

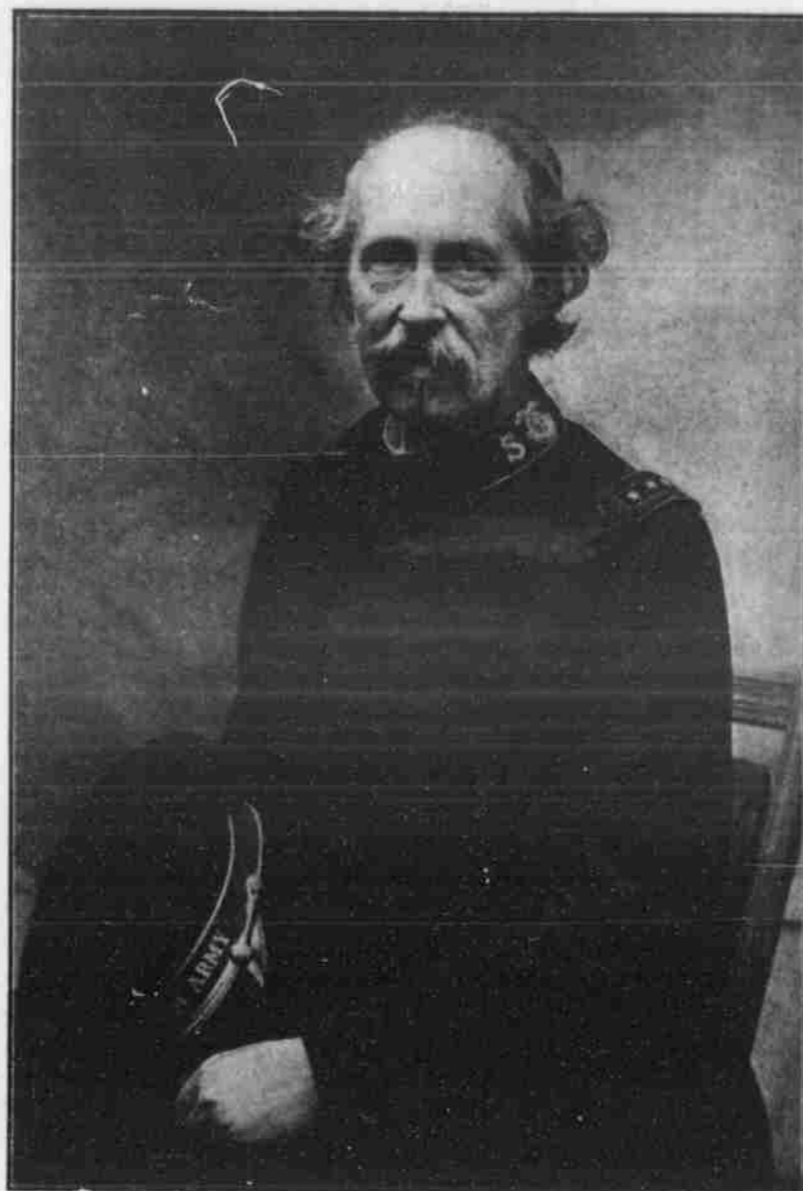
Story of the Salvation Army Told by Its Founder

THE RECENT visit to this city of the venerable, but still energetic, leader of the Salvation Army, with Commander Booth-Tucker and the members of his staff, has stimulated public interest in this grand old man of the unformed evangelists. General Booth is one of the men of the day, a leader of men and a unique and interesting figure.

While in Omaha the general explained how the name "Salvation Army" came to be used. At the time when the army was first assuming form in his mind and to the others working with him, there was a great interest in the forming of volunteer corps in London. It was the custom of General Booth to print large posters announcing his meetings with catch lines to attract the attention of the public. One of his compatriots had written out a copy for one of these posters which he showed to Mr. Booth for his approval. The head line, making use of the volunteer popularity, read, "A volunteer army for Christ." The general looked it over and then, running his pencil through the word "volunteer," substituted "salvation." The author of the poster liked the change; Mrs. Booth liked it; the general liked it. And from that time the rapidly growing missionary organization was called the "Salvation Army."

"In the beginning," said the general, "we had no idea of having a military organization. That was gradually adopted as the growth of the work made it necessary. I knew that organization was essential for any permanent good. It is a mistake to suppose that we have taken the military as a model. We have never taken anything as a model—no church, no chapel, no army. In fact the title 'captain' was, in the first instance, intended to be nautical rather than military, and was meant to catch the eye of the Whitby fishermen; the subsequent addition of the other military titles was a matter of necessity. It became essential to define the position of the assistant evangelist, and what more convenient term could be found than that of lieutenant? Elders and class leaders were no more and some substitute was necessary. Sergeants and sergeant majors just met the difficulty.

