

Twin Captained Ship that Saves Souls



MORRILL TWINS, WHO RUN THE GOSPEL SHIP.

OUT on the wide sweep of prairie-land along the shore of Lake Michigan, into which the suburbs of Chicago are creeping, stands what appears to be a stranded vessel. Above it projects masts of two masts. The bowsprit remains, but beneath the bowsprit instead of the usual figurehead is a cross made of heavy timbers. A close view of the stranded vessel shows that in reality it is a building erected in nautical shape. The people in the vicinity call it the Gospel Ship, and by this title it is known to every sailor in the Great Lakes.

Its incorporated name is "the Gospel Ship of the Morrill Baptist Church of Chicago," and its purpose is, as its founders phrase it, "to rescue wave-beaten shipwrecked men in the stormy night of sin and drifting toward the lee-shore of destruction from the billows of annihilation."

What It Looks Like.

Seen from the side, the Gospel Ship resembles to one of the big, clumsy, saunch, slow-going lake barges is very striking, but from in front or astern it is seen to have a much greater beam than a ship of equal length—200 feet—would have. Four doors, two on either side, give access to it. Instead of the usual gangway or ladders and inside it is divided into a number of small rooms, equipped with benches and an organ. On the hull are painted mottoes, frequently changed, but always expressive of good hope, couched in nautical terms, such as "Pull for the shore," "A light in the darkness," "Seek the safe harbor of salvation," "Jesus, our Captain," "The stormy waters obey His will," "Rescue for all sinners," "Life preservers for souls."

The inexperienced visitor who has never heard of the ship is likely to believe himself the victim of an optical illusion on his first visit if he happens to find the founders on hand. Sitting on the port side of the deck, dressed in a clerical black frock suit, with white choker and a nautical hat, he will see a benevolent-looking man with that brand of sidewhiskers denominated by the irreverent "matton chop." On the starboard side of the deck the visitor will see apparently the same man, with the same whiskers, the same clerical garb and the same nautical hat. It is not

a case of illusion, however, but of twins. Rev. Messrs. Morrill, or, to give them their more familiar title, Rev. Morrill Twins, are the founders, builders and captains of the ship.

The Morrills are regularly ordained Baptist clergymen, having graduated from the Baptist Theological seminary at Oneida, N. Y. Following a special bout for mission work, they worked for a time among the slums of New York and other large cities and became specially interested in water front mission work. For a time they conducted missions in Lake pool and other British seaports, then returning to this country they decided that the sailor of the Great Lakes was getting less attention as to his moral and religious welfare than his salt water brother, and that the vicinity of Chicago, where thousands of lake-men are laid off part of the winter, offered the best field for their endeavors. The Gospel Ship, built from their plans and partly by their own hands, is the result. Its large meeting room will seat nearly 1,000 people, and a still greater number can be accommodated on its broad deck, where the summer services are held in pleasant weather. It has an active and honorary membership of 1,500.

have had what they term a "Gospel Wagon" constructed. This is in the form of a bear on wheels, carrying two masts. It contains a small organ and a pulpit and is large enough to fit 300 people. In this they travel through the slums of Chicago, especially along the lake, dressed in their clerical attire, but wearing sailor's caps.

In this way they attract the attention of many who otherwise would not care to. They also make frequent bicycle trips into the town near Chicago at the invitation of church people for the purpose of holding services in the slums. At one time they rigged up on their bicycles, for this method while it seemed well enough on the open prairie was found unadvised to the narrow city streets and was given up. Recently the Morrills decided to build another Gospel ship out of canvas, a big affair, holding 500 people as an addition to their present craft. It is to be fitted somewhat differently from its prototypes, but the main feature will be the same. In time the reverend captains expect to have a regular fleet on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Everybody Has a Chance.

