange custom they have is that after a fight or hunt or fishing expedition in which they have been successful, they have what they call a corroboree. This consists of a sort of wild dance, mixed with shouting and waving of arms, their bodies and limbs being painted in different colors, generally red and yellow, in all manner of queer-looking characters. They continue this until they work themselves up into a frenzy, and some drop exhausted from their exertions. Then they have a glorious feast, eating much more than is good for them.

There is another thing about the aborigines that is worth telling. That is their ability to follow a scent just like a bloodhound does. The government has often employed them to track fugitive criminals, and they have never been

known to fail in running down the ones they were after. The civilized people of Australia call them "black trackers."

STRANGE THINGS OF AUSTRALIA

MANY things here in Australia are different from those in other lands. For instance, the end of July is the middle of our winter. We do not have snow and ice as in many other countries, but it is cold enough that a fire in the



The white cockatoo

evening is very acceptable. The native trees are evergreen, shedding their bark instead of their leaves, but the fruit-trees and other trees that were imported shed their leaves. Some say that Australia is topsy turvy, because when compared with northern countries many things are opposite. Just as the sun is setting with you, it is rising with us. The birds have no song; the cuckoo builds its own nest; and the bush (forests) have no underbrush as in other countries.

There are many birds and animals here in Australia that are not found in any other land. The dingoes, for one, are a species of wild dog, and a fitting companion for the aborigines; in fact, the natives are the only ones that have ever domesticated the dingo; and even then it is as wild as they themselves. The dingoes are very destructive among sheep; they will go in among a flock and kill quite a number, taking just one

mouthful from one, then passing on to the next one, continually snarling and fighting among themselves as they go. They are considered outlaws, and no one hesitates about shooting them, or laying traps or poisoned bait for them.

The parrots of Australia are very numerous, the plumage of many being of most brilliant colors; also, the white cockatoo is a magnificent-looking bird. He is pure white, with yellow crest and black eyes, and one can not help admir-

ing him until he opens his mouth and makes the screech peculiar to him. This is ear-splitting, and the farther one gets away from it the better. It is quite common to see this bird walking and flying about the gardens in Sydney, so tame that it will come and feed from your hand.

We might mention also the bird of paradise, of which there is a great variety, hardly any two being marked alike. Some have very gorgeous plumage.

Besides those mentioned, we have the bower bird. This little fellow has ways peculiarly his own. He builds on the ground a home that is very much like a little house. He arranges stones like a wall, enclosing a space about three feet in diameter. Then he scours the whole district for bright-colored stones, pieces of glass, or anything that will glitter when the sun shines on it, and arranges these in the enclosure. After getting everything arranged his mate arrives on the scene. His antics while she looks on are most amusing. He will turn somersaults, twist and turn, and do very ridiculous things. This is evidently highly satisfactory to them both.

In reference to Australia a certain traveler has said: "Australia stands alone: it possesses no apes nor monkeys, no cats nor tigers, wolves, bears, nor hyenas; no deer nor antelopes, sheep nor oxen; no elephant, horse, nor squirrel; none, in short, of those familiar types of quadruped which are met in every other part of the world. Instead of these it has marsupials only, kangaroos and opossums, wombats, and the duck-billed platypus. In birds it is almost as peculiar. It has no woodpeckers and no pheasants, families which exist in every other part of the world; but instead of them it has the mound-making brush turkey, the honey-suckers, the cockatoos, and the brush-tongued sories, which are found nowhere else upon the globe." Of course, there are sheep and cattle and horses here now, but they are not native. —*J. M. Philpott.*

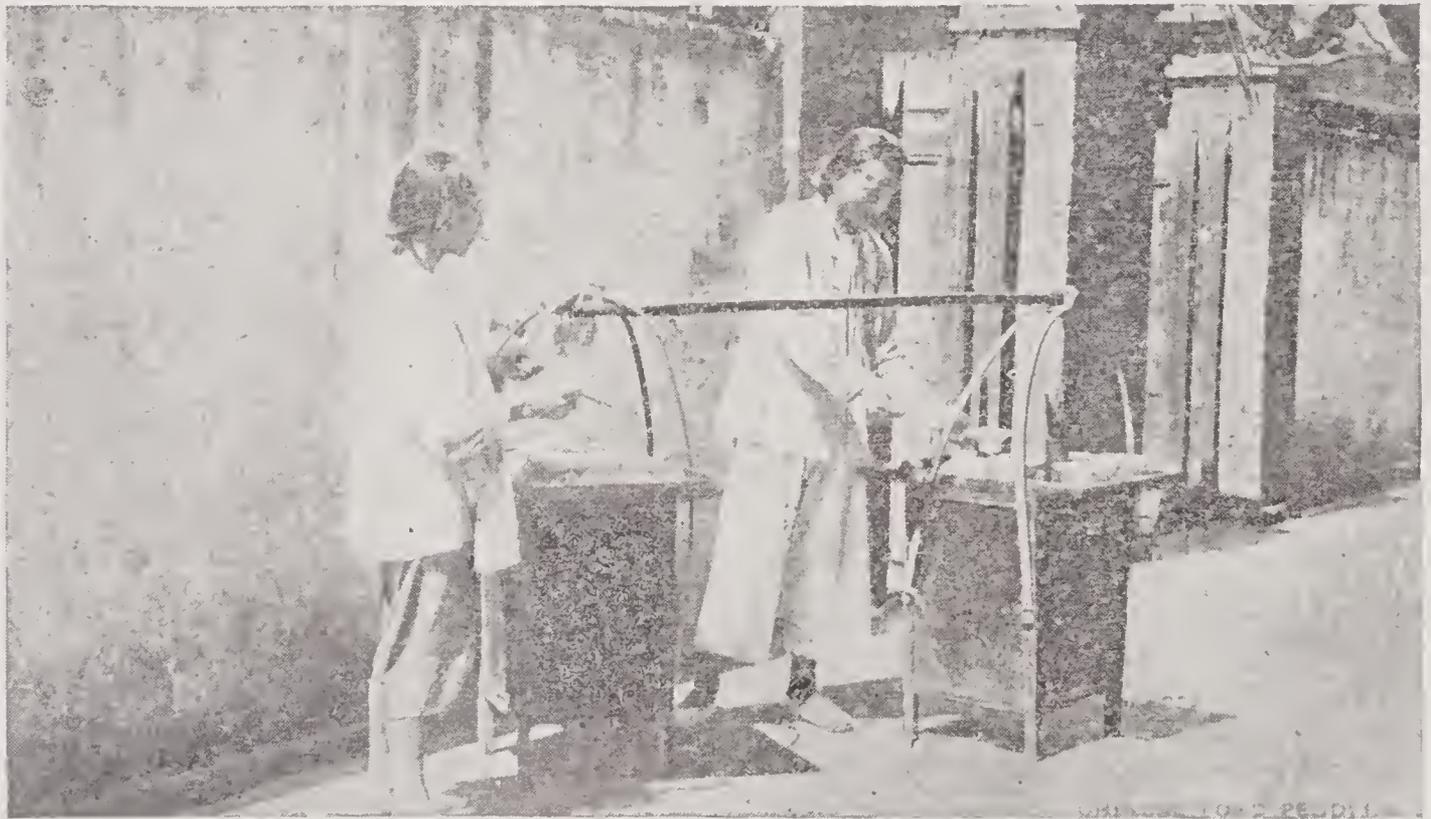
HOW THE CHINESE DO

THE Chinese do everything backward; they exactly reverse the usual order of civilization. The Chinese compass points to the south instead of to the north. The men wear skirts and the women trousers. The men wear their hair long and the women wear it short. The men carry on dress-making and the women bear the burdens. The spoken language of China is not written, and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backward, and what we call foot-notes are inserted at the top of the page. The Chinese surname comes first instead of last. The Chinese shake their own hands instead of the hands

of those they greet. The Chinese dress in white at funerals and in black at weddings, while old women always serve as bridesmaids. The Chinese launch their vessels sideways and mount their horses from the off side. The Chinese begin dinner with dessert and end with soup and fish. And strangest of all the Chinese pay up all their debts at New Years! —*Selected.*

THE TRAVELING RESTAURANT

IT is very common in China for men to carry their store with them. Barbers, shoemakers, doctors, porcelain menders, etc., can be thus seen traveling from street to street. The picture is one of a man traveling with his little restaurant,



Chinese food-peddlers

He makes a certain noise as he goes through the streets, announcing his approach. Many stop him on the streets and buy their meals. He keeps a little fire burning, cooks his rice, etc., supplies the customer with a rice bowl and chopsticks and all he needs in the way of a good meal. The Chinese think a great deal about their food; their most common friendly salutation is, "Have you eaten your rice?"

Pray that we may be able to teach many that there is something that can

satisfy the soul as well as that which God has given to satisfy the stomach, which is in the minds of the Chinese the most important part of man.

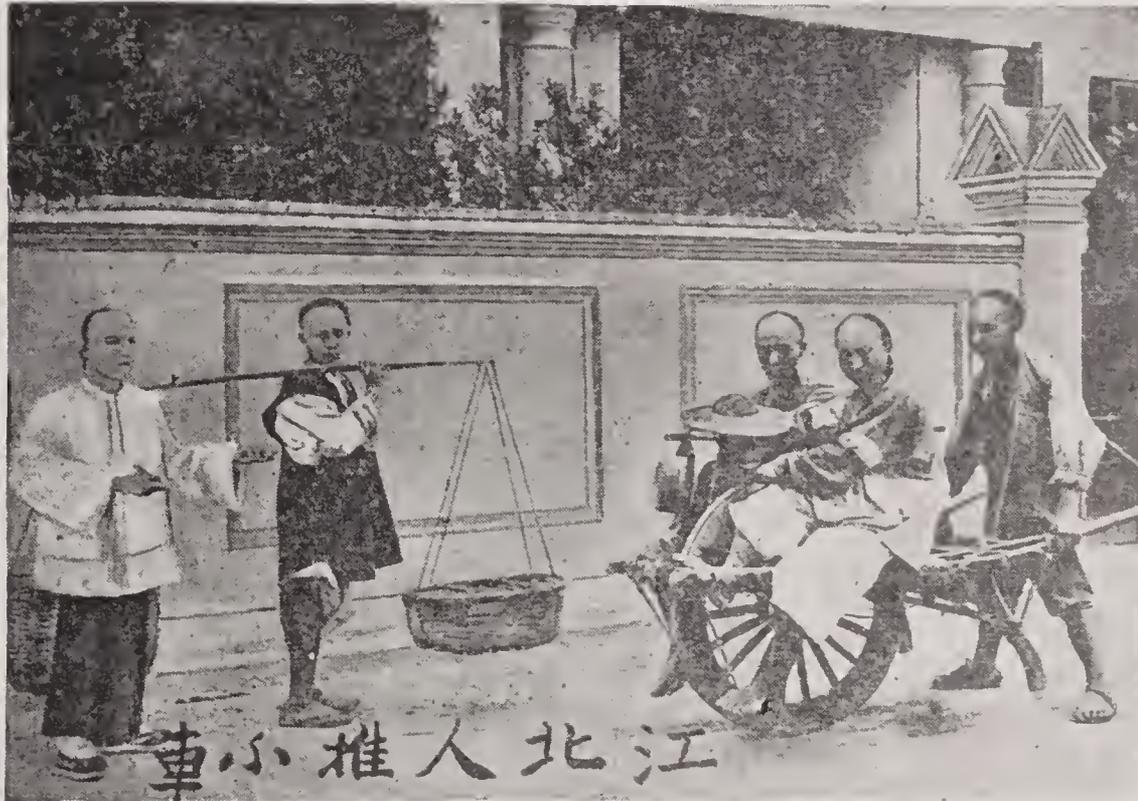
—*Wm. A. Hunnex.*

THE CHINAMAN'S WHEELBARROW

IF, upon arriving in China, you had to ride on a wheelbarrow, do you think it would be embarrassing or amusing? At the larger ports this would not be necessary, for there they have the rickshaw, carriage, and street-car. But in

many of the smaller places and most inland cities the wheelbarrow is used extensively as a means of travel.

Some of the wheelbarrows are large enough to accommodate eight or ten persons if they sit close together. A rope or strap is attached to each handle and rests across the barrow-man's shoulders, thus helping him to support



How the Chinese ride

his burden. The barrow, when running, usually squeaks, and sounds very similar to the singing of a kettle of water just before boiling, only the barrow noise is much louder and more grating to the ears. Should you offer to oil it for him it is not likely the owner would consent to your doing so, for he thinks evil spirits are lurking along the roadside to do him harm, but by the squeaking of his barrow they will be frightened away.

A lady who has been a missionary in China thirty years said that until recently she has always traveled from one village to another on a wheelbarrow, and the roads were rough and rocky too.

Many of the farmers have no other way of taking their produce to mar-

ket except with this little vehicle, or in baskets suspended from a bamboo pole, as is also shown in the picture.

Notice the sandals worn by both the basket-carrier and the barrow-man. They are made of straw, and are very inexpensive. Many men and boys have no more than these on their feet during the entire winter.

—*Gloria G. Hunnex.*

ONE CHINESE MODE OF PUNISHMENT

IN China, when a man is arrested or is to be taken to jail, a policeman seizes him by the queue, and marches him along to the police station without much mercy, especially if the man attempts to escape.

Lest some of you should not know what the queue is, I shall tell you. It is the hair on the crown and back of the head that is allowed to grow to its full length, while the hair above the forehead and ears is kept shaven all the time. This long hair hangs plaited down the back, but is sometimes tied up around the head to keep it out of the way when working. Until lately the Chinaman's queue was a very important feature of his dress. Should a man be found with it cut off, his life would likely be taken for the offence.

Now to return to my subject. Sometimes a man is compelled to wear for a few days or weeks the *cangue*, or wooden collar. This is made of a rough board about three feet wide and four feet long, having a hole in the center. It is divided in the middle to allow it to imprison the criminal's neck. Then the two parts are closed together and locked by a padlock. A chain hangs from it, which is attached to his ankle, his wrist, or his neck. Each morning he is taken from the prison to a place near where the offence was committed. Here he is compelled to spend the day in the open air, whether in the cold rain and storm, or under the hot rays of the summer's sun. This is done that the wrath of the community may be pacified, and that others intending to commit some crime may thus be warned against it. Usually the name of the crime is written in large characters on the *cangue* so all may read it.

Being unable to get his hand to his face, it is not an easy matter at meal-time to toss his rice to his mouth. Also he suffers the torture of flies and insects until some passer-by is kind enough to wave them off. At night he is taken back to the gloomy prison cell, but is not relieved of the *cangue*. Though it is very difficult to lie down, yet he must get his rest and sleep as best he can with this huge wooden collar pricking into his neck.

—*Gloria G. Hunnex.*

A CART IN NORTH CHINA

THIS picture of a cart and oxen is a scene very common in North China, but is seldom, if ever, seen in the southern parts of the country. It is simply an ordinary cart with large, solid wooden wheels. While we have never had the occasion to take a ride in one, as have some missionaries, we are not overanxious



A Chinese ox-cart

to do so, as no doubt it would be even more unpleasant than riding in a wheelbarrow. These carts are usually drawn by three animals. A very common way is to have a donkey in the middle with an ox on either side. You can easily know when there is a cart of this kind coming, as it makes a loud, rumbling noise.

This picture represents carts and oxen as they are seen standing in market-places, the one here shown being in a small market-place of Hsuchowfu. It is loaded with logs and long strips of matting for making baskets.

Once while we were in the country, we saw a team of oxen running away with one of these clumsy carts. They ran out over the country fields with their tails flying up in the air, but were finally stopped by running aground in a freshly plowed field. This cart, you may know, had no load on it. However, such incidents do not happen very often, as these animals have the Oriental characteristic of a slow and easy-going disposition.

These carts are used mainly for hauling loads. There are also the special carts for passengers. They have only two large wooden wheels, and over the

top is a cover, making it look very much like a little covered wagon. It is drawn by one animal with two shafts, somewhat like our carriages in the homeland.

THE SEDAN-CHAIR

IN speaking of chairs one naturally thinks of furniture for the house, but the one shown in the picture looks rather large and clumsy to put in the house, does it not? Well, it is not intended for the house, and there is plenty of room out-of-doors for it. How queer it looks! I presume it reminds you of a little



The sedan-chair

house having no foundation, but built like a suspension bridge, with two human beings for supports or pillars.

Imagine a cane or wicker chair, suspended, with oiled canvas on the sides, the front, and the back, a little roof over the top, and wooden shaft-like extensions at either end, and you will have some idea of what the Chinese sedan-chair is like. It is used very largely by both natives and foreigners in China. When one wishes to go out on business or for pleasure, the sedan-chair often takes the place of the carriage, the bicycle, the pony, or the street-car. Two or four men are employed to carry it, and the rider gives orders where to go. This little

vehicle accommodates only one person at a time and is a very comfortable way of traveling. When two or more persons are going out together and all wish to ride, each must have a chair, and travel in single file, unless the road is wide enough for two chairs to be carried side by side. Foreigners often remove the roof and sides of the chair using a parasol for protection from the sun, but the natives rarely travel without these.

Upon funeral occasions when the sedan-chair is used by the mourners, it is draped with white crape. When the rider wishes to mount or dismount, the bearers or carriers remove the shafts from their shoulders, rest the chair on the ground, and he steps in or out with ease.

Men who carry the sedan-chairs are very strong and have good muscles. Usually those who keep their own private carriers, dress them in uniform when in service.

—*Gloria G. Hunnex.*

TRAINS AND RAILWAYS IN CHINA

CHINA, being known as a "land of magnificent distances," would seem to be an ideal country for great railroad systems, but, as she has for so many years in the past been a land prejudiced against modern civilization, the result is that railroads have been known within her borders only during the last forty or fifty years. The first attempt to introduce them was between 1860 and 1865, by an Englishman. It is said that in the year 1876 a short line, was constructed from Shanghai to Woosung, a seaport twelve miles distant. Though it had a lot of traffic, yet because it was in the hands of an English firm, the Chinese government objected, consequently bought it, and the following year stopped its use. Being dissatisfied with this, they ordered the rails to be taken up and shipped to the island of Formosa, which belonged to China, where they were stored away to remain idle and rust for several years. Afterward, the Chinese themselves constructed a railway in Formosa, using these rails. They thought the island was far enough from the mainland that whatever harm might come from the railway would not affect the continent.