"The rapid increase of the work made it advisable to group the stations into districts, under the charge of the most experienced evangelist. A distinguishing title again became a necessity. The clerical catalogue had been abandoned as unsuitable. Hence it appeared advisable once more to have recourse to military phraseology, and the major and colonel were accordingly introduced. As to my title—well, it also came as natural as the rest. I had up to then been plain William Booth, general superintendent of the mission. Captain Cadman one day announced me at a meeting as the general of the Salvation Army. It has stuck to me ever since. I never took the title. It was forced upon me by others in exactly the same way that Christians were first so called at Antioch. The stations re-



COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER, IN CHARGE OF THE AMERICAN FORCES OF THE SALVATION ARMY—Photo by a Staff Artist.

ceived the name 'corps,' and in 1878 the first flag was presented."

It was a long struggle for General Booth before he finally reached a position where he could see his way to success in the work which he had chosen to do. At the very beginning of his desire to enter the ministry he suffered a nearly fatal illness. After a slow recovery he went to see the old family physician, who said:

"The life of a Methodist minister will cut short your career, if you try to take it up, and you will shortly be before a tribunal where you will answer for committing suicide."

But the impulse was too strong to be

resisted, and the general went ahead. His first efforts, however, among the lowly must have been rather discouraging to himself, and many a less determined person would have probably decided to let existing conditions remain. The young fellow had become interested in the work of a Wesleyan chapel at Nottingham. With a party of earnest young men he set out to work the highways. Open-air meetings were held and processions led down the Goosegate, with the result that the chapel soon began to fill up with a motley crowd of tatterdemalions. Booth and his co-workers were enthusiastic, but one day the good old preacher of the chapel, with a

worried look on his face, drew the energetic young man aside.

"I wanted to ask you, Mr. Booth—I know you won't take offense at this—if you and the other young brothers couldn't manage to bring your people in at the back door at chapel and seat them in the rear, where they won't be so noticeable to the more respectable members of the congregation?"

He first allied himself with the Wesleyans, but found that he was not very welcome and could not work along the lines he wished. The reformers were in too unstable and divided a condition, on the other hand, to appeal to Booth, with his high sense of organization. He also had some thoughts of joining the Congregationalists, but finally decided upon independent work. Later on he became the preacher of a small Reformed chapel in London, at a stipend of \$250 a year.

Shortly before this Mr. Booth met Miss Catherine Mumford, who later became his wife. The first meeting occurred at a gathering where an enthusiastic, but unwise partisan, forced the general to recite, among a party which did not number many temperance advocates, a poem called the "Groggeller's Dream." In the heated discussion which followed, Miss Mumford championed the general so strongly that a mutual admiration sprang up. A wedding did not follow for a long period of difficulty and indecision, during which the general was once reduced to a 12-cent piece, which he characteristically gave to an invalid girl.

General Booth is in reality entitled to be called general, and is, strictly speaking, a general of the British empire. It is an unwritten law that whoever the sovereign addresses by a military title is, of necessity, of that rank. The queen once sent a message to the head of the Salvation Army, addressing him as general.

The use of popular airs by the Salvation army, set to words calculated to arouse religious fervor, was a startling innovation. It is said that the practice began in England a number of years ago in this manner: Captain Baugh wrote some verses which seemed to fit the tune of "Champagne Charley" better than any other. The matter was brought to the attention of the general, but he was dubious of the effect of using a tune which had had such associations, and finally vetoed its use. At a meeting shortly after, a song was called for, and some person struck up this new song. Enthusiasm was roused. General Booth was pleased.

"Why, that is a pleasing tune. What is it?"

"That is Baugh's new song, set to 'Champagne Charley,'" was the reply.

"Well," said Booth, "we want all of that kind we can get."

It is related of the general that in the old days he was trying to impress upon his small son the fact that God takes care of all his creatures, and that not a sparrow falls without his knowledge. Seeing a

crane wandering in the shallow water searching for food, he drew the child's attention to the bird's perfect adaptation to its manner of life; its long legs for wading, the long bill, and the noiseless manner of putting the feet in the water.

"We cannot," he said, "look at the crane but we see God's design and love illustrated."

"Yes," replied the little boy, "I see his goodness as far as the crane is concerned, but how about the fishes?"

The general was at fault this once for a fitting reply.

Commander Booth-Tucker was, before joining the army, a magistrate in the Indian civil service. His connection with the Salvationists was brought about in this manner: Some one sent a copy of the "War Cry" to Australia to a friend, who, in turn, enclosed it to Calcutta, from which latter place it finally came into the hands of Magistrate Tucker, wrapped about something sent from the market. Mr. Tucker happened to pick up the sheet and immediately became interested. He had never heard of the army before. He finally resigned from the civil list and went to England to join the general. Later he returned to India, with others, to start the campaign in the empire.

