

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 Purely Disinterested, Secular and Non-Sectarian Standpoint. Illustrated with Drawings and from Photographs.

Ominous Muttering Now Heard in India

Calcutta, India.—It is serious ignorance of the world's big news to be unaware that there is at present in India a widespread sentiment of resentment, if not actual revolt, against Great Britain, which may at any time find sporadic expression in revolution. Great Britain, with the self-confidence of the strong, does not seem to be paying much attention to the matter, although some persons, recalling that this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the mutiny, are nervously calling public attention to certain disturbing signs.

Anyone who gets as close to the natives as the missionary does—which is far closer than any other white man—knows that the foremost subject of thought and agitation among them is what they consider their wrongs at the hands of the government. They claim that they are being dealt with in high-handed and oppressive fashion; that they are denied anything approaching a proper measure of self-government; that the public offices are open to them in a decreasing degree, and that, in short, India is being ruled for the welfare of Great Britain, and not of India.

The "India for the Indians" Cry. Now a fair-minded observer cannot by any means agree with all of the positions of the Indian agitators; nor can he withhold a great deal of admiration for the fairness and disinterestedness of the British officials. Nevertheless, he is bound to recognize the seriousness, not to say ominousness, of this "Swadeshi" or "India for the Indians" agitation. Without putting much credence in the talk of

this caste system, with its unbridgeable divisions, no foreign power could long control this nation of three hundred millions of people. This same spirit of "karma-kismet" fate, which leads a man to dull acceptance of his lot, rather than to a cherishing of the spirit of self-improvement and ambition which marks the westerner, keeps back the nation from development, so that its golden age is in the past. The greatest need of India is simply men.

As is well known, the converts of the missionaries have been chiefly from the lowest classes—those who are below caste, in fact, the outcasts, the sweepers. Having nothing to lose by accepting Christianity, thousands of these have embraced the gospel; and they are to-day entering the Christian church in large numbers. The motives of many are doubtless mixed, but they at least afford the missionary material on which to work. The material is not of the best, but it is human. Here, as in all heathen lands, it is to be borne in mind that the missionary is really after his converts' grandchildren; no missionary known to me expects to see a completely transformed and Christianized people come out of raw heathendom.

So he bears with the short-comings of his Christians. He laboriously tries to set them on their feet, and though they fall a hundred times from the ideals of self-respect and self-support, coming to him with the bland assurance, "You are my father and my mother; please help me," he does not lose heart. For he has ever before his

very springs of India society Christian.

Physical hardships are more numerous for missionaries in India than for those in any oriental land. I came to India in the hot season; some missionaries were cruel enough to gloat over this fact, for most travelers see India only in its delightful "cool" season, and then wonder why anybody should complain of the climate. The missionaries have my sympathy; people who work as they do in a temperature ranging up to 150 degrees are not out for a pleasant time. Trying to accompany them on their rounds nearly finished me; hereafter I prefer to read about their labors in a book.

Accustomed though the American be to the plague as an occasional horror which merely peeps in at one of our seaports, it is not congenial to go ranging about the native quarters of cities where the deaths from plague number more than 200 a day. Yet there lies the missionary's lot, and he will explain that very few white persons die from plague, although cholera exacts a heavy toll. Nobody seems to know just what the plague is; even the natives have come to a hazy realization of the fact that it is transmitted by some sort of dirt germ. Therefore, during plague season, many natives may be seen wearing shoes and sandals, to avoid cuts on their feet through which the plague might enter.

Snakes are a real peril in India, some 50,000 persons dying annually from snake bite. A certain missionary upon whom I called had a native nurse for each of his two little children; perhaps he thought I looked as if I regarded this as a missionary extravagance, for he explained that they dare not trust a child outdoors for a minute alone because of the danger from snakes. Altogether, missionary work in India is not an Edoenic experience—especially since at some place the missionaries labor for years without a convert. One British veteran has had only three converts in 15 years. At Benares the three strong missions average only two or three accessions a year.

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REAL ESTATE MAN'S DREAM. Buys Last Lot on Most Crowded Spot on Earth, But Hasn't Collateral.

"Speaking about the phenomenal value of real estate in the crowded parts of Manhattan island," said the real estate man, "I had a dream last night of a place where land was so valuable that it made land here seem like acreage property.

"This place was on an isthmus between the two hemispheres, a narrow strip of land that was the most crowded spot on earth. There was just one street along through this isthmus, and all creation that passed from one hemisphere to the other had to pass along this thoroughfare.

