

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

A FIVE PER CENT PHILANTHROPY.

Minister's Novel Scheme for Saving Nasty Natives from Extinction.

A \$250,000 COMPANY TO TRY IT

Surplus Profits to be Devoted to Developing Island Industries—Natives A Dirty and Murderous Lot.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 18.—After spending many years in New Guinea—six as a trader; eight as a missionary—the Rev. F. W. Walker has returned to England to proclaim a new doctrine of salvation for the heathen by means of philanthropy that pays a

Papuan. As Mr. Walker describes him he is generally a little man, lithe and slim, seldom exceeding five feet, four inches in height. His huge shock of frizzled hair is his most prominent feature. It serves him as a pillow at night and a protection from the scorching rays of the sun by day.

HE IS NOT BEAUTIFUL.

Probably knowing that he would not appreciate it, nature has not lavished any beauty upon him. But he strives to make himself several degrees uglier than originally designed, and generally succeeds. He tattoos his skin in patches and streaks his face with ochre, red, black and white being his favorite colors. He dyes his teeth black. He bores a hole in the septum of his nose, and in it inserts a long shell. His ears are usually so cut and torn that the lobes hang down in a festoon several inches long. In his natural state he emulates the example set by Adam and wears only a broad leaf around his loins, making his mutilated ears supply the lack of artificial pockets.

HE REVELS IN FILTH.

From a white man's view point nearly all of his tastes are perverted. He loves dirt. His personal habits are unspeakably filthy. Though he may live close to the clear, blue sea or a pure mountain stream he never bathes for the sake of cleanliness. His nose has gone all wrong. He seems to delight in foul odors. He will evince disgust when given a bottle of perfume to sniff at, but he delightedly wears in his armpits the leaves of some plant that fairly stinks. He dotes on mustard or pickled onions, but abominates sweets.



ONE OF THE CONVERTED SAVAGES.

This worthy has discarded murder and cannibalism for honest industry at a missionary station, but he is considered likely to revert to barbarism if not carefully watched.

per cent. And it is likely to be tried. A company is in process of formation to be called the Papuan Industries Limited, with a capital of \$250,000, for the development of native industries in British New Guinea. The company pledges itself to conduct its business on "Christian principles"—certainly a novel combination in these days—and to devote all its profits over 5 per cent to improving the condition of the natives. That is where the philanthropy comes in; also in agreeing to wait until 1910 for possible dividends.

ENDORSED BY MISSIONARIES.

The London Missionary society has endorsed the project. George Cadbury, the great Quaker cocoa manufacturer and newspaper proprietor, and W. H. Lever, millionaire soap maker, both of whom are renowned for dividend-paying philanthropy in the shape of "Garden Cities" for their employees, have each offered to take \$5,000 worth of shares. Many other prominent business men have pledged their support.

Mr. Walker, the originator and backbone of the enterprise, belongs to that type of evangelist popularly defined as a broad-gauge Christian. He makes light of distinctions of creed and of the doctrine of eternal damnation expresses open scorn. He is a healthy, clear-skinned, virile man of strong convictions and lots of pluck. Once, to prevent a shindy among the natives, he visited, unarmed, a witch doctor named Tokereu who was inciting the savages against the white men, and sought to convert him of the error of his ways. Only by means of foot did he escape being murdered by Tokereu's enraged followers, who probably would have made a meal of him afterwards. But when the writer asked him if he had ever been in any tight corners in New Guinea he said, "None worth speaking of," and the story was told from somebody else. But the two together and they give a good idea of the character of the man.

WHERE MISSIONS FAIL.

"It must not be supposed," he said, "that because I am now engaged in industrial undertaking I have lost faith in the efficacy of missions among the heathen. But missions alone do not go far enough. Too often they merely pave the way for the rapacious, unscrupulous trader and the devastating blight of what is misnamed civilization. The question that confronts us is simply whether the same wholesale degradation and destruction of savage races that has taken place in other parts of the globe is to be repeated in New Guinea. If philanthropic effort continues to concern itself alone with seeking to convert the natives to Christianity they are inevitably doomed. If philanthropy can be brought to recognize that they have bodies to save that are worth saving as well as souls, then they may escape extinction and be developed into useful industrial communities.

Their natural occupation is fighting. In dealing with them it is not enough to cast out that 'one devil' which the fighting ceases. They have practically nothing to do. They must be provided with useful occupation or the 'seven other devils'—white men's devils, some of them—will enter in, and the state of these people will be worse than the first."

