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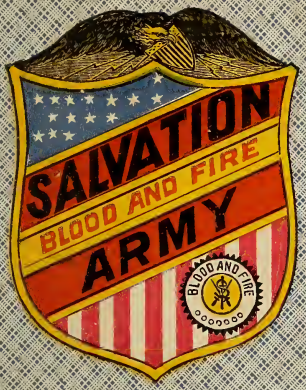
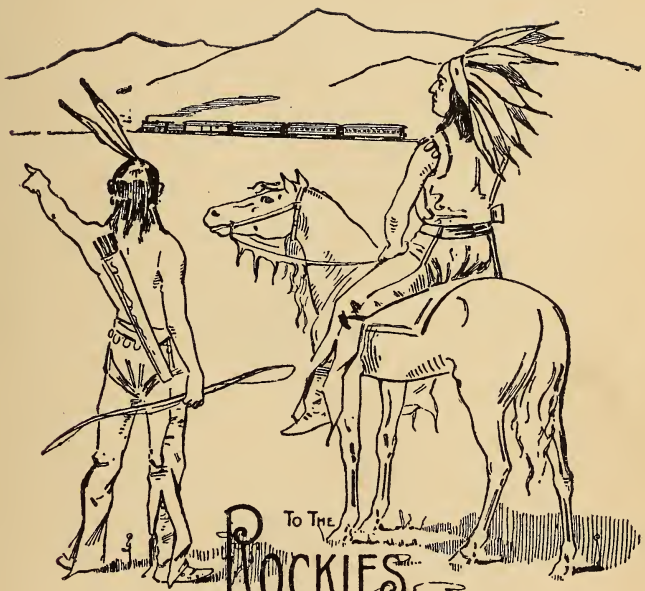


FACTS ABOUT THE SALVATION ARMY OR THE HALLELUJAH BAND

"Nora Marks."



TO THE

ROCKIES

AND BEYOND VIA

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

THROUGH SLEEPING CARS AND COACHES FROM

ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY

TO DENVER.

FACTS ABOUT

THE

SALVATION ARMY.

AIMS AND METHODS OF THE

"HALLELUJAH BAND."

BY

"Nora Marks." ps.
Eleanora Stackhouse.

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PREFACE.

It was while employed as a writer of special articles on the *Chicago Tribune*, in September of 1888, that I came to have this unique experience with the Salvation Army. I was at the office late one night spinning out "copy," when the managing editor strolled into the room where I was writing and remarked casually: "I think I have something for you to do." I looked up to receive instructions for a new assignment. A newspaper reporter is a person not easily astonished, but I defied all professional etiquette on that point by dropping my pencil and jumping to my feet when this startling question was asked:

"How would you like to join the Salvation Army?"

After I had got my breath and had had a chance to reflect on the merits of the proposition, I was forced to admit that personally I did not like it at all. I had seen these little bands of self-styled "Soldiers of the Lord" at a distance, attended one of their meetings in a spirit of curiosity, and knew in what estimation they were held by the public—a class of fanatics, bizarre and picturesque, and exciting only wonder and ridicule. All this made me shrink mentally and physically from identifying

myself, even for a few days and for a purpose, with the Salvation Army. There is not in me any of the material of which martyrs are made, and, in common with most Americans, I shrink from ridicule as from the surgeon's knife. For these reasons, during the first few days in the Army the *ego* was uppermost. My own sensations over each new experience were so keenly unique and humiliating that my faculties for every other purpose seemed paralyzed. It was exactly as if every thought and feeling were transformed into physical impressions of a most distressing and painful nature.

This super-sensitiveness gradually wore away until I became able to separate my mind from self, and to study my companions and circumstances with the pleasure of a psychologist in a new mental and moral development; and this interest deepened into a recognition that my own and the popular idea of the Salvationists as a class, and the Salvation Army as an organization, was superficial. The beautiful life and character, the untiring zeal and complete devotion of Capt. Bertha Leyh first made the garb she wore and the manner of her teaching seem insignificant. She ceased to be an isolated figure, and stepped naturally into history in line with those who have followed the heralds of new creeds in all ages. No matter what the cause, a rare courage is always required of its early advocates—sincerity, zeal, singleness and purity of purpose, and a scorn of worldly advantage; and these characteristics I found in as high degree among the Salvationists as we are taught to extol in the early Puritans. The Hon. J. V. Farwell says in his lecture on "Chris-

tian Manliness'': "There are some people who say that the Salvation Army is after money. I tell you you can not hire people to kneel down in the street and pray; I heard a man speak there on the street, and I tell you he has got more Christian courage than all the crowd of us put together." He recognized that no amount of gain will reconcile a man to ridicule. If the accusation needed other refutation it might be found in the fact that if they are after money they would long ago have abandoned such an unprofitable calling. The commonest laborer enjoys more physical comforts than do they, and at least carries in the labor of his own hands a guarantee that his present and future wants may be supplied.

Not so these Salvationists. By the very terms of their contract with themselves and the organization they bind themselves to perpetual poverty, an absolute abandonment, of trust in each day to supply each day's frugal needs. Personal gifts shall not avail them in making provision for the future; they agree to engage in no warfare but this, and with only such compensation as they may gain, within a limit; all beyond that must be given up to extend and prosecute the work elsewhere. No one is responsible for their bodily welfare, not even those among whom they serve; they have poverty, scorn, and ostracism for their portion. They must be sincere or there would be nothing to sustain them; the whole of life for them is isolation in a purpose that must seem exalted enough to compensate for the lack of all else.

There have been too many creeds having strange practices that have overlived prejudice to make

their methods of significance on that score. The drum and tambourine, the uniforms and official titles, are but a device—as General Booth himself says: "God Almighty's latest and grandest device to save the souls of men. They dispel the idea that religion is a melancholy thing. This paraphernalia, the drums and trumpets, are only a means to the great end of saving souls. We are not averse to finery when it has the same effect." In this is the key-note to all their theatrical effects. They are avowedly after a class of sinners not to be caught by sober dress and behavior, and the statistics of the east end of London already go to prove that their work is bearing the fruits announced in the prospectus. Stripped of the regimentals and military organization the Salvation Army differs in no particular from other evangelistic creeds, except in the one material difference that the tendency of all other creeds is upward in the grade of its converts, and toward permanence, respectability, and social and political importance. The Salvation Army's course is downward. They seek, avowedly, the low, the ignorant, the vile, the individual and not the society. They bind no convert to the support of the order, but let him take his goods and stores and increased usefulness and influence into other fields of labor, satisfied that he is "saved" even though other men profit by it and not they. Enough remain with them to recruit their ranks so the increase is steady.

It is inevitable that those who go among them to labor should be of the same class as their converts—ignorant, unskilled, incapable of more than one idea,

often vulgar and intolerant. It is undeniable, too, that many who are received into the Army as officers are positively promoted socially as well as spiritually thereby, because they never before knew cleanliness and right living. Simplicity in dress and life and devotion to an exalted purpose are refining in their influences. Otherwise, it is impossible to conceive what some of these Salvationists must have been before conversion and dedication got in their revivifying work. But the leopard does not change its spots, so the most zealous soldiers of the Lord will be found to be shaky on the multiplication table, discourteous in manner and speech, and vulgar from habit and inheritance. Even the refinements of religion never fought with the laws of heredity and conquered in one generation, but compulsion from within works a gradual change to without until the semblance gives a hope of the real physical, mental, moral, and social regeneration of the individual for the upbuilding of society and governments. The officers of the Army from this class see only the individual soul saved, but General Booth, and many others in higher authority, are of broad culture, and know that through the work of the Army, a new strata is being formed from the disintegrated refuse of lower social life. If the supply of material on which the Army works could be stopped, a definite calculation could be made on the number of centuries it would take the Salvationists to overlive their usefulness; but the ranks of poverty, ignorance, vulgarity, and vice are recruited as rapidly as there will be evangelists of every creed to go among them and show them the way to a truer life. There is room

for the Salvation Army, and it bears internal evidence, in its vast and perfect organization, the complete dedication of its officers, and the unlimited field in which they labor, that it has come to stay. It compels our recognition and deserves our consideration.

"NORA MARKS."

THE SALVATION ARMY.

CHAPTER I.

"SALVATION ARMY. Monster demonstration. Marshal Ballington and Mrs. Booth will address the meeting to be held at Farwell Hall, Monday, September 24, at 8 o'clock p. m."

These were the words which arrested my attention one morning late in September of 1888 as I was rattling along on the North Side cable cars in the city of Chicago. They were displayed on a huge poster in "yellow, red, and blue," Salvation colors, in letters so large that he who ran, or rode at lightning speed on the North Side "grip," might read and ponder over the message they conveyed.

I began to think—a cable car is very conducive to thinking of the spasmodic variety—but I doubt if anything practical would have resulted from this beginning if something else hadn't happened just then.

The cable stopped!

Some genius of this windy city by the big pond has invented a lame rhyme to fit just such occasions:

> "Drop a nickel in the slot,
> And see the North Side cable stop."

It was only a nickel and I had simply dropped it in the automatically outstretched hand of a bland

conductor, when the cable stopped with a jerk that pulled my embryo thought up by the roots. There we were, stranded in the middle of a long, muddy block, two miles from "down town," for the space of fifteen precious, striving, driving, rushing, money-making Chicago minutes.

It made me impatient. The face of a Board of Trade man opposite me fell two points in as many seconds; a shop-girl got up, looked out of the window at the drizzling rain, and then got off to trudge a weary way to her work. Time with her meant a fine, perhaps. A small boy kicked a hole in the upholstering of the seat, and a fat woman with a baby heaved a sigh and fell asleep in her corner.

As for me, I had an appointment, but I had learned to await that cable's own sweet pleasure with what patience I might command. Furthermore, everything is grist that comes to my mill. It would be the first fifteen-minute stop of its kind if I found nothing to write about for the rapacious columns of the *Tribune*.

The material on this occasion didn't promise much. There was a leaden gray sky, a drizzle of rain, brick and stone rectangles on either side, the long and dingy "vista" of houses, reaching dismally into the future, as college graduates *will* have it, and that flaming poster. It was stuck up incongruously between a bill setting forth the attractions of a popular variety actress on one side, and an announcement of a horse race on the other. A bill-poster's boards are in the service of saint and sinner alike at so much a square foot.

Usually these announcements of where a soul may

be gained or lost are equally uninteresting, but, having nothing else to do at that moment, I took to studying those bills.

Across the face of all the smaller type ran one word in blazing yellow letters—"Hallelujah!" That meant rejoicing. Why so much of it for so very insignificant an event? But was it insignificant? At least this display was indecorous. Any college of divines would have informed you so. Regular ministers of orthodox creeds would announce the second advent in nonpareil under the patent medicine ads., if they published the fact at all; and here all theological precedent was thrown aside, and the coming of Marshal Ballington Booth to conduct a revival of interest in his Master was blazed along the highway.

"Is it well with your soul?" startled the eye from below. A rather impertinent question, but it had a trick of waiting to be answered. "Come and be saved!" met the eye at the top. All over several square yards of space were words of admonition, invitation, and rejoicing in letters of blood and fire suggestive of one's fate if a refusal to listen and obey were persisted in. "Are you sanctified?" was the last sentence I caught as the cable very suddenly concluded to move on. Was I sanctified? Not if I knew it. But were others? We find it very easy to imagine saints and martyrs in days of old, but if it were suggested that giants live in these days also, the statement would probably provoke a smile. Nowadays we have no fanatics—men of one idea—nor saints who would die for the right. All the material for those sorts has been used up in making "cranks"—men who are fools for their

pains. I wonder if always the beginnings of things have been seen only in retrospect; if history is never significant until it is past.

A vision of the Christ coming up from Galilee arose in my mind—unheralded except of his prophets and of John the Baptist, whose message was scoffed at; of Loyola and Luther and the first Crusaders—all scorned by their generation, and jeered, and followed to the grave by millions who thronged the later centuries. In retrospect their shadows are long; the present always foreshortens our view of things too big for the landscape.

Perhaps that is why another vision I had was filled with insignificant figures—sad-looking women dressed in ungainly blue uniforms and hideous disfiguring bonnets; men in natty blue regimentals, and all walking apart from the mob that smiled and passed on. In some distant future would these, too, loom up larger?

I had paused for a moment at one of their street meetings; saw them kneel in the dust to pray; heard their slangy gospel songs and horrible cancans on tambourines; their exhortations and warnings; had smiled and passed on, my only conscious feeling for them being one of amused wonder such as I would have felt on seeing any other curiosity. The idea of questioning why they expressed themselves in their peculiar manner had never occurred to me before, but now I began to think. It was not for honors, glory, and emoluments in this world—they got none of these; but poverty, scorn, and ostracism. Then it must be for some hope they had of the next life.

Here was the beginning of something!

I almost jumped from my seat at this sudden view backward from the future. I knew a little history too well to be deceived. This was how all new creeds had sprung up; bizarre, startling, unorthodox, in poverty, amid revilings, denunciation, and the vigorous resistance of prejudice, respectability, and of the authorities. Some of these reforms had died in the struggle, but the beginning of all of them had been the same. Those which had lived had, after a time, overtopped all opposers—and gathered them in. It didn't seem probable to me that the established order of things would be overturned for a new idea, just because new ideas all seem idiotic—when we grow accustomed to, and accept them, they are no longer new.

It is a sort of cowardice to refuse to explore a new creed. Why not take a voyage of discovery into it much as a navigator risks his life to find a northwest passage. Surely a new truth in experience is worth as much as a new way to China. All one has to do in either case is to believe it can be found, and that it will be worth the finding; and, so you find it, the end justifies the means; the world asks not if you did it in a ship or a balloon, so it gets the benefit.

I was coming on pretty fast toward the idea of joining the Salvation Army. It is true I am a church member in full and regular standing, but what availeth that unless there is a sense of being sanctified? We hear a great deal in the modern church about behaving ourselves on general principles, the beauty of right living, the regenerating

influence of repentance, and the brotherhood of Christ, but not much of sanctification or eternal punishment. We have lost faith in the efficacy of these and in the reality of belief in them. Are they still among the practical experiences of life, and how far do they heal the ills of men? I wanted to be a Salvationist myself and prove, if not by experience, by observation, the reality of things intangible. Now how to do it.

There is one Scriptural injunction I have a remarkable felicity for obeying, and that is St. Paul's advice to be all things to all men. If one thinks so, it is just as easy to be a Salvationist, feel spiritually superior to those who revile, and beat up sinners to repentance with tambourines, as it is to sit in the seat of the scornful and mock—for the time being; only one mustn't stop at trifles.

It wasn't clear just how the scheme would work out, but as an initial step I determined to go to the meeting at Farwell Hall, at which Marshal Ballington Booth, the son of General Booth, and Lord High Executioner of the Almighty over the United States forces was to preside. This much I knew, but I was not prepared for the rest which followed and gradually unfolded to my understanding.

When I entered the vast hall where the meeting was being held on the evening of September 24, I found it crowded to suffocation. Fully five thousand people were present and were packed and jammed up to the very walls, but we managed, my escort and I, to get up near the platform where the Army of the Lord had mustered in full force. The ranks of men and women, in their straight and sombre

uniforms sitting erect in serried ranks, gave by their numbers a military aspect to the scene. The men were separated from the women, both in space and by the fact that a uniform, which lends them dignity in a body, invariably detracts from the beauty of women. Explain this if you can. A woman must be something distinct, individual, peculiar to herself; she loses the instant she makes herself in the tailor's image of some other woman. Men, on the other hand, are never so attractive as when arrayed in the distinctive dress of an order and in the company of others similarly uniformed. On this occasion the women suffered by the contrast.

As they sat together in rows, stiff, angular, and swathed in the indistinct lines of their sad-looking garments, they were robbed of all that belongs to them by their right of womanhood and empire over men. The blue poke bonnets shadowed all their destiny. There was not a gleam of light about them anywhere but in the vivid line of scarlet across the dark fold of silk on their bonnets, bearing the talismanic words, "Salvation Army," in letters of gold.

Mrs. Booth was speaking, and the Marshal loomed his lank length in the rear, like the ghost of Banquo at the feast. The vast audience listened with breathless attention to the little woman with the beautiful face and disfiguring dress as she poured out a stream of eloquence: "Salvation, save souls, the blood of the Lamb" was the burden of it all, in one endless stream of repetition.

"I live in His service. This is all my concern, to bring precious souls to His bleeding feet," she said.

"Amen!" came from the depths of a blue bonnet.

"Hallelujah!" responded a brother.

"Praise God!" backed up the Marshal.

"Amen to Jesus!" was the somewhat startling reponse of "Happy Harry," who is nothing if not theatrical. This saintly and impromptu scion sat in the front ranks on the platform, his face idiotically ecstatic, his hands working nervously, and punctuating the discourse vigorously with his exclamations. All those about him beamed on him in applause, a very injudicious proceedure, as it only encouraged him in antics that made everyone in the audience who had artistic perceptions long to tie him down and gag him.

"If you don't love Jesus where will you be when you die?"

Amid a breathless stillness Happy Harry responded, "In the soup."

Nods of approval ran through the ranks on the platform. Happy Harry had made a hit. He had put the thought of all in one comprehensive, popular phrase. The audience giggled and then listened for the next "break" from that fortunate young man.

My escort looked disgusted and wanted to go, but I gave him a reproving glance which caused him to open his eyes. I wanted to accustom his mind gradually to what was bound to happen next. Somehow I felt it in my bones that I was going to be converted, saved, sanctified by Mrs. Booth's eloquence; that I was going to identify myself with this Army of the Lord in which Happy Harry was such a shining adjutant, and the idea didn't agree with me.

"Come up and be saved! Oh, your souls, your

precious souls that Jesus died to save are being l-o-s-t! Come, now He asks you. He is waiting. Come, come, come," said Mrs. Booth in one final appeal, and stood like an inspired figure, her dark garments falling about her, her face uplifted, while with a burst of song, a waving of handkerchiefs and volley of amens the "monster demonstration" was all over.

The crowd began to pour out and my escort prepared to do the same, but I laid a detaining hand on him and informed him that I intended speaking with Mrs. Booth.

"Well, you look like it," he said, highly amused. He looked at me from the crown of my toque to the tip of my ties.

"To be sure ; you can't renounce the vanities unless you have some to renounce."

"Going to renounce 'em?" contemptuously. "All right ; go ahead."

He subsided against the wall and I pushed up to the front where a crowd of converts were waiting to shake hands with the spiritual grandees. This wouldn't do—to stand where I could reach their hands but never their ears—so I boldly stepped onto the platform and gradually percolated through to Mrs. Booth.

The ranks of soldiers moved back for me to pass them, staring in wonder at my impertinent little toque and stylish get-up. The men gave me military salutes. One of the girls touched my wrap furtively, and they whispered all about me.

"God bless you!" said one fervently.

Down below the platform a thousand people

surged and swayed trying to shake hands with the distinguished guests of the evening. I stood back of them, not knowing just how to go about making professions of faith, but once up there I knew I was in for it; there was no going back; the soldiers had closed up behind me, and those nearest were waiting eagerly to hear what I had to say. I felt as Columbus must have felt when he landed among the aborigines.

Mrs. Booth was doing duty with her hand at the same rate required of the "first lady of the land." This was surely some compensation for the hard work and harder living she had voluntarily assumed. When I stepped close to her she turned a beautiful, exultant, inspired face on me. It was clear, red and white, with dark shining eyes. Dark waving hair framed a white, full forehead, above which the blue poke bonnet was anything but a saintly setting. The dress was misshapen and awry on a figure that should have been trim, but the face was absolutely pure and holy, purged of all earthiness, and full of an enthusiasm beautiful to see in this dilettante age. I came under the spell of it myself and from that moment my curiosity in this unique people was tinged with respect and warm interest. So can I imagine the saints and fanatics of old dying for an idea which seemed to them good, absolutely deified by self-abnegation, with just such a look as Mrs. Booth wore.

"What is it dear child?" she said, clasping my hand. She was not more than twenty-three herself, and younger with the youth of the spirit. I felt old and worn beside her.

"I want to be like you," I stammered, and it was said not insincerely.

She smiled divinely, and then I saw that wonderful combination of spiritual exaltation and humility, that which acknowledges its own sinfulness and yet sets itself up as a standard for the guidance of others.

"Are you converted, sanctified? Do you feel that you are saved?"

"Yes, yes. It came so quickly while you talked. My life is so wasted in frivolous society. How can I become one of you?"

"God bless you!" she said. I was sorry she said it. It had the canting, ranting twang that deteriorated her saintship. "The Army of the Lord always wants recruits." Then she squeezed my hand, gave me a holy kiss between the eyes, and turning to a woman standing near, said fervently:

"Mrs. Evans, this is a new soul snatched from the burning; she wants to give herself to God."

"God bless you!"

"Praise Heaven!"

"Hallelujah!"

"Glory to Jesus," was pelted around me in a perfect hailstorm.

Mrs. Booth turned to the front and the clamorous hands, while I was taken possession of by Mrs. Evans, a sweet, pale-faced lady who had that peculiarly pure complexion seen only in those whose diet is simple and whose minds are serene and untroubled. She looked more like the early Quakers than a Salvationist, except for the consciously sanctified expression that made my own little sins rush

over me with sudden and convincing force. But her assumption of superior holiness enabled me to lie as serenely as a May morning. If it had not been for this, her unsuspiciousness would have made me ashamed of my insincere professions.

"God bless you! Do you want to join the Army? Have you been saved?" with a deprecatory squeeze of the hand as if to apologize for the question.

"Oh yes; I have belonged to a church for three years."

She looked commiseratingly at me and shook her head.

"And your soul still in darkness and struggling toward the light?"

"Yes'm." What miserable pretenses ministers are anyhow. I had never seen one of them so sublimely contemptuous of established things as this pale little woman. I was consumed with admiration of her.

"Praise God!" she said, fervently, squeezing a jeweled ring into my unfortunate hand.

"Can I join the Army?"

"Your mother will blame us if you do," she said cautiously.

"But I can't be saved any other way; I had rather have my mother blame me than God."

That rebuked her. If she had been keen at repartee she would have quoted a certain commandment about honoring your father and mother.

"Bless Jesus! So you will throw all earthly affections aside and cast yourself on Him? Praise the Lord!"

"Amen. Glory to God!" said "Happy Harry,"

who had got around our way and was beaming sanctification on me. He gave me a fraternal squeeze of the hand and made room for others.

"Well, come to see me at 452 Armitage avenue. I will be at home all the mornings of this week, and I will tell you about our Army of Salvation. May the Lord bless you and enable you to save many souls."

From those who had collected about us on the platform word had passed down the line that another soul had been saved from everlasting punishment, so I went through a fire of hand shakes and "God bless yous" until I stepped down to my escort, who was pulling fiercely at his mustache.

"Going to join the Army?" he asked, with a sneer. That's the way with the young men; they have no reverence for things sacred. I treated his question with all the silent contempt it deserved. After all he had not caught the small section of glory and beatification from the face of Mrs. Booth, and so was not in a position to judge of my immense advantage.

The walk home was a quiet one. It included a stop long enough for a consultation with the powers that be on the best way to follow up my professions of sanctification by practical work in the Army.

The "Well done," as a comment on my evening's work, found no echo in my own breast. It seemed exceedingly ill done. My conscience was not yet calloused, and a course of deception, a disagreeable incognito, to be kept up for a week or two, was anything but a cheering prospect. Already I was forbidden my usual haunts of pleasure and

usual methods of work. The world and its accustomed allurements were for me no more until this work were done. Already the shadow of it was over me. I felt committed to an unknown Salvationist mode of life, method of speech, and cast of thought.

I prophesied my own wordly glances of amused indifference or idle curiosity directed toward my assumed self. In the light of all these dreams of the night a ribbon-decked tea-gown seemed a very incongruous garb to wear down to breakfast.

CHAPTER II.

A fitting monument sometime to be erected to the inhabitants of Milwaukee avenue, Chicago, would be a Tower of Babel. Nowhere else in this cosmopolite city is there such a confusion of tongues. Each nationality represented on the sign boards of that thoroughfare could be delegated to lay a stone and the structure would be as remarkable as the one chronicled in sacred writings. Of these conditions is born a furtive air, a suspiciousness always felt by people toward the unintelligible and unintelligent.

If it were possible to abstract one's self out of American contempt for everything un-American, a scene on Milwaukee avenue would be one of peculiar interest. It is a kaleidoscope of strange sights and sounds. It is a bazaar of nations on dress-parade. The characteristic costume of the peasantry of Europe, Asia, and Africa makes this street look like the market at Constantinople.

It was a Milwaukee avenue car which I boarded the next morning in order to seek an interview with Mrs. Evans, and discovered that Armitage avenue intersects Milwaukee at No. 1600. You may imagine the ride in the horse car. It was still raining, a nasty, drizzling rain, enough to dampen the ardor of more earnest souls than mine. Two men in the car eyed my pocketbook with interest when I paid my fare, and the fact that they spoke in Choctaw or some idiot English did not tend to increase my ease of mind.

We crept past a multitude of shops gay with curious foreign wares of cheap manufacture; past groups of foreigners gesticulating ridiculously according to American notions; past sights and sounds and smells; past evidences of an unrighteous massing of humanity, into the shabby edge of the country to Armitage avenue, a region of uneven, unpaved streets, cheap tenements, and that air of desolation always seen where the country has not ceased protesting aginst the town's encroachments. Going east over this I picked up several pounds of wet mud to distribute over the floor of the returning car. It was eleven o'clock when I rang the door-bell of a neat red-brick house, No. 452, to discover that Mrs. Evans was "not at home."

The handmaiden of the Lord's chosen who informed me of that fashionable fact was herself a descendant of one the builders of the original tower and the confusion was still in her tongue, or else the peculiar and dense stupidity she showed originated in a higher seat of intelligence, for she failed to make her meaning clear.

"When can I see Mrs. Evans?" I asked.

"Uh huh," said that girl, cordially.

"You don't understand. May I return to-morrow?"

"Uh huh."

"Shall I see her then?"

"She vorks, uh huh," responded that lump of obtuseness, beginning to look frightened over my persistency.

"Does she never stop? When isn't she working?"

"She sleep sometime," brightening at last when she discovered that she got hold of one end of an idea. It seemed useless to try to get that girl to conceive of an interval between sleeping and working when Mrs. Evans might stand a chance of being seen.

But as I had permission to return I appointed a meeting for nine o'clock, and left with just grace enough given me to get home with, but not enough to brave another such ride the next morning. At that time I deliberately put myself into the hands of Satan and a cabman to reach my destination.

Mrs. Evans was at home. She came to the door herself, took me and my fashionable toggery into the house and blessed me. She looked more like a dear little Quaker lady than ever without her bonnet. A pretty little cambric kerchief was pinned about her neck, and her pretty brown hair was smooth as satin.

We passed through a hallway crowded with a baby-carriage and a bundle of laundrywork, into a small sitting-room, where she left me to my own devices.

This room was plainly furnished, with a table and

writing-desk occupying the places of honor. Above the desk was ranged a collection of photographs of Army people in uniform. There was "Happy Harry," the scheduled smile electrically fixed; "Salvation Sal"; a baby, with "Given to God" worked on its bib; a Salvation bride and groom, beaming with sanctified smiles; General and Mrs. Booth, their seven children, all with titles affixed; the sisters, cousins, and aunts of the Booths, and a host of small fry. They were taken in uniform and in every pose; with the Son of Man, a crown-of-thorns-upon-his-brow look, the Mater Dolorosa in a poke, and the mother and child. The tambourine was borne like a palm branch, with the name of the maker on the rim; the flaring bonnet served as a halo about the heads of all the women. Everything for effect. A group could have been selected which, with an appropriate announcement would have been taken for a variety troop with a new opera requiring their unique costume. I afterward discovered that no profession except that of the stage has such a passion for attitudinizing and being photographed as the Salvationists

"I never saw anything like it before," I said, clasping my hands, as Mrs. Evans returned. "Isn't it lovely to know how they all look, and then you know their dress will never grow old fashioned and make the picture look ugly."

"Because we always have one fashion. Yes, the seasons and years come and go and it is always the same with God and those who labor in His service. And now you will be one of us, praise God! What shall we call you?"

"My name is Bertha Mayo. I live on South Park avenue and have been attending a Methodist church down there."

The instant I had given these antecedents I regretted it. South Park avenue was so accessible, and within an hour my whole statement could be disproved. If there is a Methodist church on that street it is probably the one of my creation. Mrs. Evans might be well-enough informed to be in a position to contradict me then. Evidently she was not, for she next asked solicitously:

"And you are dissatisfied? What good work have you ever done?"

"Nothing but fashionable missionary work. I took jelly and flowers and tracts to the poor and sick, and made flannel shirts for the heathen," I recited glibly, and thought of poor Caddy Jellyby.

She shook her head over the wastefulness of life.

"Poor child; is that all you could do for Jesus?"

"It is all they would let me do. I never knew I ought to do more until I attended your meetings and learned how much good you were doing."

"Praise the Lord. I will bring the Major to talk with you. He is my husband."

So her husband was a major? I wondered if, in the event of my joining the Army, there would be a major for me! She returned presently with her major, who, on the present occasion, was arrayed picturesquely in his shirt sleeves. Here I was in the presence of one of the officers in the Army of the Lord, and so little awed was he by his majestic mission that he didn't even wear a coat.

"God bless you!" he said, on general principles,

taking it for granted that I was there to be blessed. I had been betting to myself on the probability of his making this highly original remark.

He was a rather handsome man; one who would pursue one idea to the bitter end and until the stamina was all knocked out of it. In other words, if the Army hadn't gathered him in some other organization would; his zeal would have been the same. He was somewhat younger than Mrs. Evans, and, as I afterward learned, was also younger in Christ; but so zealous is he that he has for three years been the divisional officer in command of Chicago, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Within this time his little bands of soldiers have become familiar to almost every community in the three States.

"God bless you!" he said again, giving my hand a squeeze right in the presence of his wife, and throwing a Mater Dolorosa look at a fly-specked ornament in the center of the ceiling. After that he ran out of anything to say and continued to squeeze my hand in order to fill in an eloquent pause in the conversation. I have seen young men who were provided with convincing arguments of that description—especially on Sunday nights—but this was the first time I had subdued a major. It fluttered me, and I didn't know what to say with his wife looking on.

It was just absent-mindedness, after all. He brought his eyes down from contemplating the fly-specks, and released my hand at the same moment.

"Ah, yes, excuse me. God bless you!"

"May I have a chair?" I asked faintly.

"Yes, yes. Take this. May the Lord strengthen you. You are not strong."

"Yes, I am strong. Will there be room for me in the Army?"

"There is always room. You can be a soldier, attend the meetings, then be a cadet or candidate, and afterward an officer."

This didn't suit me. I wanted to be full-fledged at once. Tears came to my accommodating eyes.

"I can't attend the meetings. My mamma won't let me. Unless I come among you I can do nothing. I have money, and am twenty-one. I won't be any expense to you, and can pay my way wherever I am."

"Is it so bad? Perhaps your mother will keep you from coming altogether, or blame us."

"No, I can do as I please; only if we were living together it would annoy and vex her so, and all her fashionable friends. Then she would tease me and cry, and that would make me unhappy. She said I should not live in her house and be a Salvationist. She thinks all your performances ridiculous and disgraceful."

"So blind!"

"Thank God, I can see! Will you send me back to that false life?"

"No. Praise God. He never rejects a soul that has been called to Him."

"My cousin Jessie will come, too. (I had discovered the evening before where I could get a cousin to order.) Jessie has always been a religious girl, and wants to come with me. Let me give you some money now."

"No," the Major said, decidedly. "All our wants

are supplied by the Lord. We have no need of money. Keep it."

I wonder if any minister of the Gospel would have answered me so. One might have rejected an offering for his personal honor and pride, but would he have given such a reason?

"You can not use your money in the Army. None of us have an income. We leave all that behind. What is ours is yours. Come and be one of us if you will."

"When; to-day?"

"In a day or two; I must make arrangements for you. Bring your cousin to 1117 Milwaukee avenue, the headquarters of Chicago No. 5 Corps, and we will meet you there and take you to a place of rest. Let us pray!"

This was the last straw! I sank onto my knees mechanically and sobbed hysterically. We all knelt around one chair, the Major and Mrs. Evans on either side. Mrs. Evans took one hand caressingly, and the Major prayed:

"Our heavenly Father, bless us, we pray Thee, as we kneel in Thy presence. Bless this dear soul that will give herself to Thee. She is used to the vanities of life, the ease and luxury, but she wishes to give them all up and serve only Thee. She knows not the scorn of the world, the revilings meted out to Thy servants who put on a sign that they serve Thee. Help her to bear these, Lord!" ("Amen" from Mrs. Evans.) "May Thy spirit so surround her that all things borne for Thee will be easy. She is leaving home and the love of a mother. Oh, help her, Lord, to feel Thy constant presence! Let her

cheer the afflicted, bring souls to Thy feet, and find all her joy in serving Thee! Amen." "Amen," responded Mrs. Evans. "Praise God." I thought it was time to get up, but, as they still knelt, I said "Amen," too. Still they did not rise, but began a song, "What a friend we have in Jesus."

One verse was sung through, and, after a pause, Mrs. Evans prayed in much the same strain. I felt horribly wicked, kneeling there, taking mental notes of what to me was a "performance." It was long afterward before I could pray in a reverent spirit and without reproaching myself for this deception. They were evidently so in earnest, and trusted me and my professions so fully, that I felt wicked enough for red-handed murder in acting the hypocrite so successfully.

"Amen!" came at last. When we arose to our feet, I was trembling, and tears stood in my eyes. The Major clasped my hand, and Mrs. Evans kissed me.

"God bless you!" they both said, with unanimous originality. I uttered a few incoherent words, steered my way through the hall, and got out to my long-suffering cabman, thinking that, if they hired cabs by the hour, they would be apt to curtail their devotions.

"No more cabs for me!" I said to Mrs. Evans, referring to my renunciation of all things worldly. "Mamma made me take one to-day, but after this I shall walk among the lowly."

"God bless you!" she said again. The cabman grinned an unrighteous grin, and I sank back into my seat, and was conveyed to my sinful home, a

box of bonbons, and a consultation with "my cousin Jessie," who was so recent an acquisition that I had some difficulty in remembering her familiar name.

CHAPTER III.

It is well that young lady arrived when she did, or we should have got ourselves hopelessly entangled in different versions of family history. In the first place, she didn't look any more relation to me than an Irishman does to a Chinaman. She was a delicate, fragile little girl with a pale complexion and soft, fair hair. She wore glasses, and was sweet and demure. But one twinkle of her big gray eyes was proof sufficient that a humorous situation would be taken in by that dear girl and fully appreciated. I shall never cease to be grateful for that quality of humor in her. If she had been devoid of that, those next two weeks would have been unendurable.

"You are accounted for; all you have to do is to remember who you are, and stick to my story. I had no time to consult you about what character you chose to assume, but you are my cousin Jessie Mayo. You are an orphan with a little money, awfully religious, and awfully fond of Bertha—that's me. If you find the last requirement difficult, please assume the fondness for the sake of appearances. You must remember we have been like sisters."

