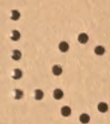
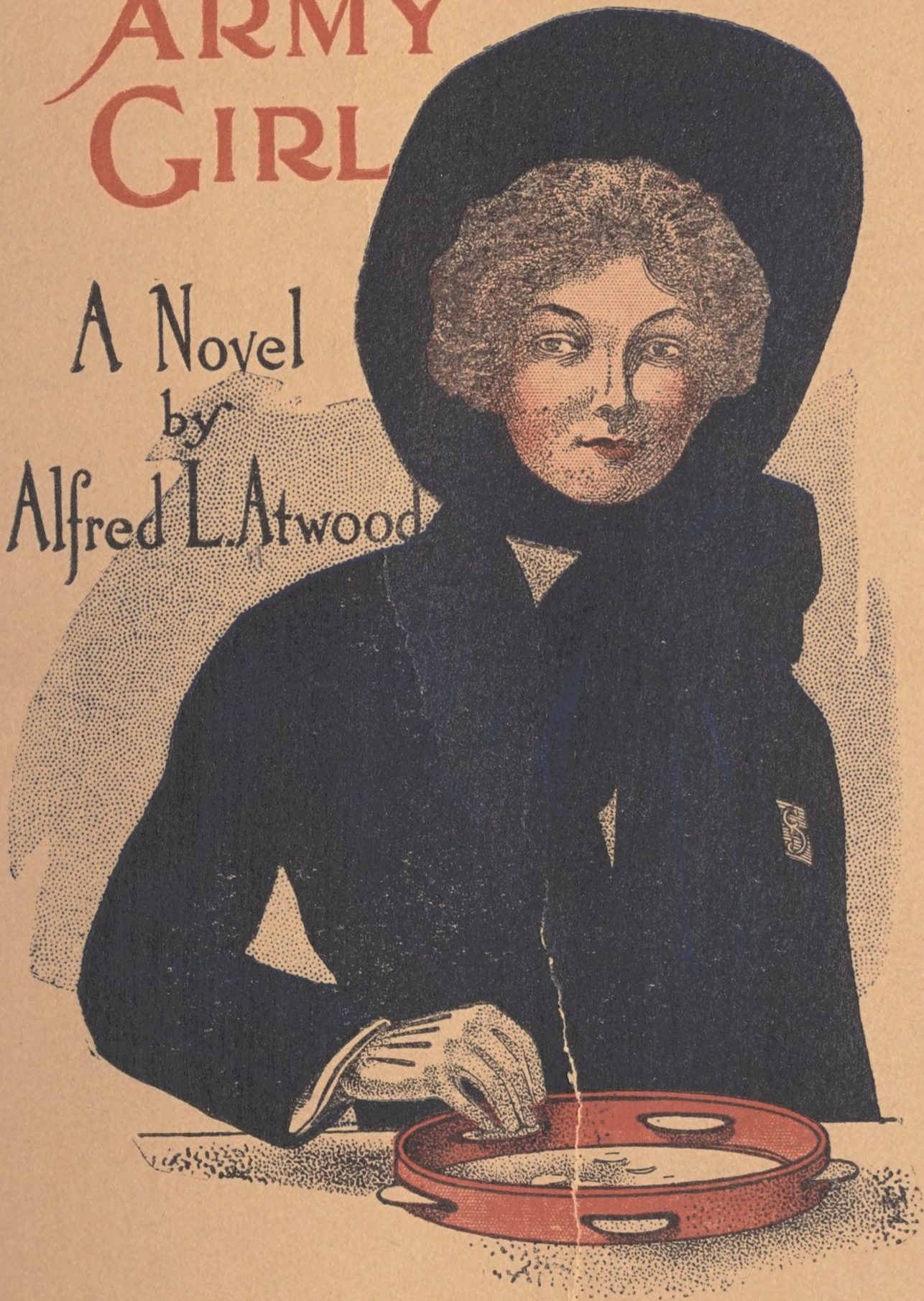


THE SALVATION ARMY GIRL

A Novel
by
Alfred L. Atwood



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Greetings to The Salvation Army

"I sincerely wish Godspeed to any organization which, like The Salvation Army, has as its main object the betterment of humanity and the making of bad citizens into good ones."

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON.

"I am thoroughly in sympathy with your work. I believe you reach people who are not reached in any other way. I believe that your experience in dealing with the slums of great cities and your practical methods of charity are of the widest usefulness, and I am glad to testify to my high appreciation and admiration of those who are in charge of The Salvation Army, and the great good they have done."

EX-PRESIDENT WM. H. TAFT.

"At last it has won its way to recognition and there are few serious thinkers nowadays who do not recognize in The Salvation Army an invaluable social asset, a force for good which works effectively in those dark regions where, save for this force, only evil is powerful."

EX-PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



14-5272

Foreword.

The value of fiction is determined by the effect it produces on its readers. If it furnishes innocent but transitory enjoyment, it has some value; if it also instructs, its value is enhanced; but unless this little story gives abiding pleasure by inspiring a desire to be of more service to humanity, it will fail in the mission on which it is sent.

THE AUTHOR.

Austin, Minnesota,
March 4th, 1914.

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ALFRED L. ATWOOD,
Austin, Minnesota.

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no. 1



The Salvation Army Girl.

“I DON'T know how to do anything,” insisted John Eberly. “To be sure I graduated from the university after having learned a little Latin, some Greek and a smattering of science, history and mathematics; but I didn't learn how to do anything. I may have to teach school. That is about the only thing I ever saw done, for I have been somebody's pupil all my life. But I hate the idea of teaching. There is no future to it.”

“You might do worse,” said his mother. “A good teacher is a respected and useful member of society and earns an honest living. I don't see though why you did not accept Mr. Hardy's offer of fifty dollars a month to clerk in his store.”

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"I will dig coal before I will work for any man for fifty dollars a month," replied John, with some warmth. "If I am not worth more than that to Mr. Hardy I am not worth hiring, and I don't want to be an incumbrance to him."

"The trouble with most young men is that they hunt for a position they could not fill instead of looking for work," said Mrs. Eberly. "You will have to make your own opportunity by working hard at something until you do that thing a little better than such work is usually done. Then you will be advanced to more important duties with better pay."