THE LARGEST ISLAND.

If Australia be regarded as a continent, New Guinea becomes the largest island in the world, being about 1,400 miles long and 450 broad at its greatest width. It possesses magnificent mountain ranges, much land that is fruitful even under native cultivation, mighty rivers that take their rise far inland, one of them, the Fly river, being 80 miles wide at its mouth and navigable 1,000 miles from the sea. The greater portion of the country is still unexplored.

Here, for the most part still utterly unacquainted with either the virtues or the vices of civilization, dwells the

When he has renounced cannibalism he is practically a vegetarian, fish and porridge being his rare luxuries. The pig not only shares his home with him, but when young, shares the maternal breast equally with the baby. Besides compelling his wife to bear the family pig he usually makes her do whatever hard work is to be done. For this reason he takes care not to disable her permanently when he chastises her.

ASSASSIN BY NATURE.

Though in his natural state his chief occupation is fighting, warfare, civilized man understands it, is incomprehensible to him. Here and there a man may distinguish himself by personal courage in openly attacking his enemy and exposing himself to the risk of getting speared, but it is not the usual Papuan method of fighting. He is an assassin, seldom a warrior. Even when he attacks a white man, who is defenseless he usually conceals his purpose under a show of friendliness. A blow from behind is always his favorite. All his emotions are shallow. His heart is as limited in range as his mind is restricted in thought. He can neither strongly hate his enemy or love his friend, incidentally there is no word for love in his language. He may torture and eat the enemy, and howl and lacerate his face with sharp stones for the loss of the friend, but it is not deep feeling that prompts either action. It is custom that demands it. His chief skill is shown in constructing canoes and weapons. Of these the most characteristic is the man-catcher. It consists of a loop of catan cane with a spike inserted in the handle. The loop is thrown over the unhappy wretch who is in retreat, and a vigorous pull from the arm of the vengeful captor jerks the victim upon the spike, penetrating the base of the brain. It is murder reduced to a fine art.

Such is the Papuan as Mr. Walker depicts him. He is a pretty low-down lot, and one finds himself wishing that the philanthropist plus five per cent by which it is proposed to save him from extermination by civilization, had been used on some race of evil, high, extinct, who were more worthy of it. "I heartily wish so, too," said Mr. Walker, when that opinion was confided to him. "I am under no illusions as to the Papuan. As a savage there is not much to be said in his favor. But for all that, hidden away somewhere there is some yeast of goodness in him that may be developed until it makes of him a man who will use what brains, skill and strength he has to produce instead of to destroy. I speak from actual knowledge and experience. I have seen the transformation wrought, not once but many times. It is not an untried experiment that I am proposing. It has been tried on a small scale—when was all the available resources would permit—at Kwato and a few other missionary stations. There under white supervision can be found Papuan men and boys doing carpentering work, constructing houses, building houses, planting and tilling, who, if left to their own devices would be savages with no conscientious scruples against the slaying of their kindred and cannibalism to arson and petty larceny."

E. LISLE SNELL.

LADY CURZON DENIES.

No Truth in Report of Letter-Kitchener Marriage.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, May 18.—That good old rumor that Lady Curzon and Lord Kitchener have become engaged to be married has been revived again among the London club gossip. It was reiterated yesterday with so much insistence, in spite of previous denials, that I telegraphed to Lady Curzon at Deal, asking her to give me a decisive word on the subject. She did so with enough lucidity to satisfy anyone. Here is her answer to my telegram: "Not the slightest foundation for the report you mention."

Up the World's Roof to Earth's Dirtiest Spot

Queer Object of One of the Most Brilliant Military Feats of Modern Times—Some Remarkable Facts About an Expedition to Tibet Which Has Been Overlooked on Account of the Manchurian War.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 18.—As a feat in military transport, Hannibal's famed passage of the Alps is dwarfed to insignificance by comparison with what has been accomplished by the little British army, which, under the guise of a political and commercial mission, has invaded the forbidden land of Tibet in pursuit of a bogey.

Starting from Sikkim, in the warm plains below Darjeeling, very little above sea level, the expedition has climbed the Himalayas by the most stupendous natural staircase the world has, despite obstacles that would have taxed the ingenuity of an experienced mountaineer, forcing its way upward into the region of the eternal snow and ice, threading its way through passes above the clouds, and camping in one place 16,000 feet above sea level, higher up than the summit of Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe. Miles failed them, camels succumbed, yaks perished by the thousands, but these indomitable soldiers, aided by British coolies, pushed forward, talking with them the guns and the stores where no four-footed animals could carry them and treading where few of white men had never trod before.