In 1898 the line from Shanghai to Woosung was again opened, it having been rebuilt by the Chinese government. The next one made was for the purpose of transporting coal from the mines at Kaiping to the seacoast. It has since developed into such extensive use that nearly the "whole of the welfare of the adjacent country depends on it."

With difficulty has every new line been constructed, because a certain class of officials are opposed to the introduction of foreign inventions. However,

at present there are many railways of considerable length in China, and others are rapidly being built.

In the sections of country through which these run, it is a very great curiosity to the natives to watch the train pass. It is of interest to most boys and girls in America to see the train as it speeds rapidly over the prairie, through the woods or the fields, and over bridges or tressels of long distances, and indeed it is of no less interest to even the men and women of China, as well as the children, to gaze at this wonderful invention of man.

The coaches in China are made very similar to those in the United States. But there are four classes of seating-apartment, of which the first class is, of course, the best. In this coach, the high-backed seats are leather upholstered, partitioned off in pairs, making a private compartment for a family or for several friends traveling together. The second class has not the private compartments, but has good, comfortable seats, the backs of which are immovable, with a seat on either side. This makes two seats facing each other, between which is a small table to accommodate the passengers when lunching or writing. The third class cars generally have long benches extending from one end to the other which are neither cushioned nor comfortable. The fourth or coolie class cars are sparingly equipped, and in these the poorer people are jammed and crammed until a journey of any length is very tiring. On the outside of the cars there are large figures indicating the class to which that special car belongs.

The engines are not the huge, black monsters so commonly seen in the United States, they are much smaller and generally painted yellow or green. Many of these trains do not run at night; there are special stations at which they are held until the morning dawns, and the railway companies have hotels at these same stations to accommodate the traveler over night. The engineer, conductor, and entire train crew are Chinese, and they have learned to perform their respective duties very well. Neither the conductor nor the porter call out the names of the stations, as is the custom in America; the passenger must look out for his station himself. But even for a stranger this is not so difficult, for the name of the town is printed in large letters in both Chinese and English, and placed in many conspicuous places around the station.

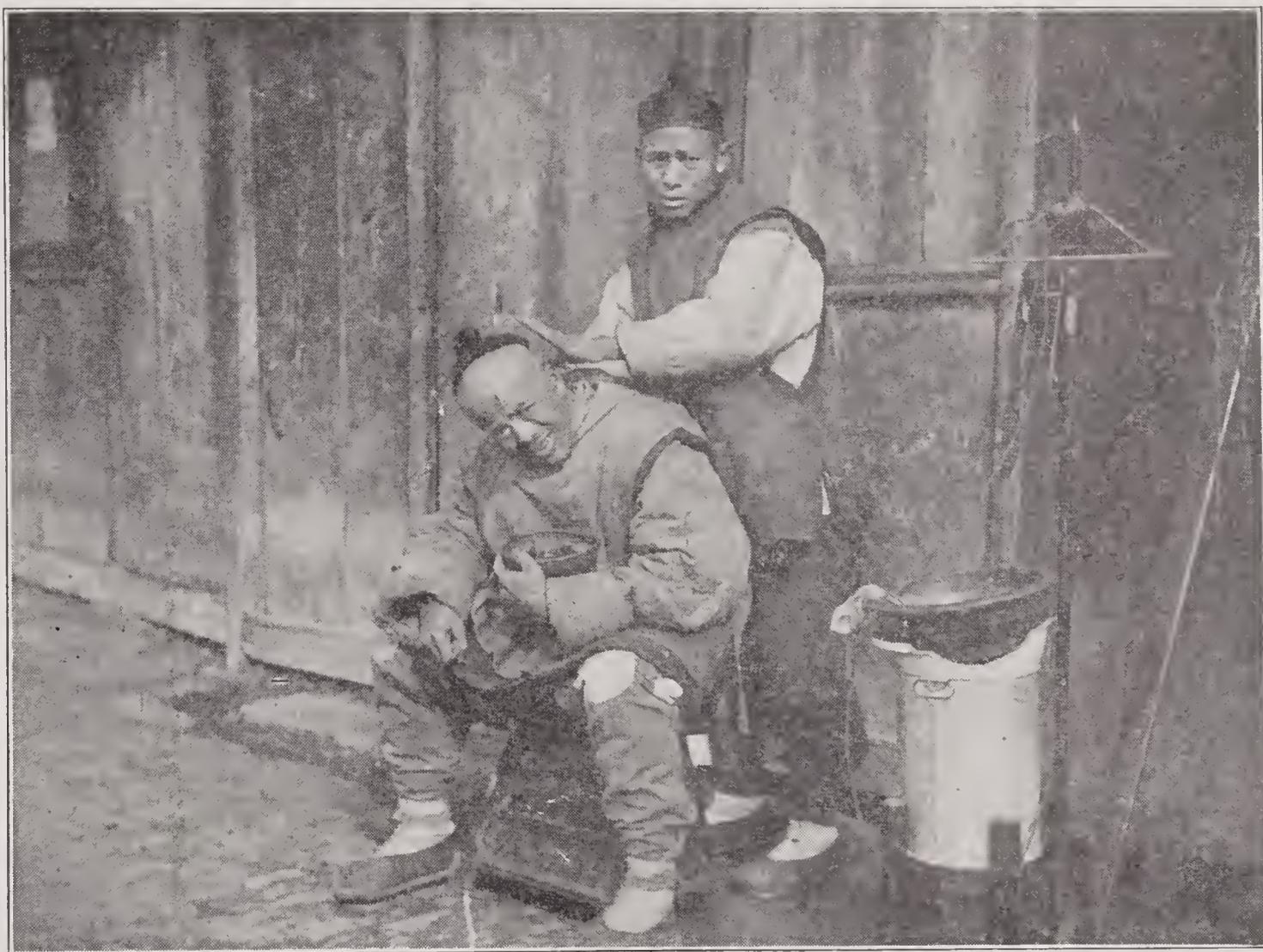
The Chinese, having no word in their language which meant "train," were compelled to make a word when these came into use. To do this, they united the two words, *ho-chae*, *ho* meaning "fire" and *chae* meaning "carriage."

As boat traveling is slow, and overland by wheelbarrow or on donkeys is not only slow but inconvenient, the train service in China is a great boon to the missionary and the business man.

—Gloria G. Hunnex.

THE CHINESE BARBER

OF THE many trades in China, the barber takes his place as perhaps among the important. There are barber-shops in most of the principal streets, but the above picture is of a traveling barber. Carrying his shop with him, he does his shaving out on the streets. His outfit consists of a bench with drawers



A traveling barber

built underneath which contain his razors, strops, hones, etc., and a small stand for holding a brass basin filed with water, underneath which is a little furnace where a charcoal fire is just kept alive so that it can be fanned into a red heat should its service be required; an old broken fan brings back to life the smoldering embers. The razor consists of a piece of iron roughly formed. He takes a cloth, dips it into boiling water, wrings it out slightly, and then rubs it gently over the face, neck, and part of the head. Soap is not used. Then with skilful hand he applies the rough razor.

The work of the Chinese barber is to shave the face and head, leaving a bunch of hair on the top of the head; this is plaited down the back and is called

a queue. It is also his duty to clean out the ears of his customer, and often to thump his back, rub his muscles, exercise his arms, etc., thus refreshing and invigorating the man. The cost of a complete shave is about two to four cents.

Thus the barber travels from street to street, announcing his approach with a certain noise, made by little brass or iron gongs, which is known by all Chinese.

—*Wm. A. Hunnex.*

FARMING IN INDIA

THESE are many of the millions of Bengal who are farmers and live in a most simple manner.

Farmers here do not live each on his separate farm, but several live together in a village. In riding through the country one may see several little villages at one time, scattered over the plains. Each village has a pool of water, which remains in general use throughout the year for washing purposes.

The surface of the country is very flat and is cultivated so that in the rainy season the water lies on the fields, transforming them into kind of shallow lakes, fringed about by beautiful palm, plantain, and cocoanut groves. The little mud-village homes with thatched roofs, add to the picturesqueness of the scene.

The furniture of a home generally consists of a small mud fire-place, numbers of brass and earthen pots, a few mats, and perhaps a wooden chest. In some parts each family has a boat in which to go about during the rainy season.

The rice is planted during the rainy season, and the farmers may be seen with their bullocks and queer, old-fashioned plows, wading about knee deep in the flooded fields. As the weeks go by, the water gradually sinks into the ground, and the paddy (rice) grows higher, until the country is all covered with the beautiful green fields. About Christmas time the fields are ripe and ready for harvest.

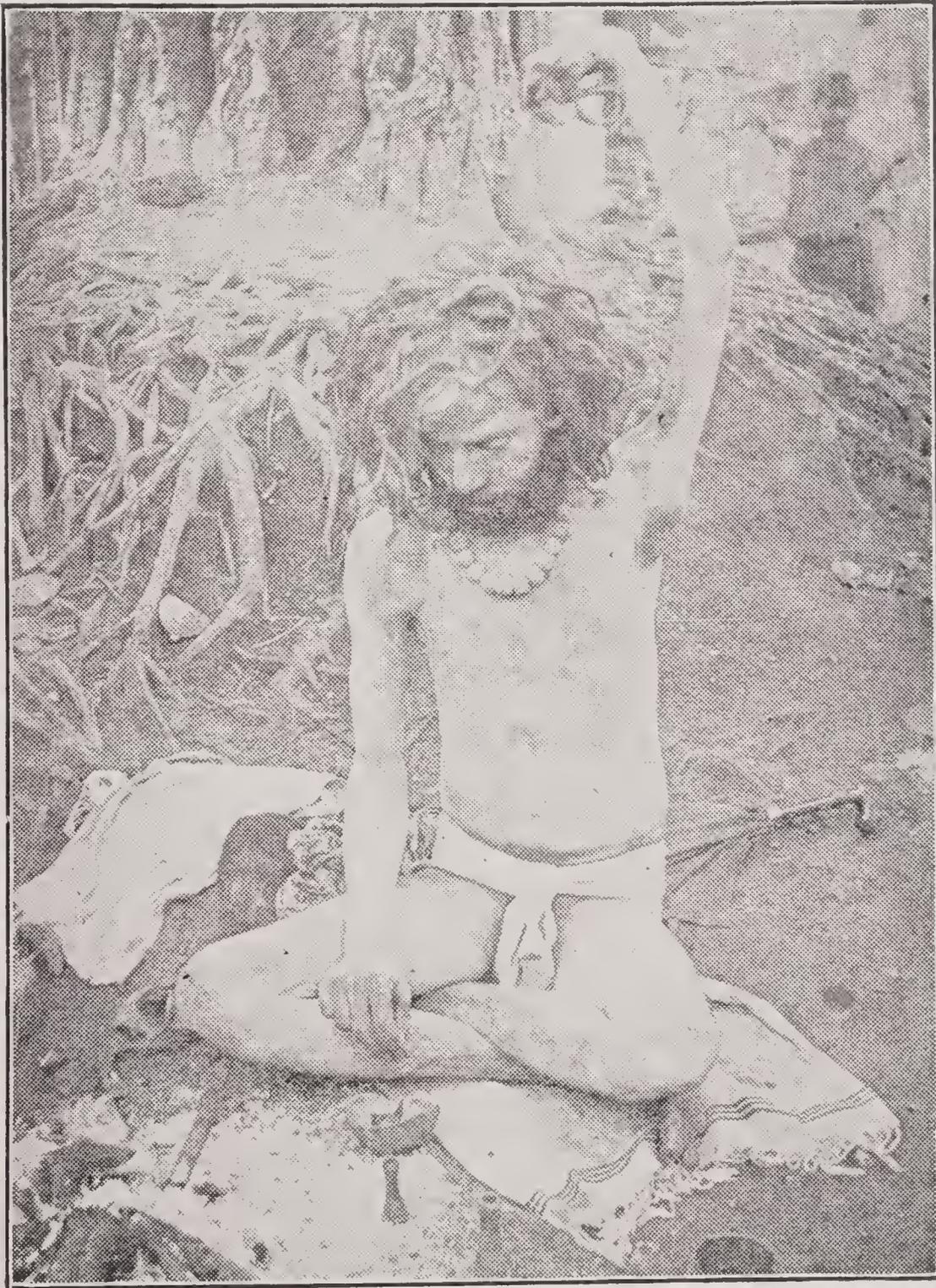
The Indian harvest is very interesting. No big, noisy machinery is used, but all the work is done as it was in Bible times. The grain is cut with a little crescent-shaped sickle and brought to the threshing-floor to be trodden out by several bullocks, walking abreast, round and round, until it is all loose from the straw. Then it is winnowed and fanned thoroughly, so that all the dust and chaff may be carried away by the wind.

After threshing, the rice is stored away in large earthen vessels, straw baskets, or perhaps a hole in the ground.

—*Lottie L. Jarvis.*

HOLY MEN OF INDIA

THE heathen so-called holy men, or saints, are found in all parts of India. Some live in caves, trying to become absorbed in contemplation and endeavoring to deliver themselves from evil thoughts and evil desires. Others go



A holy man of India

about the country with scarcely any clothing on; their hair long and matted and very dirty; their faces, and sometimes their bodies, streaked with white and red or brown paint, and often covered with ashes. They look very repulsive and anything but holy.

The painting of the face or body is not confined to these men, however. Such painting is a custom among the Hindus, among whom there are many castes or social grades. Each caste has some distinguishing paint-mark or peculiar manner of shaving the head, some of which are very strange indeed.

Some shave all the head; others, all but a little tuft on the crown. Some shave part of the upper forehead, and others let their hair grow long. In parts of South India they shave most of the scalp but leave enough hair to tie in a knot at the side of the head. It looks

not unlike a snake, with its head sticking out. I could not tell you all the strange paint-marks they have nor describe the many curious ornaments they foolishly hang from their ears and nostrils.

On the Malabar Coast, where I am now, it seems to be the fashion to make as large an opening as possible in the lower part of the ears of women. The ear is pierced in childhood, and a plug of wood is put in to stretch the hole. Afterward, a piece of sheet lead is coiled and put in to stretch it by its weight, or a piece of bamboo or palm leaf or leather is coiled and put in to stretch the hole by its spring. Some of the openings thus made are as large as a silver dollar.

But to return to the holy men. Some of these so-called saints go about the country begging, while others sit in silence by the roadside and live by the unsolicited offerings of the people. Some of them show great control over their feelings and natural affections. In fact, they try to become absolutely dead to these things, to be dead to the world according to the heathen idea. But even the best and most devoted of them will confess to you that he has not yet found cleansing from sin.

“We whose souls are lighted by wisdom from on high” know that nothing but the precious blood of Jesus, God’s sacrificial Lamb, can cleanse the conscience from sin. No extent of self-denial can accomplish it. No amount of good works can merit it. Neglect or even destruction of the body can not bring it. Sincerity of desire, separation from the world, or even the giving up of life in hope of obtaining deliverance, all are vain. It can not be bought. Nothing but the blood of Jesus can work the cleansing in our hearts. By grace are we saved through faith. Salvation is not of ourselves. It is the gift of God, and not of works, lest any man should boast.

“What can wash away my stain?
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
 What can make me whole again?
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

“For my cleansing, this I see—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
 For my pardon, this my plea—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

“Oh, precious is the flow
 That makes me white as snow!
 No other fount I know.
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!”

In the picture you will see one of these holy men sitting by the roadside at the root of a banyan-tree. Before him is a fire of wood from which he gets ashes to put on his body, and near by is a piece of cocoanut shell for holding water, also some vessels for burning incense. His hair is long and matted and greasy. One arm he has devoted to God according to the heathen idea, and for fourteen years he has held it in the position you see, never once having lowered it. Now it is wasted and perfectly stiff. See how the finger nails have grown. His eyes are downcast. He looks at nobody. He cares for none of the comforts of life.

And why all this? He is doing it in the hope of attaining to salvation. Poor man! His soul is dead. His mind has become dulled and deformed. He heeds nothing. You can not reach him, but there are thousands of men, women, and children who need help as much as he does and who can be reached. He does not know that salvation is not an attainment but is an obtainment—is the *gift* of God through Jesus Christ to those who repent and believe the Word of God.

—G. P. Tasker.

A BED OF SPIKES

THIS Indian ascetic, or holy man, is sitting on his bed of spikes. He tortures himself with this and other things in order to mortify or subdue the flesh. He is an old man, as you see, and has been at this work for many years, but finds himself still to be the slave of sin. And perhaps he is not so anxious for deliverance as you might think. Such men, like other self-righteous sinners, often oppose a way of salvation that gives them no credit or honor. They hate to give up their own righteousness and submit to the righteousness of God.

—G. P. T.



THE STEPPING-STONE TO HEAVEN

THIS round stone, standing in the sand by the roadside near the seashore at Puri, on the Bay of Bengal, India, marks a spot that is considered very sacred by the Hindus. They call it the stepping-stone to heaven.

In the picture two Hindus, a man and a boy, are bowing their heads upon it in worship. Puri (literally, the city) is the most sacred place in India. There stands the great temple of Jagganath (literally, the Lord of the world), or Juggernaut, as the name is commonly written.

—*G. P. Tasker.*



Worshipping at the stepping-stone

MODES OF TRAVEL IN INDIA

AMONG the novelties of Indian life are the various modes of travel. Though in many parts of India there are trains, even on them are many curious things to be seen.

