

CHILDREN WITHOUT CHILDHOOD JOYS OR TOYS

Why the Little Blacks of Africa Grow up as Savages



In Party Dress



Mirthless Tenants of a Dreary Home

THEY do not play, nor smile, nor sing. No toys, dolls, or building blocks, no pretty little dishes, no go-carts, no drums or guns bring joy to their young lives—these pitiable children of darkest Africa.

Born in the dark depths of the forest or on the sun-scorched plain, the juveniles of the jungle know nothing of childhood's joys. They grow up, poor little solemn-faced pickaninnies, in the fear of strange and horrible gods.

In parts of Africa parents take their children before the shrines of weird and terrible deities and lash their backs with whips. If the tortured ones wince or cry out, it is interpreted as a sign of disloyalty to the god, and the children are, in many instances, horribly mutilated.

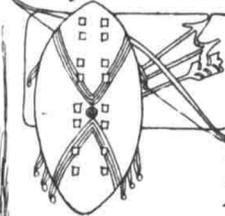
Should they become sick—and all children at times get sick—it's not castor oil or cough medicine for those little fellows. A witch doctor comes along and makes a foul, nauseating compound, and performs terrifying rites with strange incantations.

Is there wonder that such children grow up to become savages? Is there wonder that Christian missionaries have trouble in converting them—when the children are ill-treated, frightened and taught that there is an honest profession? Not only is childhood joyless, but it is brief—the little ones are made to labor almost as soon as they can walk.



Baby's Cradle in Africa

First Dolls They Ever Saw



When Sick the Witch Doctor Attends Them

RECENTLY a missionary, the Rev. Karl W. Kumm, visited America. Before hundreds of people in all parts of the country he told of the unbelievable conditions existing in the Sudan.

He told how children were killed to appease the angry heathen gods, of little ones put to hard labor in the fields, of children sold into slavery or captured by Mohammedan Arabs.

By no means has the light of Christianity flooded inmost Africa; cannibalism by no means has disappeared. Every year thousands of blacks are sold into slavery, among them many children.

Girls are married, or sold into marriage, at the age of 3 years, and when 10 or 12 are claimed by their masters.

There are no childhood games, no toys, no mirth. Rather, the children are regarded as cattle, of so much value in beads and shells. They are taught a terrible belief in the terrible gods. To remain in favor of the deities there must be sacrifice, and children are often sacrificed.

Have you ever read of childhood in the jungle? Of how the toddling darlings in Africa are reared? No?

NO HALO OF ROMANCE

Perhaps the reason that the story of childhood has never been written is because of the lack of childish romance. Undoubtedly we pleasure-loving people of an educated country like to read of happy children; we like to hear childish laughter, we are prone to close our eyes upon all that is not colored with the rosy halo of the fairy tale.

But let us take a trip to Africa. A baby has been born—inside the low, smoky hut of mud and bamboo poles there is heard a plaint. Then there is a cry and a jabber of tongues like to nothing but the cussing of monkeys in cocoonut trees.

Grandmothers, uncles and aunts fill the hut. They shriek and clamor in guttural. The old grandmother of the newly arrived babe officiates. Her dark, withered face, as black as ebony and as withered as an aged apple, makes horrible grimaces as she takes the child and looks into its screwed-up tiny black face.

Then, as the others shout and shake their hands, the grandmother suddenly plunges the child into a tub of cold water. There is a wall—it seems as if the tiny mite had burst its lungs, spluttering and writhing. It is taken from the water and doused with powder of the red dyewood tree. This is an astringent and contracts the skin. Is it a wonder that the screaming?

carrying the decision into effect. Even the mother does not protest.

But of the child that remains, what hopes are built on it? It becomes the idol of the tribe. It will become a chief, it will possess a brilliancy in shooting the arrow and great strength of body like an ox. What was evil was taken away in the sacrifice of the one. Now the gods smile.

But, perhaps, the boy has been born lame, or blind, or deformed. There is a consultation of the priests and wise men. All deformed children are ruthlessly killed.

A baby is taken from its mother for three days. Naturally both suffer, but this is a foreordained custom. When the baby is about 10 to 15 days old it is strapped to the mother's back and taken out in the plantation.

The African savage may lull idly at home while his wife cultivates plantains, guinea corn, Indian corn, the mother bends and hoes or digs the ground, the baby, protesting or weakened by continued protest, falls asleep, the torrid sun falling on its face.

