

FAMINE FOLLOWS PLAGUE IN CHINA



A CROWDED, GARBAGE-STREWN CHINESE STREET

FOLLOWING close on the heels of the plague, a great famine is sweeping over the Chinese empire, and the victims of the dual persecution are now numbered by the tens of thousands. The plague is bad enough, but the famine will be ten times worse. Already hundreds are dying from lack of food, yet these hundreds will number thousands and tens of thousands before the first scanty rice crop furnishes relief. From the relief committees of the interior comes word that one million people will die before the first crop is harvested. Even this will be scanty, because the people have not the strength to till the soil and no animals remain for plowing.

It is estimated that 2,000,000 people are without food. They are existing on roots, grasses or anything that affords the slightest possibility of nourishment. Those possessing grain guard it day and night. Missionaries who are distributing relief tell of many tragic occurrences—a man on his way to meet them, dying on the road; another falling by the wayside as he was returning to his family with a packet of rice. These relief committees describe the people as horrible skeletons, some with their limbs hideously swollen. They suffer all the pangs of hunger until death brings relief. This endless relief is coming to thousands daily from starvation.

The pitiful condition of these starving wretches is well shown by the recent food riot at Sha-Yang, when 21 persons were trampled to death. The emaciated men and women fought like demons for these few mouthfuls of food, and the peril to the relief workers who were distributing it was great. A considerable amount of foodstuffs had been received by the missionaries, who planned a systematic distribution. Their work was hardly begun when thousands of desperate men, women and children, who had learned that there was a chance of their hunger being half satisfied, swooped down upon the supply depot. An uncontrollable riot followed. Each fought for himself and the weaker went down and were ruthlessly trampled.

In some portions of the province parents are offering their children for a mouthful of rice. Many parents, despairing of keeping the entire family until the new crops appear, are deserting their offspring.

The lawlessness in the stricken territory is growing each day. Made desperate by hunger, bands of hundreds of starving refugees are roving through the famine area plundering and killing, and a reign of terror prevails.

At Kunshan, a walled village 50 miles from Shanghai, the villagers, after a raid in which stores were looted and many killed, meted out punishment peculiarly Chinese in its callousness to the raiding refugees. A band of more than 500 are reported to have been surrounded in a compound and burned to death.

Relief has been coming in, but it has proved inadequate. The American Red Cross society has sent over about \$25,000, while the Chinese of San Francisco have forwarded \$20,000. It costs but a cent a day to keep one of these starving Celestials, yet the United States and Japan have been the only nations to give aid. China is sending its plea over the entire civilized world for help.

The famine situation has recently somewhat overshadowed the plague ravages, but not because the latter has shown any signs of a let up. It is still sweeping over the northeastern territory, scattering death right

and left. The plague conditions have become a menace to the world. The whole northeastern corner of the empire and of Manchuria are in the grip of a fresh outbreak of the black death and the civilized nations of the world are rushing physicians and medical supplies to the east in an effort to prevent the spread of the pestilence to other lands.

Never before in the history of China has there come a plague that has brought such dumb terror to the hearts of the people as has this most recent outbreak. Swift in its fatality, it has swept from village to village, up one country road and down another, until it seems that no part of China is immune from its ravages. As the black plague in the middle ages swept down the valley of the Nile, transforming a garden seat of the world into a valley of death; as later in Spain there were none that did not mourn; as in England but half of all London escaped; so in some parts of China there is scarcely a family that has not been visited.

The unsanitary condition of the cities and towns in China where the dreadful pneumonic plague is raging is responsible in large measure for the spread of the disease. The present pestilence is pneumonic rather than bubonic, that is, it almost invariably proves fatal. One of the terrifying things about it is that it spreads through the air. In the bubonic plague the microbe is communicated by bites of fleas from infected rats. In the pulmonary form the patients themselves transmit the disease by expectoration or fits of coughing, in which they scatter germs with which their lungs are filled. Several doctors have been infected in this way and have died.

