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 Dispassionate, Secular and Non-Religious Standpoint. Illustrated with Drawings and from Photographs.

A Reform Sirocco Has Struck Wide-Open Shanghai

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Shanghai, China.—The greatest moral sensation at present agitating the east is not being created by a missionary, but by an officer of the United States government, Judge L. R. Willey of the new circuit court for China. With the majority of foreigners resident in port cities, Judge Willey is to-day probably more unpopular, even, than are the missionaries, and for largely the same reason. What the missionaries have been trying for generations to accomplish, in the way of cleaning up the American reputation out here, and improving moral conditions, Judge Willey has wrought almost over night.

The shame of Shanghai is international; in every part of the civilized world Shanghai is known as a wide-open city. As one resident expressed it: "There is no public sentiment here." Shanghai about fulfills the desire of Kipling's soldier:

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez,
Where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments,
And a man can raise a thirst."

An American Monopoly of Vice.

But here comes the rub: the Americans have had almost a monopoly of the business end of the vice of Shanghai. The gamblers, panderers, dive-keepers and loose women were mostly registered at the American consulate. British consuls in the east have had the right, which they have generally exercised, to deport shady characters of their own nationality; American consuls have not. For 50 years, then, the abandoned women of this chief port of the orient have been claiming the protection of the stars and stripes. The result is that nowhere in decent circles in the east are the terms "American lady" ever employed, for they have only one significance. An American father dare not speak of his daughter as an "American girl." When first I came to this city it needed a few pointed and illuminating words from a friend to explain to me the large proportion of richly clad and artificially bedizened women, manifestly my compatriots, who rolled along Bubbling Well road in sumptuous equipages.

So open and shameless has been this corruption of Shanghai society, ramifying into the most extraordinary and unexpected places, that gradually brazen vice has crowded virtue to the rear, and, as a most eminent resident assures me, the demi-monde of Shanghai has held the center of the social stage. I have it on credible authority that leading business men, married men with elegant homes in Shanghai, have been in the habit of dropping in of afternoons to take tea with the "American girls." A short time ago a prominent British nobleman found, after spending an evening in "the American colony," that his watch had disappeared. Now this particular watch bore autograph evidence that it was a personal gift from King Edward, in recognition of high public services, so every effort was put forth to recover it—without publicity, of course—but in vain. There is no absolute evidence that it was taken to the states by one of the score of "American girls" who left on a single steamer a few weeks ago, but nobody would be surprised should it turn up in San Francisco.

Despite an occasional misadventure of this sort, the Britishers and other foreigners here have been very well content with the situation prior to Judge Willey's advent. The disgrace and legal responsibility were borne by America, so from their standpoint the matter was quite satisfactory. As one vexed Englishman said to me: "Really, this Judge Willey is making a deuce of a bother for the rest of us. He is doing a good thing for America, of course, but think of the trouble that is bound to come to other nationalities if they have to handle this thing." In a word, the nations were quite willing to let America bare the blame for all their misbehavior.

How Missionaries Won Unpopularity.

Against this infamy missionaries have for years protested and labored in vain. Shanghai, like all other treaty ports in China, is an international extra-territorial settlement; each resident is under no law except that of his own country, as administered by his consul. The very fact of American laxity has caused disreputable characters, even of other nationalities, to seek the protection of that flag for their evil doing.

A few of the official figures from the settlement records may be enlightening in this connection—and be it remembered, these are not statistics of the native city, but of the foreign settlements, over which the Chinese have no control whatever. The unedifying spectacle has more than once been presented in Shanghai of "heathen" officials vainly pleading with the representatives of Christian nations to close out or restrict certain forms of evil, notably opium resorts, gambling houses and brothels, for the sake of the thousands of Chinese who are being ruined therein. Shanghai's foreign population is 14,000, of whom 1,100 are Americans. The British dominate, although they are somewhat outnumbered by the Japanese. French, Portuguese and Germans come next in order of importance.

In licensed existence within the settlement were, at the time of the issuance of the recent municipal statistics, 21,000 opium houses and shops, paying a revenue of $48,000—or one such resort for every score of the 452,700 Chinese residents who live here under the white man's law. Of these, 520 are opium brothels, with 3,200 inmates. Besides there are 200 registered Chinese brothels with 400 inmates, 237 of whom are given weekly health certificates by the city medical examiners. Of foreign houses of a grade above this, there are seven reported on the books, with 55 inmates. Of the highest and most famous—or infamous—class is the "Water Tower district," or the "American colony," as the neighborhood is indiscriminately called, there are seven palatial houses, with 47 inmates. In addition, there are numerous "amusement palaces" and beer gardens, which are outside the pale of what is called the "legitimate."