"All right. It's perfectly immaterial to me. One story fits me as well as another."

Then we two got as thick as thieves, and sat there in our rocking chairs deliberately planning a con-

certed course of deception that should look, oh, so guileless to those who should be taken in by our guile. I felt like one of Dumas' heroines, and as if my companion were a female Le Coque, who was luring me into an intrigue. It got to be horribly fascinating, this imagining a new identity for one's self, and fitting a thousand and one incidents to an imaginary life under other conditions than those which governed my own. The selves we manufactured became absorbing and real, and the lunch bell brought me back to my own self with a start. This will, perhaps, explain why we found so little difficulty in keeping up our assumed characters. Much of the time we forgot that we were anything but what we seemed. Often it was the real self that was hard to realize.

After dinner the next day, we put on our ordinary garb, and took a car to 1117 Milwaukee avenue, to Chicago No. 5 Corps. All who are familiar with Salvation Army methods would have known the place by the red curtains that blazed at the windows. We did not know if ordinary church etiquette were required in an attendant on their meetings or not, but concluded to venture that much and opened the door. A lumpy girl, in a uniform and red jersey, sat by the door. A seraphic smile illumined her face as we entered.

"God bless you!" she exclaimed fervently.

"Amen!" responded Jessie, so solemnly that I very nearly lost my balance and tumbled onto one of the long benches in a flabby heap.

The hall was chilly and bare, the seats being the plainest and most uncomfortable wooden benches

with an excuse for a back. A girl and her lover were present, giggling after the manner of their kind, in a corner; two young rowdies slunk in and slammed themselves into seats; there was a small boy, preturnaturally solemn, and Jessie and I. The only attempt at ornamentation was in some rudely executed mottoes on the wall. One of these legends read:

ETERNITY,
HEAVEN OR HELL—
WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Next this was a soul-stirring inscription:

PLEASE DON'T SPIT ON THE FLOOR.

The small boy in front of us spelled this out, painfully, and then in an absent-minded manner spit on one of the benches with an accuracy of aim only to be attained by long practice. It was all beautifully solemn and impressive, and like a barn or something, but Jessie giggled, and the girl in the red jersey looked sad over the audience that never came.

The Major and Mrs. Evans arrived just as we were ready to collapse, and Jessie was introduced.

"God bless you!" they said in grand concert. "So you are cousins. No one would ever guess it."

"I am older than Bertie, and am an orphan. That has made me more serious. She has never seen any trouble or care."

"Dear child, I am afraid she doesn't realize the

hardships she is undertaking. It is hard for those to whom life has been easy."

"Life had been easy!" I shut my eyes suddenly and saw visions, and then opened them again to this very real and very easy little farce.

"We have made arrangements for you to go to Englewood to stay awhile with the Captain in charge. She is a very sweet girl. Are you willing to go there?"

"Anywhere where there is work for the Lord!"

"There is work for Him everywhere. This is one of the nicest places we have. We don't want you to see it too rough at first."

"Oh, we want hard work!"

"After awhile, next week, perhaps, you may go where it is harder."

We acquiesced, willing to serve the Lord and obey his self-appointed officers. We were then introduced to the girl in the red jersey, who proved to be the Captain of Corps 5, and to two other girls in uniforms.

"God bless you," said the Captain. "We welcome you as sisters in the Lord."

"God bless you," I managed to respond. Their responses are easier to learn than are those of established church. Once you get this phrase by heart, and you are provided for in the matter of absolutely necessary Salvation phraseology. All other expressions are merely addenda to the regular service.

We were kissed, and I, remembering the injunction, turned the other cheek also, but Jessie's face was as expressionless as a weatherbeaten sign-board. And then we went out into the cold, hard, un-

feeling world to take what was offered at its hands. Perhaps you think this was easy!

Ordinarily the world, and the people who walk about in it, seem very warm and friendly, but the conditions of this encounter were peculiar, to say the least.

The Major and Mrs. Evans had on all their war paint; their blue uniforms, the nickel shield-shaped pins of the order, the brass letters in their collars; the poke bonnet of Mrs. Evans, and the gilt band and badge on the Major's cap were all a dead give away. The dear public, ever generous, took us in at a glance, and we took them in at something more than a glance. On the Milwaukee avenue car it was not so bad. The inhabitants of that region are used to seeing every species of biped that walks and probably thought our major a drum-major.

But on the State street cable! "Lord deliver us" I prayed when I saw the crowd on that cable car. But the prayers of the ungodly avail not; we had to face them. We hung our heads like sheep-dogs when seen in the company of their proposed victims. Jessie stood back on the pavement, limp and nerveless, until the Major took her by the arm and pulled her into the car. I followed Mrs. Evans and sat in the shadow of her poke bonnet, peeping from behind it to see if by any unlucky chance an acquaintance of mine should appear. If there had I vow at that moment I would have cut him dead. But no one I had ever seen before was there. Most of those people went clear through to Englewood. They were well bred, well dressed, and looked at us as they would at any other freaks out of a museum.

It made my face burn; I got hot and cold in sudden flushes and shivers, while my backbone felt as limp as a cotton string. Those people threw neither watermelon rinds nor epithets at us, but they listened curiously to our conversation and made little amused comments. Jessie tramped my toes purple, and I was enduring an agony of mind and spirit simply indescribable.

All that time, too, the Major talked to us in stentorian tones and gave away the whole scheme, so that all those forty people became cognizant that Jessie and I had left homes of luxury to don the blue uniforms of the Salvationists and walk in the serried ranks of the saved.

"When did you first feel the spirit of God calling you?" asked the Major, and the audience hung on my answer, which I tried to make inaudible.

"In Peoria. I visited there last summer and attended their meetings." When I remembered how and why those meetings had been attended, I felt guilty; I wanted material for an editorial on "Round pegs in square holes," and found it there.

But the answer set me all right with my interested audience. Balls of colored fire danced before my eyes, and I grew dizzy while the inquisition went on from the thumbscrew to the rack. All my experience, my inner heart and soul, were turned inside out for the benefit of that crowd. Surely this one torture has been left for the nineteenth century to discover. We are so habitually cynical in demeanor that a display of feeling or experience in public is considered but little short of idiotic. I fairly groaned in agony, but it did no good.

"Did you go to the meetings because you were interested?"

"No. I went to make fun."

"Like so many others who go to scoff and remain to pray. You will soon be an officer."

"Oh, I never thought of that. I want to be just a soldier."

"Yes, but our best soldiers become officers. You are so earnest, and, though young, you have had many advantages. Education is a good thing and always tells in any kind of service."

"I would be so glad if I were considered worthy," I murmured, and then leaving Jessie to the tender mercies of the Major, I turned to Mrs. Evans.

"That's a lovely bonnet you have on! Where do you get them?" I think them simply the most hideous things ever invented, but I was after information.

"Do you think so? Then it will be easy for you to put them on. I didn't like them at first. You can have them made, but this came from headquarters in New York, and cost $5."

"This one seems so sinful that I have on. How soon could I get one like yours?"

"In about a week, by sending immediately."

"What is it that makes Englewood so nice for the Army?"

"Oh, they can march there on the streets whenever they want to."

So we could march unmolested! Good heavens! Jessie heard and uttered a sepulchral groan.

"They stopped our marching in Chicago, but we

are having a test case and may win it. The Lord will prevail over His foes."

"Amen!" responded the Major.

"When you march you can get big crowds to follow you and have rousing meetings. It is a good thing to be able to march."

"Don't rough boys throw things and call after you?"

"Oh yes," serenely. "But what harm does that do? They come to the meeting afterward, and sometimes get converted. Our idea is to make religion attractive. Satan never fails to advertise his wares."

"Do you get good audiences this way?"

"Oh yes. You know we work among the low and vile, those lower in intellect and moral tone than the churches can reach by their respectable methods. Rough boys and men think our meetings a new and cheap kind of a show, and come just to see what odd things we do. Then they get interested and saved."

"Did you ever think of devoting your life to the Master in any other way?" interposed the Major.

"Yes; I thought of a Protestant sisterhood, and might have gone into one. The Catholic sisters can't marry, and that seems so foolish, if not wrong."

"Yes; it is against God's ordinance. In the Army if you become an officer you promise not to marry anyone for two years. Officers usually marry among each other, and go on with the work together. Indeed, you have to promise not to marry anyone who would interfere with your work in the Army.

Mrs. Evans converted me and then married me and we work together for the glory of the Lord."

"Amen!" said Mrs. Evans. "I think you may do the same, and become a great power for good."

Oh, if I could just catch "Happy Harry"; that would be a star combination devoutly to be wished.

There was just one other point on which I wished to be informed, and asked:

"Do your soldiers live all-together in barracks?"

"It is so odd for people to think that. Our soldiers live in their own homes just as church members do, and follow their usual vocations. The officers are like ministers of the Gospel and live in houses. Two or three women or two men live together. The sexes are always separate unless married. It is because women and men are equal, hold the same position in the Army and do the same work, that has made malicious people start this story."

We had transferred to the horse-car, gone over the viaduct, and now got off at Englewood avenue. The gleam of a red curtain half way down the block indicated the Salvation Army hall. As we got off the car a street Arab yelled:

"Hello Salvation," but if the Major and Mrs. Evans heard they made no sign. As for poor Jessie and me, we gasped and clung to each other and stumbled on in the darkness after our guides.

We pushed through a crowd about the door, where we were greeted with a variety of epithets, most of them friendly, and passed into the hall. The meeting had just been dismissed, the room was still full of people and smells, and the best of spirits prevailed. Everybody shook hands with our escorts,

and a few slopped over with Salvation and took us in, too.

"These are two more dear sisters in Christ," explained the Major to everybody.

"God bless you!" was the instant response accompanied by a Masonic grip that left my hand a mass of jelly at the end of five minutes. But I smiled and endured it. There was no doubting the genuineness of their good feeling. When the crowd had thinned a little the Captain, a dark little woman of twenty-four, with a sweet, pale face, came down to us.

"This is Captain Bertha Leyh," said the Major introducing us. "Captain, these are Bertha and Jessie Mayo, two dear souls who have given themselves to God. They will live with you awhile to learn how to serve Jesus."

"God bless you!" said Captain Bertha. "We shall have to call you Bertie, but they all call me Captain, anyhow. You are welcome to all we have —it is the Lord's!"

I smiled at this extravagant language, not knowing until afterward how absolutely true it was. Jessie gave my arm an unearthly pinch to show her appreciation of the sentiment. The Captain was gifted with a rich, warm voice and a good deal of magnetism much like that possessed by Mrs. Booth. She wore her abundant hair in braided loops low on her neck, the front hair waving naturally but combed straight back. When her face was lit with enthusiasm she was more than beautiful. I noticed how the men stood uncovered when she passed them, and how affectionately all said good-night to her. How-

ever she had done it, the loving respect she had inspired in all who knew her was genuine; it seemed to me, looking at her that she was love-worthy. She took my arm when we got to the street and we walked down Wentworth avenue to Sixty-second street.

"Hello, Salvation," yelled a small boy.

"Doesn't it annoy you?" I asked, flushing painfully even in the dark.

"It's the sweetest sound on earth to me—salvation—because I know I've got it. Oh, those blind souls out there in the dark. Oh, our Father, lead them to the light where they may see Thy face and be blessed."

"Amen!" said someone behind us, in derision. Passing under a gaslight just then I saw Captain Bertha's face actually transfigured with holiness. The ugly blue straw bonnet framed a sanctified countenance that was filled with a beatific passion. Far above, the pale, pure stars shamed the murky gaslight, so did the light of her countenance shame the passions of men. She was either a saint or a fanatic, perhaps a little of both. If so, why should I accept the testimony of other men's eyes recorded in history and reject this experience of my own? Prophets and heroes and saints will be recorded of this day after the day is past, and it will be a privilege then to have known one of them. I watched Capt. Bertha Leyh closely after that and never in a week of intimate companionship did I see the smallest speck on her sincerity and complete self-abnegation. Whatever it was it was genuine.

We stopped at last before a shabby house on Sixty-

second street and blundered up a dark stairway, over trunks and boxes piled into a hall and into a small parlor where two girls were sitting at a table counting money, the collection, which consisted of a number of small coins. One of them was strong and dark, with a firm, healthy skin and self-confident, hearty air.

"This is my sister Clara," said the Captain, "and this is our little cadet." Clara looked up and laughed cordially.

"I love to count money. I guess I am the miser. Bertha always lets me count the collections."

The "Cadet" had stiff, hay-colored hair, snags of black teeth, and a face of the consistency of brick-colored putty. Her movements were about as plastic. She hung her head on one side as if her humility were too flabby to stand up.

"These dear girls have come to live with us," explained the Captain, her arm about me affectionately.

"It isn't as easy as you think," remarked the practical Clara, eyeing me shrewdly. "Did anyone yell Salvation at you? How did you feel?"

"Like hiding behind someone"; it was just as well to be candid with Clara on some points.

"The Lord will take all that away. Lay your burdens on Jesus, He will carry them," exclaimed the Captain. She drew her slight young figure up. "I felt tired after the meeting, but it is all gone."

The Major and Mrs. Evans came in and looked at her almost with awe. So must the young stripling David have looked when going to meet his foes. I was weak and faint from the long, cold ride, and sat down with Jessie and Bertha on either side of me.

"Where's Stevenson?" asked Clara.

"She's a staff-captain now. Wheeler is in charge at No. 8," responded the Major.

"She's big enough to take those boys by the coat collar and put them out. If all we hear of No. 8 is true, she'll have a tough time," laughed Clara.

"Trotter was over to No. 1 last week. They had grand meetings there."

So it continued, this religious gossip, for a half-hour. Handles to people's names were evidently not popular, neither was the first name used, but invariably the last, after the English fashion of designating servants. Unless a pronoun followed, I had no way of knowing whether a man or woman was referred to.

In a pause, when there seemed nothing else to say, the Major thought suddenly to remark: "Let us pray."

Jessie and I knelt together, clasping hands for mutual support. Captain Bertha lifted her pale face, Clara and the cadet fell flat on their stomachs, and the Major prayed.

"Oh, our Father, be with us this night, we pray Thee. Go with us in all our wanderings. (Amen!) Convert us to Thy will. (Yes, Jesus!) Be with these two young women who have given themselves to Thee. (Hallelujah!) Bless all who trust in Thee, and lead others to Thy feet—ah. (Praise God.)" The Major had got to the end of his string.

"Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow Him;
Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere he leads me, I will follow Him,"

Sang the Captain, in a rich mezzo-soprano voice.

The others joined in, still on their knees or faces, and the cadet groaned as if her stomach ached. Silence for a brief space, then the clarion voice of Clara arose in a style that rivaled a follower of Delsarte.

"O, God!!! Be with us this night!! (A groan from Jessie.) (Praise the Lord!) Let us see the light of Thy heavenly countenance! Thou hast said if two or three should meet in company in Thy name Thou wouldst be there! (Hallelujah.) We are more than two. Thou who canst count the stars, the sparrows as they fall, and canst number the hairs of our heads, count this little company assembled in Thy name!" (Oh, Jesus!)

The responses fell about us like hailstones. Jessie and I bowed our heads for the storm to pass over. Their attitudes, the form of their petition, and the responses seemed sacriligous to us.

While still on our knees the Doxology was sung.

"Amen!" said the Major, who got up from his knees promptly, and began to button his coat. We said good-night, were kissed and blessed again, and went back on the cable car to get a little baggage, promising to return the next day. At Thirty-third street, with the understanding that we lived on South Park avenue, near there, Jessie and I got off. The car was full of people, but the Major and Mrs. Evans said, "God bless you," and smiled on us with holy fellowship.

"I want to do something carnal. How do deviled crabs and a bottle of claret strike you. I know a nice, quiet little restaurant where we can get a private room."

"May the Lord bless you!" responded Jessie.

"Chestnuts." And then we both laughed and sat down on a pile of bricks, and meditated and waited for the next car to take us down town.

CHAPTER IV.

When it was done, I marveled it was done so quickly and easily.

Contact with the world had sharpened my own suspicions, and surely none better than these Salvationists have opportunities to know the devices of the wicked. Not knowing where I was to be sent among them, I gave an address on South Park avenue, below Thirty-third street, a point so near the Englewood barracks that a half-hour's investigation would have utterly undone me; yet it did not occur to one of them to doubt my name or pretensions, or to satisfy themselves of the truth of my story. Jessie and I, too, had frequent lapses of memory regarding our antecedents, and had to pull each other up with a jerk.

Perhaps it would not suggest itself to many that anyone would have an ulterior motive in joining the Salvation Army; but I doubt if any other religious body in the world would have taken us in as one of themselves as unquestioningly as did the Salvation Army. This betrayed their ignorance, and also their sincerity and guilelessness.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave," etc. All this, instead of elating, depressed me. Here were I and my quondam cousin, whose christened name I

had even some difficulty in remembering, taken in as members of their households by the Salvation Army without question, without money or price, for as long or short a period as suited our convenience or caprice.

It was not without self-reproaches and misgivings that I prepared to enter on this career, not knowing to what depths of iniquity I would be required to descend to gain my ends. The breakfast bell sounded like a tambourine, and my heart sank like a plummet. The fate of him "that sitteth in the seat of the scornful" would not overtake me, at least. I was too depressed, mentally and morally, to be guilty of any levity.

I ate my breakfast in silence, and then went to do a little necessary shopping. Never before did the display of feminine adornments so attract me. It was difficult to go by the shop windows. I longed, with all my frivolous nature, for the gewgaws and vanities of the world. They had never before seemed so attractive as now, when I was putting them aside. And then I questioned if the renouncing of what all women possess does not invest these things with a false value. We put them on naturally and think nothing of them. Does not the putting of them aside defeat its own ends? I go into this minutely, because the Salvationists themselves understand and speak of this as a real "cross," not lightly to be considered.

"I have nothing that in the least approaches your uniform. What shall I wear until I can get a blue dress?" I had asked Captain Bertha.

"Anything. But wear a plain, ragged dress,

rather than a gay one," she had answered. "You can not follow your Master in stylish clothes."

So I put on a black dress that I fished up from the rag-bag. The skirt was frayed, the waist worn through along the seams, and the front motheaten. I packed away all my pretty garments, gave each a loving pat, and shut down the lids of the trunks with a sigh. An ancient "nigger-head" jacket mounted guard over my shabby dress, and then, because I had nothing else, a stylish felt turban was swathed in a dingy veil. The officers at Englewood were scrupulously neat, and my get-up was anything but satisfactory. I naturally expected to feel 'umble in all this, but I didn't. I felt vindictive, and wanted to kick anyone who looked better than I.

But I could revel in white collars and cuffs. My valise was packed with these, all the pretty handkerchiefs I could find, a pair of russet slippers, and luxurious toilet articles. Was there anything more?

A Bible!

I had none but those with my name on the fly-leaf, and I could not mutilate a Bible. There was nothing to be done but go and buy one. While I was about it, I had better get one for Jessie and put neat and appropriate little inscriptions in each. To make the affair look more genuine, I tried a second-hand bookstore, thinking to secure a couple of sacred volumes that had seen their best days.

"No one ever asks for a Bible in here," grinned a small boy clerk. "They try to sell 'em, though; but I guess we'd get stuck on that kind of stock." I bought two new pocket Bibles, wrote my own and

Jessie's names in them—these being the gift of a mythical and affectionate mother and aunt of the recipients. Then I sat down and waited for Jessie.

"Jessie," I said reproachfully, "you were going without the Bible dear mamma gave you only this morning."

"Oh, to be sure! Where is it?" She did fall into any little invention of mine with such charming facility.

If anything, that dear girl looked more forlorn than I. She had on a straw hat trimmed with a wreath of little brown dead birds, with the glass eyes knocked out of half of them. A gray debeige dress, trimmed with black braid, hung limp and disconsolate; her bangs had been combed uncompromisingly back. There were only the big gray eyes behind her glasses, the firm, tender mouth, and pale, pure face to testify to her worth. And people don't look twice at signs like these unless the other signs in dress correspond with them.

We sneaked out the back way, lugging our valises over to the cable car, and subsided. We had got hilarious, and were disposed to use every moment of our natural selves unnaturally. We got off at Sixty-second street.

"Oh, this valise!" I groaned.

"Cast all your burdens on Jesus. He will carry them!" exclaimed Jessie. That girl was shockingly irreverent. I dropped that valise, and leaned against the fence to laugh.

"Oh, Leonora, fare thee well!" I apostrophized myself. "When you are yourself again, it will be somewhat later in the day."

"Come on, a holy kiss awaits thee!"

"And a God bless you!"

We collapsed again on the steps. It was getting serious, and I looked confidently for an attack of hysterics, and doubted my ability to go through with it.

How we got upstairs I don't know. The cadet was at home, waiting for us, and ironing. She gave us a kiss and the freedom of the place.

"Now, make yourselves to hum," she said, and took her pretty form, figure and face, back to the tiny kitchen. After turning around once in the little parlor, we concluded to sit still, lest our sails suck all the little craft in.

There was an ingrain carpet on the floor, a red plush lounge, a trunk, a writing-table, and a square stand. This latter was covered with a cover put on on the bias, so the corners hung exactly down the sides nearly to the floor. Some books were laid on top, also on the diagonal, four piles across the corners and one in the middle. I have always liked this arrangement, and hate to disturb the symmetry of the geometrical problem by lifting a volume from its prescribed place. A copy of Sam Jones' Sermons; Talmage's Wedding Ring; the Rules and Regulations for the Government of the Officers of the Salvation Army, by General Booth; a Holiness Manual; a half dozen Bibles, and some copies of that enterprising sheet, the *War Cry*, lay on the table.

On the wall were some photographs. Captains Bertha and Clara had been "taken" as the Two Orphans, leaning against each other like sick kittens against hot bricks. The cadet was photographed with her

mouth shut, so her teeth didn't show; Mrs. Ballington Booth's sweet face looked from a card unshadowed by a bonnet, and the Marshal's patriarchal beard spread all over his shirt front. And that was all, except a cheap chromo of the Madonna, which hung over the table, and a foreshortening glass that ornamented the wall above the geometrically arranged bookstand.

For lack of anything else to do, I took up a Bible and read the Sermon on the Mount. It was a good thing to do. "Blessed is he that doth hunger and thirst after righteousness" got a new meaning for me. It seemed to me not improbable that there were spiritual heights and depths in the cadet that were worthy of being explored.

But carnal thoughts were uppermost. Where, oh, where, were they going to put us all to sleep? There were five of us, all grown, all pretty much alive and prone to kick. One bed filled a little hall bedroom, and there was that red plush lounge—a thing of beauty, but its joys might be evanescent. Perhaps it was the kind which shuts up like a jackknife after you get into it. Perhaps—but imagination failed to go further. There was no space anywhere to be utilized for a "shake-down." The needs of the inner girl were all supplied on a gasoline stove with two burners, and mounted on a soap box. Beside this, the kitchen contained a safe piled up to the ceiling on top with market baskets, a washstand, dressing-glass, a table, and two square feet of space in which the cadet was that moment revolving in so small an orbit that it made one dizzy to look at her. Even the little hall running along two

rooms, its career suddenly stopped by the embryo bedroom, was filled with trunks. A linen umbrella case and soiled clothes bag were tacked onto the bedroom door. The economy of space in that little den was something marvelous. It was all clean and neat, too, but the conglomeration of household necessities made it a little confusing at first. Someone else was quite welcome to the task of solving the problem of how a quart was to be got into a pint cup.

"Now, make yourself to hum," said the cadet, reappearing on the scene, on hospitable sentiments intent. A saintly smirk had been gashed clear across her face and left to dry, regardless of the fact that her teeth were left out for a cynical world to gaze on.

Just then the Captain and Clara came in, Clara with all the breeziness of a windy day.

"Oh, I like you so much better this way! That's my dear, brave, little soldier of the Lord!" exclaimed the Captain.

"It's ragged; look!" I turned up my elbows.

"But you feel better than you did last night in your good clothes. Now let's see; any bustle!"

"No. There are reeds in the skirt, but the dress would drag if I took them out. This is all I had but what was gay and sinful."

"You can have a uniform made in a day and get rid of this. And the bangs?"

Regarding my bangs, the Creator issued a mandate the day I appeared, and those bangs have been there ever since. I felt discouraged over this; but the Captain hastened to reassure me.

"Mrs. Ballington Booth's hair is just so. It won't grow long nor straight. I guess when the

Lord made it that way He knew what He was about. It's all right, my dear."

"Oh, Bertie, you're vain. My, didn't you hate to pull off that beautiful dress you had on last night? Was that the latest style?" asked Clara, giving me a cinnamon-bear hug.

"Clara pretends she is interested in the styles," laughed Bertha, indulgently.

"I am. I like pretty things. I think this uniform is pretty, but I know Bertie is vain. What did you do with all your beaux, Bertie?"

"Now, Clara!"

"Well, girls have beaux. You had them yourself before you joined the Army, and I know that Adjutant—well, I won't tell. Come on Bertie. Let's get some supper. Bertha would never eat if someone didn't tell her it was time."

But Bertha held me by her side a moment. She had such a caressing manner, such enthusiasm and warmth that was free from the least suspicion of gush, that she endeared herself to everyone. Her arm went around you when near; she kissed one seldom, and then on the forehead; and her voice was an inspiration. Everything she did was a delightful duty with her; her life was a consecration, yet she was not austere, but cheerful, loving, and her little touches of gay humor were like flecks of gold on a warm-colored fabric. She wore her plain, blue uniform like a royal garment, and it fitted her round form superbly.

I went out of the room for a moment and passed the cadet getting supper and pouring all her soul and some hot water into a teapot. When I returned

the Captain had my turban on her knee, contemplating it gravely.

"Too gay, isn't it?"

"I was thinking what might be done with it. We could take off this red ribbon; would you care?"

Would I care! Only two days before a milliner had expended all she had learned in Paris on that hat; but I was renouncing the vanities!

"Oh, no; take it to pieces, if you like, and make it look decent."

"It would be awfully stylish if it didn't have a thread of trimming on it," remarked the observant Clara.

"I guess so," said the dear Captain, with a sigh. "Put it away. I'll tell you, dear; you shall wear a hat of mine until we can send to New York for a bonnet. Will you wear our uniform?" anxiously.

"To be sure; why not? If I am a soldier of the Lord, I should wear the outward sign."

"It takes courage; I found it so; but it is for the Lord who died for us."

I murmured an unintelligible assent. I could not entirely agree with the sentiment that the Lord who could die for us could wish us to make guys of ourselves.

"Does it avail?" I asked.

"It avails always against sin and sinners to wear an outward sign of righteousness, so that all the world may see that we constantly testify for Him. But it is a 'cross' to be different from others in appearance. You must not think it easy to be borne."

"No, it will not be easy; but I will wear it."

"Oh, you are brave!" whispered Clara, giving me a hug. She was stronger, mentally and physically, than her sister, but less sweet. She had a rich contralto voice, that vibrated sympathetically, yet was she blunt and practical. She would hug or pinch you in passing; she laughed often and loudly; she washed dishes with a vim, and took hold of her religion in the same uncompromising way. She had fine eyes, a splendid physique, and there was a heartiness and wholesomeness about her that attracted one irresistibly. I do not know what I had expected in these Salvationists, but I certainly had not been prepared for these two strong, lovely types, found in Bertha and Clara Leyh.

The "Cadet" had got supper, and we went out. I squeezed around between the safe and washstand, and sat down at the table, which was pushed against the wall to make room. The Captain said a brief grace, and Clara poured out the tea. There were bread and butter, fried potatoes, and grapes—all good and abundant, and seasoned with cheerful conversation. They were girls with limited education, but, though narrow, they were high, which is certainly better than being broad and low. I can not explain them any better than to say that their devotion to a high purpose had lifted them from the common people, to whom they belonged. But they still retained enough of that to eat with their knives.

When the meal was finished each one knelt at her plate and returned thanks silently.

"Half-past seven!"

"It is time to go to the evening meeting," said the Captain.

Now was the time. My heart fairly leaped into my throat, and I gave one last despairing glance at Jessie. Clara caught the look on the fly, and laughed.

"Oh, if you could just see yourself! You look as if you thought you were to be murdered."

"Well, I feel like it."

We hurried on our hats and wraps, the hideous blue bonnets being carefully adjusted before the mirror and the strings pulled out.

"Let us kneel down and ask help for this meeting," said Bertha, simply. She took my hand and sank on her knees.

"Oh, our Heavenly Father, we *do* love Thee. We *do* trust in Thy precious grace. Help us, we pray Thee, to walk so in the sight of men that they may see Thy countenance reflected in our lives. Go with us, we pray Thee. Help us to bring precious souls to the feet of Jesus. Now, our Father, we leave all things in Thy hands, which doeth all things well. We have no fear. We can not fail. Thou art with us. Amen!"

"Come along," she said, a moment later. "Don't be afraid; our Father is with us." It was all quite simple with her. I think it would have grown so with me, but for the cadet, who, chameleon like, took on five shades more of santification from her nearness to Bertha. She amused even Clara.

"No, you mustn't be ashamed, you know. He wasn't ashamed, of you!" said the cadet, sweetly.

"That's right, Millie. The cadet always has a word in season," laughed Clara, and Bertha relaxed her sweet seriousness. Clara whirled me off my

feet down those unchristian stairs, guiltless of a railing.

"I've got the grace of God right here," she said, striking her breast. "You can't tell anybody what it is who hasn't got it. Whatever I am, I am at the rate of forty miles an hour. I'm so happy it takes my breath. I want to make a noise for the Lord all the time. My ! I think I'll burst some time."

She began to sing the "Lily of the Valley" softly.

"Clara!" said a gentle voice from behind.

"I can't help it, singing on the street. I'm so happy."

"We have to be careful not to excite comment to ourselves. People notice everything we do. Of course, when we march that isn't ourselves, it's the Lord's work, but we never talk or laugh aloud on the streets at other times."

We went gaily on through the semi-dark streets, unobserved. Clara pinched and squeezed me in the exuberance of her happiness, and trod the earth lightly in time to some inaudible music singing itself in her own heart.

CHAPTER V.

The hall was only two blocks away, on Englewood avenue. When we got there we found it half filled with soldiers and spectators, waiting quietly. The soldiers or converts were grouped about the platform, in readiness for some ceremony, and our advent caused an instant commotion among them. There were fully twenty-five of them, chiefly women,

children, and beardless young men. Two or three wore the uniform, others the red guernseys, with "Salvation Army" woven across the breast in yellow letters. All had caps and badges or some outward sign of their public professions. The girls and women, while not in uniform, wore straight, plain dresses of some dark stuff, their only ornaments being spotless collars and cuffs. This refinement of cleanliness emanated from Bertha, who had herself that virtue as well as godliness. They all looked to her as to a young prophet, and joined enthusiastically in the chorus she struck up at the door while we filed in after her:

"Hallelujah! hallelujah!
I'm glad I'm in the Army of the Lord.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
I've buckled on the armor, shield and sword."

"Good evening James. How is your cold—better?"

"The Lord has taken it all."

"Praise the Lord! He doeth all things well. But remember, sometime He may cure you for eternity. That will be well too."

"God bless you!" he answered, fervently.

"Are you happy to-night?" she asked a German woman. "It is because you didn't speak for Him that you went away sad last night."

"I speak only German!" she murmured.

"He understands all tongues and people. There are many Germans here, too, who might be saved if they heard of Jesus in their own dear language. We love our own tongue and people. I know how it is; God made it so; and all speech to Him is alike." She gave that simple peasant woman a loving look, and

turned to a little child who was tugging at her skirts.

"Well? You want to march, and mamma won't let you? Mamma knows best. The dear Jesus wants little children to obey the mamma first. He will not be hurt when He knows you love Him."

The little one toddled off, quite contentedly, to her mother, in the audience.

"Have you decided to wear the uniform, John?" to a young soldier who wore only badges. He muttered something about his mother objecting.

"What do you think?"

"I think I should wear it. My heart tells me to, but my mother is proud and fears what people would say. I love my mother."

"That is right. But you are a man, and can choose. Your mother can not stand between you and God on the last day. Which is of the most importance, your conscience or your mother's foolish pride?"

"I will wear it!" he said, after a moment, his teeth shutting hard.

"Gently. God never intended we should defy our earthly parents. Talk with her; show her how you feel; don't go against her wishes in that spirit."

He softened, and the tears came into his eyes. "I am so reticent, and can not speak with her when she does not understand, but I will try."

"God bless you! Ask His help, and it will come."

So she went about, from one to another, giving counsel and admonition and the completest understanding. How their eyes followed her!

"Come away!" she said at last. "Get your tambourines and drums. Now——"

They all knelt where they stood at her signal.

"Now, our Heavenly Father, bless us and prosper us in this Thy blessed service. Amen—Amen!"

"Amen," came in a volley from thirty voices. The audience looked on—some amused, but all quiet and respectful. Bertha picked up a tambourine and headed the procession into the street. An ethereal smile played about her lips, and the little child who had wanted to march slipped off her mother's lap and touched her garments as she passed. I thought of the daughter of the warrior Gileadite going to meet her father "with timbrel and with song," and scarcely noticed where we were going until Jessie touched me.

"Good heavens! Do we have to march the streets?" she whispered. I awoke with a start, and realized where we were. We had both forgotten that this privilege of parading the streets was one of the special attractions of Englewood, and I had been too absorbed in Bertha to notice anything else. But now I was fully alive to it.

Fifty spectators had gathered on the sidewalk about the hall; imps of boys, with their hands in their pockets, and grinning idiotically; young men, slouching in the shadows that lurked about the doorway; women gazing curiously in cynical fashion. They all danced before my eyes in the half-dark street, or were boldly outlined against the broad band of light that streamed from the open door. A curious numbness stole over me, and a jovial pinch given by Clara was scarcely felt. My eyes were hot and staring vacantly at a long row of lights that twinkled far down the avenue. All feeling was gone,

and I stood there like a wooden figure, watching the Captain again as she marshaled her host. She stood between two dim files. Clara and the cadet, Millie North, led with tambourines; then came Jessie and I, and after us a line of soldiers, with a dozen small boys bringing up the rear. A tambourine was in my pulseless hand, and the tenor drum was just behind.

A blare of martial music! Instantly every sense was quickened into intense life; my blood bounded to my head and suffocated me; the nerves thrilled in every part of my body; I saw ten thousand visions, heard a million sounds; the air was surcharged with some intoxicating, choking atmosphere that lay in my lungs like smoke. Every sensation scintillated from an intensified consciousness; my limbs moved mechanically, and the first real thing I saw was the Captain's pale, exalted face and uplifted hands.

This is the power of ridicule. I, who had walked the earth like a goddess in my conscious strength and pride, knew now what the opinions of men meant to me. I walked with the despised, the ridiculed, as one of them; the public branded me as a "crank," and it burned and blistered, and roused hate and fierce resentment, and distrust of my own worth. The moon and stars and all the peopled planets were as nothing to my intense bitterness. Why, I could have hated a stone wall down; that could crumble, but feeling could live always and be strong—stronger than God.