The Chinese cities offer a fertile field for the propagation of the disease. The people are crowded together like herrings in a barrel and once the disease has appeared in a house it is almost sure to contaminate all the inmates and to spread quickly through the whole city. There are many Chinese towns where pigs are the sole scavengers and where sanitation is of the most primitive kind. Contrary, too, to general belief, which regards worship of ancestors as the main religion of China, there are many parts of the great empire where the dead are not interred at all. The coffins containing the dead are placed on the ground in places specially reserved for the purpose near towns and villages and are preyed upon by dogs and wild beasts. Now, in the plague-infected regions the dead are being burned. A wagon driven by a man wearing a muffer sprayed with iodiform, goes through the streets and collects the bodies from the houses. They are then taken to great pits outside the city or town, soaked with kerosene and burned, after which a little loose earth is thrown upon them.

The recrudescence of the plague in China began in Fuchiaten, in Manchuria, one of the filthiest towns in all the east. Little attention was paid to it at first and it continued to spread with great rapidity. The dead were thrown into the streets, where they lay exposed, and often, according to correspondents, those afflicted with the pestilence were placed in the streets to die. Over 6,000 persons have perished in the Chinese quarter of Fuchiaten. It was not until the black death had spread over a large section of Manchuria that the nations of the world were aroused to the menace. And now the plague, unless almost superhuman efforts are put forth, promises to spread beyond control.



AREA AFFECTED BY OUTBREAK OF PLAGUE

SWINE PRODUCTS OF WORLD

Other Countries Besides United States Increasing Hog Production—Bacon Neglected.

Fred Sawyer, of Swift & Co., recently returned from an extended European trip, says the Live Stock World. Mr. Sawyer was surprised at the extent to which countries abroad are increasing the production of hogs since prices in America have been too high to admit of exportation on any considerable scale. Countries that have always been dependent upon others for hog meat are finding out how easy it is for them to produce pork. The biggest hogs he saw were in Hungary. They are sold there in pairs and a very common weight for a pair is 1,100 pounds. These hogs are skinned and frequently produce 150 pounds of lard apiece. Bacon cuts almost no figure with many continental European countries and the production of fat seems to be the prime object. He had often wondered why there is no sale in France for breakfast bacon. He found the reason to be that they do not bother about breakfast, a cup of coffee and a roll being all they expect to have before noon. However, the best hotels in Paris, of course, are catering in this as in other respects to the American custom. England, however, is using heavier cuts of hog meat and even the people of Denmark, long famous for bacon production, are growing heavier hogs to meet the general continental demand. England is getting large quantities of hog products from Australia and New Zealand and Mr. Sawyer thinks that unless America gets so she can produce more hogs at less cost she will soon be shut entirely out of the markets of the world. America has started them all to raising hogs.

TAKING CARE OF ROADSIDES

Unightly Brush Should Be Removed and All Ornamental and Shade Trees Protected.

No matter how smooth and well constructed the traveled road may be, if the roadsides are not cared for, the highway as a whole will not give a good impression. All rubbish should be removed; the excavations should be filled and embankments smoothed and planted with grass wherever it will grow. Unightly brush should be cut and grubbed out. Sometimes, however, the brush and small trees, if suitably trimmed, add to the attractiveness of the roadside.

All trees that are ornamental or which have value as shade trees should be preserved and protected, unless they grow so close together as to make a dense shade. In hot, dry climates particularly, and, indeed, in most places, trees are a considerable factor in reducing the cost of maintenance, since they lessen the evaporation of the moisture from the macadam. In exposed places where the sweep of the wind would be otherwise unbroken they serve to prevent in a measure the blowing away of the binder from the road surface. Unfortunately in such places it is often difficult to make trees grow. Care in the selection of the kinds of trees best suited to the locality is important.

Market for Farmers.

City people would rather deal direct with the farmers when they are sure they will get pure, fresh and wholesome stuff, says a writer in an exchange. One of my neighbors has for the past four years sold all the eggs off her farm to city people. She is sending about 50 dozen a week to Chicago this winter and gets five cents above the retail cost. She has averaged 38 cents per dozen for her eggs, the consumer paying express charges, while the average price at our home town has been about 23 cents. Pays, doesn't it?

This woman never buys eggs except from two neighbors whose reliability she knows, but she takes all they sell and makes a profit of about 15 cents a dozen on them. Of course, she does not tell anybody what she gets from the city consumers. She packs the eggs in paper boxes with partitions forming a little compartment for each egg. She usually ships from four to six dozen in a box.

Green Feed for Chicks.

Have tender green feed for the early chicks. Young collards and tender lettuce will be eaten readily by them. The chicks may help themselves from the growing plants or the latter may be cut up with a sharp knife. Both these plants stand low temperatures, and will give green feed early if planted soon enough.