"Sure, this was a place to do business. If there ever was one, and by gracious there was a vacant lot on the great isthmus thoroughfare, just one vacant lot, with a sign stuck up: 'For Sale, to Close an Estate. Inquire of So-and-So.'

"And of course, I sort of saunters into the office indicated on the sign right away, and I says to the man there:

"What are you asking for that lot down there at 22?" And he says: "A million dollars a front foot."

"How much is there of it?" I asked him, and he says:

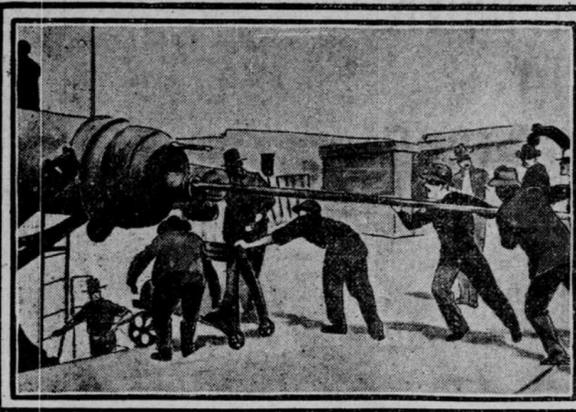
"Seventy feet," and I says: "Well, I'll take it," just like that, because I knew it was a bargain; never'd been offered at that price in the world, I knew, except to close an estate, and the only wonder to me was that somebody hadn't snapped it up before I came along.

"So I bought the only vacant lot on the great isthmus thoroughfare, and the man said he'd have the papers made out right away and I could drop in at 9 o'clock the next morning and pay the money and he'd hand over the deed; and then I went out and stood on the sidewalk and saw those wonderful multitudes of all the peoples of the earth, passing in those amazing processions; crowds that made the people passing on Broadway and Fifth avenue, New York, seem like the lines of stragglers working their way out along to some county fair, and then I goes down to that vacant lot at 22, my lot, and stands there and sees 'em go by from there, and pats myself on the back and says to myself: "Well, son, thank goodness, you've finally hit up on something that you're going to make something on; large money."

"And I was congratulating myself like that, watching the people go by, when all of a sudden it struck me that 24 hours was a pretty short time for me to raise \$70,000,000 in, with me a good ways from home; for this was a cash sale, you understand, cash on delivery of the deed, and I knew perfectly well that I'd find a string of men waiting in the office in the morning, any one of them ready to snap this bargain if I wasn't there with the money, and I suppose it must have been worrying over how I was going to get the \$70,000,000 together in that time that woke me up."—New York Sun.

The cattle industry of the state of Tamipilas is coming to the front. One stockman and commission man alone, Bartolo Rodriguez, shipped 48,000 head last year to Cuba and Yucatan, which amounted to \$1,500,000. He has a fine ranch near the City of Tampico called Monte Alto, with 300 head of cows and bulls, costing about \$500 a head, imported from the United States and Switzerland. Careful estimate made by the shippers to the north of Tampico places the total number of cattle and horses in that area at 2,000,000.—Mexican Herald.

WITH THE FLEET AWAY



RAMMING HOME A PROJECTILE IN A TEN-INCH DISAPPEARING GUN.

Now that the American battleship fleet is well on its way to the Pacific, leaving the Atlantic coast practically without any warships for its protection, the question naturally arises in the minds of a great many people as to what would happen if foreign complications should suddenly arise with some of the European powers? Would the big cities along the coast—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities—be at the mercy of a hostile fleet. Only a few years back, during the Spanish-American war, when the American fleets were ordered to Cuban waters in the course of the Spanish-American war, some persons were troubled because the shore resorts of the country were suffered to be left to the mercy of what proved to be the well-nigh harmless Spanish fleet. Apparently they assumed that it was essential to the success of the enemy that it should shell summer hotels with a great expenditure of powder. And now once again an American fleet, comprising a large proportion of the vessels of the Atlantic squadrons, has left the eastern coast of the country for a period of several months. No war is now in progress, but the "radiplane," swifter than thought in its flight, possessed of the power to lift ships from their watery ways and transport them thousands of miles through the air, has yet to be invented. "What would happen to New York or Boston or Baltimore or Washington should war break out unexpectedly? Are these ports amply protected?" asks the man in the street.

The war department makes little noise about the condition of the coast defenses. Such activity as one sees about the fortifications reveals little. The sun spreads a flood of gold upon the soft, grassy covering of their sloping sides, and, somehow, one does not think of them as impregnable fortresses. Such guns as one sees look innocuous enough. They do not seem as formidable as one imagines they ought to look. In fact, however, these fortresses are mailed fists with a velvet covering. Army officers assert that no hostile war vessel could reach the upper bay of New York harbor if it could be seen. It would be annihilated before it reached the Narrows.