It is God! Bertha's face came between me and the dark sky. Love and hate, good and evil, this makes all the difference between God and the devil

—between liberty and imprisonment—and I was in prison. A century rolled over me in an instant, and what availed my hate? What availed her love? The skies for her were serene. She was this much happier than I, that a little ridicule and scorn and walking apart from her fellows could not darken her skies. I was not like her, nor wished to be, but it hurt me to have to acknowledge that in this she was larger than I. And then I resented my provincial soul.

But through it all—all this analysis and self-communings—were the real physical discomforts. The eyes of the houses, gas-lighted and insistent, were on me; my feet were like lead; the streets were thronged with people and ablaze with electric lights. Everybody stopped for a moment; clerks came to the doors of stores; passengers on the street cars gazed out; upper windows of the houses were thrown up. One girl giggled, and a man of a metaphysical turn of mind studied us from a corner. Everybody felt the liveliest sardonic interest in us; they seemed calling my name, and the enthusiasm of my companions fell on my spirit like an ice-cold shower-bath.

Clara led off in her clear, strong voice :

> "When the stars of the elements (?) are falling,
> And the moon shall be turned into blood—Hallelujah!
> And the children of the Lord
> Are returning home to God,
> Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Falling, falling, falling," her strong alto repeated, while the strain was carried high and clear.

Everything was "falling" about me. I dragged

along, my tambourine hanging limply at my side. There was some gross injustice going on, against which I struggled vainly. I was suffering for some sin not my own, some inherited supersensitiveness. I looked across at Jessie; the blood had forsaken her face, and she was wilted like a frost-stricken flower. Poor little Jessie! There was an idle, derisive laugh in the crowd, and my spine just melted down into calves'-foot jelly. Oh, if some friendly coal hole would please open and let me percolate through!

Then followed one of their heroic songs that bears within itself its own excuse for being:

MARCHING ON TO GLORY.

TUNE—"Bringing in the Sheaves."

We are marching onward in this earthly warfare,
Though the battle's fierce, yet victory's our cry;
We are sure to conquer, Jesus is our leader,
With His power to help us we the foe defy.

CHORUS.

We are marching on. (Repeat.)
On our way to glory,
We are marching on.

Gladly to the rescue we will hasten onward,
Precious souls are dying round us day by day;
Snatching them from sin and from the ways of sorrow,
Thus we follow Jesus in the good old way.

When the battle's ended on the judgment morning,
And the ransomed gather, their dear Lord to see,
If unto the end the conflict we have carried,
We shall hear the welcome "Come ye unto Me."

"Come to Jesus!" yelled a small boy. The Captain smiled divinely, and sang:

"Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus,
Just now."

"Ah there, Salvation!" yelled another. Clara struck her tambourine and began a chorus. The garish lights became dim; we stopped singing, the drums beat a tattoo, and the tambourines jingled the time.

"Oh, I'm late! Give me a tambourine, somebody." I surrendered mine with alacrity to a straight, lithe, fair-haired girl, who was dressed in a gray skirt and black jersey. She was pleasing and graceful, and utterly oblivious of all that tried my soul.

The lame, the halt, and almost the blind, were with us. A bow-legged man beat the tenor drum; a wall-eyed boy stared at me across the ranks, and a low-browed one favored me with a saintly scowl; and though we advanced on the enemy two-thirds of the chins in the crowd beat a cowardly retreat. We were a straggling, inconsequent band, but we did what we could—we marched and made a noise for the idle passer-by to laugh at, to wonder at, to glory in, or revile, according to his humor—and they did all these. As for me, I felt like a subject under a surgeon's knife, sacrificing some member in the interests of science; also, like the surgeon, keenly analyzing and comparing. Nothing but the intense interest of a psychological study or the grace of God would have carried me through it.

How far do you think we marched? Exactly two

blocks down Wentworth avenue and back to the hall, but I have passed over shorter years. We fell into single file at the door, the Captain facing us, and began a song as we entered:

"The grace of God,
It is so sweet—
The grace of God,
It is so sweet—
The grace of God,
It is so sweet—
The grace, the grace, the grace of God!"

The people all helped her, and she followed this by:

"The power of God,
It is so strong."

It seemed as if the grace and power and omnipotence of the Heavenly Father wrapped her about.

The house was filled by this time with a quietly expectant audience. If it were hard to march in the gas-lit darkness, imagine what it must have been to walk onto a platform, with a shouting, bizarre, fanatical crowd, a target for the amused interest of an idle audience. After this the deluge might come. I went up with the rest—pulled dear little Jessie and her wreath of little dead, drooping birds up after me, and sank into a chair in the front row. The house was crowded to the doors; fully 300 people were present. There were curious glances, smiles, giggles, and a good many exasperating grins. I blinked my eyes once at the dazzling faces and scintilating eyes and then grew impervious as gutta-percha. It was only for a moment, and then we turned our backs on that audience, and the Captain prayed.

"Oh, our Heavenly Father, grant that we may be the means of saving souls this night. (Amen!) Grant

that someone in this house may come to know the precious love of Jesus." (Oh, I'm so happy!) (Hallelujah.) The responses were flying about us. There were groans and sighs and tears and swaying bodies and tortured hair. Twenty-five of us knelt, or bowed down, or sprawled all over the platform, and our ideas, too, sprawled all over the place. The responses would have completely disarmed an esthetic devil, and I believe he is esthetic.

I peeped around at the audience and had all my fears confirmed. A few in the front rows knelt or sat with bowed heads, but back of these was an alert crowd. They were silent, but singularly alive to the fun, snapping their eyes, making comical faces, craning their necks, and on the *qui vive* for the next antic. The spectators were quite as good as the play.

Someone else was praying by this time, a lusty young soldier, who was hammering at the gates of paradise like the village blacksmith on his anvil. I looked for them to fly open at his bidding.

"Oh, God! Come right down to-night! (Amen!) Bring the power with you! (Yes, God.)" Was it something portable? "Convict these people of sin! Make them see how hideous they are in Thy sight! (Amen!) Give them no peace, no sleep, no rest, until they have found Jesus and fallen at His feet."

The fellow's conceit was something sublime; nothing redeemed it but his earnestness—nothing excused it but his ignorance and bigotry. Two hundred years ago he would have helped burn a heretic.

I shifted my position because my knees began to

ache; then my feet went to sleep. When the noise of the responses was loudest, I kicked my toes against the floor to wake them up, but no one noticed it. The "Amens" got mixed up in my brain with some unorthodox expressions. If I didn't say something soon I'd scream, so I said "Amen" in the wrong place and in a sepulchral tone. Jessie giggled, by which I knew her strained feelings had given way with a healthy snap at last; and somebody on the other side gave my hand an admonitory squeeze, but I felt relieved.

"Amen—Amen—Praise God—Oh, Salvation." We were on our feet again and borne along on the waves of a bounding chorus led by Clara's voice:

"Oh, Salvation, full and free,
I have got it, and it just suits me;
I've plunged into the crimson flow,
The blood of Jesus cleanseth me as white as snow."

It was impossible to resist Clara and her enthusiasm. She walked back and forth swinging her lithe, strong, young body rythmically and beating her tambourine like some dancing girl. The audience helped her, and the tambourines and feet of the devout joined in the chorus. I didn't know the song, but I stamped my feet and looked idiotic, and it served the purpose.

"Now somebody speak for Jesus; come along," said the Captain. Her simplest word was listened to respectfully.

A soldier got up and mumbled: "I love Je-sus, so I do," with a combative shake of the head. "An' I ain't ashamed of it, so I ain't. You folks sittin' back there ought to be ashamed of your-

selves, denying Je-sus. I'm going to speak fur Him every time."

"Praise the Lord. Now somebody else."

"I'm glad I've joined the Army (snuff). I'm glad I'm here. One night the Captain said: 'Everybody that wants to be saved put up the right hand, and something jerked my hand like there was a string tied to it (snuff). But there wasn't any string tied to it. It was the spirit of God, my friends and fellow-citizens It was the spirit of God" (snuff) (snuff). This soldier was afflicted with catarrh.

"Hallelujah. How many feel a string pulling them up around this altar now? When you feel that way don't draw back, but come up and have your precious souls saved. Now somebody else."

Another got up and shouted and pounded, and a falsetto-voiced stripling in a Guernsey squeaked:

"I'm glad I'm saved. I'm glad I'm here to-night. I'm glad everybody's glad."

"Can't you say a little word?" said the Captain, leaning over me. Everybody but Jessie and I was purple in the face with responses. I shook my head.

"Oh, you would feel so much better if you would." She turned away grieved.

I remember that a collection was taken up, another long prayer in solo, quartette, and chorus, some more singing, and it was all over. No one had been saved. This seemed to me very marvelous.

Nay, but it was not all over. The Lord's elect gathered around us, and were extending the right hand of fellowship.

"These are two dear sisters in Christ who will live

with us awhile, and then go out to fight for Jesus," said Bertha. That is all the introduction we got, but it sufficed.

"God bless you!" was the unanimous resolution.

Then we got out under the little twinkling stars, and I tried to get near Jessie, to utter one carnal word, but could not; the cadet had her, and Clara walked off with me. If somebody would say something ordinary! The atmosphere was too intense.

"Wasn't it glorious? We do have so much power here. Bertha's talk went right home."

"Did it? I didn't notice she talked much. It was all so confusing."

"Oh, yes; she always reads a chapter and explains it. Sometimes I'm too happy to know what is going on."

"Yes; I was too happy, I guess."

Oh, if I could just give way to my "perturbed feelings" to Jessie! When we went to bed perhaps—

But nay—Bertha divided us. The problem was solved. The Captain slept between Jessie and me in the bed, Clara rolled up on the red plush lounge, and the cadet went downstairs to sleep with an old lady who occupied the lower flat.

All at once? No, before sleep descended on us Clara counted the collection, which consisted of $2.40, a loaf of bread, an apple pie, and a quart can of milk; and then we had family prayers, kneeling in the virgin fairness of five Mother Hubbard night-dresses around the little table.

After these ablutions of the soul we packed ourselves carefully in bed, feet all one way. I balanced myself exactly on the side railing of the bed

and slept. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

CHAPTER VI.

When I awoke the next morning it was some unconscionable hour. Everybody was asleep but Jessie, who had an accusing conscience, or something that made repose impossible during the early hours of the morning. I can usually sleep until the crack of doom or a breakfast-bell awakens me, but even for me our present hostesses rather overdid the matter. Jessie was moving about the little kitchen, making a toilet. I could hear Clara gently snoring about ten feet away in the tiny parlor, and the Captain was sleeping beside me as placidly as a child.

"Nine o'clock," said Jessie. "Get up."

"The devil has lots of time to get in his work while the servants of the Lord slumber and sleep," I answered.

As there seemed nothing to be gained by getting up, I lay still and viewed the smiling landscape o'er. I pulled aside a muslin curtain from a window above our bed, and obtained a glimpse of a blacksmith shop, a railroad track, and a black baby playing in the mud. A little shred of blue sky above was veiled in smoke from a snorting engine.

Inside, the horizon was bounded on three sides by

an array of wearing apparel, straight skirts (six of them), and basques trimmed with box-plaits from the shoulder—all "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." The *mis en scene* was diversified by the sombre sugar-scoop bonnets hanging disconsolately by the strings. It was such a tiny little room, exactly long enough for the bed it contained, and having just one foot of space along the side to spare. My valise wouldn't go between the bed and wall crossways. From where I lay I could have made my choice of an entire outfit and pull every garment down on me without troubling to get out of bed. The door into the hall was left open, so it would be possible to turn around while dressing.

A full view of the little parlor was obtained through the doorway, but the furniture it contained had to be left to the imagination or the memory, because each and every piece was buried under an avalanche of clothes, shed from five feminine forms while preparing for bed. A trunk would probably be revealed when excavated; a little table was hopelessly submerged; three or four chairs took on abnormal shapes; and everywhere odd shoes and hose floundered around hopelessly, having lost their mates. They were all so nearly of the same size and shape that I could only trust to good luck to stand in my own again. Some unknown sixth sense would probably serve to put each girl in her own clothing again.

Yet in this crowded space their hospitality was something beautiful. I could not pretend to fathom it. Six hours later it had grown immeasurably deeper.

Suddenly on the stillness of the morning air a song broke forth:

"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."

Clara was awake! I peeped around, expecting to see the law of natural selection applied to those clothes, but she wasn't even up. She lay on the lounge, her strong hands clasped above her close-cropped dark head, her bright gray eyes smiling at me roguishly, and singing at the top of her voice.

"Do you do that often?" I asked, admiringly.

"What, sing? Yes, I guess I sing nearly all the time. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only I never happened to hear anyone sing in bed before. I should think it would be a little difficult."

"If you have a song in your heart it's harder to keep it back."

"People who love the Lord are apt to be noisy about it. That is the reason we shock orthodox Christians," said Bertha, who had been awakened by our chatter. She was lying among the pillows, looking exhausted, very pale, and fragile; and then I saw how very weak she must be, and how great the strain of this work was on her fragile body. The light burned too fiercely, and some day the sacred oil would all have been consumed.

Just then the cade ttripped upstairs, in her *robe de nuit* and her saintly smirk.

"When you are really converted," began this

daring aspirant for official honors, but Clara broke in: "Listen to Millie, and profit by her teachings." It would take something more than salvation to subdue Clara and her sense of humor. She pitched a pillow at Millie, dodged one I threw at her, and then followed a pillow fight that brought back old school-days. Bertha lay back, smiling, and dear little Jessie stood behind the door out of the way of our missiles.

We got up and scrambled into some clothes. I am not certain, to this day, that I got my own. The weather had turned cold, and there was no stove up. The old lady who lived in the lower flat invited us down to get warm, and three of us went, the cadet improving the shining hour by making some toast at her neighbor's fire.

"Ah, your little, white hands! They never did any work, I know," gushed the old lady to me, and Jessie added:

"Well, I should think not! Bertie—why her little hands have just been loaded with rings all her life. She is just out of boarding-school, only nineteen. And the way aunty pets her, you would think she was a delicate little flower."

I have an idea that Jessie will write a book some day, after the school of romantic fiction, she does tell beautiful lies so glibly.

"Then it's all the more noble of her. So many girls who are raised like her—'lilies of the field'—are content to stay so. So you are going to join the Army? Have you converted anybody yet?"

"I don't know. There is one talented young man. He used to be so gay, but somehow he always

gets serious now when he comes near me. Perhaps he is experiencing a change of heart." I sighed hopefully, and looked far, far away, beyond Jessie's admonitory eye.

"Dear heart! So young, and giving yourself to God. The Captain is a saint—just like those who died long ago. Don't you think so?"

"Indeed she is!" I said, cordially.

Having got warm, we went back upstairs to breakfast. Clara had made some coffee on the little gasoline stove. I looked in vain for a beefsteak or some other adjunct to a modern breakfast, but nothing else was forthcoming. Grace was said, and then we discussed our bill of fare. I ordered coffee and toast, and then took toast and coffee for the second course. It was such a tiny coffee-pot, too. The last cup of the five was only half full, and Bertha reached her hand for that, saying:

"Give me that half-cup, Clara; I have been drinking too much coffee lately, anyhow."

You can have no conception of the simplicity with which she said this. There was no ostentation of self-denial. At any time, on an instant's notice, this or that provided for the common good was rejected in anohter's favor. She did not protest, but others always accepted her sacrifices, knowing that to her they were not sacrifices. It was something I was not capable of myself, and it humbled me.

"How did you feel last night, when you marched the first time?" asked Clara.

"Like dropping through a coal-hole!" I answered; and Jessie looked eloquent. There was a hearty laugh from everybody.

"That's just the way I felt," said Clara. "It was up in Minneapolis, right where I was born and raised, and all my old schoolmates were on the sidewalk, looking at me and laughing. Once when I passed a group of them, I put my handkerchief to my face. But after I had got through that march I didn't care. I could meet everyone but one fellow, who used to come to our house, and I thought if he saw me then, in that uniform, I would just drop dead, and there he was when I got home, leaning over the gate, waiting for me. He asked me if I had gone crazy, and has never been back since. Why, I have old schoolmates now who won't speak to me on the street. Some of them say they wouldn't care if I am a Salvationist if I didn't wear the uniform. I tell you, this dress and bonnet is a 'cross' that isn't easy to carry. But I don't care now what people say," with fine scorn and an easy laugh.

"Do you think them necessary?"

"For me, yes. People feel differently about them. Some of the converts we make go into the churches, and that's right for them; but others have no peace until they put on the Army uniform. We work in different ways for the glory of God, just as He appoints. I felt I must do this. I don't care what people say now, and I'm willing to go anywhere in His name."

"You say some go into the churches. I thought all your converts had to put on the uniform."

"Oh, no. We have made sixty converts here, and perhaps not one of them will go into the Army, except as soldiers. They may all join churches. I'll tell you how it is," said Bertha. "Churches get up

revivals to build their congregations up as much as anything else, but we think nothing of making a church, but only of saving souls. After they are saved, they may worship with us, or go to any denomination they believe in. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is in all creeds. What do little things matter? We have no creed except Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Redeemer of men."

"But how do you expect to prosper?" I asked, in amazement.

"Prosper?" with a contented little laugh. "'In my Father's house are many mansions.' Oh, we shall prosper! The Lord will care for his servants. Let me tell you, dear:

"Twenty-four years ago General Booth stopped preaching in a Methodist church in England. He was converted when only a boy, and used, even then, to go into the streets, making a pulpit of a barrel or old wagon-bed. There he would get the roughs around him and pray, and he converted some of them. Afterward he went to college and became a minister, but his methods of conducting meetings were so odd that he was criticised. He thought and prayed over it, and always it seemed to him there were souls out in the dark, the low and vile, who would not come to the respectable churches. Christ went into the highways and byways and gathered the multitudes about him. His disciples preached to the people in the streets, and then General Booth knew this was the way to reach them. 'The Lord will provide,' he said. He gave up everything, his church, his household goods and income, and, with his wife and little children, walked to the next man-

ufacturing town, trusting in God to supply all his daily needs.

"Afterward he came to London and preached in Whitechapel, in the East End, and thousands came to hear him who had never been in a church. After awhile the church people tried to get him to come back, but the poor people and reclaimed criminals prayed him to stay with them. No one had ever come to them before like this. A little band of converts was gathering around him, and it grew so that some of these went away and preached themselves. They called themselves Christian missionaries at first, but so many came that it got to be an army. Then they took the name Salvation Army—an army to save souls, fight for Jesus, and vanquish the devil.

"Within five years an organization was perfected, until now there are officers, cadets, and soldiers in every part of the world, and the work of every corps is reported weekly to headquarters. Altogether, there are 2,500 corps, and every officer literally depends on the Lord for his daily bread. There is no fund, no endowment, no anything. The divisional and staff officers are supported by a tithe of what the corps collect. All we have is just what the people wish to give us."

"How is it when you open a new corps?"

"I came here last February with a lieutenant. We had no money at all. The Major paid the rent for the hall for one month out of the divisional funds, but we had to pay this back as soon as we could. For three weeks we marched the streets alone, she and I. We had no furniture, and slept in the hall

on the floor. People who attended the meetings learned how we lived and brought us things to eat. Now we have these three rooms furnished, all out of our collections. But every place is not so good as Englewood."

"You will have something to begin on if you are changed." She smiled.

"Oh, no, my little one. This furniture belongs to the corps, and is left here. I will be sent somewhere else in a month or two, and it may be to open a new corps, where I shall have not even straw to sleep on. I have only what I can take in my trunk—just my clothes and books. Everything here belongs to the Army. What is in the Major's house belongs to this division. None of us have anything. Everything collected and expended has to be accounted for each week to headquarters. All in this house is yours as much as it is mine, while you are here."

"Don't you get a salary?"

"If I can collect it I get six dollars a week, and a cadet gets her clothes and expenses. I pay the hall and house rent—$35 a month. Then the coal and gas bills are paid, and I get what there is left up to six dollars a week, to live on. If anything more is collected it goes to the Army fund, to found training homes, rescue bands, and gutter brigades, and to extend the work of the Army. Major Evans gets one-tenth of all collected by the corps in this division, to live on, pay traveling expenses, and start new corps. We have made sixty converts here, and the people are liberal, so we make our expenses. Some places they don't do that. I have slept on the bare floor in winter, lived on bread and water, and have

been mistreated by rough crowds. I expect, all my life, to be like my Master—have no certain place to lay my head—all my life in His service. Let us pray."

I knew now what Bertha had meant when she said that all they had was the Lord's.

We got up from the breakfast-table, where not a shining vestige of toast was left, and went into the little frozen parlor.

"Let us read in the Old Testament for the morning lesson. There is much there to learn," said Bertha. "But not of the generations. It seems very useless to read that somebody begat somebody else through dozens of chapters. That is not important like learning the joys of righteousness. Let us begin with the Psalms." So she began:

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

"But his delight is in the law of the Lord and on His law doth he meditate night and day.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

So read she on. And at the end she folded her little frail hands and, kneeling, prayed:

"Oh, our Heavenly Father, still all our doubts. We know that whatsoever we do in Thy name *shall* prosper. We delight in Thy law and meditate on it night and day, and Thou wilt see that the tree is planted and watered. Dear Lord, we *do* love Thee; we *do* trust Thy gracious promises. Help us to do Thy will and believe always in *Thy* word. Amen."

The cadet and Clara followed with short prayers and then we got up. It was eleven o'clock and cold as Greenland, and I put on my jacket to keep warm, and helped the cadet wash the dishes.

The economy of space in those three little rooms was truly amazing. When the bed was made the hats, jackets, and wraps were piled on it; boxes and packages were shoved under the tables, market baskets went on top of the safe, and actually enough space was cleared to turn round in.

We did absolutely nothing all that morning but talk. It was religious gossip every word of it. They talked of this corps and that; of General Booth, the Marshal, and Major Evans; of "Happy Harry," "Trotter"; of experiences and conversions. Now and then Clara would break out into a song or the cadet would interpose a word of admonition. The time dragged wearily by. There was no morning paper, no busy, bustling, clanging world about us, and the droning silence and inactivity made me restless. Jessie sat with her lips shut very tightly and darned a pair of hose diligently, while I walked about like a lion in my small cage. The inspiration of the early morning, when Bertha had talked, was gone, and there was only a monotonous time to get through with in some way.

"Do you ever buy a paper?" I asked, at last.

"A paper?" exclaimed Bertha, surprised.

"Yes; a morning paper."

"We read nothing but the *War Cry*. The papers are filled with politics and records of crime."

"What is your politics?"

"The Army is our party and Jesus Christ our candidate," she said, simply.

"Oh, Captain, that was such a beautiful thought! Put it into your talk to-night!" exclaimed the cadet.

"The Lord will tell me what to say when the time comes. It is because ministers study how to say things that they drive people from the churches." She returned to her Bible, and was occupied all the morning with that, with the rules and regulations, or some correspondence. But she did not forget us. She looked up once in a long while and smiled. Once she came over to me and smoothed my hair.

"Poor little Birdie! It isn't easy. But you can serve the Lord in other ways, you know. Don't try to force your inclinations. Because this is best for my soul it may not be so for yours. God and His work are as wide as the universe."

What minister of the Gospel would have said as simply as she that another's way might be as good and pleasing in the sight of God as his way and the way of his creed? Her bigotry had breadth as well as height.

But after she returned to her own beautiful thoughts I sighed and looked at Jessie; Jessie looked at me, and we both looked at the carpet.

"Praise God, I'm saved!
Praise God, I'm saved!
Oh, come and join our hallelujah band—
Praise God, I'm saved!
Praise God, I'm saved!
We'll conquer if we die,"

sang the cadet, intent upon the dinner and her soul's eternal welfare at the same time. I felt some

anxiety concerning the dinner. I gazed out at the sodden trees and dripping skies, and listened to the droning voice of the cadet. Clara had coiled herself up on the lounge, and was fast asleep. Jessie had got her stockings darned, and read a *War Cry*, grimly.

"What news?" I asked, sarcastically.

"More souls saved in all parts of the world," she replied, in the tone of one who imparts information.

Bertha looked up, wonderingly, not quite understanding the tone, and then resumed her reading.

A diversion was created at dinner time by the arrival of "Captain Dick," who slouched up stairs, without ceremony. Who Captain Dick is, where he hailed from, what his last name is, or what he wanted, must remain unanswered, as this was all the information concerning him that was forthcoming. When his heavy step was heard on the stairs Clara paused in the knife-swallowing act to say:

"Bertha, that's Captain Dick. You've got to entertain him; I won't."

Bertha looked reproachful, and called out: "Come and have some dinner." But Captain Dick declined.

"It's because you're here. He's awfully bashful," explained Bertha. She left her own dinner unfinished, and went into the parlor to talk with him. Afterward Jessie and I went in. He was a big, lumbering cub of a boy, with a heavy head and body and a shock of unruly hair.

"God bless you!" he stammered, and blushed furiously. He sat there and cast sheep's eyes at Bertha, who seemed unconscious of the fact, and then he went away. I am perfectly assured that he

was a good young man. He had need to be, because he was nothing else.

"He's dead in love with Bertha," giggled Clara, in a whisper.

"Will she marry him?"

"Well, I should think not," scornfully.

"He's good, isn't he?" persistently ignoring the possibility of any other requisite in a husband for Bertha.

"Oh, yes, he's *good!* Do you think she'd look at him?" So Clara had an ideal in which mere goodness had no part. They were getting very complex.

In the afternoon Clara went with Jessie and me to purchase material for a uniform. She took us by the arm and walked up Wentworth avenue to a dry-goods store. A few young women were on the street in all the finery of promenade costume, and their glances of amused curiosity made me fairly gasp. The clerk "sized us up," and sold us the materials with as little an air of consciousness as possible. I bought five yards of a dark blue cloth, and thought what a shame it was to fashion such beautiful material into such an ugly form.

On the way back I purchased a basket of fruit, and wanted to buy other things, but did not receive much encouragement from Clara. It was extremely difficult to give them anything. After that Jessie and I contented ourselves with anonymous contributions in the collections, except on the rare occasions when we walked out alone, and could order things sent up from the groceries or meat shop. How literally everything had was the Lord's, and ours as much as theirs.

A little cylinder-shaped stove arrived later in the day, and two soldiers came over to put it in place. Charlie Lanyon was one of them, the son of the man of whom they rented the hall. He was an unwashed specimen of a boy, who had only his good intentions to recommend him. The statement that he had been cleansed in the blood of the Lamb would have to be taken in a strictly metaphorical sense. Both he and his companion sweated profusely over that little stove and the joints and elbows of a six-inch pipe. They looked sheepishly out from bushy eyebrows at Clara's lusty charms, and with respect tinged with awe at Bertha's pure, pale face.

"Oh Charlie, you are so awkward you make me laugh!" screamed Clara, giving that attractive young man a slap on the shoulder. It was thus Clara's exuberance occasionally slopped over. We left them perspiring over their task, and went over to the hall, where they followed us later.

The evening meeting was much the same as that of the night before, except that we did not march. There were the glare of lights, the sea of faces, the piercing points from a thousand curious eyes, the singing, praying and exhorting, the monotonous droning of a wornout theme, the inconsequent noise and bluster for two hours. Except that it made my head ache, I was callous. To relieve the monotony, I beat a tambourine when the noise grew loudest. And the hands that were extended! The brothers gave me fraternal squeezes, the sisters bestowed damp kisses all over the exposed parts of my person, and there was a free exchange of blessings for fifteen minutes.

Then we got out into the cool night air.

"God is good and cool and revivifying and bracing in spite of that hot, false air and unnatural excitement. Let us worship the pallid stars awhile," I said to Jessie. So we rambled on, block after block, and got home to find the crumbs of a late feast, and the three girls awaiting prayers.

"You came very near missing the worship of God," said the cadet.

"They can not miss that anywhere!" said the Captain. Bertha always understood. She took my hand in hers as we knelt and prayed.

"Oh, Father, bless us we pray Thee. Bless dear Birdie, especially. Quiet her restlessness. Teach her to lean on Thee and be at rest. Show her, if it seems best, that Thou art not only here, but everywhere. Thou mayst have other work for her; lead her to read Thy will aright. Bless all of us and teach us to worship Thee as thou seest best. Give us sweet rest and strength for another Sabbath day spent in Thy service. And now, blessed Jesus, we commit ourselves to thy keeping. Amen."

And I said, as I slept, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." But for those who hunger and thirst after righteousness?

We were all in the keeping of that God in whose service Bertha lived daily, and in whose sight others hungered and thirsted and were never filled.

CHAPTER VII.

Long ago I read a sketch having for its *dramatis personæ* a family of modern churchgoers who im-

agined themselves Puritanical. They bewailed the ungodly days on which they had lighted, and longed for the Sabbath of Mayflower days to be projected right into the heart of Gotham.

The great Panjandrum, whoever he may be, who has such felicitious ways of pointing out the little mistakes of this kind which people make, by means of allegory or dream, put them all in a dense slumber and transported them bodily into Puritan times on a Sabbath day. What flimsy stuff they found their own piety to be. I don't know but that the whole family found themselves in the stocks before the end of the first prayer.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the heir-apparent. Pious pilgrims, indeed! They are fanatical fools, 'cranks.' If we had them on Fifth avenue they would all be in the lunatic asylum before night." But then, it must be remembered that he was still smarting from the indignities which had been heaped on his very correct walking-stick.

But if there are others rash enough to wish the old Puritan Sabbath back again, when one awoke to prayer and cold beans, sober dress and solemn behavior; when the minister was wound up to last to fifty-firstly, and the tithing-man neither slumbered nor slept; when the rod was provided for young sinners and the stocks for the old—

To such as these I will say: Sigh no more. There is an approach to all this. All who wish may experience such a Sunday as this with the Salvationists.

This one morning is always our own. We rise at nine, perhaps, take a refreshing bath, don our softest, easiest garments, eat a leisurely breakfast, read

the Sunday papers—the best edition of the week—and then if it suits us, if we are not too tired, or the minister too tiresome, if the church is near, the day bright, if we have a new garment to wear, and feel pretty well ourselves we go to church, and pat ourselves on the back for going. Afterward we come back to a five-o'clock dinner, take a drive, and then toast our toes on the fender all a long, delightful evening. That is the Sunday of the modern ungodly Gothamite.

"Look on this picture, then on this."

At 6.30 we were called—a heathenish hour. The stove was up now, but there was no time to "fire up," so we dressed in the cold, and with teeth chattering like a country doctor's articulated skeleton. Visions of breakfast were uppermost with me, but nay! We put on our hats and jackets and started out in the frosty morning air for the hall for "knee-drill." Even the birds knew better than to get up at that hour on Sunday, and little brown sparrows sat in rows along the leafless limbs of the trees with their heads tucked under their wings. A blue mist enveloped the landscape, and a white rime lay on the pavements undisturbed by pedestrians. A milk wagon rattled by a dog got up from a front step, but lay down again too sleepy to bark. The sun, a yellow nimbus about a dull red disc, was trying to penetrate the fog. It was all very beautiful and still and crisp and sweet and simple—and simple.

"Oh, Jesus!" apostrophized Millie. Millie never let us forget her aspirations for one moment.

"She puts the accent on the wrong syllable," said

Jessie to me in a savage whisper. "I could say it for her with better effect."

A dozen soldiers were there; Charlie Lanyon, the bow-legged one, a sick one whom our prayers had helped arise from a bed of pain, an old man and his wife, a Guernsey, the tenor-drummer, and two or three others.

"God bless you," they all said, and then began the business of the hour—the "knee-drill."

"Knee-drill!" I should remark it was! Inside a half-hour holes were drilled clear through my knees. They were perforated, and still we knelt. Clara and the cadet prostrated themselves in the dust, and I wondered if they called their performance a stomach drill. We prayed and sang, and groaned and howled. Once in an age we got up to testify to the fact that we never tired of serving the Lord; then we got down again.

If I could have served Him in some other attitude, or after breakfast, my testimony would have been both loud and deep. The only thing which kept me from rebelling openly was Bertha's clear, pale face and self-forgetfulness.

After awhile I took Clara's attitude and lay down on my face, kicking my heels in the incidental and infantile fashion of Lotta. My back ached, my head throbbed, and there was an awful "goneness" inside—a yawning chasm that prayer would not satisfy.

"This is heathenish!" I whispered to Jessie. I rolled over on one side, then on the other, then lifted myself to a half-standing posture. I once sat in a dentist's chair for three hours with a rubber blanket

in my mouth and a buzz-saw in my head, and until this sweet Puritanical Sabbath morning I think I had no conception of what nerves meant.

"Oh, Lord, how long?" I groaned.

Instantly there was rejoicing among the devout over my conviction of sin, when, if they had only known it, I was convicted of their stupidity and inhumanity. But "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." At least, I was too chastened to do more than laugh hysterically over their mistake. To be tired out and hungry, body, mind, and soul, will make one humble if anything will. To take the starch out of one I have never seen the knee-drill equaled.

When the last "Amen!" had been said we staggered up off our knees, Jessie and I, and into the sunlight.

"Jessie, I believe I'm getting bow-legged. They wobble around so frightfully!" I said, at last, in genuine consternation. This made us both laugh, which did us good. The cadet looked back disapprovingly, and I flung her an airy little kick. It was 8.30 when we walked back. "One hour and a half of praying before breakfast. Ye gods!" said Jessie.

"Don't. Let's imagine a breakfast. Cantaleup, oatmeal with cream, hot rolls, a chop breaded, an omelet with currant jelly, baked potatoes, and coffee, the Sunday papers hanging over the radiator to dry, a lace and ribbon negligé, and——"

"Oh, hush. Let's walk slowly and buy a paper, anyhow."

There was no one on the streets but milkmen and newsboys. We beckoned to one of these, and employed all our arts and cabalistic signs to get him to

come to us. He looked at us and then at our companions and probably thought he had make a mistake for he moved off down the street. Our last hope was gone, and tears of vexation came into my eyes. I felt it in my bones that something had blown up somewhere in the world.

"If the millennium were to come we shouldn't know until the week after next, when it had grown stale and everybody else had ascended unto the skies in snow-white robes."

This elicited no response. We walked on discouraged and disheartened through the crisp, still Sabbath air, and into the small chilly rooms. We ate a breakfast of funeral-baked meats left over from Saturday, in a subdued frame of mind, poked the cylinder stove into a nondescript warmth, got the house piled up systematically, read a chapter from the Bible, had family prayers, made another toilet, and —went back to the hall at half-past ten for morning services.

Many a tragedy is contained in a paragraph. Jessie staid home from that meeting and I went.

There were perhaps a hundred present, and we all staid about the stove to keep it warm. If you are interested to know what we did, read the last service —ditto. We prayed and sang and testified and exhorted for two hours.

After about an hour and a half Clara leaned over and whispered: "How's your back?"

"It isn't my back. It's got to my temper. I'll fly into little bits of peices pretty soon."

The cadet overheard me and smiled seraphically. Then she had an inspiration! I notice that inspira-

tions come to them in an entirely impromptu manner. The cadet sang:

"My temper's washed away by the blood of Lamb." etc.