Care for Setting Hen.

Setting hens should come off the nest once a day, preferably at the same time each day. Feed them on whole corn and supply clean fresh water and grit. A good "dust bath" of moist, fine, sandy loam will be appreciated. It is a lot better than real dust that is "bone dry."

Getting Best Stock.

Some breeders claim to get their best stock from April or May hatched pullets which have been kept back from egg production until nearly time for setting eggs for incubation.

Lack of Exercise in Sows.

When sows kill and eat their pigs the common cause is pampering and especially the lack of exercise. The sows become fat, costive, nervous and cross.

CAREFULLY TEST SEED CORN

While Always Matter of Safety, Seldom Has It Been So Necessary as This Spring.

(By CHAS. E. THORNE, Director Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station.)

The testing of seed corn, while always a matter of safety, has seldom been so necessary as it is this spring of 1911.

When husked last fall corn carried much more than the normal amount of moisture. Twenty-seven to thirty per cent was not at all uncommon. This in itself would have been cause enough for alarm if normal temperatures had prevailed. But November of 1910 had the lowest mean temperature of any November during the 23 years of the Experiment Station's records. Very early in November mercury dropped to 10 degrees below freezing and day after day it was from ten to eighteen degrees below freezing. These two factors are without a parallel in recent years and should give the corn growers no little concern.

Three weeks ago this station wrote to prominent corn growers in all parts of the state for samples of corn from 100 representative ears which had been saved for seed, or for reports of germination tests already conducted by them. The samples received in response to this call have been germinated and reveal a condition which was expected. The range of germination is from 45 to 96 per cent, much seed which had been handled with considerable care showing below 80 per cent.

Such a state of affairs will result in a very poor and uneven stand of plants in Ohio corn fields, unless every ear of corn intended for seed be carefully tested to determine whether it will grow.

In conducting the germination test it is important that the conditions which the corn will have to endure in the field be duplicated as nearly as possible. Condemn every ear of low vitality to the feed trough, where it will prove of some value, but if used for seed will cause a loss of from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

What can the corn grower do that will make him any more money than to weed out these worthless seed ears?

MUCH LAND YET UNOCCUPIED

Natural Vegetation as an Indicator of Capabilities of Soil for Crop Production.

Extensive tracts of land, including thousands of acres that are doubtless capable of producing crops, remain unoccupied in the United States, especially west of the ninety-eighth meridian. In places where no attempts at tillage have been made the would-be settler or investor is often at a loss to know whether the land in view is adapted to a particular crop, or even whether it has any agricultural value. In such places the character of the natural vegetation is usually studied as an index of its crop-producing possibilities, but mistakes are often made in using this indicator without sufficient consideration.

As the result of investigations carried on during the past three years in the great plains area, the U. S. Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin (B. P. I. 201) containing definite determinations of the correlations between different types of vegetation and the physical characteristics and crop possibilities of the land occupied by each type. The chief object of the bulletin is to show how the errors resulting from hasty and inconsiderate conclusions may be avoided, and how new lands may be classified with reasonable accuracy on the basis of natural vegetation. The publication is not a report of a land survey, but rather a discussion of methods which can be utilized to advantage in making such a survey.

The work has brought out clearly that the general conditions, whether favorable or unfavorable to crop production, are indicated by the native plant cover.

Starting Cucumbers Early.

Fill four-inch pots with rich potting compost and set them closely in a frame. Plant three or four cucumber seeds in each pot and then sift fine soil over the whole and water well. Keep the glass rather close till they germinate, and as they get a rough leaf thin to two plants in a pot.

Protect the frames from sudden cold, and finally when the plants are well established and the weather settled, turn the balls out and set the plants in well manured hills. This will advance the crop very materially. The same method can be used with cantaloupes. Lima beans started in this way can be successfully transplanted to the poles, and the pots are far better than the inverted sods so often advised.