The Pace That Kills.

No census can tell the worst of Shanghai's shame. The evil that surpasses the widespread gambling and drinking is the maintenance of Chinese concubines by white men. It is freely asserted that all the unmarried foreigners in the east follow this practice. Of course this sweeping statement is untrue; and the wholesale generalization upon Shanghai's wickedness indulged in by missionaries here, and by missionary authorities and supporters at home, is more than uncharitable, it is cruel, and false. This city holds many upright, clean-lived, honorable men of spotless character; the fact that they are in a minority does not justify their being so indiscriminately libelled. The gross and scandalous charges, which ignorant or evil-disposed persons make concerning missionaries, are not a whit worse than the general animadversions of some missionaries upon all foreigners engaged in secular pursuits in the orient.

The best statement of the situation is bad enough. Careful inquiry among conservative and informed persons elicits the opinion that probably the larger number of unmarried foreigners in Shanghai maintain native women. The Eurasian offspring who are the fruit of these, and more honorable unions, are one of the tragic characteristics of this city.

Right here arises a perplexity for the missionary. Shall he receive into his home, and give his social approval to, young men who are known thus to have contravened a fundamental Anglo-Saxon conception of decency? Shall all the accepted traditions of respectable society be abandoned in order to win the approval of these young men away from home? Ordinarily, the missionaries decide in the negative. Thus there is a gulf fixed between the two classes of white men in Asia; and so mutual criticism is begotten. In the society which has dominated Shanghai the missionary, whatever his standing at home or his personal qualities, has been "persona non grata." Whether this state of affairs will alter with the newly-changed conditions remains to be seen.

When "Reform" Struck Shanghai.

One further explanatory point should be noted before describing Judge Willey's sensational reforms. Gambling has always been a Shanghai vice. During "race week" in spring and fall, it has been rampant. All kinds of gambling have been open and unashamed. There is nothing in the western world to which this can be likened; foreign gentlemen, foreign riff-raff, Chinese gentlemen, Chinese riff-raff (not to mention women of any nationality) met in a gamblers' democracy about the tables of chance and mischance. Back of the worst of these fleecing schemes were Americans.

Last spring an anti-gambling crusade was skillfully conducted, Robert E. Lewis, the Young Men's Christian association secretary, being one of the prime workers in it. Without going into details, it is enough to say that the leading citizens who comprise the municipal council were subjected to such pressure that they outlawed all race week gambling, except betting upon the races within the club house grounds. This was an enormous stride for reform, and the next step, the total abolition of gambling and licensed vice of any sort is inevitable and near. So Shanghai, the city where "everything goes" was acquainted with reform and made ready, psychologically, for the advent of the man of the hour.

Enter the Man with the Square Jaw.

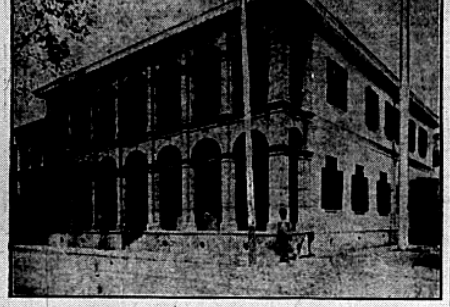
Then came Joye with his thunderbolts. Nobody out here, or elsewhere, apparently, had paid any particular attention to the creation by congress last year of a new United States circuit court for China. So its staff was on the scene before the significance of the event was at all understood. The judge appointed by the president was the one man above all others preeminently qualified for his task. Judge Willey had gone with Gov. Taft to the Philippines as district attorney. He had set the legal machinery in motion there, and had run out of the islands a lot of vicious camp followers, big and little, who were exploiting the Filipinos and soldiers, and making trouble generally. Judge Willey is a quiet man, with a goodly frame, a square jaw and an even disposition; a man not given to delivering homilies from the bench or announcing his intentions beforehand or explaining his actions afterward. He is the sort of man to scour the United States escutcheon in Shanghai, where it has been more than a little tarnished in times past by Americans, official and unofficial.

The day after his arrival he calmly announced that American lawyers who expected to practice in his court must pass examination as to their professional qualifications, and present certificates of their moral character. That would seem an innocent enough procedure, warranted by practice in the United States, until one has heard described the type of legal shysters who for the most part infest Shanghai, making its badness worse. Eight men attempted the examination. Six of them failed ignominiously to attain an average of 50, out of a possible 100. It is said by those close to the judge that had these men passed the examination, all but one of them would have been disbarred on the basis of character. At least one of them is a renegade from the Philippines, and had before felt Judge Willey's hand.