The majority of the babies born in a "kraal" die. Every man has several wives, usually as many as he can afford, yet his family is comparatively small because of the rigorous lives of the children.

Perhaps the child gets sick. Whoever heard of a baby that didn't get stomach ache, cholera, infantum and other diseases of which the blacks know nothing by their Latin names.

Now comes the witch doctor. He is the despot of the village. He possesses power to drive away evil spirits and to cure bodily diseases. All the children fear him, yet are afraid to disobey him.

Disease is believed to be the indication of an evil spirit. So Mr. Evil Spirit must be dispossessed. Now what does the witch doctor do?

While the women moan the grizzled old man makes weird and mystic signs in the air. He sings divers incantations. He groans and shrieks and adjures the evil one to depart.

GIVES WEIRD CONCOCTIONS

Then he gives the "medicine." These "medicines" are appalling concoctions, and are made of the remains of dead bodies, of the brains of dead men, of the carcasses of animals and of minerals and administered. If the brain from some renowned person or an ancestor can be found, it is mixed with chalk and given the aid of a greater spirit for a consideration.

Another choice and potent remedy is made from the eyeballs of enemies or white people. These are often chopped up to fine particles and administered. Sometimes the remedies do not work. Ah, he says, with a sagacious scratch of his head, some direction of his was not followed. So he will have to invoke the aid of a greater spirit for a consideration.

nail parings, or perhaps a drop of blood of the infant, and cast a dire spell. Who is the witch? The doctor offers to perform incantation to cure the child and to find the witch, also for a consideration.

And here is where the blacks often revenge themselves on enemies. The mother of the sick child is, perhaps, envious of another wife of her master. She whispers to the witch doctor her belief that the woman has bewitched the child, and the witch doctor coincides with her for a consideration. Then comes the trial. The alleged witch is brought before the chiefs and accused.

There are the usual ceremonies—the lighting of fires, the beating of drums and the "smelling out" of the witch doctor. It does not matter whether he has received a certain sum in shells to accuse the woman for the custom of "bribing"; the doctors is quite common—but the natives delight to see an unfortunate woman take the poison cup.

Almost every natural death among the tribes of central Africa is believed to be caused by "witching," and every year, it is said, many thousands of alleged witches are burned or compelled to take the fatal potion.

From the time the children of the blacks can be made to understand they are impressed with the thought of the terrible "Dodo." He is a god who tests the fidelity and faith of the boys when they are initiated into the secret society, and who also chastises women.

From childhood the savage girl is taught to keep away from the Ju-Ju House, where is supposed to

25 CENT MEALS IN \$25 RESTAURANTS



live there economically, too, if he knows how to order.

What can a person get for a quarter or half a dollar in the places where most of the dishes run above a dollar mark?

"YOU would be surprised to know the number of rich men—millionaires—who come here for luncheon, and who pick out the cheapest things they can get," declared the head waiter in a big hotel recently.

"Certainly, it's economy. I don't suppose it could be anything else. I have seen men who could write their check for a million come in here, scrutinize the menu card and pick out the dishes that cost little.

"They will get a cup of coffee or a sandwich; perhaps insist on getting half an order of meat, fish or vegetables, and many often come in pairs, buying only one order and dividing the food.

"What strikes me as singular is that some of these men take no account of the money they spend at dinner. They buy the choicest foods they can get, they seem to pick out the most expensive dishes and they'll drink wines and let the money flow.

"Of course, dinner is more of a social event; it is, perhaps, the chief pleasure of the day, and then a man usually brings friends or members of his family."

in passing these places, longed to enter and eat our fill! As we saw the sparkle of the cut glass, the gleam of silver and the rare and toothsome dishes served by the silent waiters, did we not envy the contented-looking men and women who sat and leisurely ate the food and drank the sparkling wine? We thought, no doubt, of the variety of things we could eat, and how we could gratify every little whim and caprice of our palate.

But, more than all, the place allured. Coming from a 5-and-10-cent lunch house, steaming with the odor of food, we felt a yearning to dine in the spacious rooms, amid palms, where electric fans cooled the air that cool and where the odor of flowers filled the air.