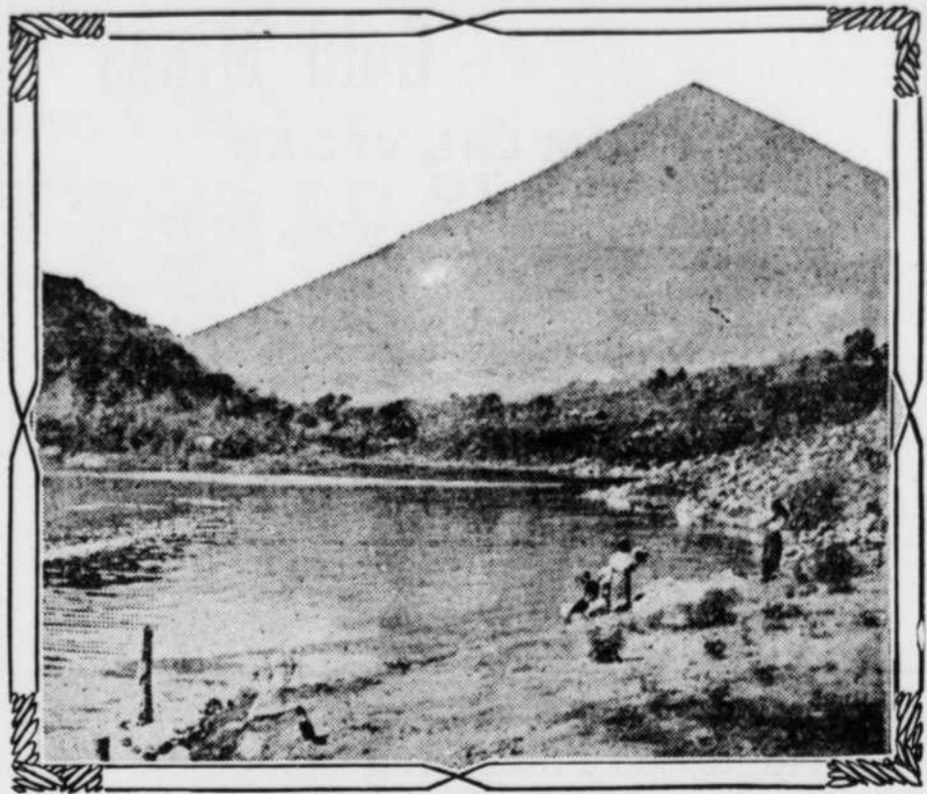
Milk Fever.

Milk fever is an inflammation of the womb, which in some cases extends to the bowels. The most common symptoms are loss of appetite, rumination ceases, wild look, staggering gait and, in some cases, the cow falls and cannot get up. If the disease is not checked at once the brain will soon be affected and the cow will soon die.

Milk From Swiss Cow.

Like the Jersey cow the Swiss cow gives a large quantity of rich milk, the butter is of the choicest flavor and of a deep orange color. The cattle are very gentle in disposition, as they are treated like family pets.

BEAUTIFUL LAKES OF GUATEMALA



IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

BORED by the loveliness of Norway's fjords and grown weary of the soft beauty of the Italian and the rugged grandeur of the Swiss lakes, the blase globe trotter turns in search of some new enchanted spot where the realization that it is seen for the first time lends again some zest to life.

The world is fast grasping the fact that in the comparatively small space between Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama lies, as it were, a Land of Promise—a promise of wealth incalculable to the realm of commerce, through the cultivation and development of marvelously rich and fertile countries which are being opened up with wonderful rapidity by the network of railroads that are spreading throughout the five beautiful republics of Central America. More than a land of promise to the archaeologist, who has here a vast field for research wherein to unravel the mystery which surrounds the history of the ancient American civilization and throw some light upon the origin of the people whose wonderful works are evidenced in the ruins of prehistoric cities found hidden in dense tropical forests. A land of beautiful realities to even the ordinary tourist, who finds easily accessible a wealth of scenic beauty unsurpassed and a perfection of climate rarely equaled. This is particularly true of Guatemala, the most northern of the Central American republics and our nearest neighbor after Mexico. It is reached by a three days' delightful sail on the Gulf of Mexico and along the coast of British Honduras.