Consternation Among Crooks.

Here was a sensation for Shanghai. The rejected men had been doing business in this city for many years; their records were, presumably, an open book, so there is significance in the fact that they have been able to find nobody to question the essential justice of the court's action. Naturally, the men cannot practice in the British court, and their "face" is gone utterly. This swift, summary, ominous action set Shanghai's underworld agog. What would this as yet uncomprehended judge do next?

Nobody had to wait long to discover. Basing his action on the Roman law, Judge Willey summoned before him eight proprietresses of the most influential resorts. One escaped by pleading Spanish citizenship, which the district attorney was unable to disprove. The Spanish consul issued certificates for two "American girls," but they were ignored by the court, and he afterwards attempted to withdraw them. The girls pleaded guilty, thus leaving the Spanish consul in an unpleasant predicament. So all the accused except one were given a fine of $1,000 each, which was more eloquent than many lectures. The immediate result was to send post-haste out of Shanghai and out of China more than half a hundred "American girls," whose reign in the east seems now to have been forever broken. Of course all this is revolutionary here. When supposedly respectable Britishers and Americans objected, the judge drily remarked that America is willing to surrender the monopoly of this sort of trade and reputation.



The United States Consulate at Shanghai.

"BOO-HOO"

Shouts a Spanked Baby.

A Doctor of Divinity, now Editor of a well-known Religious paper, has written regarding the controversy between Collier's Weekly and the Religious Press of the Country and others, including ourselves. Also regarding suits for libel brought by Collier's against us for commenting upon its methods.

These are his sentiments, with some very emphatic words left out.

"The religious Press owes you a debt of gratitude for your courage in showing up Collier's Weekly as the "Yell-Oh Man." Would you care to use the inclosed article on the "Boo Hoo Baby" as the "Yell-Oh Man's successor?"

"A contemporary remarks that Collier's has finally run against a solid hickory "Post" and been damaged in its own estimation to the tune of $750,000.00."

"Here is a publication which has, in utmost disregard of the facts, spread broadcast damaging statements about the Religious Press and others and has suffered those false statements to go uncontradicted until, not satisfied after finding the Religious Press too quiet, and peaceful, to resent the insults, it makes the mistake of wandering into fresh field and butts its rattled head against this Post and all the World laughs. Even Christians smile, as the Post suddenly turns and gives it back a dose of its own medicine."

"It is a mistake to say all the World laughs. No cheery laugh comes from Collier's, but it cries and boo hoos like a spanked baby and spends $750,000.00 to soothe its tender, lacerated feelings."

"Thank Heaven it has at last struck a man with "back bone" enough to call a spade a "spade" and a liar a liar in telling the whole truth without fear or favor."

Perhaps Collier's with its "utmost disregard for the facts," may say no such letter exists. Nevertheless it is on file in our office and is only one of a mass of letters and other data, newspaper comments, etc., denouncing the "yellow" methods of Collier's. This volume is so large that it takes a man could not well go thru it under half a day's steady work. The letters come from various parts of America.

Usually a private controversy is not interesting to the public, but this is a public controversy.

Collier's has been using the "yellow" methods to attract attention to itself, but, jumping in the air, cracking heels together and yelling "Look at me" wouldn't suffice, so it started out on a "Holier Than Thou" attack on the Religious Press and on medicine.

We leave it to the public now, as we did when we first resented Collier's attacks, to say whether, in a craving for sensation and circulation, its attacks do not amount to a systematic mercenary hounding. We likewise leave it to the public to say whether Collier's, by its own policy and methods, has not made itself more ridiculous than any number of ours could make it.

Does Collier's expect to regain any self-inflicted loss of prestige by demonstrating thru suits for damages, that it can be more artful in evading liability for libels than the humble but resentful victims of its defamation, or does it hope for starting a campaign of libel suits to alienate the popular indignation, reproach and resentment which it has aroused.

Collier's can not dodge this public controversy by private law suits. It can not postpone the public judgment against it. That great jury, the Public, will hardly blame us for not waiting until we get a petit jury in a court room, before denouncing this prodigal detractor of institutions founded and fostered either by individuals or by the public, itself.

No announcements during our entire business career were ever made claiming "medicinal effects" for either Postum or Grape-Nuts. Medicinal effects are results obtained from the use of medicines.