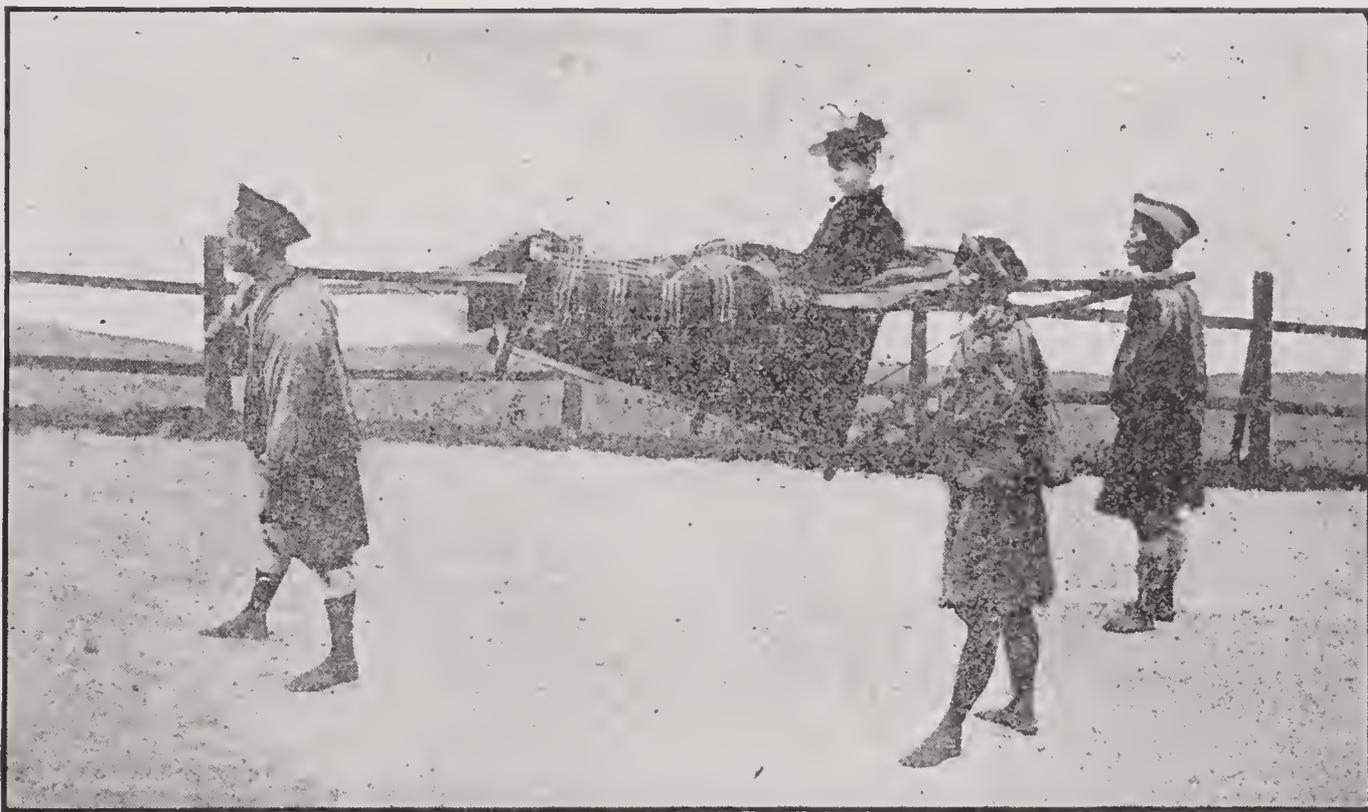
In going about from place to place in India one is always expected to supply his own bedding, so a large roll of quilts and pillows, a steel trunk for clothing and other small parcels, generally make up one's baggage. This baggage is taken with him in the compartment of the car. Some of the cars have only long, wooden benches for seats and the poor people place their baggage on the floor and sit on the seats with their feet drawn up under them.

Next to the train the bullock cart is used mostly as a means of conveyance. This is a two-wheeled vehicle with a flat board bottom and an arched cover of bamboo and palm-leaves. It is not a very smooth rider, but several times I have preferred it to walking. The greatest discomfort to me was that the cover was too low for me to hold my head erect.

Then there is a little carriage for one person, which is drawn by men. It

is called a rickshaw. The rickshaws are used mostly in the mountains. The dandy is also quite a favorite little mountain carriage. It is a kind of swinging chair with sticks and cross sticks from the ends, and is borne by rustic, good-natured mountaineers. I traveled about seventy miles in one through the mountains last summer. The entire trip took nearly four days and only cost for fare about seven dollars.

One great advantage about Indian travel is that it can be done so very



A dandy

cheap. By traveling in a third-class car one can go a hundred miles for 32 cents. Of course most people travel in another and better class car, while others make it a rule to travel in the cheapest way.

In Bengal a vehicle called the palanquin is also used. It is similar to the dandy except that it is borne by six instead of by four, and that as they trot along they sing a curious tune by which to keep step.

In Lahore many people ride camels. These animals can endure much in long journeys in a tropical climate. They have a peculiar swinging gait which renders camel-riding, according to the word of some who have experienced it, somewhat similar to being "rocked in the cradle of the deep." I would prefer the back of an elephant to the back of a camel for both safety and enjoyment.

—Lottie L. Jarvis.

A MOHAMMEDAN GOD

A fakir (fakeer) is a Mohammedan or Hindu holy man (though, sad to say, he is often not very holy). He is supposed to live a life of great self-denial. He leaves his home and occupation and wanders from place to place.

The Hindu idea of great spirituality is to become indifferent to either pain or pleasure. So these fakirs lie on beds of spikes, or on a hot day sit in the sun and have fires built around them; others hold one or both of their arms above their heads until the arms become paralyzed. All this is to show they have become indifferent to earthly comforts.

No doubt many sincere Indians have taken this course in search of the rest their soul craved. But, on the other hand, there are many scoundrels who have taken up this life simply because they are lazy and covetous.

The fakirs are held in great respect by the Indian peoples, though it surely is known that many of them are not good men. It is a part of the Hindu religion to give to the fakirs, so they are often far from poor. There is now a case in court because a man killed a fakir for his money.



A fakir

They are much the same as the common beggar, except that they go out under the guise of religion. They visit the shops as well as the homes of the people,

and even come to the missionaries. They have been known to threaten those who would not give to them.

In the picture this fakir is quite well clothed, but many times I have seen them about Lahore with only a loin cloth on, their hair matted, and body covered with ashes—a most dirty and disgusting-looking spectacle. It makes no difference how dirty a fakir is or how little of real good he accomplishes in his life, he represents the Indian ideal of a consecrated life. Our active, practical Christian lives are quite out of keeping with their ideas of consecration.

—*Minnie B. Tasker.*

INDIAN SERVANTS

INDIAN servants should have at least a small part in our sketches of Indian life, for they fill an important place.

The early Hindus seem to have considered servants a necessity of life, so they contrived a way by which they should always have servants. That was by making a caste of servants to serve the three higher castes, which include the priests, the statesmen, and the merchants. Since then each of the castes have divided and subdivided until they number into hundreds, and the servant caste has divided into as many as there are different occupations. Those of one caste can not aspire to any higher vocation in life, no matter what their talents or abilities may be—unless they break caste and separate from their people. If the father is a washerman, his children must also be washermen, and so it has been for hundreds of years and will always be until they know their privileges of being freed from the rules of caste.

The servants are considered the lowest class, and a high caste Hindu believes that even a touch from one of them is enough to send his soul to hell. Even among the ser-



A Bombay butler

vants there are some who will not allow one of another caste to touch them.

Every respectable family keeps at least a few servants. The number varies from one to twenty.

One called the "chuprassy" is a kind of personal attendant for the family, whose duty is always to be present and do errands or anything that he is told. This class of servants usually wear long, snowy-white coats and large, white turbans, and look quite dignified.

Then there is a cook and his assistants, table waiters, the gardener, the water-carrier (who brings water in a goatskin), the groom, one to sweep and dust the house, a washerman, a tailor, and several other miscellaneous ones whom we shall not mention.

There is also one woman servant who finds her way into many households. She is the "ayah," or nurse. Some ladies who have learned to be very helpless keep one to lace their shoes, to bring them a drink of water, etc. But the ayah is more often kept to care for the children. Many of the English children of India see more of their heathen ayah than they do of their mamas.

Many English people prefer to live in India because of the cheap service and easy life. But I think with all the tricks and ways of these servants, they at least partly have to make up in forbearance and patience.

INDIA'S CHILDREN

INDIA'S children! What a train of thoughts these words suggest to our minds—some being brought up in luxury and idleness, others scantily clothed and almost starving, more growing up in vice, and a few under kindly Christian training. Everywhere we go throngs of them are to be seen, with their bright eyes and sweet faces; but, sad to say, many of them are trained from their earliest years to steal and beg.

While the children of Christian homes receive more or less teaching about the sweet and gentle life of Jesus, as a result of which their lives are made noble and useful, the little Hindu children are told about a hideous and wicked god who is said to have stolen from his mother when he was a child and then to have told a lie to hide his fault.

In many ways the Indian children are much like the children of the homeland. They like to be loved and fondled, to play and laugh, also to cry and act naughty.

Because of their bad surroundings they very early fall into the ways of sin.

Often they lack self-control very much because of not having been controlled by their parents. When the parents become angry with a child, they beat it without mercy for some trifling thing; but when they are in a good humor, they fondle and pet it.

The following incident, which happened in one of the frontier stations, will show how expert some of them are at stealing. "I watched two innocent-faced little girls persuade a Uinjan trader to show them a comb. The instant it was in their hands they threw it on a housetop to which the Uinjan could not climb and which could be reached only by a roundabout road. The girls, though, went straight up the difficult walls like monkeys. While the Uinjan seized one girl and pulled her down, the other got beyond his reach. He rushed to seize her feet letting go his first capture, but he was too late. One of the girls got the comb and both disappeared, leaving the poor trader distracted and helpless."

I have always been especially attracted to the little mountain children. They are such bonnie ones. They are taught to work very hard. I have seen a dozen or more small boys and girls walking on the road, each with a large, triangular-shaped basket as full of stones as he could carry, for the road. The baskets hang on their backs by a strap which fits over the top of their heads. They carry water in wooden "pails" in the same manner. Their mamas carry the little babies in a basket on their backs by means of the same kind of straps.

—*Lottie L. Jarvis.*

WORSHIPING STRANGE GODS

IN India, the country of the Hindus, many strange things are believed to be gods and are really worshiped as such by the Hindus.

The first picture is an interior view of a monkey temple, with about fifteen monkeys and a Brahmin priest, who presides over the temple. These monkeys are kept well fed by the many visitors who frequent the temple to worship.

This temple is in the city of Benares, situated on the north bank of the great river Ganges. Benares is considered, by the Hindus, to be one of the most sacred places of India, and is visited every year by hundreds of thousands of people.

In this city, there are more than five thousand five hundred idol temples, and thousands of priests to care for the temples and the idols they contain. Idols of all sizes and descriptions are also manufactured here for sale; we pur-

chased a few of them for curios, at about ten cents apiece. The smaller gods are taken home by the people and worshiped in their homes.

The second picture is a view of a bathing-ghat (-place) with several idol temples in the background. Under each large umbrella sits a priest, who, for a few small coins, guards the clothes, jewelry, etc., of the bathers. The people



Monkey temple at Benares

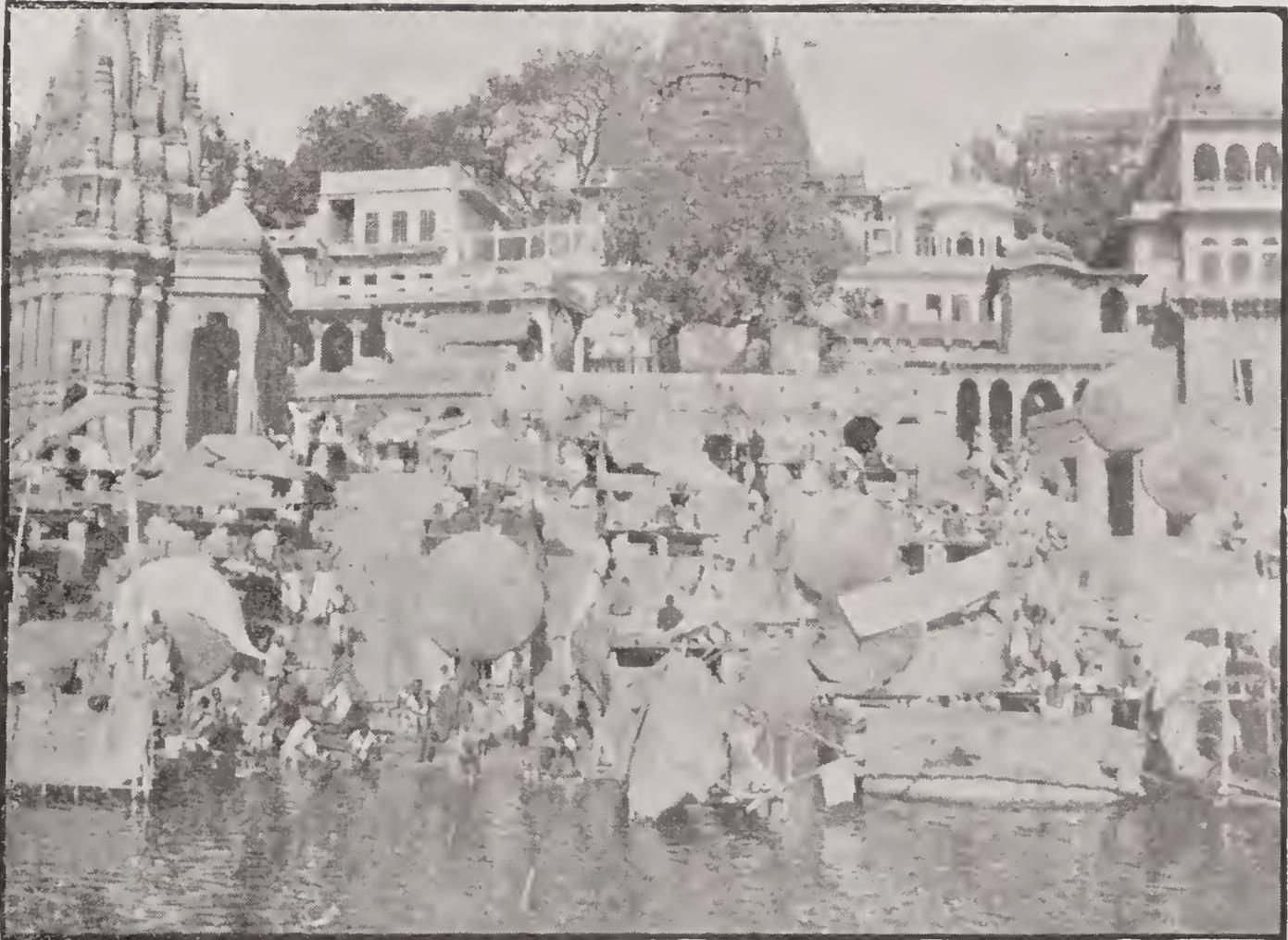
believe that the water of this river is holy and come to bathe in it hoping, in this act, to wash away their sins. Hindus who have sick relatives or friends often bring them great distances to this river and place them in its waters, in a dying condition, so anxious are they to have their sins washed away. If they are unable to bring their suffering ones, they may take some of the sacred (?) water for them to drink and be bathed in when dying.

There is a burning-ghat near where they bathe. Here the dead are cremated. The corpse is often placed upon a small, half-submerged raft and left floating in the water for a while before cremation in order that it may be purified.

Many other strange things are believed and practised by the Hindus in India. There are also many Hindus in Trinidad, B. W. I., where we have been

laboring for nearly three years. Though Trinidad is very far from India and mostly inhabited by professing Christian people, yet the majority of the Hindus who come here continue to adhere to their peculiar customs and forms of worship.

Not long ago a poor old Hindu woman here in Princes Town fell very sick ;



Bathing place on the Ganges

and as her life was despaired of, a priest was summoned. When he arrived at the bedside of the sufferer, he blew a conch, performed various ceremonies over the dying woman, and instructed her to say, "Ram, Ram." (Ram, they believe to be a deity.) He then requested that a cow be brought, after which a friend went some distance and brought a large calf. The priest had the calf led up to the bedside of the poor dying woman and told her to hold tight to the calf's tail while they hit the calf and made it jump. He informed them that by so doing the calf would take her safely over the river of death. May God touch our hearts with more love and pity for the millions of precious souls who yet remain in such darkness!

—*Thaddeus Neff.*

AN INDIAN VILLAGE BAZAAR

NO Indian village of any size would be complete without a bazaar, where the people can procure their food; and if it be quite a large place it may also have some cloth shops.

It is always interesting and amusing to go through an Indian bazaar. In the little stall-like shops may be found sweetmeats, flour, vegetables, and other articles of food. In one an Indian tailor sits on the floor sewing with a hand



FRUIT SELLERS.

Fruit-sellers

machine. Mohammedan mosques and Hindu temples, with their lofty pinnacles and minarets, stand out in striking contrast with the surrounding huts of mud and straw. The streets are generally narrow, crooked, and filled with disorder. The Indian buffalo feels that he has as much right there as any one else, and is quite likely to lay himself down as immovable as a log, right in the middle of the street. Crowds of people stand about in the middle of the street talking. The greatest redeeming quality of these places are the many bright-eyed little children which play about; still they are liable to be run over by the carriages, even though the drivers are quite cautious and are continually calling out, "*Batchau! batchau!*" (Save yourself, save yourself.)

At the little stalls the people may be seen buying their daily quantity of

flour, pulse, *ghe*, etc. On the side of the large leaf on which the articles are put is placed a pinch of salt. This is a sort of retainer to induce the customer to return daily to that particular shop. "I have eaten your salt," is a saying meaning that a binding obligation is felt by the person who has eaten it. If there is the least rise in the price, there generally follows quite a commotion, which to us would seem entirely unnecessary.

In dealing with white people, or *sahebs*, as they call us, they ask a much larger price, and always seem pleased to have a little argument about the matter. One of the best ways is to start away from the shop, saying that the prices are too high. They will then run after us, calling out, "What is your price? How much you give?"

—*Lottie L. Jarvis.*

WOMEN OF INDIA

IN Christian countries women are on an equality with men; but in heathendom this is not so. In parts of India, for instance, they are considered utterly worthless. When we think of their environments, we wonder how they could be otherwise!

The women of India are closely confined to the inner apartments of the house. This seclusion is called "zenana," which signifies a curtain; hence it means simply women sitting behind the curtain securely screened from the view of men. It is a religious duty to keep the women thus secluded, and the custom originated with the Mohammedans, who are very strict in its observance.

Neither her face nor any other part of her body should be exposed to public view, nor may she look upon any of the opposite sex, except her own husband and sons and then only inside the walls of her own house. This is Mohammedan law, and if any woman violates it, she shall have fiery robes around her body in hell.

Tradition says that a blind man, Omar, of Medina, once came to have an interview with Mohammed. At this time Mohammed was sitting with his fourteen wives in his drawing-room, and as soon as Omar was seen in the distance, he asked the women to leave the room. They objected to this, saying, "What harm is there if we stay, for he being blind would not see us?" "But you would see him," replied Mohammed, "and it is just as unlawful."