Upon our arrival in Puerto Barrios we concluded to visit Lake Yzabal before going up to the city of Guatemala. Lake Yzabal lies about fifty miles inland and a regular line of steamers ply between Livingston and Panzos, in the interior on the Polochic river. Entering the lake proper, a beautiful picture is before us—the lovely expanse of water with its wooded shores rising gradually to the rug-

ged Sierras de las Minas, to the south, and the Santacruz mountains, to the north. Here stand the picturesque ruins of the old Spanish fort of San Felipe, built in 1525 by Hernando Cortez during his march from Mexico to Honduras and erected to protect the approach to the town of Yzabal, which at that time was the principal port of entry. Large brass cannon, bearing the date 1496, have been found scattered among the ruins of this old fortification. Neither pen nor brush can do justice to the wild beauty of the Polochic river, and those in search of new sensations can enjoy the unique experience of traveling in perfect safety through a tropical wilderness, where gayly colored parrots and exquisite monkeys chatter at the intruder from overhanging branches and crocodiles, with wide open mouths, lie basking in the sun.

In the northern part of the country lies the great lake of Peten, or San Andres, of which comparatively little is known, except to antiquarians. Situated in a wild, almost uninhabited part of the country, perhaps the richest in all Guatemala, it is difficult of access. This immense body of fresh water, 27 miles long and having a shore line of 70 miles, is dotted with numerous islands. On the largest of these is the town of Flores, with about 15,000 inhabitants. Near Flores are the ruins of a buried city, with stone images and monoliths covered with hieroglyphics, showing the un-

read history of a people which dwelt in the midst of this primeval forest ages ago.

At Lake Amatitlan we find ourselves on a much visited lake. The borders of this lovely body of water, lying only 18 miles to the south of Guatemala City, are the playgrounds of the capital. Situated at an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, 12 miles long and 3 miles wide, it is very deep and gives rise to a river, the Guastoya, which has its outlet in the Pacific Ocean, 12 miles south of the port of San Jose, where it is 12 miles wide.

A curious phenomenon, which is a yearly occurrence, generally during the month of March, is an eruption which takes place at the bottom of the lake, and great quantities of sulphur rise to the surface of the water. This, for a time, is the death knell of the fish.

In the boiling springs which abound in the laundry work of the city, the women taking advantage of this water heated by nature and ever ready for use. Groups of dark-skinned Indian women, in their gayly colored native costumes, kneeling by the deep blue waters amidst the piles of snowy linen, present a most attractive and fascinating picture. There is also a novelty about a picnic, when eggs can be cooked without trouble by merely dropping them into one of Mother Nature's ever-boiling pots.

It has been my good fortune to see many lakes in different parts of the world, but never have I seen one more exquisitely beautiful than the curious crater lake of Atitlan, incomparable for grandeur of scenery and perfection of climate. In the very heart of the mountains we find this lake, 30 miles in length and 10 miles in breadth. Although many streams empty their waters into it, there is no visible outlet and its depth is unknown, no soundings having been made with a line of more than 300 fathoms. No fish live in its icy waters, and here and there upon its surface mineral springs bubble up from its unfathomable depths.

It is impossible to describe the charm and witchery of this country, bathed in moonlight, the scenery at each step becoming more impressive. We forded rushing, tumbling mountain streams, looking like cascades of silver, and we rode through silent Indian villages, where the inhabitants were sleeping in front of their strange little bamboo huts. The only sound to break the silence was the plaintive call of the whippoorwill. Words are inadequate to portray the scene which was before us. The great expanse of water lay like molten silver in the moonlight, the mountains, solemn and awe-inspiring, standing in serried ranks like giant sentinels to guard this treasure. A soft, pearly mist hung over all, but not so dense as to hide the perfect outline of the three great volcanoes—the two Atitlans and San Pedro. These stupendous giants rise to the height of nearly 12,000 feet and fall in one unbroken sweep to the water's edge.

The filmy veil of mist which is characteristic of this region during the greater part of the year occasionally melts away, and as we stood on this spot, speechless before the wonder of this panorama, it seemed for our benefit alone to have crept silently away in the night and earth and sky and water were perfectly revealed, outlying each other in deepest tones of blue. But even as we gazed soft clouds formed in the valleys below and crept stealthily up, writhing and twisting like great white snakes, until once more they had encircled the mountains like giant serpents whose power even the great hills could not withstand. Nature seemed to say that we had looked already too long upon her secret treasures, and softly but swiftly she again drew around them the gauzy mantle in which, except at rare intervals, she keeps them wrapped.

E. F. TISDEL

His Impending Fate.

"I see they've got a machine for sewing on buttons, now," said the humorist's wife.

"That's just my luck," said the humorist; "the first thing you know somebody will invent a machine for finding lost collar buttons, and my business will be ruined."—Yonkers Statesman.