THE COURIER

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Do the Armies
Do any Good?

This question has doubtless occurred to those who have noticed the patient, untiring group of uniformed men and women who conduct evangelistic religious services upon the streets of Lincoln.

The answer is that the salvation army is doing a great deal of good in this city. Very few people, however, know it, so quietly do the members do their work. When one joins the salvation army and becomes a soldier of the cross, he or she sacrifices a great deal. The members give up the foolish things of life, gaiety, dress and other small nothings. They often abandon little luxuries, sometimes even home and friends. They concentrate their minds on higher and better things, and they consecrate themselves to God. It is He, they say, that has called them to live for others, to aid suffering mankind, in view of the promised reward, an eternal and an everlasting life.

A courier representative talked to the wife of a captain of the salvation army the other day. The rooms they lived in were not the most comfortable that could be found, and the furniture not the best, but peace and happiness, the genuine happiness, that all the money on earth can not buy, were everywhere apparent. A little golden haired girl played around the room and a rosy-cheeked baby laughed and prattled. The visitor envied them all—the scene was such a pretty glimpse of simple home life, so free from affectation or make believe.

"We do not have very much to live on," said the little woman, "still we are rather contented. We trust in God, and know that He will take care of us. My husband is the captain, and usually gets what is left after the expenses are paid, which is never very much. The rent of the hall usually amounts to \$20, the light \$4 and the fuel about \$5. The largest donation in money that we have ever received from any one person was \$1, and our street collections are usually from \$1 to \$3. The largest collection we ever had was during fair week, when we took in \$8.50. The good results we obtain do, after all, in the end comper our trouble. We go on the streets every night, unless the weather is too stormy, and then we hold meetings in the hall. We have four meetings on Sunday. At one of our recent meetings a young man came to the altar. and made a public declaration of his resolve to lead a better life. It seems that his home was in the east. He had done something wrong and left home, eventually drifting to this city. He was a sinner, and would not return to his aged father and mother, who were waiting for him to come back and be forgiven. We obtained work for him, saw that he saved enough money to purchase a suit of clothes and to return home. Then we started him, still praying that he would continue to be a Christian. He reached home safely, is working, and is leading a good life.

"But don't you dislike to go out every night? Don't you grow tired of it?" she was asked.

"No, I love to go," she said, with enthusiasm. "I have bought all the children's clothing with my commission for selling the War Cry, our paper. I receive a small sum for every hundred I sell. It is surprising how

many different people receive us. For instance, the people of the low down class and the worst sinners, really treat us better than people of the better classes or even those engaged in church work. Not long ago a girl came running to our hall, saying a woman was dying on Eighth street, and that she wanted some of us to come and pray for her. We went of course, While we were there her physician came. He seemed very indignant at finding us there, but since she had sent for us, we concluded that we had a perfect right to stay. We did pray for her, prayed that she would be restored to health. She was, and is well and happy today.

"Very often we give away half of our own dinner, if some one else is hungry, and very often we do not have enough to eat. For three months last winter I was ill, for lack of proper food. The coal men donate us fuel from time to time, but at present we are in rather straitened circumstances. A great many people come to us for clothes, and we always try to help them, as much as we can. Many persons are of the opinion that all the members of the army are paid salaries. They are not—they all work, and what

they do in the line of charitable work is purely voluntary. The rich people take very little interest in us. One would think they did, but they do not. One of our number was selling War Crys in a saloon one night. A gentleman, in there who was drinking, asked if the meeting was over. He was told no, and he came to the meeting in the hall and then and there was converted. He came the next night, and so on, and has been a Christian ever since. Of course the work is hard, and a continual struggle, but we go on trusting. hoping and praying. We do a great deal of good, and there is room for much more to be done."

As the visitor left her, she wished, way down in her heart, she could be as happy as that woman was, just for

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May-What a crush there was at the wedding!

Belle—But it's nothing to the crush there was at her acceptance of him. He is an athlete, you know.

In one of the Philadelphia colleges, a professor of chemistry asked a student, the other day:

"Now, suppose you were called to a

patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

"I would administer the sacrament," replied the student who, by the way, is said to be studying for the ministry, and takes chemistry because it is obligatory.—Argonaut.





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