

# ON THE TRAIL OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

This Distinguished American Journalist is Traveling Around the World for the Purpose of Investigating the American Foreign Missionary from a Practical Standpoint. Illustrated with Drawings and Photographs.

## THE TASK OF CONVERTING TOKIO.

Tokio, Japan.—"If the missionaries are lacking this proposition, they have certainly got nerve," exclaimed a newly-arrived American tourist, after his first ride through Tokio. The immensity of this city of a million and a half of people, its impassivity, its impenetrable orientalisms, and the unreluctance of its parts one to another impress every visitor. He must be a hardy propagandist indeed, and without a sense of hopelessness, can undertake the task of converting Tokio to anything.

Yet Tokio is the key to Japan. It is more like Mecca to the Mohammedans than like Washington to an American, or Ottawa to a Canadian. The fact that this is the largest city of the empire means less to the native mind than that it is the home of his imperial majesty, the emperor, whom all Japanese regard with real reverence, as well as unquestionable loyalty and whom most of the people worship as a deity. Here, too, center all national interests and enterprises; this is the commercial and educational capital. Tokio leads Japan. Hither every ambitious youth hopes to come, and the fact that a cook, an artisan or a student hails from Tokio gives him prestige wherever he may go throughout Japan.

Up-to-date Methods in the Orient. So, despite the herculean nature of the task, the missionaries have laid siege to this strategic city. And, considering that there are missionaries still living and resident here who came to Japan when there was not a single Christian in the empire, the present situation is very creditable. While it is easily possible for a tourist to pass through the city and find not the slightest vestige of missionary activity or Christian life, it is impossible for him to reside here for a week, and to become reasonably familiar with Tokio, without being brought into frequent contact with evidences of the presence and work

self does not know, some one of the passengers will volunteer the information. This, at least, has been my experience; and in all the citations in this article I am confining myself exactly to my own personal experiences and observations. Arrived at the church, you find an ordinary congregation of 700 persons, four-fifths of whom are students, listening intently to a sermon, nearly an hour long. Greek and Roman Catholic Churches. In all Tokio there is no more conspicuous building than the Russian Orthodox Christian church building, with its great dome. There are 30,000 members of this body, all of them a monument to the work of one man, Bishop Nicolai, who has labored here alone, or with only one other European helper, for 20 years. His character has been equally effectual with his intellectual ability and his diligence in spreading his church.

During the war he had to go into retirement, being a Russian, and the cathedral was guarded constantly by the Japanese authorities, lest misguided patriots burn or sack it. Bishop Nicolai gave himself largely to literary work, but his priests did most acceptable service in ministering to the Russian prisoners, who were of their own creed.

The romance of the Roman Catholic Church in Japan—the fine stories of all religious history—must be told in another connection, but here in Tokio the church is represented by a cathedral, which, next to the Greek church building, is the most imposing ecclesiastical edifice in the city. The total Roman Catholic membership in Japan is 50,000, and the missionaries are nearly all French. There are schools conducted by nuns and by the teaching orders, and a notable amount of philanthropic work is done, including the maintenance of two leper hospitals, one in Gombema and one in Kumamoto.

In Tokio there is a leper asylum,

leads me to conclude that they make more stir in the homes, where their money is being raised, than they do here. They are usually temporary, since they depend upon one man, and cannot continue beyond the term of his personal residence here. His return is so busy keeping alive the interest of his supporters, that he has little time left for actual work among the Japanese. As an illustration, I may cite the case of one man, personally an upright, honorable and pleasant gentleman, whose publication (intended only for home consumption) gives the impression that he is arousing Tokio to a veritable revival. Yet that man has been here nearly a decade and does not speak the language, so that he is personally useless as a preacher to the Japanese. In the light of conditions in this country, I would say that the only effectual missionary work that can be pursued is that conducted on a broad basis and a long-continued plan by the great churches of Japan and of Christian lands.

