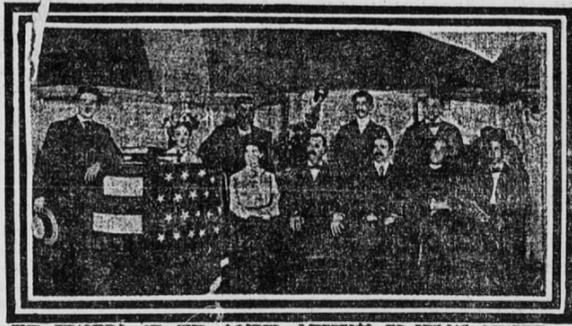


The GOSPEL in HELL'S KITCHEN

Evangelists who have pitched their tent amid the heathen of the fighting sixties. A hard fight and many victories over Satan.



THE LEADERS OF THE GOSPEL MEETINGS IN HELL'S KITCHEN

THE churches are sending their best workers into darkest New York with songs, pictures and stories to draw men, women and the 300,000 children from the slums to their meetings, where preaching follows the preliminary children's exercises. To this end a tent has been erected on a vacant lot in Sixty-first street and Eleventh avenue, near the river. It is said to be the very vortex of "Hell's Kitchen"—the home of race riots, where shooting and fighting are daily pastimes.

That is a strong name for any part of a city like New York. "What is 'Hell's Kitchen?'" I asked an expert one evening.

"It is where the dividing line between the whites and blacks ends—where they live promiscuously, huddled together like wild animals in a wilderness. But that is not all. Among them are the vilest and the most criminal of the city's population. It is a place where no man's life is safe if he is known to have money."

Any one who spends an evening in the district during these tropical nights can see the condition of things at a glance. A house to house count reveals the appalling fact that 10,000 is the population of a single block, opposite where the services in the tent are held. A few years ago Iowa, one of the most prosperous states in the Union, had not a town with more than 10,000 population.

"Kitchen" Is Crowded

To say that the streets swarm with children and grown up humanity faintly expresses the actual conditions in "Hell's Kitchen." It is something that cannot adequately be described in cold print. To think of reaching one in a thousand through any agency, whether police, a clergyman or a tent full of sweet singers, seems absurd. It would be like stopping the flow of the Hudson with a string of rowboats stretched across the stream.

There is no controversy as to the necessity of doing away with the evils of this overpopulation, with all the crime and misery growing out of it. The evangelical churches say they are

united. All agree that New York has become a field for missionary work, and it may surprise many persons whose eyes and pocketbooks are turned longingly toward India's coral strand and the unclothed natives of Africa to learn that the leading organ of the 900 New York evangelical churches has come out with an editorial statement that "New York has become missionary ground."

It is stated that the "churchless" Protestants of New York equal the states of Washington, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. So terrible has become the condition of the slum districts of New York that they tell us that no one religious body has ground for exultation over the other, in view of all the savagery and crime in the very heart of the greatest and most up to date city in the world.

A letter in the Church Standard says that the evangelistic campaign, with tents and services in different parts of the city, is in full swing, "but there is yet to be observed any indication that the city is stirred by the movement; that, however, by fall there may be a different story to tell!" The New York Observer, on the contrary, says: "The work is growing in strength each day, and it has been agreed among the various bodies in the work to strictly avoid everything of a sectarian character."

Such is the work hinted at, such is the seriousness of the situation as seen by the evangelical churches, and the fact remains that New York has become so congested with a new and recent population, partly foreign and partly of home origin, that the conditions in the city have become changed and a new problem is thrust before the public eye for not only churches but the municipality itself to solve.

Appalled by the Swarm

No practical man can investigate "Hell's Kitchen" for an evening without being appalled by the swarming mass—the countless thousands of young children playing along the sidewalks with faces of innocence, so young that their little legs hardly support their

Evidence in the Case of Mr. Slugg

"MAY, I have been an indulgent parent heretofore, but I believe the time has come to question you on the subject of the young man who has been calling so often in the evenings."

"No doubt you refer to Mr. Slugg, pa."

"I refer to Mr. Slugg."

"He is a nice young man; don't you think he is?"

"I like his looks."

"His neckwear is beautiful."

"Er—yes."

"He looked lovely when he wore his new gray suit with gaiters of the same shade."

"H'm."

"He wore a bull pup with it the last time he called."

"So I observed."

"Yes, I think he is a very nice young man, pa. I like Mr. Slugg."

"He has proposed, of course?"

"To me? Why, pa!"

"He has kept the family off the front steps every evening since the warm weather began and it is getting to be an issue. We suspect you of spooning, too."

