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**GOD AT THE SCRAP HEAPS**  
**By Henry F. Milans**

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## FOREWORD

"There is nothing I know of in science or medicine to account for what has happened in his life. It can only be the result of what you in The Salvation Army call a miracle."

Such was the public testimony of a medical man who for twenty years had treated one of the characters referred to in this book.

The author's story alone provides ample justification for the use of the title. His recovery from the human scrap heap of American life is one of the most wonderful moral and spiritual transformations I have encountered. Moreover, many of the score or more of miracles recorded here are, humanly speaking, the result of the author's personal endeavors among drink and drug addicts.

Just as we have seen scrap materials turned into commodities essential to the work of the nation, here we see how human waste has been transformed into material of true worth to mankind.

These records bear witness to the Salvationist's faith for the worst. We believe that God cares for the soul of every man, and that He works through loving hearts to restore hope in the desolate and the despairing.

I welcome this grand testimony to the power of God operating through human instruments, and I am confident that it will quicken in many a stronger faith in the power of Christ who came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

General George L. Carpenter

London, England  
February 6, 1945

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#### THE AUTHOR'S PURPOSE

While this book is necessarily built around activities peculiar to The Salvation Army, it is the sole aim of the writer to emphasize the power of God to transform sinful lives. To do this convincingly, I have sought out some of the so-called "worst sinners" who have come under my personal observation or influence in recent years. These are submitted in evidence to illumine the high point of our preaching: "He is able to save to the uttermost."

Human degradation and moral filth are not attractive to look upon. Why take the cover off the cesspool and open it for clean people to look at?

This is done because Christian people ought to know of these conditions, and be awakened to a realizing sense of the power of God's saving grace -- of which they may be strangely ignorant.

It is a spiritual obligation of the Christian who claims to be a follower of the Christ to "know how the other half lives." It is an even more pressing obligation for the Christian to do something about it.

That Christian must be callous indeed who cannot shudder to see other human beings, also made in the image of God, who were once fine and decent and self-respecting, become so filthy and broken that even their own people do not longer recognize them.

It is a poor escape for us to set down these victims of habit as wholly lost and beyond any help. Every line in these pages disproves this. And we Christians claim to believe that nothing is too hard for God.

The record tells us that Jesus chose the worst at Bethesda, in the leper caves, beside the roads, at the well, on the Damascus Road where He turned a murdering Pharisee into the greatest missionary Christianity has ever known.

In this our day, from what society calls the scum of civilization, the renewing power of a forgiving God raises up men and women to stand again among those who do worthwhile things in the world.

If the scales would only drop from our eyes, we could see all about us those whom God has salvaged from the scrap heaps of life, to once again demand respectful recognition from the world in which they live and move and have their proper place in constructive and uplifting influence.

A short time ago I approached a wealthy man with the suggestion that a slum work, in which I am deeply interested, could do more effective work if we had a little more money.

Scornfully, my friend said: "I wouldn't give a plugged nickel to help that scum down there. At your advanced age, you are throwing away on them the little vitality you have left."

I refuse to believe that I am doing this.

Last summer I found myself very deeply engrossed in the work of The Salvation Army's Detroit Bowery Corps. I lived on "Skid Row"; mingled with the outcasts by day; ate where they ate; pleaded with three hundred or more of them every night.

Their hopelessness took a grip on my old heart and, as never before, I gave those men my very soul. Pretty well spent by eleven o'clock at night I went to my room, from the windows of which I had a good view of "The Devil's Highway."

Then, too overwrought to sleep, I watched men and women, a few sober, most of them drunk -- all of them on the way to hell, sober if they had to be, but drunk as they possibly could be.

At those windows I watched and prayed and wept, because all my efforts were defeated by the vile appetites that those poor souls could not master.

I had once been like that, but Jesus saved me -- saved me to help them find Him, too. They are my sheep -- it is my task to return them to His fold, where they will find shelter, the oil of healing and the tender care of the Master Shepherd.

I'm sure that if Jesus were here among men again He wouldn't say: "They got themselves into it." He'd shout: "Help Me get them out of it!"

To this end, and to the glory of God, I pen these stories of vile men and women, reborn in Christ Jesus -- stories which are stranger than fiction because they are true and of God.

Henry F. Milans

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE THEME

Jesus said: ". . . A certain man had two sons: And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

"And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

"And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee. And am not worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

"And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him" -- Luke 15:11-20.

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## 01 -- THE HALF CANNOT BE TOLD

During the early days of my newspaper experience in New York City, I came to know the slum policeman's worst headache -- a wild, drunken, female character who called herself Nellie Conway.

Where she came from no one but she knew. She didn't spring from the riff-raff of the district under old Brooklyn Bridge. She was well educated and spoke French, German and Italian fluently. There was a refinement about her that denoted better days amid surroundings of culture.

But when drunk, as Nellie was most of her waking hours, she was a wildcat, too much for any policeman in the Oak Street Precinct to handle. She hung out in the lowest brothels of the East River waterfront, and consorted with drunken sailors from every quarter of the globe.

When Nellie Conway became fighting drunk, any policeman who ran into her went straight to the signal-box and called for three men and the wagon. They brought rope and, as three of them fought and held Nellie down, the fourth bound her like a bale of hay; then they rolled her in a horse blanket and tossed her into the patrol wagon. When she was safely behind bars and left to herself, there was no more sleep that night for the men on reserve up in the dormitories.

Even today it is hard for me to realize that the funeral of one of the most self-sacrificing angels of mercy who later patrolled those same streets at night, rescuing girls from lives of shame, was that of this same Nellie Conway, the Water Street terror. Yet it is true that a kind word and loving interest of another good woman won this female derelict to Jesus Christ. She had been transformed by the power of God, and she died beloved and revered by the same officers of the law who had arrested her so often, as well as by the outcast and underprivileged people of the slums.

I recall Nellie Conway today because I have come to know and love for her good works and sterling Christian character just such another woman, who, after a life that I don't dare make public because it is beyond belief, is now a loving disciple of her Lord.

There is every humane reason why it would be cruel, as it can now serve no good purpose, to reveal this good woman's identity here. No other person knows her story as I know it, and my notes have been burned, as her sins are under the blood. Her story is so much unlike her that it is easy for me to forget its shocking details, and I am glad for that. My word for it, she is now a consecrated servant of Christ, who patrols the same section in which she once roamed as a notorious public character, for the sole purpose of winning drunkards of both sexes to the Christ who so miraculously transformed her own life.

I have known Hannah Hart ever since She was led to a penitent-form in the Central West seven years ago by a Salvation Army officer who had to woo this sinful woman's love as one woos the confidence of a timid wild animal. Her life almost from infancy had been such a nightmare of unbelievable beastliness that she had confidence in no one. It required months of studied, loving seeking before the officer finally knelt beside her in a hall bedroom, where a good woman's prayer for Jesus to do what no one else had ever been able to do, melted a heart that was hardened and scarred by a life-time of atrocious sinning and made it a heart attuned with God.

To know Hannah Hart's story as I know it, is to be brought under the spell of one of God's great miracles of modern religious times.

Born to a mother who did not want her, she was kicked around from pillar to post almost from infancy to the time of her conversion. Her parents were ignorant, poverty-stricken, backwoods people, drunken, profane and brutal.

Before Hannah was ten, she went to work in a textile mill.

"It was there I learned about sin that I had never dreamed of," says she. "What we children didn't know the older girls and viler women taught us. I ran away from home and was thrown among even worse characters. One night five of us were picked up intoxicated and, because I was only a child, they sent me to the reform school; the older girls went to jail.

"But several of us girls escaped from the reform school and before we were again caught and returned to custody we had chummed up with hobos, railroad section hands and wandering thieves in an experience that I dare not dwell on even now. Nothing was too vile for us; we were guilty of every sin except murder in order to get money.

"It was in the reform school, however, that I really got some education; although the vice of the mills developed there into a post-graduate course in female depravity. There wasn't anything left out.

"But I also learned to cook and do housework, so that when a wealthy woman came to get a girl for work, I was turned over to her -- on probation.

"This was the great opportunity of my life; for this good woman was childless and longed for someone she could love. I had been with her only a short time when she would tiptoe into my room before going to her bed, see that I was warmly covered, and then bend over and sweetly kiss me. I had never been loved by anyone in all my life, and her motherly affection was like Heaven to me.

"I felt like killing myself when I was led into a trap by a maid in an adjoining house, on our afternoon out. I was given drugged liquor to drink, and when I broke out of the place many hours later and tried to sneak into the house where I worked, the woman who loved me discovered my condition and notified the superintendent of the reform school. I had broken my parole, lost her confidence and love -- and the only decent chance in life that had ever come my way."

Then followed attempted suicide, a second escape with other girls, weeks of theft and vagrancy, arrest and return to the reform school, solitary confinement, a shaved head -- and a determination to make society pay for the living hell Hannah Hart had known from babyhood.

She was released finally with a knowledge of sin that made her a bitter, hardened young woman and a confirmed drunkard.

Facing a wicked world, and still under age, Hannah Hart sold herself to a man twice her age upon his promise to provide for her mother, who was slowly dying of a malignant disease. She went through a marriage ceremony that meant nothing to her evil-minded husband and little to her, and then helped him in the brothels he operated in lumber camps.

Hannah calls the years that followed "hell boiling over for me." She ran away from the horrible life she was leading; made her way to the Central West, where, for a time she worked in the homes of the wealthy, but where, in the vilest haunts of some of the larger cities, she also

indulged in excesses that eventually brought her down to the very uttermost. It was at this point that Jesus began to move into the life of Hannah Hart. It was here that the writer first met her, after the sincere love of the Salvation Army officer had won her to Christ.

Hannah encountered the only person she had ever trusted at an open-air meeting one cold November night. She was the only listener. The officer shook her hand and said, "God bless you," but thoughtlessly neglected to invite her to the Army hall.

This Hannah resented. "So, I'm not even fit to have in their meeting " Well, I'll show them. I'll get drunk and go anyhow," she said to herself.

But Hannah didn't go there drunk, and when sober, she was too timid to go into the meeting. She would peek in at the door, and run like a frightened thing when any one approached her. She lacked the courage to go to the hall until she had first taken several drinks. Then she was ashamed to go with the odor of liquor on her breath.

But Hannah haunted the neighborhood of the quarters, hoping to meet the kindly officer again.

One terribly cold day near Christmas the two women suddenly came face to face. Hannah was thinly clad. She wore no coat or hat, but she carried a bottle of whiskey and another of gin. She boldly displayed them, saying:

"I'm going to get drunk enough to cut my dirty throat."

"Don't do that," said the officer, kindly. "Come to see me; and remember, if you ever want a friend you'll find a sincere one in me."

And the officer prayed, silently: "A warm coat would win me a place in that woman's heart. God find me a coat for her. O God, I'll give my life if necessary to save that poor wretch for Thee."

The day before Christmas a kindly old woman came to the quarters carrying a heavy, warm coat.

"I want to give the Army something for Christmas. Take this warm coat and here 's a nickel. It's all I have."

"Praise the Lord, and Heaven bless you," said the officer. "I've been praying for a coat, and God has sent you with one."

A Christmas basket of food and the warm coat were sent to Hannah Hart's rooming house, with instructions that they be left there, even if she were drunk.

"Imagine that woman sending a drunk like me a Christmas present!" said Hannah to a party of drinking friends.



The officer's next contact with Hannah Hart was in a beer garden. She was drunk and hard and tough. "Remember, I'm your friend," said the officer. "If you'll stop drinking, I will find work for you. Come to see me, please."

And Hannah wanted to go. The Savior was knocking at her heart's door.

Hannah says that in a dark theater one Sunday night she seemed to see the officer's face on the screen and hear her repeat the words: "Remember, I'm your friend." She left the theater and ran for the Army hall.

That night marked the end of Hannah Hart's debauched life. She didn't have the courage to go to the penitent-form, but the kindly officer went with her to a little dark hall bedroom she called home, where the poor dissolute outcast gave her heart to God fully and without reserve. The following evening she went to the penitent-form as a public testimony.

Shortly thereafter, wearing a Salvation Army bonnet, Hannah took the officer around to the dives and brothels where she testified to her conversion to former drinking friends. Some ridiculed her; others offered her drink; not a few praised her and wished her success.

In the years that have followed, Hannah Hart has induced many of her former friends in the taverns to go with her to the penitent-form. The writer knows of her self-sacrificing work and of the fine conversions that have resulted from her courageous missionary service in the worst drinking places.

One must know Hannah Hart well to appreciate the miraculous transformation that has been wrought in her life. I cannot tell the story as I know it.

"Hannah Hart is a diamond in the rough," said one who knows her everyday life. "But she's a diamond without a flaw. She's fearless where a needy sinner may be won -- and will drop in her tracks before she gives up. Cities that once knew her as a dissolute female drunkard now recognize and admire in her an untiring disciple of the Christ who saves the worst of sinners."

I hear frequently from this good woman whose sin, and the ignorance of an unguided childhood life, dragged her through so many awful years of unbelievable degradation. Always her letters, simple and trusting, convey to me the theme-song of her heart:

"He leadeth me, oh, blessed thought!  
Oh, words with Heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The internationalism of The Salvation Army, in its unswerving aims and principles, is, to my mind, one of the religious miracles of the age. It isn't at all strange to me that its chief concern at the outset was to lead to a saving Christ those who could not be reached by any other religious agency. But it is truly amazing that for the better part of a century an anxiety for the worst of every clime is still the Army's faithful, holy purpose; for creeds and religions and aims change much with leaders and times.