Although primarily intended to appeal to sailors the ship is open to all. There is a kitchen in the stern and free food is served to the needy, a practice which endears the institution to numerous seamen. The expense is sustained entirely by contribution, as no pew rent is charged. Everybody who visits the ship is expected to attend at least one service at the call of the bell, which also rings the hour, nautical fashion. There are special services for women, conducted by Rev. Mrs. M. J. Sollett, who is an officer of the ship. While the institution is denominational the services are made as simple as possible so that they may appeal to persons of all denominations. Music plays a very large part in the services, hymns with nautical references being selected as much as possible. Both of the brothers employ sea-faring songs and sing profusely in their sermons, which are short, simple and friendly. As a sort of side issue the Morrills

Only Natural

Chicago Tribune. The sentimental trait of the park bench at St. An watched the sun set in Lake Michigan.

And the murmured:
"See, darling, how phosphorescent!"
"It's no wonder," responded the matter-of-fact biologist, "what you think how many matches are made here?"

Then, as the sun sank to rest her head sank likewise on George's shoulder and all was still.

Aye, There's the Rub

Leslie's Weekly. Appy Tite: "If we only had some line, now, we might do a little fishin'."

Shady Bowers: "Fishin', eh? Who's goin' ter die de batt, but de hooks, 'Crow in de lines, haul out de fish and take 'em offen de hooks?"

Appy Tite: "Dat's so; we'd have to hire somebody to do dat part of it."

Breezy Gossip About Prominent People

REAR ADMIRAL KIMBERLY, who asked to be relieved from service on the board of inquiry into the acts of Rear Admiral Schley because of heart trouble, is the same man under whom as Commander Kimberly in the Korean expedition thirty years ago Schley directly served, as a lieutenant. Commander Kimberly's official reports of the time accorded Schley the highest praise for bravery, for efficiency in organizing the expedition and promptness in carrying out its details and commended him to the notice of the secretary of the navy.

Although Lord Kelvin is one of the foremost scientists of the world, it is said that he is a poor teacher. During his professorship in the Glasgow university his lectures were so obtuse that his classes could not understand them. He had an assistant named Day, who, with half the knowledge of his superior, had twice the success as a lecturer. The story is told that when Lord Kelvin was first knighted he found one morning the following legend written on the blackboard in front of his class: "Work while it is Day, for the knight cometh when no man can work."

On behalf of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association of Milwaukee, S. M. Green will go to San Francisco and present a General MacArthur, when he lands, an elaborate invitation to the reception in his honor. It is in book form, bound in soft morocco, engrossed on eggshell paper, each page decorated in water colors with roses, with an illuminated initial letter on each page. After paying a graceful tribute to the gallant soldier, he is requested to name the probable time of his reaching the city of his boyhood, and concludes by inviting him to become the guest of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association at a reception and banquet.

The old home of Francis Parkman, the historian, near the pond at Jamaica Plain, is now included in the splendid metropolitan park system of Boston. The spot is to be marked by a beautiful memorial by David Chester French. Over one of the paths through these grounds will rise a gateway of three monoliths—two upright blocks, one bearing a figure of the Indian, the other a figure of the French habitant, who form the commanding interest of the historian's work, while the cross-block will bear on its face a portrait of Parkman in high relief—these carved from the rough brown stones.

John Clinton, jr., who is organizing a movement for a national convention of negro bankers, to be held at Buffalo on September 26, is the president of the First colored bank, North, of Philadelphia. The convention will be the first of its kind held in America. Mr. Clinton is a native of Richmond, Va., 35 years old, and a graduate of the Moore Street Industrial school. In 1886 he became the publisher of the first daily newspaper ever published by negroes, but abandoned the editorial chair to study law, an ambition in which he succeeded as well as to secure admission to the Virginia bar in 1894. He soon

acquired a large and profitable clientele in Richmond and invested his savings in the insurance business there. A few years ago he removed to Philadelphia.

Cardinal Gibbons was formerly a frequent visitor to Cape May and usually took long walks morning and afternoon by the seashore. He always wore his cardinal's skull cap of scarlet silk, of which an inch or so showed below the rim of his silk hat. One afternoon while he was on the board walk an old woman stopped him and said: "Excuse me, sir, but the lining of your hat has slipped down in the back." The cardinal thanked her gravely, but as soon as she left he laughed heartily at her mistake.

