

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 Photographs.

Across India with Peeps at Missionaries at Work

Calcutta, India.—Beautiful, dirty; splendid, squalid; rich, miserable—such are the contrasting adjectives which one may apply to this third largest city in the British empire, seated on the banks of the Hooghly river, whose shifting currents are her best defense against an invading fleet. It is a city of color, from the fat, shiny, black babu, scantily clad only in a few yards of purple cheese cloth and dazzling yellow shoes, to the pale and immaculate Briton, in top hat and frock coat. It is a city of historic interest; everybody goes first to see the famous Black Hole.

But to all the world that is in any way interested in missions this is remembered as the scene of the labors of William Carey, the father of modern Protestant missions, who did his lifework at Serampore, a few miles from here. In the cathedral also one sees a fine statue of Reginald Heber, the famous missionary bishop of the Church of England, and author of the most widely-known missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Dusky "Europeans."

My work deals with to-day, so I must introduce the reader instead to the most curious company of "Europeans" he has ever met, as they are gathered for worship, several hundreds of them, in the fine big church of the American Methodist mission. These dusky "Europeans" are mostly half-castes, Eurasians, but they dislike the latter name and are at all pains to claim identity only with their white ancestors. Thus a dark brown man, three-fourths native, will speak ostentatiously of going "home" to England, though he never saw England, and only one of his forebears for centuries past has ever been outside of India.

This very pride indicates that the Eurasian has certain qualities which go with white blood, and this self-supporting, aggressive church, with reinforcement written on the faces of many of its members, indicates the importance of this branch of the Methodist Episcopal mission. The Methodists have been very successful throughout India in this work for Eurasians, and for the whites who have married native women, thus losing social caste. In addition, other white people who do not care for the established church services, attach themselves to these churches for Europeans.

The Really White Europeans.

If the blended brother is a problem in India needing the missionary's attention, no less is the simon-pure white man. And I must say that, so far as I could learn, the life of the Europeans (as all Caucasians are designated east of Suez) is more wholesome and normal in India than in the far east. This is doubtless due to the fact that British influence is altogether dominant, and British ideals have followed the flag. The white people generally attend the established churches, just as at home, as a matter of course.

For the young men—who are everywhere the crux of the social problem—I found the Y. M. C. A. doing a conspicuously successful work. In the farther east it has been a failure so far as the white men are concerned, although its work for the natives, as these articles have reported, has been of a high grade. Here, however, the association is "good form," and the larger Indian cities have fine buildings, veritable gentlemen's clubs, with chambers for any number of men from a score to a hundred, and in general doing a sort of Christian work which deserves great praise. It would cause an American secretary to lift his eyebrows were he to see the number of men in evening clothes (including, of course, the local secretary himself) to be found on an evening in the Calcutta or Bombay association. Therein, though, is a sign of success, for that is the very crowd that the association needs to reach here. The work for the native Indians, conducted in separate buildings, of course, is equally notable.

There are white women in the east, as well as native and half-caste women, needing the peculiar sort of help which the Y. W. C. A. affords. I was greatly struck by the hold that this organization has taken in India; there is a sanity, a careful, confident facing of actual conditions, and an effective aggressiveness about it which should place the association very high in the rank of missionary agencies.

One sort of work open to the Y. W. C. A. is illustrated by the following incident. Every ship sailing to India from England carries young women going out to be married, and to live with fathers, brothers, or other relatives. Not always do the relatives turn up, or the bridegrooms prove available; in which case the young woman sadly needs womanly help and safe shelter. On the ship in which I went to Calcutta were three such young women; one of them discovered that her uncle had gone to Japan and she was penniless, half a world from home. At the first opportunity, after learning of the efficiency of the Calcutta Young Women's Christian association, I put the secretary in touch with the stranded girl, but al-

most too late, for a day later she attempted suicide.

"Behind the Curtain."

High-class Hindu and Mohammedan women are kept "purdah," that is "behind the curtain." The precautions that are used to keep them from the gaze of all men save their families seem ridiculous to a westerner. One such woman was put into a railway compartment next to mine, with the most elaborate precautions. But when we stopped at a small station I caught a glimpse of her face through the window and—well, she would never be kidnapped for her looks! This sequestration of the women leads to all manner of evils; and the lot of the poor creatures is narrow and pitiable, indeed.