"I am not going to work for nothing and board myself," said John.

The conversation continued, Mrs. Eberly doing most of the talking. John never did like "to be lectured," as he expressed it. He was reading the Want Ads in the Tribune and about half listening to her advice. Like other boys he wanted to make considerable money right away, and not wait to grow into a good position.

Finally John said, "I think I will answer some of these advertisements. Somebody had to pay good money for every ad here and nobody would be likely to advertise for help unless he wants it." So he wrote a postal in answer to one extravagant ad that was signed E57, Tribune, wrote down the names and addresses of other advertisers, and by the time he was ready to go to bed

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he was quite elated by the thought that he was sure to get a position with some of these people. He was tired and discouraged in the early evening, but now he was inspired with new hope. Blessed Hope, God's Beacon Light, that attracts the wearied soul to new endeavor.

The next day while John was interviewing insurance men, mining stock promoters, and other advertisers, all of whom wanted agents on commission but not on salary, Henry Avery sat in his office looking at a postal card and wondering if the signer of it had any money that he could get by any kind of scheme.

"George," said he to a man who had just come in, "here is an answer to my ad in the Tribune; it is signed by John Eberly, whoever he may be, and his address is 2732 Woodland Avenue. He wants a position. If he has money I want it. If he has no money I don't want to bother with him. I want you to find out for me all about him. You have done this thing before and know what I want. Remember that the information that seems most trivial often proves most important. I want to know as much about him as if I were his brother. I will not answer this postal until I get your report, so lose no time; and George, do you hear? The trouble with you is that you take a little walk down one side of the street and back on the other and by that time you are drunk. Now, none of that today. If you fail to attend

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to this business promptly I will fire you. Understand?"

George understood and said so. He did not like to be talked to like a dog while doing Avery's dirty work, and sometimes he secretly vowed to get even with his employer; but Avery kept him well dressed, furnished him with a living and some money that he spent for drink; so this time, as always before, he pocketed the money Avery gave him, and started on his mission, little better than a slave. In his younger days George Bolton had been one of Pinkerton's best detectives. He knew how to get the information Avery required, and generally did such work well, but he had become too unreliable to hold his old job.

The following day Avery waited impatiently for George's report concerning Eberly. At last it came. Avery looked it over and was highly pleased. Then he sent George out for more information. As soon as he was alone again he removed the telephone receiver from its hook:

"Give me 4143 Main, please. Hello, may I speak to Miss Linton, please? Miss Linton? This is Mr. Avery. Can you come to my office right away? Good bye."

Then Avery resumed the study of Bolton's report. Thirty minutes later the door opened and Miss Agnes Linton came in.

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"Hello Linnie," said he. "You're a jewel. How could I ever get along without you? Sit down please. This postal is the only answer I received to my ad in the Tribune, and it is so late now that I probably will not get any more. But this man Eberly is a good prospect, for he is only a boy and his mother is a widow with money."

"Going to sell him an interest in your business like you did those other fellows, or is it the gold mine this time?" asked Linnie.

"I advertised under the classification 'Help Wanted,' " said the man; "so I am going to offer him a job at a big salary, but before he commences work I am going to switch and sell him and his mother an interest in the business."

"Give him a job with the mining company if he will buy some stock," suggested Linnie. "Selling an interest in the business, when there is no business, is too old a gag; you can't keep on working that forever."

"But I can work it on a boy and a widow easier than I can a mining scheme," said Avery. "They have probably heard of mines that did not pan out, but they don't know anything about the magnitude or value of my business. If there is anybody easier to work than a boy it is an unsophisticated widow. I like widows almost (but of course not quite) as well as I like you, Linnie."

"You don't like anybody," said Linnie. "You just like money. Your pretended affection only

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indicates how much you expect to get out of a person. If you like me so well you had better give me some more money."

"Oh, come off," said Avery. "Now take this letter, please," and he proceeded to dictate as follows:

"Mr. John Eberly, Chicago. Dear sir: Your esteemed favor is received. In reply will say that the position is still open. It pays a good salary and offers the further inducement of possible promotion to an interest in my business, which is one of the most profitable in the city. Please call at this office tomorrow (Thursday) afternoon at three o'clock.

Thanking you for your inquiry I am
Yours very truly,"

Linnie wrote the letter as dictated, Avery signed it, and then mailed it in the chute just outside the office door.

"One thing more, Linnie," said he. "Titles sometimes inspire confidence. Call me 'Doctor' whenever you say anything to me or about me hereafter, and please make the title emphatic in the presence of others. It will help give me prestige and business, and that is what we want."

"Doctor Avery, my Dear DOCTOR," shouted Linnie, laughing so loudly that even he was somewhat abashed. "How long since? You are the first person I got acquainted with when I

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came to the city and I met you on the street. So I fell in with a Doctor before I even found a place to stay. My, but there must be some class to me, Whoop-la!" and the girl swung her hands as she yelled and laughed at the same time.

"Here, let up on that," commanded the man with the new title.

"But it's all too funny," screeched Linnie, "and what's more you are blushing like a girl yourself;" and Linnie watched the color come and go in the man's face and laughed until she cried. Avery was not pleased, but he smiled and then the two laughed together. Linnie managed to sober up enough to inquire, "but why did you select the title of 'Doctor?' Why not General, or Judge, or Reverend, or something else that means something? You might be mistaken for a dentist, or a quack horse doctor, or for almost anything else, with that ambiguous title of 'Doctor.' "

"Well, you know," answered Avery, whose good nature had now returned, "The Bible says that we should be all things to all people, and 'Doctor' may mean M. D., or D. D., or Ph. D.; so I can interpret it to suit the company I am in. Now don't laugh. Behave yourself!"

"The Bible says nothing of the kind," answered Linnie. "Shall I tell you what the Bible really does say that applies to you?"

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"No, don't trouble yourself. If that passage isn't in the Good Book it ought to be, for it is THE doctrine, according to my way of thinking," said Avery.

"Well, then, Reverend Doc.," said the girl, "tell me how much you are going to pull the Eberlys for, and how much of it I get."

Avery was surprised, for the stenographer had never before suggested that she be given a part of the profits of any transaction, although she had assisted many times in questionable proceedings. She was becoming bolder too, and he wondered if she thought he would not dare offend her because she knew so much about him. Any way he would humor her.