"Oh, pa, ain't you awful? Why, Mr. Slugg is a mere boy."

"Most men are."

"He has a weak chin. I can't endure it."

"Most of his chin is a whisper. No matter how hard we listen we can never hear a word!"

"Oh, pa! He has pimples, too. I abominate pimples, don't you?"

"They interfere with a razor."

"I despise curly blonde hair."

"He keeps it cut."

"He is a hopeless golf crank, too. I hate golf."

"Golf is a healthful sport."

"He is an awful bore."

"Most men are."

"He turns his toes in."

"If they don't turn up the other directions won't count. I judge that you have decided to reject him."

"Well, you know he makes only a few hundred a month in a broker's office."

"Ah!"

"I am really sorry for Mr. Slugg, because he would make a nice young man if he had a suitable wife."

"Which he can't get."

"I fear not, although he wants me to marry him."

"So he said."

"I made up my mind not to sacrifice myself, but—er—after all—"

"Well?"

"I think I shall marry Mr. Slugg."

"Well, I'll be teetotally flabbergasted if it ain't the limit!"

pavements are bands of ruffians, colored bodies, and howling up and down the women and men, shouting, swearing and fighting through the night. But for the police half the slums would become "Hell's Kitchen" in a week were these hordes once allowed to get beyond control.

So one can imagine the courage it requires to pitch a tent in front of "Hell's Kitchen," with 10,000 population in a block, with a view of trying to convert it into respectability and decency by teaching the children to sing songs instead of blaspheming along the pavements in imitation of the mobs who think they own that part of the town.

A Herald photographer was on hand to make a picture of the scene when the children's meeting opened. It began at 7 o'clock in the evening. The police were vigilant and kept good order, and in a few minutes the seats were filled and the children were singing, some of them with voices that touched many a heart.

The Rev. Dr. Ely, superintendent of the evangelistic movement, and the Rev. C. C. Barker, assistant, were present, while F. C. Jacobs of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting mission conducted the music. The Rev. Bradford Williams, at the head of the Coney Island work last year, has been storming the enemy at "Hell's Kitchen."

Miss Florence Thompson, just home from her vacation, resumed charge of the children, who seemed to look on her as a sister and mother combined, and she had them well in hand.

A clergyman explained the work to visitors, telling them that the children who sang so sweetly had come from the streets, many apparently homeless and without proper food or clothing. They had been in the habit of singing wicked street songs which they did not understand. Now they were so much interested in the new songs that they sang them to one another when at play, and their companions of the streets learned and sang them too. He thought it a change to be thankful for.

While the children were singing women from the neighborhood flocked in, followed by workmen, and it was a curious scene around the tent. Mothers sat with babes at their breasts listening to the music. Behind them were crowds of workmen smoking their pipes. Some had bundles, others

tools. Crowds paraded up and down the sidewalk. Cars and trains banged back and forth on near-by tracks. Bands of boys marched, screeching and yelling, up and down the street, but the meeting went on just the same. Every foot of space was occupied on the hot steaming sidewalks, and you could not travel a rod without running against a child or mothers with babes in their arms.

Colored people swarmed about as thick as blackberries in a pudding. In fact it was difficult to tell who were the real tenants of houses, blacks or whites.

Services were well under way and the children were singing at the tops of their voices when a handsome young lady, accompanied by two matrons, arrived and they were escorted to chairs in the tent. The young lady seemed deeply interested, her face shone with sincere pleasure, and not once did she take her eyes from the children who sang to the music of organ and cornet.

The young lady was Helen Gould. She shook hands with the superintendent, his assistants and the clergymen, and said that she took great interest in the outdoor meetings. She congratulated the young lady in charge of the children and paid closest attention to the various evolutions which the children performed in connection with the singing.

At the close of the children's service a meeting was announced a block away at the top of the hill, on the corner of Tenth avenue and Sixtieth street. The congregation repaired thither, Miss Gould and her friends accompanying. An address was delivered there by the Rev. Dr. James B. Ely, who told stories and made the open air meeting lively with wit and humor sprinkled through his remarks.

Miss Gould had no seat, but stood with her friends on the sidewalk with the crowd surging around her. A stranger would have little dreamed of the millions and vast interests the young woman represented. She looked more like a modest country girl, spending her college vacation in town, than a noted woman of business and philanthropy. The reverend gentleman was telling a story about life on a southern plantation, to which Miss Gould listened very attentively, when a sudden shower fell in torrents. Miss Gould wore a lovely hat, with a plume in it, but she

did not seem to mind the downpour on her hat. Just as the point of the story was near and all were listening with bated breath the shower increased to a storm and the clergyman said he would finish the story at the adults' meeting in the tent.