Now the women missionaries are penetrating "behind the curtain," taking with them medical healing, the schoolbook and the Bible. The Woman's Missionary Union of America is especially diligent in this zenana work, having missions in five cities, and their range of activities includes visitation to the homes, day schools for children, orphanages, rescue homes, a hospital and a high school and college. As I talked with two bright American girls at Allahabad, Miss Wishard and Miss Bertsch, about their work, and heard how they had rescued 23 ill-treated and widowed Brahmins during the first four months of the year (they teach 500 women a week) I could not but agree that this was a womanly work for women, affording a career such as should satisfy any college-bred girl.

A Tomb for a Home.

The woes of women, and especially of widows, in India are too well known to need rehearsal here. They afford endless scope for missionary service. Thus, at Lucknow the Methodist Episcopal mission has converted an old Mohammedan tomb into a home for homeless women. It was rather interesting to learn that a large part of the cares of the charming young woman in charge is the endeavor to find husbands for as many as possible of the 50 women who come under her oversight every year.

In this same city of Lucknow I found another flourishing institution for women, the Isabella Thoburn college, said to be the oldest college for girls in India, having been established in 1870. It is affiliated with the University of Allahabad, and has more requests than it can meet for graduates to fill governmental and private teaching positions. The college has won favor with high-caste natives, and its nearly 200 students represent all classes of society. I could not see that the life differed greatly from the life of American college girls.

As I watched a file of these lustrous, graceful, white-robed girls cross the campus of the Presbyterian girls' school at Allahabad, on their way to chapel, it seemed to me that the spectacle was rather more picturesque than anything an American college can boast. This building is the gift of Mr. John Wanamaker. A Christian Endeavor meeting by the girls was quite a model meeting of the American type. Christian Endeavor appears to be especially effective among the Indian churches. Even a slight association with the students here seemed to show in their character a reflection of the charm of Miss Forman, their principal. The caliber, culture and character of some of the American women to be met on the mission field are altogether beyond the imagining of the public at home.

New India in the Making.

Among the Indian reformers there is discernible a movement looking toward the nationalization of India's varying creeds, which is a step essential to political unity. The national creed is not intended to be Christianity. The one conspicuous agency offsetting this tendency is the mission school. Up and down the length of India are schools conducted by missionaries and attended by the children of Christian converts (for they are part of the machinery which must produce the next generation of native preachers), by the children of low castes, who are thus equipped to rise in the social scale and, to an increasing extent of late years, by the children of the higher castes. It is almost hopeless to attempt to enumerate these; I might specify the fine big Reid Christian college at Lucknow of the Methodist Episcopal church, situated on ground made historic by the mutiny, equipped with imposing buildings, attended by 500 students in dormitory, from a wide region of which Lucknow is the center, and administered by men of ability and breadth of vision. Both collegiate and commercial courses are given here.

Early this year many Methodists from America journeyed to India to attend the jubilee of Methodist Episcopal missions at Bareilly, where 50 years ago Rev. William Butler established the work of the Methodist Episcopal church, which has now grown to a force of 5,000 workers and 200,000 native members. At this celebration, which was attended by 2,000 native Christians, 500 converts were baptized on a single day, a unique feature

of the baptismal service being the cutting off of the tuft of hair, the loss of which means separation from Hinduism. The occasion focused the attention of the religious world upon the fact of Methodism's aggressive, diversified, far-reaching and successful work in India. Thirty-seven different languages are used by Methodist missionaries in this country.

Allahabad, the university center of India, boasts another great educational institution of the western type, the Allahabad Christian college, of the Presbyterian mission. Its buildings are in quadrangle form about an immense and symmetrical banyan tree. One of the buildings is Princeton hall, a gift of Princeton alumni. An inspection of this plant impresses a visitor with the thoroughness of the standard maintained. The principal, Rev. Dr. Arthur H. Ewing, is rightly reckoned one of India's great educational leaders. In the big preparatory school for boys, which is a part of the institution, I had a chance to test all the classes in English, and I cannot imagine a school in the homeland emerging from this sort of ordeal more successfully.

The Living Dead.