When the established church fails to reach out a hand to save, then The Salvation Army will take them up -- the outcasts of society, the poor and underprivileged, the morally orphaned child, the unmarried mother, the helpless drunkard, the prisoner in our jails and penitentiaries, and the woman who prowls the dark thoroughfares of the universe.

The world is The Salvation Army's parish and this is the service it is divinely commissioned and consecrated to perform.

A measure of its success in this endeavor makes possible the testimonies contained in these pages, and opens to view a cross-section of God's work and mercy that isn't any too well known or appreciated by those Christians who are engaged particularly in formal personal worship.

The realization that this is a self-appointed mission, and that The Salvation Army's officers and soldiers are eager volunteers, makes one square one's shoulders and march in uniform with humble pride behind the Army flag, which is emblematic of the cleansing blood of the Sacrificial Lamb and the refining fire of the Holy Spirit.

I have found it possible to reach across the seven seas by means of these Salvation Army hands of love, and tell the story of my Savior to those who need Him in Burma, New Zealand, Australia, South America and the uttermost parts of the earth. Distance and race are eliminated by The Salvation Army, and always does it raise aloft the Christ who will draw all men unto Him.

A few months before the late Commissioner Samuel L. Brengle died, he and I figured in rather an odd case that illustrates what I have been saying here about Salvation Army hands that clasp around the world.

A call for sympathy and help went out from the upper part of New York state to Miss Eva Tolcott, a missionary stationed in the heart of China. Because of distance the matter was too difficult for the missionary to do anything with, so she relayed the appeal to Commissioner Brengle in Florida. "This is a case for Milans," thought he, and he dispatched the appeal to me in Pearl River, New York. I, in turn, got in touch with the sorrowing mother in western New York state where the appeal originated.

And God made use of these hands, joined around the world in His service, to finally bring to his knees in penitence a drunkard who seemed to have reached the end of his rope, after causing no end of sorrow, hardship and poverty for those who loved him.

Before David Weston died some years ago, he had amassed considerable wealth as a merchant. He and his wife Sarah had one son. They were sincere Christians, and were tithers of all

that God gave them. They were liberal contributors to foreign missions, and in this way they became very well acquainted with Miss Tolcott, the foreign missionary referred to above.

Part of Miss Tolcott 's homeland furloughs were spent with the rich merchant and his delightful wife. She was also an intimate friend of Commissioner Brengle. I was known only to the Commissioner. Here we have the setting for our story.

When the father died, his estate was left to the wife during her lifetime. The son was its executor and trustee. He enjoyed the implicit confidence of his mother. She was seemingly blind to the fact that her son had become an alcoholic. In her loving eyes, he could do no wrong -- and, of course, she came to her watchful senses when it was too late.

The son was by that time a confirmed drunkard. The family fortune had been dissipated or mortgaged. When the poor soul wrote of her troubles, she told me that she was a pauper and feared she would have to end her days in the county home.

The son spent weeks in a locked bedroom, downing one demijohn of whiskey after another. He drank until he had to be removed to a hospital to save his life. Days and nights of delirium made existence for those in the home a horror.

At the mother's urgent request, I began writing to the son.

I continued to send him letters at frequent intervals, though I heard nothing from him directly. But as my letters were not returned by the post office, I assumed that they were being delivered. I told him of my half a lifetime of drunkenness -- and of my complete cure through God and the instrumentality of The Salvation Army.

But the son's guilty responsibility for the squandering of the patrimony that was to have made life comfortable for his aged mother, weighed heavily upon his conscience. He tried to silence the accusing voice by drink.

This is the common error of alcoholics. But liquor doesn't hush the convicting voice of guilt or sorrow; it only makes the shame more poignant.

For quite a time I heard nothing from my letters. Then the mother wrote: "I am caring for my son as much as he will let anyone care for him. I believe he is a penitent man, but he is too deeply involved with the devil to try to get free. I never chide him for what he has done, but I suppose his own heart is doing plenty of that.

"Your letters have reached him regularly. I see to it that they are left on the bedside table where he can't escape looking at them. He reads them and then curses so terribly that I get frightened at his insane rage. He crushes them into hard balls and throws them viciously at the side wall of the bedroom.

"But one day when I opened the top drawer in the dresser to arrange his clean linen, I found your blessed letters all smoothed out nicely and laid carefully away. This is why I am encouraged that God is speaking to his heart through you. Please continue to write."

A month or so elapsed before the next letter told me that the mother was trying to do housework to support herself; and still later that she was in the county home. But she was "enjoying it there so much," because she found that her own sorrow was in a great measure forgotten by helping those more unfortunate than she. I wondered how this could be possible. But God has a way of minimizing our own trials when we help others. It's part of His reward for sharing.

I continued to write. Months elapsed before word came that friends had rallied to the aged mother's succor and were able to salvage enough of the pawned patrimony to give her material comfort in a little house of her own.

There, with Christlike love and forgiveness, she, of course, welcomed her erring boy, to share with her the blessing of a loving Father's bounty.

The drunken son? Oh, yes; the Savior found his heart and cleansed it, just as He has cleansed so many of us who went down to the verge of hell because of drink.

Maybe Commissioner Brengle, who knew his Master so very intimately, helped a bit in Gloryland to bring all this about. Surely, he rejoiced with the angels over Charley Weston's repentance and reformation!

\* \* \* \* \*

### 03 -- PRODIGAL AND ELDER BROTHER SAVED

One night, a few years ago, a friendless man sought shelter in a doorway on a deserted downtown street in Cincinnati, Ohio. Defeat was so plainly apparent in his whole bearing that an officer of The Salvation Army stopped and asked, kindly:

"You seem to be in trouble. Can I help you ?"

"I don't need charity," replied the man.

"But you look ill. Let me help if I can."

And the Salvationist told the man where he could be found. "Drop in and let us get acquainted," the officer continued cordially, as he wrung the derelict 's hand in a manner that made his interest seem sincere.

"Maybe I will," was the rejoinder, and there was a more cheerful tone to the fellow's voice. A bit of unexpected kindness had brightened his spirits.

In Palmerston North, New Zealand, Gustav Wollerman had grown wealthy as a fruit packer. Came the time when he grew weary of business life and decided to retire. The younger of two sons was trained to take over the business on his thirtieth birthday.

Herman Wollerman, the older son, had built up an importing business of his own with prominent American connections. He, too, had become wealthy.

The Wollerman families, senior and junior, lived amid luxury and were held in the highest esteem throughout Northern New Zealand.

But a sour note was sounded in the harmonious life of the Wollermans by the discovery that the younger son was guilty of gross mismanagement of his father's affairs -- and of his own life. A generous sum of money was furnished so that the son could begin life again where he wasn't known, and shortly afterward he disappeared.

Father Wollerman sickened and longed for his absent son. The mother, now aged, spent much of her time in prayer that her boy would come home before it was too late. His whereabouts were a complete mystery.

While search was being instituted for the missing son, the father died, leaving the mother to pray and mourn and hope alone.

The derelict who had aroused the kindly interest of the Salvationist in Cincinnati called on the officer one day and told a story of error and defeat that explained his plight.

He was the younger son, he said, of a wealthy New Zealand family. He had mishandled the affairs of his father's business and had squandered much money in riotous living. The father had given him more money in the hope that he would get a new start in life in a part of the world where he was not known. He had bought a ticket to San Francisco, and the girl to whom he was betrothed had promised to wait until he could send for her to come and make a home in this land of unlimited opportunity.

In San Francisco he had worked for a law firm, saved his money and was hoping soon to send for his sweetheart. Then came the San Francisco earthquake, in which the firm for whom he worked had lost everything, and his precious savings had gone the same way.

Utterly defeated in spirit, he had broken with his sweetheart and, with other refugees of the disaster, made his way east to St. Louis; and from that point on he had become a silent, morose, disagreeable, wandering recluse, who made no friends and didn't want any.

He learned to cook, and he worked in a restaurant in Cincinnati until he was discharged because of his ill temper. When the Salvation Army officer met him, he was really sick, and medical care was given to him at once.

His name, he revealed, was Hugo Wollerman, but he was sure that he would never again be received by his family.

Immediately, however, the officer made contact with The Salvation Army in New Zealand, and a search was begun for the Wollerman family.

In due time word came back that a family by that name had been found in Palmerston North; they were searching for a missing son who had gone to America.

Identity was clearly established and ample money was at once cabled for Hugo Wollerman's care and, when he was able to travel, for his passage home. His mother, almost ninety, still waited and prayed for the prodigal's return. The family's riches could not compensate for the loss of her boy.

There's still a sequel to this story: Herman Wollerman, the wealthy elder brother, had first met The Salvation Army through its search for the Wollerman family. He became interested first in its work and then in its Savior.

Just before Hugo was to set sail on his ten-thousand-mile journey home, he received a cablegram from Herman which read:

"I have just found Christ at the penitent-form of The Salvation Army here in New Zealand. Hallelujah!"

"I'm going home to my mother and sweetheart. This has truly been a 'Land of Beginning Again' for me," said Hugo Wollerman, as he bade the officer good-bye. "But for you and your Army, I would have died an unknown recluse in a strange land -- and my brother would not have found the Savior.

"How wondrous are the workings of God to bring His plans to pass!"

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 04 -- THE LITTLE OLD CANDY MAN

Away over on a street just a block back from the garbage docks on New York's East River, whose restless, swirling waters suggest the city's turbulent activities, sinful and otherwise, one could see, a few years ago, a dark, uninviting store in a dilapidated tenement house; a typical East Side neighborhood shop, as forbidding as its surroundings.

The store was presided over by a queer little old man, brown and wrinkled and toothless, with a withered leg supported by heavy steel braces, which he had dragged through sixty years of his life.

He was born seventy-two years before this time in Cherry Hill, the heart of the city's slums, when they were beginning to take on world-wide notoriety. With the exception of eight years of his childhood spent in the Hospital for Crippled Children, the old man had known nothing but slum environment.

His conversion to Christ in the last years of his life was brought about through the personal efforts of a Salvation Army soldier.

I first met Dave Long forty years ago when I was on a prolonged spree. He was doing "scavenger work" in a filthy booze dive for bums, where men who bought drinks could flop in the sawdust on the floor. Dave's pay was a cot in a bare, rat-infested attic, and food enough to keep body and soul together, plus a few dollars in money once in a while. Strangely enough, Dave did not drink liquor.

It was an odd friendship that sprang up between us. Dave, who was wholly illiterate, sensed a certain refinement and education in me that the other habitués of the place did not show, and in the kindness of his heart he would beg me to end my spree and go back to work. On occasion he even went so far as to use a few of the dollars he had hidden in the rafters of his attic room to get me cleaned up and fit to be seen again. Then Dave would limp up to Park Row at three o'clock in the morning to meet me as I quit work and walk with me to the train, to see me safely and soberly on the way home. His was the dumb devotion of a mongrel dog for its master.

Seven or more years passed, the very worst years of my life -- the years when life, home, profession, and every vestige of decency, were lost to me, and I sank to a hopelessness that obliterated from my mind all moral sense and any concept of God's power and mercy.

Then came my conversion in a Salvation Army meeting -- an instantaneous and complete change of life that poor Dave couldn't understand -- and at which he could only marvel.

Dave was frightfully profane. To mention God's love was only to bring out a torrent of blasphemy that made me cringe. He pointed to his withered leg and recalled the hell in which he had lived from infancy. Through no fault of his the world had always been against him, and he hated it. But his love for me and his admiration, as I regained my standing in business and society, were mighty nigh to divine worship.

As well try to coax a wild wolf into a kennel as to induce Dave to go into a Salvation Army hall with me. I shuddered to hear him rail against God and religion and fate. It was vicious and maniacal.

With the passing of the years, however, I was able to induce Dave to accept certain physical comforts that he had never known. I kept him in light, unskilled employment, so that with better living he became mellowed and more tractable. He ceased his ravings against God. Always I emphasized Christ's love and mercy, and pointed to what He had done for me in order to make my message plain to Dave's simple intellect. My new life before Dave was a lesson from Heaven. He couldn't fathom it; he could only watch and wonder. I sometimes caught him resting his gnarled chin on the end of a mop handle as he gazed spellbound at me, sitting at my desk, a busy, competent, clean-looking executive. What had brought it about? Could it be the God I talked about to him?

The time came when Dave, because of age and physical infirmity, could no longer do manual labor, and the problem of what was best to do for him became very real.

It was Dave who conceived the idea of having a little shop somewhere in his beloved East Side slums, where he could cater to the trivial wants of poor kiddies he loved, and hobnob with folk who, like himself, knew no other environment.

Several of us who loved the old fellow put up the money to stock a little place, though we could not understand how Dave would be able to operate such a store.

However, it was a different Dave that I found on one of my many periodical visits to the little shop. In his solitude he had come to feel that it must be my God who was being so good to him, too. When I talked of the fatherhood of God, and how dearly He loved us all, Dave listened silently and reverently. There was no more blasphemy in his meager vocabulary.

And I prayed, gratefully.