Commodore Vanderbilt Had No Faith in Westinghouse's Invention

A good story of George Westinghouse, the Pittsburg inventor and organizer, is that when he had completed his air brake he submitted it to Commodore Vanderbilt with the object of installing it on the commodore's railroads. He was only twenty-three. He was admitted to the great railroad manager's office and permitted to explain his mission while the commodore opened his mail. Occasionally Mr. Vanderbilt uttered a grunt merely to signify that he was listening to the enthusiastic recital. When the inventor paused, Vanderbilt was ready with his decision.

"Young man," he said, "do I understand that you propose to stop a train of cars with wind?"

Westinghouse admitted that was the fact.

"Well, young man, I have no time to bother with damn fools," declared the commodore.

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An Ungallant Grammarian

"YOU know," said the bachelor professor to a group of male friends, "there is a rule by which to distinguish the gender of a certain class of German, Latin and French words which many a writer of text books of these languages must have observed. The rule, in fact, applies to all languages. The rule is so obvious that at first thought it seems curious that it is not put into the grammars, but at second glance one sees the reason. The professors see the violent disturbance which the weaker sex would certainly raise. And, to be frank, I have never given it to my classes for the same reason."

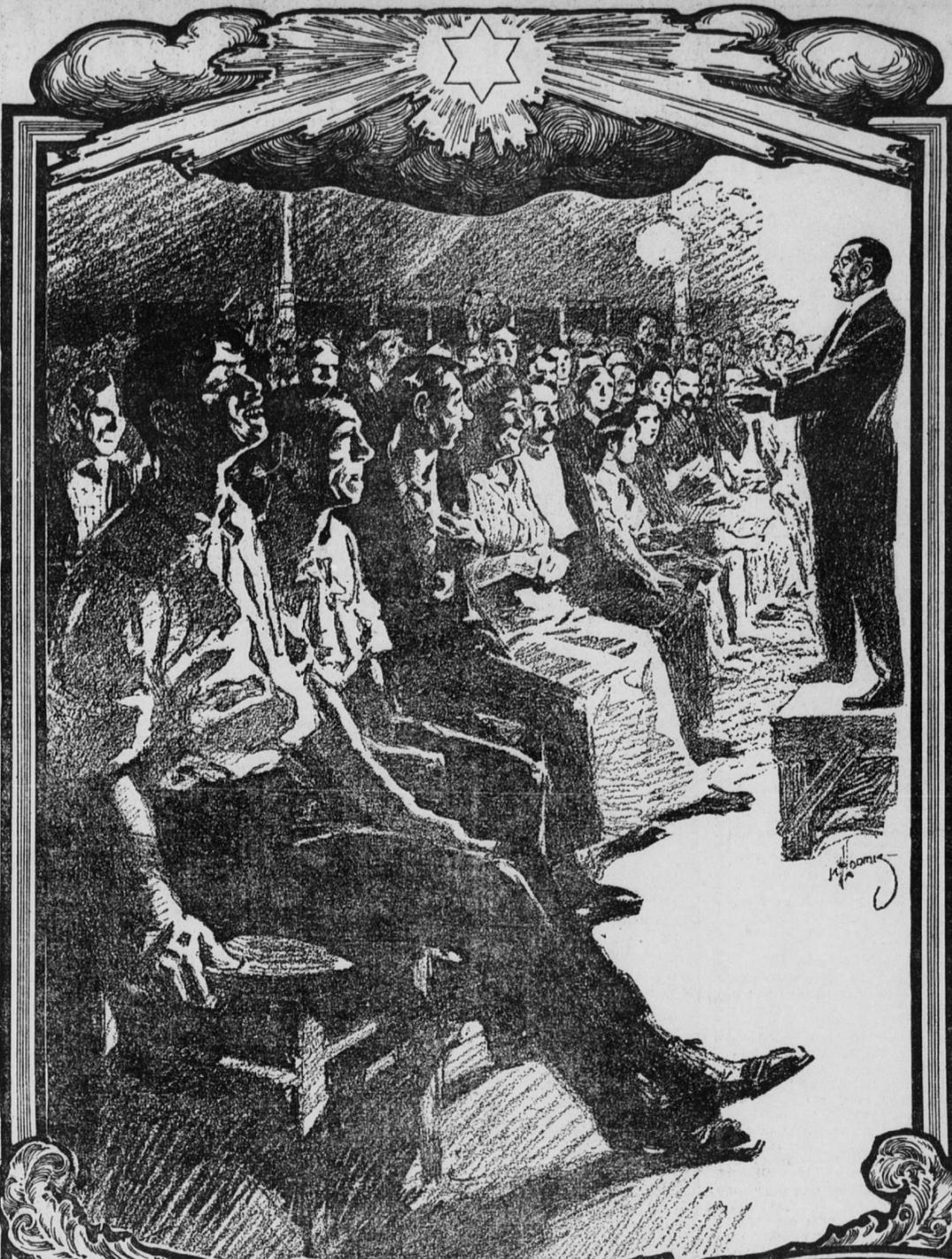
"The rule, as I have put it together, goes something like this: 'All nouns which have a meaning of horror, fright, terror, awfulness, desperation, in fact all nouns whose meaning indicates something undesirable are, with few exceptions, placed in the feminine gender.' Here are just a few examples in German: 'Die Holle, hell; die Schlacht, meaning battle; die Langeweile, boredom; die Rache, revenge; die Furcht, fear; die Armut, poverty. Here are some Latin examples: Incurso, meaning raid; conjuratio, conspiracy; turba, mob; caedes, murder; exsequiae, funeral. In French the rule is borne out: 'L'amertume, meaning bitterness; la bataille, battle; colere, anger; deroute, defeat; la desolation, despair. And examples ad infinitum prove the rule."