Commander Booth-Tucker (he assumed the name of Booth at the time of his marriage with the daughter of the general) was the originator of the system of work in India, by which the Salvationist officers wear the native costumes. The commander, himself, has walked barefooted through the land where he was formerly a member of the ruling class. The commander's first visit to this country was marred by an unfortunate incident. Disguised, he visited a number of low lodging places to find out their actual condition. For some reason, the police became suspicious of him and he was arrested. Steve Brody, the bridge jumper, went his bond, and he was discharged in court. This was in 1896, when he came to take charge of the American Salvation army.

The commander has a quiet wit. One day someone asked him why a small fault in a gospel teacher attracted more notice than a large transgression on the part of a bad man.

"For the same reason, I suppose," he replied, "that a slight stain on a white cloth is more noticeable than a larger one on a colored cloth."

He was once advising a drunkard in the Whitechapel slums to leave off drinking.

"But how can I do this?" asked the sot.

"You can stop as easy as opening your hand."

"If you can prove that to me, I will do what you say."

"Then," said the commander, "whenever you find a glass of liquor in your hand, open your hand before the glass reaches your lips, and you will never drink again."

It is said that the drunkard kept his word and reformed.

Mirthful Gleams from Solemn Courts

GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER of Pennsylvania is an unusually good Latin and Greek scholar, relates the Washington Times, and while presiding judge of the common pleas court of Philadelphia—an office that he resigned on his nomination for the governorship—he would occasionally point some remark with an apt quotation from the classics.

One day he did this in ruling out a question, whereupon the lawyer whose case had suffered from the ruling, said petulantly:

"Talk English, your honor. I never was a schoolmaster."

"Nor a pupil either, perhaps?" the judge suggested quietly.

While a jury was being impanelled in circuit court in Washington, D. C., recently, one of the talesmen asked to be excused from serving on the ground that he suffered from deafness.

"Can you hear what I am saying?" Chief Justice Bingham of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, who was on the bench, softly inquired.

"Yes, sir," promptly replied the citizen.

"How does the deafness affect you, then?" the chief justice desired to know.

"Why, your honor," the citizen explained, "I can't hear at all with my left ear."

The chief justice smiled. "I suppose," he said, after a pause, "that under the circumstances you would be able to hear only one side of a case."

The talesman was excused.

In an Iowa case brought against a dead man, and so entitled by an attorney who was apparently absent-minded, the following motion was filed, as we learn from the Davenport Republican:

"Defendant's motion to dismiss.

"In the district court in and for county. "Claus Knutson Morvke against Knutson Sofford, deceased.

"Behold!!! Now doth appear the shades of Knutson Sofford, deceased, and disdaining to be sworn after the manner of men but with all the solemnity of those long dead objects to the jurisdiction of this court.

First—For the reason that it appears from the record that he is a nonresident of Iowa and a resident of Elysum and this

court will take judicial knowledge that no lawyers are allowed in that domain and he is thus deprived of the ability to defend in this action.

Second—The suing of a dead man is a cruel and unusual mode of punishment unknown to theology and forbidden by the constitution of the United States.

Third—Defendant admits that the notice of this action (which was by publication) reached him and, on account of the universal and uniform purity of newspapers and their editors they are always received in the land of the blest, but shows to the court that no officer of the court can be admitted to enforce any judgment that may be rendered against him.

Therefore he prays that he be protected in his grave from the persecutions of lawyers and be allowed to rest in peace.

The following letter is from a recently elected justice of the peace to another justice of experience:

"H—, Tex., Dec. 4, 1902.—Friend S—: Please write under what statute to bring a suit for damages where there is a contract for money rent to cultivate land only and the renter uses the field to pasture stock for third parties for a consideration, against the consent of the owner of the land. Is it a suit on the contract or in trespass to try title? Also, the law governing the ejectment of a tenant when time is up. Your friend,
P— D—"
"P. S.—When I refer to the statutes I find so blamed much law I get puzzled.
"P— D—"

George Harding, the eminent patent attorney, who died a few days ago in Philadelphia at the age of 75, was a man of vast determination. He had been accustomed for many years to pass his summers in the Catskill mountains. One morning about twenty years ago, while at a hotel there, he expressed dissatisfaction with his breakfast. The manager was in bad humor and replied: "If you don't like the service at this hotel, Mr. Harding, you had better build a hotel of your own." To this Mr. Harding promptly replied, "I will," and he did, the result being that before long the bumptious manager found himself out of a job.

At a circuit court in a provincial county town, relates London Answers, a young

countrywoman was under examination.

"Now, my good girl," said the advocate, "you say you were near the spot when the prisoner at the bar committed the act. Was anyone with you at the time?"