Gunnery has shared in the modern tendency to specialize and to become highly scientific in its practice. Gunners are now specialists. A battery is a highly organized mechanism working almost automatically. In the old days the men who fired the guns used to see what they fired at. Today, with guns capable of throwing a thousand-pound shell as far as the eye can see on a clear day, the men who discharge the guns no longer necessarily see the object which is to be struck by the giant hail they release. Until the shot is fired the gun itself cannot be seen above the parapet. Hitting the target has become almost an exact science. By mechanical means the striking of a target has become so nearly an infallibility that the tugs which tow the floating targets are separated from them by only 600 feet of line. The men upon the tugs have no more expectation of being struck than if they were a mile behind the gun. They never have been struck, although the different batteries have frequent practice. The song of the shell to the men on the tug is not like the song of the Lorelei, for death does not follow in its wake. To be sure, like motoring, one has to become accustomed to face what seems like impending death. Faith in the gunner, as in the chauffeur, and in the gun, as in the motor car, is an essential.

What is done by the guns in some of our forts is illustrated by what has recently been accomplished at two of the forts along the Atlantic coast. At Boston recently a target four and a half miles from the fort and moving along the horizon at the rate of five miles an hour was struck by every shot fired from a ten-inch battery in less than four minutes, the number of shots being six. The following day a battery of 12-inch guns performed the same feat, bunching the shots more closely than did the ten-inch guns. The shots of both batteries were so close together at the target that they might have been included in a rectangular ten by 20 feet.

Battery Parrot, Capt. Kilborn, at Fortress Monroe, recently was called upon to fire at a moving target an unknown distance away. Actually it was about three and one-half miles away. Pyramidal in shape, it looked as if moved across the water about as a

leg-o-mutton sail on a skiff would appear at a distance of four miles. Every shot was a hit, and the fourth and last destroyed the target. The entire round was fired in one minute and nine seconds.

One of the firing tests is called "fire command." In this test the gunners are expected to change the fire from one target to another of the three in the string as directed and hit it without changing the speed of the fire. The targets are supposed to represent the vitals of a warship. This mythical vessel is considered to have a freeboard, or height out of water, of 24 feet. In estimating the hits, the basis is that of a representative battleship. A shot which does not actually hit the target, but which would have pierced a vessel had it been where the target was, is counted a hit. Officers on the tug towing the targets work out the score by means of the "range rake." This is an implement which looks like a garden rake with a short handle. The spaces between the teeth each represent a given number of yards. When a shot strikes the officers sight along the handle and note how many spaces to the right or left of the center the shot hit.

A gunner of the old school would turn gray if he had suddenly to adapt himself to the new methods in the face of the enemy. Hairline telescopes, surveying instruments, barometers, thermometers, anemometers, weather vanes, tide gauges and stop watches are required to secure the requisite results. The accuracy of the fire is obtained only by taking into consideration such details as the curvature of the earth, the speed of the target or the hostile warship, the range or distance of the object from the gun, the pressure or density of the air, the speed and direction of the wind, the temperature and age of the powder when placed in the gun, the height of the tide at the moment of firing the shot and the "drift" of the projectile. There can be no guesswork in securing such artistic results as making hits with successive shots.

The effect of all of these factors in the combination under all possible conditions has been worked out by experiments and computations and the result utilized in devising apparatus which automatically registers the information which is essential at such a speed that half a dozen half-ton shots can be thrown into a ship from a single battery in the space of less than four minutes. The "drift" of the shot is the distance to the right which a revolving projectile from a rifled gun will go in the course of a given distance. The range and the point where a vessel will be at the moment a shot could reach it are reckoned in actual practice at least once in every 20 seconds. The establishment of 20 seconds as the interval when a fresh survey shall be taken is based upon the fact that no boat could change its speed or its course sufficiently in that space of time to affect the probability of a shot hitting it.

Receives Praise From Roosevelt.

Senator Henry Clay Hansbrough of North Dakota is one of the few senators who have received praise from President Roosevelt directly. After the passage of the denatured alcohol bill last session, an act which meant a great deal to the farmers, and for which the senator waged a persistent fight, the president sent a personal letter commending him and inclosed the pen with which the bill was signed.

Available Substitute for Tin.

