

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 Purely Business, 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 distinctness 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 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

the sweepers. Having nothing to lose by accepting Christianity, thousands of these have embraced the gospel, and they are today 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 hears 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 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 becoming a great deal of admiration for the fairness and distinctness 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 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.

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

son, 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 Edenic 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.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

REAL ESTATE MAN'S DREAM.

Buys Last Lot on Most Crowded Spot on Earth, but Hasn't Collocated.

"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 a piece of 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 vacant lot on the isthmus, 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 sauntered 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 least of stragglers working their way out 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 out; large money."

"By me, 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 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.

Saloons for Women.

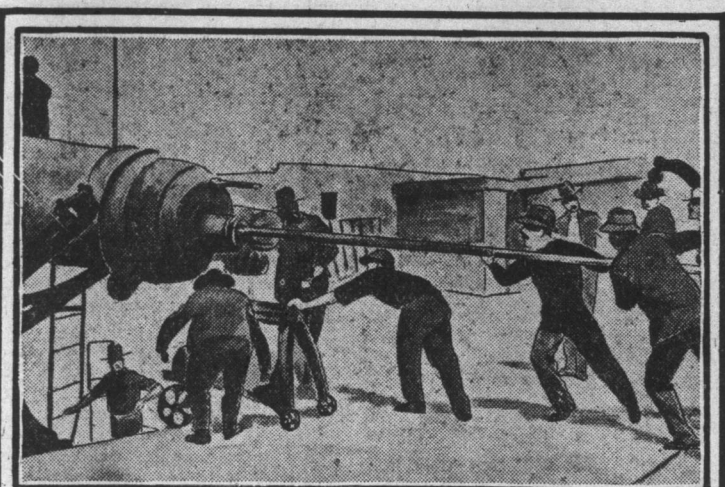
"When I was in Berlin," said a clergyman, "I had enough curiosity to visit one of the peculiar saloons for women that they have there. The place interested me, and I am bound to say that it was decent conducted. At Berlin is the only city in the world that has those institutions. In our country, where the women are nearly all teetotalers, we don't need them because English women of the lower classes enter the public houses and lean against the bar and sip their beer with as much nonchalance as their husbands."

"In this female saloon in Berlin about 25 females were gathered. They looked poor, but respectable. Some were smoking—cigarettes and cigars—some read the papers, and in a corner a little group argued noisily over an article in a fashion magazine, much as men argue in their own saloons over politics."

Church Made of One Tree.

A large Baptist church that stands in the city of Santa Rosa, Cal., enjoys the distinction of having been constructed entirely from a single tree. Of course, that includes the woodwork of the structure. The tree from which the timber, lumber and shingles were cut was a giant California redwood. A considerable quantity of the lumber was left over after the church building was completed. The building has a spire 70 feet high; an audience room capable of seating 499, a parlor capable of seating 80, a pastor's study 14x20 feet, a vestibule and other rooms.

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 supposed 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 squadron, has left the eastern coast of the United States. This is now in progress, but the "radiophone," 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 manned 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 working is almost automatically. In the old days the men who fired the guns used to see what they fired at. To-day, 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 ball 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 tugs of the fleet are the men on the tugs, for the tugs are the tugs, 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 on the Atlantic coast. At Boston, recently, a target fort 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 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 inclosed in a rectangle ten by 20 feet.

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

Largest Sunday School in India.

The largest Sunday school in the Methodist Episcopal church is said to be at Merut, India, with a membership of 4,124. There are 93 schools in the denomination with an average membership of 1,489.

INTELLIGENCE OF PLANT LIFE

Writer Declares There is No Proof of Its Existence.

But as the animal is nearer to us than the vegetable, so is animal intelligence nearer akin to our own than plant intelligence. We hear of plant physiology, but not yet of plant psychology.

When a plant growing in a darkened room leans toward the light, the leaning, we are taught, is a purely mechanical process; the effect of the light upon the cells of the plant brings it about in a purely mechanical way; but when an animal is drawn to the light the process is a much more complex one and implies a nervous system. It is thought by some that the roots of a water-loving plant divine the water from afar and run toward it.

The truth is the plant or tree sends its roots in all directions, but those on the side of the water find the ground moisture in that direction and their growth is accelerated, while the

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



The more succulent the feed the better it is for sheep.

Be a good farmer if you are going to be a farmer at all.

Clean and sort your seeds and thus insure larger and better crops.

Water, pure and plenty of it, should be provided for the dairy cows.

Young stock should be thrifty to return a profit. Keep them growing.

Unprofitable at any time but especially in winter: Ticks on sheep.

Every crack in the barn means so much added drain on the feed bin.

Molasses is growing in favor as a feed for stock, including dairy cows.

Sheep seem to have the call now, and wise was the farmer who started a flock a year or two ago.

Feed floors for hogs save feed, keep the animals healthier and make it possible to keep the quarters cleaner.

The crusade against tuberculosis in cattle may ultimately lead to colder stables and blankets on the cattle.

Scatter salt over sprouts and stumps and other noxious weeds and the sheep will clean them up.