Why not do it? Why not go and get your lunch at these "swell" places, and pay your 25, 50 or 75 cents? There are many men who pay at least 50 cents for lunch—the majority pay, perhaps, 25. Well, why not take a trip over to the electrically cooled and palmy rooms of the hotel?

You may sit face to face with Mr. Multi-Millionaire, and you'll be able to see what sort of food this Olympian partakes of. You'll be treated courteously by the bowing waiter. You may wish to tip him—however, that doesn't count. The question is, What can you get to eat?

"Many of the men who come here for lunch," said the waiter quoted above, "take a bowl of soup and a cup of chocolate or coffee. Now, for luncheon, we serve half portions of soup for 15 cents, a man can get a plate of soup, which includes bread and butter, and a cup of chocolate or coffee, which costs 10 cents, and feel pretty well satisfied. There's no reason why a business man should eat more for luncheon. And here's an interesting thing:

"I've been here a good many years, and I've watched people. Do you know the most successful business men are those who take light lunches? It's true. The fellows who buy crabs, roast turkey and chicken, steaks and vegetables and put away big meals become sluggish. They get fat—physically and mentally.

SMALL EATERS ARE ALERT

"But the little old man who takes a plate of soup, his coffee or beer, his sandwich or little portion of fish, will keep young and alert and outdistance the big eater who is one-third his age. I tell you I've seen it."

"Suppose you are actually hungry at lunch; you think you need a little meat. Well, you may feel like spending 50 cents. Now, in most places you can get a nice small tenderloin steak for 45 cents. You would, of course, want something to drink, and a drink costs 10 cents, whether milk, coffee or beer, you'd probably run over your limit."

"If you're going to get soup or broth, you'll pass over bisque of lobster or green turtle. But you can get chicken broth, vegetable soup, cream of asago, or something of that kind for 25 cents, or a half order for 15 cents.

"A great many men don't eat meat for lunch during the summer. And I think it's a wise thing. Vegetables are much better, and I believe more nutritious. What can you get?"

"Well, lima beans are very nourishing, and satisfy one's hunger. You can get a plate of lima beans for 15 cents. For 10 or 15 cents you can get potatoes, done in many ways. It strikes me as very peculiar that the people in America seem to think you can get potatoes only mashed or fried.

"Few people, comparatively, eat rice. A 10-cent plate of rice ought to make a lunch for a man who is not a gourmand. We'll pass over mushrooms, asparagus and new vegetables, which are always expensive in the early season. But, buttered beans, potato croquettes, a few cents each, are also palatable.

"Why not the club sandwich. Here you have a nice lunch. You can get a club sandwich in any of the big restaurants at from 30 to 40 cents.

SOME SATISFIED WITH SANDWICHES

"Many men are satisfied with a chicken and lettuce sandwich, which you can get for a quarter. Another sandwich, which is most delicious, and which costs 30 cents, is of chicken, lettuce and minced green pepper.

"If you are not ravenously hungry, why not take a cup of tea, 10 cents, and buttered toast, for 15 cents? Here you have a nice light luncheon. Or, you can get an order of milk toast for 20 cents or a quarter. I know many men who almost invariably take milk toast for their lunch.

"A man willing to spend 50 cents for lunch can get quite a variety of dishes in the finest restaurants. He can get some fish—and here many men go. Instead of ordering the fish that are in season and getting fresher and cheaper food, he will order those that are imported or preserved, paying more and getting a less palatable article. Almost any time you can get good fish for 40 cents.

"You might wish a small order of stewed chicken on the special list, or ribs of beef. Well, if you'll, you'll get browned potatoes. And you'll have quite a hearty lunch before you.

"For 40 cents you can get many cold dishes—spiced pig's feet with jelly, which is delicious with a glass of beer; crab meat, chicken broth in jelly, or sliced meats.

"Maybe you'll be satisfied with some dessert for lunch. Why not get a piece of pie and a cup of coffee or ice cream and milk if it is summer, or fruit in season with toast or rolls? You can get a nice plate of fruit for 25 or 30 cents, or pie for 20 cents. It's better if you don't eat too much in the middle of the day. Get your big meal at night."

"So, if you have a hankering for dining in the glided and softly carpeted dining rooms of the big hotels and restaurants, all you will have to do will be to scan the menus. Of course, the prices differ in various cities and various hotels. But if you're careful, and don't eat too much, you needn't go broke on 50 cents. And you ought to get a pretty good "bite" for a quarter.