Aluminum is regarded as probably the most available substitute for tin in the great majority of uses to which that metal is put, owing to the diminution in the price of aluminum, the practically limitless supply of the raw material, and the favorable physical properties of the metal. As the production of aluminum is cheapened so will the uses for it increase. The demand steadily keeps ahead of the supply.

Royal Visitors' Tips.

Some London papers say that custom fixes \$250 a day as the amount to be paid in tips by royal visitors at Windsor castle. This amount is frequently exceeded, according to these newspaper authorities, and one of them states that Kaiser Wilhelm's recent stay with King Edward cost him \$10,000 in gratuities to servants.

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS.

ALL SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON

Religious, Social, Agricultural, Political and Other Matters Given Due Consideration.

Fairbury did about \$200,000 worth of building in 1907.

A fire in Edgar destroyed \$10,000 to \$12,000 worth of property.

Evangelist Scofield is conducting a series of meetings in Beatrice.

All Hastings stores, by mutual agreement, now close at 6 o'clock.

During 1907 there was collected in Platte county \$156 for hunters' licenses.

After seven years' work, Dennis Fleharty, deputy city attorney of Lincoln, has resigned.

J. H. Albers of Beatrice has left town suddenly, and a lot of creditors would like to know of his whereabouts.

George D. Kerns, an old soldier, who for many years lived in Pawnee county, died at the Soldiers' home in Leavenworth.

The Citizens' State bank of Shubert has received a charter from the state banking board. It has a paid-up capital stock of \$10,000.

State Treasurer Brian has bought \$10,000 of Kearney county bonds bearing 4 per cent interest, optional after ten years. The bonds are the last of an issue of \$80,000.

I. B. Nelson, one of the oldest settlers of Garfield county and one of the owners and platters of the original town of Burwell, dropped dead on the streets at Burwell.

The office of assistant division superintendent for the district from Grand Island to North Platte has been abolished, and Superintendent Austin Taylor is legislated out of office, as it were.

The merchants of Fairbury all report one of the most successful business years during 1907 in their experience. It is impossible to find a single instance where there is not an advance over last year's trade reported.

Deputy County Clerk Carrig of Platte county has been employed lately in checking up the unpaid taxes for the twenty-four years up to 1904 and has found that the taxes unpaid for those years amount to the little sum of \$212.28.

West Point and the surrounding country has experienced a remarkable growth in new buildings of the best class during the year 1907. In the business portion of the city many new, solidly constructed buildings of brick and stone have been erected.

The body of a man found hanging to a haystack four miles north of Hastings has been identified as that of John Ambrose of Tamora, and the theory of murder is held by his friends. The remains were identified by Steve Walters of Doniphan, who formerly knew Ambrose when he worked on a farm near Doniphan.

Judge H. D. Travis, who succeeds Judge Paul Jensen of Nebraska City on the bench of the Second judicial district, will hold court during the year 1908 as follows: Plattsmouth, February 24; jury, March 2; equity, May 4; September 8, and jury, October 5. Nebraska City, March 30; jury, April 6; equity, June 1; jury, November 16.

The total deposits of the Custer county banks is almost \$1,500,000 and the cash reserve of these banks is more than \$500,000. The exact figures show 41.4 per cent of the total deposits to be held in cash at the time the statements were made. There are twenty banks in Custer county, of which seventeen are state banks and three are national banks.

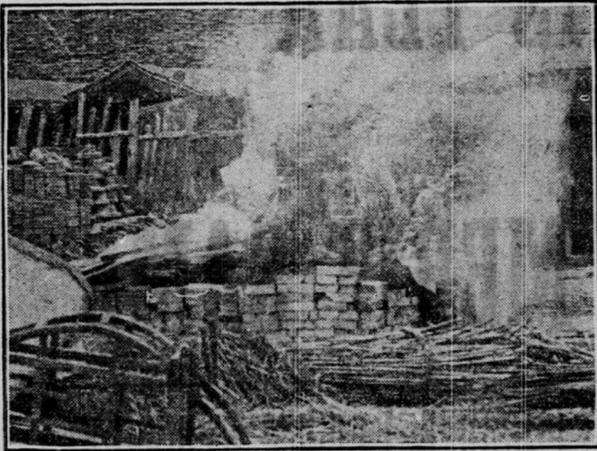
George Brierton, a farmer living in Spring Branch, Stanton county, called at the home of his neighbor, D. W. Lycan, and proposed a rabbit hunt. Mr. Lycan assented, and he and his son equipped themselves and joined him. In the course of the hunt Brierton's gun was exploded, the shot taking effect in the body at the waist. He died in fifteen minutes.

