

# SALVATION ARMY.

WITH THE CORPS THAT FIGHTS SIN ONLY.

A Day's Campaign With Commander Booth's Salvationists in the Slums of New York.

WITH the coming of the news that Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth were to be relieved of their command of the American branch of the Salvation Army, there has arisen once more a discussion, more or less public, in regard to the work done by that large organization.

With the merits or demerits of the Salvation Army it is not the purpose of this article to deal. The matter has been argued and discussed pro and con for the past nine years. It is rather the purpose to set forth simply and in an unbiased way what is done in New York City by the members of the Salvation Army every one of the 365 days in the year.

Recently a reporter for the Mail



THE SLUM WORKERS.

and Express spent twenty-four hours in the Salvation Army. The day began in the slums. It ended there, too; but the night was longer than the day and fuller of misery and sin and shame. The day began for the slum workers while the night lights were still flickering and flaring in the cold, raw breeze that came rushing in over the city from the East River. The slum house, situated in Cherry street, has six workers, who live there constantly. Their uniform is not that of the army, or the simple army garb was far too gay and fine for these women who go way down into the very depths of human sin and suffering to find those whom they would succor.

The day began with prayer. Then a simple breakfast of tea, oatmeal and hash, with plenty of bread and butter. The workers chatted happily over their breakfast. Laughter was free and frequent. These women who devote their lives to this work are happy. Indeed, the dominant note in the whole army is joyousness.

It was hardly six when the "sister" (they are all brother and sister in the army, unless they happen to be adjutant or major or colonel or captain), who kindly allowed the writer to accompany her, began her day's work. Down Cherry street she went, past that little white house where that old hag, "Shakespeare," was so foully murdered some years ago through an alley way which would be dark on a sunshiny day, but which at six in the morning was inky in its blackness. Into a still darker hall and thence up four flights of stairs.

On the third landing the woman stumbled and fell. A man was lying asleep on the floor.

"Have you a match?" asked the slum worker, calmly, as she rose; "please light it; this man may be in need of help."

The flickering flame from the match showed a huge, filthy brute lying directly across the stairs.

"Will you please help me with him?" said the girl; "some one may stumble over him and fall down stairs."

Then this young woman stooped in the darkness, and, putting her arms about the shoulders of the sodden brute lying there, half dragged and half carried him out of the way.

"Poor fellow!" she sighed to herself, as she continued on her way up stairs.

In a small eight-by-ten room on the top floor of this rear tenement was found the object of the slum worker's visit. The room itself was as dark as the hall. A candle was soon lit, however, which, to a slight extent, dispelled the gloom. This room was bare. In lieu of a carpet the floor was covered with filth. On a bundle of rags, which, for want of a better name, might be called a bed, lay a woman groaning with pain. It would not be possible to tell her age. She might have been thirty, she may have been sixty, she probably was forty. Her face, wasted by disease and sin, was covered with dirt; her black, deep-sunken eyes glared out from under a tangled mass of gray hair. Save for this woman, the bed upon which she lay and the filth, the room was empty.

As the young woman lighted her candle, the older one half rose from the bed.

"Wot der yer want 'lik me?" she growled.

"We have come to help you," said the girl, gently; "they told me you were sick, so I came," she added, simply.

"They lied," said the woman; "I don't want no help; wot be ye?" she continued, "one of them rich folks; I hate 'em all."

"No," replied the girl, "I am as poor as you. That's why I've come to help you. We ought to help each other."

The sun had begun to crawl up out of the eastern horizon by this time, and the candle was snuffed out. The woman eyed the young woman and her companion suspiciously for a few minutes. Finally, she recognized the slum uniform of the Salvation Army, for she said, surlily:

"Ye're one o' them Salvationers?"

"Through the grace of Christ, yes," said the girl.

"Don't want ter know nuthin' about it," said the woman.

"Of course you don't," replied the young woman, cheerfully; "but you'd like to have a doctor, and be cleaned up and have something to eat, wouldn't you?"

"You bet," said the woman.

"Will you go back to the house,

"What other work has been done by the slum corps?" was asked.

"The figures mean so little," said the girl, "but we talked with 18,235 different people in the slums, urging them to reform. We have visited 15,322 saloons and places of evil resort. Three hundred homeless persons were provided with homes, 4208 garments were procured and given away. It is so much harder to get the clothes than to give them away. We could use twice as many as we get."

