

# THE TRAIL OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY



Top row, reading from left to right—Rev. T. M. McNair, Tokio, Presbyterian North; Rev. J. C. Davidson, Kumamoto, M. E. North; Dr. M. N. Wyckoff, Tokio, Dutch Reformed; Rev. H. Loomis, Yokohama, Bible Society; Professor J. C. Ballagh, Tokio, Presbyterian North; Rev. Dr. D. W. Learned, Kyoto, Congregational; Rev. Dr. William Imbrie, Tokio, Presbyterian North; Rev. Dr. J. B. Hall, Wakayama, Presbyterian North. Second row, left to right—Rev. Dr. Albert Oltmans, Tokio, Dutch Reformed; Rev. T. C. Winn, Osaka, Presbyterian North; Rev. Dr. A. D. Hall, Osaka, Presbyterian North; Mrs. J. H. De Forest, Sendai, Congregational; Mrs. J. H. De Forest, Sendai, Congregational; Mrs. D. W. Learned, Kyoto, Congregational; Rev. E. E. Miller, Tokio, Dutch Reformed. Third row, left to right—Miss G. S. Bigelow, Yamaguchi, Presbyterian; Mrs. T. C. Winn, Osaka, Presbyterian North; Miss A. E. Garvin, Osaka, Presbyterian North; Mrs. A. D. Hall, Osaka, Presbyterian North; Miss M. J. Barrows, Kobe, Congregational; Miss Eliza Talcott, Kobe, Congregational; Mrs. M. N. Wyckoff, Tokio, Dutch Reformed.

By William T. Ellis.  
THE first day I landed in Japan I set out to find a missionary. I wanted to hear what he had to say for himself in answer to some of the criticisms I had heard abroad. But hours of fruitless riding in Yokohama and Tokio failed to uncover one and, incidentally, it made me so well acquainted with the torrid, humid weather of Japan's seacoast in summer that I was quite willing to grant that the missionary should take vacation; though his month or more in the mountains is the subject of comment on the part of the Yokohama business man who counts himself lucky to get away for two weeks.

This quest afforded my first impact with "heathendom" (a word never heard out here), and the bigness and the apparent futility of the task which the representatives of Christianity have accepted as their own, were driven home to me by that tense tour of Tokio. For two hours I saw not a single white face. The tough-legged coolie in whose baby carriage I rode could not understand a word of English; even his barn-door-hinge bows were quite unlike anything I had ever known in the states. Still he could read the Japanese cards I carried, and so, with amazing tirelessness and speed, ever and anon moping his perspiring forehead with the towel which he carried in his teeth, he hustled me from one part of Tokio to another, through beautiful broad avenues, and narrow, swarming streets, where the foreigner was a sight to be stared at. At length it was plain that, just as in America, religion had taken a vacation for the heated term.

### Hot Weather Missionary Mecca.

"Karuzawa" was the word I got from native servants in tenacious missionary homes; and Karuzawa, said the red guidebook, which is the tourist's badge of greenness, is a resort in the mountains of interior Japan much frequented by missionaries and other foreigners. When I said "Karuzawa" to one of the polite officials at the railroad station—how polite and patient and painstaking and helpful is the Japanese—rather than to the red guidebook, I made plain to a brusque American ticket puncher, with his "step lively, please"—he straightway took my affairs in hand, attended to my baggage, requisitioned the train, and ordered my ticket; all without expectation of a fee, which he, like the Japanese policeman, would consider an insult. The ticket, by the way, is of the class I found; and later learned that it is thus that all missionaries travel in Japan.

### Through 26 Tunnels.

This is not a general travel article, else there would be much to say concerning that eight-hour tunnel, each with an apron at the end to exclude the frush of air that fills the cars with smoke. A little more than 3,000 feet above sea level, at the foot of the largest of Japan's still active volcanoes, amid scenery strikingly like that of certain parts of America, we came to the ancient village of Karuzawa, now, like its prototypes in New England, prospering off the summer visitation. The one street still retains its Japanese character, but all about are the summer homes of Americans and Europeans who have reproduced a sun-resort akin to Ocean Grove, Lake Geneva, Wiscasset, or the numerous "Chautauques" that flourish throughout America. Here are summer schools and conferences and entertainments and an auditorium, quite as on the other side of the world. The population, which is drawn from all parts of Japan, China and Korea and the Philippines. "Where are you from?" is a common question. When I reply "Philadelphia," the further question always comes, "What street do you live in?" "Yes, but where are you staying?" There are usually no visitors in this queerly cosmopolitan place, halting directly from across the Pacific.