This was so startlingly successful that she essayed yet another verse:

"My bangs are washed away."

That was too much. I laughed, and then my esthetic soul groaned. It shocked my orthodoxy, too, that the Almighty should be thought to concern himself with the details of dress and fashion. Then it was so ridiculous that I laughed again. As Jessie was at home, I was fain to take it all seriously.

The attendants on these Sunday morning meetings were all devout. There was not a gleam of humor among them. I ran my eyes over them and saw them all, young and old, listening intently. One old man kept his funny pink head bobbing up and down in approval. What a good place to paint a placque of pansies his head would have been. The pearly pink of his skin would have been the very background for the royal purple and gold!

His wife, a big old woman swathed in numerous shawls, got up at last when he wasn't looking at her. He tried to pull her down again, but she didn't pull to any considerable extent.

"No; I ain't a-going to sit down. I'm going to speak for Jesus. *I* ain't ashamed of Jesus. Mebbe you think I am, but I ain't. I love Jesus. These lasses here—these hallelujah lasses—spend all their time prayin', singin', and tellin' folks about the Lord, and I don't spend any time that way. It keeps me busy most of the time looking about the house

and my old man" (here a jerk from the person under discussion). "No; I won't set down till I tell how I love the Lord and ain't ashamed of him if I do keep still."

"Hallelujah!" from a soldier.

"Everybody what ain't ashamed of Jesus hold up the right hand," she continued. A good many held up the left hand, but this was not from a wish to be unaccommodating, but because of the fact that education is not compulsory.

"Well, I ain't ashamed of Jesus and you needn't think so. My old man's a-pullin' me down and I guess I'd better set down."

"Amen." "Praise God." "Hallelujah!"

"Now everybody sing":

"Praise God I'm saved!
Praise God I'm saved!
Oh, come and join our hallelujah band.
Praise God I'm saved!
Praise God I'm saved!
We'll conquer if we die."

Then Bertha read the last chapter of the Book of Revelation, in which preachers of all creeds have revelated with impunity. She took it literally without question or explanation. Jesus was to her the Alpha and Omega; the beginning and the end of all things. Creeds must fall before the edict of God against adding to or taking away from His word. She testified of these things, and said: "Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus." I was weary, but Bertha was as a spring of pure water in a desert, and cooled my hot blood.

When we got home it was one o'clock. There was a

hasty dinner, eaten in silence. Bertha was wrapped in some celestial mood; Clara was subdued, and the cadet was profoundly obedient to the law which requires the Sabbath day to be kept more holy. I should like to see the cadet on a desert island without a calendar, and see if she would resort to keeping tally with notches on a stick, or if some instinct would keep her straight.

The cadet and I got the dinner, my companion keeping up a sing-song, droning accompaniment to her square-built, phlegmatic movements, something about the grace of God and how sweet it was. If Millie had used her own voice, her powers of persuasion would not have been sufficient to convince me of the saccharine qualities of sugar. The cadet was singularly gifted with the power to make noise but not music. Her teeth, from their possible utility in the noise-making process, reminded me of time-yellowed *vox humani* and *tremulo* stops on a cabinet organ. When Millie got to singing about the grace of God she was on a threadbare theme. If she would only vary it.

As an offset to her saw-filing I began deliberately to sing a sloppy Spanish love song, Juanita, when what did Clara do but supply some Salvation words to it. I found out, slowly, and by a painful process, that every familiar tune has been rescued and utilized by them on the same principle that John Wesley observed: "The devil shan't have all the good tunes while I'm alive."

"Mollie Darling" and "Papa's Baby Boy" shared the same fate, and then I tried "Over the Garden Wall." Jessie and I rolled into one heap on

the red lounge when our "Gobble Duett" was captured, even to the roll of the eyes, and dragged at the chariot wheels of the Almighty; not even an ark was left from their deluge.

We had one unfailing resort when things got so they could be borne no longer—the woodshed. There we exchanged our confidences. I sat on a pile of shavings and Jessie on a saw-buck, at the imminent risk of our necks. There she called me "Nora." Numerous knot-holes in this palatial shed let in the light of day. Once I caught a small boy with his eye glued to one of those holes, and I threatened to send him to the mills of the gods, where the grinding is exceedingly fine. He was not familiar with the figure, so it served.

We went to our boudoir that afternoon, and sat in our accustomed places, with festoons of cobwebs above us, and woodmites and grubs beneath.

"Oh, Jessie!" I groaned.

"Oh, Nora!" Jessie was prostrated abjectly. She had a wild-eyed, inhuman look that frightened me.

"Let's run off!" she whispered.

"And leave the devil in possession? Never! There comes the cadet. What does that damaged damsel want anyhow?"

It was time to go to the hall.

Two tragedies in one day!

"Jessie, have I committed murder or anything, and is this my punishment? I feel like Lady Macbeth. All the perfumes of Araby will not cleanse my mind of a smell of sulphur."

And we went back to the hall! The crowd had

turned out, and the house was full. There seemed to be a good deal of power on top. Clara was in excellent voice, and no one resisted her magnetism. Captain Bertha's fatigue fell from her like a mask, and the audience followed her every movement. She lifted her pale hands and inspired face and sang:

"At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away—
It was there by faith
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day."

Her own face was full of "the light that was never on sea or land." She uplifted, she inspired, she magnetized, she purified, she purged the very air about her. The *Sistine Madonna* is like her—none other; yet in repose and uninspired by any great idea she would have been commonplace.

She said little, and that was of the simplest. There was no coaxing; it was entreaty—the entreaty of one soul which has found a blessing that others should share it.

Then she prayed. She used some stock phrases, but not a word of it was "cant." She repeated endlessly, but it never got old with her or her hearers. She cried, the blood left her lips. Fire might have been about her; she would have been like Jeanne d'Arc with the voices of angels in her ears to the last. Indeed, she sang all alone:

"I hear Thy welcome voice
That calls me now to Thee."

She paused, listening. There were inaudible strains in the very air attuned to finer ears. With a glad

smile she lifted her arms, and a flood of music burst the confines of her soul. All the people joined, and what hosts of unseen angels!

"I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee.
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary."

Again:

"I am coming, Lord,"

in one grand melody. The audience went on, but Bertha paused. The light left her face, and with a sobbing moan, she sank to her knees. It seemed as if she saw another vision.

"Oh, our Heavenly Father, Thou *dost* love us! Keep these dear people, Thy children, in the arms of Thy love. Straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to Thee. I see the throng going down the broad way filled with pleasantness, and Thou art not at the end. Save them dear Father. Oh, my Father, Thou art great and good! Help me to speak Thy words, to give Thy message. It is sufficient. Help." She paused, sobbing. The rest of us on our knees, or heads, or stomachs didn't have sense enough to keep still.

"Amen to Jesus!" groaned some idiot soldier.

Someone in the audience laughed, but they all watched Bertha. "Oh, our Father!" she murmured sobbingly.

Two women came up the platform—two German women—and sobbed while she prayed over them. I got near one of the kneeling women and took her hand.

"De Captain do mak me feel so sorry for my sin!" she said.

That was good. That was very good. It is more than most of us can do, to make people feel sorry for their sin. I sat down on the edge of the platform and a good church brother came up to me. He had not seen me before, and thought me a mourner.

"Are you saved?" he asked, anxiously.

"You bet I am. I'm sanctified," was my uncompromising reply.

"Praise the Lord. God bless you," he said, and passed on. He saw nothing incongruous in my slang.

The audience passed out quietly or waited to shake hands with Bertha. Many of them were not even church members, I think, and possibly laughed at the "performance" when they got away, but they felt awed by Bertha, and were better for having seen one person capable of such self-abnegation, consecration, and holiness, such as she exemplified in her daily walk and conversation. Bertha took the addresses of the two women after the meeting, and urged them to come again that night.

In the evening we marched again on the streets, but I had got hardened against public comment, and went along blithely. All Englewood was out in its Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes; the dude with his cigarette; the young man with his best girl, matron and maid, beau and belle, and we were a part of the idyl of idleness, a color in the kaleidoscope, a view in the panorama. They stopped in their promenading to gaze on us a moment.

The small boy was especially numerous, and yelled

his aboriginal comments on us, and we drowned them in noise. We marched six blocks. There were more of us than on Friday night, and we were enabled to make more noise, and executed several graceful military maneuvres. We walked in two files, embracing the street-car tracks, and the mutinous and mutable mule kicked up wreaths of shining dust between us. The small boy "tailed" the procession and furnished the responses. I knew most of the soldiers by this time. The fair one was Ida, and the one who wore glasses, Amy. Ida "worked out" and was neat and trim, and Amy acted as cashier in her father's butcher shop, and was an expert on lamb or ram, and the price each commanded. The wall-eyed one was George; the jumping-jack's name was John. Nobody gave introductions to anyone, and only officers at other stations were designated by their last names.

That evening Jessie and I sat on the front row among the uniforms of the devout. The cadet's poke bonnet poked its nose into my pious meditations on a hooked nose just beyond. A tambourine was delivered over to my tender mercies, and Jessie utilized the sheepskin to take shorthand notes of a very original testimony.

The cadet had a rule and square Masonic way of gesticulating that excited the admiration of a large circle of spectators. She led the meeting part of the time. One arm was laid across her back to be supported by a bustle that was *non est.* Millie was not pretty without a bustle, if you got a back view of her. She was too broad and flat. She ought to have concealed the fact as much as possible that the

Lord had seen fit to afflict her with such a shape. But let her get an elbow movement on, and the dullest would have been convinced that the line of beauty is a curve. Millie could create the character of a female Humpty Dumpty in a pantomime. But all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't have put her audiences together again after she once essayed to sing.

Her voice broke a young man in the congregation up to such an extent that he very unwisely sought consolation in trying to flirt with me. He had his hair parted in the middle. I have a constitutional objection to young men whose heads are built on the hip-roof plan. I looked properly shocked at this one, but it had no more effect on his vacuous mind than it would on a corner lamp-post. So I clasped my hands and rolled my eyes. That finished him; he thought I was praying for him, and I am indebted to the hallelujah lasses for a pointer.

I bent all my energies that evening trying to learn how to kneel for a half-hour without having my knees grow numb or my feet go to sleep; but I didn't learn. When the noise was loudest I kicked *ad lib.* and that helped matters a little.

My respect for St. Simon Stylites and kindred cranks grows apace.

The audience that evening was composed largely of young people; cynical young men, and demure young girls, the coldest-blooded analysts in creation. Every youthful American is a Henry James, with a keen power of weighing and comparing, not always with discrimination, but one thing may be depended upon, his judgment is rarely flattering. To sit under

this scrutiny for an hour or two is about as pleasant as to submit one's self to the surgeon's knife, or take the star part at the morgue.

Our perceptions grow duller and more kindly as we grow older.

It was all over! There was a blare of song, a crash of tambourines, a stampede from the pearly gates, a volley of hallelujah's, and the crowd poured out.

"Oh, you hurt my hand!" I said to a zealous soldier.

"You shouldn't wear gloves," he answered laughing. But I would. I might give up my rings, my watch and bangs, my bustle and bangles, but my gloves—never.

I shook hands with at least fifty, and was blessed each separate time. When we got home we ate a lunch off the last of the funeral meats. I took a pepsin powder as a gentle reminder that liberties were being taken with my organs of digestion, and got to bed at eleven o'clock in a chastened frame of body and mind.

There is a Puritanical Salvation Sabbath for you, oh, ye devout. The only carnal thing we did was to count the collection, which for the four services amounted to $14. For those who have a fondness of statistics I will also state that eight hours out of sixteen had been spent in public worship, not counting between whiles, and I had been in an attitude of supplication just twenty-two times during the day. This groveling may be pleasing to the Almighty, but I imagine that if He had intended us to get on all fours as a matter of habit, He would have made quadrupeds of us in the beginning.

And after all this, when we had gotten our night-dresses on, we had to kneel by our little beds and go over another incantation in silence. I don't know what Jessie made of hers but I said mine with vigor and variations and jumped into bed.

Shades of the Pilgrim Fathers retire to your sleep long disturbed by apostrophes of later admiring generations! You have been outdone in zeal and can no longer pose as the champion stormers at the gates of paradise.

CHAPTER VIII.

There is just one deviation of the devout from the strict line of Scriptural injunction that I most heartily indorse, and that is their practice of getting up at a fashionably late hour. After wrestling with the powers of darkness for sixteen hours on Sunday, a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands in sleep came in where it would be appreciated Monday morning.

We had breakfast at ten, and after that first morning Jessie, who has a great head for details and a habit of early rising, put these two requisites into a morning stroll that invariably ended in landing a basket of eggs or juicy chop or steak on the breakfast table. The Captain remonstrated.

"What do you propose to do about it? Are you going to throw the things away? I don't see how you are to prevent my bringing them in when you are all snoring the cornices off the house."

"You will get us accustomed to luxuries that are bad for us."

"Nothing is bad for anyone that the Lord made to be used. You eat that and thank the Lord you have it," said Jessie, and they desisted. Jessie's piety was of the practical order and singularly convincing.

At prayers that morning we were urged to send up a petition to the Throne of Grace. After the Captain had prayed, the cadet had groaned, and Clara had howled, Jessie was appealed to. I was wondering what she would say, when all at once she began, after a little preliminary, to repeat one from the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, being a petition for the departing soul. It was the sheerest piece of impudence I ever witnessed.

"Praise God!" ejaculated the dear little unsuspicious Captain.

"May the Lord bless her."

"Oh, Jesus!" was Clara's unfailing response.

"Now Birdie, dear little Birdie, ask Jesus to help you pray. Right here among us it will be easy." A lump came up in my throat. All my life what prayers I have prayed have been in silence. Lip service is so hateful—impossible. I detested, inexpressibly, to go through this form—a real prayer I could not send up. It was all horribly hypocritical; but their idiotic insisting, the necessity of keeping up my disguise and their patronage of me, contributed to a flash of impudence during which I found myself repeating the introductiou to "In Memoriam," that beautiful prayer of which I once heard a minister say that it contained the essentials of all creeds.

I tacked on an Amen; the responses broke the rythm, and they never knew that I had got off one of my old elocution lessons.

"God bless you!" said the Captain, giving us one of her rare kisses as we got up. "You feel better now, don't you?"

"Oh yes, I feel better," but I didn't dare look at Jessie. After awhile that young lady remarked incidentally:

"I'm so glad you like 'In Memoriam.'" Bertha looked at us wonderingly, as she did sometimes when we made mysterious remarks apropos of nothing. If she had had a grain of suspicion in her she would have caught us many times. She was intelligent enough to make up for any lack of culture.

After prayers we had got the width of the room apart, twelve feet, to attend each to her own separate business. I had my uniform to cut out, but as the Captain was busy making out her weekly report on a blank furnished for that purpose I watched her. I leaned over her shoulder to see what was required in this report, and was astonished at its fullness and the necessity for accounting for every cent and every moment of time. A note at the bottom stated:

"This official form is to be carefully filled in by you, as in the sight of God, and in the presence of your lieutenant or cadet, if you have one."

The income from cash in hand at the end of the last week; from the week's collections; received for soldier's cartridges, books, and outfits; amount obtained from selling *War Crys;* collections from outposts; donations from all sources, had to be duly set forth.

Their receipts for the week amounted to about $32; I did not see the total.

The expenses were then carefully entered on the blank. The Captain got her full salary, $6, and the cadet's expenses were $3. Out of this $9, $2 went for house rent, a part of their own living expenses. The hall rent for the week was $6.87; the gas bill for the month, $8.25, was due; and $5.50 was to be forwarded for *War Crys*, which had been sold. There was some money for badges, and the Major got his tithe. When the account was balanced I looked for the cash in hand, but Bertha covered the figures.

"Tell me if you have enough money for expenses?" I begged.

"Oh, yes, there's enough—enough to pay everything, and I got my salary" (which had already been spent for the house, doubtless).

"But is there anything over? How much?"

"There is enough."

"I have my own ideas on how much is enough. Let me see."

"Now Birdie, go away, dear child; you bother me. Jessie never bothers me."

But I would see. There was just twenty-five cents left.

"Do you call that enough?"

"Why, yes, my dear," blithely. "Sometimes we can't even pay expenses. This is enough to live on to-day, and then to-night there will be another collection."

"Let me contribute something now."

"No, no, no! What a child you are. We have enough to eat. Can't you trust in the Lord."

No, I couldn't, not to that extent. "Hateful thing," I said, with striking originality and elegance, and desisted.

"But where does Clara come in?" I asked.

"Clara is just here on a visit. She is not an officer nor cadet. She is visiting me like any other sister. Clara will go home in a week or two."

"But she wears the uniform."

"Yes. She is a soldier in Minneapolis. All our family are soldiers. My father plays the French horn at Minneapolis, Corps No. 1, but I am the only one who has gone away from home to become an officer."

"You bet I don't want to be an officer," said Miss Clara. "I ain't good enough, and then you are in it for life, once you get there."

"You think you wouldn't like that?"

"I might not, and I'd never backslide. Why, I think if an Army officer goes back on her work she is damned eternally."

"That's a cheerful view of it."

"It's true!" she said, with the deepest conviction. "I'll be true to the Army and God as a soldier, but I ain't good like Bertha. Sometimes I think about the boys instead of Jesus."

"Oh, Clara!"

"I do, Bertha. What's the use in lying about it. I'm going to get married some day, and maybe take off the uniform, but I can be a Christian just the same, and I wouldn't marry anybody but a Christian though he may not be a Salvationist. You know there's brother Will. He's just as good as anybody, but he thinks we're all fools, father and all of us, for

joining the Salvationists. His wife is a good Christian, too, if she does dress stylish. This is a pretty big world, Bertha."

"Yes, it's a big world, and the Almighty rules over all of it. Don't grow foolish, Clara."

I looked over the rest of the form as Bertha filled it in. She entered in detail the number of meetings held during the week; the number of soldiers belonging to the corps; the number of people present at each meeting; the number who testified, and whether they were Army people, church members, or sinners; the number of hours spent in visiting, and the class visited; "prisoners" taken; backsliders; *War Crys* ordered and sold; the number of hours spent outdoors selling them, and a host of other questions covering a printed blank the size of a sheet of legal cap. The report was then duplicated, one sent to the Chief-of-Staff, national headquarters, No. 73 Beekman street, New York City, and one to the divisional officer, Major Evans.

"Every officer in the world is making up a report just like this to-day. Each one forwards his to the national headquarters of the country in which he is working, and reports are made up from these and forwarded to General Booth, in London. He knows each week the exact progress of the Army in all parts of the world," explained Bertha. "Oh, it is a beautiful system; just like an Army where the commanding officer knows just what every private is doing."

"What salary does the General get?"

"None whatever. There is an annuity settled on the office by a rich man in London. At the Gen-

eral's death this passes on to his successor. He has not a cent of his own, and would have nothing but this, about $1,200 a year, I think, so he would be free to devote all his time to the Army work and handle none of the funds. The clerks at headquarters are Army men and women who get a small salary, just enough to live on in the barracks. In London and New York there are large bands of Army people devoted to rescue work, and who stay in the 'Training Home,' where officers are trained in every part of Army work. The Major will tell you all about it."

Bertha was absorbed in her reports; the cadet moved about on household deeds intent and in a state of conscious grace; Clara sang choruses in a rich alto voice that was too strong for that tiny house, while I got out the material for my new uniform, and looked about for a place large enough to lay it straight.

"Put it on the floor, dear"; then, as she saw I looked vexed over such an arrangement, "It's a little inconvenient, but what does it matter? Five minutes afterward you will have forgotten all about it."

She did shame my vexations over trifles. It is all so simple to me now, why we are so often unhappy without a cause. I spread the blue cloth on the floor in a space long enough to admit of cutting out the skirt, and sawed at it with a dull pair of shears and my tongue, while Jessie basted the cloth and lining together. It was only a dark blue cloth exactly the shade of six other dresses in the house, and was to be built on the same plan, yet I took pride

in the "hang" of it, and an anxious consultation was held over it.

"You want it real full so it will hang pretty," said Clara.

"Will it hang pretty? If I thought it would—"

"Why of course! Don't you think them nice? They are so neat."

"No; honestly, I think they are hideous."

"So did I at first, but I don't now. If people have to dress common, it's bad taste to follow every fashion with cheap materials. Now this dress takes so little material you can afford to get fine cloth for it."

I heartily agreed with Clara on that point, but dresses could be made plainly without their being all of the same color, and exactly alike. I concluded to buy a black jersey instead of having a waist made, as before a dressmaker could evolve a basque I would be a backslider.

After taking my skirt to a dressmaker I devoted the afternoon to improving my mind with religious reading. A copy of *All The World*, the Salvation Army monthly organ, seemed the most promising in the way of furnishing entertainment of anything within reach.

It had a hideous frontispiece of Mrs. Tucker, the youngest, best beloved, and most recently married of General Booth's numerous daughters. She and her husband have lassoed Satan in India and adjacent provinces, and are rescuing little babies from the Ganges and trying to decrease the number of fourteen-year-old widows in that depraved region. What the Brigadier and Mrs. Tucker have against

the patent-inside country paper, to thus deprive it of racy and indisputable items of news, was not stated. Be that as it may, Mrs Tucker was here arrayed in the national costume of India, which she wore as a bridal robe. She also wore eye-glasses and a belligerent aspect. There was a dedicatory poem from the poet laureate of the Army, and a biographical sketch in which her holiness, while yet in pinafores, was represented as being something marvelous. The magazine was crammed from cover to cover with inane sentimentality on the favorite theme of the Salvationists—the grace of God as it was manifested through His armor-bearers. But every idea which has in it enough to find followers will produce a literature worthy some preservation. I looked for a pearl among all these oyster shells, and this is what I found hidden so in a mass of rubbish that it had to be exhumed. But if I take this gem and polish it, let it shine under another name, its beauty is just as apparent—the story is too universally true to need that one girl's name should be taken from the peaceful grave it has found and dragged again in the dirt. So she shall be called Barbara Baillie.

The story began with an obituary notice and ended in an idyl of London life with a heroine from Whitechapel.

"Died in London, Lieut. Barbara Baillie; 'sic a wild wean,' as her mother called her, now tamed by the grace of God. She suffered so long in body and in spirit, but all her ills are cured and she has found rest in Jesus. She was one of the typical women of Whitechapel saved by the rescue-band. After her

own conversion she labored for a year to save other women from the life she had known, but the ravages of sin had left her too weak to go on, and a merciful God released her from her sufferings. Lieutenant Baillie was buried from the Salvation Army barracks with military honors."

Cumbered with words, cant phrases, a pointing of the moral in every line when the story itself was the moral, this is what followed. I have cleaned all the rubbish away and left the gem polished but unset.

A NEW MAGDALEN.

"Sic a wild wean!"

The grim Scotch woman shut the door of her cottage with a bang and went back to her knitting. The fire-light gleamed on the needles and made them flash with an ugly glitter. Little Jean, a timid child sitting at the woman's knee, glanced up at her half frightened at the angry click, click.

"You won't hurt Barbie, mother!" she pleaded.

"Hurt her? She hurts herself, bairnie. Oh, my little Jean, promise me you will never be like Barbie."

"Is it bad to run the moors?"

"With wild lads and lasses. A good girl stays at home with her mother and learns to keep a house. But Barbie minds nothing I say."

"But she goes to the kirk on Sundays, mother."

"And shames the Lord in his own house. What did she do only last Sabbath night but call our good minister a stickit parson. I would not believe a daughter of mine could be so wicked."

Mrs. Baillie did not cry. She shut her lips in a

hard little line and went on with her knitting. Little Jean sat silently at her feet putting together a bit of patchwork, frowning when only some green and purple blocks remained.

"How Barbie would laugh," she thought. Yet she did not dare ask for some pink to go with the green, and a bit of buff for the purple. Her mother would think it ridiculous to be vexed over so small a thing as two colors which matched as well as two other colors. In her own little heart twelve-year-old Jean thought the minister a "stickit parson" herself. She had never dared breathe this to Barbie even where she was sure of sympathy.

"Why, it would break her heart for me to even think such a wicked thing," she thought, looking timidly up into the grim face and then down again at her green and purple pieces. "I must hurry and get this patchwork done or she will think me bad like Barbie. How fast she knits! If we were both bad I wonder if she would knit twice as fast."

"I don't think Barbie's so very bad," she ventured at last, but sewing very fast and looking down.

"You know nothing about it. Keep your lips closed or Old Clootie 'll creep in and make you say wicked things." Mrs. Baillie knit harder than ever, and began to rock as a flying step was heard coming over the short turf. A girl of sixteen, a robust girl with pink cheeks, burnished red hair flying about a fair, freckled face, and with a light, lissome figure, sped breathlessly into the room.

"Where have you been, lass?" asked Mrs. Baillie, not looking up at the bright vision lest her hard feelings should all melt away.

"Kissing Sandy at the gate," with a candor at once charming and impudent.

"You kiss all the lads who ask you. I have heard your father say a lass's lips should not be a field for all cattle to pasture on. He got that out of a book, so it is good."

"Father didn't know everything if he is dead." She stopped for the startled look from little Jean, and her mother's white face.

"Don't say that Barbie," cried Jean, taking the mother's hand in her own, "You have a tongue that hurts."

"Well," with a shame-faced but half-reckless laugh. "How am I to tell which lad I like the best unless I kiss them all. I'm going away anyhow."

"Away? Where would you go, my bairn? A lassie can't go where she pleases just like a man."

"What would you have me do here—sew green and purple pieces together all my life?" Jean blushed and hid the ugly patchwork under her aporn. She hated so for Barbie to imagine she thought it pretty. Yet there was the sad mother, and the little girl's heart was too soft to hurt anyone.

Barbie had sat down by the smoldering peat fire with her face between her hands, and Jean looked half fearfully from the bright-colored angry face to her mother's so hard and white. "It is so easy to understand people. Why do they hurt each other so?" she thought. Dear little Jean understood and loved everyone.

"I'm going away," said Barbie again, sulkily.

"I'm going to Manchester to work in the mills." She looked up half defiantly, and would have softened, but her mother knitted away steadily, her face hard and grim. Barbie flashed a look at Jean, and nodded brightly, as much as to say: "You see, she doesn't care, so I'm going."

And she did go, after many hard and bitter words had passed her mother's lips, and many reckless, defiant ones her own. The little cottage on the moor knew her no more; the village gossips missed her bright, wild ways, and shook their heads over her. The young girls spoke of her with secret envy. Jean got a letter now and then from Manchester, which the mother never asked to see.

Barbie was in the great city of wheels and spindles. She missed the moors at first, and longed for Jean and Sandy, her Scottish lover. Then the rush and roar, the hurry and bustle, of the mills intoxicated her. She loved the whir of the belts, and the sheen of the white cloth as it wound endlessly from the machines. There were such crowds of people all the time, not like the stupid little Scotch village with its miles of lonesome heather. Sometimes a purple cloud of it would float before her eyes right in the middle of that great room filled with machinery, but it was gone in a moment.

In the evenings there was always fun. The blooming, breezy Scotch girl was a great favorite with all her companions. She always had a friend with whom to stroll the gayly-lighted streets after the mill work was done.

Then she grew to hate the work, the honest work that kept idleness and mischief out of her pretty

head so many hours of the day. She longed to spend all her time in the gay streets.

"If I were rich I would have this," she would say, pointing to some beautiful thing in the shop windows.

By and by these things turned her silly brain until a foreman reproved her for doing her work carelessly. Barbie flushed with anger, and worked all day in a fever of resentment.

"I will pay him back," she thought, angrily, "when I am rich and entirely grown up and beautiful." She was beautiful then, poor lass, enough to break many an honest lad's heart. The foreman coming back glanced at the flushed face and tawny mane, and thought so himself.

"I don't wonder she hates the work. She is beautiful enough for something better—or worse." And then, idly, as men will, he made excuse to talk with her about her work. Her chance to "pay him back" was coming very soon, thought poor, silly Barbie; so, like many another daughter of Eve, she smiled on him.

That evening on the street he found her alone, looking into a brilliantly-lighted jeweler's window.

"Isn't that beautiful? I never had a ring in all my life."

He whispered something to her, only a word, but a few moments later the ring she coveted gleamed on her finger, and Barbie was moving on by the side of a man who could command rings and everything she coveted.

"That night another star fell from heaven."

"You have done for yourself now, my lass," she

heard him say many hours later, and then he was gone. His cruel laugh rang in her ears. What had she done? It was like a dream, but she had her beautiful ring that sparkled and sparkled. She hid it carefully and went back to her work. The foreman was cautious; by-and-by he reproved her for some other negligence, and she resented it hotly. He who showered gifts on her when they were out of the roar of machinery could scold her like a child over a little fault in her work.

"It's the work everybody despises. If I stop he will love me all the time."

So she stopped coming to the mill, and after awhile the foreman stopped coming to her. She understood now what he had meant by saying: "You have done for yourself now, my lass."

"Mother is right; I am a wild wean," she said to herself, sobbing. If she had not been afraid, she would have gone back then to the little cottage. But before she could make up her mind to that she found another "friend," who took her away to London."

"I have a wife, Barbie, who treats me badly, so I'll stay with you, my beautiful one, and love you always, and you will never know but that we are married."

"He loves me truly, truly," she thought. She was very weary of being wild, yet she knew she could not undo the past, and this seemed a haven of security. They went up to London, and for a long time he was kind to her, and Barbie was happy when she did not think much.

But after a time he grew careless, and one day he

did not come home at all, but sent a letter saying he had returned to his own wife, who was always too good for him. "She is not beautiful like you, my lass," he wrote, "but she is good, and will make a better man of me."

This was the end of all Barbara's attempts to be good. She lay on her bed all night in the cold and dark, dry-eyed and desperate.

"I will make men suffer," she said, clenching her little hands, now covered with shining rings. "I hate them. I will see all of life, and make them pay for it."

She was very gay for awhile. Men were willing to pay for the sight of her bright, beautiful, reckless face. She surrounded herself with companions and rich belongings, among which she moved like a queen.

But even in these things the course is downward. There came a time when a lower class of men haunted her brilliant salons. Then she had to give them up. She wore soiled dresses because she could not buy new ones, and her toilet-table had many new cosmetics. Her slippered, tender feet grew to know untrodden ways. She thought and thought, and then found ways to forget to think.

Five years after the phrase, "You have done for yourself now, my lass," rang in her ears, she walked back to the cottage on the moor. Little Jean was a woman, but she still sat on the hassock at her mother's feet putting her patchwork together.

The door opened, and a figure, wild and storm-beaten, dragged itself in.

"I have come home, mother!" Jean caught her as she fell by the hearth shivering.

"You can not come. I will not be the talk of the villagers. You will ruin Jean, who has a lover. Is it not enough that you have done for yourself?" The stern lips began to tremble, and in a moment the mother in her would have conquered, but Barbie was as proud as she.

"Jean has a lover? Who, pray; Sandy? I met him on the moor just now coming with lagging step to meet his love. He did not use to come to me that way. Lovers are unfaithful. I've had them—scores of them—and they all left me; but I think Sandy would walk faster even yet for me than for you, my bonnie Jean." She arose to go, an angry glitter in her eyes.

"Is that him now? Then I'll go and gie him greeting."

"Leave the lad alone. He's a good lad. You spoil everything you touch," said her mother.

But Barbara only laughed and left the house. Jean waited long, but Sandy never came. Her pure face grew white with a horror of what she did not understand, and then she hardened toward Barbara. She, whose heart had always been so tender toward every living creature, grew to hate her wild sister. She sat in the little cottage on the moor and stitched, and by-and-by there were two women's faces with hard lines about the mouth instead of one.

And Barbie, with a reckless hate of everything she had once loved, said, in echo of a phrase that haunted her, to a fresh-colored Scotchman whose love for her had revived for a moment and then died, "You have done for yourself now, my lad. Jean will never have you. Make the best of it."

And on the face of the earth there was one more wanderer.

Lower and lower, down and deeper down through all the strata of East End London vice she went. The beautiful hair grew matted and wild; the eyes were red and sunken; paint glowed on white, wan cheeks. The gutters knew her, the uniformed officers were familiar with all her haunts.

"Some day she will be found murdered by that Whitechapel fiend," they said, and warned her. She shivered, and then took another drink to drown her fears. Often she had not the money; then she would crawl into a doorway in a blind court and hide, getting what sleep she might. Winter found her shelterless. She wandered along a bleak street, stopping at every lodging-house where her kind were sheltered for a few pennies. But Barbie had no pennies, and could not gain admittance. Once she stopped a gentleman and asked him for them, but he pushed her out of his path. Then she snatched a woman's purse and dodged into a little court, found shelter, and the stream of relentless humanity went on.

Another night there was no one to rob. The cruel air cut her flesh through her thin garments. The houses were darkened by the fog, and she could not see her way. Suddenly she saw a light gleaming through some red curtains. A door was open and she heard singing.

"A dance," she thought. "I wonder if I could find a partner to dance with me."

She crawled into the place, fell into a seat by a hot stove, and fell asleep. There was noise of some kind, but it was not clear to her. Someone shook her at

last, and there was a woman leaning over her—a woman with a clean face. That was marvelous to Barbara. She staggered up.

"Yes, I'll go; yes, I'll go. I'm not drunk. Don't lock me up."

"She's sick, body and soul. I'll stay with her here until she gets well." Then Barbie knew no more until morning, except that it was warm, and that a woman staid beside her holding her hand and murmuring throughout the night. Once she heard a name that brought back a vision of the little kirk on the moor, her mother's face, and Jean's and Sandy's.

"Come with me and get food now," said the little woman. She had on a queer, plain dress and big bonnet. Barbara went with her to a place which was full of women just like her, all with white, pure faces.

Afterward she knew nothing for a long while, except that she was in bed; that these white faces were over and about her, and that her body and mind were slowly getting well. Lying there, she heard a good deal she had almost forgotten.

"That's not for me, not for me. Mother and Jean will have that, but not I." She lay sobbing many hours at a time Opening her eyes she would sometimes find a blue-robed figure by her bed kneeling. "Do they think it is for me, too?" she asked herself, wonderingly.

"Where am I?" she asked one day.

"In the Rescue Home of the Salvation Army, and getting well, praise God."

"Getting well?" No, she would never get well.

Her body might, but not her soul. She looked at herself in a hand-glass one day and saw that she was beautiful again. The tawny mane had been clipped into close rings; the eyes were large and bright.

"They would come back to me now—the men," she thought. Then she hid her face in her hands and sobbed. "I hate them. I hate all of them, but there is nothing else for me."

"There is something else," said a soft voice. "Listen." And then was read again the story of the woman of old, Mary Magdalene, who had sinned like her and been forgiven, because though her sins had been many she had loved much."

"The kirk and stickit parson and mother and Jean would not forgive me. I am shut out," she cried.

"Neither would the Pharisees forgive Mary Magdalene, but Jesus Christ opened up to her the gates of paradise. It is yourself who sinned. None but yourself can suffer or be forgiven. None but yourself can repent. God be with you." And having planted the seed and watered it the little woman in blue let it grow.