The neighbors, poor as they were, pitied the "little old candy man", as their kind are wont to do, and they bought tobacco and papers and other odds and ends from him; the children grew to love him and spent their pennies nowhere else -- literally quarts of them poured over his counters, as Dave showed me. Men loafed in the store in the evening to gossip, and life took on a brand new complexion for Dave. He had found his haven.

One night, a couple of years after the opening of his little shop, Dave told me that something strange had happened to him in the quiet of the tiny closet bedroom back of the store. He had come to feel that somehow the God who had done so much for me must be real, after all, and mighty good. The picture of my new life was ever in his mind. Now God was making poor old Dave's waning life peaceful and comfortable and happy, down there in the slums where his burdened existence had had its genesis.

The change in the life of that illiterate man seemed to me to be even more miraculous than that which had come into my own.

He had lived to tottering old age to learn of God's fatherhood, revealed in a way that only our God knows how to reveal Himself, and which we cannot hope to fully comprehend.

One evening later on, after Dave and I had risen from our knees in that stuffy, windowless little room which had become holy ground to him, the poor fellow stammered out his testimony: "What a comfort God is to me here alone!"

The crippled and gnarled old man and I had become chums in Christ Jesus. I wrote to him twice a week, and the friend who read my letters to him told me how Dave was getting along.

His closing message to me was always: "What a comfort God is to me here alone!"



Late one night I was hastily summoned to Dave's bedside. The Heavenly messenger had come to escort my dear old chum Home.

I sat and watched Dave die. His wrinkled face wore a look of satisfied peace. I didn't feel that I had to pray that God would receive his soul. God had it in the full measure that only the babes of God always give it. To them the word "Father" spells also, "Mother," and Mother's breast is for babes to rest upon.

When I drew the cover up over that wrinkled face, my heart burst into a paean of praise to a Savior who is always at hand, even in the cesspools of civilization, to lead His beloved Home. He descended into hell that such as Dave Long and I -- and you, reader -- might be with Him in Glory.

I laid my old friend beside his mother, who had died many years before him. As he rested in the undertaker's chapel, however, Dave typified the change that is possible when the cleansing power of Jesus has done its perfect work.

The queer little lame man, who had known nothing but suffering and hardship in the squalor and slime of a great city's slums, was dressed in evening clothes. Many of the deep lines of his face had been eliminated; he had been scrupulously barbered; and there was a pure white flower on the silk-faced lapel of his dress coat.

"Dave is all dressed up like a gentleman to walk into the presence of his Lord, isn't he?" I remarked to a friend.

And why not'? Hadn't he been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb'?

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## 05 -- SHOUTING THE TRUTH

The conversion of Newt Harrison in a Salvation Army corps in Missouri, fairly shouts the truth that the power of Jesus is the same yesterday and today.

People who knew Newt Harrison say that by the greatest stretch of the imagination it was impossible to expect that such a life could ever be changed for the better. Rather, there was general speculation as to just how far down he would sink before death took him.

Harrison was a great hulk of a man, nearly six and one-half feet tall and a giant in strength. In his younger days he was a prosperous farmer; had a splendid wife and raised a fine family of children. They had everything to make them happy, until, in some way, Harrison acquired a taste for hard liquor -- a taste that he could not seem to master, though he did try.

Harrison in time mortgaged his farm and drank up the money. The income from his crops went only for whiskey.

Mrs. Harrison died of a broken heart; but Newt didn't seem at all affected by her death. The children were left to shift for themselves as best they could until relatives came one day and took them away. Harrison didn't seem to care about that either. He had nothing to bother about now except how to raise more money to buy more liquor.

Harrison sold his herd of fine cattle for drink, and when that money was gone the rest of the farm stock went to market and Newt went to the illicit saloon with his whiskey jug.

Despite all this, something inherently decent and fine was hidden inside that drink-sodden body somewhere, and was struggling to be set free. Harrison still had many friends who were genuinely sorry for his plight. Most people liked him in his sober moments.

The farm was finally sold to satisfy the mortgage. But Newt Harrison kept the jug full by digging wells and doing the hardest kind of labor -- with the single purpose in mind: to get money with which to buy drink.

Newt wore self-patched and worn-out overalls that barely covered his nakedness; his home finally was a shack built of discarded lumber and old tin roofing.

Often he would be rolled into a cart and dumped at the door of his shack to get him off the main streets. There could be only one end to this, people said -- death.

But one Sunday night, worshipers in the Salvation Army hall were jarred out of their usual calm by the appearance of Newt Harrison, who strode, half drunk, to a seat at the rear of the auditorium.

That night, somewhere between his shack, the bootleg saloon and the Salvation Army meeting, Newt Harrison ran into a new mental experience. The Savior barred his way and told him to go to the meeting; he would learn there what he should do.

Harrison was quiet in the service. He seemed to be attentive to everything that was said and done and was, the leader hoped, serious. The hail was filled; but the preacher got little attention. A few of the more serious Christians prayed silently that God would do the impossible; others watched, half expecting Newt to do something out of order; everybody was on tenterhooks for what the next moment might bring forth.

Then came the altar call. Prayers went up appealingly, and all thoughts were centered upon the one person in that gathering who, everybody felt, needed God most -- -- Newt Harrison.

When Newt, the impossible, arose laboriously and half staggered to the penitent-form the place was in subdued turmoil. Not a few people stood, the better to see his great bulk drop at the penitent-form.

The Captain went to Newt at once and tried to teach him to pray. Several Christians in the audience were praying audibly at the same moment for God to "save Newt Harrison." Grand old

hymns of penitence and surrender were sung softly and tenderly, as if the singers were wooing a little child up to Jesus to be blessed.

At last, after nearly an hour, Newt Harrison lifted his great, hairy face to Heaven and, in a loud, firm voice cried: O God, take me as I am! I don't know how to pray. Have mercy on me and save me from my drunkenness! The Captain says You can; and I believe him. Will You do it, God'?"

Newt Harrison went home to his shack that night and no one ever saw him drunk again.

He worked hard, bought decent clothing, and those who had known him looked on, wide-eyed, though a bit skeptical, at the transformation going on in his life.

Harrison attended all meetings of the Army corps and testified freely of his experience. He grew in grace and in the knowledge -- -- and likeness -- -- of God. He became a soldier in full uniform. Scoffers who watched him came to believe in the power of God to do anything. The influence of his life proved to be a magnet that drew other hard men to the corps' meetings. Harrison's quiet but convincing testimony won many of them to Christ. Nothing that had ever before happened in the community's religious life had such a profound influence upon the people. Evangelists were brought in and successful revivals were conducted in several of the churches.

"It wasn't hard at all," said one convert, "for me to make up my mind to go to the altar after I went to the Army hall and saw what God had done for Newt Harrison and heard his testimony. That man is an animated reason why I ought to give my heart to Christ."

Another convert testified:

"Trust watching Newt Harrison get converted, and live a sober, clean, respectable life, had more to do with influencing me to give my heart to God than anything else -- certainly more than any sermon I ever listened to."

"If any man be in Christ,  
He is a new creature."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 06 -- SALVATION BILL

In Los Angeles, California, people who know the man's history, declare: "There's something real about salvation when it can do what it has done for 'Salvation Bill' Tillinghast."

"Salvation Bill" is another man who came face to face with his Lord and was immediately transformed from a lifelong drunken failure into a vibrant, uniformed soldier of the Army of Salvation.

Bill's testimony proves that the kind of miracles Jesus performed before His crucifixion He continues to perform today.

"Salvation Bill" Tillinghast lost his mother when he was but a child; he was brought up by an aunt who gave him a good education and a business training.

But as soon as Bill began to make money he also began to drink hard liquor. He was its slave before he realized that the drink problem was a serious one.

"Salvation Bill" married, and it was when his son was born that he signed his first pledge never again to touch, taste or handle liquor -- and Bill said he was "glad to be free."

But, like most drunkards, Bill soon learned that such pledges are made only to be broken unless the signer has the backing of the Supreme Power that alone can free the soul. So, he surrendered completely to the habit that dominated his being. Everything worthwhile in life was sacrificed to his god, liquor. Bill was a hopeless inebriate -- knew it -- and didn't care a rap.

The son grew up and married. Bill and his wife, left to themselves, led a shiftless though quiet existence, except for his drunkenness, that always hung like a cloud over their happiness. The wife, too, had long since lost all hope.

One day Mrs. Tillinghast died; glad, maybe, to get out of the unequal struggle. The business Bill worked at failed. He was laid up for months by an accident that almost cost him his life.

Bill now was without serious responsibility -- as well as without gainful occupation. For two years thereafter he dodged the law and death, in the precarious business of rum running. Life was held very cheaply by gangster competitors in the business of beating prohibition.

What a hell he was going through, Bill has said, to satisfy his craze for liquor -- battling freezing winds and waves in the dark; risking his very life to save costly contraband liquor; watching for landing coves that would be safe from the police; and looking furtively into dark recesses for the trigger fingers of other operators, who always had bullets ready for troublesome rivals -- hijackers who killed without warning! This was Bill's haunting ghost by day; his hell while at work by night. His only pay for it all was more liquor to drink.

Bill now believes that God shielded him from death that he might have a chance to live for Christ. For, one night, without warning, something strange happened to Bill Tillinghast. He tells about it in this way:

"I came out of a saloon at Third and Main Streets and walked straight into a Salvation Army open-air ring, the closest I had ever been to the Army. I hadn't seen a Bible in fifty years, and what they were saying was entirely foreign to my ears. But they sang something that gripped my heart: 'Come to the Savior, make no delay.' That plea buried itself in my drunken brain and wouldn't be silenced.

"They told me there on the street corner that God would forgive my sins and take away my appetite for drink. I followed them to the hall, but I can't remember all that happened. I went to the penitent-form mostly on the faith of the Salvationists. But from the moment I knelt and asked God for forgiveness my appetite for drink vanished. I made a covenant then that I would serve God as long as I lived."

Years have passed, and Bill has become one of the spiritual beacons on Main Street, Los Angeles, where he talks freely of his redemption. His counsel on the drink evil is sound because he knows what he is talking about. At his work, among his associates, in the Army corps -- wherever he is known, "Salvation Bill" is considered a miracle of grace.

After his conversion Bill went back to the job from which he had been dismissed because of habitual drunkenness. When the boss took him back he said: "Well, I guess we both need a drink," and he poured out two cocktails.

Bill pushed them aside and said: "I don't want one and you don't need one. I only want to get busy."

Bill started work again with a ten-dollar raise. He's still on the job and alive and active for God.

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## 07 -- AS A LITTLE CHILD

Jim Sloat, an old deep-sea fisherman, used to say to me as we talked in the twilight on a New York East River fish dock: "If you go away down under you'll hook the best ones. They're down there near the bottom.

Jesus told the disciples to "launch out into the deep" and let down their nets.

I've always felt a bit sorry for the Christian who isn't a fisher of men." He misses so much of the miraculous workings of God.

The loving Father's ways of reaching these men who have gone down deep in sin are as diversified as are men's souls. We who fish with Him for this kind never know just how He is going to bring them in. We are amazed often, but never incredulous.

We have come to know that God's ways are past finding out. Where we fail utterly, He takes over and succeeds.

Down in one of the Southern States, in a little town named Wilson, Bill Nelson was looked upon by everyone as a public disgrace.

Nelson drew a sober breath only when he couldn't get liquor to make him drunk; most of the time he managed in some way to get the liquor.

The Nelson home was a wretched shack almost bare of furnishings. The family consisted of an ill-treated, disheartened wife and two children -- a boy of fifteen and a girl of twelve. The mother managed somehow to dress the children decently enough to attend The Salvation Army's Company meeting (its Sunday school). Most of the time they went hungry, however, for Nelson's first concern was to get liquor. He spent more time at the bar than he did at home; which, under the circumstances, might be considered a blessing for those at home.

Came Decision Sunday at the Army Company meeting. Some strange power -- we call it God -- led Bill Nelson to leave the saloon, stagger down the street and go into the Army meeting for the children, where he almost fell into a chair at the back of the hall.

But God didn't stop there. Bill Nelson's drunken self was in His hands that day, and when the altar call was given for the children to kneel at the penitent-form and decide for Christ, drunken Bill Nelson created consternation by staggering forward along with the innocent little people.

Although stupefied by whiskey, Nelson, imitating the others, knelt near his two children and buried his face in the crook of his arm -- as did most of those near him.

"Does he know what he's doing'?" asked those who looked on at the strange sight of the town's derelict prostrate before God, on his knees among innocent children who knew little of sin. Was it all just a drunken travesty'?"

But Salvationists have great faith, born of experience; they never interfere where God has so evidently taken over.

Bill Nelson tried to pray, but he was too drunk. His children, now moved almost to hysteria at the sight of their worthless father on his knees at the penitent-form, began to weep audibly.

They threw their arms about him and tried, in their childlike way, to tell him what to say to God. They cried for Jesus to "come and help them and Daddy."

The meeting was almost in an uproar. All over the hall Salvationists prayed and wept.

That particular Decision Sunday in the Wilson Corps was turned into a consecrated effort to help Bill Nelson find Christ.

While older Christians and the little folk pleaded, God did His perfect work. As we who are Salvationists have so often witnessed, Bill Nelson's head cleared; he became sober, and he sensed the meaning of the penitent-form experience. Before he rose to his feet, Bill Nelson had prayed though.