A bold attempt was made to steal a team of horses belonging to Charles Korff, a drayman of Nebraska City. About 8 a. m. Thornton Lee, who is in the employ of Mr. Korff, stepped out of his door and saw a man leading a team of horses out of Korff's barn. He yelled to him, asking him what he was doing with the horses. The man dropped the bridles and ran, making good his escape.

The work on the deep well being sunk by the Oteo Development company is progressing rapidly and the big drill is being sunk deeper into the earth each day. Several times of late traces of oil have been shown and now the well being down where it is dry and everything shows up in the cores being taken out, evidence of oil is visible and the stockholders are jubilant over the outlook.

Stuart, the son of Rev. and Mrs. O. L. Barber of the Baptist church, Grand Island, lies in a critical condition, the result of being thrown from the family horse, his head striking a telephone pole and his right leg being broken.

One of the most elaborate social events of the season took place at Minden, when forty plates were laid by the Minden Bar association in honor of the retirement from the bench of Judge Ed L. Adams. Speeches were made by all the members of the local bar.



Burning the Bodies of Plague Victims in India.

a national uprising against the white man's rule, (as one precaution, the native troops have never been permitted to serve artillery since the mutiny) it cannot be denied that the deep-flowing, ever-increasing and widely-manifested tide of India's national sentiment is worthy of most serious consideration.

In every city of the empire the "Swadeshi" signs may be seen in abundance on the stores of tradesmen who have pledged themselves to deal in India-made wares exclusively. This commercial and industrial side of the "Swadeshi" movement has a direct relation to the industrial teaching in mission schools. The native papers are full of "Swadeshi" talk; and it is not wholly absent from the praiseworthy national missionary organization which Indians have organized, the object being to further the evangelization by native Christians alone, unaided by foreigners. Furthermore, one frequently runs across "Swadeshi" mass meetings; I found one under way in College square here, with hundreds of students listening eagerly to the impassioned speeches. It was rather surprising that the Y. M. C. A. student leaders were able to gather a crowd, fully half as large, only 50 yards away.

The oriental dearly loves intrigue and agitation; especially is this true of the Bengali "babus," or educated Bengalis, who are foremost in the "Swadeshi" movement. The Bengali, contemptuously declares the Briton, is an idle, boastful talker, and neither a fighter nor a worker. My own inquiries developed the repeated assurance, on the part of informed persons, that the "Swadeshi" movement has not, to any perceptible degree, at least, extended to the villages, which contain 90 per cent. of the native population. Bearing in mind the undoubted Christian revival which is to be found in some parts of India, and the potency of this new national movement, it is evident that mission work here is bound to take an added interest during the next few years.

Making Men of Outcasts. Whatever tends to put the stamina of manhood into this people contributes indirectly to the missionary undertaking. For the first and last factor of Indian life is the caste system, which dooms the majority of the people to a lot esteemed lower than that of the cow. If it were not for

eyes the spectacle of outcasts who have been made over into noble men and women by the power of the Christian religion.

How Sons Excel Fathers. Undoubtedly the missionaries are transforming their people. One of the Methodist missionaries at Lucknow pointed out to me a young man belonging to their church, the youngest of three sons, whose father never earned more than eight rupees a month in his life. All the boys are products of the Methodist school. One of them is secretary to the governor, and all are in government employ, winning their places in competitive examination; and the salary of the most poorly paid is 150 rupees a month, or 19 times that of his father. This is the sort of thing that is being accomplished all over India.

The schools of India are the crowning glory of mission work; they are the mills of which manhood and womanhood is the finished product. Of a few of them I shall speak more in detail next week, in my final article upon India. They are a distinct and powerful contribution to the forces which are creating a modern national consciousness in India.

One phase of missions to which the government contributes its support, financial and otherwise, is the industrial school work. The Indian is proverbially unprogressive and unventive; the mission schools are teaching the manual arts and in modern fashion, so that new enterprises for the winning of the livelihood are being created and old ones revived.

For the Christians, be it understood, are practically a caste by themselves in most places. They are cast off by their families, friends and co-religionists; and it is necessary that some means of livelihood, not dependent upon neighborhood favor, be taught them. Thus industrial training has a most practical relation to missionary success; since not all, nor, in these days of great ingathering, a very large percentage of the native Christians can be employed by the missionaries in any capacity.

The powerful social leverage which is exerted by female education in a land where women are kept "behind the curtain," is almost incomprehensible to one accustomed to the liberty of the west, and to the equality of the sexes. The missionaries have far-sightedly set to work to make the