Which do you keep? The cow that makes more than she eats or the cow that eats more than she makes?

Perhaps you do not realize it but the dearest animal on your farm is the cheap scrub.

Hogs need clean, pure water as much as the rest of the stock. See that they get it.

Salt, sulphur and charcoal is the three-fold requirement of healthy hogs.

Unless the heifer calf has well-shaped bag and teats it is better to sell her for veal.

Have a wind break in the cattle yard so that the livestock can find protection on windy, stormy days.

The dollar earned by honest toil is the dollar whose influence for good rests not only upon the recipient but upon the spender as well.

The winter time is the busy season for getting ideas for next season work. Do lots of reading, lots of thinking, lots of planning.

The young animals should be turned loose in a roomy shed in the winter. Plenty of good feed and exercise will keep them in health and on the grow.

The average farmer will find raising draft horses more profitable than raising roadsters. It takes a born horse lover to successfully raise the latter.

There is no excuse for the filthy hog pen. This means you if your hogs are wallowing around in mire up to their bellies.

The milk bringing better prices is all the more reason why you should weed out the poor cows and increase the margin of your profits.

Cows compelled to drink from a water trough coated with ice will show the effects in the feed bill and the milk pail.

Vigorous rubbing followed by applications of hot water will reduce caked udder in sows. Treat daily until trouble is passed.

If the members of the flock which seldom or never lay could be weeded out the feed bills would be less and the egg profits more.

Do not have the sheep pens too warm. The natural coat of the sheep makes it able to endure severe weather.

High and dry is the rule for locating the poultry house and yard. Do not suffer puddles to exist in the vicinity thereof.

Hunger is a good tonic. Don't feed the sick hog and in most cases he will get back his health and his appetite all right.

The farmer who thinks more of his own comfort than he does of the comfort of his stock, is the farmer who will be disappointed on market day.

In cultivating the plum and cherry orchards remember that it must be shallow enough to avoid breaking the roots, for the broken roots send up shoots that suck the life of the tree.

A good deep hole in an out-of-the-way place is the right place to plant all the old tin cans, broken bottles and other unburnable rubbish which makes the premises so unsightly.

Hercules cleaned the Augean stables by flooding them with water from the river. You can clean and sweeten the atmosphere of your stables by flooding them with sunlight.

"Milk fed" poultry are poultry fattened for market on a milk and ground oats diet. This food produces white flesh—just the kind that brings the fancy prices.

Kansas had an alfalfa day recently, 250 meetings being held throughout the state at which the subject was discussed in all its phases. Not a bad idea for some other states to follow.

Ever know a farmer to buy a poor cow because she was cheap and keep her for years and think he had secured a bargain? Many a man is penny wise and pound foolish when it comes to the cow deal.

One poultry raiser says he feeds rumpy chickens whole corn that has been well soaked in kerosene, and bathes the swollen heads and eyes with a mixture of equal parts of kerosene and lard.

If there is not a good balance struck between the feed bucket and the milk pail you better serve notice on your cow that her room is better than her company. Get rid of the unprofitable cow.

An uncultivated field will lose its moisture very quickly, while a soil which is stirred to the depth of two or three inches so that a surface mulch is formed keeps its moisture because the upward movement of the moisture is checked.

Exclusive corn diet is bad for the brood sow. She cannot farrow strong pigs on such a fattening diet. Little corn should be fed, but rather a ration made up of foods rich in protein, such as wheat bran, ground oats and clover.

A milking stool out of the core around which fence wire comes wound is the discovery of one resourceful farmer. He nails a bit of board on one end, to make the seat more comfortable, while he uses the auger hole in the other end to hang the stool on a nail when not in use.

Pride in one's own farm, stock, etc., is all right, but don't let it become a stumbling block to you so that further progress towards better things is stopped. Always be on the lookout for the new idea and the new method which will increase the efficiency and profits of your farm.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson estimates that more than \$600,000,000 must be regarded as value of the poultry and eggs produced on United States farms in 1907. The farm price of eggs December 1 this year was given at 18.2 cents, which is the highest for a long time, with the exception of 1905.

In telling the conditions necessary for the production of good butter one maker who has made it a life study says you must back of the handling of the milk and cream consider first the quality of the cow and next the quality of feed you are putting in her. Mold or any other impurities in the food is certain to affect the flavor of the butter.

Weston, the aged pedestrian, who has just walked from Maine to Chicago, says the roads are worse now than they were when he made the trip forty years ago. Rather a severe indictment in view of all the money which has been spent in road improvement. Rather would it seem as though it had been misspent. How is it in your locality? Is road money being judiciously spent? If not what are you doing to bring about a better state of affairs?