Taking Religion to Get English. A building that is the center of no small work is the Big Red Young Men's Christian association, which also has branches and dormitories in many of the educational institutions here. The Young Women's Christian association has just come to Japan and is opening dormitories for young women students. Both these organizations do Bible class work.

This suggests a characteristic phase of mission work—the conducting of Bible classes. Every missionary, from the newest recruit to the oldest veteran, has a measure of this to do. Some of the Bible classes are as large as a cathedral, and the secret of all this is, as is apparent to everybody concerned, the desire of the Japanese to learn English. The eagerness of the natives in this particular is not the result of a craze. Frequently I have had young men come and enter into conversation, purely for the purpose of practicing their little stock of English. Sometimes this sort of thing is rather trying, but the missionaries have had their patience well trained. They take the Japanese on any terms and in any place that they can get. Bible classes attending from a purely selfish motive, have come many of the most earnest converts and Christian workers.

Other mission lands have many missionary hospitals; in Japan there are only two, both maintained by American Episcopalians, one at Osaka and one here. The reason for this is that the Japanese are their own physicians and hospitals. St. Luke's hospital in Tokio, is fully endowed, and could not well be abandoned. As a matter of fact, it is so popular and successful that it is entirely self-supporting. It has fine quarters near church for Europeans and large boy's school on the Protestant Episcopal compound.

Baseball and Missions.

Often I hear the question asked as to whether Christianity is having any practical effects upon the character of the converts. That is not so simple a question to answer as you might at first appear. The missionary is really working for his converts' grandchildren. Yet I must admit that I have run across cases that are not without meaning. After speaking at the oldest university in Japan, an institution distinctly not Christian, I was entertained at luncheon by the president, and six of the leading professors were invited to be present. One of these was a man who in appearance strikingly resembled the young college Y. M. C. A. men in America, and he himself was actively and responsibly for the religious organization existing in the college. I learned that his standing was high among the professors and his influence among the undergraduates pronounced.

On another occasion I met a middle-aged man who has invented a process for making articles of wearing apparel—neckties, handkerchiefs, hats, and gloves, etc.—from wood shavings. He told me he was about to introduce his novel wares into America. Questioning him further, he said that about 15 years ago he became a Christian, and that he had undertaken in him a desire to better himself and to do something for Japan. The result is this invention.

Perhaps the most curious of many unexplained evidences of Christianity in this city is the crack baseball team in the Waseda university, an institution with more than 7,000 students. The Japanese have taken ardently to American sports, and this particular team made a successful tour of the Pacific coast last year. It owes its existence to Rev. F. Merrifield, a Baptist missionary who was a star on the University of Chicago championship baseball team a few years ago. Merrifield goes three days a week to Waseda to coach the team for the sake of the opportunity thus given to spread the Christian work among the students.

Of many forms of this sort of indirect missionary work I have learned directly and indirectly. One night I met with a fine body of business and professional men who are organized into an "English Speaking Society," and hold their meetings in the home of a Quaker missionary. There are dozens of sewing classes among the Japanese women missionaries. Some missionaries take the children of prominent business men into their homes to teach them the American way of living. The son and heir of the late Gen. Kodomo, the foremost military figure in Japan, lives with the son of another general, being drilled weekly at the home of one of the Young Men's Christian association secretaries.

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## FAILED IN SMALL THINGS.

Congressman Evidently Was No Hero to His Wife.

There is a certain congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own household. Indeed, it has been unkindly intimated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment.

Representative and Mrs. Blank had been to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington, the lady, Mrs. Blank, discovered that her umbrella, which had been entrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"And to think that the affairs of the nation are entrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella!"—Success Magazine.

## PURIFIED LIFE INSURANCE.

Benefits from New Law, Which Remains Substantially Unchanged.