The passage of this British force into the heretofore inaccessible land of dark mystery and fearful fascination constitutes the most brilliant and thrilling achievement of military mountaineering that history records. But for what has it been done? To compel a barbarous people who, urged by some instinct of self preservation, have passed an act of exclusion against all Europeans, to enter into political and trade relations with the empire—to bring them within the sphere of British influence.

WANTED TO BE LEFT ALONE.

Tibet wants to be left alone. And if there is one land under the sun where nature seems to have safeguarded this desire it is Tibet. Fenced round by almost impenetrable mountains among the loftiest on the globe, this vast plateau, in extent about eight times the area of Great Britain, is by reason of its great altitude, ranging from 10,000 to 17,000 feet, absolutely devoid of all most everything that civilized man covets. For the most part it is a treeless wilderness of dreary steppes—truly a forbidding as well as a forbidden land. It is not worth possessing. What trade could be won by its wretched inhabitants would not in many years suffice to defray the cost of the present expedition.

The pretext officially forwarded for the expedition is the failure of Tibet to comply with the treaty obligations of 1883. Three years prior to that Tibetans raided the Indian vassal state of Sikkim. A British force drove them out. Then followed negotiations, not with Tibet but with China, which exercised a suzerainty over Tibet. The result was some sort of treaty by which China, on behalf of Tibet—Tibet had no say in the business—agreed that the restriction to trade with India imposed by Tibet should be relaxed, and a new frontier market opened. The Tibetans paid little heed to the treaty. They did open a new frontier market—on the top of an inaccessible hill—and laughed over their joke. And in general they continued to play the leave-me-alone game in the same old way. So things went on until, in 1890, the British government recognized that the matter was not worth fussing about. Then it was discovered that a Russian agent, Donquixote, being a Mongolian Buddhist, was not subject to the operations of the European exclusion act, had established himself at Lhasa. Worse than this, the Dalai Lama, the sacred Yellow Pope of Tibet, dispatched a mission to St. Petersburg.

THE BLACK BOGEY.

It was this that brought that black bogey of India, the Russian bear, into the game. Russia and China were asked to explain. They replied to the effect that the mission to St. Petersburg was intended merely to convey to the ear the assurance of the Dalai Lama's distinguished consideration; that it was

devoid of political significance, and so on. Russian denials are construed by the British government as insinuating admissions, and what that huge jellyfish, China, says does not count. Lord Curzon, as viceroy of India, saw visions of Russia's insidious and dangerous encroachments on the Indian frontier.

"We are quite content," he said, "that (Tibet) should remain in the hands of allies and friends, but if unfriendly influences creep up and lodge under our walls we are compelled to intervene, because danger would thereby grow up and menace our security. I have no desire to push on anywhere, but I would suffer any imputation rather than be an unfaithful sentinel and allow the future peace of the country to be compromised by encroachment from outside, which would only have one meaning."

That gave the whole thing away. Not for disregarding treaty obligations imposed upon it by another power, but for hobnobbing with Russia. Tibet has been invaded. At all costs the grand lama is to be taught that he cannot tamely submit to the car and keep British emissaries cooling their heels in the snows at the gateway of his territory. Especially when the Russian bear has a big fight on his hands and cannot use his extra claws in other directions. It has already cost the lives of several hundred wretched Tibetans. What the end of it will be no one can tell. Only by the continued exercise of the persuasive powers of guns and bayonets can the Tibetans be got to yield obedience to any treaty policy of the exclusion of the white race. If a British resident were stationed at Lhasa to look out for British interests and counteract Russian intrigues he would very soon be murdered unless a strong British force were kept there to protect him. So excellent an authority as Sir Henry Cotton, formerly chief secretary to the government of Bengal, declares that a Russian invasion of India through Tibet is a physical impossibility. Sven Hedin, who came near losing his life in an attempt to reach Lhasa, has told of the impenetrable barriers that interpose between it and the Russian boundary, which is thrice the distance of the Indian frontier from it. Looked at from a common-sense standpoint the Tibetan expedition is a big blunder. In view of the slaughter of the natives it has entailed it might be termed something far worse. British newspapers that now are vigorously applauding the expedition would not hesitate to so stigmatize it if Russia had "played the game" in a similar fashion.