At Allahabad is situated a large leper asylum, maintained jointly by the government and by the beneficent Mission to Lepers in the East. It is managed by Mr. Samuel Higginbottom, of the Presbyterian mission—one of the innumerable extras that I found missionaries everywhere carrying. "Salaam, sahib," the lepers would cry as we passed, lifting pitiful stumps of fingerless hands to their foreheads. A more desolate spectacle than a leper asylum can scarcely be imagined; yet here was to be found, in some cases, the grace of Christian resignation, with cheerfulness, which is not always present amid scenes of health and prosperity.

Not all lepers are in asylums; unnumbered thousands roam the streets at will. While attending the daily clinic of Dr. Charles R. Cook, of Lucknow, the only missionary in all India of the Reformed Episcopal church, I sat within five feet of two lepers crowded in the press. Next to one of them was a man whose family was suffering with the plague, five having died, and four being ill at the moment. Another one of the patients had, within a few days, lost a baby, a wife and four brothers, and his father lay dangerously ill, all with the plague. One convalescent plague patient, whom the doctor had cured, was mildly rebuked by this quiet, unrumpled missionary for leaving his bed too soon. A boy smitten with the plague was brought by a mother with dead-filled eyes, and carefully examined by the bare hands of the doctor.

This one doctor, with a single native assistant, had 61,638 cases last year, including a few in his well-kept little hospital. All classes, rich and poor, Mohammedans, Hindus and Christians, come for help. I counted 30 crowded into the small room at one time, while outside a larger crowd of waiting patients was listening to the native preacher.

A Medaled Missionary.

One of the star missions of the American board is at Ahmednagar, where Rev. Dr. Robert A. Hume is senior missionary. Dr. Hume is less widely known as the recipient of a medal from King Edward for his fame relief work than as the author of "Missions from the Modern Viewpoint." That he and his associates stand high in native esteem was evident from the constant salaams he received as we rode about the city together in a tonga, or native cart. Many non-Christian natives have given largely to this mission work for Indians, and the government also contributes to the industrial school.

I found all sorts of educational and industrial enterprises under way, some of them, from a bicycle repair shop to a tract depot, being wholly or in part self-supporting. The big church in native style, where even Hindus have been known to worship unknown gods, interested me less than the extensive industrial establishments where oriental rugmaking, weaving, woodcarving, carpentry and brass and silver working are carried on for the market, under the direction of D. C. Churchill, of Oberlin college and the Massachusetts Institution of Technology, and J. B. Knight, of Amherst college, and an agricultural college—types of the nonministerial, college-bred missionaries who are doing pioneer work for the orient. Mr. Churchill has invented a new hand loom that is within the compass of the average Indian mind and purse.

Miss Emily R. Bissell and her brother, Rev. H. G. Bissell, carry on in this mission the work which their mother, who had been 64 years in India, laid down last year. While watching the arrival at the hospital here of a woman patient in a bullock cart I saw Miss Moulton comforting the weeping husband, a Christian teacher, in a manner which revealed to me the beautiful devotion of the missionaries to this people.

It takes devotion of an unselfish sort to do this work, especially among the villages. One Sunday morning I sat, with Rev. Mark Keaslar, of the Agra Methodist Episcopal mission, in blistering, life-shriveling heat, in a low, dirty, malodorous dwelling on the outskirts of the city, while he told a crowd of hookah-smoking natives the gospel story and answered their interested questions; which looks romantic and picturesque from this distance; but is work to take the heart out of anybody less devoted than a missionary; and it is the work which many hundreds of missionaries are doing all over India to-day.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Vandalism on Mt. Olives. The olive trees on the Mount of Olives have been destroyed by tourists.

Feather Furore



The first Americans never flaunted feathers upon their heads with more extravagance than their fair successors have seen fit this season. It would be futile to attempt to describe the endless variety of fancy feathers, but it is absolutely true that there is no description of feather decoration that is ignored. If it's a feather it has a chance of being worn. We are no longer content with a plume or two, or a modest bunch of aigrettes. Even the precious paradise and the rare gours are brave in full quantities, for those millionaires who can afford them. If this extravagance goes on one will have to sell a farm to buy a hat.

To enumerate the feathers it is not necessary since all are used, but it is well to know that fluffiness is their general characteristic. The willow plume continues a favorite on big, high-class hats. Narrow uncurled plumes or wide quill effects are among the novelties that have pleased designers and resulted in many exquisite effects. Short plumes in wreaths and pompons are among the strongest cards in the hands of the trimmer.