Tears streaming down his face, the father, now a new creature in Christ Jesus, with the weeping children clinging to his arms, testified to the saving power of Jesus.

Then the children led their daddy to a home that was never again to see him drunk.

Bill Nelson, when this story was given to me, was Sergeant-Major of the corps in which he was converted, and the sole owner of a successful contracting business. He has a lovely home and a happy family, and he is highly respected by everyone in the town where he was formerly voted to be the most disreputable citizen.

Doesn't Bill Nelson exemplify the Scripture: "Except ye become as little children . .

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## 08 -- A PROFANE CHALLENGE

We who go into the highways and byways to tell of the love and power of Jesus, will never know until we get to Glory just how many persons have been affected and blessed through our open-air meetings, held often under most discouraging conditions. We have learned that so much has to be done in faith that we aren't surprised at the unexpected blessings the good Lord often sends us in one way or another.

I stand in an open-air ring and study carefully the faces before me and wonder just what God is saying to the listening people. Such lonesome faces I have seen; such worried faces -- faces in which suffering and longing were clearly written; sin-scarred faces; faces that seemed to strain at understanding when I told of the miracle of my salvation from a life so low that even they who knew sin could not seem to comprehend its depths.

In the open-air ring my mind never fails to revert to the Sunday morning I was on my knees in prayer, a redeemed soul, in the identical gutter where, a few weeks before, I had been picked up by policemen -- a bundle of filthy, vermin-filled rags -- and rolled into a patrol wagon, insensibly drunk. Always have I faith that God is doing things around the open-air ring that we cannot discern or fathom.

Oliver Gunther and I met in an open-air ring at Lowell, Massachusetts, where I was leading weekend meetings at the Army corps.

At this Sunday morning street-gathering was a poorly-dressed man, half drunk. He appeared to be restless, and he moved about among the people. Finally he stood close to me, where he drank in every word I said about my conversion. When I asked him to go to the hall with us, he very gruffly blurted out, with an oath: "What for?"

"To get near to God, who can save you."

"Like \_\_\_\_ He can!" and the fellow staggered off.

I have, somehow, always felt that God accepted this man's profane challenge; for at three o'clock Gunther was again present at the street -- meeting drunker than he had been in the morning.

He was a bit disorderly, but not enough to disturb us much, and again he listened intently to all I had to say about my own helpless, drunken life.

Suddenly, I turned squarely to the man and said: "God can save you, too, as He saved me."

"Like \_\_\_\_ He can!" The words came back to me with even more drunken emphasis than at the morning meeting.

Gunther wouldn't come into our hall, but previous to the night meeting there he was in the third open-air service of the day -- even drunker than he had been in the afternoon. This time he had to brace himself against an electric light pole to keep from falling, and he was too drunk to make a disturbance.

When men offered to move him around the corner out of sight, I said:

"No, let him alone. He has been listening all day to the story of God's saving grace and has profanely challenged God's power to save him. God has brought him to the open-air meeting three times today for some wise purpose."

When we started for the hall I went to Gunther and, linking my arm in his, said kindly: "Come with me and give God a chance."

"I will if you'll give me fifty cents. I've got to eat something," he replied.

With Gunther's drunken promise to eat and then come to the meeting, I gave him half a dollar, as people looked on, smiling at my innocence.

I watched the man stagger away and prayed that God would reach out and in some way save him.

In about half an hour, while we were singing, Gunther staggered -- almost fell -- into the hail and slumped into a chair.

He seemed to be more sodden than ever and I was sure my fifty cents hadn't gone for food. But I felt that God was winning in that profane challenge, and I was doing my best to help Him.

I never told my story with more heart-yearning and pathos than I did that night. I could see only one man in all the great audience which packed the hall. My talk was to Gunther alone. With tears streaming down my face it was for his soul I pleaded.

Suddenly Gunther began to sob. I stopped short in my talk and walked straight to the man, with arms outstretched in sympathy. As I reached him, Gunther arose without a word, took my arm to steady himself, and together we walked to the penitent-form, amid loudly uttered prayers for the drunkard's salvation.



We Salvationists have seen many men go to the penitent-form drunk and come away sober and saved. Gunther did just this. And, to my astonishment, when he put out his hand to grasp mine, he said, with tearful gratitude: "Thank God for this day -- and here's your fifty cents. I didn't have the nerve to spend your money for booze."

I saw to it that Gunther had food and lodging before I left for my train to New York, and I also arranged for him to be taken to the Boston Vernon Street Men's Social Service Center the following morning.

At this place of safety my letters found Gunther daily, and from this blessed Salvation Army shelter came his testimony to me that God was keeping him day by day and making him a blessing to other men there.

God, it seems to me, accepted Gunther's drunken and profane challenge and, by His loving compulsion, led him that

Sunday to the penitent-form and to salvation from his slavery to drink.

"I'm going home to Norfolk, Virginia," said Gunther's last letter from Boston (where he had been working as a journeyman barber and was a soldier of the Boston No. 1 Corps); "I'm going to have a fine barber shop of my own there!"

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## 09 -- SURGERY AND SALVATION

The general hospital is a professional institution for the purpose of healing the sick -- a precision workshop where the medical scientist joins forces with the skilled nursing technician to restore broken bodies to healthy usefulness.

But the general hospital of The Salvation Army adds to this important combination the further beneficent service of treating the sin-sick soul through the love of the Great Physician.

Its nursing staff is comprised of those who are consecrated followers of the Christ, as they are also professional disciples of Clara Barton. Coupled with their skill to supplement the work of the physician, is a spiritual fitness to present the claims of the Healer of the Soul to their patients.

Great as is the necessity to cure the body, of far greater importance is the need to cure the leprosy of sin. And to this end these Salvation Army nurses work.

Two boys sentenced for burglary escaped one day from the state prison at La Grange, Kentucky. They had been brought up in the hills and thought they were hard.

The younger of the pair, Fred Smith, had boasted on the way to prison that he would escape. He was known among his mates as the "Tough Kid," a potential killer, and was proud of the sobriquet.

Bert Hall, an older boy and a cell-mate of Fred Smith, had placed himself under the domination of the stronger will of the "Tough Kid." Together they broke jail.

In stolen cars the pair crossed Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, stealing money for their needs, and in time winding up in Covington, Kentucky, where they attempted to hold up a large store.

In the gun fight that followed, Fred Smith, the "Tough Kid," was instantly killed and Bert Hall seriously wounded. He was rushed to The Salvation Army's general hospital in Covington, and though everything possible was done to save his life, it was soon apparent that he would have to die.

As physicians ministered to his body, Christian nurses tried to lead him to Christ, who died for the worst of sinners.

Bert's mother was sent for. She and other members of the family surrounded the boy's bedside, and the heartbroken mother prayed that God would have mercy on his soul.

"Hard as nails," was Hall's characterization of himself. "I don't fall for any of that Jesus stuff."

But when Bert Hall was left alone again with his nurse, who had herself prayed for more power, she told him the story of Jesus on the Cross, of the thief beside Him who had asked to be remembered when Jesus came into His Kingdom, and how Jesus, the Son of God, had turned to the thief and had said: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Bending low over the dying boy, the praying nurse heard him say: "Lord, remember me." Sobbing, she whispered in his ear: "This day shalt thou be with Me." And the soul of another hardened thief went to be with the Lord who had redeemed him.

Salvation Army nurses go the penitent-form first and from there into the training home.

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## 10 -- A SINFUL SISTER'S DEVOTION

Ann and Sue came into the office of a Salvation Army home and hospital together one day to make plans for Sue's care, for her baby was shortly to be born. The two girls told a glib story about their parents being dead; and said that they were alone in the world.

Sue was admitted to the home. But as the weeks went by she grew increasingly unhappy. Furthermore, Ann's address and telephone number proved to be fictitious.

Sue was again closely questioned. "Tear up that old record and I will tell you the truth," she said, tearfully, at last.

Three days later Ann came to see Sue. Gently she also was questioned about her reasons for inventing such an untrue story. Ann's face was troubled, and then she said, "I think I should like to tell you the whole story."

The recital that followed was so horrible in detail that Ann herself cringed as she talked. Born illegitimately herself, she had inwardly felt inferior to her mother's later children born in wedlock. Sue did not know the circumstances of Ann's birth, and the one big struggle of Ann's life was to keep the true facts from the younger sister, whom she idolized. Drunkenness, larceny, prostitution, all followed, as Ann tried to find compensation for the lack of affection in her own life.

"I went from bad to worse, and I would wake up in one jail after another. When my little sister got into this trouble I rushed to help her. I understood her plight -- the same plight my mother and Sue's had been in about me," she declared.

Sobs shook the girl's frame as she realized that the whole ugly mess was being uncovered for the first time.

And, as the poor girl knelt that evening in sincere penitence she heard her Savior say: "Thy sins are forgiven thee; sin no more."

This was five years ago. Ann has become a soldier in The Salvation Army. She is now working as a practical nurse in a Christian institution. Every spare moment is given to those girls who, like her little sister Sue, are compelled to seek refuge and a Savior at The Salvation Army's door of hope.

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## 11 -- OUT OF THE PRIZE RING

Round-Faced, smiling Jack C. Butt, as a Salvationist, is the secretary of the Freeport, Long Island, Corps. For a livelihood, he works as an inspector of precision products in a large Brooklyn factory turning out naval ordnance. As a Christian -- one of Jack's company executives said of him:

"You have practiced here what you preach on the street corner, and when a fellow can act like you do in the plant, I figure you're a real Christian!"

When Jack Butt came to see me recently, the very atmosphere of the den where we talked became charged with the blessed spirit of the Christ who had saved us both from so much. It was an inspiration to be in the presence of such a clean-cut, happy Christian man, who was shy about telling me of the splendid progress he has made since his conversion in a Salvation Army cottage prayer meeting early in 1938.

Jack Butt, although born in Newfoundland, was raised in Ontario, and had his religious training in another faith. Mrs. Butt was born and grew up in Newfoundland and acquired both her

religious and public school education in The Salvation Army, due to the peculiar educational system there.

His father was a heavy drinker, and Jack knew the hardships and the ungodliness of a drunkard's home. He grew up to be a bare-knuckle fighter and brawler; gained no small fame as an amateur fighter in Toronto, where he came in contact with hoodlum elements; and learned to drink and gamble at the age of sixteen. After serving an apprenticeship in construction with the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, he went to New York City, where he joined up with notorious characters, and later on trained in Brooklyn for the professional prize ring.

But Jack Butt quit fighting when he realized that he was taking all the hard knocks while his managers walked off with the money. Then he went in for crap-shooting and drinking. He held good positions in the construction business, but gambling and drink took all his earnings. Because he thought he could not see the religious living that he thought he had a right to expect in others, Butt stamped all religion as bunk and called himself an atheist.

Butt married in Brooklyn and things went well until he sailed south and in Mississippi, Texas and Mexico associated with roughnecks, gamblers and drinkers of the toughest sort, and sank to the depths of sin. It was God's leading, Butt says, that took him back to his family and finally to a home in Freeport, right next door to an earnest Salvationist, a Major in the Scandinavian branch of the work.

It soon became apparent to these next-door neighbors that things weren't going well with the Butt family. One day the hurried appearance of the village physician led the Major's wife to slip over and see if she could be of any help.

Everywhere there was evidence of poverty. A distracted husband, unable to find work, the doctor bringing a fourth child into the world to add to the three other half-clad little ones, convinced the Salvationists that God's saving grace and their helpful friendliness were sadly needed.

The Major's wife set about rendering the sort of help that only good women know how to give in the spirit of the Christ. The sick mother had comfortable attention and was nursed back to health by her Salvation Army neighbors, while Butt looked on and at last came to the conclusion that perhaps there was a God and some real Christians in this world, after all.

The members of the Butt family were invited to attend the next cottage prayer meeting in the Major's home. There was only one aim that night -- the salvation of these hard-pressed neighbors. Prayers and testimonies had but the one appeal.

In that little meeting Butt declared: "I have not been to church for ten years, and I thought I was through with religion, but now I want you to pray for me."

And Jack Butt, drunken prize fighter, gambler, and brawler, together with his wife, prayed through and found the Savior.

The Major succeeded in getting Butt a job that had a promising future, though it paid little, and Jack says that he actually wore the flesh from his fingers in an effort to make good. But he knew a happiness that only God can impart, and his family had food and clothing.

Jack Butt's faithfulness soon won recognition, and promotions followed until, one day, he was one of ten men selected by the company from several thousand others to be sent to school for special training that enabled him to acquire the high position he now is holding. Fellow workmen cheered this selection, because they believed in and loved the man.

When Jack Butt fought, he did so to win. He's doing the same thing now for his Master.

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## 12 -- THE GREATER PHYSICIAN

The science of medicine has made amazing progress during the present century. We are now in the age of the specialist.

The dear old "country doctor" is no more -- he who had to know how to diagnose every physical ailment that man is heir to merely by looking at the tongue, while he stuck an old spoon handle down one's throat to the tune of "A-a-a-h", and often was required to perform a major operation on the kitchen table by the light of a tallow-dip.

Now, when we come down with any serious illness we are treated by the specialist who has made a thorough study of that particular disease, what causes it, what will cure it, and what will keep it cured.