MATRIMONIALLY ECONOMICAL.

Accounts received from the expedition confirm the previous reports of adventurous explorers that the Tibetans are a most undesirable people with whom to cultivate close relations. A Japanese traveler, who recently succeeded in reaching Lhasa, and published his impressions, declares that the serious faults of the Tibetans are only four in number: (1) they are very low, (2) they are incredibly dirty, (3) they are without limit, (4) their taste in art runs chiefly to brags devised with protruding tongues. As to their virtues, the Jap says he made diligent search for them, but "failed to find anything which could be so described."

The Tibetans are matrimonially a very economical people, because their country does not contain subsistence for an increase of population. Hence the rule of one wife to several husbands. Their climate does not encourage abstinences. Accumulations of dirt they regard as a blessed thing. Hence the rule of protection from the cold. By long training and the influence of heredity they have rendered their olfactory organs indifferent to odors that a European would find absolutely unendurable. For lying they have a natural talent, which they assiduously cultivate. In their hedge-podge of religion, which is a mixture of genuine Buddhism left in its devil play a more important part than deities. This accounts for their partiality for them. Sticking out the tongue with them, instead of being an insulting gesture, is a form of salutation which takes the place of the handshake.

In proportion to the population la-

massaries, as their monasteries are termed, are about as numerous as saloons in the centers of Anglo-Saxon civilization. They are the most priest-like people on earth. One monk to a family is about the average. Most of their praying is done mechanically by means of praying wheels. It is in cursing they exert most energy and nobody seems to abjure faith. They regard it as a means of national defense. Again and again they allowed the British expedition to thread its ant-like way through passes where a few resolute men might have held a whole army at bay, while from a safe distance they hurled maledictions upon it. And when they would have been wiser to have stuck to their imprecations they fought and were slaughtered.

They got a postponement of the advance of the mission from Tuna while the Lamas held a communion service at Gur, and for the space of three days solemnly and devoutly cursed, denounced, execrated, anathematized, and consigned to everlasting perdition the British invaders. It remains one of the stories told in the Ingolstadt Legends when the cardinal fell upon the Jack-daw of Rheims, and

Cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking.
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying.
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying.
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying.
Never was heard such a terrible curse.

And after this vast expenditure of pious maledictions, very true it must have been that among the poor, superstitious Tibetans

What gave rise
To no little surprise.
Nobody seemed one penny the worse.
For at Gur the British force turned up as fit as a fiddle. And there it was that, resenting being disarmed, the Tibetans, under the worst possible conditions for themselves, being huddled together in an enclosure, first tried a little fighting. With their antiquated weapons, against magazine rifles, machine guns and disciplined troops they fared much as a pack of sheep would have done that had turned on a lot of lions. Hundreds of them were slain. Nothing, under the worst possible conditions for themselves, being huddled together in an enclosure, first tried a little fighting. With their antiquated weapons, against magazine rifles, machine guns and disciplined troops they fared much as a pack of sheep would have done that had turned on a lot of lions. Hundreds of them were slain. Nothing, under the worst possible conditions for themselves, being huddled together in an enclosure, first tried a little fighting. With their antiquated weapons, against magazine rifles, machine guns and disciplined troops they fared much as a pack of sheep would have done that had turned on a lot of lions. Hundreds of them were slain.

One result of the expedition has been the discovery of the filthiest town on earth. Phari is its name, which in the Tibetan language means "pig hill," a very appropriate designation, save that it necessitates some apologies to the pig.

Nothing else has been cleaned at Phari since it was built, and it is estimated that the town is 400 years old. In the best quarters of the town, where the houses are two-storied, the accumulated filth rises to the first floor windows, and trenches have to be dug in the narrow streets to reach the doors. "In the middle of the street, between the two banks of filth and offal," writes a correspondent, "runs a stinking channel which flows daily in it horns, bones and skulls of various beasts eaten by the Tibetans. In the dregs and raven's have picked them clean enough to be used in the mortared walls and thresholds. The stench is fearful. Half decayed corpses of dogs lie cuddled up with their mangy but surviving brothers and sisters, who do not resent the ravens. A curled and filthy torrent flows through the market place and half-bred yaks shove the sore-eyed and mouth-bleeding children aside to drink at it. The men and women, clothes and faces alike, are as black as the best walls that form a background to every scene. They have never washed themselves. They never intend to

wash themselves. Ingrained dirt, to an extent that it would be impossible to describe, reduces what would otherwise be a clear, yellow-skinned but good complexioned race to a collection of foul and grotesque negroes."

