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Subscription Meeting—The Songs, Prayers and Sermons—Character of the Audience—Work Done by the Ladies—What the Army Has Accomplished.

A Unique Band.

THE busy religious enterprise of the present day has many curious manifestations, but few are more interesting than those of a religious or social organization whose uniformed members nightly attract attention on our streets. The first impression given by a meeting held by a Salvation Army detachment is generally unfavorable. The proposition, what most persons are accustomed to in matters of religion that, to a staid churchman, the meeting seems like a caricature of devotion, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The music is of the noisiest character, cornets and drums, great and small, predominating; the singing is uproarious, the words of the hymns seem to lack reverence, the music is as often as not that of the street and theater; the language of the speakers is slangy and abundant in allusions, not infrequently distasteful to the ears of those accustomed to the carefully studied utterances of the pulpit. The service itself seems to have no fixed order, but to conduct itself by chance, in a haphazard fashion, as the fancy of those in charge may suggest. Interruptions are frequent. The remarks of bystanders sometimes disturb and sometimes entirely vary the course of the meeting. The audience is composed, in no inconsiderable degree, of those classes of society known to church-going people only as seen loitering on the street corners or through the open doors of the saloons. In short, the meeting, from beginning to end, commonly looks that propriety which, in the popular church mind, is inseparable associated with devotional gatherings, and the decorous church member, if he does not pronounce the participants fanatics, passes by on the other side, with an averted glance of disapprobation rather than of approval.

But in religions, as in other matters, appearances are often deceptive, and it is not to be denied that these people, designated in a leading pulpit not long since as "howling fanatics," are doing a work that the churches and their pastors do not accomplish, and, indeed,



RELIEF THE "WAR CHILD"

save in exceptional cases, do not attempt to do. The original purpose of the organization, that of labor among a class never reached by the churches, has been faithfully followed; the organization has no place within the sphere of church influence. It is entirely extra-churchical, while its purpose is to reform the fallen, its design is not to form churches in the ordinary sense of the word, but societies which may still further increase the work. Its plans of usefulness therefore lie in a quarter where the churches have confessedly little or no influence; its work is done among people who not only do not attend church and cannot be persuaded to go, but some of whom have the strongest possible feeling of antagonism to all churches and religion, and others of whom would not be regarded as desirable attendants at any church. The man in greasy and dirt-stained working clothes, who would never venture among the well-dressed people who fill the churches, feels entirely at home in the Salvation barracks, for he is among people no better dressed than himself. They feel that the meeting is carried on for their benefit, and although comparatively few members of the rough and criminal classes seek to avail themselves of its advantages, they are placed at their ease and as feel at home.

From its inception the purpose of the Salvation Army has been to serve the humble, the poor, the outcasts, and faithfully has its work thus far been done. Mr. William Booth, the "General," began his religious work as a Methodist preacher, and in 1865 began in the poverty-stricken district of East London those labors which have made his name known round the world. The idea of the present organization long floated in his mind before he gave it definite form, but at last success crowned his plans, and the army developed into its present form and received its name in 1878. Booth saw what a fascination there is in name, uniform, colors and the military idea generally, and determined to utilize these elements to the best advantage. The result has proven his forecast, and his power of organization is attested by the wonderful growth and success of this novel scheme. Begun in a London theater, situated in the poorest part of the metropolis, the Salvation Army is now established in thirty-two different countries, where, under the leadership of 10,780 officers, it holds over 13,000,000 religious meetings every year. It publishes thirty-three weekly journals, and fifteen monthly magazines. With an aggregate annual circulation of \$7,928,000. It has property to the value of \$4,000,000, and its annual income, mostly in donations of very small sums, amounts to nearly as much more. Such results as these are absolutely astounding, but not more so than the popularity which the army idea has achieved wherever organization under this name has been attempted. Ser-

vices of the Salvationists are held in every language in Europe. Little bands of uniformed men and women are to be met alike with in the streets of Paris, Rome, Madrid, St. Petersburg, and Constantinople. Everywhere enthusiasts caught at the idea of a highest practical value in evangelistic work; of youths men and women



PLAYING IS A DIVE.

were found ready to devote their lives to this peculiar calling. In India and Ceylon bands of native converts were formed who now carry on operations among the masses of dusky population and find eager listeners. In many other parts of Asia the Salvationists find a hearty welcome, and among the



THE CHOIR.

