

SUNDAY READING. Religious Progress in Cuba.

Copyright, 1901, The Christian Herald, New York. HAVANA, Cuba, January 3, 1901.—Cuba is a charming country. I think that it is changing for the better. Certainly many of the changes that have taken place during the last two years have been for the better. Moreover, they have been of a kind to encourage those Americans who may be thinking of coming to the island and settling.

In reviewing a few of the things that have happened since the American flag went up on January 1, 1899 and the Spanish flag went down forever, one of the most important to me seems the complete freedom of religious worship. Of course under the American flag there could be no union of church and state, as had been the case with the Spaniards. Up to that time a single protestant congregation existed in Havana. This was the baptist church, of which Dr. Diaz is the pastor, and which had managed to secure the concession of a cemetery for the burial of those outside the catholic faith. Now there are several English-speaking protestant congregations, and chapels or missions are maintained by the episcopalians, the congregationalists, the methodists, the baptists, the presbyterians, and the disciples. The quakers also are established in a modest way.

All these protestant churches do not content themselves simply with the holding of religious services on Sunday. They do a great deal of practical missionary work, and most of them hold services in Spanish as well as in English. They are not limited to Havana, because the other day in Matanzas I was told that the methodist episcopal church there owned its own house of worship, one of the first instances of the kind in the island.

Some political changes are going on, of which it is not necessary to treat now, except to express the belief that, while Cuba will have its own constitution and its own independent government, the moral support and the protection of the United States will never be entirely withdrawn from the new commonwealth, which may be known as the Republic of Cuba. The process of establishing this new commonwealth will be gradual, and its various steps can be followed as they are taken. There is no probability of a sudden and complete withdrawal of the American authority of the future government, the protection of the United States always will be assured to its citizens in Cuba.

I write of this, because some letters which have reached me renew inquiries about the prospect for Americans securing homes in Cuba, the nature of the land titles and other matters. Some of these questions have been answered in the past, but the answers may be repeated in the light of the experience of those Americans who have established themselves in the island during the last three years. Scattered throughout the provinces there are a surprising number of those who have bought land and settled down as farmers. Some of these came with the soldiers, or as civil employees of the American officials, and had the best chance to pick out places for settling. Others got together some means, came down to look over the ground, and when they saw what suited them, they bought land. Some who were drawn in to ill-advised projects of colonies and who suffered loss in consequence, yet had pluck enough to stay and make money for themselves.

I want to emphasize the point about all, that those who are succeeding are the ones who have gone out into the country, and have not tried to make their fortunes in Havana, Santiago, or the other cities. They have recognized the great truth that, since Cuba is one vast farm, the best chance for the newcomer is in farming. So they have got land, and gone to raising fruits, vegetables, coffee, and in some cases sugar-cane. I have noticed that the Chinese truck gardeners who are so numerous around Havana, are no longer monopolizing the trade. Some Americans who went a little further out into the country and engaged in truck-farming, are doing very well. Down at Guines, which is the real market garden of the island, and which raises great quantities of onions and Irish potatoes for the New York market, Americans are beginning to make headway. In quite a number of cases where they have gone to raising oranges, they are doing very well, though, of course, it will be two or three years yet before they can raise and market a crop. Americans also are doing well in pine-apples; and in travel-

ing around I have noticed some progress in dairy farming, and even an effort to raise hay and bale it for the market, after the American way.

The observations apply to the settled portions of the island, which, notwithstanding that they are settled, have much good land still uncultivated. The era also has begun, by opening up the undeveloped portions of Cuba. The most important of these enterprises is the building of what is known as the Central, or Backbone Railway, which will connect Havana with Santiago, at the southeastern end of the island, and which will have branches running to the ports on the north and south coasts. This has been undertaken by Sir William Van Horne, who carried out the project of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He is supported by American, English and Canadian capitalists. An enterprise of this kind could be promoted only by men of large means, but in time the men of smaller means will be benefited, for they too will have the chance to acquire lands, and will be assured of the means of getting their products to markets. Railroad building is only an incidental feature of the Van Horne project. Sir William told me that the immediate purpose is to open up the undeveloped resources by establishing sugar plantations, fruit farms and the like. The scene of operations will be in the eastern part of Santa Clara province, and in Puerto Principe and Santiago.

While, as I stated, this railway project will be of great benefit to Cuba, and while later it will be a means of encouraging American immigration, for the immediate future I should not advise those who are thinking of making homes in Cuba to depend upon it. They will do well to keep closer to the cities and ports which already are within reach. Naturally this means that they will have to pay more for their lands than by going further into the interior, where the country is yet entirely undeveloped; but I think that they will succeed better. I believe a man with five thousand dollars capital will be able to turn it over quicker in a part of the island where land may cost from fifteen to twenty five dollars an acre, than by going to the undeveloped section, where he can buy it at from three to five dollars an acre. That is to say, two hundred acres in the more settled sections will yield him better for the first few years than a thousand acres in the undeveloped regions.