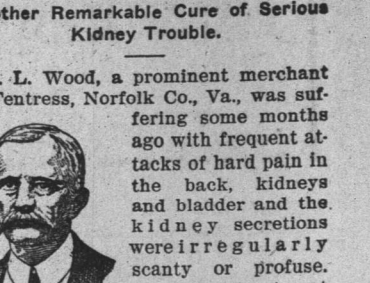
The three rules for successful butter making as laid down by an experienced hand are: First, cleanliness throughout, from the time you go to milk the cows until the butter is in the hands of the consumer. Second, punctuality, churning immediately when cream is ripe, rinse, work, salt, print or roll at the right time, just when the butter makes time. Third, a good hand or power cream separator to separate the cream from the fresh milk as soon as possible instead of letting the milk set 12 or 24 hours, absorbing such impurities as have escaped the strainer and expect it to raise a nice, sweet cream.

A practical demonstration of the value of the trap nest in breeding up the laying average of hens has been made by the Maine experiment station, where the trap nest system has been in operation for several years. Two years ago the average production was 120 eggs per hen for the year and last year it was 134 eggs per hen, which means that they had a gain of about 14 eggs per hen over earlier records. Think that Prof. Cornell of the station, states that no males are used in the breeding pens that have not been produced from hens that produce 200 eggs per hen per year. All the hens in their breeding pens have been bred from hens that laid 160 eggs per year, so they might be termed strong producers. No hen is used for breeding purposes until after her egg record had been known for 12 months.

Soll washing causes an immense loss to the farm lands of the country. The value of the material is not easily fixed, but at a moderate appraisal the annual loss would exceed all the land taxes of the country. Besides impoverishing the soil, the sediment pollutes the waters, reducing their value for domestic and manufacturing purposes and endangering the lives of those compelled to use them, and causes streams to scour the channels and build bars, and through scouring and building it compels the lower rivers to shift and overflow thereby reducing the value of fertile bottom lands. However estimated, the loss is enormous, and the chain of evils resulting from the annual erosion of this billion tons of soil is long and complex and leads directly back to the farm. Hence in the last analysis the farmer is the one who stands this immense loss and he is the one who must employ remedial devices to check such losses.

VIRGINIA MERCHANT RID OF A VERY BIG GRAVEL STONE.

Another Remarkable Cure of Serious Kidney Trouble.



C. L. Wood, a prominent merchant of Fentress, Norfolk Co., Va., was suffering some months ago with frequent attacks of hard pain in the back, kidneys and bladder and the kidney secretions were irregularly scanty on profuse medical treatment failed to cure him.

"At last," says Mr. Wood, "I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and before one box was gone, I went through four days of intense pain, finally passing a stone, one-half by five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. I haven't had a sign of kidney trouble since."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAR LITTLE CHAP.



Bob—Say, ma, were men very scarce when you married pa, or did you just feel sorry for him?

Why Sloan's Liniment and Veterinary Remedies Are the Best to Use.

Let me tell you why Sloan's Liniment and Veterinary Remedies are the safest and most practical on the market today. In the first place, Dr. Earl S. Sloan is the son of a veterinarian surgeon, and from his earliest infancy he was associated with horses.

He bought and sold horses while yet very young. He practiced as a veterinarian for 20 years and has battled successfully with every disease to which that animal is subject.

All his remedies are the result of experiments made to save life or relieve suffering while he was practicing his profession.

Any reader, by writing to Dr. Earl S. Sloan, 615 Albany Street, Boston, Mass., will receive "Sloan's Treatise on the Horse," free. This book tells how to treat horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry.

THEN IT LOOKED ABOUT RIGHT.

Coal Dealer Understood When Told What Load Represented.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in one of the last addresses that he made to his Sunday-school class before abandoning it, said of carefulness in business: "Too many business men are careful on one side, their own side, only. Thus a coal dealer whom I used to know shouted one afternoon to an employee who was driving out of the yard: 'Hold on there, Jim! That coal can't have been weighed. It looks a trifle large for a ton to me.'"

"Jim shouted back: 'This ain't a ton, boss. It's two tons.'"

"Oh, all right," said the dealer, in a modified tone. "Beg your pardon; go ahead."

The Golfers' Limerick.

A well-known Derbyshire doctor has just resigned his membership of a Midland golf club, his letter to the secretary of the club reading:

A canny old Scot writes to say: "That at golf he no more will play; He thinks nowt of the game, And his wife's from the club right away."

The secretary of the club was not to be outdone, and he sent the doctor the following reply:

A canny old Scot like you ought To play golf like a Vardon untought; As I've now got to rub Your name from the club Your subscription amounts to 0.

—London Daily News.

FOUND A WAY

To Be Clear of the Coffee Troubles.

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work, his skin was yellow, and he hardly thinks there was an organ in his body that was not affected."

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee and after some discussion he decided to give it up."

"It was a struggle because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it, and then it was easy to leave off coffee."

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kidneys grew better until at last he was a new man altogether, as a result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it, too."

"Although I was never as bad off as my husband, I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 95 lbs. before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs. and can do as much work as anyone my size, I think."

"Many do not use Postum because they have not taken the trouble to make it right. I have successfully fooled a great many persons who have drunk it at my table. They would remark, 'You must buy a high grade of coffee.' One young man who clerked in a grocery store was very enthusiastic about my 'coffee.' When I told him what it was, he said, 'Why I've sold Postum for four years but I had no idea it was like this. Think I'll drink Postum hereafter.'"

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."