"Once a lady of high society was ill and sent for a doctor, who wanted to see the patient when he came. This could by no means be granted, as she was a lady, and the doctor was a man; so the doctor had to be satisfied with having

one end of a piece of thread tied to her hand, while he, being in the outer court of the house, held the other end of it, and thus feeling her pulse, he prescribed."

This is a story current among the Mohammedans. Mohammed set them the example and they must follow their prophet. This system of seclusion is binding upon them even after death, for a dead body may not be looked upon by one of the opposite sex.

When Mohammedan ladies travel, they must be accommodated by separate railway-cars, reserved for their use. They are brought to the station in a shut-up palanquin, and when they step out of it into the car, a screen is put upon all sides to shut off the public view. All classes in Northern India follow this custom, though it is not so strictly observed in the South.

Among the wealthy classes women are not allowed to go out into the open air. Just think of it! What a prison a palace must be over there! The poorer classes are compelled by necessity to break this custom, and thus get some fresh air and healthful exercise. Praise God for poverty! it is often a blessing in disguise.

When King Edward was crowned, the city of Calcutta was beautifully illuminated, and thousands of men were out enjoying the royal occasion; but not a woman was seen on its streets. All these poor prisoners could see was an occasional glimpse caught through their windows by stealth.

On account of their seclusion, women must for ever remain ignorant of what is taking place in the outside world. Girls may not go to school with boys, and they dare not be sent out anywhere for lessons, so all they know must be learned inside of the walls of what is mistakenly called home. No wonder they are ignorant and worthless! How could one amount to much under such treatment?

Now, children, how many souls do you think are in this awful condition? More than 145,000,000 women are doomed to a lifelong imprisonment in their own homes, which are nothing more than dismal dungeons—living tombs.

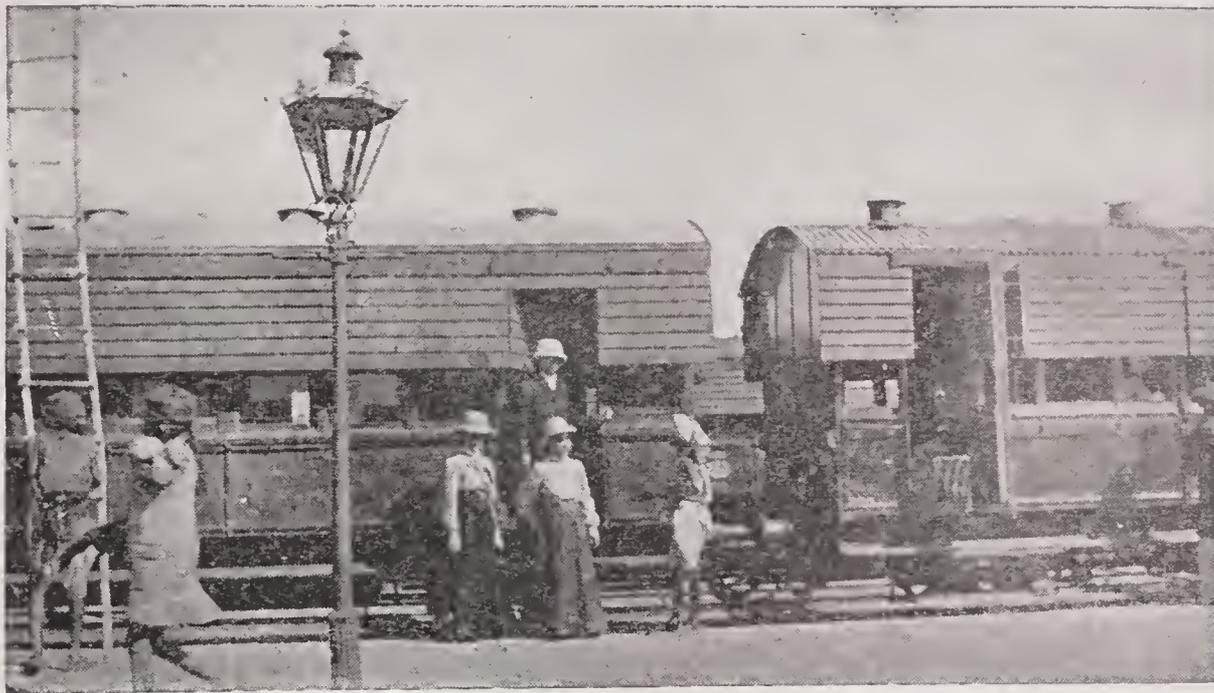
Of these, 144,000,000 can neither read nor write, nor are they receiving any instruction whatever. Children, let us pray God to rend that curtain of custom, as he did the veil of the temple when Christ died,* that the women and girls of India may get out to hear the glad tidings of salvation.

AT THE RAILROAD-STATION, INDIA

THE cars you see have the doors on the sides instead of on the ends, as in this country. They are divided into compartments, and the seats are long so that a person can lie down on them if he wants to. Also, in all the

passenger-coaches there is an arrangement that can be let down from above, like the upper berth in a pullman car.

All travelers in India carry their own bedding, and although the days are very hot, the nights are often quite cool, so one needs to carry blankets with him.



India passenger-coaches

The siding on the upper part of the cars is to keep out the sun, which would cause the travelers much inconvenience, and perhaps serious illness, did it strike them.

The three people you see with tropical

helmets on their heads are missionaries. All Europeans and some Indians wear these helmets to protect the head from the piercing rays of the tropical sun. They are made of pith and are very light.

That half-dressed man you see standing near is a coolie or porter. He wants to carry their luggage.

—*G. P. Tasker.*

A HINDU WEDDING

WHEN the parents of a little Hindu girl decide to marry her, they sometimes send a Brahmin or even a barber or a singer to hunt a suitable husband. The person sent goes to a family of the same caste as the little girl, and if they have a son, he makes inquiries as to the family standing, how much money they have, etc.; for money must be given to the girl's parents.

If the match seems to be a suitable one, word is taken back to the little girl's parents. If they are pleased, a present of dates is sent to the boy's father. A meeting of all the boy's chief relatives is called, and the "pundit" also comes, for he corresponds to our clergyman. He takes a date from the present sent,

and puts it into the boy's mouth. Then congratulations are in order, and candies are distributed. The boy's parents then send presents to the girl's parents, such as cloth and some sweet-smelling substance like musk. These parcels must be tied with a red thread.

Then the wedding-day must be set. This is done by the Brahmin. He first examines the boy's horoscope and decides what day will be the lucky one. Weddings in the East sometimes continue for several days. The friends and relatives sometimes come a fortnight before. During these days, in fact up to the day of the wedding, the boy and the girl wear their oldest clothes, and the dirtier they are the better. But on the wedding-day a most gorgeous robe replaces the



Little Hindu bridegroom on the way to his marriage

dirty old one. Each is supposed to wear round the wrist a thread with knots tied in it, and sometimes an iron ring is attached.

The boy mounts a mare, while his best man sometimes rides behind him on the same horse, and, accompanied by his relatives and friends, they start for the home of the bride, who, accompanied by her relatives comes out a short distance to meet them. The bride is then passed under the bridegroom's horse once or twice. When they reach the bride's house, the bride and bridegroom are seated, and the Brahmin performs the ceremony in Sanskrit, which language none of the others usually understand.

There is then much feasting. The wedding-presents are shown on the last

day of the feast. After this the couple are taken to the home of the bridegroom's father, and the little bride is trained and taught by her mother-in-law.

Oftentimes heavy debts are incurred at the time of marriage, especially when the boy's family is poor. Even Christians follow this bad custom of having large feasts at their weddings, even when they have to borrow money to meet the expenses incurred. A Hindu servant that I know contracted a debt of five hundred rupees (\$160) at the time of his marriage. He has managed to pay three-fifths of this amount, leaving him still two hundred rupees in debt. In the meantime his wife has died, and he is trying to make arrangements to get another. If he succeeds, the marriage, I suppose, will involve him in debt till his death.

—*Minnie B. Tasker.*

A HINDU FUNERAL

ONE of the most touching sights is a drive to the place of burning, where the Hindus cremate the bodies of the dead. It is a great cemetery, where we saw pile after pile on which the mounds of earth and ashes of calcined bones were still smoking. As we came out we met a funeral procession just entering. The father was carrying his dead baby in his arms. A lad was going before, whistling through a shell the most weird and mournful dirge. There was a little company of boys and men following behind. There were no women. They were at home.

That father would lay that little body on one of these mounds, on a pile of wood, then they would heap up over the body a pile of sticks and dried manure, which is their fuel, and then they would set it on fire and sit and watch till a loud report proclaimed that the skull had given way and the work of dissolution was begun. Then they would go to their cheerless homes without a ray of our glorious hope. We turned away so sad, and yet so glad; so sad for them, so glad for Jesus and our hope in him.

—*Selected.*

CHURCH-GOING IN BURMA

EVERYWHERE in Burma the traveler is greeted by pagodas. There are literally millions of them, great and small, scattered throughout the country. These are really the Burmese places of worship. Sometimes several are found about the grounds of a single temple or shrine. They are a mass of brickwork, mostly bell-shaped, with a tapering spire. They are covered with

plaster and, if the builder be rich enough, with gold leaf. The great ambition of every Burman is to build one of these structures, for he thinks it will enhance his bliss in the world to come.

The worshipers are waited upon at these pagodas by shaven-headed priests clad in sacred yellow robes. To obtain their living, these priests go up and down the country with large brass pots around their necks, begging, and the housewives come out with their offerings of rice, curry, plantains, fruit, or vegetables. At such times the priests have large fans with which they hide their faces from the view of the women.

Apparently there is little reverence in the worship. Every one chatters and talks in the midst of other people's prayers. Those who are praying look about them with nods and smiles for their friends. "Dogs prowl in and out in search of food from the pilgrims, who feed them as an act of merit, and everybody, old and young, male and female, smokes an enormous cheroot six or eight inches long."

The only images found in these Buddhist places of worship are those of Buddha himself. In some he sits cross-legged, "his left hand open on his lap, palm upwards, the right hand resting on the knee, palm downwards. In others he sits with his right hand raised as though in the act of preaching. In still others the huge image is reclining at full length, representative of Buddha's death."

In the every-day customs of worship the Buddhists approach the shrine with bare feet, carrying their sandals in their hand. Never a one comes empty-handed. A flower, some fruit, a candle, a bunch of green leaves, are among the least of the offerings. Oftentimes the gifts are of great value. If the people do not bring offerings with them, they buy them at shops near the pagodas.

The worshipers then approach reverently and kneel. They present their offering, put it beside them, and prostrate themselves three times or a multiple of three, take the offering between their hands raised in worship, and pray. During the prostrations a little gong is frequently rung to attract the attention of the Buddha whose images sit in silence in the brilliantly decorated shrines that surround the platform about the pagoda.

In their approach the worshipers ask for the privilege to worship, ask for freedom from sins of the body, sins of the tongue, sins of the heart, excessive anger, and all sins. Then because of the benefit derived from the offering made and the prostrations, they ask freedom from a number of other things in which they believe. Again the worshipers prostrate themselves, at least three times, and then they may leave the shrine. They may continue there praising Buddha in such expressions as these: "I take refuge in Buddha;" "I take refuge

in the law;" "I take refuge in the priesthood." All these forms of worship are repeated from memory, and many devout followers do not know even the meaning of the words they repeat.

The Shive pagoda is the most celebrated and highly revered shrine in the entire Buddhist world, for within its heart lie relics of the four Buddhas. The right time to see this pagoda in its glory is "at the time of the full moon, when thousands of pilgrims resort thereto. Men, women, and children in their best finery, in charming groups, with all the beauty of color, the curious surroundings of carved shrine and temple, the sound of weird music and the boom of pious bells, the pariah dogs and impudent crows skirmishing in and out for the offerings of rice and fruit, the bizarre decorations of paper flags, strips of colored cloths, brightly-dressed dolls, and glass images of Buddha, white nuns and yellow priests threading their way among the worshipers, all shimmering in the blazing sun, with the great gold pagoda soaring up into the blue sky above, present a scene unparalleled in the whole world. Almost as strange and fascinating is the same scene at night, when visible in the mingled and mysterious light of the moon combined with thousands of guttering tallow candles stuck into every shrine and held by every worshiper. It beggars all description. The children alone are worth going all the way to Burma to see."

—*Eskell L. Blore.*

CHILD-LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES

ON a summer's day, when the sun seems to be shining its hottest, how do the boys and girls of the United States feel about work or play? The little Filipino must spend every day of his life in a country where the climate is always warm, and because of this his happiest hours are those of the evening, when the heat of the sun is no longer felt. Then, under the soft, white rays of the tropical moonshine, the Filipino's activity is as unbounded as that of any child in northern climes. At such times the streets of the villages and towns are alive with merry, romping, brown-skinned little fellows playing prisoner's base and other games.

One game greatly enjoyed by the Filipino children is that of pitching pennies. It is akin to the American game of "plumping marbles." *Bilogs*, coins worth a quarter or half cent, are contributed by each player. The stack is then piled in the center of a small ring. The players stand a few feet away and pitch a coin at the pile, endeavoring to scatter it and knock the bilogs out of the ring. The little fellows are greedy and like to play "for keeps."

At school these little brown brothers and sisters are eager to learn, and when they have learned to study alone they usually study with great diligence. When they know their lesson, they are so eager to recite that they use every means they can to attract the attention of their teacher.

During playtime they are singularly quiet. They like to remain in the room, write, draw, look over their books, or talk quietly. So docile, gentle, and dependent are these brown boys and girls that they draw out one's sympathy until he forgets that they are of a different race and color.

Because of the poverty in the Islands, the life of many of these boys and girls is indeed hard. The parents, unable to provide for them, bind them out as servants to the more well-to-do people. A little girl, so bound, may have to rise early in the morning and work until late at night with no time for play, only as she snatches a few minutes between a change of work or while going on an errand. When her supper work is finished, she is usually so tired that she quickly falls asleep on her mat spread on the kitchen floor. "For this service, given uncomplainingly from month to month and year to year, she receives her daily rice, sometimes increased by leavings from the family table, and the little clothing she requires. She is usually unkempt and dirty. Her mistress does not send her to school; hence she grows up unenlightened, ignorant of everything but the grind of housework."

A little boy, so bound, may have to carry "water from the river in two five-gallon oil-cans, one at each end of a pole resting midway of its length on his little shoulder. Under this burden of eighty pounds he staggers twenty or thirty steps at a time until he can go no further, and sets the cans on the ground to rest and recover his breath. When he has finished his routine work about the kitchen he goes into the shop and sits down to learn to make slippers. Here he toils away his life and becomes prematurely old." Thus the years of his childhood and youth are made unfruitful of those things which in an enlightened country are a child's heritage.

"THE SWITZERLAND OF SOUTH AMERICA" AND ITS PEOPLE

PERHAPS we should enjoy a visit to the "Switzerland of South America," as the republic of Bolivia has been called. We should find many peculiar and interesting features in the lives of the Bolivians, and as scenery we should behold lofty mountains, large lakes, and extensive table-lands.

Let us imagine that we are just ready to sail from New York for Bolivia. We go by way of Panama, and after taking a ride through the canal, we board a steamer for Mollendo, a seaport town in Peru. You remember that Bolivia has no seacoast, so we must enter through either Peru or Chile. We need not entertain fear of excessive heat, for although it will be spring there, and that within fifteen or twenty degrees of the equator, the high altitude will relieve the heat until we shall not suffer on account of it.

We find the harbor at Mollendo poor and the sea rough. But after considerable efforts to avoid the jagged rocks between the boat and the pier, the swarthy oarsmen bring us safely to the slippery landing-place, where we must watch our chance to jump from the boat at the right time; for the steps are covered with water more than half the time.

After we are safely landed, we take a rather dilapidated railway-car, and soon we find ourselves climbing among the mountains. For the first hundred miles the mountains are sterile and parched, as it never rains along this part of the coast. The absolute barrenness is impressive. Now and then a prickly cactus can be seen, but for many, many miles even this plant of the desert can not grow.

After a steady ascent of about twenty hours, we reach the highest pass, which is 14,666 feet above sea-level. Then as we near Bolivia we descend about 2,000 feet until we come to one of the most wonderful lakes in the world in many respects—Lake Titicaca, in whose waters it is said iron will not rust. It is the highest in altitude of any of the great lakes, and though it receives the waters of twenty rivers it has only one outlet. The sluggish Desaguadero River carries a part of its waters into Lake Poopo, a large body of water lying at a somewhat lower level. But what becomes of the waters is a question still unsolved, for Poopo has apparently no outlet. Perhaps an underground river carries off the surplus water of both these lakes into the Pacific, three hundred miles away, for it is said that a certain kind of small fish found in Lake Titicaca and Lake Poopo are found in the ocean opposite these highland seas, and nowhere else.

We now abandon travel by rail and take a steamer which will convey us across the lake into Bolivia. In the middle of the lake we pass the famous Titicaca Island, where the great god of the Incas, the first emperor, had his traditional birth, being, as his descendants claimed, a child of the sun-god. On this island are the remains of an enormous and most interesting temple. From the plains surrounding this lake came the great conquering race of Bolivia, which, seven hundred years ago, swept north over the table-lands of Peru and Ecuador, carrying all before them, until they were the acknowledged rulers of

South America. The ruins of their cities, palaces, and temples are still wonders of the world.



A Water-carrier of La Paz. About half the population of Bolivia are like this boy, of pure Indian blood

After landing on the Bolivian side of the lake, we take the railway again

for a ride of sixty miles across the plain to La Paz, the largest city of this mountain republic. La Paz is situated in a great hollow in the plateau about twelve hundred feet below the general level, in the valley of the La Paz River. The air is so rare that we find it difficult to mount a stairway or undergo any exertion. But a look from our window on the third floor of the hotel gives us the impression of a large city for this barren region. The flat, red-tiled roofs, covering so many acres, are broken here and there by a church-tower, and from the belfry float the tones of the frequent bells, calling the people to worship. As we hear these signals over and over, our hearts become overshadowed by sadness, for we may be sure that these people know very little about true Christianity and the plan of salvation as given in God's Word.