"I hope to get a good bunch of money from the Eberlys," said he, "and I will give you twenty-five dollars, besides paying for your work, if we make this thing go."

"All right," said Linnie. "I'll tell Eberly that you are a Doctor of Divinity, brother of the disciple Judas, and that you were offered the job of Pope, but declined on account of your excessive modesty and because you desired to stay here in order to be useful to him."

"Shut up! Can't you behave? This is serious business," and Avery showed his displeasure but the girl did not seem to care.

"I have no doubt it will be serious for young Eberly," said Linnie, "for you will probably peel

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the enamel off his front teeth. But I will help, of course, in anything you ever want to do," she said in a conciliatory tone of voice. She was sure she could offend him and then whistle him back as she might like. "You know me, Doctor, and know I will help; but you must let me guy you a little, once in a while; it is so much fun." She smiled, and he returned it, then she commenced again:

"Say, my good Doctor, what is the play? I must know, for I am in it, and I don't want to act the part of Juliet if the play is Macbeth."

Avery wriggled a little but decided to make a clean breast of the whole business. He had trusted her before and she had been guided by him. Possibly she might need to know in order to do what would be required of her.

"Yes, Linnie," said the Doctor, "I will tell you all about it. In order to sell the Eberlys an interest in my business I must first gain their confidence, for you know there is really nothing to sell. John Eberly's father is dead. Dead men are our allies, because we can use their names and claim anything we want to in regard to them, and they will just sleep on without contradicting anything we say. I will represent myself to be the dearest and most confidential friend his father ever had. George Bolton has gotten me the entire history of the Eberly family. I will gradually tell it all over to John and his mother as hav-

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ing been told me by John's father. I will surprise and convince them. I will not only get into the widow's confidence, but into her pocket book as well."

"Show me George's report," said Linnie, "so I will know about it, and not accidentally pull off any bone-head."

"I don't show his reports to anybody," said the Doctor; "but I will trust you, Linnie. Here it is." He handed her the report. It read as follows:

"John Eberly is twenty-two years old, unmarried, lives with his widowed mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Eberly, in the home owned by her at 2732 Woodland Avenue. His father was Thomas Eberly, salesman for Fred W. Kruse (Retail Dry Goods, at 112 State Street), for whom he worked for twenty years, until his death by heart disease last February. He was six feet two, slender, weighed 160 lbs., had black hair and eyes; and he always wore a short, black beard to conceal a red birth mark about one inch square on left side of chin. Thomas Eberly left to his widow the present home worth about \$6,000; a \$5,000 policy in the New York Life, which policy was eight years old, and the amount of same was paid in full to her in March; and he also left probably \$2,000 in personal property, all of which she received. The Eberlys moved to their present home from Frank-

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fort, Kentucky, about six months before Thomas commenced work for Kruse. Mrs. Eberly is short, has light hair and blue eyes and generally a bright smile. John is tall, like his father, but has blue eyes like his mother. He graduated from the University of Chicago this year, receiving the degree of A. B. He is the only living child of his parents, his sister having died just a month before her father. Thomas had one brother, Edward, a carpenter, but he died in his home at Aurora, Illinois, about sixteen years ago. John was named for Senator John A. Logan, who died some years ago, but who was one of Thomas' best friends. Other friends now dead were William Whiting (a druggist) and Aaron Elsmore (a grocer.) Thomas' friends now living include the Kruse employees and many members of Trinity M. E. church, to which the entire family belonged. William H. Walton, a prominent attorney of this city, whose office is in the First National Bank Building, is a friend of the family."

"It seems to me that some of these facts are as useless as your side whiskers," said Linnie. "What do you care about his friends who are dead?"

"Why, you dummy," said Avery, "I will say they were mutual friends of his father and me. Mrs. Eberly will know they were friends of her

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husband. I do not dare name any living man as a mutual friend, because he would say he knew Thomas but never heard of me. But dead men deny nothing. You see, Linnie, a man's usefulness does not end when he dies. I like dead men, widows and boys, and can manage them almost always, particularly the dead men. I never have any controversy with dead men, and in this case the use of their names will help me work the widow.

The Doctor laughed. Linnie did not even smile. Whether Avery's plans were sufficiently atrocious to shock even this girl she did not state, but she busied herself by again reading Bolton's report.

"This report says they are Methodists. I suppose the Reverend Doctor Avery is also a Methodist?"

"Sure," laughed Avery; "but I don't dare claim to belong to Trinity, for they might ask the preacher about it. I wonder where I do belong. I must decide that matter."

"I might volunteer to tell you where you belong, if that would help any."

"No, thank you, I don't want to overwork your imagination," said he, dodging the stenographer's wit.

"Tell me, honest, did you ever belong to any church?" asked the girl.

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"I came mighty near joining once," was the reply. "I was sick and afraid I might die."

"Then you never did join?" persisted Linnie.

"No, I got well just a little too soon," answered Avery. That reminded her of a little couplet, so she repeated it;

"When the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk
would be;

When the Devil got well, the devil a monk was
he."

"I don't know who wrote that but it must have been written about you after you got well," said Linnie. Avery joined in the laugh which he had invited by telling his only religious experience. Then he said:

"You are getting personal again, but you are all right. Now, Linnie, I want you to be here tomorrow when Eberly comes. Act as if you were employed here all the time, for we must **appear** to have a prosperous business."

After a little further talk Linnie put on her hat, said "good bye," and left the office. Then she opened the door again, put her head in and said;

"Say, Doctor, I have a conundrum for you."

"All right, what is it?"

"If the good die young, how does it happen that Doctor Avery has lived to be such an OLD rooster?" Both laughed, then Linnie went on

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her way, leaving the Doctor alone to mature his plans.

“She is bright and smart,” thought Avery, “and has a fine education, too. You often see a young man with such qualities going to the dogs, but not so often a girl. It’s really too bad.”