About the climate it is now possible to speak with more certainty than a year or two ago, for there are many Americans who have passed their third summer in the island. Their general verdict is that the climate of Cuba need not bar persons from Northern countries from settling in the island. After a few years, they will not work with the same fierce energy that usually characterizes them when they arrive from the temperate zone, but they will know how to adapt themselves to the climate and to the tropical modes of living and working. There is everything in that knowledge. It is harvest season all the year round in Cuba, and work can be done in the fields in the early morning almost every day in the year. On the sugar plantations the workers are astir at four or five in the morning, and they are able to put in half a day's work before the sun becomes too hot for comfort. That is the real secret of working in the tropics, to do it at the right hours of the morning and evening and to work quietly and steadily, but not at a driving pace, which destroys the energies without increasing the output of a man's labor.

—Charles M. Pepper.

RAGTIME ON THE CHURCH ORGAN.

Brethren and Sisters Are Astonished by the Strains from the Sacred Pipes.

"Ragtime" music has gained a foothold in one of the most aristocratic churches in Evanston, Ill. At a reception and dinner given at the South presbyterian church Thursday night the old pipe organ, which has never known any other than sacred music, belled and squealed to the tune of "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" and "Just Because She Made Them Goo-Goo Eyes."

A large number of the most prominent presbyterians in Evanston were present at the dinner, which was held in the church. After the dinner there were speeches by the pastor, the Rev. J. W. Francis, and the guests of honor. After they had finished it was announced that those present

would be entertained by an impromptu musical programme in the auditorium of the church. When the seats were filled the organist was asked to play for the delectation of those present. She went to the organ and, after a moment's hesitation started off with "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

After the first measure was played the audience was horror stricken. They had expected to hear a Back sonata or a selection from "The Messiah." The older members, who have been good presbyterians for years, straightened up in their seats and rubbed their ears and wondered what was the matter with the old organ. It had never been known to do anything in the least undignified, and they could not believe that they were mistaken in the tune. A murmur of disapproval ran through the audience. Some one suggested that it might be a prelude to some piece which had not been heard before in the classic town. Others thought that perhaps the church had adopted some Salvation Army song. When the first bars were finished and the chorus was reached all realized that there was nothing of a sacred kind in the piece, and that the instrument that had been taught "Old Hundred" and "Rock of Ages" was being profaned.

There were some in the audience who did not think that the music could be improved upon. They were the young people. They caught the refrain and hummed it, and when the organist had finished the tune that inspired the soldiers as they climbed San Juan hill, she received a hearty encore.

She returned to the organ, pulled out a few more stops and began playing a sacred interlude. This was not what the listeners wanted, and the piece received little attention. When it was over there was a faint ripple of applause. A moment later some one started the hand-clapping and it soon became general. The organist knew what was wanted. She turned again to the organ, touched the keys, and started on "Just Because She Made Them Goo Goo Eyes." When the verse was finished and the first notes of the chorus rolled from the deep throat of the organ the notes swelled until the music sounded like a thunderstorm on a spree. The music became as giddy as that of a country dance. The "windjammer," who pumps air into the lungs of the organ, caught the spirit and worked until the pipes roared like a Kansas cyclone.

By this time those who used to dance the Virginia reel and the hopping waltz had begun to like the music. Some said that it was a revelation in music, and others said that the Salvation Army is ten years in advance of the church, because it has adapted sacred words to popular music. There were some in the audience who did not approve of the new departure, and said that it was wrong to introduce the music of the hurdy-gurdy into the church.

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VACCINATION IN TENNESSEE.

How Smallpox was Stamped out in Spite of Threats of Using Shotguns.

A health officer in New York detailed to vaccinate the occupants of a suspected tenement, sometimes feels as if he had a labor of Hercules in his hands, before he makes the magic scratch in the arm of the last sullen man, protesting woman or wriggling baby; but his task is as the joy of a summer picnic compared with that of the vaccinating officer in Tennessee. There he takes his life in his hand with his scarifier, and needs the wisdom of Solomon and the pluck of a cowboy if he is to do his task thoroughly.

Smallpox has occurred in certain districts of Tennessee ever since last spring. The chief source of the disease has been among the negroes and the lowest class of whites who believe that vaccination and the Day of Judgement coincide in some mysterious way. In Columbia the local health board made progress in vaccination until the officers reached the cotton mills. There, they were met with blank refusal, enforced by a loaded shotgun. This logic proved convincing to the local board. Metaphorically speaking it threw up its hands and passed its virus over to the county board. This board began its work at the mines near Mount Pleasant. The first nine victims stampeded, and rebellious negroes were so free with their shots that the county board retired, angry and discomfited, concluding that vaccination under the circumstances was impossible.