eastern natives of the Dark Continent they are equally at home. To paraphrase a famous saying, the roll of the Salvation Army's drum now follows the sun round the world. Even to those who feel little sympathy with this form of Christian effort there is something of fascination in the meetings of the army, and the Salvationists are always sure of an audience. The evangelist, solitary or attended by two or three friends, may feel himself flattered if he has a group of half a dozen careless, inattentive and often scoffing hearers; the thunder of the big drum, the rattle of the little drum, the flare of the cornet never fail to draw the idle and the curious for blocks, and the crowd once gathered stays to the end of the services. Individuals come and go, as necessity or fancy may prompt; the edges of the assemblage fray off and are lost, but the crowd stays on.

It is well understood, for a Salvation Army outdoor meeting is unending variety. As soon as the flag and the drum have attracted an assemblage the exercises begin. A song is sung, perhaps an old and well-known church hymn, but more likely a religious ditty, with words half-devotional, half sentimental, sung to a tune midway between a march and a jig, every beat accompanied by a sonorous thump of the big drum. The audience do not join, most of them never heard the song before, and those who may chance to know it are afraid to sing lest they attract the attention and excite the ridicule of bystanders. A prayer follows, the Salvationists kneeling. No other knee is bent, no hat is doffed, but as a rule, respectful silence is maintained during this invocation. Still on their knees, another hymn, often a well-known "soldier" is sung, then rising, some member of the party addresses the crowd. To call the address a sermon would be a misnomer. It is not a sermon, neither is it an address in the proper sense of the word. It consists simply in a few words of warning, of advice, of counsel, delivered without the least



THE OUT-DOOR MEETING.

appearance of effort at oratory. The homely words and evident earnestness of the speaker rarely fail to make a favorable impression on the audience. Half a dozen songs, two or more prayers, three or four short talks by various members of the "detachment," form the usual exercises of a street meeting, which rarely lasts more than half an hour. In the "barracks" the programme is more elaborate and the exercises are more varied. The audience is invited to participate not only by singing, but by "testifying," that is, by narrating for the encouragement of the hearers what personal benefit, if any, has been derived from attendance at the meetings. These "testimonies" are, to one unaccustomed to listen to them, often extremely curious. It is startling to hear a young fellow stand up, and in the presence of a big policeman at the door, confess that he had been an habitual thief; it is still more startling to see a young woman ascend the platform and openly declare that for years she has been a social outcast, but neither declaration shocks the audience; it is accustomed to call a spade a spade, to speak with a plainness that would horrify an assemblage in silk

and broadcloth. It takes these things as a matter of course, and is not easily shocked. Its sensibilities have been toughened by much barroom experience; its ears are attuned to the slang of the slums, and what might seem to some persons atrocious license of speech, to it appears an easy and natural mode of expression.

Speaking of the audience, however, not the least remarkable thing about the Salvationists is the character of the audiences attracted by them. Tough, loafing roughs—male and female—bar-room habitués, frequenters of dives, mingle with people of every other class of life in the street meetings, while the "barrack" meetings are made up of honest working people, with a liberal sprinkling of the other kind. It should be understood, however, that the character of the audience depends largely on the locality. In some quarters a rough is the exception; in others he is the rule. But no matter how rough the audiences, disturbances of the exercises are comparatively infrequent. This fact is due no doubt in some degree to the proximity of the policeman on the beat, for the guardian of public peace is fully awake to the possibilities of disorder, and is generally at or near the "barracks" during the time of service. But even



THE WOMAN WHO HAS TACT.

during his absence there is little tendency toward a riot, for even the roughest and toughest of the gathering recognize the benevolent intentions of the Salvationists and often are ready to lend a helping hand in preventing disturbance. Even among the most hardened auditors there is a recognition of the fact that the labors of the Salvationists have a benevolent purpose, and although the rough classes are not always persuaded to join hands with the army in religious matters, the feeling entertained for the red-vested soldier is kindly.