There were many dark hours in the night, many fights alone, many useless regrets and days of hopeless pain, but the body was slowly healing, and one day she felt her limbs once more strong and young. Poor Barbie, she was only twenty-five.

"I will go now and make my way again. They will be glad to have me back." She stood in the door of the rude building and looked out into the cruel street.

"I can not go, I can not. Lord save me! Christ help me! If Thou canst help I will believe. Oh, my God, forsake me not. There is none other to help."

They found her there in the dust of the street, her head bowed across the portal, and took her in.

Another blue-robed figure haunted Whitechapel. A beautiful white face with a head of bright, burnished hair under a blue bonnet was seen in all its familiar haunts. She knew, ah, too well, where sin and shame and degradation and heart-break hid themselves, went in fearlessly and dragged them in all their hideousness into the light of day. Sometimes these women laughed at her, knowing what she had been; sometimes they looked at the transformation, and listened to her words. Lieutenant Baillie was known from one end of London to the other. Her tireless feet never rested. Great circles came about the bright brown eyes, and blue veins showed on the restless hands. Still she labored for nearly a year, and then a certain little bed in the Rescue Home she had always kept, welcomed her back again. She lay there staring at the rough ceiling and the blue-robed figures flitting about, her hands folded patiently.

"Have I loved enough? Only a little year in which to atone. Have I atoned, Lord Jesus?" she murmured constantly. "I have sinned much, suffered much, and my love has been great," she said on the last day, when the bright eyes dimmed and the little frail hands loosened their clasp. Years of sin had got in their work on the fair body, but the soul was regenerated.

"You have done for yourself now, lass," the shadow of a memory floated back to her. "For time and for eternity. The stickit parsons do a deal of harm. They make people hard, they are unforgiving like the Pharisees. But the Christ forgives." A glad smile was transfixed on lips that stiffened even as she spoke.

Only the blue-uniformed people were at the funeral. The mother and Jean heard of it long afterward, and wept when Sandy returned and told them. But at the funeral there was only a band of fanatical, bizarre, blue-uniformed soldiers of the Lord, who did not mourn, but who rejoiced in strange unorthodox fashion over a comrade who fell fighting and had been "promoted."

Idlers in the streets paused to see the gay cavalcade; the rude coffin draped in "yellow, red, and blue," preceded by a band that played martial music and followed by a blithe and happy procession. Some of them shuddered at what seemed sacriligeous, others stared in astonishment, and still others found occasion for mirth. But somehow among these soldiers of the Lord, a weary soul had found rest, and a heart that had hungered and thirsted had been filled and satisfied. A fitting requiem for the parting of one such in this guise. Hallelujah!

CHAPTER IX.

A good deal of surprise had been felt that I had expressed no desire to see my dear mamma, so, as I was assured nothing of any importance would hap-

pen that day, I boarded a train and came back to the city ostensibly to see her, while the Captain came up later to interview the Major, partly on my account.

I was driven straight to a hotel, spent a few hours writing out notes of my adventures, and then went shopping. I got a black jersey, some blue surah silk, and ribbon for strings, unearthed a black La Tosca hat from my belongings, and denuded it of its feathers and bows preparatory to converting it into a Salvation bonnet.

I got back Tuesday morning and was greeted with effusion.

"What did your mamma say about your joining the Army?" asked Clara. Clara always wanted to know, you know.

"She wouldn't let me come to lunch in this old dress, and said if I put on the uniform I needn't come back any more."

There was sympathy in the camp of the Salvationists. Once started on my string of fibs I had to go on, and the mamma so easily invented became invested with all the fashionable follies.

"I just wouldn't put on a stylish dress, so all my meals were sent to my room to punish me."

"Dear child!"

"You're having a hard time of it," quoth Jessie. She probably meant that my powers of invention were being pretty severely taxed.

I sat down and trimmed that hat. Its classic shape was swathed in folds of dull blue silk spread out to hide its frivolous dents and curves; the strings were put on where all the rest of its beauty could be tied down. I put it on, tied the

strings under my chin, and straightened out the bows demurely.

"Oh, how pretty!" cried the Captain. With due regard for Bertha's morals I must say that æsthetically she is "off."

"Brave Birdie!" exclaimed Clara.

"God bless you!" ejeculated "Trotter"—Adjutant Trotter, who spends his time trotting all over this division conducting special services. He was in Englewood for the day, and was chiefly occupied in casting covetous looks on Bertha.

Jessie and I then went over on Wentworth avenue to get my blue skirt, which a dressmaker had undertaken to have finished in a day. It went on; it hung in folds anything but classic; the reeds of my underskirt were turned up ignominiously, and I stood *sans turnour*, but inflated about the feet like a toy balloon.

"'Look upon this picture, then on this.' Not much of a falling off, is there?" But Jessie did not reply; she had got beyond that, and leaned against the wall trying not to look disgusted. One thing was certain—I was a full-fledged "Salvation lass." The dressmaker looked her disapproval.

"I wouldn't put that thing on for a kingdom," she sniffed, contemptuously.

"Not even for the Kingdom of Heaven? Oh, you are mistaken! You are utterly wrong!"

A week ago I should not have dared say so impudent a thing in Jessie's presence for fear she would spoil the effect by a laugh, but my dear girl had got considerably subdued and only stared at me.

"I've had enough to make me mad. Two of my

sons got converted and want to put on the uniform, but they shan't do it. They only make guys of themselves—walking advertisements. Do you suppose I want to go into the streets with them, and have people yell 'Salvation Army' at me? Not much!"

"But you wanted them converted?"

"Yes; they are better boys since then, but why must they make fools of themselves? They drive me nearly crazy." Turning to Jessie she added:

"Why don't you persuade your cousin not to do this? She is foolish. You girls have been well raised. What will your life be in this uniform, howling, living like beggars?"

"It will be spent in the service of God," I said, solemnly. No one should say, afterward, that I didn't play my part well.

"Fiddlesticks! I suppose you think everyone else is going to hell but you."

This was too much for our equanimity, and it was fortunate that just then one of the boys came in, a young man whom I recognized as a soldier.

"God bless you!" he said, fervently, when he saw my uniform. I gave his hand a consolatory squeeze as his mother sighed impatiently. We got downstairs and into the street, I in my regimentals.

"Salvation Army!" yelled a small boy. A young lady giggled, and two school girls stood still and stopped chewing gum to stare at me. It didn't even annoy me. Since I was with the Salvation Army I preferred to be of them. I felt as placid and as justly celebrated as our lake breeze. But poor Jessie; she shrunk and shivered like a tropical flower in an icy blast.

We stopped to get some oysters for supper to have a little "spread," as Father and Mother Evans were to be guests. A Salvation clerk waited on us, God-blessed me in particular, and made our cup run over with joy and oysters. At the butcher shop Amy smiled on us, gave us down weight, and split the penny to our profit. We went all over the town to purchase edibles, and a holy halo was shed around me by the smiles of the devout and the persecutions of the publican.

"Bertha said I would feel better, and I do," I remarked serenely.

"Oh, come on; let's get off the street," said Jessie. But I felt like taking a stroll in my new suit. It isn't often I have a chance to show off, and I didn't propose to curtail this occasion.

When we got back to the house I tied a handkerchief embroidered in yellow, red, and blue, Salvation colors, about my neck, but had to wait for the pins and badges. I took considerable pains to have my make-up historically correct. Then I constituted myself cook and made an oyster stew on the gasoline stove, singing, "What a friend we have in Jesus," in imitation of the cadet's trained voice, so as to make the illusion complete.

We had almost given up our guests, but just as my stew was done they arrived. There was no time to get more oysters.

"What shall we do?" I cried.

"Pray that it will be enough and it will be," said the cadet. So she prayed and I also put in some more water and it was enough. The cadet and I combined were equal to any emergency.

That is a pretty habit they have of calling all old people "father" and "mother." Father and Mother Evans were the parents of our beloved Major, and a right hale and hearty couple they were. "Father" was Welshman like "Taffy," celebrated in rhyme without reason, though I have no reason for thinking he bore out the rest of the description of his fellow-countryman. By the powers of divination and a smattering of Max Muller I surmised Father Evans' nationality.

"How did you know?" he asked in astonishment.

"Oh, my grandmother was Welsh and her name was Evans," I recited glibly. This didn't commit me to relationship with our guests, as the Evanses are as thick in Wales as the Smiths are elsewhere; yet it was a bond.

And then we had a literary conversation concerning King Arthur, who really lived at one time. Indeed he did; and about Lancelot and Camelot and the white lady du lac who still holds excalibar in durance, and Merlin, that old poetical reprobrate who let Vivian curl herself about his neck in a very reprehensible fashion for a man who was posing as a seer, poet, philosopher, and magician for all future generations of Welshmen. I discovered that Father Evans was quite well enough posted in this literary lore of his native land to pass for an authority. A Welshman may not always know what street he lives on, but he is generally up in these things. Why, had he not seen the town of Merlin and "rode down to Camelot" and sat in King Arthur's seat (which is popularly supposed to

be nearer Edinburgh than Wales). Of course they all lived!

Father Evans was not disposed to admit that he belonged to the Celtic race. The Irish were Celts, and he professed a great contempt for Paddy. I tried him on "Cimri" and he gave in at that magic word and bubbled over with enthusiasm.

"I wass sure it wass not Celt but Cimri," he said, perfectly satisfied over his little victory. "The Welsh are Cimri, the Scotch Gael, and the Irish Celt."

"What are you going to do about the Bretons? They come in somewhere."

"The Britons? Oh, they are all pig-headed English," with a laugh over his own wit. "I got my wife from England, and she iss not so pig-headed since she joined the Army."

"How do you remember all that?" asked Bertha in admiration. "I can't even remember the Declaration of Independence."

"That iss efen of no importance to remember," said Father Evans decisively. "Not like these other things that are older than the Christ."

But all the time that Father Evans was glorying in the past of his inglorious country the future and its possibilities were looming up in the latest American edition of the Evanses. This was the Major's little girl Lizzie, who had come with them. She was about four years old and exceedingly self-possessed.

"She's been given to God," said the cadet to me in an awe-struck whisper.

"Has she? Good gracious, when did it happen?"

I looked in vain, for there was nothing peculiar looking about Lizzie which testified to this remarkable occurrence.

"When she was a little bit of a baby. She testifies now in public."

Lizzie looked complacent, evidently used to hearing her virtues extolled.

"Lizzie, are you a soldier of the Lord?" I asked. You should have seen the scorn flash from her blue eyes.

"A soldier! Of course she's not a soldier," exclaimed Clara. "Why she's a captain. Aren't you, Lizzie?"

"I'm a major," said Miss Lizzie, promptly. "I'm going to be a marshal."

"Hear the little angel!" they cried, crowding about her. "Now, Lizzie, testify for Jesus."

But Lizzie wouldn't, probably thinking she had made enough concessions to curiosity. Lizzie was arrayed in a blue flannel dress trimmed with silver braid, and kept her hair back with a teeth-all-around celluloid comb. Part of the time she sucked her thumb, a well-known habit of infantile angels who are early given to God.

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," whether it be for earthly or heavenly adjuncts. Lizzie was quite as proud of her saintship as another child of her curls, her toys, or her clothes.

We went to the meeting presently, carrying Lizzie along like a trophy of war. She sat gravely among the soldiers, beat a tambourine, and frowned on the giddy ones in the audience who were not disposed to consider her seriously.

As for me, the time for decisive action had come. I had been among them five days, and had put on their uniform, but had neither prayed nor testified in public, so that I feared they would think me lukewarm. When the Captain asked me if I would do something, I volunteered to sing a solo.

I have sung dozens of times before, but to get up in that uniform, the target for 300 pairs of eyes, knowing that for most of them it was a new antic, was decidedly a "cross." All I could do to give an ordinary look to it was to request the tambourines to be silent on the chorus. As I got up a volley of blessings followed me:

"God bless her."

"May the Lord strengthen her."

"Give her faith."

"Amen."

"Hallelujah!"

What was the matter with me? I was all right, but they gave the usual impression that there was something abnormal about me and my performance, and that I needed a spiritual tonic to set me up. It amused me and vexed me. I sang in an ordinary manner, but debated inwardly whether to turn a double handspring at the end so as to satisfy the congregation that it was getting its money's worth.

"God will bless you," said Captain Bertha, as I sat down. "You feel better now, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; I feel better." I would have felt forty ways to please Bertha.

"I've got my mother here to-night—Mother Evans—who will speak to you. Come along, Mother," announced Bertha.

Mother Evans spoke; then Father Evans, and as he was not on his favorite theme—antiquarian Ap-Johns—he was not particularly edifying. The infant phenomenon of holiness refused to speak and sucked her thumb sedately. At the close of the performance I was congratulated on all sides because of my uniform.

"God bless you," said one good Methodist brother. I'm not a Salvationist, but I like to see a girl show the Lord's color."

"I sent all my gay dresses home to sister Annie," said pretty, blonde Ida, who "worked out." I don't wear the uniform, but I come very near it. No more gay dresses for me."

"Hallelujah! Let's shout!" exclaimed a soldier. "We make a lot of noise, but I don't know who has a better right. People who are happy have no need to hide it. God bless you."

"All the rest will come easy after you have put on this dress and sung in public. You can soon lead meetings and 'raise tunes.'" Well, in that last respect I did not hope to rival Clara.

"It seems to come hard for you to speak for Jesus," said Bertha, on the way home. "I told the Major about that, and he thinks if you go to the Training Home you would grow used to it before going into the field."

"What is the Training Home?"

"The Major will tell you all about it to-morrow. He is coming down to talk with you." So I was to have a talk with the Major. Well, "Come on Macduff."

CHAPTER X.

Wednesday morning we got up earlier than usual, and as the Major was expected to put in his official appearance in the afternoon, we prepared to spend the early hours of the day in making "visitations."

I like that word. The more I look at it the more it reminds me of a plague. It is a word which occurs often enough in Salvation statistics and ordinary conversation to make a nervous person feel "hystericky," as the cadet puts it. Under her manipulations, from Jessie's account, my impressions of what the term was capable seem to have been justified. The cadet and Jessie went together, and I was prone to observe that Millie forgot to pray before starting. She was occasionally subject to these little lapses of memory,

Jessie reported afterward that Millie's *modus operandi* of bringing these "visitations" down on the heads of good people who had never done anything to deserve them, but were trying to serve the Lord according to their lights, was not characterized by plasticity.

She would pause at the gate and say: "Lord help us to bring comfort to the afflicted." Then they would enter and find the family in a very undesirable state of cheerfulness and prosperity. The particular kind and degree of consolation Millie kept on tap was not required. This seemed to put her out, and she had nothing to say except "God bless you," until it was time to go; then she would remark with startling originality, "Well, we must be getting a

move on us," and they got a "move on them," whatever that method of locomotion chanced to be.

Poor Jessie!

I spent a morning with an angel entertained all aware. Bertha knelt down with me before starting and prayed:

"Dear Father, bless us we pray Thee. Let us take comfort and blessings to those we shall visit this morning. Put the right words into our mouths to speak, that they be not in vain. Bless dear Birdie and give her faith and courage to speak for Thee. Now, dear Father, go with us and bless us. Amen" It was all so simple and plain with Bertha that even I could take it in and profit by it.

We went into the bright, sunlit street, and Bertha slipped her arm about me, school-girl fashion. We got the usual glances of amused disdain, but I was indifferent, because I felt in the company of the peer of most of them. We stepped into the post-office to send a money-order to Ballington Booth for some supplies, and then went into the street again.

"It is so good just to live on such days. Who can doubt God when he sends the sunlight and sweet air?" said my companion, and I too felt at peace with the world and no hankerings after its vanities.

Two men took off their hats to Bertha, and we met two old ladies; one hobbling along on a stick stopped us. "Dear heart, dear girl; out doing good as usual!" she said.

"God bless you. How are you, mother? Pretty well to-day?" asked Bertha.

"No, not well. But the air is so sweet. God sends these days to let us know how it will be in

paradise. But I will be better over yonder, soon." No one could doubt her meaning. "Good-by; you have better work to do than talking to old women."

"Take my arm, mother, over this crossing. Now you are all right. Good-by. God bless you abundantly."

"Is she a Salvationist?" I asked.

"No, a Presbyterian, I think, and quite an aristocrat, but she is not proud or foolish like so many of them." A policeman stood and watched Bertha with a sardonic sneer eminently becoming to his patrician face. After we had passed him the Captain laughed, contentedly.

"That policeman was going to arrest me for marching on the streets. He came up to the house once and warned me. That was on Sunday, too, and my lieutenant was for marching anyhow, and letting him arrest us, but I said: 'No, not until other means have been tried.' We had arranged for a big march that evening, and he spoiled it; but I told them to wait, we would march Monday night. Monday I went to the board and got a permit. They did not want us to march at first, but I said as I got up:

"'Oh, very well. We are getting the roughs off your streets by fifteen minutes' noise in the evenings. Some of them are becoming good citizens by means of our influence, not to mention their souls. We won't march if you will undertake to answer for all the souls that are lost by our not marching.' They let us march, and the next time I saw my policeman I stopped and read his number '125' aloud. I guess he felt pretty cheap. I wonder how many arrests

we have saved him by the men we have got into the meetings."

"Your audiences are so quiet. I have always before seen them noisy."

"They were when we first came here. My lieutenant used to lead the worst ones out by the collar. One set of young men used to come in purposely to make a disturbance. I knew it and had tried everything. One night I got down on my knees and prayed for them by name, asking the Lord not to convert them, they were not civilized enough for that, but to arouse in them some instincts of manliness. They slunk out every one of them. After a few nights they came back and still come, but have not given any trouble since. None of them are converted yet."

"What makes them come?"

"I don't know, but they can't help it. They come for fun at first, and then they just sit and listen night after night. They surely must find it interesting in some way, though they try to pretend they do not; but, then, why do they come?"

As we were crossing the street above the post-office an old lady stopped us. "I've started to see a lady and have forgotten her name," she said, bewildered.

"Well, mother, stop a moment and you will remember. There is no hurry. I'll stay with you."

"A son of hers goes to your meetings."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Lanyon. I'm going there now. Come along. Birdie, get on the other side and help her." She was a feeble old lady and was very confused, but trembling with delight. She clung to us, and we walked slowly down Englewood avenue to a

row of new flats smelling of paint. We entered one of these, and the old lady was greeted by her friends.

Preparations were going on in the kitchen for a golden wedding in which old Mrs. Lanyon was to figure as a silver-haired bride. Bertha went into the kitchen, where two young women were baking cakes, and I sat with the old ladies in the sitting-room. It was a bright home, and the prospective bride was a pink of perfection, with a complexion a twenty-year-old one might envy. I took a Bible and read a couple of the Psalms to the old ladies.

"That is so good. I can not see well to read. Since he was converted Charlie reads to me. What an angel of mercy the Captain is to the young men. They worship her as if she were a saint."

"She isn't far from that, mother. I've lived with her and know." And then Bertha came back.

"I want you to come to my golden wedding to-morrow night. It won't be like a wedding unless you are here."

"After the meeting, mother, if you would like to have me. Let us have a little prayer now." She knelt and prayed after her simple fashion A little child crept into my arms as we knelt, and the father came and stood in the door with his hat off.

"Come Birdie, let's go, dear. Good-by; God bless you all. No; I'll find the way out. Don't let me disturb you." Their eyes followed her almost with reverence, so simple, good, and full of the truest courtesy was she.

She was blushing a little with the consciousness of their regards when she got out, and laughed in apology for them. "Old people are always so grateful

for a little attention. I think they feel neglected sometimes." And that was Bertha's explanation of their love for her.

We went on to a flat above the Salvation Army hall. A large woman with a worn, harassed face met us and took us into a neat parlor. She had a good deal of diffidence that gradually melted away until she burst into tears.

"Is he as bad as ever?" asked Bertha, and the woman's little boy slipped his arms about his mother's neck. "Do you pray for him?"

"Oh, I pray! My God, who could pray if not I I pray!"

"Thy will be done! Do you remember? It will all come out right."

"It is hard."

"Yes, it is hard. Let me pray with you, to see if it will be any easier." She knelt, with her arm about the sobbing woman, and sent up a petition for help, comfort, and peace for a sorely tried soul such as I have never heard equaled in simplicity and absolute trust. When we got up, the tears were streaming down the poor woman's face.

"No matter what comes, you always help me. Come often, come always." She parted from Bertha with many tears and kisses, holding her in her arms as if life did not have much else for her to hold to.

"I like to go to that woman, because she needs human sympathy as much as the love of God. Oh, how many there are with sorrow eating their hearts out and no one to tell it to. Oh, my Father, enable me to reach them. Some of them have not even found the Savior."

"Will you tell me her story?"

"It is an old story, the story of nearly half the sorrow of good women. Her husband drinks. He is a mechanic and earns $15 a week. When he gets his pay he lays off a whole week and drinks it up. Maybe the next week he feels ashamed and gives her everything he earns. She keeps boarders, but her husband drives them away by his bad behavior. Oh, it is pitiful. She is such a good woman, too." Bertha looked far off, with a sad expression on her face.

"God is good. Never doubt that, Birdie," she said, at last, while her whole face was serene again, and shining with an internal light.

"They seem to love you here."

"Yes, a few. I will be going away now very soon."

"Where?"

"Where the Lord sends me. You know we only stay a few months in a place, and I came here last February. I should have gone before this, but I was sick a good while, and went home for ten weeks, leaving my lieutenant in charge. I was worn out, but there was no money to take me home. It would take $9 to go to Minneapolis, and the Major told me to ask for this. But I couldn't; I'm not a good beggar, so he came down. He told them I would have to go home to rest, and he wanted them to pay my expenses to Minneapolis, $9. No one spoke for awhile, and I felt so badly.

"At last, one man got up and said it wasn't the money, but they didn't want me to go away. If the Major would promise I should come back to Engle-

wood they would pay my expenses both ways. Then they wanted me to come around through the audience and collect it myself. I took up a tambourine and went down the aisle and back and had $18 in a few moments. I was crying so I could hardly see for the way they blessed me. The people have been so good to me!"

Dear Captain Bertha Leyh! Who would not be good to her, when simplicity and goodness and truth and self-abnegation are so rare—so rare that any community could afford to pay high for the spectacle of it in its midst. And here she labored among them without money or price, even a bare subsistence not assured by any employer, giving them all the priceless riches of her own great heart and pure devoted life, things which can never be bought.

"I left my lieutenant in charge, and she, afraid of losing what we had gained, began to pet and coax the soldiers. When I came back it made me sad. She was young, and didn't know any better.

"'Do you have to be coaxed to serve your Savior, and to testify for Him? Are you saying you love God just to please me? Then it does not please me, and is not pleasing nor acceptable to God. If you are converted to me or to the lieutenant, then it is time you staid away. If an officer comes whom you do not like, then you would stay away from the meetings and deny your Savior,' I said to them. I never coax anyone. If people love God they will testify for Him."

We went to a house on Sixty-sixth street next, and found the family moving. A big, pretty, un-

tidy girl was superintending, and two little girls were doing all the work. I had seen the little girls in the march and on the platform. We left immediately, preceded by the little ones to their father's blacksmith shop, almost next door.

"Those two poor motherless girls do all the work. The older sister works in a family because she can't get what she wants at home, and leaves them. She should stay at home and be a mother to them. Her father may feel compelled to marry again, and stepmothers are not always fortunate."

We stopped to speak with the father, a blacksmith, who came out of his shop. He laid a great brawny hand on the youngest child's head and shook Bertha's hand.

"They do the best they can," he said.

"I'm very sure of that. Don't let it trouble you."

"We are moving down on Fifty-ninth street, and will be nearer the hall. Often I was kept at work and was afraid to let the children go so far alone. Now they will go always."

Later we met a woman, who said: "Did you meet Dick? He started down to your house."

"Is he well enough?"

"He is getting about the house again, and has been waiting for a pleasant day to come to see you."

"I should have visited him oftener, but was afraid to annoy you."

"If you had known how he wanted you to come! He used to lie and fret for you, and when I wanted to send for you he would say: 'No, she is off seeing people who need her worse. She is never idle.' But he used to want you."

"I am sorry you did not let me know. God bless you."

"God bless *you* for what you have done. Dick was a wild boy before he heard you speak for Jesus. Good-by." Then we got away and back home.

"Now we will have something to eat, Birdie. God is good; He is always good. Sometimes I have gone to bed on straw, with nothing in the house for breakfast, and no money, yet He always sent food by the time it was needed. We need have no fear. Take all that beef; I have bad teeth." Dear Bertha! But I didn't take it. If the recording angel did not enter these gracious little fibs of hers, as a higher kind of truths than all the ungracious statements of facts that hurt mankind, then he has less discrimination than I give him credit for.

We ate the frugal meal and talked merrily about the elegant cut on my new uniform. "I think beauty has its place. I admire beautiful clothes as much as anyone, and it is a positive duty for some to wear them. The President's wife and the wives of our representatives in foreign lands should be a credit to their country in this matter as well as in courtly manners and education, but for me they would be all out of place. But one thing we must be—clean and exquisitely neat. If I have only one dress, it must be well made and fit to perfection. My only extravagance is having collars and cuffs laundered at a steam laundry. The few cents spent that way each week go a long way as the force of example. The first evidence of conviction of sin is to make a dirty person 'clean up.' 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.'"

It was like reading a gospel of right living in every small particular to hear her talk. She made one feel a beautiful purpose and meaning in every homely detail of life. Clara, the cadet, and Jessie came in presently and finished the crumbs left from our feast. We waited all the afternoon for the Major, who never came.

"I'll tell you, dear; you go to see him to-morrow. He is busy, and is going away Friday for several weeks. But he wants to see you, so you had better go."

It was so decided. After the meeting that night I slept by Bertha's side. I lay awake long pondering over many things, chiefest among them being a wonder as to how many of the soldiers of Englewood were converted to Capt. Bertha Leyh. Even that would be good. Even after she has left them it will still be good to have believed absolutely, in the spirit of a follower, in a personification of good. It seemed I could see a shining pathway lying where she had passed. "Oh, ye of little faith" in human nature! It was good for me also to believe entirely in the purity, soundness, sweetness, and unselfish devotion of one human creature. In so far as her beauty of character, and my recognition of her entire sincerity were concerned I was converted to Capt. Bertha Leyh myself, and I do not believe it was displeasing in His sight.

CHAPTER XI.

The plan of "three in a bed" answers very well provided each occupant lays out as straight as if he were dead, otherwise it has its drawbacks.

Once or twice it happened that in the distribution of sleeping places, Clara became one of the elements that conspired against my chances of sleep. Clara was big; she was a lusty lass. Occasionally she flopped over into the middle of the bed regardless of obstructions or the claims of other inhabitants. Then she had a habit of imagining herself the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, and demonstrated to my satisfaction that the square on her side more than equaled the square on the other two sides. Moreover, if one wanted to get up she proved an insurmountable difficulty, neither to be turned aside nor climbed over.

As I had to get up at seven o'clock, Thursday morning, to catch a train, I tried the force of argument and my fists on Clara to no effect. She still slumbered and slept and I was still wedged in a triangle with Bertha.

"Get up," I screamed. "If you don't I'll make jollification jelly of you."

That fetched her. Clara had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and went off in a peal of laughter. After I had got up she tumbled back again and went fast asleep.

The fire was out and I dressed in the cold. Jessie had got up and was wrestling with the gasoline stove, trying to get me some breakfast, but the gas-

oline did not hold out to burn. I consumed a cracker and my desire for something more substantial, and walked to the station through the crisp October morning air. At the station, for the first time since coming to Englewood, Jessie secured a paper—*The Tribune*—but by the time I had glanced over the headlines the train arrived.

It was a suburban train with passengers from Joliet and all intermediate points. It was crowded and jammed. The passengers stuck their heads out of the windows to gaze on me and my uniform.

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Jessie, shrinking like a sensitive plant at a rude touch. Jessie never did get used to being looked at as if she were some rare animal which the dear public felt it incumbent to stir up with a stick. But I entered a car and walked the whole length of it in search of a seat as nonchalantly as if sixty pairs of eyes were not stabbing me.

"Well, for the land's sake, what is that?" exclaimed one lady, starting up and adjusting her eyeglasses, and I was audibly explained by someone who had evidently traveled to some purpose.

People put down their papers to look at me. A baby stared at me and began to cry so that the mother had to soothe it.

"There, there, mother won't let it hurt you," and threw a vindictive look at me. All this made me feel decidedly comfortable. I walked the entire length of the car and no motion was made to offer me a seat until I got to the further end; then an old gentleman moved to make room for me.

"Did you see the article in the *Tribune* about the

night the Marshal and Mrs. Booth held a meeting in Englewood?" he asked.

"The *Tribune?*" staring at him questioningly.

"Yes; a Chicago paper, you know."

"Oh! No, I didn't see it. I never read the papers, except the *War Cry*. They are all wicked."

"Well, this article made fun of you. You see the reporter told all the little things that no one else noticed. I guess it was correct, but you know how they can make things sound."

But I disclaimed all knowledge of newspapers and their wicked methods of writing things up.

"Well, I guess you do do queer things, anyhow," he remarked, as he strolled off onto the platform. His place was immediately taken by an old lady, the visible portions of whose coiffure consisted of six nervous gray curls laid on each side of her head like lady fingers in a pudding-dish. I have always felt a vast respect for a generation which could produce such a remarkable style of head-dress.

"What do you wear this outlandish costume for?" she asked abruptly, without a preliminary compliment to the weather.

"For the glory of God!" I replied, with appropriate solemnity. But the noise of the train precluded the idea of private conversation.

"Huh?" she asked.

"For the glory of God!" I screamed.

"Oh, yes, to be sure." A dozen passengers had turned to listen to us, and I thought: "My gullible audience, you shall have all you want and shall think you have got your money's worth."

"Do you think it glorifies Him?" she asked next.

"What does the costume mean anyhow? I never happened to see one before."

"It's the Salvation Army uniform."

"Oh! What do you do?"

"Save souls, praise God!" I said fervently. That woman's ignorance was only equaled by her thirst for knowledge.

"Yes," meditatively. "I've heard of you. You go howling around the streets at night like crazy people." The description was so accurate that I only smiled spasmodically.

"Queer how many varieties of fools there are in the world," remarked a fat man in front of me, apropos of nothing. My companion was looking at me, reflectively.

"What do you live on?" she asked at last.

"Whatever the Lord provides."

"Oh, yes;" and then after a moment she added: "Uh, huh, poor things." She got up and returned to her own seat by the side of a lady. Everybody else kept within arm's length of me. The conductor eyed me cynically and examined my ticket suspiciously. I got off the train at the Van Buren street station unassisted and walked the whole length of it unmolested. No cabman disturbed my meditations by offers of his services. I was only gazed at, guyed, and avoided. With this uniform on and provided with a few stock phrases a girl could go from Europe to San Francisco as safely as if she were a man.

I strolled out on Van Buren street in search of a place to get my breakfast, but all the little dens down that way were so uninviting that I passed

them by. Should I go into an obscure place and get a poor breakfast, or "take arms," etc., and brave all by going to a good restaurant?

My hunger conquered. The greater of the two evils was to go hungry. I walked up La Salle street leisurely to Madison. The men coming down town to business took their cigars out of their mouths to stare at me. One country fellow stood still with his mouth open and his hands in his pockets, and shop-girls stopped chewing gum to laugh. It all disturbed me no more than a May zephyr would ruffle the placid lake. I went into Burke's European Hotel. No obsequious attendant flew to the door; no waiter risked his equilibrium on the marble floor in my behalf. Two white-aproned servants who saw me stood still and stared. At least fifty guests were present, and they dropped their knives and forks and giggled and whispered, and I wished I had gone to some quieter place.

At last, after I had stood a target for all these bull's-eye shots for several minutes a waiter came forward and showed me to a chair. He was red-headed, freckled, and awkward, but I will maintain with my dying breath that he was a gentleman. It was with difficulty that I refrained from blessing him. A steak was ordered.

"Will you have it rare?"

"Yes; have it washed in the blood—yes, rare, please," I hastened to correct.

I had no morning paper to hide myself behind, and had to find internal resources of amusement until a beef could be put through the stock-yard mill, delivered to this establishment, and prepared. This

is a way I have discovered to account for its taking just fifty-five minutes for a modern restaurant to persuade a small section of a cow to "grin at a grid-iron." The first half-hour I studied the wall ornaments and table decorations; then a chorus—one of Clara's favorites—flashed into my mind:

> "Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
> Or you can't go to heaven when you die."

That thing sang itself again and again. When my breakfast came in all eyes were on me. Well, they should see I had the courage of my convictions. I meekly bowed my head and said a grace; then I tackled that rare, rare steak, unmindful of the interest in me. After a leisurely breakfast I departed to beard my Major in his den.

The staring, guying, and my own premonitory shivers on encountering a new set of people become no longer worthy of record. Occasionally, however, there was a startling variation in the sentiments with which I inspired people, and in their methods of expressing their feelings toward me.

As I went out Milwaukee avenue that day the car was crowded. I secured a seat, but many who got on after me had to stand up. When a fashionable lady entered the car with a little girl, I offered to take the child on my lap, but the mother jerked her back, anything but gently.

"Come here, Dottie. Don't you go near her," she snapped.

My face burned with indignation. Some of the occupants of the car looked at the woman disapprovingly, but the most of them were simply curious about the effect it would have on me. I felt

like a social leper, and wondered if I should ever grow used to crying "unclean." Captain Bertha was right—that uniform was a decided "cross."

Some laborers were laying pipe on Armitage avenue.

"Ah there, Salvation!" called out one.

Another threw a clod at me playfully, and I, remembering the proverb concerning the "soft answer," turned and said, "May the Lord bless you!" They stopped yelling from pure astonishment.

But I was so weary and buffeted about by adverse winds that the shelter of the Major's house was gladly welcomed.

CHAPTER XII.

It may have been a coincidence, but the Major was again in his shirt sleeves.

"God bless you," he said. "I am so glad to see you in your uniform. I was afraid you would give it up."

"Oh, no. I will never give it up," and then I recounted, rather hysterically, the events of the morning."

"Poor child. You will get used to all that. But you are very brave."

"Captain Leyh told me it would be better for me to go to the Training Home in New York, and I should like it explained. Is it a theological seminary?" The Major laughed.

"No; it's a place where they train you in the work

of the Army. They teach everyone who enters, men and women, how to wash, scrub, cook, and live economically; then how to conduct meetings, to sing, pay visits, and in the work of the various bands. The Rescue Band is for reclaiming of fallen women. Besides this are the Gutter, Garret, and Cellar Brigades. Those in authority might think you fitted to work in any of these ways. You stay about three months, and they assign you to any field they think you best fitted for. It may be India or Japan, or they may keep you in one of the Training Homes to train others.

"Is there no religious instruction?" I could readily imagine how a person could be devout and yet profoundly ignorant of the tenets of his belief. The Major looked surprised.

"Just that you are expected to read the Bible a good deal."

"But what expense is there?"