Phari is 15,000 feet above sea level, and the fearful cold, accentuated often by an icy, grit-laden north wind, furnishes some palliation for this state of affairs. Water is obtainable only when the snow melts. The only available fuel is dried yak-dung. The acid, greasy fumes of these fires coat the interiors of the squat hovels with layers of soot which are never removed and blacken the faces and garments of the inmates. The married women of Tibet are compelled to disfigure their brows and cheeks with kutch, a preparation resembling dried blood, and it is probable they rather welcome the dirt which conceals the signs of matrimonial bondage.

If the Dalai Lama cannot be induced in any other way to give heed to the British demands the expedition ultimately will push on to Lhasa itself, where he resides in the Red Palace which tops a long, white precipice of monastic walls 10 sheer stories high. Then the veil of mystery which has long enshrouded this supreme head of northern Buddhism will be torn aside. He is the first of a long line of child Dalai Lamas who has been allowed to attain to maturity, and nominally, at least, assume the reins of government. Most of his predecessors, if they did not opportunistically die a natural death, were assassinated. Eight years, it is estimated, represents the average tenure in office of these unhappy children who have had greatness so strangely

HINDOOS WHO DEIFY THE INK POT—WHY?

Qaint Ceremony Observed by Native Employees at Calcutta, India.

A SYMBOL OF ENGLISH POWER.

Strange Superstitions That Are Mixed Up With a Variety of Creeds—Piety and Crime Combined.

Special Correspondence.

CALCUTTA, May 2.—In these days when the pen is held to be mightier than the sword and writs are no longer enforced by bayonets, there is a certain appropriateness in the dedication of the ink-pot, as the symbol of English domina-



NEW GUINEA SAVAGE READY FOR A SHINDY.

He never fights fair if he can help it; assassination is his favorite method of warfare, and he enjoys eating his victim after killing him.

thrust upon them. During the minority of the Dalai Lamas affairs were managed by a dal, or regent, to whose appointment the sanction of the government was necessary. The policy of assassination, therefore, assured the continued dominance of Chinese influence. It was to aid in attaining complete independence of China that the Lamas hierarchy granted a natural lease of life to the present Grand Lama when he became of age in 1883. Thereby they risked of the lost. But it has also afforded the Indian government an excuse for insisting on direct negotiations with the Dalai Lama.

At Shigatse, some 200 miles from the City of Mystery, there resides another Tibetan pontiff, the Grand Lama of Tasho-Lhunpo, who in former generations was supposed to represent the highest reincarnation of Buddha. He still has a considerable following, and it is darkly hinted that if other means of bringing the Dalai Lama to terms fail, this rival pope will be played against him, and perhaps elevated by British bayonets to supreme power.

E. LISLE SNELL.

When all the preparations had been completed each worshiper made a reverential obeisance to the inkpot and laid before it his offerings, consisting of grains of rice, spices and various fruits, and some copper farthings, the latter constituting the principal part of the offering. The Brahmin then recited various cabalistic formulae, supposed to be texts from the Vedas. After the conclusion of the religious rites the votaries received the consecrated sweets for the purchase of which each man had contributed a rupee, and then they retired several ways, licking their lips and rejoicing in their faith that the inkpot deity would see to it that they prospered in the government employ.

PART OF A FESTIVAL.