Wings are medium in size, shown in beautiful colorings, and, while nearly all "made" are very natural looking in contour, and smooth in arrangement of feathers.

Long breasts of rich, dark colorings are forging ahead for use on the smaller shapes that are expected to make their appearance with cold weather.

Pompon, cockade and "fountain" mountings are carried out with many different kinds of feathers, while fans and trailing sprays are arranged to completely trim a hat. Ostrich and other feathers in spiral mountings are best liked in the "fountain" mountings. Boa effects in marabout, coque, down and other feathers are quite popular.

Quills are broad and beautifully colored, but not yet much in evidence on trimmed millinery.

Willow Back Now in Fashion's Favor

Paper doll days are over with Dame Fashion. We must have backs, and they must be things of beauty—that is, for the girl who wants to look stylish. A year or two ago it was a matter of choice whether or not one cultivated the Ethel Barrymore back, but there is no choice about the new back. We must get willow. Women will all have to become contortionists if they keep getting new backs or fronts every year. Some say the corset's the thing, but girls who have tried of lace into some of these new "no hips" affairs say it's all a delusion and a snare. The only way to get the new back is to grow thin.

This new back goes in sharply at the waist line and the owner of it stands so straight that she seems to be bending over backward. Girls who have really acquired it say they did it by walking. One girl never takes a street car for any place that she can reach by walking. Incidentally, it saves carfare. She started by being tired to death after a one-mile jaunt, but now she walks ten quite easily. Strange to say, although she was rather a fat girl when she started in, instead of tightening her corsets for the "no hips" effect, she loosened them. "That's so my muscles can get a chance to work," said she.

The thin girls who have the back already are giving up corsets entirely. "We may as well be comfortable while it lasts," say they. The main point is to hold the chest high, the abdomen in and the shoulders flat as you walk. A good exercise to get the new back is taken on the floor. Lie perfectly flat on the back, with the arms extended directly out at the sides. Then without changing the relative position of the arms try sitting up straight. After you've succeeded in doing it once, which won't be the first time you try, get so that you can sit up several times in succession. This hardens the muscles of the abdomen and back and gives the sharp curve at the waist line, which every up-to-date girl is working for.



A collar lining of taffeta should be cut so that the front part is on the straight of the material, and the curved part of the collar will then come on the bias.

When altering a blouse it is a mistake to move the shoulder seam to the front. A better plan is to let it drop backward instead of forward.

It is a good plan to bend steels or whalebones at the waist line when making a bodice before putting them into the casings, as the bodices will then fit closer to the figure.

In sewing a piece of material on the bias to a straight piece the former is apt to become stretched. To avoid this the bias should be placed underneath, and it will then be sewn in evenly.

Always make the neck of a blouse slightly smaller than the base of the collar band, and in tacking it into position it is an excellent plan to cut a few notches in the blouse so as to avoid wrinkles when the collar is finally stitched on.

Teaches Girls How to Look Their Best

A certain eastern physical culture teacher is busy teaching girls how to walk, stand and manage their clothes. "I teach them how to look their best," said she. "It is a hard job, for most of them come to me in the raw state, bad complexion and bad walk. "I get girls ready to be bridesmaids, and not long ago I prepared a young woman to be maid of honor at a wedding. I taught her how to walk, how to stand, how to sit and how to stoop over. These things all come under the head of physical culture.

"The training of the back is the most important of our tasks. There is a new carriage for the back, and I am teaching it to my society pupils. "I train the girls to be wedding guests. This means a proper management of a train. The girl who wears a trained gown must be nimble with her heels. Of course, it is not considered polite to kick one's train. Yet this is exactly what a girl is compelled to do. She must learn to kick it so that the kick is invisible, however.

"For the woman who is going to adopt the new long skirt—a little longer than convenient walking length—there are some suggestions. If your skirt is very fashionable—two inches too long in front—practice walking with a glide. Touch the ball of your foot first, then gradually sink upon your heels. This gives you the gliding carriage. One hand must slightly lift your gown in front. I teach my pupils how to handle their elbows. They must use them prettily and deliberately and they must learn to hold them easily."

For Shirt Waists.