### The Simple Life.

In the light of what I see here in Karuzawa, the many tales I have heard of the missionary's opulence are rapidly being dissipated. The missionaries here are unquestionably representative of those throughout the orient; they are of all ages, are of all denominational names, are engaged in every branch of mission work, and come from every part of Japan, as well as from three or four other countries. All alike dress most inexpensively, and none does not have to look closely to see the evidences of enforced economy familiar in the case of the country parson in the home land. The summer homes hereabout can boast little except the view and plenty of fresh air; they are not on a par with the cottages in the resorts I have named. The buildings are plain wooden structures, generally unpainted or else in ugly red color and even dwelling seems to be crowded in the approved summer resort fashion; for expenses diminish by division. There is always room for the hospitality which missionaries bring in the east. If they knew it at home, and manifestly these are homes of real refinement, since four-fifths of the missionaries are college bred. The number of Phi Beta Kappa boys, standing as they do for highest rank in the American colleges, impresses one interested in such matters. Since coming here I have had no occasion to blush for my countrymen, which was not the case in Yokohama.

There are more servants here than in any minor resort ever seen in a household here from two to five native servants, depending generally on the number of children in the family. This is not quite so luxurious as it sounds, for servants are plentiful and cheap here. Housekeeping in Japan does not entail the domestic drudgery common in the west and altogether life is smoother and more comfortable. Already it has been made plain that the commonly entertained notion concerning the hardships of missionary life in Japan, at least, is erroneous. This is a civilized land. Most of the conveniences and comforts of life in America are obtainable here, plus many not known to the occident. So far as the material aspects of residence in Japan are concerned, I see no reason for the tearful pity and sympathy so frequently extended to the missionary. Life in the Sunrise Kingdom may be as enjoyable as life anywhere else.

### This Is Not So Pleasant.

One less pleasant aspect of the missionary's lot was brought to mind at the first Sunday service. The new auditorium, which is situated within 50 yards of an old Shinto shrine. The seating capacity is about 400, and the building was filled with Europeans (as all white folk are called out here), interested brown faces peeping in at doors and windows. During the first hymn many persons even to a little child in front of me, were affected to tears. Each one understood why anybody should weep over the hearty singing of a familiar hymn until it was explained that the sight and sound of so many Christians singing together was to such a large number of missionaries, who for at least a year, had been shut out in the interior towns and villages, seeing only Japanese faces and hearing only Japanese speech. Then I began to realize the loneliness which is often one of the heaviest taxes laid upon a missionary.

### Missionary's Worst Hardship.

Even worse, as I may as well mention at the outset, since it is the constant spectre of every missionary family board, is the enforced separation of parents from children. This strikes down to the depths of human nature. The breaking of these ties that are as old as the race, and stronger in death, is the ever-recurring tragedy of missionary life. Children must be educated in the homeland; it seems in an Asiatic atmosphere. Even in earliest years the children imbibe with the native tongue more knowledge of evil than comes to the normal boy and girl at home in 20 years. As they approach or enter their teens missionaries children must be surrendered, and frequently they are not seen again by their parents until they have attained to the age of womanhood. Tragic tales are told of children who do not recognize their own parents and of parents who do not recognize their own children, after these long separations. This loss of home is the worst of all the hardships that come to these uncomplaining missionaries.

### While on the domestic aspect of the missionary's life, it is worth recording that the second generation may frequently be found on the field. I have met several instances of it here. A "children's party" of second generation missionaries brought together a score of young men and women a few days since. Quite unusual was a service in the Auditorium last Sunday, when Margaret Hill, the infant daughter of the two young missionaries, was baptized by one grandfather, the other grandfather and an uncle assisting, and both grandmothers and an aunt being present, the entire group being missionaries. Mark you, this was not in a long settled New England community, but in an ancient village in the heart of Japan. The grandfather who officiated was a Cumberland Presbyterian, and he used the new Presbyterian Book of Common Worship.

### Makers of an Empire.

One is surprised to find in this single European community of perhaps 400 persons a dozen or more whose names have been for nearly a generation household words in thousands of American homes. Here are men whose careers are inseparably intertwined with the making of the new Japan; not only are they among the founders of the Christian church here, in the civil history of the empire, the friends and counselors of statesmen, the pioneers of higher education, the makers of Japan's new literature, and the introducers of the dearly prized "western learning."