There is good reason for this kindness. Aside from the religious meetings the labors of the Salvationists are almost incessant in works of charity and mercy. Their religion takes the practical step of feeding a hungry man



THE SCOURGING BRIGADE.

first and then preaching to him. They recognize the fact that a man out of work and with no prospect of finding employment is not likely to bearken readily to good advice unaccompanied by substantial aid. They understand that the ragged tramp looks self-respect, in part at least, on account of rail-roads, and if they can they provide him with something to wear. Their religion is of that common-sense variety that recognizes the body as well as the soul, and admits that the former must be in comfort, temporarily at least, before the latter is likely to receive much attention. Keeping this practical principle plainly in view they

have organized many charitable societies, in which are to be found men and women of the good world. They have a "scourging brigade," composed of women, who armed with buckets and mops, visit the homes of the poor. The mother is sick, the father drunk, the children are in almost misery, dirty and hungry. In comes the scourging brigade, takes friendly possession, mops up the floor, washes the children and prepares something for supper. Such charities, as the washing of neglected children, waiting on the sick wives of the poor, are not brilliant—they will never be chronicled in the papers nor spoken of in society—but there is a stern self-sacrifice about them that makes friends wherever such deeds are told. Nor are they forgotten. More than one member of the army has been saved from insult, if not from injury, by the protection of persons who have, directly or indirectly, received these unpretending yet substantial services. Few hearts are so hardened as not to respond to a kindly act done with neither expectation nor hope of reward, and there can be no doubt that much of the success of this unique organization is due to the simple, almost costless charity dispensed by its members.

A NATIONAL MEMORIAL.

A Magnificent Monument to be Erected to William I.

Under instructions from the Emperor of Germany Prof. Reinhold Bezas, one of the leading sculptors of Europe, is executing a national



MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM I. OF GERMANY.

memorial to the first Emperor of the confederated fatherland, William I. The monument will be one of the finest, if not the finest, public monument in Europe and will be erected opposite the old Hohenzollern Palace in Berlin. The monument will be nearly 100 feet in height, the pedestal resting on a broad foundation on which will be placed at the four corners allegorical figures of Honor in bronze. The corners of the pedestal are to be supported by four figures of victory. The tablet will contain a suitable inscription, above which will be the imperial insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle upon the pedestal. The venerable Emperor, William I. will be represented riding in full military dress, his horse's bridle being held by an heroic figure.

Thus will be arranged the central portion of the monument. But the general view will be very different, for almost surrounding the statue will be a colonnade, constructed so as to form five sides of an octagon, with the sides behind the statue longer than the others. The entrance to each end of the colonnade is through an archway surmounted by a warrior driving a chariot with four horses, while emblematic figures at intervals relieve the monotony of the top part of the colonnade. The statues in the niches, both on the inside and the outside of the rows of pillars, will represent various rulers of Prussia and the German States and the great commanders of the German Imperial Army, as well as the leading public men of the time of the first William.

The Woman Who Has Tact.

There is nothing that carries a woman so far toward the goal of social success as tact. She may not possess those qualities necessary for leadership, but she will have no difficulty in securing so firm a foothold that she need have no dread of a greater power dawning upon the social horizon. The reason for this is that in reality tact is but another word for goodness of heart, and innate kindness to all must be the keystone that the woman of the world builds the castles of her ambition upon.

The tactful woman always says and does the right thing at the right time. She never wounds by these gauderies which all unintentionally, yet nevertheless painfully, remind us of things we had rather have forgotten, or tells us unpleasant truths that are no less bitter because we know that there is no denying them. Tact passes over every faux pas and somehow manages to convert them into something pleasant before the embarrassed perpetrator has a chance to raise a blush at his own awkwardness. All graces of mind and body seem embodied in that one word, for a woman may be painfully plain, yet with this virtue she becomes radiantly lovely in the eyes of those whom her consummate art has rescued from some dire strait. She may be poor, but to those about her the richness of her nature shines for the lack of worldly wealth. Her gowns may be dowdy, but as she dwells among us she appears to be clothed in garments of radiant light, and it would be a brave spirit indeed that dared to cavil at the makeup of a woman whose gracious presence and tactful spirit had spared them many a period of embarrassment. Abye all virtues cultivate tact, for in it lies the secret of all others.

Considerate Father.

Doctor Story, the father of the great chief justice, was a man of sterling common sense and genuine kindness. One illustration of his method of family government indicates that he must have been greatly beloved for his sympathy with boyish fun.

One evening after the family had gone to bed the elder boys rose, dressed themselves and crept softly down into the kitchen. They built a roaring fire in the great fireplace, skinned about the pantry, and having secured a plentiful supply of provisions, prepared to "make a night of it."

Suddenly, to their dismay, a knock was heard at the door. They put out the light, hastily hid the food, and concealed themselves about the room as best they could. The father's step was heard on the stair, and in a moment he entered, bearing a lamp.