"The rule is so true that the knowledge of it is of vast aid to any who are studying a language. I think it is wrong that the professors are afraid to place it in their grammars, for the rule comes in so handy. It has helped me out many a time, especially in examinations, for I discovered it when a boy, taking up languages."

"Now I do not want you to think I was disappointed in love because of the way I speak about this matter. But, curiously enough, in the myths of the ancients they always speak of the most frightful creatures and animals as of the feminine gender. Perhaps it was because the men had the naming of them. There are the horrible monsters, the Gorgons and the Graecae. Medusa was so frightful that whoever looked upon her was instantly turned to stone. Hecate represented the darkness and terror of night. Circe turned people into swine. The Sirens sang so beautifully that seamen madly flung themselves into the sea to their own destruction. All were females. And there were many more."

"Of course there are some very good and beautiful women in these myths. Yet whenever the ancient wanted a really horrible monster his imagination made it up out of terrible reptiles and fierce animals and called it of the feminine gender."

Henry Croft, inventor of the grain separator and Leffel engine, recently died at the age of 85, a poor man.



CHILDREN OF HELL'S KITCHEN LISTENING TO MR. JACOBS



A CHILDREN'S MEETING IN THE GOSPEL TENT, HELL'S KITCHEN

A Very Profitable Crop of Bats

THE discovery of some bat caves near Lava station, New Mexico, a few years ago, has resulted in a fortune for the discoverer. The caves extend for two miles north and south, with branches in every direction. They are formed by lava and rock settling in the crater of an extinct volcano. These caves have for years been the home of millions of bats, and the accumulation of guano at the time of their discovery amounted to eight hundred tons. This was dug out, sacked and shipped to California, where it brought a good price as fertilizer. Beneath the guano was a rich deposit of phosphate analyzing twenty per cent. phosphoric acid, twenty-one per cent. potash, and three per cent ammonia. The first year's shipments were something like thirty-eight hundred tons, and brought the owner about \$150,000.

The phosphate of lime has been formed entirely of the bones of bats. Since the discovery of this lower deposit the caves are burned out when the guano accumulates, the heat having a tendency to improve the value of the phosphate, of which five hundred tons a month are now being shipped.

The flight of the bats in the evening is a wonderful sight. Shortly after 5 o'clock the head of the column is seen issuing from the opening of the cave.

Then comes a solid column eight feet wide and three feet deep, and for a half hour this dense column pours forth, spreads out and darkens the sky. They remain out all night, returning before daylight. Both in life and death, the bat is the farmer's friend. Alive he feeds on insects alone and the guano he produces is a fine fertilizer. Dead, his bones form the phosphate and potash that further enrich the farmer's land.

Their Singing a Comfort

"A little girl I knew," said Susan B. Anthony, "went with her teacher one afternoon to visit the county prison. She became interested in a convict who was knitting stockings, and stopped to talk to the man."

"Do you find it dull here, sir?" she said.

"Indeed I do, miss," the convict answered.

"Still," said the child, "the singing of the birds helps to relieve the monotony, doesn't it?"

"Singing of the birds?" said the convict in a puzzled voice.

"Yes," said the little girl.

"What birds?" asked the man.

"The well meaning but ignorant child, with a helpful smile, replied:

"The little jail birds. They must be a great comfort to you."