### Some Noted Men.

With them stands Rev. Dr. Imbrie, whose entomology every educated Japanese, and every Japanese-speaking foreigner, knows well; there is Rev. Dr. John H. De Forest, writer of distinction, authority on many points of Japanese life, and friend of the nation's leaders; there is Rev. Henry Loomis, who came to Japan when there were but 12 professing native Christians in the land, and who has seen the number grow to 50,000 communicants and 150,000 adherents, himself an entomologist of note, as well as an influential factor in the moral and religious development of Japan; there is Rev. T. M. McNair, sometime Princeton football star, now preacher, teacher, scholar and musician, who enjoys a vacation by rising at 4 o'clock every morning to work on his book, the too, but for conflicting engagements, would be Bishop Harris of the Methodist Episcopal church, twice decorated by the emperor and revered and loved by countless Japanese; and Rev. Dr. J. D. Davis, one of the founders of the famous Doshisha university.

### Justice Gives Case to Pigeon.

Justice Badger turned over his prerogative as the deciding magistrate to the pigeon, asserting that he would believe the bird, but that he could not rely upon the testimony of the human witness. The trial lasted for nearly a day, it

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dictionary, and one of the first four missionaries to this country, of his associate the late Rev. Dr. Verbeck, and of an English lady, a missionary to the lepers, I cannot learn that any other foreigners, outside of rulers of nations and members of the diplomatic service, have been so honored by the Japanese court.

### American College Celebrities.

Of the youngsters, recent college graduates, who form so large a proportion of the missionary force here, there is not room to speak. Some of them won an American reputation in intercollegiate athletics; one was leader of the University of Pennsylvania band and later a member of Sousa's band; others, women as well as men, enjoyed a local celebrity as honor students. Here on the tennis courts they are winning new laurels for themselves, and they have set the Japanese to playing the game, and on clogs, at that. The Japanese students have a tennis court in an old temple area where they play surrounded by temples and shrines. By the way, the local tennis club enrolls more than 150 members, out of a visiting population of about 400; which fact may present the missionary in rather a new light to some persons. I find him rather an insouciant and, and some individual, entirely unlike the pictured gentlemen in a plumed hat standing under a palm tree preaching to the heathen. A sociable was held in the auditorium a few evenings ago, with the usual allocutionary and musical "stunts," and cold tea and cake for refreshments; one of the missionaries, famous as a Japanese speaker, did an imitation of an American street fakir selling patent medicines that would easily have secured a position on the verily stage; and it might have shocked some dear old ladies with pronounced ideas as to how ministers should conduct themselves.

### Above Level of Home Men.

After several days of close observation of this company of missionaries I have formed the opinion that they are as a whole, rather above the level of a similar gathering of American preachers. They differ in that they have few "star" speakers, and the average of preaching ability is quite low; I have seen even missionaries go to sleep under some of the sermons. It is said that constant use of the Japanese language,

in which these people do their work, unfits them for successful preaching in English. Frequently in English speech they interject Japanese phrases which apparently strike the auditors as being "pat." If they cannot preach the missionaries can think. They have to do so if they are to work here. Japan is not big enough to hold that type of small man who is inhospitable to new ideas. Confidentially, I understand that this is the reason why not a few men who felt themselves called to be missionaries have been recalled by the boards after a few years on the field. The religious problems of Japan are tremendous, just now they are acute. There is nothing like them in America, nor are they at all understood there. Christianity in Japan is passing through an epoch that is also a crisis; of this I shall write in a later article, for it ranks among the most important news of the religious world.

It must now suffice to say that living face to face with a great and vital question, which has had no parallel in missionary history, and is bound itself to become a precedent for other nations, has made serious minded statesmen of many of these missionaries. They have not time to quibble over details that vex many American ministers, and, in consequence, Christian union in Japan is far ahead of the same movement anywhere else in the world; and the missionaries are more catholic, cosmopolitan and large-visioned than any similar body of clergymen of whom I have knowledge.

### Roosevelt and Bryan as Missionaries.

As illustrative of their broad views of the situation take their sentiments concerning Mr. William J. Bryan, whose recent visit is a vivid memory with the nation. The Japanese fell in love with Mr. Bryan, because of his smile, and his snappy, good manners far finer than a private car in this land. The missionaries, without respect to creed or party, are enthusiastic over the religious influence of Mr. Bryan's tour of Japan; everywhere he committed himself unequivocally to the Christian position, and his addresses and printed comments on missions were published in native newspapers throughout the empire, as his biography and speeches had been printed upon his appearance. Now the missionaries are talking of a possible visit from President Roosevelt at the close of his term; he will

be formally invited, and an eminent missionary now en route to America is charged with the mission of representing to the president the attitude of the Japanese towards him. For there is no man, outside of the emperor and a few war heroes, who is so popular in this country today, with all classes of people, as Theodore Roosevelt. Taking advantage of this, the missionaries have circulated widely, in Japanese, the address on the Bible delivered at Oyster Bay, and other religious utterances of the president. His letter to the inter-church conference on federation in New York last fall was immediately printed by most of the Japanese dailies. In these ways it may fairly be said that President Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan are more potent influences in the religious evolution of Japan than many professional missionaries combined.