### CARING FOR THE BABIES.

The reporter then left the young woman to her work and visited the creche, where the children of poor women who have to go out by the day to work are cared for. There are two of these institutions connected with the Salvation Army of this city—one in the Cherry street district and one down in the First Ward. The Cherry street creche has a daily attendance of twenty-five to thirty little ones, all under three years of age, while only ten can be cared for in the other.

In all, seven young women act as nurses, and spend the day in coddling and loving the poor little ones, whose lives are so empty of love. No effort is made to teach the babes anything. They are simply cared for and petted and made much of. Toys and swings are provided for them, and they are given three hearty meals of the proper sort for young children; and how they thrive and blossom out under this kindly care!

From the creche the reporter went to the new Memorial Building in West Fourteenth street, which has only recently been completed. The building was erected by popular subscription from all parts of the country, and is a monument to the unflinching energy and work of Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth.

The building is practically a nine-story structure. On the ground floor is a small meeting room, where meetings are held nightly; on the second, third and fourth floors is a huge auditorium, taking up the greater part of the building, although the front part is devoted to offices. In the basement is the printing room, where the army publications are run from the presses. All of the work for the army is done in this building. Every uniform worn is made in the tailor shops by members of the army. The War Cry editorial rooms, employing four editors and three reporters, are on the seventh floor. Two large, light composing rooms take up the space on the eighth floor, while the ninth floor is occupied by the art department of the papers. All of the illustrating work is done here, and done well, too.

In the printing room are six modern presses, that are kept very busy running off an edition of 90,000 War Cry a week.

### A NOONDAY MEETING.

It was nearly noon when the Mail and Express reporter reached the Army Headquarters. The crowd was already beginning to assemble in the large auditorium. It was an interesting crowd and a motley. Men old and young women and girls, maids and matrons, all crowded together, rushing and pushing in their efforts to get into the hall. It was the first meeting at which Mrs. Booth was to be present since her trip to the far West.

As the noon whistles began blowing, the army band crowded up on the platform; then came the officers, and finally Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth. There was not a vacant seat in the auditorium.

Ballington Booth, tall, commanding in presence, the light of enthusiasm beaming from his eyes, stands on the dais of the platform. He leans well over the assembled multitude and speaks slowly. "It is my deep wish that this meeting be conducted on the usual lines. I know that many of you are anxious to hear us speak of the ad-

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"Are you not afraid to stay here alone?" was asked.

"No," said the girl. "I am not afraid."

"What 'ud she be 'fraid ov, ye jay?" snarled the woman.

In half an hour the things needed were on hand. There was a single burner oil stove, a bed comfortable and some sheets, some warm and suitable clothing for the woman, a nail and scrubbing brush and food. Then the young woman set to work. First she sent the reporter away for half an hour.

When he returned the sick woman had been washed and dressed in clean garments. A bed had been made of the rags she had lain on, but they were covered by clean sheets. The woman's tangled hair had been combed out and braided. Water had been heated, and the Salvation Army woman was on her knees scrubbing the floor.

"We're getting cleaned up a little," she called cheerily, as the reporter entered the room.



NOONDAY PRAYER MEETING OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

"Umph!" growled the woman on the bed.

By 10 o'clock the room had been cleaned and swept, the woman cared for and fed, and a doctor sent for. Then the slum worker started to go. In all the time she had been working the young woman had not spoken one word of religion, or given the slightest hint that she was more than a neighbor who had dropped in to help about the place. The neighbors could not have done the work, of course, because none of them had probably ever known the meaning of cleanliness.

"My whole day," said the girl, as she walked down the rickety stairs, "will be occupied in this way. It is the only way to reach these poor out-casts."

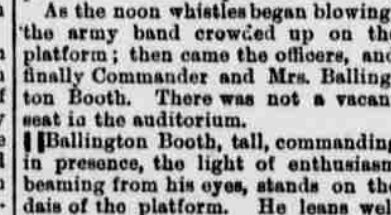
"How many such visits are paid in a year?" was asked.

"There are three slum corps in this city. Last year we visited 11,854 persons in this way. We gave away 6318 meals. You have seen what a meal means. We prepare everything ourselves, just as you saw me do this morning. It is a blessed work. God is so good to allow us to do it, for we have helped these poor people so much, and our labor has been so well rewarded!"

structed the latest novelty in a bicycle. This wheel was bought in the market from the manufacturer for 25 cents. It is not an old curiosity from a lumber room, but a genuine wheel. It is built of strips of wood, is fitted with brake and tool box and has an adjustable leather saddle, the latter having a stretching or tension screw to take up the sag of the leather.

