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SWORN FOES OF SATAN

Queer Methods of Salvation Army Lads and Lassies.

FIGHTING SIN ON LAND AND SEA.

Tow the Salvationists Invaded Fifth Avenue—Astonishing Growth of the Army. A Salvation Cruiser on the Sacramento. Also a Salvation Stagecoach.

About a dozen years ago the wayfarers in various American cities were astounded at the sight of strange processions. Men in uniforms that seemed a thoroughbred cross between the outfit of a porter, woman and get-up of a sleeping car porter, women—mostly tall and ungainly—in scoop shovels



SELLING THE WAR CRY. bonnets and dresses without suspicion of hoops or padding, beating drums and tambourines, traversed the streets wailing rather than singing:

Oh, yes, salvation's free, O-o-o, yes, salvation's free, Salvation's free for you and me. Pra-a-a-ise God! Salvation's free! Of course this was not their only song, and most of their tunes were extremely "jiggy." "Old Dan Tucker" was a great favorite with them for awhile, and a popular operatic air was used to the words: My sins are washed away By the blood of the Lamb— My sins are washed away By the blood of the Lamb— Washed away, washed away, Washed away by the blood of the Lamb.

Apparently these people were from the lowest strata of humanity, and while the curious asked who they were the old fellow from the backwoods is alleged to have got off the old standard joke, "It do beat all what critters a man sees when he hasn't got his gun with him."

It was the Salvation Army. In 1865 William Booth, a young and terribly earnest Methodist preacher, began in the White-chapel region and adjacent districts of east London the work which has made him famous. 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 1876. Booth saw what a fascination there is in name, uniform, colors and the military ideas generally, and determined to utilize these adjuncts to the best advantage.

This army is now organized in 32 nations. It has 10,780 commissioned officers and millions of private soldiers and auxiliaries and holds at least 15,000,000 meetings yearly. It publishes 33 weekly journals and 13 monthly magazines with an aggregate annual circulation of 43,826,000. 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. Its services of song and prayer are rendered in every language in Europe, except possibly the Turkish, Lap, Basque, Gaelic and some of the obscure dialects of the southeastern regions. Its uniforms are seen in Paris, Rome, Madrid, Berlin and St. Petersburg, and if one can judge from the small amount of persecution encountered there has either been a marvelous advance in religious liberty or the Salvation Army has a marvelous faculty of winning friends and disarming prejudice.

In all this there is nothing strictly new. Every century and almost every generation for 2,000 years has produced a new and erratic religious movement that for a time seemed to sweep all before it. What is new and indeed amazing is the rapidity with which the Salvation Army has gained upon the refined and philosophic classes.

It was received with a chorus of derisive laughter by the multitude and grave disapproval by the conservatively religious; it is now favored by the highest dignitaries of Protestantism. It began in the slums; it is now in good society. Now, therefore, is the time to look for a decline in its fierce energies if it follows the course of former similar movements and a gradual change to formal method. But we shall see what we shall see.

Christianity was 250 years old before the philosophers even condescended to notice it. The learned and wealthy looked on it with a sort of contemptuous pity. The first Protestants in the Netherlands were derisively called "buenx," a rather dirty word, which may be translated "beggers." In England the learned complained that it was impossible to reason with the Lollards; that they were too stupid and ignorant to be capable of reason. Macaulay intimates that the first Quakers in England were a little too crazy to be shut up, and not quite crazy enough to be shut up, and there are plenty of people still living and there are plenty of people still living who remember what was said of the early Methodists and Christian disciples. But the Salvationists have become almost fashionable in 16 years.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is to the Salvation Army what Selina, countess of Huntington, was to the early Methodists. Led by her, the army invaded Fifth Avenue early in 1889, and with remarkable success. And she was introduced by Rev. Dr. E. Walpole Warren, of all persons in the world. The officials of Korea wear upon their hats the figures of various birds and animals.

Kipling's Beginnings as a Poet.

All my verses were digressions from office work. They came without invitation, unannounced, in the nature of things, but they had to come, and the writing out of them kept me healthy and amused. To the best of my remembrance, no one then discovered their grievous cynicism or their pessimistic tendency, and I was far too busy and too happy to take thought about these things.