### Japanese Press and Religion.

The use the latter make of these men I cite as evidence of their alertness and broad-mindedness. Another progressive plan which waits only a special decision from America to put it into immediate execution is the use of the advertising columns of the daily Japanese newspapers for purposes of religious propaganda. Publishers of leading journals have agreed to place from one to two columns a day at the disposal of the missionaries for the insertion of Christian teaching in popular form. The expense of publication for a year in a newspaper of 30,000 circulation, including the preparation of the material, would be less than the salary of an ordinary preacher in America. Only by this method, a leading missionary assured me today, can the churches hope to reach great masses of the people who will not attend Christian churches.

Some missionaries conduct correspondence courses in Christianity. One man stationed on the west coast, inserted a notice in the daily papers that he would be glad to answer questions concerning Christianity. So numerous were the responses that he was soon obliged to withdraw his offer, and yet he has an enrollment of 1,500 persons who are following his course. It is by unusual methods such as these that many of the better class of Japanese, who feel themselves above attending a Christian service, are being reached by the missionary campaign. At a meeting held here since my arrival, the missionaries adopted a pamphlet, setting forth the history of

Japanese missions, together with the nature of the work and its location, for distribution among tourists. The missionaries say that the criticisms of the globe-trotter are due to lack of information, and they want to help set him straight.

Novel ideas in church work I found to be common in Japan. I heard considerable here about the "P. and R. Building association," which inquiry showed is not a thrifty scheme for laying up money for a rainy day, as it is on the other side of the Pacific, but a missionary enterprise by missionaries. Subscribers, chiefly members of the missions, pay \$5 a year for each share; then, whenever a native congregation needs help in putting up a church building, it applies to the building association, which advances a sum equal to not more than one-third of the total cost of the structure. For each grant so made every shareholder is assessed \$1, the aggregate assessment for a year being limited to \$5. In return the shareholder gets the privilege of paying another \$10 the next year!

Considering the charge that the missionaries are "grafters," I am interested to find many evidences like this of the gifts by missionaries to their own work. I have met at least one wealthy man who supports himself and contributes to his mission besides. Another prominent missionary is maintained, and the expenses of his work are paid by his brother, a well-known American manufacturer.

### Facing the Facts.

Most of the missionaries here are Americans and Canadians, and it is gratifying to find that they seem still to retain their level-headedness. They are not fanatics. Their attitude is one of a sober confronting of "the things as they are." They suffer no delusions concerning their work or concerning the Japanese. To cite an illustration: The day of my arrival, a young Okhono (the persistence of American provincialisms and dialects even among the missionaries is interesting to an observer), a total stranger, helped me out of a linguistic snarl at the postoffice. Then he crossed the street with me and smilingly, since you must always bargain with a Japanese, told me that he had made a purchase 25 per cent cheaper than the native's asking price. The duplicity and guilefulness of the Japanese tradesman are an open book to these missionaries, who, while intensely loyal to the Japanese, are not blind to certain grave national shortcomings. The varied difficulties which beset their work are frankly recognized; not all missionary meetings bear reports as temperate and discriminating as are made by the workers here.

It is only fair to the missionaries here to say that they are a hardy set of people, displaying towards one another and towards the other Europeans a spirit of comradeship that is really delightful. They are an unpretentious, wholesome folk, whose personal character is beyond praise, whatever fault may be found with their mission or their methods.

### Berlin's New Swindle.

Berlin has developed a new variation of the confidence game. The victim who has brought it to light is Frau Elizabeth Andrus, who keeps a stand in the Central market on the Alexanderplatz. The police are wondering how many others have been victimized. Frau Andrus was sitting at her stand one evening about 6:30 o'clock waiting for customers when a shabbily dressed man went up to her and poured a hard luck story into her ears. At the conclusion he produced a neat gold watch and semi-tearfully declared that his necessities obliged him to sell it for any old price. He begged Frau Andrus to take it for 25 marks (about \$4), assuring her that it had cost him 100 marks and was still just as good. The shrewd market woman scented a bargain, but she drove a hard bargain. She finally became the owner of the watch for 18 marks (\$4) and spent the next hour admiring her purchase and patting herself on the back. She had a rude awakening when a solemn man stalked up to her exhibiting a metal badge announced that he was Detective Muller of the police force and accused her of buying a stolen watch. The thief, he said, had been arrested and had confessed turning it over to her. The woman was terrified. She shook with terror as if she had a chill and at once never thought of question of resistance when the detective laid an embargo on the watch and informed her that she was under arrest as a possessor of stolen goods.