It was sold without driving gear, but was afterwards fitted out at the office of the Scientific American with sprocket wheels and cranks, and with a perforated leather belt in place of a chain. Thus equipped it proved rideable. It is not exactly equal in comfort, easy running and speed to an eighteen or twenty pound modern wheel, but its propelling power is satisfactory. Its construction admits more to a serpentine line of progress than to a straightway course.

A Nap in Church.



The Waterbury.

Lord Brassey scandalized all of Melbourne by nodding familiarly to some sailors from his yacht, whom he saw at the theatre.

# SPRING FASHIONS.

WHAT WELL-DRESSED WOMEN WILL WEAR.

It Will Be a Flower Season in Millinery—A Young Lady's Corset—Basque of Mixed Cheviot.

So far, says the New York Sun, it appears to be the same old millinery story as to shape, bonnets, toques and hats having hardly a thing to choose between them. One thing is certain, however, so far as trimming is concerned it will be a flower season. Those who have

de soie, crepon, cashmere or other soft woollens with yokes, lower sleeves and collar of velvet or silk for ordinary wear.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this corsage for a lady having a 30-inch bust measure is 3 yards; for a 34-inch size, 3 1/2 yards; for a 38-inch size, 3 3/4 yards.

### HANDSOME BASQUE.

Mixed cheviot is here stylishly decorated with pipings of dark green velvet and small smoked pearl buttons. The seamless chemisette, with standing collar of the material here pictured, can be changed for one of white linen or pique, and a bow or a four-in-hand necktie is a natty finish to this style of basque. The basque is



THE VERY NEWEST HEADGEAR.

looked upon present headgear as all that was conservatorial will open their eyes pretty wide when they see the perfect flower-beds that will blossom forth upon the heads of femininity. Roses by the bushel, violets by thousands and poppies by pounds will enhance the beauty and increase the cost of the great millinery epoch of the year. Tulle promises to be another feature of hat-trimming. A ruche of this in blue or green appears to smart advantage upon a small toque with a low pointed crown and rosettes of the same tulle on either side, the whole being trimmed entirely with ivy and turquoise, a marked combination of colors. On many of the hats appear bows of black lace with a white applique design, while large white aigrettes are conspicuous in all millinery. There is a decided tendency to strings, tulle being used most, although wide ribbon is also frequently employed.

### CORSAGE FOR A YOUNG LADY.

The waist illustrated in the two-column engraving is designed for receptions or general wear, the material chosen and the addition of yoke collar and lower sleeves of velvet making all the difference as shown in back

glove fitting, shaped with single bust darts in front that are piped with velvet, the small buttons being sewed on each side of seam. The closing is invisible on the left side, or buttonholes



BASQUE OF MIXED CHEVIOT.

can be made to adjust to the first row of buttons. The upper portions are faced and reversed in stylish lapels that meet the rolling collar in notches. The back has the usual seams and



YOUNG LADIES' CORSAGE—DESIGNED BY MAY MANION.

view. Silver spangled silk gauze is here chosen for full dress occasions, made of turquoise blue satin, with silver spangled passementerie forming the square yoke. Trilby bows of blue satin ribbon stand up on the shoulders, falling in loops on each side of the sleeves. The glove-fitted linings are shaped with double bust darts, and the usual seams over which the full fronts and back are gracefully disposed by gathers top and bottom. The closing can be effected invisibly in centre front, or the lining can be closed in centre and the yoke with full front arranged to close at the left shoulder and under arm seam if so preferred. The fronts droop stylishly over the belt of turquoise blue velvet that closes at the left side. Full three-quarter puffs reach below the elbow, which are stylishly arranged over satin linings. Waists by the mode can be handsomely developed from soft silks, crepe, chiffon, mousseline

gore that adjust it closely to the waist line, under which it is widely sprung to stand out in fashionable ripples with fluted effect. The full mandolin sleeves are piped with velvet on the two upper seams, a double row of buttons ornamenting the wrists. Basques in this style are among the first spring importations, and are stylish and comfortable for walking, shopping, cycling or general wear. Tweed, chevriot, camel's hair, serge, mohair and all plain or mixed woollens, with smooth or rough surfaces, are chosen for basques by the mode, and worn with skirts of the same fabric.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this basque for a lady having a 32-inch bust measure is 2 1/2 yards; for a 36-inch size, 3 1/4 yards; for a 40-inch size, 3 3/4 yards; for a 42-inch size, 3 1/2 yards.

Glass windows were first used in England in the eighteenth century.