"You have to pay your own way there, and provide a uniform for yourself. I think it would be a good thing for you, you learn so fully just what you have to do, while there, in any field you may be placed afterward. You have to fill out a blank the same as the form of application for appointment as an officer. Here is one. Study it carefully, and if you can comply with all the conditions, fill in the answers, and I will send it to Marshal Booth. Then, when they are ready for you, they will send for you."

I took up that blank reverently. It was a double sheet of strawberry-ice-cream colored paper, and contained just sixty-three questions. The Major

began to write while I studied that remarkable document. This is the way it ran:

Form of Application for Appointment as an Officer of Salvation Army.

Date of application.

Name. Address.

1. What was your age last birthday?
2. What is your height?
3. Do you enjoy good health?
4. Have you ever had any serious illness? If so, what?
5. Are you free from bodily defect or disease?
6. Have you ever had fits of any kind? If so, what kind?
7. Are you in debt? If so, how much, and why?
8. What is your occupation?
9. How long have you been in your present situation?
10. What wages do you receive?
11. When and where were you converted?
12. How long have you been an officer of the Salvation Army?
13. To what corps do you belong?
14. Have you ever been a member of any other religious society? If so, which?
15. Have you ever been a backslider? If so, how long?
16. Did you ever use intoxicating drink? If so, how long is it since you entirely gave up its use?
17. Did you ever use tobacco or snuff? If so, how long since you gave up using either?

18. Can you play any musical instrument? If so, what, and have you got one?

19. Can you raise tunes?

20. Can you read out hymns at first sight?

21. Can you write?

22. Is this form filled up by you?

23. Have you read the orders and regulations of the Army?

24. Do you pledge yourself to study and carry out, and to endeavor to train others to carry out, these orders? N. B.—If you have not got a copy of the "Rules and Regulations," and "All About the Salvation Army," get them from your captain at once.

25. Do you intend to live and die in the Salvation Army?

26. Would you be willing to go abroad if required?

27. Can you speak any other language but English? If so, which?

28. Do you pledge yourself to spend not less than nine hours a day in the active service of the Army, of which not less than three hours of every week day shall be spent in visitation?

29. Do you pledge yourself to keep a daily record of how your days are spent, on forms supplied to you for that purpose, if required?

30. Do you agree to wear the uniform, and to dress in every way in accordance with the directions from headquarters?

31. Can you provide your own uniform before entering the service?

32. Have you read, and do you believe, the doctrines printed on the other side?

33. Do you pledge yourself never to receive any

sum in the form of pay beyond the amount of allowance granted under the scale which follows?

34. Have you read the rule as to presents and testimonials, and do you engage to carry it out?

35. So far as you know is the doctor's certificate which you now return a full and correct statement?

36. How long notice do you require should we want you?

37. Have you ever been in the Army as an officer?

38. Does anybody depend on you for support? If so, to what extent?

39. Do you perfectly understand that no salary or allowance is guaranteed to you, and that you will have no claim against the Salvation Army, or against anyone connected therewith, on account of salary or allowances not received by you?

40. For reference give us the address of the following: 1. An officer. 2. The private who has known you in the Army longest. 3. A firm or employer who can speak of your character as a servant longest. 4. A landlord or neighbor who has known you longest since your conversion, and can speak of your life and character at home.

Single men and women must also answer the following questions:

1. Are you courting?

2. If so, whom?

3. Do you understand that you may not be allowed to marry until two years after your appointment as an officer?

4. If you are not courting, do you pledge yourself

to abstain from anything of the kind for at least twelve months after your appointment as an officer?

5. Do you pledge yourself not to carry on courtship with anyone at the station to which you are at the time appointed?

6. Do you pledge yourself never to commence, or to allow to commence, or to break off anything of the sort, without first informing the commissioner of your intention to do so?

7. Do you pledge yourself never to marry anyone, marriage with whom would take you out of the Army altogether?

8. Are you willing to come to the Training Home that we may see whether you have the necessary goodness and ability for an officer in the Salvation Army, fully understanding that if we do not think you have you will have to return home again?

9. Will you pay your traveling expenses to the Home if we decide to receive you in the Training Home?

10. How much can you pay for your maintenance while in the Training Home?

Married men must answer the following questions:

1. How long have you been married?

2. Is your wife converted?

3. Have you any children? If so, state the number and their ages.

4. Are all the members of your family free from bodily defect and disease?

5. Does your wife engage to wear the uniform?

6. Does she take part in the work of the Army? If so, what?

7. Does she wish you to become an officer, or is she only willing you should be one?

8. Has she also favored your going to the meetings? Or complained of your going too much?

9. If she objects to your becoming an officer, what is her reason for doing so?

10. Have you read to her the questions and answers on this form?

Declaration.

I hereby declare that I will never, on any consideration, do anything calculated to injure the Salvation Army, and especially that I will never, without having first obtained the consent of the Commissioner, take any part in opening any place for religious services, or in carrying on services in any place within three miles of any then existing station of the Army, under penalty of forfeiting $250 to the Commissioner for the benefit of the Army if I should in any way prove unfaithful to this solemn pledge.

I pledge myself to make the true records, daily, on the forms supplied to me, of what I do, and to confess, as far as I am concerned, and to report as far as I may see in others, any neglect or variations from the orders or directions of the Commissioner.

I fully understand that he does not undertake to employ or retain in the service of the Army anyone who does not appear to him to be fitted for the work, or faithful and successful in it, and I solemnly pledge myself quietly to leave any station to which I may be sent, without making any attempt to disturb or annoy the Army in any way, should the Commissioner desire me to do so. And I hereby discharge

the Army and the Commissioner from all liability, and pledge myself to make no claim on account of any situation, property, or interest I may give up in order to secure an engagement in the Army.

I hereby declare that the foregoing answers appear to me fully to express the truth, and that I know of no other facts which would prevent my engagement by the Commissioner if they were known to him.

Candidate signs here.....

If married, wife's signature.....

To Candidates.

All candidates are expected to fill up and sign this form if they can write at all.

You are expected to have read the pamphlet entitled "All about the Salvation Army," before you make this application.

Making this application does not imply that we can receive you as an officer, and you are therefore not to leave your home, or give notice to leave your situation, until you hear again from us.

If you are appointed as an officer, or received into either of the Training Homes, and it is afterward discovered that any of the questions in this form have not been truthfully answered you will be instantly dismissed.

If you do not understand any question in this form, or if you do not agree to any of the requirements stated upon it, return it to headquarters and say so in a straightforward manner.

Make your application for this appointment a matter of earnest prayer, as it is the most important step you have taken since your conversion.

By Order of the Commissioner.

Presents and Testimonials.

Officers are expected to refuse utterly, and to prevent, if possible, even the proposal of, any present or testimonial to them. Of course an officer who is receiving no salary, or only part salary, may accept food or other gifts such as are needed to meet his wants, but it is dishonorable for anyone who is receiving a salary to accept gifts of food also.

The Doctrines of the Salvation Army.

The principal doctrines taught in the Army are as follows:

1. We believe that the Scriptures, Old and New Testament, were given by inspiration of God, and that they only constitute the divine rule of Christian faith and practice.

2. We believe there is only one God, who is infinitely perfect, the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all things.

3. We believe that there are three persons in the Godhead—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost —undivided in essence, co-equal in power and glory, and the only proper object of religious worship.

4. We believe that in the person of Jesus Christ the divine and human natures are united, so that He is truly and properly God, and truly and properly man.

5. We believe that our first parents were created in a state of innocence, but by their disobedience they lost their purity and happiness; and that, in consequence of their fall, all men have become sinners, totally depraved, and as such are justly exposed to the wrath of God.

6. We believe that the Lord Jesus Christ has, by His suffering and death, made an atonement for the whole world, so that whosoever will may be saved.

7. We believe that repentance toward God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit are necessary to salvation.

8. We believe that we are justified by grace, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and that he that believeth hath the witness in himself.

9. We believe that the Scriptures teach that not only does continuance in the favor of God depend upon continued faith in and obedience to Christ, but that it is possible for those who have been truly converted to fall away and be eternally lost.

10. We believe that it is the privilege of all believers to be "wholly sanctified," and that "their whole spirit and body and soul" may "be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." That is to say, we believe that after conversion there remains in the heart of the believer inclination to evil or roots of bitterness which, unless overpowered by divine grace, produce actual sin; but that these evil tendencies can be entirely taken away by the Spirit of God, and the whole heart, thus cleansed from everything contrary to the will of God, or entirely sanctified, will then produce the fruits of the Spirit only. And we believe that persons thus entirely sanctified may, by the power of God, be kept unblamable and unreprovable before Him.

11. We believe in the immortality of the soul, in the resurrection of the body, in the general judgment at the end of the world, in the eternal happi-

ness of the righteous, and in the everlasting punishment of the wicked.

When I had got through this document I was absolutely dumbfounded by the picture it presented of complete renunciation of self, hopes, plans, ambitions, prosperity, all things of this life coveted of men. The Trappist monks give up scarcely less, because while immolated it is with the reverence of the world. With these Salvationists there is poverty perpetually enjoined, scorn, ridicule, a crushing of every part of the nature but the religious, and what seems a heartless abandonment of their bodily welfare by those with whom they serve. There is nothing for them but isolation in God. The magnitude of it was overwhelming.

"Well?" inquired the Major. "You see how much you have to give up. It is not a simple matter. It needs to be prayed over."

"I shall have to think about it. It takes a great deal of the grace of God."

The Major went over the form with me and straightened out the knotty points.

"Had I ever had fits? If so, what kind?" I had to think a moment. You can't expect a person to answer a question like that instantly. It was not impossible that I might have one then and contradict any rash statement I might make.

"Can you raise tunes?" I thought of the cadet who can raise people's hair with tunes and thought it probable I could do that much.

But "Can you write?" made me wonder how many of their applicants can not write. Afterward I found one regularly commissioned officer who

could not. The question itself was a dead give away.

"What shall I do about the references? The neighbors wouldn't say anything for me when they know mamma opposes my going away from home."

"I will answer for you and your cousin—that will do." He would answer for me! Well, next! But I had passed Scylla to encounter Charybdis.

"Are you courting? If so, who?" Great Cæsar! what did the man take me for. It wasn't I who was doing it. I did not feel like pledging myself to marry a Salvationist, either, when I thought of the specimens I had seen. There was Charlie Lanyon, who did everything by the sweat of his brow, the sick soldier, the bow-legged one, the one with the nasal catarrh, Captain Dick, and Trotter. "Happy Harry" was the only eligible one I had seen, and as it would be two years before I could set my cap for any one openly, such a very large fish as "Happy Harry" would be landed in some other net. I had rather promise not to marry at all. Really, under the circumstances, matrimony would have no inducements for me.

We read that paper clear through, and my awe increased. I folded it carefully and put it away. The Major gave me a letter of introduction to Cadet Wheeler, in charge of Number 8, and a package of pins and badges for Captain Leyh. Then he called Mrs. Evans. That gentle lady gazed on me with strong emotion and kissed me. We had a prayer, an all-hands-round blessing and one of their choruses, of which they have many that are beautiful and impressive. This one they sang now was a fa-

vorite of Clara's, and when sung in her heavy contralto voice brought many a giddy girl to a serious consideration of the Army.

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour;
Thou did'st shed Thy blood for me,
And tho' all men should forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee."

Then I departed to find Cadet Wheeler, to whose care Jessie and I were to be consigned, but my adventures must wait on Jessie's.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I am washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb.
My soul is spotless, 'tis as white as snow,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb,"

Clara was singing at the top of her voice when I climbed the crazy stair on returning from my little pleasure jaunt to the Major's. She was rocking as hard as she could rock, with her feet rather too elevated for ladylike grace, but smiling out of her big, bright eyes. She went right on with her singing, even after she saw me, only she switched off onto a new tune:

"Perfect peace I do enjoy—
Perfect peace I do enjoy—
And the smiling of my Savior
Makes a glory in my soul."

"Oh, Birdie, Birdie, Birdie! I thought somebody had gobbled you up, you sweet thing!" Whereupon Clara proceeded to gobble up a small part of

me. From the kitchen the cadet's dulcet voice proceeded with a dirge-like vivacity:

"I'm saved, I am—
I'm glad, I am—
I am washed in Jesus' blood.
I'm saved, I am—
I know I am—
And the Lord will lead His children home."

The cadet always chose a tune that would go with a rule and square, angular time-keeping, which was eminently cheerful. Bertha looked up and smiled, and Clara pulled me down in her lap. The house was full of company and Salvation slush was fairly slopping over. Ida was there, the sick boy, Amy, and a German woman with her arms folded in a shawl. They filled the little parlor to overflowing. Jessie was lying on the lounge, looking as fragile as a Dresden china cup.

"What have you been doing to youself?" I demanded.

"Nothing, only selling the *War Cry* in the outposts of perdition," she whispered.

"Selfish thing! You always take all the best of everything."

"You could have had that and welcome," she replied, without a glimmer of a smile.

Be it understood that the *War Cry* so often referred to in these pages, as announced in its artistic head, is "the only official gazette of the Salvation Army in America," and is published weekly by Ballington Booth, at 111 Reade St., New York City, at the uniform price of 5 cents per copy. The issue of September 29 was No. 365, so that it is now in the eighth year of its existence.

It is a neat sixteen-page sheet. The first page usually contains a biographical sketch of a prominent officer, with appropriate cuts. Then follows reports from various divisions detailing wonderful conversions. General Booth had contributed a letter to this issue urging a week of prayer and self-denial, the money saved to go toward carrying the good news afar. Obituary notices were full; weddings were chronicled; and there were columns of paragraphs that were worthy of Sam Jones as to point and brevity. One department contained news from abroad by cable; another, letters from converts. And then came the *War Cry* "thermometer" by which the "blood and fire" heat of different corps were tested by the number of the *War Cry* sold each week. This indicates the entire circulation, as the paper is handled only by the officers of the corps.

At the head stands Minneapolis Corps 1, and Fall River, Mass., selling 400 copies each. Denver, Colo., and St. Paul dispose of 350 each. A list of cities follows, the number of papers sold decreasing in number, no corps being in the list unless selling 100. In Chicago probably 1,000 copies are sold weekly by the eight corps, so the circulation of the *War Cry* runs easily into the thousands. On the last page stands a column of original songs sung by inspired Salvationists. Altogether it is an admirably edited sheet and fully answers the purpose for which it was created. There is not a line of advertisement in it except of their own wares and announcements. A price list of all things furnished at the headquarters storeroom is given. Bonnets ranged from two to five dollars, already trimmed.

Complete uniforms for both men and women could be obtained, jerseys, guernseys, caps, badges, tricolor ribbons, pins, tambourines, accordions, song books and cartridges, all at astonishingly low prices.

Then a column list of Salvation Army publications followed, and embraced six books by General Booth.

Rules and Regulations.
Doctrines and Discipline.
The Training of Children.
Salvation Soldiery.
The Soldier's Guide.
Doctrines of the Army.

Mrs. Booth is the authoress of:

Popular Christianity.
Aggressive Christianity.
Life and Death.
Godliness.
Practical Religion.

Church and State in relation to the Salvation Army.

Commissioner Railton is the next and most prominent of their writers, and has written:

Twenty-one Years in the Salvation Army.
Heathen England and the Salvation Army.
The Salvation Navy (Life of Capt. John Allen).
Captain Ted (Life of Capt. Edward Irons).

Some thirty miscellaneous books and pamphlets follow, and seven song books. All these are issued directly from the Army publishing house in London.

Of the newspapers and journals there exist the *War Cry* (American, English, Canadian, and Californian), the *En Avant* of France, *Strids Ropet* of

Sweden, *Der Kriegsruf* of German-Switzerland, *Der Heilsruf* of Germany, and *All the World*, a monthly magazine of forty-eight pages. The pen seems to have been as valiantly used as the sword, and the amount of Salvation literature put into circulation is truly amazing, considering the length of time the Army has been in existence. But the *War Cry!* If nothing else would prove the zeal of the officers of the Salvation Army the fact of their undertaking to sell so many copies of this official gazette under the most trying circumstances would surely do it.

A great many corps have a *War Cry* night when the people who attend the meetings are expected to invest in a paper at the door. At Englewood one of the soldiers went through the audience regularly every night disposing of as many as possible. When the latest edition arrives, if any number of the week before remain unsold by these methods, the officers are required to sell them on the streets. No profit is made by handling them, every one ordered has to be paid for whether sold or not, and all the profits go into the Army fund, which is used in perfecting or extending all branches of the Army work. In selling the paper the officers are expected to go into places of business, preferably into saloons and places of public resort.

It was this work which Jessie and the cadet had been engaged in while I was interviewing the Major. Clara had refused to go, saying it was Bertha's own fault they had not all been sold in the meetings; she didn't propose to go. She had sold them last week, anyhow, and it was someone's else turn, so Jessie was detailed to go with the cadet. Millie shut her teeth

hard and prayed for help on this expedition, and more faith. She is so singularly inelastic, and rubs against people's prejudices with an unconsciousness and persistency that falls just short of the sublime.

Perhaps some of the experiences of that morning were due to this quality.

They walked up Wentworth avenue to Sixty-third street and across to State, where they encountered two men with a can of beer between them. "Lord help us," said Millie, *sotto voce*—then aloud: "Do you want a *War Cry?*"

"You jiz wait a minute, m' dear," said one of the men, giving her a quizzical leer, and lifted the beer to his lips. Millie waited patiently, while Jessie stepped back. Presently the other man said:

"Yes, I'll take one."

"They are five cents apiece."

"Oh! I thought you were giving them away. I haven't any money to spend on trash."

"Will you read it if I will give you one?"

"Oh, yes; of course I will. Why not?" he said, with an embarrassed laugh, and scratching his head. She gave him one, and said:

"God bless you. May you come to love the *War Cry* better than you do beer." The two men went out, with a laugh, and an idle wind presently brought back a dust-stained copy of *War Cry*, which was to have rivaled beer in the affections of a man.

"I should think that would discourage you," said Jessie.

"You should pray for more faith. God help us," she added, as they reached a saloon and entered after a moment's pause. A dozen men were standing

about the bar, but no one would buy. It happened to be the first place of the kind Jessie had ever been in, and she glanced about curiously at the men, who all had just about enough to make them happy and good-natured. One of them winked at Millie in a jocose manner, and she took this as a sign that he was in a frame of mind to be approached, and acted accordingly.

"Will you buy a *War Cry?*" she asked, sweetly.

"A *War Cry* isn't what I am particularly hankering after when better things are to be had," he said, and winked at her again slowly and deliberately. Jessie wanted to knock him down, but Millie was too obtuse to catch his meaning, or too saintly, for she smiled on him and blessed him.

When they reached the market Millie said, "You go in alone while I pray for your success." So Jessie went in and asked the man in charge to buy a paper. He frowned and shook his head, so Jessie marched out again.

"I can't sell any."

"You must pray for more faith. You must remember that Christ was stoned," which fact bore no particular reference to their acting like fools in another cause, in Jessie's mind. The very air was full of impure thoughts, the smell of stale beer, and stale morals and manners. On Sixty-third street they stopped in a number of saloons, and all were full of men. The two gospel newsgirls were greeted first by a look of astonishment, then smiles alcoholically cordial, and ribald laughs.

"Do you want to buy a *War Cry?*" Millie asked, smiling as angelically as her peculiar constitution

permitted. The impression seemed to prevail that Millie was there to be guyed, and the occupation was rendered all the more entertaining by the fact that she herself was not aware of it.

"Well, now, let's argue that ma-atter, m' dear," said one man, taking her by the hand affectionately. Several would have talked with them indefinitely, with all a half-drunken man's amiability, but Jessie refused to answer them. Millie, true to her idea of a "word in season," stood a good deal of their chaffing, smiled beatifically on them and said, "God bless you," whether they bought or not. Jessie merely looked grim, said "Thank you" briefly, and pocketed the cash quite as if she had given them their money's worth. The worst of it was that no particular good seemed to come out of this exposure to insult, ridicule, and spiritual toleration of ribaldry and vice. Jessie's heart was hot with indignation. She walked along wearily by the cadet's side, almost ready to give up, and then came the last straw.

"Get out of here —— you!" yelled a saloonkeeper, as they entered one place. "I don't know what such a —— set want to come around to bother people for." Jessie looked at him, all her insulted womanhood in her face. The man growled something else and buried his face in a paper, having the grace to feel a little ashamed. "God bless you!" said Millie, as they went out. Jessie sat down on some steps, panting with anger.

"What do you go into such places for? You deserve to be insulted," she flashed at Millie.

"It is not us they insult, but the God. They will be damned for it. Lord, give us strength."

"If the fact of their being damned for it is any consolation to you, it isn't to me. On the last day there may be an extenuating circumstance in having been provoked." Millie only stared.

"Come on. We must sell the rest. Those who go into the worst places and sell the most will have the greatest reward." So Millie was after the boodle. That sort of feeling does not readily disguise itself. Jessie got up, too disgusted with her companion to care even to protest. The next man was quite willing to argue the question.

"Now, what good will that ——— paper do my family?" he asked. His question was greeted by a roar of laughter from a group of men who were all concerned about their families. Jessie retorted:

"What good will that whisky you are drinking do your family?"

"Well, now, see here; you don't understand this temperance question in all its ramifications. This will keep one member of my family feeling mighty ——— good," he replied. Jessie backed to the door, but Millie staid to talk with him, telling him how much better salvation was than whisky.

"Oh, see here, you've got just one side of it. But you never tried whisky. Now, girls, if you'll drink with me I'll buy a paper, ——— if I don't. What'll you take?" But still Millie did not desist.

"No, thank you," she said sweetly. "We are drinking from the full fountain of salvation, whose waters are ever sweet."

"It's pretty ——— hard to beat sour mash with any of your new mineral waters!" he replied, with imperturbable good humor.

"God bless you!" said Millie.

"All o. k. I got it. By-by," and he wafted them an airy kiss from the edge of his glass.

"I can't read," said the next man, who was sitting huddled up by a saloon stove. Jessie gave him a paper, he read it serenely, and gave it back. "——— rot," he remarked, parenthetically. Many made this same excuse, and others said they had no money. One man who was smoking made this statement, and bolstered it up by saying he could get trusted for tobacco.

"Well, I'll trust you for a paper," said Jessie, and gave him one.

"——— me if you ain't a brick. Come back next week, and I'll treat you, blest if I won't."

"I can't afford to buy one," said a bartender. "You get them to let me keep open Sunday, and I'll take all your papers, and sell 'em, too. Give one away with two beers. Big scheme, that. Wonder how we'd pull together in a business venture?"

Another bartender said: "You see that cash register? I have to use that. Every cent is registered. I haven't a cent of my own."

"I don't want it," growled a morose old man, bluntly.

"Oh, yes, you do. It would do you so much good. Maybe you'd be saved," persisted Millie.

"——— you; won't you let me have an opinion of my own?" he cried, starting up. Millie tried to soothe him, but he was just drunk enough to be quarrelsome. In another saloon Jessie sold a paper to a man at the bar, and then turned to go out, but Millie had got into an argument. She never knew

when it was time to quit, and as her common sense was not to be relied upon, Jessie walked out by herself, and waited under a lamppost.

"You mustn't give up so soon. Who knows but that a little seed dropped at the right moment will ripen for eternity—will ripen for eternity?" she repeated. When Millie remembered a fine phrase she rolled it around her tongue.

"Yes, and who knows if you disgust a man with cant but that will ripen for eternity also? You can insult a man's intelligence."

"Do you know they all believe just what we preach, only they won't admit it? They are all unhappy."

"Are they? They manage to conceal it very well."

"Oh, they are. They know they are in the wrong. They really respect us, too, and look up to us because we are sanctified." That was a very comforting belief for Millie, and as she will probably need all the comfort she can extract from it, Jessie left it undisturbed.

A number of men were standing around the car barn, but all refused to invest in a *War Cry*.

"You're in a damned pretty business," said one man, which opinion tallied with Jessie's, but she replied:

"We are selling our wares. You don't have to buy; but there is no necessity for your insulting us."

"Hush, hush!" said Millie. "She's new to the Army, and is impatient. You must excuse her. God bless you." She was very deservedly greeted with a roar of laughter. The men continued calling after them until they were out of hearing.

On Fifty-ninth street they were laughed at by everybody, sworn at by a few, and the oaths lacked even originality. Every man was wicked or vulgar after the same pattern. Millie sold two papers in a grocery near the viaduct, and Jessie entered the office of the *Daily Sun*. The young lady in charge shook her head, but Jessie persisted.

"We buy papers from you. You ought to do the same by us."

"I guess that's so," she said, and took a paper.

"You should always say something about their souls, and bless them," admonished the cadet."

"Oh, their souls be hanged!" said Jessie, recklessly. Millie looked at her.

"You talk so queer. But, then, some of the Army people believe in slang to reach the low. Perhaps we are not all equally endowed with grace and faith."

One was sold to a shoemaker, and then the girls entered the bank. An old gentleman, who was probably the cashier, asked them to wait a few moments.

"I attended a meeting at Arcade Hall, and heard the Marshal and Mrs. Booth. She's a noble little woman," he said. He then went on to speak of the way in which the papers had reported the meeting, and of the special article in the *Tribune*.

"We heard of that," said Millie, "but we didn't see any of the papers. We read only the *War Cry*." The gentleman bought a paper from her, and, their entire stock being disposed of, the two girls went back home, arriving there at one o'clock.

Jessie's soul was sick. Two hours and a half among drunken, cursing, brutal, ungodly men had

completely prostrated her. And what had been accomplished? One policeman with a sanctified club could have knocked more conviction of sin in the whole lot of them with one well-aimed blow than those two girls had done in an entire morning of gentle and idiotic submissiveness to whatever form their brutality chose to take. But, then, by the other method the *War Cry* would not be sold.

CHAPTER XIV.

"We are to go to No. 8, and if we come out of it alive I am to go on to the Training Home in New York," I announced from my throne on Clara's knee. Jessie started up from her lounge.

"I'll go and pack the valises; anything to get away. I was really afraid I'd choke the cadet in her sleep if I got a chance," she whispered, excitedly. Not until afterward did she recount her experiences of the day as contained in the last chapter.

"Hallejujah!" exclaimed the Captain. "Oh, you will be a soldier of the Lord now. I was always afraid something would frighten you from it."

"The only thing that frightened me to-day was going into a restaurant for breakfast and being stared at as if I were an animal out of Lincoln Park. But I said grace right before everybody."

"Praise God!"

"Bless Jesus!"

"Hallelujah!"

"I am a Christian soldier—
One of a noisy crew;
I shout when I am happy,
And that I mean to do.
Some say I am too noisy,
I know the reason why;
And if they felt the glory,
They'd shout as well as I.

I'm a soldier,
Should you want me,
You'll find me in the Salvation Army,"

sang Clara. Our conversation was always of the spasmodic variety.

"If they should want you, Clara, all they would have to do would be to listen, and they would hear something drop."

"Shut up. You shut up. I'll squeeze you to death," she responded, carrying her threat into instant execution.

"I was in a restaurant once. A whole lot of us went with a man after there had been a hallelujah wedding. We said grace, and after we had finished we knelt and had a prayer meeting. You ought to have seen the people stare," said the Captain.

"I'd like to live in a restaurant all the time," began Clara. "I was in one once or twice and everything was so fine. They gave you a printed list of all they had, and, my! I guess they had so many things you couldn't choose what you wanted. The fellow I was with paid fifty cents for just a little piece of steak, and then we had pie and coffee. But I guess people who live in restaurants ain't any better than they ought to be."

"Well, I saw a fellow in a restaurant once,"

broke in Charlie Lanyon. "He was with a woman, and he wanted to rent a house. The waiter called me, and it just happened father had some rooms vacant, and so they moved in. Who do you think they were?" He paused a moment to give full effect to his denouement, while Ida, Amy, the sick soldier, the German woman, the cadet, and Clara hung on his words. "Why, it was James Aldrich Brown, the man who was married twenty-three times and never got a divorce once. That's the kind of folks you can pick up if you ain't careful."

"Did you ever! Oh, Charlie, you're the funniest fellow I ever saw," screamed Clara, tumbling me off her lap to slap that young man on the shoulder, hilariously. Clara's exuberance frequently slopped over after this manner.

"They lived in our house about two weeks, and we thought they were all right until the man was arrested."

"Oh, I wish I had seen him!" gushed Ida.

"Did you talk to him about his soul? Perhaps he could have been saved before he went to jail if someone had talked to him about Jesus." The cadet was always on time.

"It would have been a good thing for some really religious girl like you to have married him, Millie, as she would have had more opportunities to talk with him. Perhaps he would have returned to the first wife of his bosom and behaved himself in order to escape further punishment." But Millie only looked puzzled. She never took my little pleasantries in and profited by them.

"There is just one other thing. I find I can't get

married for two years if I join the Army. On that I'll kick."

"Oh, Birdie, let me see that form. Bertha, it's so, you can't marry for two years. This paper says so. I ain't going to be an officer. And you can't marry outside of the Army. Huh! Well, I never saw anybody in the Army I'd have. Oh, I didn't mean that," with a telling look at Charlie, but Charlie was looking at me just then, and missed it.

"Clara, you are so giddy. To hear you talk people would think you didn't belong to the Army. Some day you'll feel different about marrying a soldier."

"Well, they do have lovely weddings. Bertha, tell about that one we had at Minneapolis.

"You should have seen it, Birdie. One of our captains was married in the hall. She had been in the Army three years, and had converted a young man, who also went into the Army and became a staff-captain. He had fallen in love with her and told the Major so. But before he told her a word of it he had to get the permission of the Commissioner. Then he wrote to her and they corresponded regularly and became engaged. She told me of it, and said that she prayed all night after she had written her acceptance of his love for God to make her worthy of this great happiness. They waited until her term was up at the place to which she was appointed, and then the bridegroom came. We had the Army hall decorated with evergreens and Japanese lanterns and flags. Representatives from a dozen corps were there, and the Major and Mrs. Evans and "Happy Harry." Nearly two hundred

soldiers were in the procession, which marched with torches, drums, and tambourines to the hall where there must have been three thousand visitors. We had a hallelujah meeting, with singing, prayer, and testimony, and then a sermon on marriage was delivered. Oh, it was solemn. At nine o'clock the bride and bridegroom stepped down from the platform. You couldn't have told them from the other soldiers; they wore their ordinary uniforms. It was such a beautiful service. They stood under flags with Army color-bearers on either side, and when it was over we had a knee-drill and jubilee meeting. Why, of course, we were all happy. You know Jesus was bidden to the wedding, and he always comes. The next night there was a grand supper and "farewell," and an all-night knee-drill. Part of the money taken in at the door was used to pay their traveling expenses back to his station, where they held a meeting the very next night. We have many beautiful and impressive ceremonies connected with the great events of life. We believe in expressing all our joy in praising God. Did you ever see anything of the kind, Birdie?"

"I saw 'Happy Harry' dedicate a kid—oh, a baby—well, he called it a kid, down in Peoria. I was in the audience waiting for the procession, which was doing some extra howling on the street. All at once the door of Rouse's Hall burst open and 'Happy Harry' bounded in.

"'Glory to God!' he shouted. 'All the sisters sing.' They all sang and prayed.

"'Now, bring on your kid!' he said, and began to roll up his sleeves as if for a prize fight."

"He is always so attractive!" laughed the Captain. "Huh? Oh, yes! he is always attractive." For all her saintliness, Captain Bertha was decidedly off, æsthetically.

"Well, he rolled up his sleeves and pitched in. The cadet brought up the 'kid,' and the father and mother stood near. There was a stand draped in the Army colors, and a flag was waved above the heads of all. It made a striking picture with 'Happy Harry' holding the baby while he prayed.

"'Amen!' shouted everyone.

"'Let'er go!' said Harry. He gave the baby back and began a jubilee meeting. I never saw anyone get around so lively. He preached about ten minutes like this:

"'What's the matter with you sinners back there? Any flies on you? Bet there are. There are flies on pretty near everything. But I know one there isn't —Jesus. Everybody sing to the tune of the "*Lily of the Valley*"

'"There are no flies on Jesus,
He's everything to me."'

"The audience fairly howled, and the next night a great number came back, thinking there would be more fun, but 'Happy Harry' was gone, and it all fell flat again."

"If we were all like him how grand it would be!" But I beg leave to differ, unless they want the Army to be like a circus.

Jessie came in just then and reported the valises packed. Dear Jessie, she was in haste to jump from the frying-pan into the fire. If she had only known what was coming! But that dispensation

which makes of the future a sealed book is a wise one.

"Let's have a jubilee meeting now, before you go. There are such a lot of us, but the more the merrier. Let us pray." This is what actually followed: We all got down on our knees, the ten of us, in the little parlor, though the sick soldier did have to hang his legs over the stair railing. Bertha prayed:

"Oh, our Father, bless us, we pray Thee. Especially bless these dear girls who are going into a new and untried field to labor for Thee." She never got any farther. Clara struck up a song:

"I will follow Thee, my Savior,
Thou hast shed Thy blood for me,
And, though all the world forsake me,
I will always follow Thee."

"Oh, God! ! ! Help these hallelujah lasses to follow Thee!" (A groan.) "Help them to glory in doing Thy will. Let them speak words of fire, and wade through rivers of bl-lo-o-o-d to thy feet!" (Amen) (Hallelujah) prayed Clara.

"When first I saw the Army
As it came into our town,
It's appearance didn't please me,
But I followed them around,"

sang the cadet after her boot-sole-stirring manner. "Dear Lord, these girls didn't love the Army when they first came. They were not stuck on it. But now Thy grace has made it easier for them. Go with them, we pray Thee, and guide their footsteps to the end." (Yes, Jesus!)

"Now, Dick, you pray." So Dick prayed, and

Charlie, and then "Dear Birdie, pray for yourself—just a little word." For the life of me I could think of only one thing to say, and that was a prayer from the Buddhist ritual, or whatever they call it, but it served the purpose:

"Oh God, Thou who art omnipotent, pity one whose authority is so brief."

"Hallelujah!"

They were all up about me. "Oh, you do pray so beautifully. You see what it is to have an education," cried dear Bertha.

"Where are you going?" asked Amy.

"To No. 8, on State street."

"No. 8?" asked Dick. "I was down there once, and it's hell let loose."

"Have courage! Jesus will surely help you. The foes of the Lord are many but they will never prevail," said the Captain. "Remember He was crucified. There are those who would crucify Him now should He return."

"You must have more faith——"

"Now, Millie," laughed Clara. "Save your word for another season."

"She'll need it the next time she sells *War Crys*," remarked Jessie, grimly. We were then kissed all around by the girls, and Dick said, sheepishly:

"I'll come to see you some time to find out how you get along."

"You can't," I answered severely. His budding hopes had to be sat down on. "I'm going to be an officer and can't have a beau for two years."

"I didn't mean that way," he stammered, confused by a public rebuke.

"Yes, you did, and you'll have to give it up." We were kissed again all around.

"Good-by. Oh, Bertie I want your picture."

"Wait till I have it taken in a uniform."

"All right, good by. Come out and see us."

"All right, good by."

"God bless you!"