But, blunt as it may sound: when the physician himself or one of his patients is the victim of alcoholism, he has to go to the Greater Physician for treatment. The drunkard must go to God for the help he needs.

Say to the medical man: "Physician, cure thyself," and by his efforts he will declare: "I can't."

We who have had much to do with alcoholics and alcoholic wards, their patients, their doctors and their methods of treatment -- and their alleged cures (oh, for so many of them have we been guinea pigs!) -- know that there is no cure practiced by man which will take out of the alcoholic victim the desire for drink and set him free from a habit that controls his will and defeats all his finer purposes in life.

I drank whiskey for thirty-seven years; was adjudged to be an incurable inebriate; and was turned away to die a drunken outcast by the best physicians in the largest hospital in New York City.

One day I knelt at the penitent-form in a Salvation Army meeting and arose from my knees cured. I have never desired a drink of liquor during the succeeding thirty-four years.

The psychiatrist who declared that I would die of alcoholism within the month, died, an avowed moderate drinker, at sixty-six; I am alive and busy at eighty-four plus.

I was a patient of the Great Physician, after the psychiatrist left me to die. God's cure was instantaneous and perfect.

Every one of the drunken thousands I have had to do with in my Salvation Army work during half a lifetime of sober service in their behalf, had been, at one time, the patient of a medical practitioner.

Every drunkard I have ever known, whose cure of the habit has been complete, found his deliverance at the mercy-seat of Christ.

I want this to be the most emphatic statement I make in this book.

A man applied for assistance to the manager of one of our Salvation Army men's social service centers in the Central West. He was not of the ordinary run of applicants, but plainly, he had once occupied an enviable position in society.

He was first employed in the social service store as a sales clerk in the furniture department. After a closer personal acquaintance had been established, the newcomer talked freely to the manager of the center.

He was a physician and surgeon who had been graduated from a Southern university and had served his internship in New York. Years of private practice had ended, however, when liquor and narcotics got such a hold on him that his failing could no longer be kept a secret from his friends and patients.

It required some years for Dr. Wilbur Crawford to descend into the depths and reach, what was for him, the end of respectability and professional standing. Parents, wife, daughter, and many friends tried in vain to persuade him to break away from the habits which threatened to destroy him.

Dr. Crawford finally lost his license to practice medicine in his home state. Mrs. Crawford had to find work to support herself and their daughter. The doctor roamed around the country with but one obsession -- to forget the past and dedicate the future to satisfying his craving for liquor and narcotics.

While Dr. Crawford was working at the store, it was evident that he was still a periodic drinker. When dealt with he would appear to be repentant and say he couldn't help it; and although he was prayed with many times, he could not be brought to the point of letting God take away from him what he did not have the power of will to discard for himself.

I met the doctor on one of my visits to the Middle West. He had a charming personality, and I believed in the sincerity of his inward desire to surrender to the God who had so miraculously cured me.

But, being a physician, Dr. Crawford had no faith that his condition could ever be cured by medical science; and if not by that, then, of course, nothing else could cure it, he thought.

He listened reverently as I prayed for him, but my heart ached at his look of quiet resignation to what he considered was inevitable and that revealed so plainly the fixed doubts that kept him from trying God's power.

Anyhow, his attitude seemed to say, what did we untutored laymen know about his condition? He, the physician, had knowledge to support his belief.

At about this time, one of the doctor's old-time friends, himself a physician, wrote that it would be impossible to help any man who had been drinking to excess so many years.

But Dr. Crawford's parents, his wife, his daughter, and his friends inside and outside the social service center, were praying and pulling for "Doc" to get straightened out and make a new start.

His interest was first aroused by the formation of a first-aid class in the social service center. The doctor was really enthusiastic when the Red Cross appointed him the instructor.

Then, a splendid opening was found for the doctor on the medical staff of a large manufacturing plant. But to fill it he would have to pass the state medical board's examination. This he did, and he was granted a certificate to again practice.

This new opportunity meant a home for his family. An apartment was furnished, and Dr. and Mrs. Crawford and their daughter were reunited.

What the fellow physician had said would be impossible seemed to have been accomplished.

Dr. Crawford's services in the great industrial organization were so satisfactory that he was transferred to a large subsidiary plant in another state, as chief of its medical staff.

However, let it not be thought that all was smooth sailing with our doctor friend. The old appetite was still there, and it poked up its nasty head with discouraging results.

On one occasion, the social service manager drove some three hundred miles on a Sunday night to rescue the doctor and get him in shape to be at his post on Monday morning.

But liquor and dope were finally licked. He retired from the manufacturing plant -- for private practice.

This story ends in 1942. The requirements of war during that year had taken many of the younger physicians out of the town in the Middle West where Dr. Crawford had resumed practice, his mind and health fully restored by the power of God -- not by medical science.

He was beloved by its people. He had again become the trusted "family doctor." He was now more than fifty years of age, and the demands of his large practice took everything that he had to give in physical endurance.

Long and irregular hours in an epidemic during an extremely cold winter, brought him down with pneumonia, and the man who walked into The Salvation Army's social service center in 1938, died from overwork in the line of duty.

Dr. Crawford's funeral was the occasion of many civic tributes to his ability and to his worth in the community.

It had been said of him, that "Doc" was beyond help. But he died helping others.

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### 13 -- SCIENCE AGAIN FAILS

"God bless and care for you, dear old friend of mine," was the heartening message that came at Christmas time from the heart of another good woman, who like the wife of Dr. Wilbur Crawford, lived to see her drunken husband, once a successful physician, restored to Christian manhood and to even greater respect and success than he had previously enjoyed in his profession -- only to die in alleviating the sufferings of too many patients.

Dr. James Rose, of a large city in New Jersey, was brought to the Headquarters Corps in New York City by a wife who had become so desperate that she didn't know what to do or where else to turn for the aid she must have to carry on.

People in deep trouble have come to know that they can always find a sincere welcome, loving sympathy and needed encouragement if they can only reach a Salvation Army officer somewhere. Find a Salvationist and you've found a friend!

It was God, I'm sure, who directed the doctor's wife to Adjutant Nellie Downey, then spiritual head of the corps.

Mrs. Rose told the "Little Adjutant" a story of dread and desperation which was unusual even to those of us who are accustomed to dealing with all sorts and degrees of sin and hopelessness.

Dr. Rose, his wife said, had a large practice, and his patients had every reason for their faith in his skill. But he had dabbled with drink as a tonic for his tired brain and nerves until, by easy stages, he had become a confirmed drunkard, who could no longer exercise any will power over the habit.



After a series of debauches, which usually ended in a hospital, the doctor seemed to sense the seriousness of his plight, and confessed that he was beyond personal control. He finally agreed to "take treatment." Even though he could not help himself, he still had misguided faith in medical science to cure alcoholism.

Drunkards squander so much time in trying to shun God. They drink themselves into delirium, call a doctor, who can't cure them, and go to a hospital. Then they're out again, drunk again, sick again, defeated and in the hospital again -- around the same old vicious cycle until they finally give up, helpless and undone.

Dr. Rose was losing his practice rapidly. His devoted but distracted wife, who still loved him, feared he would make some fatal medical or surgical blunder. He had been in several bad auto smash-ups and was being prosecuted by the authorities and sued by the victims.

That blessed Salvation Army Adjutant went away over to New Jersey at midnight to see what, if anything, she could do for the doctor in one of his bad sprees. Then she called me to her aid.

The doctor, however, rather resented being made a subject for "Salvation Army solicitude," and had some mighty plain things to say to his wife for taking her trouble to "that crowd of bumchasers."

This mean attitude made it quite difficult for a time to penetrate the doctor's assumed loftiness, until one night I lost my good manners long enough to tell him, in very plain English, that drunkards were all on the same mighty low level, whether they were physicians or just plain bums, and that I happened to have learned this by personal experience. Booze makes wrecks of the best of us I reminded him and, while drunk, one person is just as rotten morally as the other, and just as lost to all sense of decency. I told him that one of the dirtiest cases I had ever had anything to do with personally and intimately, while he was drunk, was a high-brow United States Regular Army colonel -- a perfect example of the self-styled aristocrat in "social standing and exclusiveness" when he was sober, but as filthy as a wallowing hog when he wasn't.

I made the doctor understand that I was a poor sort of a fellow for any kind of a drunk to try to "high-hat."

Then I cooled off and satisfied him that my business connection was no mean thing and that my social standing was high among a mighty flue lot of people. In my spare time I mixed up with drunks like him because I loved the Master who had saved me -- and the poor souls, like himself, who also needed Him.

There followed long years of personal missionary effort to break down the wall of partition between him and The Salvation Army and between him and a full surrender to God's will.

Anyhow, Dr. Rose did quit drinking and began to be himself again. His patients were comforted that they could again have the skill of their beloved physician.

However, I soon sensed that The Salvation Army threw up a certain barrier of reserve between us after things had begun to improve.

What if it should get out that the big doctor had been taken to The Salvation Army for help? Some of our alleged better-class clients are sensitive about this. So, I didn't intrude myself into the doctor's home. I felt the doctor would be just as well pleased if I didn't.

Queer, wasn't it -- when The Salvation Army and the Army's God had done so much for him?

However, letters were always safe and I wrote many encouraging and quite loving ones to the doctor. He was "keeping sober and working terribly hard," and he appreciated my "continued interest in his welfare."

I waited in faith for the word to come that God had found the doctor's heart and that he was at last completely cured. Notes that came once a year, at Christmas time, from Mrs. Rose, told of his continued success and of their happiness, and latterly "a God bless you from both of us."

Then came a letter dated November 12, 1940, which said, among so many other fine things: "A power stronger than ours has kept us in touch with you and the blessed Salvation Army through the years. God at last performed a miracle in my life." Doctor Rose was a man born again.

The following February, God took Dr. Rose Home. I wrote his wife only last Christmas week. In her reply, she said, "Out of thirty years of married life, the last ten are all I ever want to remember. Twenty were a nightmare, but ten of them were Heavenly in happiness, because we both came to know God as our loving Heavenly Father through you dear friends in The Salvation Army."

Why do we work so hard, and wait so patiently, and pray so long for a decision? The letter from Dr. Rose's widow provides the answer. To write off a case "Saved and Closed," is full pay for years of labor.

And, by the way, Mrs. Rose found my letters and Christmas cards filed away with the doctor's papers marked "Important."

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## 14 -- DOWN IN THE DUST

Little did Edward King think, as he stood one night at a prominent corner on the main street of San Angelo, Texas, that the moment of his salvation from drink was at hand.

It all appeared to be of God's planning, so perfect were the results -- and so entirely unforeseen to everyone who looked on.

King was very drunk. For support he held on to an upright in front of a drug store, and he appeared to be insensible of his surroundings or the unfavorable attention he was attracting.

He was well dressed and evidently belonged to the better class of men. But King didn't rate any more respectably than a hobo who shuffled past and looked upon King's drunken condition enviously.

The other characters in the little drama that was unfolding came in the persons of the local Salvation Army officers, who, with several soldiers, marched down the street, singing, appropriately:

"We have a message  
A message from Jesus."

At the next corner the Salvationists stopped and formed their open-air ring.

"A message of love  
To the poor drunkard's soul,"

the singers in the ring continued, their eyes turned toward King as he swayed against the upright fifty feet away.

Before the closing stanza of the song was finished, the drunken man seemed to come to himself. One look at the Salvationists aroused him to action. Edward King staggered treacherously along the curb-line and, without looking to the right or left, dropped to his knees in the dust of the roadway, his head resting on the big drum, as if in prayer.

This sudden turn of events changed the whole course of procedure for the Salvationists that night; the soldiers surrounded the penitent-form drum on their knees and began to pray earnestly for God to save the man kneeling there.

In the hall, where Edward King was taken by two of the soldiers, he again went to the penitent-form and the meeting for that evening was devoted entirely to the salvation of the prostrate drunkard's soul.

King's dulled senses cleared after a time, and he mingled his own prayers with those who prayed around him.

Edward King, as he told his story in meetings he afterward attended, was living with his parents in San Angelo temporarily, and striving to break the power that alcohol had over him.

He had been a well-known physician in a Missouri city, with a large practice, which he had built up during twenty years of hard work.

A domestic upset which had robbed the home of its happiness, was more than Dr. King could bear up under and, like many other foolish people, he started to drink heavily to "drown his sorrow."

It wasn't very long before liquor began to drown him. His practice fell away and, in desperation, he decided to travel for a time in the hope of finding other interests that would help him to forget his heartaches.

But, of course, wherever he went, he ran into the same kind of whiskey which had accomplished his undoing in Missouri, and he became just another wandering drunkard much of the time.

Finally, Dr. King decided to visit his parents in San Angelo. This was God's leading, for it was here that he found the Power that conquers all sin.

In the San Angelo Corps Dr. King became established in the Christian way. He then decided to return to Missouri and work his way back into the confidence of his former patients.

It was a new man who again opened his office. Those who had seen the doctor leave town with the tell-tale marks of dissipation and defeat all over him, were quick to note the difference in the man who came back -- a difference that only God's saving grace can make.

Dr. King declared his conversion so that all could hear. He became affiliated with a live-wire church on confession of faith, and was soon actively engaged in its work.

The doctor doesn't hesitate to recite the unusual circumstances surrounding his conversion at the drumhead in a Salvation Army open-air ring. The people of his home town admire his frankness and love their doctor for what he now is -- an energetic follower of the Jesus whose message of love he heard in San Angelo while he was "a poor drunken soul."