In the meantime, however, the disease was spreading in every direction. The local board and the county board had both been foiled and only the State board was left to cope with the problem. The miners, emboldened by their repulse of the county board, sent word to the State board that they were prepared to hang any health officer who came near them. This was the prospect which confronted the doctor appointed by the State on the same afternoon to take charge of the matter. He realized that only the most vigorous measures would be effective. In spite of the miners' defiance he started for Columbia, without delay. The county was declared to be in a state of quarantine. Train inspectors were appointed to turn back people not vaccinated and much to the surprise of the inhabitants of the county, they found that no amount of coaxing would get them beyond its borders, unless they could present an official certificate of vaccination. The same requirement was made of those on incoming trains. It was "no vaccination, no entry," and passengers know by the set of the train inspectors' jaws that they meant what they said.

Freight and express, outgoing or incoming, were detained, and mutinous merchants began to understand that the State board was not joking. When the officer in charge offered freedom from the shipping restriction to such merchants as submitted to the vaccination of every one in their employ who even in the most remote way came in contact with the goods shipped the terms were accepted. In a day and a half a cityful of working people had good virus in their left arms. One or two retail merchants whom the shipping restriction did not immediately effect held out longer, but they also came to terms in time. The managers of the cotton mills allow the entire plant to remain idle for a day rather than submit; but when they found that pleading and argument had no effect on the health officers, and when they realized how much they were losing with every idle hour, they yielded. With the vaccination of the last of the mill hands the city was safe from smallpox so far as preventative measures could accomplish it, and the vaccination of the whole population had been accomplished without the firing of a single shot.

But the work of the State board was by no means accomplished. The mines still remained and they were filled with miners longing to hang the health officers. When the time came however, their courage seemed to ooze, perhaps because the health officers were accompanied by twenty-five deputy Sheriffs sworn in for the occasion, who surrounded the mines. The doctors went inside, pulled the miners out of their

wholes, set the mark of vaccination in their arms and then sent them outside of the lines. Some of the mine owners woke up to the importance of the work and required a certificate of vaccination before they paid their men. Thirty-nine or forty cases of smallpox were found in the town and among the camps and sent to the pesthouse. With these forty centres of contagion, there is no telling where the epidemic would have ended if vigorous measures had been much longer delayed. On one Saturday the doctor in charge issued 1,100 certificates of vaccination and during the stamping out period it was necessary for him sometimes to remain forty eight hours in the saddle with no sleep and little to eat. The task of the doctor dealing with the smallpox problem in Tennessee is not a snap, by any means.

The last achievement of the State board was the cleaning up of a Black Bottom, a district where desperate people congregate. The local police as a rule do not care to pass within gunshot of the place at night, but it was a regular breeding place for smallpox and no safety was possible until the purifying measure of vaccination had been introduced. Therefore the doctors in charge set their teeth and went to work. With their assistants, they surrounded have a dozen houses at once, and vaccinated the occupants straight through. No quarter was given, and by the time the health officers had finished their work not a tough in Black Bottom could boast of an unscarred arm.

At the end of fifteen days smallpox was stamped out in the county at a cost of about \$3,000, and the State board turned matters over to the county board once more with the situation entirely under control. The previous efforts, which had proved futile, had exhausted about six months and had cost \$20,000.

Nervous Headache.

A very distressing and common malady, doubtless it has its origin in some unbalanced condition of the nervous system. One of the simplest, easiest and most efficient remedies is Nerviline. Twenty drops in a little sweetened water gives almost immediate relief, and this treatment should be supplemented by bathing the region of pain with Nerviline. To say it acts quickly fails to express the result. Druggists sell it everywhere.

He Lost the Credit.

Justice Garoutte related an amusing incident which occurred to him while crossing the Atlantic. "The band played every night in the second cabin," he says, "and one evening I invited my family and a few friends to visit the second cabin and listen to the music. After a few pieces had been played I called a keller to me and told him to give the band a glass of beer at my expense. I paid him the charges, the beer was brought to the band, they stood up, rattled their glasses, seemed greatly delighted, and said 'good luck' to a big red faced German who was sitting on the opposite side of the room, and then drank their beer. He then arose and made a speech, after which the band played 'Hail to the Chief,' amid great applause.

"I asked a gentleman who sat near me, and who understood German, what all the fuss was about, and he said the fellow who had just made the speech had treated the band to beer. It came over me like a shot that I did not tip the keller, and that he had put up the job with the red faced German."

In His Line.

"Tupper, who keeps the hair store on the corner, says the business seems to be the development of his youthful tendencies."

"How does that happen?" "Why, he says he remembers that when he was a little boy in school he used to go out and get switches for the teacher."

"It is pretty hard to determine," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "which is the most dangerous, a woman's smile or her first batch of biscuit."

Piles
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