The smell of food attracted his attention, and glancing round, he saw the leg of a boy protruding from under a table. Without a word he marched straight to the door and admitted his visitor, who had come to consult him professionally.

The two sat down before the fire and began talking together, but after a time a scrambling noise was heard under the table, and this the visitor commented on.

"Ah," said the Doctor, "didn't you know we keep a dog?"

their fun. He advised his wife to discourage such raids in the future, though he had not the heart to put an end to such hearty enjoyment when it was actually in progress.—Youth's Companion.

Why Fish Have White Bellies.

There is no phenomenon of nature that escapes the investigating eye of science. In England they have lately been experimenting with flounders in order to determine whether the whiteness of the under sides of those fish is due to the exclusion of light, and the presence of color on their upper sides to exposure to light.

They have kept the fish experimentally upon living in a glass tank having a mirror placed beneath, so as to reflect light upon the under sides of the fish.

One of these prisoners has survived for three years under conditions so strangely different from its ordinary habits of life, and all of them have exhibited the development of spots of pigment on their lower surfaces.

The experimenters have concluded that it is exposure to light that causes the coloration of the upper parts of the bodies not only of flounders but of other fish, and conversely, that it is to the comparative absence of light that the whiteness of the under sides of fish is due. They extend the same principle to explain the colorless condition of the skins of many animals that pass all their lives in caves.

Its Glories Departed.

Donnybrook is on the outskirts of the city of Dublin, but Donnybrook fair ground is no longer the friendly fighting ground of former days. Once the tents made of wattles, with patchwork quilts or blankets or old petticoats spread over them, held rows of tables made of doors placed on mounds of clay. The benches, too, rested on the same uncertain foundation and when the young Irishmen grew unsteady the bench sent them all down to the floor. Out on the green there was fighting and sports and at night the fiddles played jigs for the jolly young people. It appears from the accounts given by the strangers who visited Donnybrook almost a hundred years ago that there was good reason for the world-wide meaning given to the mere expression "Donnybrook Fair." But its glories have departed and it is many a long day since the cheerful shillaly was welded around Donnybrook castle.

Career of a Famous Detective.

Vidocq, the great French detective, was born in Arras in 1775. He began life as a baker and early became the terror of his companions by his athletic frame and violent disposition. At the same time he was a notorious thief, and after many disgraceful adventures he enlisted in the army. In 1796 he returned to Paris with some money, which, however, he soon squandered. Next he was sentenced at Lille to eight years' hard labor for forgery, but repeatedly escaped, and in 1808 he became connected with the Paris Police as a detective. His previous career enabled him to render important services, and he was appointed chief of the safety brigade, chiefly composed of reformed convicts, which purged Paris of the many dangerous classes. In 1818 he received a full pardon, and his connection with this service lasted until about 1825, when he settled at St. Mandé as a paper manufacturer. Soon after the revolution of 1830 he became a political detective, but with little success. In 1848 he was again employed under the republican government, but he died penniless in 1857.—Commercial Gazette.

Utility of the Gourd.

One begins to encounter the gourd as a domestic utensil about one hundred miles south of Mason and Dixon's line, where the local pronunciation is something like gourd. The dipper and soap dish made from the gourd go along with the old well-sweep and the plantation dwelling with separate "quarters." A skillful negro can fashion marvelously graceful and convenient utensils from the gourd. The dipper is the simplest of all. For it the manufacturer chooses a gourd with a round body and a natural handle. A disk is cut from the body, the meat is taken from the gourd, the shell is carefully dried, and you have a dipper that will last for months, perhaps for years. Spoons of excellent shape and durability may be made from the gourd, as also cream skimmers and the like.

Pennsylvania Forests Disappearing.

Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock, the botanist of the State Forestry Commission, has been working for two weeks in the Locking Creek region in Mifflin and Center Counties, and finds that there are only about twenty-two cubic feet of merchantable timber to the acre in all that district of 180 square miles, which was once a great forest. Dr. Rothrock believes that his surveys and estimates will result in bringing the people at large to their senses regarding the destruction of timber and lead to better arrangements for taking care of the woodland. One of his favorite ideas is the plan of establishing forest sanitariums, such as the Adirondack region in New York, where the public may go for the health-giving rest.—Philadelphia Press.

The Stork.