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## 15 -- GOD AROUSES A CITY

The line between the so-called upper and lower classes of society is so clearly drawn in all communities that often only The Salvation Army and the police care how the other half live -- the other half being the notoriously drunken and openly disreputable.

When The Salvation Army opened a corps in Holland, Michigan, in 1936, many of the fine Dutch people, who worshipped in some thirty-five prosperous churches, did not take kindly to its coming, and the officers had to win their way by proving the Army's worth to the community. Some miraculous conversions were the result of this challenge.

One scarcely knows where to begin the story of Salvation Army work among the worst elements of Holland's populace. Major Clare Edwards and Envoy Genevieve Shafar, faced with

open hostility to their presence -- and an empty hall, wisely chose to begin their work with the neglected children who roamed the city's street at will.

These little people were gathered in and became enthusiastic members of a string band, a singing group, a gymnastics team and a sewing class. Of course, these children told in their neglected homes what they were doing at The Salvation Army. Decision Day found many of them kneeling at the penitent-form, and parents were surprised to see their customarily unmanageable youngsters for the first time kneel at bedsides and say their "Now I lay me down to sleep."

God was using "a little child to lead the elders." For it wasn't long before curiosity -- or the pressure of a disturbing conscience -- brought one mother, then another and another, to the "Army meetings," and one after another they, too, found their way to the penitent-form.

People in Holland began to sit up and take notice of what was going on in the Army hall among women and children who seldom had been known to darken the entrance to a church.

But in the homes of these women and children conditions were changing so radically that drunken husbands began to wonder what it all meant; so, they, too, in their sober moments, shyly came to meeting with the wife and children to see for themselves.

God was lighting a spiritual fire that was to warm all Holland toward The Salvation Army.

Be it said that this was no small beginning. It was the kindling of a blaze that was to destroy the drunken blasphemy and vicious sinning of men and women who were notorious in the community and headaches for the police authorities.

As I sat between the mayor and the chief of police at the corps' first boozers' meeting, the mayor leaned over to me and said:

"If I did not see this with my own eyes and hear these testimonies with my own ears, I would refuse to believe that the change in these men and women was possible even with God."

And the chief of police added, reverently for him: "I say so too. These are miracles."

One of the first women to be attracted to the meetings to see what her twelve-year-old daughter and her other children were doing in a string band, was Mrs. Steve Bonberg, a young mother. She was the first senior convert of the corps, and she told a story of a life of torture with Jake and Steve Bonberg, a father-and-son combination of drunken rowdyism that had kept Holland and its police in a turmoil for years. The father had taught his son to drink while yet a lad, and this pair got drunk together, fought together, went to jail together twenty times, and together wrecked their home and made a punching bag of the son's wife.

Wherever these men showed up there was sure to be trouble, with father and son in the center of it. Fists would begin to fly sooner or later. Usually these melees were just scenes of drunken brutality in which the greatest damage was done to face and eyes and body. The Bonbergs always lived to fight another time -- and did.

The father went to bed drunk and kept a bottle handy at the side of his bed in case he woke up in the night. Sometimes he had to be roped to his bed while in delirium tremens, and he was often near death from weeks of constant drinking. His son was little better.

I knew the father well, and I'm very sure that up there in Heaven Jake Bonberg doesn't resent a word that I'm saying about him. He told a lot more than this about himself in public testimony to the Master's saving love. He never spared himself to exalt the loving compassion of his Lord.

As if people didn't already know, for his sinful life was a household story in Holland.

This man's conversion had a marked influence on other disreputables of his class in the downtown taverns. If a drunken brawler, bootlegger and all-around public menace could be transformed into the gentle, lovable, law-abiding, hard-working, honest man that Jake Bonberg had become, there was a chance for everyone else. And other drunkards came to the meetings and were led to the penitent-form by Jake.

Bonberg worked hard and paid up every debt standing against him in Holland, including all his debts for liquor -- an amount which in itself, was considerable.

I last met this man of God on what afterward proved to be his deathbed. The hard life he had led was not without chronic physical results. We spent two hours together in testimony and prayer, and I was a better man and had a deeper faith, if that were possible, in the power of my God as the only sure cure for those of us who go down to the depths -- and for all others who have their weight of woe because of sin.

"Grandpa Bonberg," as Jake came to be affectionately known throughout Holland, went to his eternal reward only a few years ago, triumphantly testifying with his dying breath to the redeeming power of the Christ who had saved him.

At the funeral services that were conducted by the Army officers who had won Jake to Christ, one of his younger sons gave his heart to God; his penitent-form was the bier of his sainted father. This son later became an officer in the United States Air Corps.

As the Bonberg father-and-son combination had been such a notoriously rowdy outfit, so did it also function loyally for God. As He had transformed the life of Jake Bonberg, so did He also transform the life of Steve, the brawling son. They had been boon companions in drunken fury; they became as one together in Christ Jesus.

One night Steve Bonberg's eldest child begged her father to come to the Army hail and hear her sing. He was very proud of his daughter's ability. Steve's wife sat with him in the meeting, and joined in a pact with her daughter to pray every moment for his conversion that evening.

Steve was deeply touched by what he saw and heard, and though he could not walk to the penitent-form with his wife and child, he did kneel where he sat and, enfolded by the arms of those

who loved him even in his brutality, this second drunken terror of Holland also gave his heart to God; thus bringing into the fold the grandfather, two sons, Steve's wife, two daughters and a son of that one family where the devil had had his own vile way during so many years.

Holland looked on with wide-open eyes but was still skeptical.

One night, from a distance the police saw both Jake and Steve Bonberg in the open-air ring. Trained always to look for trouble where that pair were together, the policemen ran over to the meeting to drag them away before they did something to break it up.

"The saints be praised!" exclaimed one of the policemen, when Major Edwards explained that the father-and-son combination had been changed to a working entity in the cause of the Christ who had made them new creatures, and that they were no longer to be feared.

When the father died, Steve was a broken man. For a time it was feared that his health would be impaired because of grief; twice a week he went to the cemetery and prayed for several hours on his father's grave. The companions in drunken rowdyism were still closely welded in death by the power of God that makes the vilest clean.

Another picturesque character in Holland and an early convert of the Army corps there, is a happy old man who had been a drunkard from childhood. Whiskey was fed to him when he was yet a little fellow.

When converted, Garritt Ten Brink had been a confirmed drunkard for forty years. He was drunk when he landed in this country from the other side. He had never heard of Easter and boasted of being an avowed atheist.

Ten Brink is one of the interesting figures of Holland, and is as much a showpiece in the famous annual tulip festival as are the gaily dressed Dutch women and children.

Ten Brink is the "wooden shoemaker" for the populace, and his product is also shipped to other sections of the country. His workshop is in a large, glass-enclosed corner of a downtown store, where the old fellow cuts out hundreds of Dutch peasant shoes from chunks of wood, using a long-pivoted blade that he can swing at any angle. Here, all day and every day, the dear old man deftly fashions wooden shoes and praises God. Tears are apt to run down his wrinkled, drawn cheeks when one talks to him of God's goodness to the drunkard.

Before Ten Brink was converted, his wife died and was buried while he lay drunk on her bedroom floor. He knew nothing about it. His children then disowned him and would not recognize him anywhere.

He was losing his business and his life because of drink, when he was brought to the Army hall by another drunkard, and both went to the penitent-form.

This was something new to Ten Brink. He could understand little English and could speak less. But the officers patiently taught him what salvation from sin means, and God made His presence felt in the old man's heart.

Ten Brink was a bit mystified that he didn't want liquor any more, but during the silent hours when he was making wooden shoes at his bench, God made things clear to his simple understanding.

Ten Brink became color sergeant at the corps. He has never missed a corps meeting in ten years. His children -- and everybody who knows him now -- love the dear old Dutch wooden shoemaker of Holland.

Catherine Wright, I'll call her, was one of the most troublesome females of Holland, and the police always welcomed a chance to put her behind bars for a while. But Catherine was lucky and managed, somehow, most of the time, to talk herself out of a jam or draw a sentence of only a day or two. Then she would be out and publicly drunk again.

But, shortly before the Christmas holidays previous to her conversion Catherine Wright was caught drunk with three others and was accused of chicken stealing. She declared she was too drunk to know where she was or what she was doing. At any rate, her fourteen-year-old son went among the people of Holland and tearfully begged for bail to get his mother released.

Meantime the Army officers saw their chance and surrounded Catherine Wright with their love and prayers. When she was brought into court she had been converted and had these two advocates to plead her cause.

The prosecution argued for a long sentence; things seemed to be going against her this time; the police had caught the drunken party red-handed in the chicken house and it was the chance they had been looking for to get Catherine into the county jail. But they hadn't reckoned with God and the eloquence of the Army officers.

The Judge had about decided to lock Catherine up for ninety days, but the officers pleaded that they knew when a woman had been truly converted; Catherine Wright's heart had been cleansed by God and they knew it, they declared.

To the utter chagrin of the police, the woman again slipped through their fingers, for the Judge gave her thirty days and suspended the execution of the sentence until after the Christmas holidays.

Meantime Catherine Wright was growing in grace. Voluntarily she visited women with whom she usually got drunk and brought some of them to the Army hall. She sold one thousand Christmas War Crys in the taverns where she used to get drunk. Nightly she was in the open-air ring and gave her testimony out on the main street, while people who knew her well for what she had been for many years, listened and wondered, "Can this thing be real?"



Came January, and the sheriff reached out to take Catherine Wright to jail -- at last -- glad for the chance. But it was a different woman who was his prisoner. She spent much time in prayer and more in quiet meditation. Then she begged to be allowed to go among the other prisoners, to pray with them and plead that they would also give their hearts to God.

"I got some of the women In jail converted," said Catherine, when the corps officers arrived to take her out. "If I had more time in here I'd have that sheriff crying to God for mercy."

When Catherine was released from jail, she was placed on a two-year period of probation. This she served out blamelessly. She then got into full uniform and became Visiting and War Cry Sergeant -- a firebrand for God and a marvelous trophy of grace in the skeptical eyes of all Holland, who had declared it couldn't be done.

Through Catherine's efforts other notorious female characters of the city were brought to The Salvation Army, and so the work prospered.

Let me say of this new work in Holland, that I am dealing here only with converted drunkards. While the Army's efforts were primarily extended to reach the worst, the young people's work grew rapidly under the forward impetus that the officers gave to all Salvation Army activities, as they centered their greatest efforts on what to them was the main initial purpose.

Converted drunkards brought in others, until soon there were enough to form a Men's League. This was made up of a bright lot of men, sober and eager to help in the work of bringing the drunkards of Holland to God.

Among the League members who did much to make Salvation Army history in Holland was Al Westrate, a brother of one of the prominent physicians of the city. He had been a common character for more than twenty years; often near death in delirium. Mrs. Westrate had decided to break up the home. She was convinced that there was no power on earth or in Heaven that could bring her husband back to decent living. But the corps officers and the converted drunkards fairly haunted that home -- and Al Westrate -- and one night he voluntarily went to the penitent-form.. This was the end of Westrate's drinking, and his conversion broke up all preparations for closing the home. It is Mrs. Westrate who testifies to the guiding presence of Jesus in all their domestic affairs, and to a renewed happiness that she once felt sure she would never again enjoy.

Al Westrate took part in every corps' activity, and eventually became vice-chairman of the Men's League.

Tom Vandebush was another forty-year boozier. He was taught to drink whiskey at fifteen years of age by his father, who was killed when he drove his car into a moving train while helplessly drunk.

Tom, at twenty-one, tried to quit drinking; but he came down with 'pneumonia and the doctor prescribed whiskey as a tonic. Tom got over the pneumonia, but he didn't get over the tonic.

Four attacks of delirium tremens didn't kill him, nor did they reduce the quantity of liquor he consumed.

His Christian mother prayed earnestly for her son during these wretched years, and died breathing a last petition for God to save him.

The corps officers and the members of the Men's League got after Tom Vandebush and refused to be brushed aside until they had him on his knees at the penitent-form on Thanksgiving Day, 1939.

The people of Holland, Michigan, began to believe; God was arousing the city to a realization that there are no hopeless drunkards when He is given a chance to do something for them.

Doors that had been slammed in the faces of girls wearing Army bonnets started to swing open to reveal wholesome smiles of welcome. Newspaper editors, business men and public officials who had begun by being insolently "too busy," called out a cordial: "Come in; sit down. How is everything going?"

Holland had at last become Salvation Army conscious -- and drunkards, brought out of the taverns and converted, did it. Ample financial help was soon forthcoming for the work. But, like God's love, there's more.

Another drunkard whom I'm going to call Jerry Blank, was won to God in 1939. Jerry, nearly at the bottom of things, was one of the city's hopeless celebrities. He was well educated and had held better positions than the other boozers, but he was just the same sort of low-down nuisance and disgrace to his folks and to Holland as all the rest of the drunks the Army corps had gathered in and cleaned up with the help of God.

Jerry got his first drink from a fellow salesman, who had 'nixed him a cocktail of bootleg alcohol and ginger ale in prohibition days. Jerry liked the vicious concoction, bought the ingredients every day or so and began the business of becoming a full-fledged drunkard. As she saw the man she loved sink to the gutters, his wife became ill and died of a broken heart.