As we turn our attention to the street we behold many things of interest—a train of patient donkeys, each laden with its apportioned load, perhaps a hundred bottles of beer, or four large milk cans, or two large panniers of bread; or, a line of graceful, timid, little llamas, each with its burden of about one hundred pounds of alfalfa or barley cut green for fodder from the higher plains, or bananas, pineapples, oranges, and figs from the plains farther down the valley.

But the gayest sight we see is the display of colors worn by the women. Their full skirts of flaming red, yellow, sky-blue, orange, grass green, or purple make a picturesque scene. The men also dress very gay for men, their characteristic garment being the poncho, which is a brightly colored blanket with a hole in the center. The man puts his head through this hole and the blanket hangs in folds around him.

The men and women, as well as the donkeys and llamas, are burden-bearers. Those women not carrying babies have something else, perhaps it is a bag of potatoes or fruit. The men are carrying all sorts of things on their backs. Here goes one with a trunk, and a little later we may see one with a piano.

As we leave the house and enter a street that is two miles up in the air, we feel the wind sweeping down upon us from the eternal snow on the tops of the mountains. Now we understand how the men and boys find comfort in wearing home-spun woolen trousers and a heavy poncho in the summer months, even though they live only a few degrees south of the equator.

After a few days visit in this elevated city, we shall have to descend to a more common level, but can we ever forget La Paz and its inhabitants? Shall we not remember these people in our hours of communion with God, and earnestly ask him to send teachers who will tell them the true gospel story?

—*N. Grace Graham.*

RELIGIOUS PRACTISES IN KOREA

TO go to worship in Korea one necessarily has to betake himself to the country. In the cities, at least for many years, monks were not permitted to enter, so they built for themselves monasteries somewhat away from the haunts of men. In these, dressed in their yellow robes, they worship and revel year in and year out, ministering to the worshipers who come and go.

At the Flower-Stream Temple, not far from Seoul, says one, "the shaven head, the sackcloth, the beads, the service, the bells, and a hundred other familiar sights and sounds would all suggest the haunt of a Roman Catholic monastery." Here are two temples full of images, drums, artificial flowers, and other paraphernalia consecrated to different deities. Outside of these, arranged in a semi-circle, are smaller houses that serve as the dwellings for the monks.

Characteristic of these Eastern places of worship is a great bell, used to announce the services. The bell has no clapper, but is struck from without. At first it is struck very slowly, the blows becoming rapid and more rapid, until they lose themselves in one continuous swell. "The service had already begun when we entered," says a traveler of his visit to the place. "A dozen monks arrayed in their finest garments were solemnly walking in procession round and round in an endless circle, chanting as they did so, while a small novice sat in one corner beating a drum. Of what they said, they did not understand a single word, for it was in Sanskrit, and they repeated it after a parrot fashion." But there are services which possess great dignity.

The Koreans believe in evil spirits, and it is upon these that most of their worship is lavished. In approaching a building, perhaps the first thing to catch one's eye is a row of bronze figures squatting Indian-file on ridges below the gables. They are headed by an animal that looks like a monkey, seated on his haunches with arms akimbo, and altogether they remind one of a group of mischievous boys in the dangerous act of sliding down the roof. These are to keep away the evil spirits. And added to these, upon the portals of the better-class Korean houses, are colored paper-drawings representing two ancient generals whose purpose it is to repel the "evil ones."

A traveler can not go far on a Korean road without passing what is known as a jail. It is in the form of an ancient tree with a pile of stones heaped about its base. On its branches hang a few old rags, perhaps shreds from the garments of travelers. The stones help to form a devil-jail, and the strips of cloth are pieces of garments from those who believed themselves to be possessed with devils, or those who feared lest they might become so.

Though the Koreans are worshipers of this vile religion, they are quick

to take hold of Christianity, and the Bible is making great inroads in that country. Let us not forget to pray for the Christian workers in this sin-darkened land.

—*Eskell L. Blore.*

THE MOSLEM'S PREPARATION FOR PRAYER

THROUGHOUT the Moslem world no "believer" is allowed under any circumstances to perform his prayers before having cleansed himself by prescribed ablutions, when he can obtain clean water. If traveling in a water-

less desert, the "believer" is allowed to use sand in his ablutions. If it is impossible to procure sand, he passes his hand over a stone before each act.

The ablutions are absolutely necessary as a preparation to prayer. The "believer" tucks up his sleeves above the elbows and from a *breek*, or brass jug, before him he pours water into his hands and washes them three times.

Next, taking a little water into the hollow of his right hand, he allows the water to run up his arms as far as the elbow, and, having washed the right arm, he does the same with the left. This is done three times.

Water is next taken in the right hand and sniffed

up the nostrils and blown out, by the finger being placed on the side of the nose.

The nose and mouth having been thoroughly cleansed, he wets the tips of his two forefingers, places them in his ears, and twists them around. Some-



times before his last act, the Moslem will scrape out his ears with a tiny spoon of bone in order that no dirt may remain.

He next takes off his fez cap and lays it down in a clean place. He passes his wet hands over his head down to the nape of his neck. In order that no water may fall on his linen and thus render him impure, he passes his hands around his neck, shaking off any water that may have been gathered on the forefingers.

If the "believer" has on shoes and socks, they are taken off before beginning the ablutions. The last act is to wash his feet and legs up as far as the knees, the fingers being carefully passed through the spaces between the toes.

Between each act of washing, the Moslem repeats some pious saying. When washing the nostrils he says, "O my God, if I am pleasing in thy sight, perfume me with the odors of paradise," etc.

If the worshiper is sure of having avoided all kinds of impurity, it is not necessary for him to perform these ablutions five times daily before the prescribed prayers. He trusts, however, in the cleansing of water, and does not believe that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses us from all sin. It is a ceremonial cleansing rather than a heart-cleansing that the Moslem is seeking.

—*Selected.*

PORTUGAL AND ITS CUSTOMS

I WELL remember, when a boy at school, of seeing in my Geography a picture of the peasants, or common people, of Portugal. The scene represented men riding donkeys to market. Each beast of burden was laden with large bundles of produce and upon these large bundles the Portuguese peasant sat. To pass away the time he was singing and playing upon a stringed instrument, which resembled the guitar or mandolin. This picture made such an impression upon my mind that every time I thought of Portugal I thought of the peasant singing and playing upon his stringed instrument while upon his journey.

In the more mountainous portions of Portugal the peasants continue to ride to market upon their faithful beasts of burden, and the hills and woodland paths are made to resound with the quaint songs and the sound of musical instruments, as they did centuries ago.

The men and women who till the soil, it is said, are capable of improvising poetry of real merit. In this way, though the ancient ballads are not forgotten, new words are fitted to plaintive folk-tunes which every farm-hand knows and sings. These are accompanied oftentimes by a rude clarinet or bagpipe,

but more frequently by the so-called Portuguese guitar—an instrument that resembles a mandolin rather than the common guitar.

The normal, or ordinary, type of the Portuguese people is a fusion of many races. Their chief characteristics are dark hair, sallow skin, brown eyes, and short stature. The poorer classes are generally sturdy and physically strong, as their diet is of the simplest, such as fish, rice, beans, corn bread, olive oil, fruit, and vegetables.

There is no single national dress, but a great variety of picturesque costumes are worn. Sashes of brilliant shades, broad-brimmed hats, the brilliant-colored cotton dresses, and the gold and silver ornaments, worn on holidays by the women, are common throughout the country. These costumes may be seen at their best at the bull-fights and other popular festivals.

The national sport is bull-fighting—that old, barbarous sport introduced into Spain and Portugal by the Romans many centuries ago. In Portugal, it is said, this sport is carried on as humanely as possible, and the animals though tortured are not killed. This sport in Portugal differs considerably from the like sport in Spain, for there the infuriated and tortured animals are always killed.

The characteristic springless ox-carts used now for hauling heavy loads are practically the same as those represented on Roman frescoes of the first century. One form of plow still used consists of a crooked bough with an iron share attached. Oxen are still employed for most of the field-work. Those of the commonest kind have great muscular power, are very docile, and have horns measuring five or six feet from tip to tip. The ox-yokes are often elaborately decorated with different carved patterns of Gothic and Moorish designs.

I hope that some of you will in the future have the privilege of visiting Portugal and carrying to that people the light and truth of the gospel.

—*Wm. A. Bixler.*

WHERE THE WORLD BEGAN ANEW

DOUBTLESS we learned at Sunday-school that after the flood Noah's ark rested on the mountains of Ararat. If we should wish to locate those mountains on the map, we should find them where the three great empires of Turkey, Persia, and Russia meet. This is in an out-of-the-way part of the world. From Babylon, or from Jerusalem, or from Constantinople, it is a journey of more than a month away, owing, of course, to the fact that the mode of travel in those countries is not as good as it is in America. But travelers

who have visited the place assure us that they feel repaid for their efforts, as the mountain scenery there is as beautiful as may be found in any part of the world.

The name Ararat is applied to a small range of mountains having three peaks. The highest or most western peak is called Mt. Ararat. "The Armenians living about its base call it *Massis*, the Turks call it *Egri Dag*h or crooked mountain, because of its double summit; but the Russians, in whose territory it stands, know it by its ancient name." This mountain rises to a height of 17,260 feet above sea-level, and the upper several thousand feet of its summit are capped with snow, even during the hottest summers. On the eastern side of the mountain a glacier of a mile long slowly makes its way down to the precipice below, and still further down are the black lava beds formed when Ararat was an active volcano. Several small craters still appear on its sloping sides, but they are extinct.

"To the people living about its base, Ararat is sacred. They believe that none should attempt to climb it, nor do they believe that any may ever reach the summit. The Armenians say that centuries ago a priest named Jacob sought to ascend the mountain, but whenever he would reach a certain height, he would always fall asleep, and when he awoke he would find himself back at the base. Finally, so earnestly did he pray that he might reach the summit, his prayer was granted. On the top of Ararat, so tradition says, he found the ark. From the ark he took down a plank and some of the pitch with which the ark was smeared. The plank is said to have been shown in a little monastery at Aghurri, on the northern slope until 1840, when the village was destroyed by an earthquake. The pitch was sought for medicinal purposes. It is still believed that since the days of Jacob none have ascended the mountain and that none ever can."

But, in spite of this belief, a number have made the ascent. In 1834 a Russian astronomer who believed that the stars were visible at noon from its summit, climbed it for the purpose of proving his theory. The British ambassador to the United States, Mr. James Bryce, climbed it in 1876, and Prof. Edgar J. Banks of America made a successful attempt. He says that a few days later, while in the public garden of a little Russian village at the base of the mountain, he was approached by an aged Armenian, who asked, "Whence did you come?"

"From America," he answered.

"Why did you come?"

"To see Ararat and to climb its summit."

“That may never be, for no man may ever see the summit of that sacred mountain.”

“But we have already seen the very summit.”

At this the old man's mouth fell open and he stared at the stranger blankly. Then he said, “God keep your tongue from such falsehood.” Although the professor took from his pocket a large paper written in Russian with the government seal and the signature of the commander of the army post of Sadar Bulak at the bottom, and explained to him that it was evidence that he had reached the summit of the mountain, the old man merely shook his head and, mumbling his unbelief, went away.

A GLIMPSE OF DENMARK

DENMARK is a little kingdom in Europe with a population of 2,750,000. It is a very rich and productive country. The main products are butter, eggs, beef, and pork. These goods are renowned for their first-class qualities and are sent in great quantities to the large markets in England and Germany, where they are sold for the highest prices. Denmark is surrounded by water, except the small part that borders on Germany.

The sea yields an abundance of fish. This gives employment for many, who spend the greater part of their lives in “reaping the sea” for profit.

The country is level, slightly rolling. There are no mountains in Denmark, only some large hills. The lumber used in Denmark is imported from Norway and Sweden, as there are only a few forests here.

There are a few large farms controlled by the State, which can not be sold. Most of the farms in Denmark are small, so the farmers live close together. A great amount of winter rye is grown here. This is sown in the fall and cut and used green in the spring; then mangels and beets are sown, which are gathered in the fall, so part of the fields yield two crops a year. The principal kinds of grain grown here are rye, oats, barley, and a little wheat.

The way the cattle are staked out seems very peculiar to a stranger in Denmark. The cow-tender begins at one end of the field and stakes the animals across in a straight row, and as they eat the grass they are moved forward. In that way there is no danger of their treading down any grass. When taken home, the ropes are carefully tied around the necks of the cattle and they are roped together four and four, following each other like an army of soldiers. Sometimes as many as thirty are taken to and from the fields in this way.

The coal used in Denmark is imported from England. A great deal of turf

is used for fuel. This is dug out of the ground at different places and after being dried is burned instead of coal or wood, turf is used by the majority of the people.

The farm buildings in the country are nearly all one story high, and are



built together so as to form a square place in the center, called a court. The courtyard is paved with stone, which is swept clean. The houses are white-washed each year, and have a nice, clean appearance. Many of the houses are thatched with straw, others are roofed with red tile.

The farmers do not have the modern machinery that is commonly used in America, so they have a great deal of work on a small piece of land. The wages for a day's labor is about half what one would earn in America. Those who manage carefully get along well. The taxes are very high. The poor, aged, and afflicted receive help from the state. The money for this purpose is collected from those who have property.

—*N. Renbeck.*

CHURCH-GOING CUSTOMS IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN

FAR different from going to church in India is going to church in Norway and Sweden. In these countries, the Land of the Midnight Sun, few people worship according to any other faith than that set forth by the Evangelical Lutheran Church.

On the whole the Norwegians are very religious, and are exceptionally dili-



Going to church in Sweden

gent in attending church services—except in the summer-time, when they often spend their Sundays visiting with friends and neighbors. During the rest of the year the church attendance, especially in the towns, is perfectly wonderful. Sometimes every seat is filled, and people crowd the isles for standing-room. A remarkable fact is that over half of the congregation are men.

In the country too the attendance is very good, in spite of the great distances. But attending church in the country means far more than attending worship. “It is the meeting-place of the country-side, and a great deal of business is arranged on Sundays, either before, after, or during services. It is not

at all uncommon for the men to go to church for a part of the service, and then go out and converse with their friends and transact their business, and possibly return for another half hour or so."

A picture I have of a Norwegian church is that of a small village, and the people have just been dismissed from the Sunday services. Some live in the village, but more have come a long distance on foot, in farm-wagons, or in boats, from widely scattered farms. Kerchiefs and big caps worn by the women are very customary; their bodices are in many cases elaborately embroidered.

Another picture I have is of people in a boat going to church in Sweden. This long boat has called at one point after another along the shore to take in passengers. The men's buckskin breeches, long coats and gaiters, and felt hats are just as you would see again and again if you were to go over to that lake-side church on a Sunday morning. The gay-striped skirts and peaked caps are a favorite costume for the girls.

On entering a Norwegian country church, one is often amazed at the beauty and magnificence of its interior, and that of a city church is even more beautiful. An organ is used in every church where one can be afforded. The ministers are, as a rule, well-educated men, and have great influence in their respective parishes. The services are usually long, especially in the country. A large number of what in other lands would be regarded as separate services, are all held in the same morning. It is not at all uncommon for a Sunday morning service to include communion, a sermon, a confirmation class, with public catechising of the children and baptism.

At the communion-service, the minister, dressed in a long black robe with a white bib-like piece of linen about the neck, and sometimes wearing a cross, repeats a portion of a prayer at a time, and the congregation answers him in a chant. To take the bread and wine the people go up and kneel before the altar.

Confirmation is a very serious part of their religious life. Parents who rarely go to church except on festive occasions as a rule see to it that the children receive due instruction in the catechism and are confirmed. The age for confirmation is between fourteen and seventeen. The girls wear black dresses, white aprons, and white kerchiefs on their heads at their confirmation, and among the higher classes each girl is usually presented with a gold ring. Confirmation is a sort of testimonial of character, and for an unconfirmed boy or girl to seek for a post of trust would be almost useless.

In baptism the candidate holds his or her head well over a font, and the minister pours water over the back of the head three times.

The church music in these countries does not always impress strangers.

The songs are long, and the tunes are often dreary. But whatever deficiencies there may be in the attractiveness of the melody, there is always genuine congregational singing. Men, women, and children all join in the singing of the hymns.

—*Eskell L. Blore.*

DUTCH CHILDREN

WHAT sweet-faced, smiling children! No doubt they are a pleasure to their parents. Dutch children are good-natured. They are little workers, too. Look at their wooden shoes. This kind of shoe is worn by most of the peo-



A snapshot in Holland

ple of Holland. Do you think you would be able to keep them on? The Dutch children can play and run fast in them without difficulty. What clattering they would make on pavement! I think they would make no little noise in the school-room, but I am told that the children can walk in them in a way that does not make much noise. You will be surprized, perhaps, when I tell you that these wooden shoes do not wear so well as leather shoes. But they do not cost much—only twenty-five cents a pair.

A GLIMPSE AT PEASANT RUSSIA

RUSSIA is a great country comprising one sixth of the earth's habitable land. It is a country "melancholy, yet gay, simple and even sweet, mysterious yet open as the prairies of its own boundless steppes." It is a country of varied scene. The extreme north washed by the ice-blocked waters of the



Stacking salt in Russia

Arctic, is a treeless tundra frozen solidly much of the year and producing nothing but reindeer, and lichens, mosses, and other stunted shrubs. The south, bathed in the rays of a hot summer sun, is a stretch of fertile plain producing grain, thriving wine-producing vines, and ripening olives.

More than three fourths of the millions of inhabitants of this vast country belong to the peasant class. They form a group of most interesting personages, varying in character and custom from the silk and satin clad type to those wearing the picturesque old-fashioned homespuns. The vast majority, however, lead dull, sad lives, and are terribly poor. Cold and famine often add greatly to their sufferings.

The Russian peasant has been pronounced a spendthrift; in laziness he is said to have no equal, and he is as cunning as idle. When not actually working, he knows not what more to do than sleep. And how can he be blamed?

for only a small per cent of them can read or write. But despite his faults, numerous as they are, his unequalled patience, unfailing courtesy, kindness, hospitality, simple faith, and boundless gratitude should not be forgotten.

The peasant's hair is usually worn long; his beard is usually a tawny yellow, his eyes vacant and lusterless, and his nose broad. In most districts near the main highways men wear high boots and cotton blouses. In cold weather they wear long double-breasted coats buttoned up to the neck and on their heads soft peaked caps. On Sundays the young men appear in shining top-boots and gaudily embroidered shirts. The women dress in cotton skirts and blouses and wear cotton kerchiefs on their heads.