The next day at three o’clock the Doctor was in his private office with the door shut, waiting for John Eberly. Agnes Linton was in the reception room, pounding the typewriter furiously, in the act of writing imaginary letters to imaginary people, when the door opened. A tall young man entered and inquired for Mr. Avery. “Now in praise of the ‘Doctor’ I must lie like an epitaph,” thought the stenographer. Then to the visitor she replied:

“Yes, Doctor Avery is in, but very busy. Is this Mr. Eberly? Please be seated. The Doctor will be at leisure soon. He said he expected you at three. He imagined you were an experienced business man who might be just the person he wants. He will be surprised to see so young a man, but Doctor Avery prefers young men if they suit him in other respects. He received over five hundred answers to his ad, but is holding them all up waiting to see you. You will find Doctor one of the finest men you ever met, and as straight as a string. Everybody who deals with him always finds everything a little better

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than he represents. That is a part of his religion. He will do anything for his friends, and he has more of them than any man you ever saw. I've worked for him five years and he is the best man to work for that I ever knew. Excuse me," she said, in her sweetest tone and giving John a captivating smile, "I will rap on his door and tell him you are waiting."

She rapped on Avery's door, then quietly opened it, walked in, pushed it partly shut, immediately opened it again, and announced that the Doctor was ready.

Eberly walked into Avery's room and Miss Linton said:

"Doctor, this is Mr. Eberly."

Avery arose, shook John's hand, and greeted him cordially. After they were seated John was asked his age and questioned in regard to his business experience. It did not take the Doctor long to decide that his visitor was too young and inexperienced. John's disappointment was plainly visible as he arose to go, but just as he was bowing himself out the Doctor said, "I once had a very dear friend named Thomas Eberly. Poor fellow, he died last February. I wonder if you knew him or if he was possibly any relative of yours?"

"Thomas was my father's name, and he died last February," said John.

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Avery jumped from his chair and approached John, saying,

“Is your mother’s name Elizabeth, and did your sister die just a month before your father?”

“Yes, you are talking of our family,” answered John. Avery rushed forward, took both of John’s hands in his and said with a show of much feeling, “Your father was the dearest friend I ever had. I knew him more than twenty years ago, before he commenced work for Fred W. Kruse. He was a good salesman too, but most of all he was a dear, **dear** friend to me. I should have known you by your looks. He was tall, about six feet two, slender, had black hair, and you are like him only you have your mother’s blue eyes instead of his black ones. Your father always wore a short black beard. He and I were just like brothers. I never saw your mother but once, but your father called her ‘Elizabeth’ and I remembered it because that was my mother’s name. But I remember your mother well; she had light hair, blue eyes and a bright cheerful expression that looked almost like a constant smile. So you are Thomas’ only son. I am so glad you found me. The son of my dearest friend is my friend too, and just as if he were my own boy; and he can have anything I can give him.” By that time Avery was embracing John, the Doctor was crying, and the young man was agitated almost to tears.

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“Sit down again,” said Avery. “We will make a deal. Tell me how you are getting along.”

John Eberly did not doubt for a moment that he was in the house of his friend, and of his father's friend. Avery drew from him some facts that he did not already know, and told John about many deeds of kindness his father had done, not only for Avery but for many other people, all of which were fictitious. He brought tears to John's eyes several times, and tears rolled down his own cheeks as he related how Thomas had helped the poor and unfortunate, keeping himself almost poor, and had kept these things secret except from Avery. “We had no secrets that we did not tell to each other; but if ever there was a man who went about doing good, not letting his right hand know what his left hand doeth, that he might have a crown in the hereafter instead of mortal praise on earth, that man was surely your dear father,” sobbed the irrepressible Doctor.

It was six o'clock when Avery and John came out into the reception room, and not a word had been said about business. Miss Linton was still at the typewriter. She handed the Doctor a list of imaginary appointments made for him for the next day, saying, “They are in answer to your ad; I knew you and Mr. Eberly would not want to be disturbed.” “Cut them all out,” said her

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employer, "I have found the man I want. This young man is the son of Thomas Eberly. You knew him."

"Is he?" asked Linnie. "Why, of course, I saw Mr. Thomas Eberly here very often. He and the Doctor seemed more infatuated with each other than any two girl chums:" and Linnie looked at John and smiled. John smiled in return.

"Don't forget, John, that you are to lunch with me at noon tomorrow, and that I want your mother to be with us. I would like so much to see her again. Then after lunch we will get down to business," said the Doctor, as his visitor was leaving the office. The young man promised to come, and said he would convey the invitation to his mother. John then hastened home, thinking himself the most fortunate man in the city.

Mrs. Eberly was waiting dinner when John arrived, and during the meal he related to her the events of the afternoon. She did not remember Doctor Avery. She was certain her husband would not have failed in all those years to have talked to her about so good a friend. She could believe that Thomas had been good to the poor. It was like him to do good things; but that Dr. Avery or any other person should know secrets of her husband's life, good or bad, that were unknown to her, seemed impossible. Her curiosity was aroused to know more about her son's new-

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ly found friend. No, she would not accept his invitation to lunch. She was uncertain, though, just what to say. The Doctor had gained the full confidence of her son, who was now inclined to be displeased by her attitude.

“You go and lunch with him tomorrow, John, but tell him that your mother will have to be excused this time; then when you come home you will have another chapter to rehearse and we will consider that,” proposed Mrs. Eberly.

“If you think I am just ‘rehearsing chapters’ of a story I will not trouble by repeating anything more that he may say,” said the boy. “Possibly you may think my part of it is fiction too, and that I never saw Doctor Avery, or any other man, but made it all up myself.”

“John, John,” said Mrs. Eberly, “I never doubt you in the least. Just be reasonable. Why may I not doubt what any stranger says when it seems improbable, no matter whether he says it to you or to me, or to anybody else? I hope he is reliable, and he may be, but I don’t want to hurry down to the city tomorrow to be entertained by a man whom we do not know. It is different with you. If we finally conclude that he was a friend of your father, and if nothing unfavorable develops, we may invite him here for dinner some day, and I can meet him then; but it is unwise to progress too rapidly in a social way with strangers who are not vouched for.

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When we learn who are his friends, or where he keeps his bank account, we can probably find out something about him."

"I know he was a trusted friend of father," said John, "for he told me all about our family, and many things that he could not otherwise have known. I have told them all over to you, and yet you doubt. His stenographer is quite talkative and if you need more evidence, may be I can learn from her in a casual way who some of his friends are."