During this period of helplessness Jerry Blank drank himself out of a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year job and a twenty-thousand-dollar home. He was on the skids and landed in a W. P. A. job at boy's pay. For a year or more he was a drunken liability to the city and an object of loathing to everyone who had respected him in his better days.

It was time then for God, the Army corps and the Men's League to step in. In a situation of this character this combination always succeeded where all else failed. They went after Jerry Blank and linked up with him until he was brought in and led to the penitent-form.

This was the end of Jerry's drinking. He began to win his way back to decency and a good position. He never slipped. His education, next to his salvation, was his greatest asset. He was appointed by the Holland Historical Society to translate some Dutch literature into English, and

when that work was finished he passed the necessary examinations for a good-paying government position, and there he was when I saw him last a year ago in a holiness meeting. His testimony was an inspiration to all who listened to it.

What a firm foundation these one-time drunkards find when they reach a state of holiness in the Lord.

This story of the awakening of a city by God would not be complete were we to omit the conversion of Bert Hadden, a fifty-six-year-old inebriate, who had begun drinking at the age of eight. His parents had lived near the boat dock, and sailors on Lake Michigan landing there thought it was great sport to see such a little fellow reeling drunk.

At the time of the Army's beginnings in Holland, Bert was listed as one of the city's worst. Of course, this reputation marked him as special "prey" for the corps officers and the Men's League. In fact, one member of the Men's League literally stalked the man from tavern to tavern and persisted until he was praying at the Army's penitent-form.

Bert Hadden surprised everybody. He soon became as outstanding as a Christian man as he had been as a drunken derelict. Wherever he went, he was a living witness to God's saving grace and to the Army's worth to Holland.

Old Father Hadden, eighty-eight years of age, was nearing the end of things for him. He had never believed in Jesus, but he now knew that he needed Him in death. He begged for help, and this son, who had been a drunkard since childhood, came to pray with his dying father.

How God does untangle our snarled lives when He is given a chance! How we frown upon His offers of love and salvation throughout years of sinning and then call for Him when death is near!

Bert, the convert, pleaded with his father -- during these last moments of his life -- to give his heart to God. He also brought in the corps officers to help.

There were heart-melting moments at that scene of death. The old man was deeply touched:

"Just think of it," he said, "my son Bert prayed with me yesterday for hours. He tried so hard to show me the way to find the God who has done so much for him! I've lived to be eighty-eight without God; but now, if He will accept me, I will give Him the heart He ought to have had all these sin-filled years."

And Bert Hadden's father, led to Christ by the son whose whole life up to then had been ruined by liquor, but who had been born again at the Salvation Army penitent-form in Holland, died in the Lord.

This conversion of his aged father whetted Bert's ambition to bring other sinful men to a saving knowledge of Jesus, and he soon became one of the very active soldiers of the Holland Corps, busy for God during the day, and even busier after nightfall, when the taverns were full.

Bert Hadden's remarkable spiritual growth was due to the fact that he responded immediately to the promptings of the Holy Spirit. He got steady work for the first time in twenty years. He believed thoroughly in prompt restitution to whomever he was in any way indebted. To this end he dedicated all his earnings beyond what was sufficient for the bare necessities of life.

When he was on a ladder one day, his memory went back to a time early in life when he had broken into a drugstore and had stolen four dollars' worth of whiskey. Not waiting a moment longer, Bert got off that ladder and started for the drugstore.

The proprietor looked at him askance. When Bert reminded him of the robbery and said that he was there to pay for what he had stolen, the druggist replied:

"Man, you paid your debt for that crime years ago in the penitentiary. I don't want your money. If your change in life is the kind of thing they are doing down there at the Army hall, I'm for it. Put that money in the tambourine, and God bless the Army and you."

Prodded again by memory while up on a ladder, Bert hurried along to tell a restaurant keeper that fifteen years ago he had stolen two dollars from him.

"But I don't know anything about that, Bert. Why bother now?"

"But I know all about it; so does God; and I want to get it off my mini. There's your two dollars."

"Wait," called the restaurant keeper, as Bert was leaving. "If this is what you're getting at the Army, you owe them this money, not me. Take it to them. Come in again. I'll be glad to see a fellow like you any time."

Bert Hadden jovially says to everybody who broaches the subject of his conversion:

"Yes, I'm one of those Hallelujah boys now, but I've got something to shout Hallelujah about!"

"What wouldn't I give to go back more than half a century and let God have my life at sixteen! I surrendered it to the devil at that age," said Herman Waltman, another member of Holland's Men's League. His was one of the later penitent-form victorious through Christ.

Waltman had been a drunkard and an inveterate gambler for the better part of a long life. He was seventy-two years of age when Jesus won him on April 14, 1940.

Conversion made an amazing change in his life. One of the city's "notorious characters," he became a mild-mannered, gentle old gentleman, whom people quickly learned to respect and love. It was easy to forget Herman's past.

Herman Waltman's first job had been behind the soda fountain in a Holland drugstore, where he had begun to play with liquor by draining the glasses of whiskey and soda left by customers, and then mixing an occasional one for himself after he had learned to like the concoction.

Waltman's life was punctuated by failure, as he drifted from one thing to another, always losing out because he couldn't keep sober. He almost died in his first attack of delirium tremens at twenty-nine, and such attacks became more frequent as he grew in years.

Herman's dear old mother sobbed and pleaded and went to her eternal Home with a prayer on her lips that Jesus would save her drunken boy.

One night an old man came into a Salvation Army meeting. He looked weary and defeated. Throughout the service he wept at intervals, and when the invitation was given, he walked down the aisle and knelt in penitence before the Master, who, he had known all through his wretched life, was his only hope. He gave a very clear testimony of his confession and acceptance, and from that moment on he lived a life that was above reproach.

No one who looked at Herman Waitman, the new creature in Christ Jesus, ever doubted the power of God to transform a wicked man's life.

Herman was the proudest man in all Holland the Sunday he walked to meeting in full Salvation Army uniform, to be sworn in as a soldier of God's forces for combating the devil, who had ruined more than fifty years of his life.

It was this sort of thing that convinced the people of Holland of The Salvation Army's worth to their community.

The Army had arrived.

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## 16 -- GOD SURPRISED THEM

Many of us have much faith in that prayer which is directed by two or more persons upon the same desire or individual. "Where two or three agree," we quote reverently, and then we swing into action. We Christians learned this from Pentecost. It worked well then; it still works well. Hence, the many Prayer Leagues with thousands of members.

These believing disciples recite numerous stories of remarkable answers to their petitions. One that comes to mind at the moment has to do with the conversion to Christ of one of Chicago's dissolute characters. Today he is a Salvation Army local officer and an untiring laborer for his Savior in the slums of that midwest metropolis.

Though the Prayer League of the Chicago Kedzie Corps was formed primarily to pray Charley Zingerman into the Kingdom, when God sent him to them, so drunk that he could scarcely stagger, the members of the League were amazed and disconcerted at his unexpected appearance!

Charley Zingerman was known throughout northwest Chicago as the eldest of three disreputable, drunken brothers, all of them shunned by decent neighbors, all nuisances to the police.

These four sons were born to saintly, praying parents. Despite their Christian upbringing, an inordinate craving for liquor developed in three of the boys, who, in early youth, became confirmed drunkards.

One of these died a few years ago, after his brother's conversion. My last letter to him was returned, marked "Undelivered -- dead." Another son is still alive and still in the slums, at this writing.

The fourth brother, Francis, came to Christ in a remarkable death-bed conversion. God was clearly answering the prayers of his Christian parents and the personal urging of the corps officer who spent many hours at the bedside.

One morning Francis said: "The Lord came to me in a dream last night and said: 'Francis, you know the way. You know I died for you and love you. Why not accept Me as your personal Savior now?'"

Francis did accept Jesus and went to Heaven two days later, leaving a definite testimony to His saving grace.

Charley Zingerman and his two other brothers were drunk the day of the funeral. At the bier earnest prayers were offered for their conversion.

This over, the Prayer League of Kedzie again concentrated their attention upon Charley Zingerman, for during his occasional sober moments he seemed to be anxious to straighten up.

These good desires vanished quickly, however, as soon as any of his chums from "Rum Row" came around with a bottle.

Much of the time Charley was in a drunken stupor, unable to work, or haunting the saloons begging for a drink, or up in a back alley sharing a bottle of anything that contained alcohol. The police with the wagon were often busy getting Charley, dead drunk, out of the gutters.

Almost everybody who knew the Zingerman boys looked upon Charley as worthless and avoided him as they would a pestilence. But his praying mother held on to God as her one hope and prayed for the souls of each of her boys. She refused to be denied.

Meantime, things were happening at Kedzie. Several drunkards had been soundly converted. Among the Prayer League members this aroused more faith for Charley Zingerman. "All

things are possible," was the prayerful slogan. The League met every Monday evening to pray for this one man. They were sure God would save him.

Then God led Charley into their hands. One night he staggered into the meeting so drunk and exhausted from lack of food that he had to be helped into a seat. Often, after a spree, he could not eat for almost a week. The object of the League's much praying had been thrust in among them unexpectedly. Zingerman was saturated with "embalmmg fluid "-as the drunks call it-and his clothing and person were filthy.

But what else mattered! Charley was there, praise God! Almost insensibly drunk, to be sure; but "God is able." Wasn't it He who had sent Charley to the meeting? Had not their faith been greatly rewarded? The soldiers began to pray silently. God had surprised them. They weren't looking for Him to act so swiftly. Somehow, they felt a bit guilty.

Charley Zingerman had stolen the meeting. Minds were centered on him. The speaker cut the program short and went into the prayer meeting. It was primarily for just one person -- the drunkard who was then present with them.

Now that the matter was thrown so suddenly into their laps, the Prayer League members felt completely inadequate, when, upon the first invitation, the man for whom they had prayed many months rose from his chair, with the help of someone sitting near. Glory to God; Charley Zingerman, the neighborhood drunk, was staggering toward the penitent-form!

The members of the Prayer League followed at once and also knelt at the altar. Each member prayed, not so much for the drunkard, but rather that the Holy Spirit would descend with power that would give them wisdom to deal with the penitent. This power seemed to come, and they surrounded Charley Zingerman and poured out believing hearts for him.

After nearly an hour Charley arose from his knees, sober, and said confidently: "I have at last given my heart to God, and I know He has saved me. With His help, I'll never again be seen drunk."

The new man in Christ walked, erect, back to his place in the audience; and for almost eleven years he has been absent from the corps' meetings only on the rarest occasions.

Charley Zingerman had been a drunkard for twenty-five years. His physical condition was shattered. It was hard going for him. He was ill for some time. But at length his health was restored, and, eagerly enthusiastic, he joined in the work of winning other drunkards for Christ.

He haunted the saloons in which he used to drink; he prayed for and pleaded with his two drunken brothers, and he sang God's praises for all to hear.

Skeptics laughed, of course. Charley would be back with them in a week, they chuckled. But he wasn't back. He never went back as a drinker. His testimony in the open-air ring outside of the saloons gripped the hearts of his former drinking cronies. He was no longer the neighborhood drunkard. He was now the neighborhood wonder.

One day "the boys" came around, hats off, and asked permission to hold a "benefit dance" to raise money for Charley's first Salvation Army uniform. Charley turned down the offer, but he was thrilled at this sign of growing confidence in his sincerity.

Charley Zingerman is married to a godly woman, and their life together is supremely happy.

Every year he marks his spiritual birthday with pennies on the drum-one, two, three-this year it will be eleven.

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## 17 -- IN THE OPEN-AIR KING

When a man kneels on the cobblestones of the roadway and seeks God's forgiveness at the drumhead penitent-form of The Salvation Army, we see the supreme power of God wrenching a sinful heart loose from the devil's grip upon a life that can be transformed by no other means.

Is it not a miracle that the strangle-hold of destroying habits is broken as the penitent thus approaches the Throne of Grace with the simple plea, "God, save me from my sins"? The praying man rises from his knees and begins a new way of life. He obeys the injunction of his Savior, "Go; sin no more." With courage and spiritual determination, he rises to a position that commands the respect and admiration of his fellowmen.

The open-air meeting is a characteristic Salvation Army institution. The Army's founder, William Booth, preached in the slums of London. In this open-air sanctuary, The Salvation Army was born. It was here that its first converts were won from among the habitues of one of the world's worst slums.

Remarkable tales of great lives who have had their first spiritual awakenings at these open-air shrines are legion. Some of the very noted clergymen of this and other days had their spiritual baptism at the open-air ring.

Writing in the Detroit, (Michigan) News, Dr. Edward DeWitt Jones, one of the great preachers of this day, said of the Rev. Thomas Anderson, D.D., also a prominent divine, now of Atlanta, Georgia:

"Tom Anderson ran away from a home of poverty in California at the age of twelve; became a stowaway on a ship sailing for the Orient; and served as deckhand, steward and wheelsman before he was seventeen.

"In Sydney, Australia, knocking about, friendless and lonely, he listened to lads and lassies singing hymns in the rain and praying in the gutters. Then and there Tom Anderson came to himself! From this point on he came up the hard way to become one of the mighty men of God in this day and age."



The Rev. Harry A. Ironside, of the Moody Church, Chicago; Dr. P. W. Philpott; Gypsy Smith, noted world evangelist; and the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan are among others who may be included among those who have come under the spell of The Salvation Army.