We shut the door with a bang and found ourselves free. We sat down a moment on the steps, looking miserably into each other's eyes. "God bless you!" said Jessie, but I think it was mechanical, a spasmodic contraction of the brain, on the same principle that a frog kicks all over a frying pan. We had a brief respite and then went on and on—got clear away from Englewood and rode on an ordinary Wentworth avenue horse car deliberately into "Hell let loose."

CHAPTER XV.

That graphic epithet was very fully justified by the events which followed. I am glad there is hope for the blackslider, for at the end of four days there were just two of us who fell from grace and into disgrace by going back on the Army. But whatever other plea I may urge hereafter for blacksliding I can not say that I went to Chicago Corps No. 8 with my eyes shut.

The Major had sent us to Englewood first, saying distinctly that it presented the very best phase of Army work. Nowhere else would we find it so good.

We were to see all the work there and become used to it, and then afterward we could meet Satan in a hand-to-hand fight. I am afraid we did not feel sufficiently grateful for his consideration until afterward, when we had a chance to compare. Englewood was unique enough to keep our mouths and eyes open for a week and our hearts in our mouths, dreading the next antic we would be expected to participate in. Our crowded quarters had not been distinctly agreeable; there was no place big enough or private enough to indulge in a bath, and meals were irregular and uncertain in quality, so that I wondered if my powers of digestion would hold out.

Afterward I was forced to admit that the Major was more than kind, that Englewood was Elysium and the cadet an archangel. He had now given me distinctly to understand that in the fight at No. 8 Satan was emphatically on top. Then Dick had made a very uncompromising statement concerning the joys that would await us. Still we went. I not only went, but made a very decided effort to accomplish the going. But even now, as I write, my heart grows faint and my brain recoils from the necessity for recalling and recording the events of four awful days fairly blurred into my memory.

I wish to state emphatically that No. 8 did not suffer by comparison with Englewood. If anything, our experiences there rather helped us to go through all the rest of it. We were used to the routine; to public curiosity and comment; we knew the manner of life in detail, the kneelings down and risings up, the cant phraseology, the things expected of us, the one unending subject of observation, med-

itation, and conversation. So familiar were all these that the observance of them was merely mechanical and monotonous. We did them, like the rest, as a matter of habit. If we had gone to No. 8 first I do verily believe we should not have come out alive and with our seven senses still about us. But what was suffered there was not from "remembering happier things," because No. 8 was one of those places and experiences not to be compared with anything in heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. It was chaos chained and tied down to one spot. It was literally "Hell let loose" and confined again on earth.

"Ah, they need the Army down there!" the Major had said feelingly. "The corps has been opened only about two months and is the latest one to be started in Chicago. There is work there for stout hearts and steady brains."

I very naturally expected to find an attempt to supply this dire need at No. 8, to find that the soldiers of the Lord were firing volley after volley of faith and good works into the enemy's strongholds. I thought to hear of them in the highways and byways and along the hedges and ditches, and that the pathway to them would be over the bodies of prisoners and the slain. And this is what I did find.

The Major had prepared me a letter of introduction, which was written on the official paper with a letter head in red ink gotten up in fine style, announcing that the interesting document was from the divisional headquarters of the Salvation Army, 452 Armitage avenue, and that Major Evans was the divisional officer in command. He had written:

"*Cadet Wheeler, Chicago Corps, No. 8.*

"DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD: This will introduce to you Miss Bertha and Miss Jessie Mayo, two new converts, who will live with you a few days if you can make room for them.

"May the Lord abundantly bless you.

"Yours for Christ and the Army,

"MAJOR EVANS."

The address on this letter directed me to 530 Thirty-first street as the private residence of the officers of No. 8. Where that number should have been was a vacant lot so large and lonesome that I wondered if it had strayed in from some Western town. I inquired at 520, and a round-eyed boy who opened the door stared at me.

"I never seen 'em, no'm," he answered. "What do they look like?"

"Well, they look like me. Did you ever see a dress like this before?"

"No'm." He gave me a broad grin and shut the door.

I went across the railroad tracks to a butcher shop.

"Eh? Der aint any girls like you down here," said a German woman in charge. "Gott im Himmel, vill der wimmins go to der var, too? Vat become of us all? I tell Hans if dere pe a var he go. I cut up a beef by myself. If de wimmins go, too, who takes care mit der kinder?"

"Oh, we just fight Satan!" I explained.

"Uh, huh! Vell, he's a bad man. I guess you have to fight him hard, mebbe. I ask you to excuse me for not knowing about dem girls. If dey comes for meat I know pretty quick." Such cour-

tesy was rare, and I excused her with all my heart. I inquired at a drug store, a grocery, a coal office, and at the railroad station. All to no purpose. No one had seen or heard of those girls. An old man whom I met, said:

"God bless you, my dear. I'm glad to see somebody in this God-forsaken region who is openly on the Lord's side."

"God bless you. Have you seen the girls who are stationed here?"

"I have seen no one of the Army down here but you. I used to go to No. 1, on Chicago avenue. That is how I know the uniform." Alas, the officers of No. 8 had effectually hidden their light under a half-bushel. I gave up the search in despair and was walking slowly to the Clark street railway station to take a return train to Englewood when I heard an unearthly and unintelligible yell behind me. There came a blue-uniformed figure careening after me. If you ever saw a Texas steer break from a drove and go bellowing over the plains you will have some idea of the grace and musical accomplishments of my intercepter.

"Dit you try to find us, huh?" she asked. "You're de new Captain, mebbe?" So here was another soldier of the Lord. Her petticoats were still painfully agitated about the ankles from her flying leap across the gutter onto the plank walk. I looked her up and looked her down, and if I had looked all over London town I could not have found another like her.

"No; I'm not the new Captain, but I was trying to find the officers of No. 8. Do you know them?"

"Uh, huh! Vell, I'm one of dem girls. Come on."

"Shades of——;" but even astonishment has a point beyond which it can not go. She was one of "dem girls!" Now come the deluge. I was quite as prepared for that as anything else. At the most, by her uniform, I thought she might be a convert of the officers of No. 8. If there was more to be learned I proposed to pull it all down on my devoted head.

"Are you Cadet Wheeler?"

"No-o. She's in de hoos by hersel. I'll show de vay. Uh, huh, you pretty near got lost, mebbe? I saw you out de vindow, an' shout, 'oh cadet, dere's de new Captain; she can't find de vay.' Den I run."

She showed me "de vay." It was at 510, and the Major had made a mistake and the public very generously followed his example of ignorance. It was in the rear of 510, a big building with a weather-beaten aspect that possibly harbored dozens of bodies and crushed as many souls. It stood on the street and climbed skyward and earthward. The lower panes had the glass supplemented by shingles, bits of old clothing or paper stuffed in the holes. We stumbled down a half-dozen rotten steps, dark with damp, and sinking soddenly under the steps. This ran the whole length of the building and was wedged in solidly between that and another house of an equally uninviting appearance and smell. There was a strip of sullen, gray sky far above, and anything but a "shining" vista of endless rows of coal-sheds and out-buildings. We got to the end of this walk after awhile and climbed some steep

steps onto a platform at the back. This terminated in a shed-like portal, the outer gates of a door we presently went through and landed in a tiny kitchen which was just then as hot as hades. Ironing was going on, but this did not explain the heat to my entire satisfaction. In the light of after-experiences my own metaphor described it better.

My guide through these devious ways was a Sweed, but she was not a clean, serene-eyed, domestic-beast-of-burden Sweed, such as I was accustomed to seeing. The land of snows sends us some immaculate specimens, but Annie was not one of them. She was knotty and knobby and gnarled; she had not been bent in the direction in which she should have grown, and in maturity she fulfilled the proverb. She had lines and seams all over a face with washed-out eyes, and a dirty, yellowish-gray complexion. She was not responsible for that—to have got the dirt out of Annie's skin the ablutions should have begun with some remote ancestor. She had round shoulders, hay-colored hair as stiff as a leper's and of uneven growth, an ungainly gait, and positively abnormal hands and feet. Her body was long and lank but not tall. Her coarse blue dress "hitched' up one side and down the other, though it had probably been made straight; her back and bosom reversed the generally accepted convex and concave lines. Altogether it would be a trial to have to see her scrubbing off the front steps occasionally, but to live with her as an equal! I congratulated myself on the fact that she was *not* Cadet Wheeler, but my congratulations were rather premature. Annie could not be duplicated, but I found out that she could

have a very formidable rival, and I afterward discovered that this first cursory glance did not begin to develop Annie's resources as a thing of beauty.

"I foundt her, uh, huh!" she said, ushering me into the presence of Cadet Wheeler. Annie's voice was a long, loud, rasping whine that set my teeth on edge. When she opened her mouth her jaw dopped fearfully, and left a cavern full of yellow fangs. It was a relief when she returned to her ironing.

So this was the presiding officer of No. 8. That fair damsel was ensconced in a rocking-chair, which she filled to overflowing with her abundant charms. She was at least five feet eight inches, and weighed in the neighborhood of 175 pounds. She had a blonde bullet head, a round face, retreating chin and brow, high cheek bones, a very red and white skin, and the very smallest eyes and protruding mouth I have ever seen. Darwin's theory has one more convert. Her hair was also stiff and unmanageable and of that indescribable lack of color, a dirty streak here and a faded one there. It was plastered tightly back into a little knot that didn't stay fastened. Stray stiff locks escaped and stood out about the ears like horns. As I entered she had three greasy wire hair-pins thrust into her little round mouth, and was trying to twist her hair into place. She had been engaged in the literary occupation of inditing an epistle with red ink.

"God bless you!" she said, mechanically, without rising, and in a voice that came from the caverns of her memory of some ancestral saw-mill. I experienced a positive physical shiver when she said it.

I had been awed by this phrase, amused by it, grateful for it, but never until that moment disgusted by it. There was a distinct feeling that if ever I were to be blessed I preferred it to be without Cadet Wheeler's interposition.

I gave her the Major's epistle. She spelled it over slowly, and then thundered: "Cadet, come here; here's a letter from the Major," by which I surmised that a letter from the Major was an event. The cadet, the Sweed, loped in from her ironing.

"Let me see for mysel," she said, snatching the letter. "Vere's de name? Oh, yes, uh, huh! Vat he write to you fur?" There was envy and suspicion in her voice, the kind heard only among those so ignorant that they doubt all the multitude of unintelligible things about them, the mysterious written document most. Annie could write, as I afterward discovered, but possibly only in her native language.

"You don't have to know everything people write to me. Give that back. This young lady will live with us, her and her cousin. The Major spoke to me about them before."

"He did, huh! Ven I vasn't dere, mebbe. Vell dey can come," she said, not ungraciously, considering that everything they had belonged to the Army and the Lord. "I'm Happy Annie, because I'm so happy. Vat dey call you?"

"They just called me Bertie at Englewood."

"Ain't you a cadet nor nothin'?"

"No; I'm just a soldier, I guess."

"Oh, vell, you be smart, and serve the Lord, and you'll be an officer after avhile." I wondered if that

explained how Annie had got her deserved promotion. If so, I very humbly begged to be excused. It was a novelty, too, to see a creature to whom Salvation Army distinctions were looked upon as a personal glory. I had suspected it of Millie occasionally, but here it was too palpable. Annie had been "promoted" from a past that could be easily guessed partly from this fact.

"I'm so glad you've come," said Cadet Wheeler after she had got the hair-pins out of her mouth again. "We need help. Captain Stevenson has just left to be a staff-captain. We are all sick, and the meetings are not so good now because I can't sing. My voice has given out."

"Indeed!" That was all I could say. I didn't wish the girl a bit of harm but I was devoutly thankful her voice had given out. I have no conception of what it might have been in its normal condition. In its present reduced state it made one's ears ache.

"What a nice dress you have on. You are dressed as fine as a captain." It must have been the neatness of it and the white collar and cuffs that struck her so favorably, and she probably thought it all costly. Her own dress was of cheap summer cashmere; her jersey was too small, the sleeves being skin tight, and coming within four inches of her big red wrists. She was anything but lovely. At this moment a dark, slender, limp girl, in a blue Mother Hubbard wrapper, made her appearance from an inner chamber. She swung herself across the room and sank into a flabby heap on a chair.

"This is Aggie, another cadet," remarked Cadet

Wheeler, parenthetically. So they were all cadets "Aggie's been sick, too, and can't sing."

"I guess I been sick, too," said Happy Annie, suddenly reappearing.

"What's the matter with you, Annie?" I asked

"Oh, I don't know. Mebbe I got de headache, sometimes. Gimme dat bottle." But Cadet Wheeler, because she was the biggest, and was also in spiritual authority, got the first pull at "dat bottle." It was a cough sirup. Then Annie took some and Aggie. If I had thought to be sick I could have had some, too. It must have been a universal panacea, or they were all afflicted alike. I got up to say good-by then, promising to be back with my cousin in time for supper and the evening meeting.

"You won't get much," said the cadet, bluntly. "We don't hardly make expenses. I expect they live high at Englewood."

"No," I answered, disgusted at the coarse tone of envy. "They live very plainly. Never mind; we will all share what there is." One thing, it would be easier to give them money than it had been at Englewood. I mentally resolved to take charge of the larder at No. 8, and to see that it was kept filled during my stay.

Then it was that I got back to Englewood as chronicled in the preceding chapter, got Jessie and our valises, boarded a Wentworth avenue car and rode into "Hell let loose," as the soldier so graphically put it. Jessie had a full description of the joys that awaited her, during our ride, and was in a state of mental collapse by the time we reached our destination. We got there about five o'clock, and were

kissed (! ! !). The house was really not bad. It was clean, for one thing, though rather untidy, and I conceived the idea that Captain Stevenson probably ran things when she was on deck. The kitchen floor was covered with a bright oil cloth, and the sitting-room with an ingrain carpet, both new. These had been given them. There was a dining-table, a stationary washstand and sink, and a pantry built into the kitchen. The first thing I did, without even saying "by your leave," was to explore that pantry. It contained a scanty supply of crockery, a half-loaf which was worse than no bread, a dish of butter, a teacup half full of ground coffee, and a few potatoes. Not a very promising supper for five hungry girls. Jessie made out a list of necessaries, and we went marketing, strolling down to Wentworth avenue. In a butcher shop Jessie asked for porterhouse steak.

"I've got some that's cheaper," said the butcher, accommodatingly.

"Have you any that's better?" asked Jessie. He hadn't; so we got that, and doubtless gave Corps No. 8 a reputation for extravagance with that butcher. We got some butter, eggs, vegetables, coffee, tea, a box of white grapes, a jar of cream and some angel cake, satisfied that the wolf would stay away from the door of No. 8 for two meals at least. When two baskets of edibles were deposited on the kitchen table at our new residence some howls went up.

"Oh, cadet, did you ever! Why there's everything you ever heard of to eat!"

"Vere you get so much money, huh?" suspiciously.

"Earned it," said Jessie, laconically. It was not necessary to be cautious here, as at Englewood. "Don't you be alarmed. When this is gone there's plenty more where this came from."

"Dit you vork out?"

"Yes, we worked out."

"Cadet, de young ladies vorked out! I tink you been ashamed."

There were some faint protests against an elaborate supper, and remarks that they never ate much for supper, anyhow. But Jessie and I invariably did eat a good deal when we could get it. I constituted myself cook and prepared that steak in the most approved manner. Annie made the coffee, and there was fresh bread and butter, white grapes and angel cake.

Then Aggie brought out an antique apple pie and invited us to partake, but we were both constitutionally opposed to pie of any sort for supper, and to that species of the product at any time. An exceedingly short grace had been said by the cadet and then everybody "pitched in." Perhaps it was because they usually "did not eat much for supper" that they made such havoc with this one. They all sat stoop-shouldered with their feet on the rungs of their chairs, and, thus braced, leaned over their plates and shoveled the food in on the conveniently broad blades of steel knives. The repast was seasoned with conversation.

"What kind of crowds do you have down here?" I asked.

"Well, they're pretty rough, but we just teach those boys to behave or walk out. A policeman

comes in, and Annie stands at the door to keep the worst ones out."

"I thought you never turned any of them away."

"You bet we do. I ain't going to have boys come in just to raise a row."

"But they might get saved," expostulated Jessie.

"Don't you fool yourself. That ain't what they come for. Some of them Catholics ain't got any souls of their own; they give 'em to the priests, and then they do just as the priests tell them. That's the reason they behave so badly at our meetings."

"You must be mistaken. I know a good deal about priests, and they keep thousands of rough young men behaving themselves decently."

"When I was in Lockport," began Aggie, reminiscently——

"You shut up about Lockport; you tink nobody been anywhere but you," interrupted Annie, felicitously. Aggie "pulled a face at her," as their phraseology has it, and said in an explanatory and conciliatory way:

"Annie hasn't been in America long enough to know how to behave."

"Vell, I got more Salvation dan you got, just de samee. Dat's vat count mit de Lord." Her jaw dropped horribly, and she sang between the dropping of grapes into the crater an original composition of her own:

"I is Happy Annie,
I's happy all de day,
And since I join de Army
I do nothing but sing and pray.
Hallelujah!"

"Who say I can't sing, huh? You get your songs

made up for you, and I make up my own. Dat's vat please de Lord." If Annie's song, in either sound or sentiment, pleased the Lord, His musical ear needs training, and His poetical feet guidance in other paths. But this was probably only among many other unauthorized statements of Annie's.

At the end of the supper, which was lengthened interminably by such sweet converse, we knelt at our places, and Annie prayed. At Englewood this returning of thanks was always silent and impressive; here it was noisy. Annie prayed in a highly original manner, so that on a later similar occasion Jessie brought her shorthand into requisition to reproduce a prayer that never varied in sound or substance. The cadet groaned as if that apple pie had entered a protest, and Aggie furnished the responses; and this was the manner of the petition that was sent up:

"Oh, deah Lawd Jesus, uh, bress us, we pray De. Deah Lawd Jesus, we are but wohms of de dust, uh. Deah Lawd Jesus, go wid us, we pray De, to de meedting dis night, uh. Deah Lawd Jesus, bress de cadet, de Majah, de Marshal, and Aggie and de young ladies (us). Bress all who vill come to de meedting, veder dey come to praise De or to make fun of Dy bressed vord. Oh, deah Lawd Jesus, uh. Amen!" Annie always went on until she got to the end of her string. They all jumped up immediately.

"Now, you want to hustle, girls, I tell you," remarked the cadet. "There is just time to read a little of the Sacred Word." She got the Bible, propped her feet on the rungs of her chair, planted her elbows on the table, opened that sacred

volume, and read a verse from the first chapter of Timothy:

"'Whereunto I am appointed a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles.'"

"Oh, dat's vor me," exclaimed Annie. "I be a preacher to de Gentiles. Vot's Gentiles, cadet?"

"I don't know. I guess there ain't any, nowadays."

The book was closed after this lucid exposition, and opened again at random and another verse read from the fourth chapter of St. Luke. "And they were astonished at His doctrine; for His word was with power."

"Oh!" screamed Aggie. "That's just right for me. I used to astonish my own folks so with powerful words, and they wondered where I got them. I said 'they come from the Lord.' Now read one for the young ladies." Jessie and I didn't know what to make of all this. Again was the Word of God thrown like dice to see what spots would come up. It was nothing but a variation of a vulgar method of telling fortunes Every reading was greeted with screams of laughter. Jessie and I looked at each other, and wondered what we had done to draw this unhallowed deluge down on us.

"Shall I read your verse," asked the fortune teller.

"Oh, just as you please." It disgusted me, shocked me, and made me physically sick. She read a verse from somewhere; then Jessie was favored, and last of all the cadet's turn came. But the cadet would not take the first trial as an ultimatum. She tried several times, until she found a verse that

suited her. I don't remember just what it was that satisfied her fastidious taste, but it had the word "cherubs" in it, and the cadet pronounced it "chairbubs." Jessie nearly rolled off her chair, and the cadet looked up surprised.

"Cadet, vat's chairbubs?" asked Happy Annie, with her happiest expression.

"I guess it's them little boys with wings. Aggie, ain't you got that funny valentine with one of them chairbubs on it?"

"Oh, yes, I know now. I seen 'em in de vindow. I didn't know de Lawd have dem little boys around; vy, dey don't vare no clothes."

"There's lots of things you don't know, Annie. Sometimes you think yourself so everlasting smart, too."

"Uh, huh! Vell, I am smarter dan some people I know, anyhow," with which statement, indisputable because it was impossible to premise whom Annie had had opportunities of knowing, the exchange of civilities ceased.

This blasphemy had gone on for a half-hour. At the end of it Jessie and I crept into the dark sitting-room and the rocking-chair, where we sat shivering with our arms about each other, absolutely speechless. The cadet, a colossal shadow, moved about putting on her wraps and gathering her implements of salvation together. She wore a tight fitting jersey jacket that made her look more than ever like a bass drum. The tambourines were put into blue cambric bags and dangled on the arms, the bonnets tied under the chins, then they came in search of us in the dark.

"You two think a good deal of each other, don't you?" asked the cadet as she stumbled over us. "Captain Stevenson and I used to be just like that, but some folks you can't love if you try," with a contemptuous glance at Annie.

"Nobody asked you to try," snapped that felicitous damsel.

"I am just a drowning man's straw to Jessie," I responded wearily, as we both got up.

"Huh?"

But my little parable was left unexplained. Seeing how successful it was, we talked after that in parables to exchange confidences, and it served the purpose as well as any other foreign language.

CHAPTER XVI.

There was a walk of about six blocks through a portion of Chicago teeming with every species of life and death, virtue and vice; across Wentworth avenue on Thirty-first street, and north on State street almost to Twenty-ninth. All the thoroughfares were brilliantly lighted; people were hurrying up town and down; street cars rattled by; the thunder of a thouand hoofs were in our ears mingled with the roar of the cable trains as they rushed by with their freight of humanity. No one noticed us; the three cadets walked together, their arms affectionately interlaced, making a formidable daisy chain across the pavement. Jessie and I followed in the rear, also interlaced for mutual support.

When we reached the hall it was 7.30 o'clock.

The hall was designated the "Salvation Army Temple," and a temple it was, in all probability made by unskilled hands. It was a big barn of a place constructed of brick, with two wide leaves forming the door, and one narrow, tall window, partly boarded up, being the only apertures in front. There was no attempt at finish on the interior except a coat of whitewash on the bricks. One window opened onto the platform at the rear, and a skylight was let in above for the entrance of light, air, and other etceteras which developed later on. The building, until recent date, had been occupied as a livery stable, and was admirably fitted for that purpose. To make it suitable for the use to which it was now being put the stalls had been taken out and some rude benches, that were unfortunately movable, had been put in. The water pipes, which had been used for equine inhabitants, were leaking and the water ran in little streams down the asiles. Everything had a ramshakle appearance. "Straight was the gate and narrow was the way" to the mourner's bench if one avoided wading through pools of water and rending the garments on projecting nails in the benches. For the privilege of holding religious services in this place, Corps No. 8 paid $40 a month.

"Ten dollars every week," remarked the cadet. "We have to pay every Monday."

"That is about $44 a month," said Jessie, parenthetically, but they didn't figure it that way. There were just four weeks in a month, $40. Just for curiosity I should have liked to see their contract to have discovered whether it was by calendar or lunar time they calculated. This place had been

leased for three years at that rate, they stated, though at the time of going to press the building was again occupied for a sale stable. The Major had probably arranged for their use of the place, and I had discovered that the Major has a long head for business. When it is necessary he generally succeeds in shutting up shop without financial liabilities.

One curly-headed young soldier, in a red Guernsey, and an accordion, was present, and a half-dozen children, who were tramping over the platform beating tambourines and yelling.

"Now, you young ones, shut up," yelled the cadet, who seemed gifted with the power to make people noisy. The soldier with the accordion blessed us in some North European dialect, the children pulled our garments to pieces, and we left them behind us as we fled, as did a certain Biblical hero when tempted to sin. I was tempted to choke off the noise of one of them, and the only safety lay in flight. The acoustic properties of that building were something fearful; the noise which could be produced there was unique.

"Oh, cadet, may I beat a tambourine?"

"Cadet, let me take up the collection?"

"Cadet, cadet, cadet."

"Shut up, shut up, I tell you. I can't hear anything," she yelled in reply. The accordion retired to a safe corner with its master and was stilled. By and by the tempest was lulled into silence. Annie took up her station at the door with a belligerent aspect, and inspected each applicant for admission. It is presumed that the very black sheep were

refused, but others with very large and exceedingly dark spots did get in. Many who came as far as the portal saw her and fled incontinently. Others were bolder.

"Vat you come here vor?" she asked one young man.

"To get saved. Isn't that what you keep this place open for?"

"You come last night to get saved and you get put out by a police. I know you."

"Well, it wasn't my fault. You can save me if you want to."

"Vell, you go in and behave." He went in, giving a wink to a crowd that followed him. That was our first installment of audience—nearly twenty young men who slouched in, banged the door, scraped their feet across the floor and slammed themselves into the back seat, which very suddenly lost its equilibrium. They got up off the floor looking exceedingly surprised that such a thing should have happened. The children roared, stamped, and beat tambourines, adding to the general melee. Annie was undecided just what to do, but the cadet settled that for her by thundering from the platform with bovine pleasantry:

"Now, you young men, come right up here where we can see if you are as pretty as you behave. Ain't you ashamed of yourselves back there?" Young America is nothing if not accommodating. They slouched up grinning, quite willing to take front seats at the circus since it did not interfere with their performance.

Those young men were the nucleus of the dis-

turbance that evening and all other evenings. They came first, they left last, they took prominent seats and obeyed any gentle request from the cadet with suspicious alacrity. I watched them, and there were several good comedians among them worth watching. As the crowd came in and the house filled, the resources of those boys gradually developed. One had delirium tremens, another St. Vitus dance of the most aggravated and aggravating description; a pin would find its way to a third one's hide. They had bad colds, and the disease became epidemic. Tears stood in their eyes from the violent paroxysms of coughing that seized them. The benches were rocked recklessly to the point of overturning. There was laughing all over the house, scraping of feet and benches, cat-calls, whistles, rooster-crows, and the entrance of a new-comer who emerged alive from an encounter with Annie was an excuse for a fresh outbreak. A half-dozen who sat on the front benches were the only sober ones present. These good, religious souls looked helplessly at the cadet, and the cadet was unmoved in her complacency. This was her native heath on which she was treading with elephantine precision and bulk. Aggie flitted about restlessly, her dark, sallow face with the weak chin framed in the jet-black hair, unlit except by her black and yellow eyes. She was absolutely helpless, unable to stem the tide, or float with it, so she was whirled about in every eddy and washed against the shore—the platform—where she was stranded periodically an inert, water-soaked mass cast up by the waves that went on.

"Silence," yelled the cadet, in tones that aroused

no suspicion that her voice had given out. "We are going to begin the meeting now." She walked up and down the platform with her hands clasped across her ample back, her little blonde eyes popping out over her big cheeks; the little chin being scarcely sufficient anchorage for her bonnet strings. "We are going to begin the meeting now," she repeated. But her threat was not instantly executed; the cadet might be ready, but a large minority of the audience was not. After about ten minutes of persistent hammering for silence the noise subsided so she could be heard. Annie and Aggie went down the aisle—two to watch, and one to pray, though Jessie and I, a German woman, and the red Guernsey all flanked the cadet on the wings. She was a host in herself, and laid such stormy siege to the pearly gates that they must have surrendered at discretion within five minutes. Aggie and Annie did not kneel but kept vigilant eyes on their audience. This did not prevent some startling responses, groans, hisses, and a few etceteras from flying about.

"Amen!" was thundered at last. We were all on our feet.

"We are going to sing a song now. Everybody sing. I heard a man say he got saved by singing this song." The cadet read the first verse. She had caught the trick of getting out of breath at the end of the line from Annie.

"At the cross, uh, at the cross, uh,
Where I first found the light, uh,
And the burden of my heart rolled away, uh.
It was there by faith, uh,
I received my sight, uh,
And now I am happy all the day, uh."

"Praise God, I'm happy. The burden of *my* heart rolled away when I asked Jesus to take them. You may think I ought to carry my own burdens. Maybe I'm bigger than Jesus, maybe I ain't, but anyhow, He said He'd carry all the burdens and He took mine."

"Better ask Him to carry your voice outdoors," called out an inspired genius. My head was beginning to swim from proximity to her noise so that this remark had my entire sympathy.

"Cadet," she thundered, to Annie. "Find that hoodlum and put him out." But Annie didn't find him. I notice they always roll each other's titles out in public and in private.

"Well, never mind. He'll get paid back for it. Everybody sing. You young men had better behave. Do you know where you will go when you die?"

"Into the soup!" from a sepulchral voice. The audience roared, but above all the laughter and stamping of feet a still small falsetto voice of a ventriloquist arose plaintively: "If you get there before I do——"

The assembled company went off in another convulsion of laughter. This was better than a minstrel show, because entirely impromptu. Those boys were the star actors, and fully deserved the encores they got. Annie and Aggie flew around utterly perplexed as to the offenders. It would have taken a mind-reader to have discovered them. I was looking straight at the two rows and could not detect the culprits. They were the only people in the house who were perfectly serious; their faces expressed surprise and concern. When Annie came

near them, two got up and offered their services to help put the offenders out.

"Keep still now," bellowed the cadet. "We're going to sing. She started the tune an octave too high and carried it alone, swinging her big arms and beating her tambourine. "Why don't everybody sing?"

"You got it too high;" piped a child, who really wanted to assist in making a religious racket.

"All right; let's try it again. Everybody sing." Jessie and I helped and the accordion kept up its complaining voice. One verse was all we got through. There was a shrill whistle, a cat-call, a rooster crow, and where they all came from no one could tell. The cadet pounded on her tambourine for silence.

"Sit down, good people—it's no one but rowdies, the very scum and off-scourings of the earth. They'll get their deserts when they die. I was told when I came down here that Satan was on top in the fight, and I guess he is, but we're going to spit on our hands and whip him."

"Queensbury rules," shouted someone. "Fair play there. No slugging."

"Oh, you low down boys, ain't you ashamed of yourselves?" No; they were not. I should not have been either, if such epithets had been applied to me from one who had set herself up as a spiritual guide. There was nothing mean and low about it; it was just rowdy fun, and they had good reason to suppose that something of the kind would be expected of them. The rowdy always keeps such engagements religiously. Just as a psychological study, I should like to have seen Bertha Leyh at

No. 8. The coarseness, ignorance, and vulgarity from the platform were met by the rowdyism from the benches, and the rowdies had the best of it. For the sake of order the law had to take one side, and in this case it discriminated in favor of the cadet because she was supposed to be conducting religious services. A policeman appeared then and marched six young men out, but the instant the blue coat-tails disappeared pandemonium began again where it had left off. So did the vituperation. I got up so indignant I could not sit still. The audience was silent, expecting another tirade. I took the cadet by the sleeve, and said so that everybody heard me:

"It does seem to me that young men will behave from self-respect if you trust them to do so."

Those boys waited for the cadet to bellow forth: "No, they won't. They ain't got no self-respect, nor nothin' they ought to have. This young lady came from Englewood, where people have some decency, and thinks I ought to trust you to behave. She don't know you as well as I do."

I sat down, and my heart went out to the audience. The cadet's last speech had been greeted with the old time fervor. "You see!" she said, turning to me and glorying in her superior wisdom. I saw. I got up presently to sing, and stood still for the crowd to become quiet.

"They won't be any stiller, dear; you may as well sing," said the cadet. "Dear!" echoed Jessie. But I waited until the waves calmed, and then sang. Jessie helped me with her tender alto on the chorus, but I was so agitated, so humiliated by my false po-

sition, that my voice broke. The boys laughed, but grew quiet again, and I sang another verse from sheer indignation, and then Jessie and I walked off the platform and took a front seat. We could not, by our presence on the platform longer indorse the cadet's sledge-hammer style of conducting a meeting. Her voice, too, made my ears ache. I went down through the audience once to get a breath of fresh air without any noise in it. In this way I got a closer view of the audience, and its composition was such as I had surmised. They were alert, intelligent, fun-loving people, not over-refined nor educated perhaps, but decent, respectable, hard-working folk, interspersed with young America, who sows his wild oats and then settles down into such as the others. There were no bad faces among them. They looked at me curiously as I passed among them, but were respectful. One young man said: "God bless you, sister," in a mocking tone.

"Thank you," I answered, with a weary smile. I neither corroborated his sentiment nor admitted his evident intention to ridicule me, and the embryo laugh at my expense "died a-bornin'."

"Vy don'dt you stay on de platform?" asked Annie, suspiciously, as I reached her settee, near the door.

"Because I don't have to," I snapped. A little of their vulgarity had rubbed off on me. It was just as well; if one is finer than her associates she will be run over rough-shod. I did not particularly care about Annie's hoofs getting on me. I went back presently, lingering a moment near those young men to study them. They looked me over indulgently,

but made no remark. The cadet was reading another song:

"When I begin to doubt
Jesus drives the devil out—
Climbing up the golden stair.
When I begin to fear
Jesus takes me by the ear—
Climbing up the golden stair."

"That's the way Jesus does. Sometimes He takes you by the ear, or nose, or hair—any place he can get a good hold on you—and leads you right up to Him." Those inspired boys began to illustrate on each other these rather original ways of being led into the paths of righteousness, and the people around them had something brand-new to laugh at. The song was sung with variations. Then there was a long exhortation filled with pleasantries and allusions and epithets. We knelt and prayed, and our impartial assistants in the performance responded with surprising appropriateness and fervor. Finally the cadet announced:

"You can go home now; the meeting's over." The crowd jostled and tumbled itself out good-naturedly. A half-dozen staid to shake hands, among them two of those boys.

"What did you stay for?" I asked a natty one, with curling, chestnut hair, and fair, serious face.

"To get saved. Don't you think I'll get saved?" anxiously.

"Hardly." I shook my head in very mild reproof of a gentle squeeze he got in on my hand.

"Oh, see here, you shouldn't judge a fellow by the coat he wears."

"You would do very well if your manners were equal to your coat."

"Permit me to say that your own manners are so charming that my own must not be mentioned;" he gave me a most elegant bow.

"You did that very well. You do many things well. Your ventriloquism is really quite good."

"You do me injustice," he said sadly; then airily, "ta-ta. I will be on deck to-morrow night."

His impudence was so amazing that it was admirable. Surely he might be beaten, but only with his own weapons turned unexpectedly against him. At the door we were stopped by a policeman, a handsome Hercules, who walked down the block with us.

"You don't belong to this gang?" he said, with rare discrimination.

"No, we are from Englewood."

"Well, don't get discouraged. I'll take care of the worst ones for you. The presiding officer is not as soothing as she might be, but the boys are too rough. I think it does them good to see real ladies in the Army. I don't know what good these girls are supposed to do down here, but we have our orders to allow no disturbance of religious meetings. I see you two are a different sort."

When we reached the house the officers of No. 8 devoured the cold remains of that ancient pie and laughed at our fears.

"Why, that ain't nothin'," said the cadet. "They smashed all the windows in one night and set fire to the curtains. That's the reason we ain't got any. Then they put matches and percussion caps on the

floor and make a grand rush when they hear a fire engine."

"You seem to be equal to them," remarked Jessie.