Thousands of visitors go thru our entire works each month and see for themselves that Grape-Nuts contains absolutely nothing but wheat, barley and a little salt; Postum absolutely nothing but wheat and about ten percent of New Orleans Molasses. The art of preparing these simple elements in a scientific manner to obtain the best food value and flavor, required some work and experience to acquire.

Now, when any publication goes far enough out of its way to attack us because our advertising is "medical," it simply offers a remarkable exhibition of ignorance or malice.

We do claim physiological or bodily results of favorable character following the adoption of our suggestions regarding the discontinuance of coffee and foods which may not be keeping the individual in good health. We have no advice to offer the perfectly healthful person. His or her health is evidence in itself that the beverages and foods used exactly fit that person. Therefore, why change?

But to the man or woman who is ailing, we have something to say as a result of an unusually wide experience in food and the result of proper feeding.

In the palpably ignorant attack on us in Collier's, appeared this statement:—"One widely circulated paragraph labors to induce the impression that Grape-Nuts will obviate the necessity of an operation in appendicitis. This is lying and potentially deadly lying."

In reply to this exhibition of—well let the reader name it, the Postum Co., says:

Let it be understood that appendicitis results from long continued disturbance in the intestines, caused primarily by undigested starchy food, such as white bread, potatoes, rice, partly cooked cereals and such.

Starchy food is not digested in the upper stomach but passes on into the duodenum, or lower stomach and intestines, where, in a healthy individual, the transformation of the starch into a form of sugar is completed and then the food absorbed by the blood.

But if the powers of digestion are weakened, a part of the starchy food will lie in the warmth and moisture of the body and decay, generating gases and irritating the mucous surfaces until under such conditions the whole lower part of the alimentary canal, including the colon and the appendix, becomes involved. Disease sets up and at times takes the form known as appendicitis.

When the symptoms of the trouble make their appearance, would it not be good, practical, common sense, to discontinue the starchy food which is causing the trouble and take a food in which the starch has been transformed into a form of sugar in the process of manufacture?

This is identically the same form of sugar found in the human body after starch has been perfectly digested.

Now, human food is made up very largely of starch and is required by the body for energy and warmth. Naturally, therefore, its use should be continued, if possible, and for the reasons given above it is made possible in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts.

In connection with this change of food to bring relief from physical disturbances, we have suggested washing out the intestines to get rid of the immediate cause of the disturbance.

Naturally, there are cases where the disease has lain dormant and the abuse continued too long, until apparently only the knife will avail. But it is well established that the best physicians who are acquainted with the details above recited, that preventative measures are far and away the best.

Are we to be condemned for suggesting a way to prevent disease by following natural methods and for perfecting a food that contains no "medicine" and produces no "medicinal effects" but which has guided literally thousands of persons from sickness to health? We have received during the years past upwards of 25,000 letters from people who have been either helped or made entirely well by following our suggestions, and they are simple.

If coffee disagrees and causes any of the ailments common to some coffee users quit it and take on Postum.

If white bread, potatoes, rice and other starch foods make trouble, quit and use Grape-Nuts food which is largely predigested and will digest, nourish and strengthen, when other forms of food do not. It's just plain old common sense.

"There's a Reason for Postum and Grape-Nuts."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.

A Young Composer.

Rachel, aged 12, wrote an composition on wild flowers in which she praised the arbutus, the liverwort, the spring beauty, the blood root, and all of the other blossoms of dell and dale. But she wrote on both sides of her sheet of paper, and when she asked her father, who was an editor, to publish her article, he called her attention to that fact.

"You've written on both sides of your paper," said he.

"Well," was the reply, "and don't you print on both sides of yours?"

ALL THINGS IN PROPORTION.

Invalid's Meal Evidently Had Not Increased Good Humor.

For many weeks the irritable merchant had been riveted to his bed by typhoid fever. Now he was convalescing. He clamored for something to eat, declaring that he was starving.

"To-morrow you may have something to eat," promised the doctor. The merchant realized that there would be a restraint to his appetite, yet he saw, in vision, a modest, steaming meal placed at his bedside.

"Here is your dinner," said the nurse next day, as she gave the glowering patient a spoonful of tapioca pudding, "and the doctor emphasizes that everything else you do must be in the same proportion."

Two hours later the nurse heard a frantic call from the bed chamber.

"Nurse," breathed the man heapily, "I want to do some reading, bring me a postage stamp."

HAVE CRAZE FOR FORMULA.

Smokers Follow Fashions in the Use of Tobacco.