"Yiss, yiss, my lord ant advocate, my sweetheart was wis me."

"Courting, I suppose?" was again asked.

"Is he here? We want corroborative evidence."

"Yiss, my advocate ant lord, shust outside."

"We had better call him into court," here remarked the judge.

"No, no, my lord!" cried the witness.

"Gootnessh, no! I can hartly get h'm to court me when we're alone, ant I'm sure he won't court me here afore you all."

The prospective juror was under examination by the attorney for the defense, reports the Record-Herald.

"Have you expressed an opinion on the merits of this case?"

"No, sir."

"Have you formed such an opinion?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read of the case?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know anyone who has formed an opinion?"

"Well, I can't just say as to that."

"Ah! now we're beginning to get down to interesting facts. You think it possible that you may know such a person?"

"I think it probable."

"Yes, yes, of course. And do you know anyone who has read about the case?"

"I know a man who has a cousin who works on a newspaper and reads nearly everything."

"Ha, then you have some connection with a man who presumably has read about the case and formed an opinion? We'll get at the whole truth presently. Now, sir, do you know the prosecuting witness or any of his lawyers?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know anyone who does know them?"

"We—ell—"

"Speak up! Speak up! Don't try to conceal anything."

"Well, I know a man whose wife's brother once worked for the father of one of the lawyers."

"Challenged for cause!" cried the attorney for the defense, triumphantly.

Four Good Short Stories

MAJOR SHATTUCK of the Signal corps tells an amusing story of an old-time "religious revival" meeting in a negro church near Savannah. That the revival spirit

might be quickened, it was arranged that the preacher should give a signal when he thought the excitement was highest, and from the attic through a hole cut in the ceiling directly over the pulpit the sexton was to shove a pure white dove, whose flight around the church and over the heads of the audience was expected to have an inspiring effect, and, as far as emotional excitement was concerned, to cap the climax. All went well at the start; the church was packed; the preacher's text was, "In the form of a dove," and as he piled up his eloquent periods the excitement was strong. Then the opportune moment arrived—the signal was given—and the packed audience was scared out of its wits on looking up to the ceiling and beholding a cat, with a clothesline around its middle, yowling and spitting, being lowered over the preacher's head. The preacher called to the sexton in the attic: "What's the dove?"

And the sexton's voice came down through the opening so you could hear it a block: "Inside the cat!"

Shortly after the adoption of the code in South Dakota and before local counsel understood its working, reports the New York Times, a young lawyer of New York City went there and began to practice.

Sharp as a brier and being well versed in the nicety of code pleading, he made both bench and bar look like the proverbial 30 cents. Opposing counsel didn't mind being beaten so much as they did having to take his impudence. They finally pinned their faith to the well known ability of Justice Brewer of the United States supreme court to repress the ardor of fresh counsel.

"Wait," said they; "he'll trim that monkey."

The justice came on circuit. The youngster appeared before him and was even more offensive than he had been to the local judges. But the smiles which his brethren in the law had stored up for the occasion were useless. He escaped rebuked.

The evening before Justice Brewer's departure an old and influential lawyer in-

vited a few members of the bar to meet him at dinner. During the course of the repast the host ventured to ask the justice why he had allowed the young attorney such wide latitude.

"Let me tell you a story," said his honor. "One beautiful, cloudless night the moon rose in all her effulgent beauty and attracted the attention of a cur dog. The dog barked and barked at her."

Then came a pause and the justice continued to eat his dinner.

Finally the host said: "Well, Justice Brewer, what then?"

"Oh," said the justice, "the moon went right on."

Ex-Speaker Reed loved his joke as dearly in later days as ever he did in the times when he was so much in the public eye in Washington, reports the New York Times.

It is related that one day he met a friend from a small town in the interior, where in rapid succession the cashier of its principal bank had been found a defaulter, a leading business man had failed dishonorably and been imprisoned and the county clerk (living there) had been convicted of misappropriating public funds.

Mr. Reed greeted his friend very effusively, shaking his hand heartily and saying how pleased he was to see him. The friend, somewhat surprised at the extraordinary heartiness, said:

"Mighty glad to see YOU, Reed, but why all this—er—?"

"Why, because," replied Mr. Reed, "I'm so very glad to see a man from X—who is out of jail!"

It is related that a general officer of the British army in the Sudan who was inspecting a post on the line of communications duly arrived one day at a little hut which represented the headquarters of the army in some wind-swept hole. He entered and looking around espied an office table and two trays, one full of papers. Interested, he read the label attached to each. The empty one was ticketed "Business" and the other "Bosh." "Excellent officer," purred the visitor; "thoroughly understands his work." But when he went further and proceeded to examine the papers in the "bosh" tray his feelings may be better imagined than described on finding the documents consisted exclusively of his own voluminous orders and memoranda.