The staple food of the peasant is home-made rye bread. Meat is rarely eaten except on festival days. A meatless soup is to be had about every day, and potatoes are served as a kind of sauce to be eaten with the bread. The peasant eats slowly and crosses himself with the Catholic cross before and after his meals.

The Russian peasant-life is to a great extent village life. The *izbas*, or houses, vary as do the regions. In the north they are made of wood; in the south stone is the chief material; in central Russia thin wood brought from afar is used and the roof is sometimes thatched with straw.

One necessity of every house and room are the icons, sacred pictures of the Virgin or some of the holy saints. Another necessity of every house is a great stove. It not only serves as a kitchen in which everything is cooked, but it is used as a sort of open wardrobe on which things are laid to keep warm and for a public bed, where men, women, and children crowd for a sleep at night or on long wintry days.

A third necessity for every village, if not for every house in northern Russia, is a *bania*, or bathroom. It is a low, wooden building containing a large stove. Shelves are arranged on the walls inside, and the most effective way of taking a bath is to lie on the uppermost shelf. When the stove is heated very hot, water is poured on it causing the room to be filled with steam. This makes the peasants sweat, and to aid the process they beat each other with birch twigs. In the winter-time, when the peasants have been heated sufficiently by steam and flogging, the bathroom door is thrown open, and the youths run out and roll in the snow. Then they return for a good rub-down and the bath is complete. The villagers take this kind of a bath every Saturday.

No Russian peasant will enter the house of another without first inclining his head toward the family icon and crossing himself. When a peasant yawns, he will make the sign of a cross before his mouth to keep the devil from entering; when about to do some bad deed, he will turn his back upon the icon that

the holy emblem might not be a witness to it. When a Russian has made many crosses and lighted a candle to his favorite saint, he considers himself secure from the clutches of the evil one. —*Eskell L. Blore.*

THE PYGMY PEOPLE OF AFRICA

IN THE very center of far-off Africa, amid the large, stalwart, savage tribes, there exists a race of queer little people—comparatively Lilliputians. But now, should you hunt out that long word, do not think that these little creatures in Central Africa answer to that description in height, that is, about six inches, for in reality they measure about four feet. The babies are so tiny that it is almost inconceivable that they can ever develop into men and women of common sense.

These little folks are not negroes. They are called *The Wambutti*; and they have the distinction of being accredited as the original or first inhabitants of Africa. Many great scientists claim now to have sufficient proof that this pygmy race is, in reality, the first development of man from the ape. The Bible, however, teaches a better and truer theory of the beginning of earthly life. So all we can rightfully claim to know about these small people is that they have been there from very ancient times.

One of the chief aims in all the explorations of Africa is to hunt out this diminutive people—but for amusement, perhaps, rather than for benefit—and so some very amusing stories are often given to the outside world concerning them. All explorers agree, however, that they are a race of genuine little savages with strong inclinations toward cannibalism.

In color, these little folks are chocolate brown. They go naked all the year round. As a rule, they have bright, intelligent eyes. The forehead and head are well-shaped, but the lower part of the face indicates extreme savage propensities.

They can converse quite fluently. A family ordinarily consists of the husband, his one wife, and four or five children. Their ruler, however, may have several wives. About thirty families usually comprise a community, or settlement. These settlements are in the open near some point where game is abundant. They are built in the form of a circle, with one residence in the center for their governor.

These funny little habitations are built of twigs, grass, and broad leaves, but are constructed in a very scientific and orderly manner. The only furniture

is the beds made of immense leaves, which are said to look very inviting to the foot-weary traveler.

Much of their time is spent in eating, bathing, laughing, and frolicking. The forest constantly resounds with their fun and merriment. The little wives may always join in the merrymaking, even though they are subject to very cruel beatings from their little husbands—and often for the most trivial offense. This, they tell you, is the custom of the country.

When the game becomes scarce at one point, the entire company pick up their stew-kettles and set off at night; and before morning they are many miles away, so fleet are they of foot.

These little folks are treated very friendly by the full-sized savages, who never make war upon them. They are valuable as scouts in those ugly wars between the hostile tribes. They are also expert in the knowledge of medicinal herbs which counteract the fatal effects of the poisoned arrow-tips.

Explorers and tourists who come in touch with this little people from time to time, commonly agree that they practise in their lives very little of things that are good—and that they indulge in such gross wickedness that it is clear out of proportion to their size. They are the most malicious of all the tribes of Africa—sly, cunning, and treacherous—and are very quick to take offense. For some imaginary evil, they will mark a person, and watch for an opportunity to send a poisoned arrow-tip after him.

Now, what do you think should be done to make the pygmies a race of better little men and women? I think I hear you say, “Oh, give them the gospel of Jesus!”

—*Sarah E. Farman.*

BOYS AND GIRLS IN SWITZERLAND

CHILDREN are much alike the world over, but they have their little differences in the various countries. In school they study about what we do here in the United States, excepting that they give most attention to their native language, just as we do here. But in Switzerland the native language is not just one, as with us, for they have three—German, French, and Italian. Of course not all three of these are spoken in any one section, but are suited to the various parts adjoining the countries in which these three languages are spoken. Thus in the part nearest Germany they speak German, and so on.

One thing is remarkable about the Swiss children, and that is their great politeness. When you meet the children going to school they do not make rude remarks, nor do they stare at you, but the boys take off their caps and the

girls make a little bow, while they give you a cheerful greeting. If you ask them about the location of a certain street or house, they often go out of their way to show you just where it is. At school they rise when the teacher enters the room at the opening of the school, and all say, "Good morning, dear teacher." Not for a moment would they think of "talking back" at their teacher. They respect him too much for that. Whatever else they may lack, the Swiss children always take their manners along to school with them, and show that they know how to behave.

—*Selected.*

LIBERIA AND ITS PEOPLE

ON THE Grain Coast of West Africa lies the Republic of Liberia, not a large and industrious republic like the United States, but a very small republic. It is only about the size of Indiana, and is the home of two million negroes. All these, except about sixty thousand, are in a state of barbarism, unable to read or to write, and only about ten per cent of the civilized inhabitants are literate.

The writer once saw a picture (reproduced from a photograph) of some of these, our less fortunate brothers, trying to learn to read. They were paying very good attention, not to their books, for they had none, but to a large chart upon which were printed the letters of the alphabet and the numerals 1 to 9. This chart was hung on the low, sloping thatched roof of a hut. The students ranged from comparatively small children to those who were almost grown. I do not know whether the class consisted of boys or girls, or both. Their dress made it rather hard to distinguish one from the other. A loose skirt reaching from the waist to the knees and one or two pairs of anklets comprised the adornment of some of them. Others had on slightly more. How many American boys and girls would enjoy such a school?

The little republic of Liberia was founded in 1882 by some good-hearted Americans for the freedmen who wished to return to their native land, where they might enjoy privileges then denied in the United States.

From its land this country realizes small returns. The industries are few, save hunting, gardening, and farming. In many cases each man simply takes care of his own needs and lets his neighbor with a like privilege do the same.

Monrovia, the capital, is a very beautiful tropical city of about five thousand inhabitants. Its steepled churches, neatly built houses, well-kept gardens

protected by sidewalks and fences, delight the eye. Here the traveler almost forgets that he is within a few miles of the crude hut of the barbarian. Monrovia is the home of the president and the congressmen of the republic. These officials are elected by negro voters and in name rule Liberia's population of two million negroes.

Besides Monrovia, the civilized negroes have a few small towns scattered along the coast of the Gulf of Guinea.

These civilized Liberians are very fond of dress, even though they are not acquainted with the up-to-date fashions. Instead of adopting the new "creations," these dusky belles and beaux still cling to the style of dress that was proper in the South before their ancestors left for their land of freedom. Proportionately, Liberia has more dress suits and silk hats than any other country; that is, speaking of the civilized population along the coast. Farther in the interior it is largely the "undress" suit and the hatless woolly head that are to be seen.

Surely Liberia, with its two million souls and thirty-five thousand square miles, affords an opportunity for the one who is willing to leave friends and home as a missionary. Can we not help to send some one upon whom God may lay his hand? And Liberia is but a small corner of the Dark Continent. Many, many in the interior know nothing of the blood of Jesus. There are some Christians along the coast, but considering that only one in ten of them can read, they can not be expected to accomplish much toward evangelizing the inland millions.

—*Netta L. Owen.*

AMONG THE MOORS IN MOROCCO

“MANAGE with bread and butter till God brings the jam,” is what the Moorish father says when he means “take no thought for the morrow.”

“The time is all mine,” says he. “Why should I hustle unwisely as do my friends across the sea? Allah provides, and there is no reason for interfering with his arrangements. What if there is no jam today, there was jam yesterday, and there will be jam tomorrow. What is, is good, and is not Morocco perfect?” Thus this wanderer of the desert soliloquizes.

He and a number of his kinsmen are Moors of the nomadic type. They are herdsmen by heritage and usually live in tents of the crudest kind, some of which are very small, while others are large, but all are made of two pieces.

The sides are of straw and wattle hurdles, and the top is usually a large piece of brown or black camel's-hair cloth. They are open in front and some are divided down the middle by a hurdle of fagots and no straw woven in. But to the roaming Moor, this is sufficient shelter, for if the kaid, or ruler of the district, should make the taxes too high it is a small matter to pull up the wooden stakes, roll up the cloth cover, and move to another place. A number of these tents huddled together and surrounded by a hedge of thorny lotus, not growing, piled up, form many a Moorish village. At night the dwellers think it safer to bring all the dogs, donkeys, goats, and children within this crude enclosure. And such a medley of noises as there sometimes is! When all are "safe within the fold," the one hole left in the fence for exit is closed by piling extra thorns in the space. Then a man in long white tunic and turbaned cap stands guard, with a musket, for the night.

With flocks, aided by a little farming, the Moor has every necessity supplied. His flocks furnish him with milk, butter, cheese, meat, clothing, shelter, and even with water-buckets and churn.

The yard where these buckets and churns are made must be interesting indeed. The skins are taken from the animals without being cut lengthwise, and are dried. One writer describes a drying-yard as follows: "Presently we passed a skin-yard, salted goat-skins drying by the hundred under the sun, spread upon the ground, upon the flat roofs, wherever a skin could lie, curling with dryness, the empty legs of the late owners standing stiff and upright like petrified stockings, pointing dismally to heaven."

From the farming he obtains corn or wheat sufficient to make his cakes, and indeed that is all he cares for; for if he raised more, it would only go to the kaid for taxes.

The women do most the work, and they are often heard to exclaim, "Oh, what worry, oh, what trouble, to beat the butter, to grind the grain, to knead the bread, to weave the jerbis, and to spin the wool!"

The butter is made by putting the milk in large goat-skin bags and shaking or rolling them about. The grain is ground by one, and sometimes two, women with a little hand-mill made of two stones, the exact type of mill as was used by the women of the Old Testament. Thread is spun with distaff and spindle, and the cloth is woven on hand-looms. The Moors like to get their work done in the early mornings before the fierce burning sun of Morocco is too high in the heavens. And at an early morning hour it is no uncommon sight to see people gathered at the village well filling their goatskin buckets with a water-supply sufficient for the day.

And the meager farming, how crude! The plow is that of the patriarchal

type, hewn out of a log of wood and shod with an iron point. It is drawn by two little oxen and is fastened to their heads by dried grass-fibers across their foreheads and around their horns, making for them a sort of a large straw bonnet. The furrow made is a mere scratch in the ground. Birds must be kept from the precious grain, so date-colored boys in dirty tunics and red fez caps armed with a sling made of dried grass, do this.

No one among these roaming Moors must wear fine clothes; for if the kaid should hear that they were doing this, he would at once conclude that they could afford to pay higher taxes. But these people are satisfied with their coarse clothing and every phase of their wandering life. "Why 'civilize' and 'progress'?" they argue. "Is not Morocco itself the sun of the universe?"

—*Eskell L. Blore.*

MOORS AND THEIR MARKETING

HORSES, mules, and camels are the railway-trucks and coaches of Morocco. But seated in a high-peaked Moorish saddle would be very different from being seated on a plush-covered seat of a railway-coach, for the little beasts underneath are not always the most docile and patient.

The saddles are covered with a scarlet cloth, and the stirrup leathers are of twisted scarlet silk. The saddles have no girths, but they are kept in place by a scarlet britching and breast-plate. It is impossible to mount unless some one holds the stirrup, and for this reason the riders get off and on as few times as possible. In fact, the Moors believe that mounting and dismounting tire animals more than burden-bearing.

Moorish markets are places of particular interest. When nearing them, long lines of camels laden with dates, carpets, slippers, and burdens of every shape can be seen swinging along. Donkeys laden with baskets, live, cackling fowls—all they should carry—mounted by a man, jog along. For in Morocco a mule is loaded with all he can get along under, and the man climbs up afterwards; but, as the people think, that counts nothing: And what a care-free man he is! He sings in a monotonous tone and has a word for every soul he meets.

Once at the market, he spreads his produce—chickens, eggs, butter, etc.—about his feet and in his lap. He seems in no hurry to sell, but intersperses frequently with gossip. Possibly he washes, prays, eats, and sleeps a little, between times, then engages in more gossip until the sun tells him it is time to get outside the city gates.

Meat is usually the center of attraction in such markets, and at shops where it is sold can be found the largest crowds. It is hung on upright stakes and branches stuck in the ground, and the effect is not at all pleasing.



Railway trucks and coaches of Morocco

The country markets are named after the days of the week, and these places, so named, are as old as Morocco. They are often nothing more than a row of little thatched mud huts. On Tuesday the whole countryside will flock to the Tuesday market, but at the close of the day it is left forsaken and forlorn, and all the little huts and meat-hangers are left empty until the next Tuesday.

The Friday, or Sabbath, market is the greatest of them all. In the towns where the country people flock with their produce on this day, a black flag is flown from the top of the mosque, early in the morning to remind the people of the "holiness of the day."

The Moors pride themselves on slipper production, so the slipper-man is always in prominence on such occasions. The blacksmith, too, is an important personage. And what a way he has of working! He wears a goat-skin apron, and by the help of the horse's owner or some chance onlooker, he pares down the horse's hoofs with an instrument like a shovel. The shoe is a complete circle with a bar across the center, and when it has been fastened with three nails on each side, the job is complete.

—*Eskell L. Blore.*

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF TYROL

“PEOPLE love naturally the land they were born in, but a few countries have the power of making men who were not born in them love them. Nearly all the countries which make us love them in this way are small and mountainous. Nobody can love a great continent; but many love some little land, that charms with its beauty, or its grandeur, or its romance.”

One of these interesting little countries so much loved by its inhabitants and also by those who travel there is Tyrol, which is located in the western part of Austria, bordering on Switzerland and Italy. This beautiful little land is completely walled in by mountains with towering peaks equally as rugged and romantic as those of the famous Alps of Switzerland. Some of these heights bear a burden of ice or a mantle of snow on their broad shoulders the whole year round.

“There is no flat land of any extent, only patches here and there close by the larger rivers. The country is about the topmost mass of Europe. . . . These mountains, walling in this little land, can be reached only by climbing. Either we must climb slowly by railways which thread their way upward along the sides of the stream-cut valleys, or we must follow roads or paths that mount the great hills, till they pass over between the mountain peaks. Whatever way we go, our guide upward is a stream, and we can tell how far we are from the summit of the pass by the lessened size of the stream. When it ceases, we are at the top, and we find that our road takes us to the source of another little stream, which leads us by its broadening waters, down into the heart of the country.”

Tyrol has been a part of Austria for more than five hundred years, and although it governs itself in many ways, still it has been always loyal to the ruler of Austria as its king.

The Tyrolese are a happy, hospitable people and in times of peace dwell peaceably and quietly in the picturesque valleys nestling among the wild and rugged mountains that fill the land. They are sober, kind, polite, and very industrious. Although their country is filled and surrounded by mountains, yet these busy people find valuable employment in many ways. They raise their own food and make almost everything they use, thus they are quite independent.

The chief industry of the Tyrolese is woodwork, and the streams that leap down the rugged heights are made to turn the wheels of many saw-mills. “In the winter-time whole families in some of the valleys are busy with wood carving, and many of the wooden dolls and toys sold all over the world are put together by these handy mountain peasants.” The hunters love to scale the

craggs in pursuit of wild animals and "the skilful chamois-hunter is a hero among his fellows." These people seem to have a natural love for mountain-climbing; it is their pride and recreation.

Another strong characteristic of the Tyrolese is patriotism. Some interesting history clusters around this beautiful little country. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Napoleon had conquered half of Europe and his name was terror in the other half, these dauntless Tyrolese, under the leadership of Andreas Hofer, defeated the French and Bavarians, driving them out and retaking their capital city, Innsbruck, three times. For a short time these brave patriots were able to keep their country free in defiance of the might of the great Napoleon. But "at last the French returned in enormous numbers, captured Andreas, carried him off to Italy, and on February 20, 1810, shot him like a criminal. Thirteen years afterward, Hofer's remains were reverently brought back to his own country, and buried in the great church at Innsbruck. A marble monument keeps his memory green in the hearts of his countrymen." An interesting story is recorded of a Tyrolese boy who forced back an army. It is as follows:

"The French soldiers attacked a village on the bank of the River Ard. The village could be reached only by crossing a swiftly-flowing river rushing along the bottom of a deep ravine. Across the ravine lay the huge trunk of a tree, which had been cut down on the bank and allowed to fall so that its trunk rested on the farther side, and the tree, therefore, formed a bridge.

"Three hundred Tyrolese men and a boy guarded the bridge. The boy was Albert Speckbacher. As the French advanced, the Tyrolese began to hew down the bridge with axes, but the bullets from the rifles of the French soldiers fell thick and fast, and one after another of the brave men fell. Among the dead was Albert's father. The brave boy took his father's place. The bridge was nearly down; a few more strokes of an ax and there would be no way for the French to cross. Seizing an ax, Albert Speckbacher faced the fire from the French guns, and hewed the tree at the peril of his life. He cut it all but through—there was only one small piece left.

"At that moment Albert Speckbacher gave up his life for his people. He threw down his ax and jumped on the tree with such force that his weight snapped the thin piece still holding it in its place, and the bridge and the boy fell together into the swift river below. Even the French were stirred by this act of bravery, and they buried the boy's body with honor and set up a monument to tell how nobly he died."