Through the influence of Gov. Hughes the New York Legislature decided to make no radical changes in the new insurance law. It was pointed out by Gov. Hughes that the New York law has already accomplished widespread reforms, with proportionate benefits to policyholders, and that it should be given a thorough trial before any amendments were seriously considered. It is estimated that the cost of the mismanagement of the past did not average more than 20 cents to each policyholder, while the benefits to present and future policyholders are estimated to amount to more and are cumulative besides. The speed of the big companies and the excessive cost of securing new business was the most extravagant evil of the old insurance law. Under the new regime the cost of new business has already been greatly reduced, along with other economies.

The showing made by the Equitable Life Assurance Society in its report for 1906 was a strong argument against meddling with the new law. In the Equitable alone there was a saving of over \$2,000,000 in expenses besides an increase in the income from the Society's assets amounting to as much more. The ratios of the Equitable's total expenses to its total income was 18.4% in 1905, 17.2% in 1906, and only 14.4% in 1906. The dividends paid to Equitable policyholders in 1906 amounted to \$7,289,734, which was an increase of more than 9% over 1905.

While the Equitable made a better showing than any other big company, all reported radical economies and under such conditions the Legislature wisely decided to leave the law substantially as it stands.

Forgetting Something.

When the train that conveyed President Roosevelt through Virginia on his last trip south stopped at Charlottesville, a negro approached the president's car and passed aboard a big basketful of fine fruit, to which was attached the card of a prominent grower.

In course of time the orchardist received a letter of commendation from the White House expressing the president's appreciation of the gift, and complimenting the donor upon his fruit. The recipient of the letter was not at all pleased, and, feeling sure that his head gardener would be much interested in the letter, he read it to him. The dandy who served in the capacity mentioned in the letter of commendation was gravely, but his only comment was:

"He don't say nothin' 'bout sendin' back de basket, do he?"—Success Magazine.

Text Somewhat Apropos.

The Rev. J. B. Hamhill, the eloquent preacher of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, New York, was preaching at Sayville, L. I., on the text "Look well to your foundations." After repeating the text he asked the congregation to stand, which gave way and plunged over the altar rail, nearly hitting the laymen in the front seat and scattering the Bible and the preacher's notes among the holders of the pews. The aged preacher barely escaped a tumble over the altar with the heavy desk.

## WENT TO TEA

And It Wound Her Hobbin.

Tea drinking frequently affects people as badly as coffee. A lady in Stillmeadow says that she was compelled to abandon the use of coffee a good many years ago, because it threatened to ruin her health and that she went over to tea drinking, but that she had dyspepsia so bad that she had lost twenty-five pounds and no food seemed to agree with her.

She further says: "As this time I was induced to take up the famous 'Postum' tea. Postum was much pleased with the results that I have never been without it since. I commenced to improve at once, regained my twenty-five pounds of flesh and lost my dyspepsia."

"I know Postum to be good, pure, and healthful, and there never was a coffee, and never will be, I believe, that does so well for the place of coffee, as 'Postum' Good Coffee. The beauty of it all is that it is satisfying and wonderfully nourishing. I feel as if I could not sing its praises too loud." Read "The Road to Wellville," in page "There's a Reason."

# The Future of the Submarine Impossible to Imagine

By JOHN F. HOLLAND, Inventor of the Holland Type of Submarine.

HERE is a great future for the submarine. At best, it is now but in the initial stage of development. I am now hard at work on plans which I am designing for one of a speed of 30 knots an hour, one that is to be 100 feet in length, with a beam of ten feet, and which I believe can maintain pace with any fleet and accompany it across any ocean. This vessel will be propelled by gasoline, and will be intended for work on the high seas and for coast defense.

It is safe to say that when the first submarine torpedo boat goes into action she will bring us face to face with the most puzzling problem ever met in warfare. She will present the unique spectacle, when used in attack, of a weapon against there, in amphib defense. You can pit sword against sword, rifle against rifle, cannon against cannon, ironclad against ironclad. You can send torpedo boats against torpedo boats and destroyers against destroyers. But you can send nothing against the submarine boat, not even itself. You cannot fight submarines with submarines. The fanciful descriptions of the submarine battle of the future have one defect. You cannot see under water, hence you cannot fight under water, hence you cannot defend yourself against an attack under water, except by running away. If you cannot run away you are doomed. Wharves, shipping at anchor, the buildings in seaport towns cannot run away. Therefore the sending of a submarine against them means their inevitable destruction.