"Do not ask her any questions," said Mrs. Eberly. "If she is worthy of confidence she will not be confidential with you concerning her employer or his affairs. If I were doing it I would ask him. If you use some diplomacy he will tell you who were some of his and your father's mutual friends. If he gets disturbed over that question, or if he fails to name one or more, he will not help himself in my estimation."

"Well, I will see about it," said John, fearing he might offend the Doctor, but admiring his mother's wisdom.

After dinner Mrs. Eberly and her son went to an entertainment down in the city and for the time the subject was dropped.

A little later that evening as George Bolton came out of a saloon he saw Agnes Linton, in her one good dress, passing the door.

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"Hello, Linnie, where you going?" inquired the man.

"Oh, no place, George; but say, come here a minute. Henry Avery offered me twenty-five dollars to help bleed the Eberlys. He expects to get their entire five thousand dollars, and I think he should give us each one-third of it. He couldn't turn a wheel without our help. If you'll stay by me we will make the old sucker divvy up right with us. What do you say?"

"You bet I will," answered George.

"All right then," said Linnie, "say nothing about it but get all the information you can. I'll do the same, and when the time comes we will demand our share." She smiled, swung her hand, said "good bye," and continued her walk.

"But really I like that Eberly kid, and pity him too," thought Linnie. "He seems like a nice young man. He will need his money. I wish Avery had selected some other victim instead of the Eberlys. What if somebody had such a design against my folks at home? What if Avery should try to pluck my father next? Really I do like that boy, and truly I pity him, for he is in the claws of a vulture. But who am I, to pity anybody?" she thought as she increased her speed. "Who wants my sympathy? Who cares anything about me? If I were to meet him on the street he would look the other way. If I were to bow he would not speak. If he has five

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thousand dollars he is rich, while I am nobody. But I like him. Before I came here it might have been different. Now it can never be. I can do nothing but sink lower. Oh God, it is I, and not he, that needs pity and protection!" Just then she looked up and saw John and his mother coming. They were looking at her. John doffed his hat. His mother smiled. Agnes Linton blushed, the first time in nearly two years. She again quickened her steps. Near the street corner the Salvation Army was singing:

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me pure within?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

She had heard that hymn before, but the words seemed now to be directed to her. When half a block past she paused for a moment while they sang:

"Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

Agitated, confused, with that song going through her mind and with tears very near the surface, she hurried on. She was almost running when she entered her room. It was a place of shelter, but not a home. Alone! Away from home! Away from mother! And well she knew that her dear mother was grieving her life away

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for her wayward, runaway girl. She could return, but she thought herself too unworthy. What could she do? She threw herself on the bed and cried aloud. How different from the "Linnie" she had been! Her tears are those of a repentant Mary Magdalene, praying that the Master pass her way, to pity, forgive and save.

At noon the next day John Eberly was at Avery's office according to appointment. He explained that his mother appreciated the Doctor's invitation, but said she would have to be excused this time. Avery was disappointed, but as polite and cordial as ever. He was somewhat agitated too by Agnes Linton's failure to come to the office that morning as he had requested. He did not know the cause of her absence. He told John that she had suddenly been taken sick at the office, and that he had just sent her home in a cab.

While the Doctor and his guest were eating the elaborate lunch that Avery had ordered, John took from his pocket a special delivery letter and handed it to his friend. It read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Eberly:

Beware! Now I have warned you!

Your friend,

Mamie Manson."

"Who wrote this?" asked Avery.

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"I know nothing about it except that I received it by mail this forenoon," said John.

"Do you know anybody by the name of Mamie Manson?" asked the Doctor.

"No," said John. "It is all very obscure to me."

Avery was puzzled and worried. He wondered if Agnes Linton had proven false to him and had written this note of warning, but he said:

"I can explain it to you, John. A fake medium has sent several such notes to different people. She sent two to me. Then she came to the office one day and said a Spirit had appeared to her and given an important message that concerned me. If interested I could call at her home and she would go into a trance, verify the message and tell it to me. It is her way of getting business. She evidently sent this letter to you. Yes, it is the same hand writing, I am sure. She is a fraud. Give her no attention. I will keep this note and put it with the ones she sent me, if you do not care."

John was willing, so Avery put the note into his pocket and resumed the line of conversation that had been interrupted. He informed John that Senator John A. Logan had been a mutual friend of the Doctor and John's father, and that John was named for the Senator. He mentioned John's Uncle Edward, and said that Edward built a house for him at Aurora about seventeen

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years ago. He showed that he knew the family history of the Eberlys, but said nothing about the birth mark on Thomas' chin, and nothing about the \$5,000 life insurance policy. His knowledge of these two things he carefully reserved for use as closing arguments to be used on the widow. He offered John a position at \$150 per month, but would not want him to commence for a few days until the Doctor could buy Mr. Johnson's interest in the business. He said, "Mr. Johnson is a silent partner in my business. He has \$5,000 invested and draws out twice that much in profits every year. But when he came in with me I took an option back on his half in the business, for what he paid for it, said option to become effective when Johnson had received \$25,000 in profits. He has now drawn \$22,500 in profits, so I will give him \$2,500 more right away and return his \$5,000 and be rid of him."

John was highly elated by his good fortune. He went home loaded with an interesting story for his mother, and with a message that Doctor Avery would be pleased to meet her soon.

Mrs. Eberly inclined to the belief that the Doctor must have known Thomas. The offer of \$150 per month salary to John was an indication of friendship. She decided to let John invite him to dinner the following Tuesday, reasoning that it would do no harm anyway; and she would al-

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so invite Mr. and Mrs. Walton. That might be better than to have Avery alone with John and herself. Besides, Walton was a shrewd lawyer, and his opinion of Avery might be worth something if she should afterwards care to ask for it.

Avery's explanation that the note of warning had been sent by a clairvoyant was satisfactory to John, but not to Avery. He lost no time in taking the note to Judge Barton and asking him to locate the writer. Barton wanted a sample of Linnie's hand writing, which Avery was able to furnish. By careful comparison it became evident that she wrote the note to Eberly. Moreover, she had apparently made no effort to disguise her writing.

Avery was furious. He had shown her George Bolton's report and told her his plans. She also knew much about some of his previous shady deals. He wished she were dead, and said so.

"Careful, careful," said Barton. "If you are in her power I must handle the matter for you. Say nothing to make her angry. Really the best thing you can do is to not see her. If she comes to your office, be as nice to her as ever, and don't let her know that you ever heard of that note."