No doubt many more brave Tyrolese patriots sacrificed their lives on their country's altar in the late European War after Italy joined in the fray,

for the peace of this quiet little country was ruthlessly molested. Desperate engagements were fought among the clouds of Tyrol, and the mountains echoed and reechoed to the sound of musketry and cannon. How cruel is war and how sad its effects! In its destructive mood it ravages the most remote and secluded haunts of men and tries to make havoc of all that is lovely and fair.

—*Pina Winters.*

WONDERS OF EGYPT

OF ALL the marvelous monuments that remain upon the face of the earth today, the three pyramids of Gizeh are among the most wonderful and interesting. These monuments are not very far from the city of Cairo, and I have often visited them.

Their construction began several centuries before Christ. These mon-



Pyramid of Khafra and neighboring tombs

strous buildings were used as tombs for the kings and queens of Egypt. They are built of large stones which are about four feet in height.

The largest of these three wonders is that of Cheops. It is thought to have been built by Khufu I, nearly six thousand years ago. The length of each side of this pyramid at the base is 750 feet, its height is 451 feet, and it covers

13 acres of ground. The second pyramid is called Khafra. It is 450 feet high and each side measures at the base 694 1-2 feet. The third of these notable pyramids is known as Menkaura. It is 204 feet high and 356 1-2 feet wide.

Close by the great pyramid of Cheops stands majestically the gigantic monster known as the Sphinx. This colossal statue was hewn out of the natural rock and measures about 66 feet in height and 170 feet in length. Its human head and lion body typify a union of intelligence and strength. It is perhaps one of the oldest relics of human workmanship that the world knows. It has been a silent witness of the greatest fortunes and the greatest calamities of time. Its great eyes, wide open and fixed, have gazed dreamily out over the drifting Sahara sands for ages past, while empires, dynasties, religions, and races have risen and vanished away. If its stony lips could only speak, they might utter the words, "Before Abraham was, I am." It was perhaps two thousand years old when Abraham was born.

Not far from Cairo lie the tomb-mosques of the old Caliphs. The name Caliph, or Successor, was the title of the Mohammedan rulers after Mohammed's death. Some of these reigned in magnificence for many years in Egypt. These tombs, as seen by one passing, might be easily mistaken for dwellings. Outwardly they have the appearance of low houses. Some of them are in a ruined condition, but even now we can see that these Arabian sepulchers must once have been beautiful.

The material of these tombs is white alabaster, and all their domes and slender minarets are well proportioned and ornamented with arabesque stones.

There are a number of these tombs scattered about in the outlying desert. One of the especial tomb-mosques is that of Kait Bey, who was a Mohammedan Sheik. Recently it has been restored, so that it now shows but little of the ravages of its nearly five hundred years. Its mosaic and arabesque windows are in admirable preservation. Under a lofty dome lies the sepulcher of Kait Bey. In a neighboring chamber lie his four wives. According to the Mohammedan's religion a man may have a number of wives at one time.

The ancient palaces and capitals of Egypt's kings have almost disappeared from earth, but the temples of the god's, the rock-hewn tombs of the Caliphs, and the long line of giant sepulchers, built in the form of pyramids, still remain as wonders of the world.

—*Haigouhi Ouzounian.*

AUSTRIAN PEASANT LIFE

BORDERING the sun-bathed Adriatic and stretching from the vine-laden hills of the Tyrol in the west to the broad fertile plains of Hungary in the east, lies the country of Austria—a land diverse in nationalities, languages, customs, and products. Due to these differences, it is no easy task to give accurate descriptions that will apply in all cases, yet there are some generalities that will apply almost everywhere.

About half of Austria's population belong to the peasant class. There are the poor peasants and the richer peasants, or *Bauers*, but all have a love for pleasure that not even the most grinding poverty can suppress. They will defer building projects and will heavily mortgage property rather than neglect a social function. Dancing, feasting, card-playing, and gambling are among the chief amusements.

Because of the severe winters in many parts of Austria, skating is a favorite form of social gathering, and is often arranged for at a great expense. A picturesque corner of the forest is chosen, iced, and brilliantly lighted with hundreds of lamps and flaming torches. Fantastic ice-houses are erected and brilliantly lighted. Musicians of note are engaged, and to the strains of the musical instruments, jovial skaters in rich and varied costumes trace a network of paths over the surface of the glittering ice.

But much of the peasant's life is fraught with strenuous labor. Practically everything he eats, wears, and uses otherwise must be produced on his own farm. In the morning some one sets the house in order and prepares for the midday meal. "The others get out, gather the tools, hitch or yoke the sturdy oxen to some wagon for the day, and then ride out to the field. There men, women, and children till or sow or cultivate or reap, according to the season. At noon they stop long enough to dine; then once more they toil till dark. With nightfall all clamber aboard the open cart, and the oxen, used perhaps to draw the plow, or to do other similar work during the day, are made to draw the laborers back to the village. Some one walks at the head of the oxen, and soon they cover the long stretch home."

On a Bauer's estate there is sure to be four houses of picturesque style and great importance. The farmhouse, the storehouse, the dower-house, and the cowhouse, these are enclosed by a fence, and near them stands a group of tall trees, a supposed safeguard against lightning.

The farmhouse is usually one story, and the number of rooms it contains depends upon the importance of the Bauer's estate. The shingle-covered roof is wide, and, on one side, extends far beyond the walls. This extension is sup-

ported by wooden pillars and under it occurs many of the summer household operations. Curious designs are usually studded on the front door with large-headed iron nails, and the door or the wall is decorated with a number of small wooden crosses. Within, black, brown, and red are the prevailing colors. The floor, blackened by age and smoke, is carefully polished. The plastered walls are some shade of red or brown, and the furniture, home-made and of solid construction, is of the same hues. The household room is the largest. In it stands a green-tiled stove and oven and the great family linen-chest, painted with strange designs of birds and flowers. In the kitchen sit baskets and casks of agricultural products. Its necessity is a "huge open brick stove with an overhanging chimney, beneath which is suspended an enormous kettle over the ever-burning fire of wood, turf, or peat."

The inmates of the cowhouse are the special pride of the Austrian. Austrians believe their cattle can understand every word uttered in their presence. In summer these beloved beasts are sent to the mountains, where they are watched and cared for by a guardian.

Perhaps the most interesting of Bauer buildings is the storehouse. On the ground are bins containing various seeds, smoked beef, pork, dried fruit, vegetables, and numerous other foods. In the second story, reached by a ladder, are shelves laden with rolls of home-made linens, dyed cloth, rows of boots and shoes, rolls of leather, coils of rope and string, and a curious collection of wooden and iron tools and instruments. The linens and cloth were woven by a professional weaver, from threads spun by women of the household. The boots and shoes were made by a traveling artisan, from leather tanned at the Bauer home.

The dower-house reveals a very curious characteristic of Austrian peasant life. It is the last refuge of the Bauer and his wife. At the marriage of the eldest son, the father and mother resign the scepter of the estate to the newly married couple. The son assumes the reins of government and undertakes to provide a fixed amount annually for the benefit of his parents, his brothers, and his sisters. When this is done it often seems that he will inherit little more than the dignity of his position in return for all the responsibility and labor that accompany it. After the notary has drawn up the deed and the final ceremony of transferring the land is over, the name of the estate is changed, and the son goes to live in the farmhouse while the father, mother, brothers, and sisters retreat to the dower-house.

—*Eskell L. Blore*

THE ESKIMO AND HIS DOG

LONELY and desolate as is a dogless boy, an Eskimo in a like condition is even more to be pitied. To a boy a dog means friendship, comradeship, and all sorts of fun; but to the aborigines of the far northland the sturdy, four-footed creature means life itself, for the dogs are the only beasts of burden in that desolate country, where nothing seems to flourish save ice and snow.

The Eskimo dogs are powerfully built fellows, with long, heavy coats, under which they wear a jacket of soft, thick fur. Their legs are short and muscular, and it is claimed that their sharp-nosed faces, with the small, pointed



The "fast mail"

ears and little, bright eyes, bear a certain laughable resemblance to their masters' features.

These dogs are very fierce, for they grow up from puppyhood, live, work, and die, without ever learning what kindness means. The poor creatures are half starved, forced to draw loads far beyond their strength; and even when they have done their best, patiently, bravely, and uncomplainingly, they are rewarded often with a blow, but never by a kind and encouraging word.

These dogs of the northland are usually hitched to sledges, three to six abreast, the oldest and best trained dog leading. This leader shows an intelli-

gence wonderful in a creature that has had no training save that given by the whiplash and his master's cruel fists. He gallops along at the head of the train, his plummy tail over his back, and his ears all aquiver to catch each word of the master; for the Eskimo driver does not use lines, nor does he beat his dogs once they are harnessed, as he is afraid to. One cut from the long lash of his whip he carries, but never uses, may bring about a riot in dogdom. At the first blow given the dog struck would wheel on his neighbor and bite him savagely. The neighbor in turn would chew a piece out of his nearest companion, who would pass the bite along in his turn, the result being that in a very short while dogs, Eskimo, and sledge would be mixed up in an animated pile on the snow. And as the thermometer frequently goes down to fifty or eighty degrees below zero in that bleak land, even a skin-clad Eskimo objects seriously to a spill in the snow.

These dogs are faithful workers once they are harnessed to their load; but getting them in the harness is often a terrible task, and the straps are not fastened on many a dog until his master has choked him into insensibility. Once harnessed, the half-savage creatures will pull until they drop in their traces, their feet often being cut so terribly on the ice that they leave bloody tracks along the snow for miles.

There are no other beasts of burden in the northland, the dogs being the sole means an Eskimo has of traveling, save his own ten toes. On the long marches the dogs are expected to thrive on one meal in two days, and that one meal is nothing but strips of walrus hide an inch wide and twelve inches long. Three of these rubber-like strings are supposed to form a meal. If a dog dies from exhaustion his comrades speedily dispose of his remains; and if hunger grips them too hard, one of the number will be pounced upon some morning and devoured. A very strange and uncanny thing about this is that the dog destined to be served up as a banquet to his mates is always selected days before he is killed. In some queer fashion all the dogs seem to know which one is to be the victim, and the doomed dog himself shows plainly that he is thoroughly aware of the fate descending upon him.

Realizing as he does most fully the value of dogs in the terrible region where he lives, it is strange indeed that the Eskimo never takes the slightest care of the creatures that mean so much to him. When the long winter approaches, he abandons his *tupic*, or snow tent of sealskins, and builds himself an *igloo*, or snow hut, in which he stays as warm as toast until the long night is over. But no matter how fearful the cold, the dogs are left shelterless, the only covering they ever have being when several of them dig a deep burrow in the snow for themselves. Often a bunch of dogs will be covered for several feet

by the snow, the only indication of their presence being a tiny opening on the surface made by the warmth of their bodies and through which they breathe.

These savage yet patient creatures have been the forgotten, unsung means by which all the great explorers made their dashes into the fastnesses of the frigid northland. Franklin, Kane, Nansen, Cook, and Peary—all owe an immense debt of gratitude to their shaggy companions, who dragged the heavy sledges faithfully all the dark winters on bleeding feet, stole their masters' food at night when they could, fought like four-legged demons rather than be harnessed again to their loads, but for all that stuck to their job until they literally died in harness.

It has been said that the "path to the Pole is lined with human bodies." It might be added that these bodies rest upon a solid roadway of dogs; for thousands of these shaggy creatures have been sacrificed in the various expeditions in search of the Pole. Cook alone had one hundred and three when he started, every one of which was either killed and fed to its companions, or else left dead and forgotten upon the snow before his return.

—*A. W. Dougherty, in Friend for Boys and Girls.*

A GIRL IN THE WHITE WORLD OF THE NORTH

PRIMITIVE as is the manner of life among the Eskimos, an Eskimo girl finds plenty to do to keep her busy. When she is old enough to run about and play with her brothers, her dress is so nearly like theirs that one can not tell a girl from a boy. She learns how to row one of the boats called "woman-boats," because they are rowed exclusively by women, and the boys would think it a disgrace to be caught in a "woman-boat." The men of the family are away from home the greater part of the time hunting on land or on water, and there is great rejoicing when they come home with plenty of fish or seals or reindeer. The girls and women go with the men to drag home the seals or reindeer, and attend to the drying of fish for winter use.

The Eskimo girl learns to be very skilful with her needle. She embroiders and ornaments garments of reindeer-skin in various ways. The preparation of the skins for garments in the first place is a very tedious process. Bird-skins also form a part of an Eskimo girl's wearing apparel. These are prepared for use with the feathers left on them, which makes a very effective decoration. The sinews of seals, whales, and reindeer are used instead of thread, and the Eskimo girls take great pride in being able to do fine work with their clumsy needles.

When an Eskimo girl is so unfortunate as to lose her father and mother, she is apt to fare badly, and much worse than if she were a boy, for then she would be received into almost any home because of the fact that a boy can grow up into a great hunter, while a girl can not look forward to any such splendid career. The orphan girl is not allowed to go hungry, but she is seldom warmly and comfortably dressed, and if she does not happen to come up to the Eskimo standard of beauty, she is not likely to marry, and her whole life is hard. An Eskimo girl would not be thought pretty according to our standards of beauty, and the girl we would very likely think the homeliest in an Eskimo village would perhaps be regarded as the most beautiful in the eyes of her own countrymen.

Of course the Eskimo girl does not live in houses of wood or stone. There is little or no timber even for fuel in Eskimo land, and Eskimo girls grow to womanhood without ever seeing a tree. Her winter home is of snow and ice, and the temperature must not be allowed to get above the degree at which water freezes, else the home would melt away. But for the greater part of the year there is little danger of overheating the houses with the stone lamps that take the place of stoves in the home. We are told by those who have been in Eskimo homes that these stone lamps look like a huge clam-shell full of oil. The wicking is made of moss, and as there are no chimneys to these lamps, they smoke all of the time. The floors of the queer little huts are covered with reindeer-skins on which the children roll and play when they are in the house. The beds in the Eskimo home during the winter are nothing more or less than banks of snow with many layers of reindeer-skins over them. One must enter these homes on hands and knees through the small opening that serves as a doorway. A block of ice makes the door and when this is in place the home is almost sealed.

In some places the Eskimo girl lives in a winter home built of stones and turf. These houses are five or six feet high and the roof is flat, so that at a little distance the houses look like mounds of earth. They have but one room, and it is not uncommon for several families to live together in this. A writer tells of a house twenty-seven feet long and fourteen wide in which lived eight families with thirty-eight persons in all. One reason why so many families live together is that in this way they can economize on fuel. All who have visited Eskimo land agree that the Eskimos are the most hospitable of people and will gladly share their homes with any one. They are as a rule peace-loving, and have gentle ways. Eskimo mothers seldom speak harshly to their children, and the girls are said to be very soft-spoken and obedient. The Eskimo girl leads a strange life in her "white world of the North," but as she is completely ignorant of any better life than her own, her life is far from being an unhappy one.

—*Selected.*

ESKIMO SLEDS

IF AN Eskimo boy wishes a sled to use for coasting, he does not dream of asking for one made of wood, for that material is so scarce that even the sledges used by the men are not made of it. The boy goes to the nearest pond or river, and cuts one out of pure ice. These ice sleds are much stronger than you would imagine, and the boys can readily coast down hill on them without breaking them. Even grown people sometimes use these ice sledges.

Even though the Eskimo boy's sled is made of ice instead of wood, he is nearly as fond of coasting on it as are the boys in better climates; but, as his winters are so much longer, he sometimes grows tired of the play before the season is over. —*Selected.*

WHAT THEY EAT IN MEXICO

UNCLE SAM'S soldier boys who spent a summer on the Mexican border learned to be thankful that the United States provided their meals, and not our sister republic to the south. Most of them would have returned home much leaner than they were, had they been compelled to subsist on such food as the average Mexican knows all his life. Mexico has within its borders an extraordinary variety of food products, including most of the fruits, vegetables, and cereals grown in the temperate zone; but in the northern provinces there is neither variety nor abundance.

The "staff of life" in the country is the tortilla, a flat corn cake cooked much after the fashion of the "hoe-cake" of our own Southland. The preparation of tortillas is one main item in the day's work for Mexican women. The native Indian corn is first boiled, and then ground into a stiff paste on a metate, or flat mortar. Then it is molded with the hands into thin cakes and baked. Almost everybody in Mexico eats tortillas, and has done so, indeed, since the days of the Montezumas.

The frijole, or Mexican bean, is another staple. Sometimes it is fried in fat and eaten alone. Sometimes it is an ingredient of the famous Mexican stew, called *chile con carne*, a sort of goulash compound usually of beef and beans, with a liberal seasoning of chili, the native pepper.

A sort of sausage is made of ground meat and corn-meal, and seasoned with pepper. This mixture is then wrapped in corn "shucks" and boiled until thoroughly cooked, and then eaten from the shuck.

While these dishes form the staples, the peons of the southern part of the country have certain "delicacies" of their own, unknown to their northern neigh-

bors. There, for instance, is the water-wheat, the nature of which no one would suspect from its name. This highly prized viand consists of the eggs of flies. A bulletin of the National Geographical Society reports that the native Mexican eats his water-wheat with the same epicurean relish with which the Chinese mandarin eats his expensive bird's-nest, the Central-African his raw hippopotamus, the Canton merchant his stall-fed dog, and the West-Indian his palm-worms stewed in fat.

The "fields in which the water-wheat is raised are ponds in which the peon places bundles of reeds a few feet apart, so that their tops are just above the surface. On these reeds or rushes the insects deposit their eggs in incredible numbers. The bundles are then removed, and the "crop" is shaken off. The eggs resemble fine fish-roe, and are made into small cakes to be sold in the markets as an especial delicacy. They are eaten either as we eat cheese, or mixed with corn-meal and fowl's eggs. The insects themselves are also eaten, the method of preparation being to pound them into a paste, and then to boil with corn-husks.

—*Boy Life.*

BREAD-MAKING AMONG VARIOUS PEOPLES

IT WAS in the heat of the day when Abraham looked up from his tent door and beheld three men standing by him. Wishing to entertain them, he said, "I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts." This is the first specific mention we have of bread. And the way in which that bread was made is described in verse six of the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, in Abraham's words to Sarah when he said, "Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth."