"Alexander Simpson, the lawyer," says the Philadelphia Times, "was elected president of the Pennsylvania Bar association not long ago. As soon as it had been announced that Mr. Simpson had been elected the lawyers crowded around him and offered congratulations. Mr. Simpson's little son was in the room and for several minutes he watched the crowd shaking hands with his father. Then he made his way through the crowd until he reached his father's side. A gentleman had just said, 'I congratulate you, Mr. Simpson,' when the newly elected president felt a tug at his coat tails. Looking down, he saw his son. 'Well, what is it, my boy?' asked Mr. Simpson. 'I love you, papa,' said the youngster. Overcome with joy, Mr. Simpson picked up his son, hugged him tightly and kissed the little fellow. The rest of the evening there were two 'lions'—Simpson, senior, and Simpson, junior."

Prince Ching, who is to be the head of the Foreign office in China, has long been recognized as friendly to foreigners. When Lord Charles Bessford was in Peking in October, 1908, and had a long audience with all the members of the Foreign office, Prince Ching seemed much impressed with Bessford's advocacy of reforms needed to strengthen China to resist disintegration and protect commerce. While he feared that the centralization of the army and the abolition of the provincial system would be too radical an innovation on long custom to be practicable, Prince Ching, as the result of his visitor's advice, arranged for the immediate drilling of 2,000 troops under a British officer as an experiment, and promised further to consider the situation. After the crash came last year Prince Ching was deposed from the head of the Foreign office and Prince Tuan, a rabid hater of foreigners, was substituted. Now, after a year's lapse, Tuan is in exile and Ching is to take the seat of power once more.

Russell Sage's hoodoo is a blue bottle fly. So he affirms himself. A dozen years ago, in company with the late Alexander Mitchell, the late S. S. Morrill and other prominent railroad magnates, Mr. Sage was touring the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad system. Learning that this distinguished party was to pass through Far-

bault, Minn., Major Dike, an old acquaintance of every member of the party, since dead, planned to have them stop over and take luncheon with him. An invitation was telegraphed down the line and the party halted for a visit with the major. The guests were seated on the porch when luncheon was announced, and all arose to enter the house.

Just as Russell Sage was about to pass through the door a large blue bottle fly buzzed around the open door. Mr. Sage backed out.

"Mrs. Dike," said Mr. Sage to his host's wife, "I can't go in there now; I will lunch out here, if you have no objections."

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Dike, fearing he had taken a dislike to some of her arrangements.

"Didn't you see that fly?" said the Wall street magnate. "If I should follow that fly into the dining room I would be hoodooed the balance of my life."

Mr. Sage was served on the porch, where his hostess joined him.

A Great Northern section hand in a hurry for his money recently "dunned" James J. Hill at Willmar. The Hill special train stopped at Willmar a few minutes and the section hand was there. John J. McGuire, a laboring man who gave it out that he knew Mr. Hill when he was not as successful as he now is and had not attained his present high standing in the commercial world, has recently been working on an extra gang on the Sioux Falls line and from his general appearance it seemed that this was the first misadventure of which he had been guilty for some time. The extra gang on which he was employed was laid off and since that time McGuire had been waiting for a time check. He concluded that the local officials were trying to hold his money back, so he decided that he would take his case to the president himself. McGuire had been quartered in the jungles near Foot lake and it was with some effort apparently that he cut short his morning siesta in the heavy underbrush near the lake and arrived at the depot in time to see the president. He dunned Mr. Hill flatly and without ceremony for the amount due him, which was something over \$7.

Mr. Hill seemed to take the matter as a very good joke, and referred McGuire to Superintendent Allen, who he said he was confident would see that all his troubles were satisfactorily adjusted. This was not sufficient for the irrepresible Mr. McGuire, however, and he assured Mr. Hill that he had worked for him and his railroad when he had "only a bunch of owd scrap iron goats running up and down the line" and thought that in view of this fact he was entitled to more consideration. By a bunch of scrap iron goats Mr. McGuire meant the old bell smokestack locomotives which were used by the road in the early days and which were for many years the butt of railroad men and the public generally. Mr. Hill laughed kindly as the train steamed rapidly out of the yards and McGuire was left standing in the middle of the track, none dismayed, but still pleading his case.

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