"I would not want to shoot her myself," said Avery, "but if she should be killed I would ask no questions. I thought she was trustworthy, and as good a friend as I have."

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"No such woman is trustworthy," answered the Judge; "and you were foolish to trust her, but she may be as good a friend as you have. People like you and me don't have friends. We just have helpers."

"Accomplices, do you mean?"

"Just call them 'helpers,'" answered Barton; "but always be sure they are well-paid, and satisfied. You should not have talked so much to her; but I will try to keep you out of trouble. By the way, you may leave me a little retainer, say twenty-five dollars."

Avery handed over the money. The Judge renewed his injunction to not do anything to make a bad matter worse, and Avery went out.

The next day George Bolton appeared at Avery's office. "Hello, Doc.", said George.

"Clear out," shouted Avery, "you're drunk again."

"But I've got something to tell you; Linnie said you offered her \$25 to help work Eberly, but that she thought she ought to have one-third of the \$5,000 you're getting."

"Get out of here, you're drunk."

George started to obey the command, but Avery stopped him, saying, "Wait a minute, George; come in here and tell me all about it."

George came in and sat down. "Well," said he, sobered a little by Avery's roughness, "I may be drunk, but I can tell you. I was over in

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Pinky's place, having a few drinks with Hank Abrams. Hank and I are old pals, you know. We've worked many a case together. I said to him, 'Hank, old boy, who are you working now?' and he said, 'You've hit it, George, for I've been working old man Manson over at Galesburg for two years, but his money is about gone and I need another sheep. The old man's daughter Mamie ran away from home about two years ago, and they thought she'd come to Chicago. So he's been putting up the rocks for me, and I've been hunting for her. Haven't got any track of her.' Then he showed me a picture of Mamie Manson, and its Linnie, but I didn't tell him. He had three pictures of her, and gave me one, and here it is." Then George handed to Avery a picture of a pretty girl, that surely resembled Linnie, only it looked younger.

Avery phoned Judge Barton to come over at once. The lawyer did as requested. Before Barton left Avery's office he had an affidavit, signed by George Bolton, telling all about Linnie's proposal for division of profits, together with some embellishments that the Judge added to help his client's case. He also had all the facts about Mamie Manson, together with her photograph. Then he said to George, "Linnie has moved and we do not know where she is. I want you to find out and let me know."

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As soon as Bolton had gone Barton looked at the Doctor and smiled. "What a lucky cuss I am," laughed Avery. "Now we know that Agnes Linton, alias Mamie Manson, not only wrote that warning note to Eberly, but that she is being hunted by a detective, and we will expose her if she does not play fair. She will succumb to such a threat, apologize and do anything I may require. I will own her now, even if she did play false this time. I will swear she will never dare do it again, and as good luck would have it she did no damage this time."

"Don't ever trust her again, or any other woman like her," said the Judge. "We seem to be unusually lucky this time, and I can now put you past this trouble; but leave it to me."

Tuesday evening came, and with it came Doctor Avery and Mr. and Mrs. Walton to dine at the home of Mrs. Eberly. Whether Mr. Walton really dined depends upon the meaning of that word. He sat at the table with the others, talked, smiled and told stories, but ate nothing. He had eaten nothing for six days, and Mrs. Walton was alarmed. He did not tell her that he was fasting merely to test a theory. In vain she had tried day after day to get an explanation from him, but he had only said: "You are a Christian Scientist and believe there is no such thing as sickness. Then how inconsistent for

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you to worry because I do not eat. Although I make no profession, still I am a better Christian Scientist than you, because I do not worry.”

For some reason this explanation had not satisfied his wife. True, she never allowed a physician to be called for herself or the children. They could not have more than a belief that they were sick, and Christian Science was fully able to cope with such “belief.” Why should she worry? But she did. At any rate her words and actions caused others to have the belief that she worried.

Doctor Avery was full of jokes and fun, and exhibited an amazing appetite. He had carefully read all current news and prepared himself in various ways to entertain. The only reference he made to Thomas was in saying that John’s father once told him a story about having a Sunday School class of girls; that they brought various presents for a Christmas box to be sent to a colored girls’ school, and among their gifts were three curling irons. “That was not a story, it was a fact,” said Mrs. Eberly. Then they all laughed. Where did Avery get that story? One of the floor walkers at Kruse’s store had told it to George Bolton. Mrs. Eberly was secretly proud of her salad. She had taken the inside out of something, mixed it with the inside of something else, put in some other ingredients, covered it all over with what looked like the inside of a

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mustard plaster, and its disguise was impene- trable. Mrs. Walton thought it was "just grand," partly because she did not know what it was. For the same reason Avery and John were not much interested in it. Walton looked at it curiously. He would have liked to have smelled of it. Nothing unpleasant happened though, and everybody was happy.

The meal being over and the visiting ended, the Waltons went home. Doctor Avery lingered. When alone with Mrs. Eberly and John he became serious in his look and manner, spoke of Thomas as a confidential friend, and said he was often asked by Thomas for advice. "Eight or nine years ago he told me he had no life in- surance," said Avery, "and I prevailed on him to take a \$5,000 policy in the New York Life. I told him it was his duty to give you that protec- tion. He was glad afterwards, and often thanked me. He was a little sensitive about the birth- mark on his chin, but it was concealed by his beard, and I told him it was not to be regretted because it would identify him in case of drown- ing."

Mrs. Eberly was convinced by Avery's talk that he had been a friend of Thomas, for she knew her husband never told to ordinary ac- quaintances some of the things to which Avery referred. She said little; but taking all these things into consideration, and the fact that he

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had offered John a position at \$150 per month, she began to share to some extent John's confidence in their newly found friend. Avery's talk turned to business and became confidential. He told of the profits of his business, and he had a notion to take John in with him as a partner, letting him have the partner's interest he was about to buy on the option of which he had spoken to John. John at once became enthusiastic. But Mrs. Eberly could not furnish \$5,000. "That will be all right," said Avery. "You pay what you have and I will pay the balance for John. What I advance he can repay later out of the profits. How much could you pay now, Mrs. Eberly?" She thought she could not spare more than \$2,000 just at present. "That is satisfactory. John will be my partner. I know it would please Thomas if he could know, and may be he does." Avery drew from his pocket some paper and a fountain pen, moved over to the table and commenced to write. John was exultant. His mother was a little scared. Business was progressing more rapidly than she had anticipated, but how could she help it? Avery finished the writing, read it aloud, quickly signed it and had John sign it. He also secured Mrs. Eberly's signature by words and actions suggestive if not hypnotic. Then he maneuvered for the check, and got it. Nearly all the cash savings of the Eberly family passed into the hands of an un-

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worthy stranger. Was this accomplished by persuasion? Not entirely. A determined and aggressive mental power had committed violence on a vacillating mind. She had not willed to sign. She just signed.