No; as nearly as the human mind can now discern, the submarine boat is indeed a weapon against which no means that we possess at present can prevail. She can pass by anything above or beneath the waves, destroy wharves and shipping and warships at will, throw shells into the city when suitably armed, and then make her way out again to sea. She can lie for days at the bottom of the harbor, leaving only when she has used up all her stored power—except what is required to carry her back to the open, where she can come to the surface, a mere speck on the water, and renew her power. She would never have to expose herself for more than a second at a time during all her work of destruction in the harbor. This would be when she would rise to discharge her gun at the city. The recoil of the gun would send her down again and out of sight. The chance of hitting her would be one in a million, even if the harbor were a floating battery, which it would not be very long while the submarine was at work. Her torpedoes she could discharge without coming to the surface at all.

# Weakness of Orthodoxy

By PROF. CHAS. ZUEBLIN, University of Chicago.

People are temperamentally orthodox or heterodox in their beliefs, but the danger with the orthodox man is that when he changes his mind he is sure to land in some other orthodoxy. A man who has dropped the orthodoxy relating to the belief in future happiness will start in talking about single tax at a funeral if asked to speak a few words of comfort. The heterodox man is always outside the camp, and, as the saying is, he is against the government." But regardless of our temperament, it is our business to be evolutionists. It is salutary to make an examination of self before claiming against an old orthodoxy, to see if our enthusiasm has not landed us into a new one. We may find a taint of something we attack in others—only along another line.

The orthodoxy of religion is known by devotion. The orthodoxy of politics is expressed in loyalty. The orthodoxy of the economic system is known by class consciousness. The ordinary person cannot give a reason for his devotion to a religious belief. He is orthodox in it, that's all. He thinks he believes in the church dogma, but he is simply devotedly biased.

In social life the orthodoxy of fashion prevails. Shop girls must dress as the leisure class dictate, regardless of the conveniences and comforts of her work and station. Why should not a man go to a dinner in his shirt sleeves instead of a claw hammer if he is more comfortable that way? It's the orthodoxy of conventionality that we all subscribe to. Imagine a man asking how one could feel like a gentleman if he had erred as to the sort of necktie he wore.

We hear much of the orthodoxy of liberty. Tom Paine and others led us all astray. They thought that man must be a free agent, and that was true liberty. We have been crying this in an orthodox fashion ever since. Think of that sort of liberty that leaves a man on the verge of starvation a free agent to barter away his life and services by contract. The orthodoxy of the old English law, too, that we stand by so stanchly. Why, that old law has always come tagging after an industrial revolution. Socialists don't escape their orthodoxy. How many go about with a copy of Carl Marx, declaring it their bible, when they don't know any more about it than the other bible. Examine yourself. Let us who really believe in the brotherhood of man, keep our minds open that we may grow with the movement, and then the movement will grow.

# Americans Slaves In Convention

By AMELIA RIVES.

We Americans are we fearless enough; aren't we afraid of something, after all? We are afraid of ourselves, of each other. How few of us dare to live out our primitive instincts; to test the true ideals of life. It seems to me that in the spiritual order of our lives—we must test the validity of conventions. As a matter of fact we are actually afraid of being without them, we cling to them like lifebelts in the big sea of experience, instead of striking out and learning to swim for ourselves, to make our bodies work for the spirit.

Courage, faith in the Great Spirit that can do no evil, endurance to suffer, realizing that the light of the spirit is discovered only when it is most needed, in darkness the supreme laws, the big statutes of the moral code. It is very sad that we must suffer so much to arrive at a spiritual knowledge, but it does not last. We must not evade any shadow of experience, even the vague panic of the senses, for when we are confronted with awe of something we do not understand it leaves us in a ruder state of knowledge.