"You bet I am. But I wouldn't be if the Lord didn't help me," she added as an afterthought. "Praise the Lord."

"Amen!" said Annie. "Bress Jesus."

The cadet prayed for us that we might have more faith, but when those three began to disrobe for the night we fled from the revelations a few moments might bring forth and took refuge in our sanctuary. For we did get to sleep alone! There are some blessings not to be overrated. One dormitory was made by dragging the top mattress off the bed and spreading it on the sitting-room floor. Jessie and I occupied the torture chamber, but in blessed solitude.

That bed! It was as hard as Pharaoh's heart, and as knotty as a problem in equations. The pillows were small and lumpy, and the whole conglomeration of things unknown had a smell of the catacombs on it.

"Shall I ascend unto the skies
On flowery beds of ease?"

quoth Jessie.

"If I ascend on this one, I know who will pay the doctor's bills."

Only six hours at No. 8, and already oblivion would have been welcome. We talked it over there in the dark, clinging to each other, and determined to stay as long as possible, but time at No. 8 was not to be measured by the sun. I was ready to indorse the Englewood soldier's opinion of our new

quarters, but he probably did not understand that the officers in charge were elements of discord not lightly to be considered in making up the sum total of torture.

"Oh, you shut up about Lockport," said Annie, just as slumber was about to enfold us. Evidently Aggie had grown reminiscent again.

"Deah Lawd Jesus, bress Annie dis night," she said fervently, a moment later.

"Shut up your praying. I want to go to sleep," and silence fell over us for a space, then a gentle snore. I fitted my weary body into the depressions and projections of that bed and fell asleep crying "Lord, deliver us."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh, Lord, please send Trotter with my trunk," were the words which greeted my ears on awaking from our first night's repose with the officers of No. 8. Opening the door of our dormitory softly, Aggie was seen kneeling on the floor by the improvised bed sending up her touching appeal. Annie was lying tied up in a true-lover's knot on the mattress, and the cadet had dumped herself down and fallen together again in a mass. It was a sweet picture for the early hours of the morning, before the world has had time to make one cynical.

"Oh, you shut up askin' de Lawd to send your trunk. You tink he got notin' else to do, mebbe," interposed Happy Annie, whom the light of another day found in her happiest mood. She twisted her-

self over into another astonishing combination, and fell asleep again. Failing to find sympathy for her woes, Aggie lay with her arms above her head, staring hard at the ceiling, her slender, sallow face looking like an unlighted candle in the gloom.

Our own room was a little larger than the memorable one in which we alternately slept and laid awake at Englewood, but it was eminently less cheerful. The walls were dark and stained, and the interior was lighted by a window about the size of a sheet of legal cap paper, now tightly barred with a wooden shutter that opened onto the aforementioned plank walk running along the side of the house. A row of dresses depended from nails on one side of the room, and a trunk stood at the end of the bed. It all smelled musty and damp.

"What are these pillows made of?" asked Jessie. She was sitting up in bed with one of those tiny lumps in her hands, examining it curiously.

"Blessed if I know."

"Oh, Lord, please send Trotter with my trunk," came again through the half-closed door. Aggie was again kneeling and praying, rocking herself to and fro.

"Aggie," I called softly.

She slipped up from her knees in an instant, came into our bedroom, and unburdened herself. It seems that she had only recently been transferred from Lockport, and her trunk had been left behind in the melee. Adjutant Trotter had promised to bring the trunk along the next time he visited Lockport, but two weeks had elapsed, and Trotter and the trunk were still *non est*, hence Aggie's appeal to her never-

failing source of aid, whether the boon asked was for spiritual help or trunks. Doubtless the subject of her prayers was growing monotonous, and Happy Annie had "kicked" at last, in spite of her cognomen.

Aggie sat on the edge of our bed, her knees drawn up and her chin resting on them, while she gave us a musical recital of the troubles that lodged in her gentle breast. She would not have been a bad looking girl if she had been "cleaned up," had her inky mane reduced to becoming order, put on shoulder braces, and stopped whining. It seems that other modes of life did have charms for her, but the instant she began to suspect that fact she lopped herself down again in pretty short order.

"I didn't always live this way. Why, if my father could see me he would just drag me back home by the hair. He used to be the best purvider in Peoria, and never let us want for anything. I had more dresses than you could shake a stick at. I wonder what they done with 'em all; made 'em over for the kids, likely." She heaved a long sigh. "But I don't care; I ain't never going to wear 'em again myself. I had one, a red dress, that I used to wear to parties when I used to go with ——" I started, for she mentioned an acquaintance of my own.

"How often did you go with him to parties, Aggie?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess I never went *with* him. Once I danced with him. He only staid a few moments at a party we had. He was too stuck up to go with our set, but we was just as aristocratic as any of

them." It transpired that Aggie's list of acquaintances did not include any of mine with this one exception.

"Father says I ain't got any sense since I saw 'Happy Harry.' Ain't he grand? You ought to have seen him dedicate a baby." So that was where I had seen Aggie. She had struck me as having a familiar look, but I gave her no hint that I had been present at Happy Harry's star engagement in Peoria.

The two heaps of humanity in the next room had begun to squirm, and Aggie betook herself back to her toilet and left us to get up. Jessie went out for some sugar and cream, and I got breakfast. Annie propped her feet on the stove hearth, and the cadet made a leisurely toilet, moving about the house for fifteen minutes in a red decollete vest and abbreviated petticoats. This private view would never have secured her an engagement from the master of the ballet, though if she would sit still and feed for a year or two a dime museum might be able to use her.

"Uh, huh, you're a good cook," remarked Annie, in praise of my efforts to shir some eggs and stir up the fire with a steel fork at the same time. "I could cook vonce, but I tink of de Lawd now and let tings burn sometimes. I guess you be Marta to cook de Lawd a square meal, and I Mary to sit at de Savior's feet. Dere's got to be some more kind of peebles in de vorld," for which fact I was correspondingly grateful.

"Cadet, how dat song go? 'We'll give our hearts to Jesus.'"

"Shut up your singin' and get yourself dressed,"

for Annie was still minus her shoes, and her hair had not been combed.

"You don't vant no one to sing but you. I guess I sing if I vant to. Oh, yes I know de vay it go:

"'We'll give our hearts to Jesus,
For this is the prop—
This is the prop—
This is the proper caper.'"

"Great Cæsar! Jessie, you oughtn't to startle me so." For Annie's song had made me drop a frying pan, and, as I was particularly anxious for her to go on, the blame had to be laid on someone else. And she went on:

"'He has saved my soul from sin,
For this is the prop—
This is the prop—
This is the proper caper.'"

"Dey got such funny vords to a song. Vots a proper caper? I never get hold der English. Vere I cook vonce de lady bring me a bottle of capers to stir in der gravy ven dey have lamb. Dat don't make no sense in a song. Oh, vell, de Lawd He understand."

"He'd have his hands full if he always understood you," said the cadet in her most conciliatory manner.

We had got up at nine, but Annie's musical programme, and the cadet's toilet were not finished until nearly ten, when we sat down.

"Oh, dear Jesus, make us thankful for this good breakfast which the young ladies have provided (so it wasn't the Lord himself). It isn't often we get such a good one brought to us and already prepared for our mouths like this. Bless us and keep us

for Jesus' sake. Amen," was the somewhat remarkable grace said by the cadet. The cadet did know how to be grateful when troubles were taken off her hands, but she accepted it all as quite her dues often withheld. It was eleven when we arose from the table. The intervening hour was spent in reminiscences.

"I was converted in Peoria," began Aggie, whose last name we never by any chance heard. Neither did we Annie's. Both were as innocent of a family name for ordinary use as were Adam and Eve of garments before the fall. "Oh, they had the power there I tell you."

"Dey had de power at Number Von, vere I found de Savior, too, I believe," broke in Annie, jealously.

"I don't care if they did; you shut up. My folks didn't want me to join the Army, but I said, 'Dear Lord, if you want me I'll go.' I got right down on my knees and rassled with sin, and I whipped. The Lord said for me to come and I come, but I never thought what kind of company I'd get in, where people didn't have no raisin'."

"Huh!" Aggie raised her delicate brows, finding her shaft had gone home. "I'd sing around the house all the time, and it made my mother so mad, but the madder she got the more I'd sing. It was just the devil's way of trying to keep me from singing. I hated to leave my home and father, but by-and-by I guess they were glad to let me go. The Lord softened their hearts." Or Aggie deviled the life out of them. The whole process seemed so plain and so painfully ludicrous—of an innocent family the victims of a systematic course of subjection from

Aggie combined with what she was pleased to call the Lord.

Sw-o-o-p, sw-o-o-p! Annie was licking up a saucer of oatmeal and cream audibly. When the saucer was dry she wiped her tongue around her chin and spoke: "You stop talkin' about your fader. You tink nobody got a fader but you."

"People's fathers are very different. I have got cause to love mine"

"Vell, I love my fader, too, but I don't talk of him all de time. Cadet, hand me dat cream."

"Oh, how I love Jesus," sang Aggie, tantalizingly.

"Shut your mouths. You make a racket all the time," expostulated the cadet.

"Vell, you ain't boss. You ain't de captain. Ve talk if ve vant to."

"Well, give somebody else a chance. Let the young ladies tell how they were converted." They always designated us as "the young ladies," even in their prayers.

"It was Mrs. Booth, wasn't it, Bertie?" asked Jessie.

"Mrs. Booth! Oh, you ought to be glad. I'd a give anything for Mrs. Booth to convert me. You know she's a fine woman, no common trash, but a real aristocrat. Her father was a country gentleman. Shut up, Annie, I know he was. She ran off when only sixteen years old and joined General Booth in Paris. Then she married the Marshal and came to America. My, but they had a grand wedding, and everybody loves her because she's such a lady and so sweet and pleasant."

"Anybody could be sweet and pleasant if they

married a marshal. You bet I ain't going to marry no common soldier," supplemented Aggie.

"What you going to do with that feller of yours in Lockport?"

"I ain't got no feller there nor anywhere else," but looking conscious. "But I used to have before I joined the Army, you bet. Father said the boys come around our house like flies around a molasses barrel. But now there ain't anybody but the soldiers, and I don't want any of them."

"I suppose you think you'll get a staff-captain. Mebby you've got your eyes on Trotter or "Happy Harry."

"Harry's engaged. Didn't you know that?" So my chance of him was gone. It was time for me to backslide. As we got up from the table at last Aggie began a doeful song to the merry, merry tune of Captain Jinks:

"At last there came a brighter day,
I into an Army meeting did stray;
Then Jesus washed my sins away,
And so I joined the Army.
Through a mother's prayers it came to pass,
It came to pass,
It came to pass,
All through a Hallelujah lass,
And so I joined the Army."

It rained all day Friday. Those words look simple, but combined with other elements they are tragical. We cleaned the house in fifteen minutes. Annie piled the mattress back onto the bed, Aggie washed the dishes, and the cadet turned to her official meditations and began to iron as soon as she could get the stove clear of Aggie's dishwater.

Annie sat down in her bare feet and faced a dress-skirt after a Scandinavian peasant fashion of her own, and Aggie lopped down in her dirty Mother Hubbard wrapper, propped her feet on the rungs of her chair and sang songs out of the *War Cry* in a whining, falsetto voice. Her tar-black hair hung in strings about her swarthy face, out of which a pair of really good black eyes looked vacantly. Her elbows were planted on her knees with her face, looking elfin-like, between her hands. Jessie went out into the rain, ostensibly to see her "Aunty," and I deliberately revised my notes under their very eyes.

"You write so funny," said Annie, who peeped over my shoulder. "I can't read it."

"It's Choctaw hieroglyphics," I explained.

"Uh, huh. I tought it was somedtings."

I finished my notes and tried to think of something else to do. Aggie was still singing; the cadet had finished her ironing and was lolling in her rocking-chair; Annie bent above her sewing, putting in a stitch and a word of complaint. Her jaw dropped; she chewed her tongue when she reached a bad place.

"De Lawd didn't make me to sew a dress," she complained.

"What did He make you for, Annie—for ornament?"

"Huh? Vell, he make me to sing and pray and tell His blessed vord. I don't do nothin' else so good, it's too hard vork." This was a new theory that the Lord took the refuse of humanity that could do nothing else acceptably. It still rained;

the talk and singing went on, and Jessie did not return until three o'clock, and when she got back I was at the point of distraction and fell into her arms and wept. The table had stood all day with something edible on it, and hourly visits were made to it, so that when Jessie and I spoke of a lunch none of them were hungry.

"Vat's a lunch?" asked Annie. Jessie groaned. "Oh, yes, I know, it's a little meal somedtime in de day. Dey used to have dem vere I vorked before I join de Army. I eat dem little meals all de time, and don't vant anoder." This process of eating all the time had exhausted our supplies, and we went out in the rain for more before supper time. We had put on all the vanities renounced at Englewood, and our bangs came down at that afternoon toilet, our jewelry went on, and they all excited no comments except admiring ones.

"They thought we ought not to wear them at Englewood," we explained.

"Some of the Army folks are fools. They think the grace of God is all there is. It's a good deal, but it isn't everything," remarked the cadet calmly. "If I had jewelry, you bet I'd wear it."

"Yes; and where would you be about the time they was passing the gold crowns around?" asked Aggie, triumphantly. "I like jewelry, but I ain't agoing to miss that crown for a little brass down here. I don't see no harm in wearing a watch or a ring, if a fellow gives it to you. Over in Lockport——"

"There's your old Lockport again." Aggie made a face at the cadet, and resumed her musical studies.

The day wore on, and wore on our spirits. We did absolutely nothing but listen to the incessant talk that poured in a steady stream or dribbled through the day. All we heard was the changes rung on salvation and providence, and all we saw was a lack of salvation, and improvidence. Those three big, stout girls sat there, rocking, droning, whining, idling, and recounting the events of similar purposeless days as this, and the larder was empty, and the domestic-service problem still unsolved. The failure of the supplies seemed to trouble them not in the least. When supper time arrived, the cadet went to the pantry.

"Annie, Aggie," she thundered; "there ain't a speck to eat."

"Vel, you vait avile; de Lawd, he send someding. Deah Lawd Jesus, send someding for Annie to eat," she prayed.

"Why don't you ask for the rest of us, while you are at it?" asked Aggie, looking up from the *War Cry* spread on her knees.

> "I am washed in the blood,
> In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb,"

she sang. "Oh, when you have the love of God in your heart, you don't care for things to eat." But I took occasion to observe that Aggie ate her meals with commendable regularity while we were at No. 8, not to mention the incidental respects she paid to the table between meals.

I could not conceive how they could possibly be very hungry, they having been eating in the intervals of their talk all day; but idleness breeds all

sorts of vicious habits. It was then that Jessie and I went out in the rain and bought a fresh supply of food. I do not know how they managed to get enough to eat ordinarily from their uncertain sources of supply, as their appetites were something enormous.

"You have a great many idle hours," I said, at supper. "I should think you would find something to do in them, so as to be sure of food." The cadet would have been worth a dollar a day as a scrub-girl, and here the vast domestic problem was awaiting sheer strength like hers to solve it.

"No, indeed," she said promptly. "The Lord says, if you labor in His vineyard, He will supply all your needs, and I'm going to trust in Him." I don't know just where in the Scriptures that remarkable statement occurs, but I am very sure that for the cadet it should have a physical interpretation.

"There is also something about earning your bread by the sweat of your brow," remarked Jessie. "I should prefer any certain and honest way of working for my living to sitting down and waiting for it."

"If we did that, people would say we did not trust in the Lord to supply our needs. I know one girl who was sent to a corps that was $350 in debt. She went out and did washing, and paid part of the debt, and everybody said she had no faith. I don't like to do this way, either. Now, I worked in the Gospel Army awhile in Minneapolis, and for the city missionaries, and if you couldn't collect enough money for expenses you could go to head-

quarters and get more. I think the Salvation Army ought to do that way."

So here was a professional missionary calculating on what the public would give toward her support, about as honorable a business as emigrating from Italy to beg for a living. It's a big scheme, but for the cadet it didn't seem to work.

"Where did you come from, anyhow?" I asked, anxious to know what country was responsible for this remarkable product of providence and improvidence.

"I'm American, of English descent," she announced. If she is, I will go back on our institutions! The narrow forehead, big cheeks, small protruding mouth, and retreating chin, combined with her big, stolid body, high color, and neutral hair, all pointed to a lower order of civilization than America.

Over that statement I collapsed. The day and the weather had been too much for Jessie and me, and as it was still raining we staid away from the meeting, the first time since joining the Army. We had three blessed hours to ourselves! I danced a jig, and both were getting hilarious, when we heard someone on the plank walk. The cadet had forgotten her tambourine—her chief instrument of torture.

I guess I'll get some oil, too. Never mind; I guess I wont, there's only two cents left."

"Make a note of that, Jessie, for to-morrow's marketing."

We had a tussel with the stove—those girls had talked the fire black. An old shoeknife served

them to cut kindling and bread, so the building of a fire was a work of time. Then we indulged in the luxury of silence for two mortal hours.

"Oh, we had a grand meeting," announced the cadet on her return. Aggie knelt to pray, and the other two continued their interrupted lunch.

"Don't you drink all that coffee," said Aggie, looking up.

"You go on wid your prayin'," replied Happy Annie, with her usual felicity, whereupon Aggie returned to the charge with renewed zeal.

The day had gone by. The next might be just like it, but it could be no worse if it tried. As we knelt to pray they asked us to join in their devotions. "I don't believe you love de Lawd or you pray to him."

"I love Him too well to take His sacred name in vain five hundred times a day. You pray, Annie; that will do for all of us."

"Uh, huh. I know how 'tis. Everybody can't pray like Happy Annie, den de Lawd give dem odder tings to do not quite so fine as to pray. Vell, you ask him to hellup you, and you pray like Annie after avile."

And the evening and the morning was the second day of the destruction of all things in the deluge. If this lasted but a tithe of forty days we should not have a single dove with unclipped wings to send out for an olive branch.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Saturday morning I got breakfast as usual, the cadet occupying that time to make a toilet. Aggie resumed her *War Cry* songs, and Annie nursed a pair of feet that deserved obscurity as a delicate recognition of their misfortunes. She alternately blessed someone and grumbled at things in general, but no attention was paid to her. Jessie went out for some sugar and cream, the depleted condition of their larder making constant appeals to someone with energy enough to enter an effectual protest.

"I can't vare dese shoes no longer. Cadet, you hellup me get de odder vons?"

"Where are they, Annie?" I asked.

"At de shoemaker's. He fix 'em vor sixty cents, and I can't get de money. I paid thirty-five cents, already."

"You needn't think I've got any money for you. I have to pay the rent."

"A cadet gets her shoes fixed sometimes, I guess."

"Huh! Mebbe she does, and mebbe she doesn't. You'll wait for yours awhile, anyhow."

"I'll pay for them, Annie."

"You spend too much already. Vere you get so much? You don't vork."

Oh, no. I wasn't working just then.

"Oh, girls, I've got a song. It's one they don't sing any more, but I used to hear it. Trotter uses it in his services to wake the people up when everything is getting stupid." This was Aggie's song as she sang it to an indescribable tune. I sat down

later and wrote it out from dictation. The arrangement is not hers:

"I'm a { blood and fire / Salvation } soldier
From top to toe;
I { rap, / kick, / slap, / thump, / strike, / nail } the old devil
Wherever I go;
I recruit for the Savior,
My colors I show,
I delight in the salvation war."

"I tell you that used to fetch 'em. Next night the house would be packed."

"Yes; you just sing that down here and those boys 'ud tear the roof off. We have to be nearly as dull as the preachers down here because them boys take up everything." I should never have thought of calling the cadet's services "dull."

After breakfast Jessie and I repaired to the coal-shed so that we could just look miserably into each other's eyes without being caught in the very act. The October sunshine flooded the whole earth after the rain, and the odor of dead cats floated to our olfactory nerves, but we didn't mind a little thing like that. Every prospect pleased us and only those girls were vile. Our landscape consisted of a view of twenty area doors, old barrels, tomato cans, a piece of carpet, an old broom, buckets and baskets thrown under the platform leading to our abode, and rotting for all they were worth. "Oh, Lord, how long!" groaned my dear Jessie. One thing, the sun was shining, and we could get out of the house. I could have endured anything except another day in the house.

"I'll go order some coal," said Jessie, getting up wearily. "That will be one thing to do. Then!"

"Let 'then' take care of itself, dear. I'm going to enjoy myself in spite of everything. Let's concoct a scheme to trip them up." I had descended to even that species of wickedness. The opportunity for doing this presented itself quicker than I had reason to hope, and we made the most of it.

We went to the hall that morning, all five of us. The three officers served the Lord on their knees by scrubbing the floor, the most pleasing occupation I had seen them engaged in since coming among them. The floor was covered with fruit skins, nut shells, tobacco, and cigars, the flotsam and jetsam of the "grand meeting" reported from the night before. Jessie and I escaped from the melee by staying on the platform and folding *War Crys* to be sold at the evening meeting. We got to the house at one o'clock to a lunch of cold pie and piety. Here is where the opportunity presented itself to catch one of them napping.

"Do you never get anything to read" asked Jessie, during a pause in hostilities between Annie and Aggie.

"We get the Bible and the *War Cry*. I used to read the story papers, those with pictures and the stories 'to be continued in our next.' I liked that kind but the Major says it is wicked to read them, so I don't read anything. Oh, they used to have the *best* stories, all about lords and ladies who did something they were ashamed of; then there would be murders, and girls carried off, and plots, and the girls were always beautiful as a dream and

desperately in love, and the bad ones were always punished." An imperceptible look passed between Jessie and I, and a guilty compact was sealed. Aggie had made a revelation that should "be her doom." After lunch, I was not surprised that Jessie discovered that she had an errand down town. I staid behind, and went to the children's meeting. I have wondered constantly since if our language is so poverty stricken that such a misnomer must be applied to that meeting.

A wide-eyed child came to go with us, a dear little baby girl, who clung to my hand and I led her over to the hall. Perhaps fifty street Arabs were waiting about t e door, bombarding it with sticks, stones, decayed vegetables, and other missiles. When they saw us they gave a whoop and fell back.

"Salivation Army!" they yelled. That was the invariable form of the State street Arab when calling attention to us.

But such a mischievous set. They were dressed in every species of cast-off garments. Their eyes fairly popped out of their heads with fun and devilishness. They brimmed with American wit, humor, and daring. There were Irish, Germans, Americans, Mulattoes, but all possesssd this peculiar American quality, which seems to be in the air we breathe.

"Now, boys, you going to be good if I let you in?" queried the cadet.

"Oh, yes. We'll be good. We'res going to be saved, we are!" volunteered one. This sally was greeted with a roar of laughter. They stormed in after us. They climbed over the seats. They yelled. They spit tobacco and smoked cigarettes, and the big

body of the cadet was buffeted about by winds she could not control.

"I want quiet," she roared.

"You be quiet, will you? I'll help you keep 'em quiet," whereupon six volunteers pummeled their neighbors.

"Set down, I tell you," with a blow. Caps were snatched, a few garments rent, and pandemonium went on.

I got one row of imps to look at me. "Boys," I said, "what do you like best?"

"I scream," said one. "What do you like?"

I thought a moment and then answered, deliberately. "Oysters, this time of year."

"Come on, let's git some. I'll treat," said a colored boy.

"I don't believe you have any money," I said, contemptuously.

"That's so. Say, I will treat you sometime."

"All right, treat me like a lady now. That doesn't cost anything." Ten boys grinned, and actually could think of nothing impudent to say for a minute. Forty others were howling all around us, but those boys looked at me.

"Do you go to school?" I asked. "What do you know? I shouldn't wonder if you didn't know anything." That contemptuous doubting tone actually put them on their metal.

> "There was a little bird settin' in a tree,
> She perked up her head and said, wee-wee-wee,"

recited an Irish boy in a style J. W. Riley might envy. "I know another'n."

"My teacher says 'Set in pozish.'" He jerked his body so suddenly into the false modern school rigid attitude that we all roared. It was all very entertaining, but the cadet interfered.

"We are going to say a prayer now. All you little boys know the Lord's prayer. Kneel down now.

"'Our Father' (Say, does that mean dad? Hallelujah! wow-wow-wow-wow came in a monotonous whine from twenty throats) 'which art in heaven.'" But the cadet had to give it up. They tipped over the benches; they crawled under them and howled and groaned until she had to stop.

"You forgot to say amen. Boys, let's say amen." They all said it, but still the cadet persisted.

"I'm going to read you a story now. It's all about 'Harry and his Lantern.'"

"'Once there was a little boy whose name was Harry,'" she began.

"That's a h—ll of a name," was one comment.

"Send him home to his mother."

"'Once there was a little boy,'" she began again.

"Chestnuts" She never got any further; they wouldn't let her, though she pleaded and commanded silence.

"See what you can do," she said to me. "Talk to them. Get them quiet."

I got up and looked at them contemptuously and humorously. My line of boys became quiet.

"It don't take much sense for that sort of thing. Anybody can behave like that," I remarked. They subsided.

"What's that? What did she say? Keep still."

"Oh, I didn't say anything you want to hear. I

don't suppose I could. You know it all so well you don't have to listen." They began to listen by that time.

"Tell them about Jesus," whispered the cadet impatiently. I didn't say anything, but leaned against a steam pipe, as if now or the next century would suit my convenience for them to be silent. The noise gradually died away, with only a few outbreaks. It would have succeeded very well, but Annie, who was at the door, took advantage of a lull in the storm to say

"Cadet, vot you lock de door vor?"

Then there was a howl and a rush. "She's locked us in. She won't let us out till we're saved." The door was unlocked and out they tumbled. I sat down and laughed until the tears stood in my eyes. A dozen little girls had sat huddled in one corner during the melee, and the cadet tried a small meeting with them, but she had counted without her host of boys. Six of them were still under the seats, four more had climbed on the roof and sent missiles through the skylight. A small regiment battered the door and windows, and one set, breaking through, stood the benches across the aisle and pounded on a sheet-iron stove, so the meeting had to be stopped. All their scrubbing of the morning availed them nothing. Aggie and I led the tearful baby back and the others staid to put the hall in order again.

When we got to the house our scheme developed itself. Jessie was sitting in the rocking-chair eating macaroons and reading a story paper. But she was not selfish, and invited us to help ourselves from a pile of lurid literature on the table. I took up a

yellow volume of "Molly Bawn" and calmly pursued that charming heroine through several of her escapades, leaving Aggie to her own devices. She picked up a paper, glanced at the pictures, then at us, but we were absorbed in our wicked pursuits, so she looked at the forbidden fruit a little longer. Finally she laid the paper down with a start. We uttered no word and presently she came back and then disappeared into the bedroom, whence she emerged about supper-time. I got up, counted those papers again, nodded to Jessie, and then finished the daring career of "Molly Bawn" serenely. One paper was gone—the most attractive one in the list. Aggie had succumbed to the first temptation.

Annie again took up her position at the door—this time to sell *War Crys*. Their method of getting rid of the whole stock on one evening should be commended to Millie's consideration. It was thoroughly successful and dispensed with the disagreeable duty of disposing of any of them in saloons. Annie would stand at the door and when a candidate for admission presented himself the entrance was barred. Not a word did she say, but she held out a paper until the victim put his hand in his pocket and planked down five cents. Many times they tried to fool her, but Annie knew a genuine coin of the realm, if she were "just over" a year. The plugged nickels and nickels with holes in them were promptly rejected, and those who offered these in payment ejected. The same tests could not be applied to what was in the collection, and on that night, as on all other nights, beer and pool checks, Canadian, German, and Mexican copper coins were garnered in. I took up the collection.

The fifteen or twenty young men who made most of the disturbance stared vacantly at the ceiling when they saw me coming.

"What do you come here for?" I asked them.

"Fun; bet we have it, too."

"And want somebody else to pay for it. I never happened to see that kind of young men before." I stopped and stared at them curiously and everyone of them put in a coin. The collection was small, and the cadet proceeded to ask for more money in her own, only, inimitable manner.

"Mebbe you folks think we live offen the fat 'o the land. We work among you all the time tryin' to save your souls, an' you don't keer a cent. I ain't makin' anything. 'F I didn't love the Lord I'd go right home now, but I love the Lord. As the poet says:

"'Fighting, fighting, on the narrow way, uh;
Fighting's rough,
Fighting's tough,
But we will win the day, uh.'

"Mebbe you think because you bought a *War Cry* at the door you don't need to give anything more. I don't git that money. We used to make fifty cents offen a hundred but we don't now. Sometimes I think I'll go home and leave you all in darkness and sin, but the Lord says for me to stay and I'll stay. I'm castin' pearls before swine all the time, too." Thus she meandered on for a half-hour. She had asked me once to pull the tail of her basque when she talked too long, and I followed her suggestion.

"There, I've talked too long. This young lady

jerked my jersey to remind me of it. I talk too long frequent, but I git to talkin', my heart is so full, and I can't stop. When I git home I'm all tuckered out. I ain't strong, if I do look so. I'm weak. Now we'll have another collection."

The first collection amounted to just fifty-one cents. I took a tambourine and circulated through the audience. One man sitting near the front put in a fifty-cent piece and stopped me.

"For God's sake tell me what those girls live on," he said.

"Nothing. I think they don't collect much more than the rent. My cousin and I had money with us this week, so they have had to spend nothing."

"Then, why in the name of God don't they do something to earn an honest living? What good do they expect to accomplish here howling and being howled at by this mob. I beg your pardon, I suppose you are one of them, though you don't look like it. I came in here to-night just to look on. I'm a Christian and wish to encourage good evangelistic work wherever I find it, and I expected to find it here. But of all the everlasting nonsensical rot I ever heard this is the worst. Is this all the sort of people the Salvation Army can get to preach the Gospel?"

"Go to Englewood and hear Captain Bertha Leyh. She's different," I whispered.

"All right, I will. If there's anything in it stick to it. God bless you." He arose and his seat was vacant the rest of the evening. I only hope he attended a meeting at Englewood later for his own sake. That collection netted $1.23, not half a cent

on the average from each individual in the house. This was about the amount usually collected at No. 8.

By Sunday I collapsed. We had no knee-drill, and Jessie had to take me home from the morning meeting with a nervous headache. I fought that headache all day with will power and medicine to no effect. They missed my cooking, they said, and got up some slip-shod meals between services.

In the evening I had to get off the platform to escape the cadet's thunder. Annie was at the door and required everybody to contribute something as he came in. A policeman who was present looked at her with admiration tinged with awe.

"That girl could get a position on the city police force," he commented, "or ought to. She could hang a man with a look."

I could stand it no longer! Jessie went up to the platform for my jacket, and as she came back she heard on all sides: "Good-night, sister." She smiled grimly and said, "Good-by," with sinister meaning.

All that night I raved. My nervous system was completely shattered, and my head filled with horrible visions. In the next room they counted the collection after they got home, and were volubly reminiscent of the "grand meeting" they had had. Then they prayed; Annie for her "Deah Lawd Jesus to bress everybody," after which she told Aggie to stop groaning like a sick calf.

"Vat's de matter vid you anyhow?" she asked.

"I don't know, I guess I'm 'hystericky' over my trunk."

"Vell, be 'hystericky' all you please; dat don't bring your trunk. Happy Annie loves Jesus, and

don't lose no trunk," and Annie fell asleep in a conscious state of superior grace having been given her. But not Aggie. Aggie was really sick from some physical disorder, and kept the cadet flying about half the night, while Jessie was trying to soothe me into slumber.

"You ask the Lord to help you, and I bet he will. Bet you been doing something you oughtn't to."

"I read a story paper. Lord forgive me. Oh, I'm in such pain"

"Uh, huh! I thought so. Well, you just pray for forgiveness, and when the Lord forgives you you can go to sleep. Serves you right."

"Oh, if they would just shut up their goddle-mighty gabble," I groaned, and Jessie had the first good laugh she had had all day. Not until three o'clock did I fall into a fitful sleep, only to awake at dawn and hear Aggie again praying for her trunk.

We had expected to remain another day, but this had become a physical impossibility. I waited to see the weekly report made out. The income for the week was $26.17, of which $7.50 was *War Cry* money. A week's back rent had to be paid; the Major got $2 00. Living expenses up to the time we went there were $2.10 for five days; $1.56 surplus remained, but this did not so appear on the reports. The cadet used red ink and wrote left-handed, but she was an expert at doctoring reports.

"They don't need to know we have anything over," she said. "You keep your mouth shut, Annie, and I'll pay for your shoes." It may be remarked here that Annie's shoes were still in limbo, since she

had brought home a new basque from a dressmaker Saturday, and produced $2.00 from some secret strong box with which to pay for a dozen cabinet photographs done by a local artist. She did not offer me one of those counterfeit presentments of her beautiful self. "Dere's so many vot vant one, dear, dey fight over dese," so that I felt a delicacy about asking for one. I thought, too, since she could supply herself with these articles of luxury, she might be trusted to look after her own shoes.

Other figures on that report were not satisfactory, but the cadet fixed them up, and then called Annie to attest that this piece of business had been transacted in her presence, and in the sight of God. It was then duly signed and sealed and consigned to the mail-box. Jessie and I looked over our accounts for the three days and discovered that we had spent $9.40 in groceries, coal, and contributions during the three days at No. 8, which fact possibly accounted for their cash coming out on the right side.

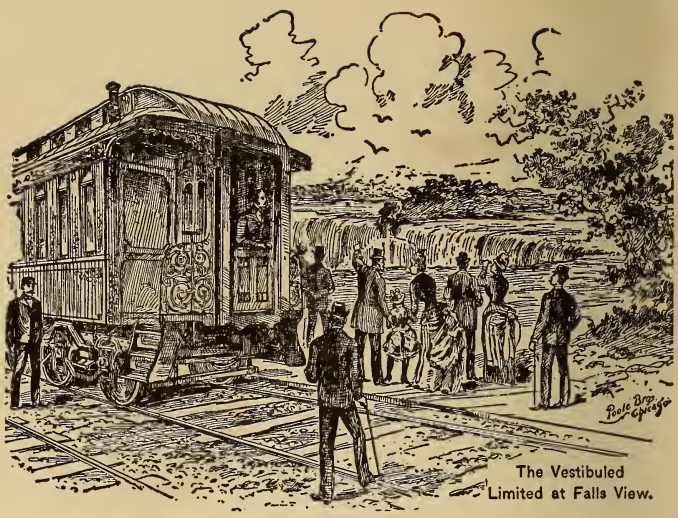
When gathering up my belongings I looked for a certain bath-towel that had gone with me through all my wanderings. After using it that morning I had hung it up to dry, and now found Aggie droning one of her *War Cry* songs, which she had pasted above the kitchen sink, and serenely wiping the dishes on my bath-towel. I just left it as a souvenir of my brief stay among them, thinking they might want something later to remind them of me.

"Praise God, I'm saved!" shouted Jessie, as we boarded an empty car which gave space to our eloquence.

"Hallelujah!"

We returned thanks for our deliverance, and then sat still and just meditated and meditated, while that street car rolled slowly back to civilization.

THE END.



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