Then the Doctor relaxed from a stern, compelling mood to a pleasant, placating disposition, dropped the subject of business, expressed his appreciation of his entertainment, complimented the dinner and the beauties of their home, said "good night" amid kindly smiles, and departed for his bachelor quarters with the widow's check securely stowed away in his pocket. The next morning he cashed the check within three minutes after the bank opened, fearing that payment on it might be stopped.

Mrs. Eberly slept little that night. She feared she had made a serious mistake. In the morning she and John went to the office of Attorney Walton and told him all that had occurred. The lawyer was suspicious. Together they walked over to the Corn Exchange National Bank and found it was too late to stop payment on the check. Walton's suspicions were increased. "We will go to the Doctor's office," said he, "and see what we can find out."

George Bolton was at Judge Barton's office at nine o'clock that morning. "Linnie is at the Salvation Army barracks on Harrison Street," he

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said. "Last night she was shaking a tambourine and singing with the rest of them. I guess she has reformed. I didn't say a word to her, for she has a sharp tongue, so I gave her the go-bye. She stayed with other Salvationists at 417 North Clark Street last night, but she was back at the barracks by eight o'clock this morning."

The Judge gave a low whistle. Then he sat and thought. Not a word was spoken for several minutes.

"George," said he, "I am going to see her. You keep out of sight, but follow me back to this office if I come alone. If she comes with me I will bring her here, and in that case you go to Avery's office so I can find you if I need you later."

Judge Barton looked in at the door of the Salvation Army headquarters, and saw Linnie talking with three women and one man. She wore the Salvation Army bonnet, and Bolton's surmise was undoubtedly correct. The Judge was not bashful, but he hesitated. Linnie and her companions saw him and came to the door. Barton extended his hand to Linnie and said, "How is Miss Linton today?" Her associates looked surprised.

"That is the name by which you know me," said she; "but now I am a new woman, and I want to be known by my true name which is Mamie Manson." It was now the Judge's turn to be surprised. He had expected to use the

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facts concerning her identity as a club, threatening to divulge same unless she complied with his demands. Not knowing what else to do he smiled.

She introduced him to her friends. Then he asked her to walk to his office with him. She refused.

"Doctor Avery has been your employer for a long time," said the Judge. "He wants to see you, and I think you should not stay away."

"Captain Anderson," said she, "I want you to go with me to Henry Avery's office, perhaps I should explain to him."

The Captain consented and the three went together to Avery's office, arriving while Avery was trying to satisfy Walton in the presence of Mrs. Eberly and John, that their deal was all right. The girl entered first, then the Salvation Army officer, followed by the Judge. She nodded to Avery, who was as pale as a ghost.

"My name is Mamie Manson," she said, as she bowed to John, "and not Miss Linton, as you were told when we met here before." John arose, greeted her cordially and introduced his mother and Mr. Walton, explaining that she was the Doctor's stenographer when he first called.

"And your sweet smile," she said, addressing Mrs. Eberly, "helped me to start in the new life. It brought back to me the loving smiles of my

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own dear mother, for whom in my loneliness I have cried during many a night. I went to my room and wrote her a letter. Then I wrote a warning note to your son, and signed it with my own name. Then I got down on my knees and gave my heart to Jesus." "Praise the Lord," shouted Captain Anderson. "Then," continued she, "I was so full of mingled joy and excitement that I went to the Army and found a home there." "Glory to God," chimed in the Captain.

"All this is very unnecessary," objected Judge Barton; "I want a private talk with the lady." "So do I," said Walton. Avery picked up his hat and made a rush for the door. John and Walton stopped him. Barton tried to help Avery. The Captain and the girl grabbed Barton, while Mrs. Eberly was too badly frightened to do anything. Everybody talked at once except Walton, so their conversation cannot easily be recorded. Avery's voice could be heard above the others, but it might corrupt the morals of the printer to set his words in type.

Half an hour later, after things had quieted down, George Bolton came in. "Come here, George," said Mamie. "Speak a piece. Tell about your report to Avery, giving him the entire history of the Eberly family." "To hell," answered George, as he quickly turned to make a hasty exit. "Sure, you're on that road," shouted the Salvation Army girl. Mr. Walton laughed

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out loud. He was usually the personification of dignity.

Soon after Bolton had gone the door opened again, and this time a large, well built stranger entered. Mrs. Eberly and John were putting into her purse and into his pockets several rolls of bills, the money Avery had obtained when he cashed her check that morning. The man inquired for Henry Avery. Then stepping forward he said to the Doctor, "I have a warrant for your arrest."

"Let me see it," said Barton.

"You are too late. It's all over and the money has been restored," said Mamie.

"I don't know to what you refer," said the man, "but I am from the United States Marshal's office, and he is charged with fraudulent use of the mails."

"But he has paid back all the money to Mrs. Eberly. There she is and she will tell you so. We should be merciful as well as just," persisted Mamie.

"Mrs. Eberly is not concerned in this matter," said the Deputy Marshal. "He is accused of having defrauded several other people."

As Barton and his client were leaving with the officer, two Post Office Inspectors entered and at once proceeded to put the office files in piles, preparatory to removing them to the Government Building.

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Walton steered the Eberlys and the Salvationists out of the office and down to the street. Not a word was spoken. They felt as if they had witnessed a tragedy, but not of the innocent. When out of the building Captain Anderson invited the others to come to the meeting at the hall that evening. "Miss Manson will speak," he said.

"I may be there," answered Walton.

They all said "good bye," the army officer added his "God bless you," and the party separated.