## PIGEON IS DECIDING WITNESS IN JUSTICE COURT

PROBABLY the most remarkable witness ever known appeared in the justice court at Riverside recently before Magistrate Carlton S. Badger, and while it is not denied that he was a prejudiced witness he decided the case as it pleased.

Justice Badger himself put the pigeon on the stand. "I cannot decide this case by the evidence of men and women," he said, "but we have here a witness that I trust. The witness is the contention of this suit—the homing pigeon here in the cage. I am going to turn the pigeon loose and see where it goes and will decide the case accordingly." Seldom has an animal figured as a court witness, and never has it occurred that a bird has been the deciding factor as against the sworn testimony of men and women. In this case the bird was both judge and jury.

having been instituted by James Thornton, who lives in the southern part of Riverside, and who is a fancier of homing pigeons. He charged August Melville with having one of his pigeons and sought to replevin the bird that he claimed. A constable brought the pigeon that proved to be the star witness of the whole trial in court. Thornton claimed he had raised the bird from the egg and that it was one that had been trained thoroughly from his coop. Melville, on the other hand, swore that the feathered thing in the cage was a year old, and that it had been his bird all the time. Neighbors of Thornton told of having seen the pigeon as a newly hatched bird and related stories of how it was trained, but to offset these the signature of Melville said they had seen the pigeon in his coop for upwards of two years. The pigeon was silent. It looked from the complainant to the defendant and preened its feathers. "I would like to hear further evidence," said the justice.

### Scales of Justice Balance.

Other witnesses were produced by Thornton people who thought they knew the bird, and were sure—or almost sure—that it had been raised and trained by

the man who brought the suit. It began to look as if the scales of justice inclined to his side of the case. "Have you got any further testimony?" asked the court of Melville. He produced enough additional testimony to offset the effect of Thornton's witnesses, and Justice Badger was more puzzled than ever. "If the bird could only talk," said the magistrate, "it would be easy to settle the case. If it was a parrot, now, instead of a pigeon, it might tell us the name of its owner, even if it did not know the nature of an oath. 'I think we can get the bird to talk in its own language,'" said Thornton, to whom the idea came. "I am sure if you turned it loose it would go to my pigeon loft. The pigeon ought to know where its home is." "Turn it loose, then," said Melville, defiantly. "If it goes to your loft I release all claims to it. I think the pigeon is mine. Nothing will suit me better than to let it decide the case."

Magistrate Badger was struck with the reasonableness of the idea. He was unable to decide the case upon the evidence, and he had not thought of Soliman, every where he committed himself unequivocally to the Christian position, and his addresses and printed comments on missions were published in native newspapers throughout the empire, as his biography and speeches had been printed upon his appearance. Now the missionaries are talking of a possible visit from President Roosevelt at the close of his term; he will

Magistrate Badger was unable to decide the case. "Gentlemen," he said, "there is some serious error here. Either this bird belongs to Thornton or it belongs to Melville. I have been unable to tell from the evidence of whom it does belong, and I am going to make the bird itself the deciding witness in the case." Thornton and Melville both agreed to abide by the decision and made acknowledgment for the court's costs. The one that lost was to pay the bill. Justice Badger's court-room is a frame building and is anything from being imposing, but out-of-it has sprung this remarkable story. The pigeon, as the official witness of the court, was turned loose. The bailiff was instructed to watch its movements. Every person in the crowd in front of the courtroom also was a witness when the bird was released. His honor himself was a spectator.

The pigeon seemingly was the least interested of all the others in the trial, although he was the cause of it and was the object of the controversy. When the constable released him from the cage the indications were that he was not going to prove a willing witness or that he would not become a witness at all. This most remarkable court officer started in with picking at the pavements and dusting his head and feet into the air. Upon the direction he took depended Justice Badger's decision. The crowd, divided in sentiment, was willing to bet. They did bet, in fact. The pigeon flew high into the air and remained there for a time. Interest in the case began to broaden and business men were watching the white wings of the bird high up over their buildings with the knowledge that the direction he took meant the decision of a law case. And all the while Justice Badger had his eyes on the bird, for he had made it a witness. Suddenly the white wings fluttered and the homing pigeon went toward the south. He proved to be Thornton's witness. The constable reported back to court that the pigeon had gone directly to Thornton's coop. "The pigeon belongs there or he would not have gone," said the constable. "That is the best witness I ever had before me." "The costs?" when it was suggested that they are on Melville," he replied. It was a homing pigeon that had won the case.