There is nothing prettier for shirt waists than silk-faced poplin, for the goods can be neatly plaited, tucked and made into practically any dainty shirt waist from the plain tailored one to the dressy affair with lace or velvet garniture. The white poplin has countless advantages. It sells for about 50 cents a yard, and possesses innumerable good qualities which make it valuable to the economical woman. The material washes beautifully and may be ironed while perfectly dry and has a soft cashmere appearance, or the beautiful tailored effect is produced in starching the goods. It launders as beautifully as fine white linen. Poplins of this kind may be purchased in various colors, though nothing quite takes the place of the white for shirt waists, and the madras effects with white figures are very dainty.

New Millinery Fad.

Among the many new fancies in millinery are hats with velvet brims and soft silk crowns, which are usually trimmed with coq feathers. Another fancy is to cover a wire frame with pink taffeta ruchings, placed so closely together that the effect is that of feathers. These are trimmed with a twist of velvet and a buckle and are very becoming.—The Housekeeper.

A Manicuring Tip.

If the hands are not good and the nails badly shaped, try to improve the latter by training the cuticle. Every night soak the fingers in hot water for five minutes. Then with an orange wood stick press back the cuticle to lengthen the nails. Afterward rub in cold cream. Do not omit this or the soaking will make the cuticle very dry.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

In Luck.

Dennis—Hinnisy is the luckiest devil that iver walked. Patrick—How's that? Dennis—Faith, an' he promised to pay me the five dollars he borrowed next week—an' he up an' died yesterday.—Smith's Magazine.

Something New Under the Sun.

A lady in Illinois sent us 12c a year ago for our remarkable collection of vegetable and flower seeds and sold \$37.76 worth therefrom, or made 314%. That's new. Just send this notice with 12c and receive the most original seed and plant catalog published and

1 pkg. "Quick Quick" Carrot.....	10
1 pkg. Earliest Ripe Cabbage.....	10
1 pkg. Earliest Emerald Cucumber..	15
1 pkg. La Crosse Market Lettuce....	15
1 pkg. Early Dinner Onion.....	10
1 pkg. Strawberry Muskmelon.....	15
1 pkg. Thrience Day English.....	10
1,000 kernels gloriously beautiful flower seed.....	15

Total\$1.00
Above is sufficient seed to grow 35 bu. of rarest vegetables and thousands of brilliant flowers and all is mailed to you POSTPAID FOR 12c.

or if you send 16c, we will add a package of Berliner Earliest Cauliflower. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. K. & W.

GENEALOGICAL.



The Bull-Pup—I suppose this is what they call a family tree.

BEYOND LIMIT OF PATIENCE.

Explanation Satisfied Policeman That Punishment Was Due.

Policeman Kneirem, of the Tenderloin precinct, saw an old man beating a small boy on Seventh avenue recently in a fashion that reminded the officer of the happy days when he used to beat it from the parental beating. So with a cheerful smile, having children of his own, the policeman approached the old man.

"Listen," replied the man; "half an hour ago I sent Isaac to the delicatessen. I gave him two quarters, one with which to buy bread, the other to buy fish. And now he comes back and says he wants to know which quarter is for the fish and which for the bread. Is it enough?"

"It is," replied Kneirem.—New York World.

BANISHED

Coffee Finally Had to Go.

The way some persons cling to coffee even after they know it is doing them harm, is a puzzle. But it is an easy matter to give it up for good, when Postum Food Coffee is properly made and used instead.

A girl writes: "Mother had been suffering with nervous headaches for seven weary years, but kept drinking coffee.

"One day I asked her why she did not give up coffee as a cousin of mine had done who had taken to Postum. But Mother was such a slave to coffee she thought it would be terrible to give it up.

"Finally, one day, she made the change to Postum, and quickly her headaches disappeared. One morning while she was drinking Postum so freely and with such relish I asked for a taste.

"That started me on Postum and I now drink it more freely than I did coffee, which never comes into our house now.

"A girl friend of mine, one day, saw me drinking Postum and asked if it was coffee. I told her it was Postum and gave her some to take home, but forgot to tell her how to make it.

"The next day she said she did not see how I could drink Postum. I found she had made it like ordinary coffee. So I told her how to make it right and gave her a cupful I made, after boiling it fifteen minutes. She said she never drank any coffee that tasted as good, and now coffee is banished from both our homes." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan. Read the little book "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a Reason."