"Make me up a package of tobacco according to the formula used by Edwin Booth," said the man with a southern accent. "That is the third man who has asked for that kind of tobacco to-day," said the dealer. "It is strange that people from remote parts of the country as well as New Yorkers make a fad of buying the same brand of tobacco that Booth smoked. And it isn't always the Booth mixture that they want. I have filed away the formulas for mixing the favorite tobacco of many famous persons. Smokers the country over have heard of this collection of recipes and one feature of every man's trip to New York is to try a pipeful of some big man's favorite tobacco. In most cases this special mixture is so strong that the nerves of the average smoker cannot stand it. He has to give up after a few pipefuls and go back to a popular mixture, but he has the satisfaction of having had the experience."—The New York Sun.

The "Mound City."

St. Louis rejoices in the sobriquet of Mound City from the fact that the original settlers found there many elevations which it is supposed were relics of that strange people who dwelt in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and are known to modern times only as the Mound Builders. No adequate explanation has yet been found of their strange mode of leaving memorials of their existence. The limestone bluffs on which a part of St. Louis stands furnish a solid foundation for the business buildings.

Held Up.

"Stop!" shouted the man on the country road, holding up a warning hand. Muttering something about rural cops, the automobilist obeyed.

"Turn around and come back to town with me," said the stranger. "You were going at least 35 miles an hour."

"You're a constable, I suppose," said the automobilist, with a covert sneer, when they had reached the village.

"Me?" replied the passenger. "No, I'm a farmer and had to come into town when all the teams was busy. Nice growing weather? Thanks. Good-by."

Ensuing comment is purposely omitted.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Selling a Rat.

You have probably read or heard that the best way to rid a house of rats is to catch one and fasten a bell about its neck. A boy in Delaware tried the experiment two months ago. He was badly bitten in making the bell fast, but he turned the rat loose and expected the tinkling of that bell would have great results. It did have. In the first place, the rat who wore it was constantly on the move all night, and the tinkling bell kept the family awake, and in the next the sounds brought scores of new rats to the house. Instead of being afraid of the bell, they were charmed with the music. Had the boy tied a harmonica to another rat's tail, the rodents would have had a dance every night.

She Was Willing.

"Yes," says the husband, "I have consented to accept the nomination."

"I am so glad the party is beginning to recognize your merit," beams the wife.

"Now my dear," the husband continues, "you know that political affairs are not love feasts, by any means. You must expect to see me villified and attacked in a scandalous manner. No doubt the opposition will try to dig up sensational rumors about me, and all that sort of thing, but you must not——"

"Well," she interrupts, "I am really glad of it. You have always been strangely silent about whether or not you ever were engaged to anyone before you met me."

The Way of the Child.

A small boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a car with his mother, when they were asked the customary question: "How old is the boy?" After being told the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person.

The boy sat quite still as if pondering over some question, and then, concluding that full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor, then at the other end of the car: "And mother's 21!"

A Definition of Success.

How have the hypothetical scientists and the exponents of unbelief benefited themselves or humanity at large by sowing the seeds of doubt broadcast in the world? The real scientists do not fall in this category, for they are believers in the real sense of the word; they know too much, they have seen too many mysterious manifestations of the Divine creative power. Now, those who have disposed of the Bible and all evidences of inspiration, have written a great many books and some of them have won what the world at large lightly calls fame. According to the ordinary measures that are applied in such cases, they have been extremely successful, but real success means the benefit of humanity in some form or other. If no such benefits can be shown as the result of their labors, their success is not equal to that achieved by the direst poverty and the deepest ignorance.—Joel Chandler, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

WHEN A "HUNCH" HELD GOOD.

Chinese Laundry Ticket Suggested a Bet on "Wing Ting."

Kay Spence, a well-known horseman of Mexico, Mo., won $1,000 at the Louisville, Ky., race meeting a short time ago as the result of a "hunch." Mr. Spence has a large breeding stable of "runners" near Mexico, and attends all the big racing events in the country. Not long since he was in Louisville and entered the betting ring to see what odds were being offered on the various entries. He found that Joaquin was the favorite at even money, and pulled his wallet from his pocket, intending to bet on that horse. His attention was attracted by something that fell from his wallet to the ground, and he stooped and picked it up. It was a Chinese laundry ticket. He looked at the "books" again and found that there was an entry with a Chinese name, Wing Ting, at ten to one. That settled it, for he considered he had received a "hunch" that could not be overlooked. Wing Ting won handily. Needless to say, those who backed the favorite considered Spence the seventh son of the seventh son.—Kansas City Star.