The Arabs have a superstition that the stork has a human heart. When one of these birds builds its nest on a housetop they believe the happiness of that household is insured for that year.

Dr. Kelly—Sbr said I looked like a very smart man. Miss Fayot—Dear me! Did she say who the smart man was?—Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Lengthy Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Excellent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spies. Whisky that is in bond cannot be bailed out.—Galveston News.

Snows are, of course, preserved in the family jar.—Plain Dealer.

Flying machines would prove more profitable if they came higher.—Pittsburg Post.

The valley-dictorian generally strives for the heights of eloquence.—Yonkers Gazette.

Some men never cut much of a figure until they have been made an example of.—Troy Press.

This balance of trade in the skirt-dancing business has again turned in our favor.—Washington Post.

Appropriately enough in many cases the husbands of grass widows are straw men.—Philadelphia Times.

Roxno was so madly in love that it was no wonder he gave the core of his heart to the apple of his eye.—Buffalo Courier.

The Chicago papers are trying to give Thomas lessons in music, but he appears to take no note of them.—Indianapolis News.

"I'm not in it," murmured the crinolone girl as she gazed at the hoopskirt in a prominent store.—Philadelphia Record.

It is a long lane that has no turning, but the broker who is on the outside often finds it hard to get around the corner.—Buffalo Courier.

Surron—I have come, sir, to ask you to give me your daughter's hand. Paterfamilias—Why, sir, when I last saw it, it was in your possession.—Chips.

The West will blow. It now tries to offset the big horsefly of the East by referring to the housefly common there in the cyclone season.—Philadelphia Times.

Reatrice—I hear that Mr. Sapley is suffering from brain-fever. Jones—I guess not. He hasn't the raw material necessary for brain-fever.—Brooklyn Life.

Write a division fence isn't the most sensational or exciting thing in the world it frequently furnishes the neighbors something to talk over.—Buffalo Courier.

Mother—Children, have you said your prayers? Tilly—Yes, mamma. "You were very quick about it." "I prayed one half and Daisy the other."—Texas Sittings.

The Debutante (aside)—How many verses shall I sing? The Professor—Do you want an encore? The Debutante—Of course. The Professor—One.—Boston Budget.

Dunkleson—"You don't know what you are talking about when you call me a donkey." Miss Kitty Fresh—"Yes, I do. I used to own a donkey."—Brooklyn Life.

Bugs—What did you tell your wife when you got home so late Tuesday night? Brags—I told her she was the sweetest woman in the world.—Indianapolis Journal.

Hotenslot—"This scare is nonsense. The country is all right." Futencall—"Don't doubt it; but what's troubling me is how to get money enough to enjoy it."—Vogue.

Mrs. Timmins (to her caller)—Yes, I was connected with the Board of Lady Managers. Mr. Timmins (who has entered unperceived)—Hsh, Maria! Let the dead past be forgotten.

Congressman Boatner is the latest talker in the House, so much so that the stenographers find many an impediment in his speech after they have taken it down.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Jerseyman—"Monmouth county has several voters over a hundred years old." Stranger—"Well! Well! Not many railroad crossings at grade there I presume."—New York Weekly.

An eminent physician says it is often dangerous to lie on the right side. It is also unnecessary. Any political speaker or writer knows the wrong side needs the lying.—Buffalo Courier.

"This check is wrong. My beef is down for fifty cents, when the bill of fare says forty." "You ordered it rare, sir." "Well, what if I did?" "You've got to pay for rareties, sir."—Harper's Bazar.

Carlton Gates—"Are you so hard up?" Tramp—"Hard up? Why, boss, if suits of clothes was sellin' at a cent a piece I wouldn't have enough to buy the armbone of a vest."—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

Tommy's Mother—Pshaw, Tommy. You oughtn't to have been frightened because the yacht rocked a little. Look at Little Cousin Nellie; she wasn't scared a bit. Tommy—No wonder; she had me there to look after her.

Lawyer—What change did you first notice in the patient as a result of his acquiring the cigarette and morphine habit? Witnes—Well, at first he began talking incoherently, and then he took to wearing pink shirts.—Chicago Record.

Mollie had been to church for the first time, and on her return home her grandmother asked her what she thought of it. "I liked it very much," she replied, "but there was one thing I didn't think was fair."

"What was that, dear?" "Why, one man did all the work, and then another man came around and got all the money."—Harper's Bazar.