But even before Abraham, bread-making was a practised art. Excavations have revealed not only stones for the grinding of meal at that early date, but bread itself has been dug up in large quantities. The form of the bread thus found is cakes, somewhat round, and about an inch to an inch and a half in diameter. These cakes are not made of meal, but grains of corn more or less crushed. In some specimens the halves of barley grains can be easily seen. The under side of these cakes is sometimes flat and sometimes concave, and from all evidences it appears that they were baked by being laid on hot stones and covered over with glowing ashes.

Though all methods of bread-making follow the same principles, the kinds of bread are of many shapes, varieties, and kinds. The Egyptians were the first people to carry to a high perfection the bread-baking art. They baked cakes

and loaves of many varieties and shapes and flavored them with various aromatic spices. The Greeks were the next to learn of it, and history says they made no less than sixty-two varieties. The Romans learned next, and they were the first to form the baking-trade into an incorporation, or a guild. Public



A village oven in Syria

bakeries were scattered throughout the city, and slaves were kept to perform the heavy and more disagreeable tasks. There were no separate mills then for grinding the grain. It had to be pounded and sifted in the bakeries.

The art of making bread made its way northward, but slowly. Even now loaves of bread are seldom seen in some of the northern European and Oriental countries. In Sweden rolls are more common than loaves; and in some parts, no bread but rye cakes are used. These are baked about twice a year and stored away for future use, and, of course, they become very hard.

In Norway a flat bread of coarse barley meal and water is made. Elderly women often sit under a little shelter of dried branches and bake it. The batter is rolled thin, then placed on a round, flat baking-stone under which a fire of fagots is kept burning. Piles of bread are baked in this way, then stored in a dry place for the winter, when it is used as a chief food by the peasants.

In Scotland barley bannocks and oaten cakes are still a staple food article. The oaten cakes are made by mixing oatmeal, warm water, salt, and sometimes butter-fat, into a stiff paste and kneading it out into a thin cake. It is then baked in front of an open fire.

In Eastern countries, as well as in Scotland, wheat flour is kneaded with water and rolled out into thin sheets called scones. In Egypt the bakers appear to aim at getting the biggest loaf out of the smallest possible amount of flour. The dough is rolled out like pie-crusts and the edges are joined all around. The out-door ovens are fired, then the fire raked to one side, or drawn out, to give place for the loaves, which are nothing more than thin cakes. These are pushed in on a board. The heat from the oven puffs them up into a balloon of bread so that the Egyptian cake is "largely a hole wrapped in a crust." Syrian bread is made in much the same way.

In America there are quite as many kinds and as many ways for making bread as in foreign countries. The Mexicans make a sort of flapjack called tortilla. Forked sticks are set in the ground, and these support a dough-board of stone. On this the cakes are rolled out with a crude rolling-pin. Some Indians make bread much as the Syrians do.

In a certain province in Canada very primitive customs still linger. Peculiar-looking structures, protected only by a few boards put together in a rough way, are occasionally seen by the roadside. These are ovens and are used by a number of people in the locality. Upon certain days these ovens are heated, and the people bring their bread to be baked.

In some parts of the United States various flour and meal cakes are consumed in quantities. But the bakery products average more than \$400,000,000 yearly.

All breads can be divided into two great classes, the leavened and the unleavened, or those that rise, and those that do not. Of the unleavened breads the simplest form and rudest baking are seen in the Australian damper, a kind of cake made from a dough composed of flour, salt, and water, and baked in the dying embers of a wood fire. The dough is laid on a flat stone, covered with a tin plate, and the hot ashes heaped around and over it.

Perhaps the most interesting of unleavened breads is the Passover bread, which has been used by the Jews during Passover week from the time of Moses

until now. It is a mixture of flour and water baked in small round cakes until it is dry and hard. It is not unlike plain water-crackers.

—*Eskell L. Blore.*

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER COUNTRIES

THE exact date of Christ's birth is not known, but that December 25 is not the date is almost certain. Since many years elapsed before his birth was celebrated, the exact date was lost. January 6 was observed by the Eastern churches for many years before A. D. 337. About this time the Eastern churches adopted the date that the Western churches had long been celebrating, which was December 25.

In northern Europe the people worshiped the god Thor and honored him by the celebration called Yule. When they were converted to Christianity, they still clung to some of their old customs, and as Christmas was observed about the time of Yule, they came to call Christmas Yuletide. The custom of burning the Yule-log was adopted from these northern people.

The Christmas tree came to us from Germany, where it was set up in all the homes of the land. Its use spread from Germany all over Europe and to America.

Santa Claus comes to us from Holland. Here the children all hang up their woolen stockings by the chimney-piece, and then go to bed, for Santa, they believe, will not come if they disturb him.

In Bohemia little children believe that the Christ-child flies through the air with a chariot and white horses, leaving presents in his wake.

In Spain the children hide their shoes on Christmas eve in the bushes, and find them on Christmas morning filled with fruit and candy.

In Belgium the children fill their shoes with carrots and beans and set them in the chimney-place on Christmas eve, for St. Nicholas' horse. In the morning they find them filled with sugar-plums as a reward for their kindness.

In France the boys and girls stand their shoes in a row for Noel, or Santa Claus, to drop presents in. Sometimes a bad boy finds a whip in his shoes; but if a boy is good, his shoes will be well filled with presents.

In Norway and Sweden the Bible is read in nearly every home. In many villages the people leave candles burning in the windows all night, so that, as the children are told, the good Kristine can see to bring the presents. Sometimes a cake of meal is set outside as an offering to him. The children all polish their

shoes and set them in a row in front of the fire-place, ready to be filled with good things.

England is the country most noted for the celebration of Christmas. The great Yule log is burned, and the table is loaded with all kinds of good things to eat. Many families hold reunions at this season, and it is a time of good cheer and rejoicing. The custom of singing carols used to be observed, but it is not held so much in favor now.

The best way for us to celebrate Christmas is to show by our lives our deep appreciation of God's gift to the world, and to have hearts full of love for all our fellow men. The true Christmas spirit need not be felt at Christmas only, but we can have that spirit, which is love, in our hearts all the time.

A GLIMPSE OF GREENLAND

GREENLAND is the largest island belonging to Denmark. Ice and snow abound the year round, and it is impossible to sail about the island in winter. Even during the summer months it is a dangerous journey, for the sea is filled with floating icebergs. If a storm arises, a vessel can easily be dashed to pieces against the ice. However, there are not a few sailors on those waters, in search of whales, walruses, and seals.

The whole of Greenland is a desert of ice, with only a few strips of land near the coast which are free from ice in the summer. Here some Europeans have built a few colonies, and one Danish Lutheran priest and a doctor live among them. Although the people of the island have taken up some of the Danish customs, the Eskimo children are taught their own language.

These people have dark skin and black hair. They build their homes of stone and earth, partly down in the ground. They cook their food over a tallow burner, which also furnishes light and heat. They make their clothing and shoes of furs. The mothers carry their babies in sealskin bags fastened on their backs.

There is great joy when a ship comes from Denmark, bringing food and products. These are exchanged for tallow, furs, and feathers.

In the year 1888, Nansen, from Norway, and his men crossed the south of Greenland on skis, a distance of 200 English miles. This was a dangerous undertaking. Often they came to deep ravines in the ice. At night they slept in large bags made of furs.

But that which interests us most of all is the question, How shall we get

the gospel to these people? They are included in Christ's great commission—"Go ye and teach all nations." It is said that the Eskimos are easily touched with song. May our hearts be moved in love for them, that the precious tidings of salvation may be brought to "Greenland's icy mountains."

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name."

—*Anna K. Renbeck.*

A LITTLE SKETCH OF NEWFOUNDLAND

THE island of Newfoundland lies just off the northeast coast of North America. It is separated from the mainland by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Belle Isle Strait. No other part of North America is so near Great Britain as is this island. It is only 1,918 miles from the port of St. John in Newfoundland to the harbor of Valentia in Ireland.

John Cabot, an English explorer, discovered Newfoundland in 1497. It was nearly one hundred years after that before the English laid claim to it. During these years many French, Portuguese, Spaniards, and Englishmen went there to fish. The fishermen remained there during the fishing-season only, and then returned to their native lands. The first colony in Newfoundland was planted by the English in 1621. After more settlements had been made, and the value of the island had been realized, the French contested England's right to ownership. By the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, however, the English gained possession, the French retaining only a few fishing-rights.

Newfoundland has an area of 42,000 square miles. It has many ponds, lakes, and rivers. Some of the lakes are very large. Grand Lake, which is the largest, is 56 miles long and covers an area of 192 square miles. In it is an island 22 miles long and 5 miles wide. Along the shores of the lakes and the banks of the rivers are fine forests of valuable timber. In many places, however, the land is barren. The interior is an undulating plateau. The cities and towns are on the coast. In 1904 the population was 222,643.

The coast-line of this interesting island is very irregular, being broken by bays, lagoons, and inlets. Some of the bays are studded with islands. Many bays form excellent harbors, with deep water close to the shore. St. George's Bay, on the southwestern coast, is one of these. The mouth of the bay is 40 miles wide. Along its shores are some of the most fertile valleys in Newfoundland also some forests of excellent timber, and a large coal-field. St. George's Bay is one of the chief seats of the herring-fishery.

Since Newfoundland is so far north, we should naturally conclude that it is a very cold place, but such is not the case; for the Gulf Stream flows along there and tempers the climate. In winter the thermometer seldom goes below zero, the average temperature being 7 degrees above; in summer it is rarely more than 80 degrees above, the average being 70. After a fine autumn, winter sets in during the first of December. From then until the middle of April the ground is covered with snow, but the frost penetrates the ground for only a few inches. Fogs are confined to the shores, and to the bays of the south and southeast coasts. Thunder-storms are very rare and tornadoes are unknown.

Among the wild animals of Newfoundland are the caribous, or reindeer. They spend the winter in the southeastern part of the island, where the snow is not too deep to prevent them from eating the lichens. In March they migrate to the mountains in the northwest, but as soon as the October frosts come they go south.

Wolves, black bears, foxes (black, silver, grey, and red), beavers, otters, North American hares, weasels, bats, muskrats, and mice are also found on this island. Three hundred different kinds of birds, it has been said, live in Newfoundland. Many of them are the same as our birds in the United States. But no frogs, toads, or venomous reptiles, are seen.

To us, perhaps the most interesting animal in Newfoundland is the Newfoundland dog. He is one of the largest, handsomest, and most intelligent dogs known to man. He is rarely found on the island now, for people of other countries have taken him to their lands. He is twenty-seven inches high at the shoulder, and often weighs one hundred pounds. His color is usually black and white, or all black. His heavy coat of coarse, slightly curled hair, if brushed the wrong way naturally falls back into place. His hair is oily, thus enabling him to resist water; this is good, for he is very fond of water and is an excellent swimmer.

Fishing is the principal industry of the Newfoundlanders. While seals and lobster, salmon, herring, and many other fish abound, the cod is the most valuable of all. Newfoundland is the most important cod-fishery in the world.

Newfoundland exports codfish to Brazil, Portugal, Italy, Great Britain, the West Indies, and the United States. —*Gertrude M. Helms.*

A GLIMPSE AT THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

ON October 10, 1912, in a mountain bungalow half way up the side of one of Himalayas' lofty peaks, went out the life of a useful and noble woman who, for eighteen years, had labored among the peoples on the roof of the world, as this part of central Asia is called. She said her aim in life was to reach and to win these people to Christ. By cautious step and willing hand she won her way into the hearts of many of the inhabitants of that hermit nation, Tibet.

Tibet, one of the most extraordinary countries in the world, is one fourth the size of the United States. It forms the central part of the highest and most massive plateau in the world. Because of its great height and the thinness of its air, explorers have found the cold of winter almost unendurable, and the hottest days of summer are often followed by night temperatures below freezing. Guarded by the icy ramparts of the Himalayas, the loftiest mountains in the world, Tibet has been spared many of the invasions to which its neighbors have been subjected. A missionary in India, writing of Tibet, says: "An entrance to the country is almost impossible, except by a few narrow passes between the mountains, which are carefully guarded by armed men. Therefore very few foreigners have ever seen the inside of this wonderful country, except some who have traveled in disguise. Some time ago two gentlemen traveled through the country dressed like Buddhist priests. This protected them, as the people were afraid to approach those supposed holy men. Thus, some knowledge of the country has been gained.

"One reason why these people guard their land so closely is because they have been treated very badly by their neighbors, the Chinese. Another is that the country is supposed to be so rich in minerals and precious stones that they are afraid of its being taken from them. Beautiful stones are found on the surface of the ground and brought down across the Indian border, where they are sold at a very low price compared with what they would cost in America.

"Many of the Tibetan people live in North India. This is where we had the privilege of seeing them and of learning what little we know about them. As a rule, they are not so well civilized as the Chinese people. They are very strong and vigorous and remind one very much of our American Indians."

The women and men are alike industrious, active, and energetic in their occupations, and the children are taught in these at a very early age.

Owing to the conditions of the country, the chief occupations are herding and farming, both of which are attended by great hardships. The women do most of the farming. The chief crop and article of food is barley, the hardest of all cereals.



A lady of Tibet

The men herd and drive the sheep, and engage in trading beyond the mountains. Traveling across the mountains is very dangerous both to man and to beast. The yak is used as a beast of burden, but when the road becomes too precipitous and stony for him, sheep are used, each one carrying twenty-five to thirty pounds. Food, fodder, and tents must always be carried, and oftentimes passes are blocked with snow. Bridges are few, and streams that can not be forded are crossed by wicker-boats covered with skins, and the pack-animals must swim.

To these people sheep are very useful. They are not only used as pack-animals, but from their wool the women weave by hand blankets and clothing. Great quantities of felt and an excellent serge called *pulo* is also made. The women embroider artistically with gold

threads and colored silks. Metal-working and pottery-making are two of the Tibetan industries.

The Tibetans are a very religious people, and, indeed, their country has been called the Land of Many Prayers. At the close of day all work ceases, and the people gather in squares and open places in the villages, cast them-



Tibetan with prayer-wheel and trumpet

selves upon the earth, and chant their evening prayers. Outside of this, we might say their worship is by machinery. Religious inscriptions are found on rocks, houses, and temples. Praying flags, uttering prayers by their flappings in the breeze, prayer-wheels turned by hand, wind, and water, reel-
ing off millions of prayers each day, are seen on every hand. The purpose of this worship is to summon or drive away evil spirits.

Large lamaseries — buildings in which stores of wealth are deposited, buildings in which the priests, or lamas, live—are many. The number of lamas has been estimated at 500,000, and in one lamasery alone, 6,000 of them dwell. Of these lamas there are four sects, the red, yellow, white, and black. The red and the yellow sects are the most important. They dress in red and yellow robes and on their shaven heads wear red and yellow caps. The black and the white lamas are the craftsmen. They paint, print, make pottery and prayer-wheels, and make themselves useful, all-round helpers. It matters not what a man's character is, be he a murderer, thief, or swindler, he is welcome in the brotherhood.

A traveler describes a certain one of their temples, together with the worship he beheld, as follows:

“The floor of the temple was raised five feet above the level of the ground, with a very large door leading into it. At this entrance were, one on either side, recesses, in which, by the side of a big drum, squatted two lamas with books of prayers before them, a praying-wheel, and a rosary in their hands, the beads of which they shifted after every prayer. At our appearance the monks ceased their prayers and beat the drums in an excited manner. Lamas old and young rushed to and fro out of their rooms, while a number of boys between the ages of twelve and twenty lined the banisters.

“I deposited a few silver coins on the drum of the lama to the right, took off my shoes in sign of respect, and quietly entered the house for worship. Astonished at my actions the lamas remained motionless and mute. At last the High Lama, or Father Superior, came forward, stooping low, and placing one thumb above the other and with his tongue hanging out to show his highest approval of my visit to the many images representing deities or sanctified Buddhist heroes which were grouped along the walls of the temple. The largest of these were about five feet high, the others about three. Some were carved out of wood, their drapery and ornaments being fairly artistic, while others were fashioned in gilt metal. There were a number in a sitting posture and some standing erect. They all rested on ornamented pedestals, or plainer bases painted blue, red, white, and yellow. Many wore the ancient Chinese double-winged cap. At the foot of these images was a long shelf on which, in bright brass vessels of all sizes, were oblations of dried fruit, wheat, and rice offered through the lamas by the worshipers to the different saints. Hour after hour is spent by the lamas in these temples, apparently absorbed in praying to the ‘God above all gods.’”

As spring opens, the lamas in every part of the country hold a strange religious festival. They dress themselves in gorgeous silk robes and go about wearing masks of strange and hideous animal heads.

The religious capital of Tibet is at Lhasa. Pilgrimages to this place are made in a peculiar manner. The devotee lies “flat on his body and while thus prostrate makes a mark on the ground with his hand. He then rises, takes three steps to this mark, then prostrates himself again. This he does every step of the way between his home and Lhasa, sometimes taking three years to make the journey.” The poor pilgrim thinks by doing this to atone for some great sin committed in the past and to make the obtaining of the Buddhistic heaven with all its joys an absolute certainty.

Every Tibetan prays, and prays personally. He prays without ceasing, by day and by night. Tibetans pray everywhere, “utilizing everything mova-

ble and immovable, in this one act of devotion. The gentle breeze waves their prayer-flags in the air; the mountain streams revolve their cumbersome prayer-wheels; the sacred oil keeps alive the voice of prayer. The roads, especially the entrance to the villages, are literally strewn with prayers; streamers hang from tree to tree and house to house. In gaily different colors they flutter across the rivers. Bridges are literally pasted with paper prayers. Rocks and cliffs are carved and chiseled with sacred inscriptions. One never passes a caravan without hearing some Tibetans in it mumbling their prayers." And all this to one who sees not, who hears not, who answers not. Let us remember these people in our prayers.

Notwithstanding the almost impenetrable wall of mountains rising between India and Tibet, many of the Tibetans have crossed over into northern India. There they engage mostly in herding. Missionaries say they are a most interesting people and easier to reach with the gospel than many people. Many of them have adopted the Christian religion and Christian customs. Villages of low-built houses made of uncut stones set in mud are seen here and there. Few of these people have heard the gospel in its fulness. Pray that God raise up missionaries to carry to them the glad tidings. —*Eskell Luttrull Blore.*

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