"She seems to be an exceptionally bright woman," said Walton to Mrs. Eberly and John, as they were walking back to the bank to re-deposit the money. "I had intended to go to a show tonight, but I may go and hear her instead." Walton was not much of a churchman; but he was an investigator of creeds and theories, as well as a law practitioner in the higher courts. He knew little about the Salvation Army, but now his curiosity was aroused. When he entered the hall that evening he was late. Mamie Manson was saying:

"We find no fault with the churches. God bless them all. In some things their way is not our way, but many good people work with them who might not work with us. Christians differ. Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congrega-

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tionalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Adventists, and a score of others, work independently of one another. Each has its critics and its defenders. "Then may we not defend and laud the Salvation Army by just comparison?"

"Church doors open two or three times a week to penitent sinners who journey thence to seek salvation; while seven days in the week the Army goes where the sinner is. Once each year the church holds a business meeting to decide, after careful deliberation, whether revival meetings shall be held for a few weeks, and if so, whether an evangelist shall be imported for the occasion. When the decision is in the affirmative it is generally thought necessary to hold a few preparatory meetings first. The Salvation Army holds revival meetings 365 times a year. If the church had one-half the Salvation Army's zeal for souls, the Devil would soon get off from the earth. Perhaps we could not raise money by holding a 'Pink Tea,' but all our financial needs would be cheerfully met by good people if they could know the effect on the over-burdened soul when the Army on the street corner sings:

'What can wash away my sin?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

What can make me pure within?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.'

"Some wandering girl may be passing, to whom it brings salvation. Would not all good

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people like to contribute or have some part in getting such conversions?

“They say our meetings are spectacular, and all for show. If that were true we would not furnish the **only** show. No fashionably dressed ushers, in the act of taking up a collection, march and countermarch with majestic tread through the aisles of our hall, finally standing with bowed heads at the altar, while in a bewildering two ring performance the minister and the pipe organ operate at the same time; the music drowning the thanksgiving prayer, and the spoken words spoiling the music.

“Through the agency of the Salvation Army, God converts drunkards to lives of soberness and industry, rescues fallen girls and restores them to worthy womanhood, cares for destitute children and aids them towards wholesome and happy lives, reforms criminals and helps them to become upright citizens, does effective work in prisons and hospitals, provides shelter for the homeless and destitute, finds employment for the unemployed, works in cities all over the world and in the dark regions where sin and crime abound; and all the time continues to say, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are of heavy burden, and I will give you rest.’

“The Salvation Army led in the fight for woman’s emancipation. At a time when no woman was permitted to even testify in church, our

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Army's Mother Booth stood on a street corner in London and told the jeering mob of an even greater and more beautiful city, wherein the King of Glory dwells. She said to women:

'On earth not only work and pray,
But point to heaven, and lead the way.'

Then to the timid sister we hear her saying:

'He will give you faith and skill,
Speak, yea preach, whoever will!'

"The name of Mother Booth will some day adorn a tablet in a Temple of Fame. Will you help the Army continue her work for equality and justice?"

"The Army needs money not only for current expenses, but for Training College Buildings, Rescue Work, Industrial Homes, Poor Men's Hotels, Emergency Relief Work, Prison Work, Maternity Hospitals, and Day Nurseries.

"Rich men are beginning to remember the Army in their wills; and the number of such is sure to increase as soon as our work is known, because our funds are carefully administered and in no other charity does the same amount of money, be it large or small, do as much good.

"No diamonds are on our fingers, but the Pearl of Great Price is in our hearts. No flowers are banked on our platform, but the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley ornament every life. No expensive chandelier of electric lights illuminates a gorgeous display of millinery

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in rented pews in our hall; but the Infinite One, the Morning Star, the Day Star, the Sun of Righteousness, shines for us, enabling us to look into the invisible and see our mansions not made by hands, eternal in the heavens. I am glad that fewer churches than formerly now rent their pews. The church is an educator, and education is helpful. The Salvation Army is a converter of men and women to the Christian Faith, and conversion is most needful. We employ no high salaried ministers, but the Great Teacher shows us the Way, the Life and the Truth. He tells us to go out into the highways and down into the dark valleys, to lift up His erring children and say to each and every one, 'My Father's house has in it a beautiful place prepared for you.' It may be that life's burdens are heavy, that the road seems almost too steep to climb, that you are roaming alone in the wilderness, hungry, foot-sore, weary; but the Captain of our Salvation says to you, 'Be of good cheer, the Son of Man is able to save. Turn from wickedness unto righteousness; get under the shelter of the Tree of Life and behold the brightness of the Father's glory. Eat of the Fruit of the Tree of Life and drink of the Living Water. Put on the wedding garment, which means the spirit of the Master. He will be your Shield, your Sure Defense, your Help in every time of trouble. Drink from the Fountain of

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Life. Partake of the Bread of Eternal Life. He is your Hope. He will be your Deliverer.'

"We are told that the morning stars sang together at the time of our Savior's birth. Are you able to hear them now? I believe it was Addison who so beautifully wrote:

'Soon as the evening shades prevail
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
And all the stars that 'round her burn,
And all the planets as they turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll
And spread the news from pole to pole,
Forever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is Divine.'

"Have your heart and mind and soul attuned to God's music! Put yourself into harmony with the universe! Only man is perverse! See a vision of the blessedness of service! Jesus said that he who would be greatest must serve the rest. That doctrine, **Service**, is the key note of the Salvation Army.

"Some one has said:

'The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you.'

"What is your response?"

At that moment Mamie saw a sweet faced, elderly woman, accompanied by two men. enter the hall.

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“There comes my dear mother,” shouted the Salvation Army girl as she ran to the loving embrace. Captain Anderson sang, “Shall there be any stars in my crown?” George Bolton had been standing just outside the door all the evening. He thought he heard, in invitation song from the other world, the voices of his wife and daughter. Who will say that he did not? He rushed into the room, up to the front, and fell on his knees. “Glory to God,” shouted the enthusiastic Captain. The tambourine was passed around and when the money was counted the piece of white paper among the silver and nickels was found to be a check for fifty dollars, signed by William H. Walton. Late that night, with George Bolton joining in the chorus, the Army sang the familiar song:

“Let us labor for the Master from the dawn 'til
setting sun;
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over and our work on
earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, we'll be there.”

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