So they arrived merrily, being born out of the life about me, and they were very bad indeed, and the joy of doing them was payment a thousand times their worth. Some, of course, came and ran away again, and the dear sorrow of going in search of these (out of office hours and catching them) was almost better than writing them clear. 'Bad as they were, I burned twice as many as were published, and of the survivors at least two-thirds were cut down at the last moment. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading matter. They were born to be sacrificed. Rukm-Din, the foramen of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Moslem of culture. He would say: "Your poetry very good, sir. Just coming proper length today. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page."—Rudyard Kipling in McClure's Magazine.

Music and Bridges.

The majority of readers have doubtless heard that it is possible to "fiddle a bridge down," or, in other words, that music will materially injure such structures. Persons who really believe that music will cause such vibrations in a bridge as to throw it from its foundation piers, if kept up for a sufficient length of time, cite the fact that when armies are marching orders are given to stop the music before the troops reach the bridge, especially if the structure be one built on the suspension plan. But this is not done because there is any danger to the bridge on account of the vibrations caused by the music, but because the measured tread of a vast number of men keeping step would subject the structure to a greater strain than an irregular agitation. The reason of this is obvious: The bridge supports least strain when at rest. When in uniform motion throughout all its parts, it acquires a momentum equal to the entire suspended weight multiplied by the velocity of such motion. This being the case, it is clear that a uniform downward vibration will soon reach the breaking strain, while the same disturbing forces, acting irregularly, would counteract each other to a certain degree and thus be far less trying.—St. Louis Republic.

Interpreting Nature. Taking mankind at large, perhaps we should find them accounting for the phenomena of nature quite as much from their feelings as from reason. Minds of the most practical bent are often the most servile slaves of prejudice. The attitude of the Mohammedan mind toward modern scientific inquiry is shown by a little colloquy between an Algerian Kabyle and an English artist who reports the conversation.

On one occasion a group of Kabyles was standing around when I abruptly left off working and began gathering my painting traps together, "for," said I, "I see the wind is blowing the clouds in this direction. It will rain." "The wind does not push the clouds," said one. "You can see them moving in different directions at the same time." "But surely," said I, "you can perceive any day that it is the wind that moves them." "Does the wind move the sun?" said he. "No, of course it doesn't."

"God said to the sun, 'Move always in one direction,' and to the clouds he said, 'Move about as you please.'" "Is not that so?" said he, appealing to his companions.—Youth's Companion.

In a Hurry to Get There. "I fear we will never get down town at this slow gait," said a restless, pale faced woman as she handed her fare to a Third Avenue surface conductor the other night. For a time the conductor was silent. Then, turning, he whispered: "Do you see the glitter in her eyes?" "Yes, very plainly." "In another hour she will be crazy."

As the car rolled down the Bowery the woman looked through the window, and the light fell full in her face. Her eyes gleamed red and bright. Then the conductor leaned in at the door and said: "It isn't far now—only a few blocks more." "You fool," she replied, "how dare you drive so slowly! Had I known this I should have come another way," and half rising from her seat she glared through the door. The conductor smiled sadly. "If ever there was a hopeless case," he muttered, "hers is one." "Have you known her long?" was asked. "Yes, a year or more. She often comes down on my late run. At first she was quiet enough, but now she grows worse and worse."

"What caused her insanity?" "Insanity?" and he turned as though in astonishment. "Why, she is not insane. She hits the pipe. Wait till we get to the Chin-se district and you will see." His words were true. She left the car at Mott street.—New York Herald.

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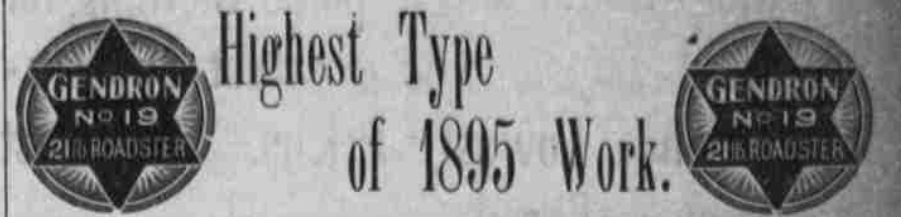
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