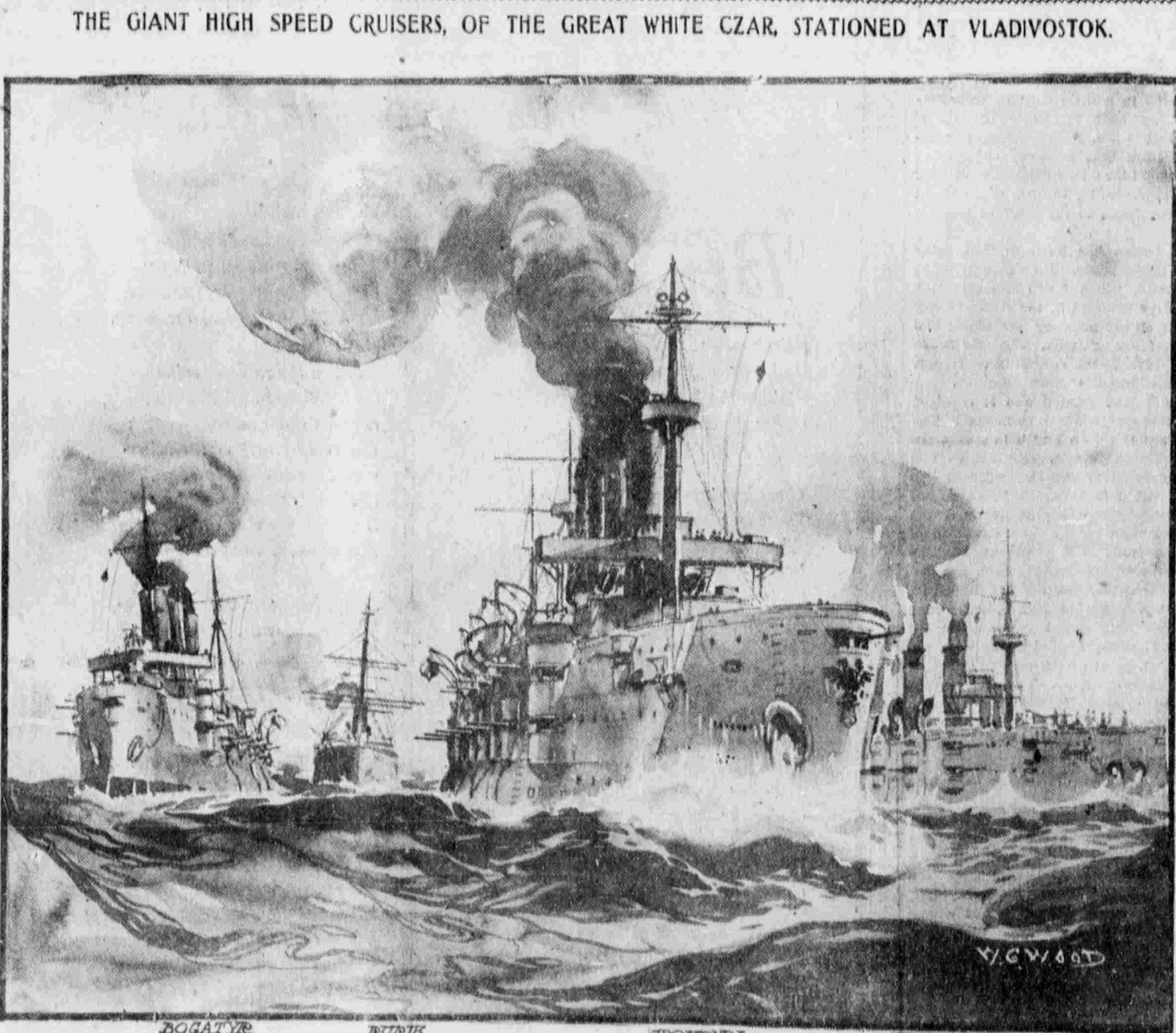
The ceremony is part of a general festival called Sri Pandami and observed at the time of the spring equinox, when it is incumbent on every religious minded person to worship the implements or insignia of the vocation by which he lives. The soldier wields his sword, the farmer his plough, the money lender his ledger, and the operative in the jute mills near Calcutta how down before the spinning wheel, drive their looms. Even the thugs, who combine piety and murder, indulge in a gruesome ritual in which the pickaxes with which they dig the graves of their victims play a prominent part.

MEDLEY OF CREEDS.

In the strange medley of creeds of which the numerous religions of India are compounded the doctrine of the transmigration of souls finds a prominent place. The soul is supposed to in some places that when a man dies the nature of his next existence can be ascertained by placing ashes from a potter's kiln in a shallow vessel and carefully smoothing them. Next morning, it is alleged, the ashes will be found marked with human footprints if the soul of the dead man is to be born as a human being; with claws if a bird; with hoofs if a tree, and so on. A man and his wife bathe in the Ganges with their clothes tied together to ensure their being married to one another in their next state of existence.

"LOOT AND PIETY."

The actual practices and beliefs of the Mohammedans in India differ considerably from the Hinduism. Afghans and Baluchis are equally ignorant of everything connected with their religion beyond the most elementary doctrine of the efficacy of prayer, the popular maxim of the Afghans, "Loot and pray," indicates how little their piety affects



The Bogatyr, the Rurik, the Gromovoi, and the Rossa, are practically all the available naval forces left to Russia in the far east. That the energetic Japs will succeed in enticing this squadron into a decisive sea fight seems certain.