But it is with the ordinary individual that these pages are to deal.

In Worcester, Massachusetts, a man, conspicuous because of his shabby appearance, was an interested listener to the testimony of a prominent trophy of grace, who, speaking in one of the local churches, held a great audience spellbound for an hour with his story of drunkenness and failure during more than half his lifetime. The speaker was drawn to the shabby man as the one person who seemed to be most in need of his testimony.

At an open-air meeting a few hours later, the same man appeared and again drank in eagerly the same story of God's miraculous power to save the drunkard who was hopeless and completely undone.

When the meeting closed, the shabby man, evidently in deep thought, shuffled off down the street. The speaker caught up with him, and the pair became quite friendly as they swapped experiences -- the one hopelessly discouraged and disheartened; the other strong in the God of his salvation -- the one a drunkard; the other a drunkard saved by grace.

Charles Merritt had studied law and, until drink had pulled him down, he had been a successful practitioner in Worcester. A good wife, who had stood by as long as life lasted, was now in Heaven; children and friends had long since disowned him. He picked up a bare living, including drink enough to keep him half under its influence, by doing minor clerical jobs for merchants and others who could not afford to hire someone full time.

Merritt promised to come to the afternoon meeting at the corps, if he were sober enough. He had taken no drink in the morning because he had wanted to be at the church; he had now been so many hours without liquor that he felt he must have some at once. He did come to the meeting, however, though pretty well liquored up, as he had expected to be.

Again Merritt was the most attentive man in the crowded auditorium, and I talked directly to him. He knelt at the penitent-form with me then, and he again sought Christ at the night meeting when he was soundly converted.

We became fast friends by mail, and Merritt was a real inspiration as he took a new grip on life and regained a position of respect and professional standing in his native city.

It was at the open-air meeting, as he slouched against a telegraph pole, he said, that Christ spoke to his heart with the assurance that he, too, could win in His strength.

Charles Merritt became a highly respected soldier of the Worcester Corps.

Then one day the news came that after having given a ringing testimony at the Sunday evening meeting, Merritt was struck by an auto on the street near his home and went to be with his Savior, another drunkard won through the simple means of the open-air meeting.

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## 18 -- LANNY JOHNSON AND HIS BEAR

In the home of "Brickyard" Johnson, a wealthy Southerner, was born a son, Lanny by name, who lived to become the most notorious drunkard in Houston, Texas. During succeeding years he became one of the most beloved Christians of that city.

Lanny inherited considerable cash as well as his father's brickyard, which was making money; but he lost it all through drink and found himself a homeless and penniless drunkard. The records show that he was sentenced to jail sixty-six times.

The story goes that one day Lanny scraped up a close friendship with a stray bear. He tamed the animal and taught it to obey his bidding. The pair danced for whiskey, money and food. If Lanny was broke and free drink was refused him, he told the bear to wreck the place. Both Lanny and his bear got drunk during the proceedings. Then they chased people off the streets in terror and had a high old time for themselves doing it.

If Lanny was refused a job, a flip of his thumb signaled the bear to drive the employer into a tree and keep him there until he promised Lanny work -- or money.

Once Lanny won \$15,000 gambling in New Orleans. This was spent for drink in no time, and again he and his bear went on another rampage for free liquor.

A piece of land that was still in his name was put up at auction for non-payment of taxes. Lanny got boiling drunk, put some rocks in a five-gallon can and tied it to one of his legs. A piece of soap in his cheek made him froth at the mouth. When Lanny and his bear ran amuck in the crowd at the sale, the auctioneer and the people disappeared as if by magic, seared stiff by a "madman, a rattling devil-can and a savage bear." There was no second attempt to sell Lanny's lot. The city of Houston let him keep it tax free.

Stories like these used to be legion in Houston. One night The Salvation Army was conducting its open-air meeting at the usual corner in Houston, when Lanny came along, drunk as always. He was a sight. Someone had finally beaten him up in horrible fashion. But the Savior was waiting for Lanny's sinful soul there, and got it. The man who had terrorized Houston, Texas, by his drunken escapades, dropped to his knees in the deep mud at the drumhead and cried to God for pardon.

Lanny's wicked career was ended. He became as loving a disciple of Christ as he had been a drunken fury for the devil.

He worked steadily and paid all his debts, including what he owed for the whiskey that he and his bear had taken by force. Houston looked on aghast at the complete transformation of a wild drunkard to a gentle "saint of God," as he was called. Lanny was now beloved by every one who knew him.

Lanny Johnson became custodian of the Bowie Public School in Houston and spent every spare moment telling the scholars of the love of Jesus and His saving power. Present day business men and church leaders of Houston testify to the good influence Lanny's exemplary life and testimony had upon them when they were in Bowie School.

Lanny beat the big drum in all the Army meetings. He claimed that as an especial privilege, because the drum had been the penitent-form at which he had found his Savior.

On Lanny's seventy-fifth birthday the Houston school was closed in his honor, and scholars and citizens expressed in a very beautiful way their great love for this grand old man of God.

By then Lanny was color sergeant of his corps and wore a long service badge.

By the way, when Lanny "got religion" and quit drinking and fighting, his bear seemed to lose further interest in life and one day just curled up and died.

In March, 1944, Lanny Johnson died. The people of Houston mourned him in a very real way. Memorial services in his honor were held by the Houston Corps, and many prominent citizens took part.

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## 19 -- HE STOOD AFAR OFF

In an open-air meeting at Lowell, Massachusetts, one Sunday afternoon, a comfortable-looking, well-dressed woman stood on the sidewalk, seemingly much interested in what we were doing, and particularly in what I was saying about the power of Christ to save the ungodly -- the drunken ungodly.

I noticed that she glanced furtively at a man who was lounging some distance away, looking at us and evidently listening to our singing. Suddenly, he hurried into a saloon. As I finished speaking, the woman walked over and drew me out of the ring. Very much upset and nervous, she said:

"That man who just left is my husband. He's a drunkard, and he hates religion. He has forbidden me to go to church or to your meetings, under penalty of a repetition of his brutality. He followed me here, and I'm afraid to go home. Can't I go to your hall and wait for the next meeting?"

The corps officer took her to the quarters, where she told an almost unbelievable story of her husband's violent temper and how she had to suffer at his hands. "But," Mrs. Malcolm added,

"I believe the man is under deep conviction and acts as he does only to cover up his inward unrest."

At the evening open-air meeting Mr. Malcolm again stood afar off and watched us and his wife, who had courageously accompanied us. The man showed the liquor he had been drinking. He really looked vicious as he eyed his trembling wife.

We went back to the hall for the evening meeting, and the half-drunken man went to the saloon.

Next day the harassed but brave wife wrote me that her husband was at home waiting for her after the meeting, and that he had created such a scene that she had been driven to ask a policeman to lock him up for the night.

Mrs. Malcolm had hopefully laid a Salvation Army song book on the living-room table where her husband could not fail to see it when he sat down to read the evening paper after supper. He was strangely silent, though apparently not too resentful for having been detained for the night in a cell.

The song book seemed to distract his attention. His eyes almost momentarily left the newspaper to furtively contemplate it. Mrs. Malcolm sat knitting under another lamp, watching her husband's glances at the song book from which he had heard us sing in the open-air.

The tugging at the man's heart became too much for him, and before long he laid the paper aside and took up the song book.

"Thank God," breathed his anxious wife, as she watched her blasphemous husband leaf over the pages until he came to the song for which he seemed to be looking. The convicted man must have read over its lines prayerfully, for suddenly he bowed his head in his hands and sobbed:

"O my God, I can't stand it any longer; I come! I come!"

Mrs. Malcolm slipped over quietly and knelt beside her penitent husband. They mingled their prayers, their tears and their love together before a gracious Savior, who had "broken every barrier down" and led another of His straying sheep back into the sheltering fold.

Mr. Malcolm had surrendered as he read the closing hymn of our evening open-air meeting:

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!"

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The devil sometimes does his work so thoroughly that he drives his victim right into the arms of God; for if there is a spark of sincere desire left in the soul of a hardened evildoer, God is the only refuge. Instinctively, the worst sinner knows that he will not be turned away. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," seems to be graven on every human soul. From its depths rises the prayer, God have mercy on me, a miserable sinner," and cleansing is accomplished.

It isn't possible to describe Jim Drake's condition and appearance when he staggered along the main street of Fargo, North Dakota. Pushing his way into the open-air ring, he threw off his ragged coat. His other clothes were literally falling off. His shirt was filthy and torn to shreds. Buttons seemed to have been ripped off everywhere.

Drake staggered over to the drum and fell to his knees. The corps officer collected a number of safety pins from the women in the ring, and Drake's clothing was pinned together, so that he might be taken to the hall between two strong soldiers.

Right up to the penitent-form the men took him. There he fell in a drunken stupor while everyone in the meeting prayed for his salvation.

After a time Jim Drake seemed to sense where he was and that he was the subject of the prayers that were going up to God.

He knelt at the penitent-form; he got up and sat on it; at one time he even stood upon it, lifting his hands to Heaven and shouting:

"O God, Thou knowest that I'm too rotten to live, and I don't dare to die. Can I be saved?"

For more than two hours Drake cried thus to God. And the people patiently prayed.

Suddenly, the man became quiet and thoughtful. Those who looked on say that Jim Drake's whole bearing changed; his eyes lighted up; his face beamed; he was entirely sober when, in clear, earnest words, he said:

"The Spirit of God is taking possession of me. I have been saved."

After several days in a good home, with nourishing food, clean clothing, a clean body and a new heart, Drake, who was a good harness maker, obtained steady work at his trade. He was soon a respected, well-dressed citizen.

After a probationary period, he became a dependable, active soldier in full uniform, and later on transferred to the Minneapolis No. 1 Corps. Recent reports state that he has become a sanctified soul and a faithful worker.

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No reasoning mind can scoff at the power of God when in every city and hamlet can be seen miraculous transformations in the lives of people who have sunk morally beyond any human agency to rescue them.

One must be purposely blind not to note and marvel at this change and acknowledge its source.

Come to see me in my comfortable home; sense its peaceful atmosphere, where we share each other's little difficulties; look around my workshop and see the art gallery of friends who have been lifted out of thoroughly depraved lives into fellowship with God; ask my neighbors and local business men about my life with them for fifteen years -- then tell me if you can find in me any trace of a drunken, despised outcast in the worst slums of New York City. What I am today is the outcome of the redeeming work of grace that I am emphasizing in these pages.

It is only sane reasoning to believe that God saves from the uttermost.

Bertha Craig, of Flint, Michigan, is another of those Christian characters to whom I think God likes to point and say: "I redeemed her. She's Mine." And, wherever she goes Bertha testifies: "God saved me. I am His."

Bertha Craig is one of Flint's prosperous women. She has paid for the fine equipment of her place of business; a comfortable home with a Christian woman companion is hers; and the building in which her business is carried on belongs to Bertha too. She is known as "the miracle woman of Flint."

Why? Because Bertha Craig exemplifies today the miraculous power of God when He is taken into the heart of the worst of Sinners. It is impossible to see in her any semblance to the woman she was eight years ago.

Then she was a drunken, dissolute character a human football to be kicked about on the gridiron of life and the gridiron, for Bertha, was as hot as hell fire.

When only a child of fourteen, Bertha attended a religious service and went to the altar, but she didn't get much spiritual help from the experience, though it did arouse in her a desire for true religion.

Bertha's father, a farmer, never a well man because of a fast life, was hard and was the cause of trouble at home. The children had to work in the fields far beyond their strength, under threat of being put out of the home if they failed in their given tasks.

When only fifteen years of age, Bertha felt that life anywhere else couldn't be any worse; so, with the consent of her mother, she went to Saginaw, Michigan, where no one knew her, and there she became a drunkard.

One day she married a man, who was sober enough, but none too fond of work. Two children came early by this union—a boy and a girl. The girl died, but the boy grew up with his mother, after she had divorced his shiftless father. This fine son has married and is now in the country's air forces.

Later on Bertha Craig was converted in a Methodist revival, and for several years she worked hard and kept away from drink. But, in her own language, she couldn't stay with it, and again drifted back into her old ways and drank even harder than before her religious experience.

The only use Bertha Craig seemed to have for money was to buy drink. How she got it few but herself ever knew. She picked the pockets of drunken men in the saloons for more drink; she stole when she could, and she consorted with outcasts of both sexes; she sank so low that even she could think of only one other thing to do—kill herself and end her miserable life.

But Bertha couldn't take her own life. She dreaded death and hell fire. At five o'clock one morning, after a debauch, Bertha says she promised God that if He would let her live she would never take another drink of liquor; and Bertha again became a sober woman. She says God haunted her. He seemed to follow her wherever she went. In desperation, she told Him to "keep away, or I will stamp on You!" She would not cross the street alone for fear of being killed and going to hell. She was under deep conviction, of course.

Bertha's drunken career was closing in a queer way. God stepped into her life when she least expected it and under conditions that only He could have planned.

Bertha went, one night, with a well-saved friend of hers to a service at Flint's Broadway Corps. She wasn't drunk, but she was terribly sick in her soul.

Bertha didn't like anyone to press her to go to the penitent-form. She was especially belligerent when some zealous Christian man approached her. To one who asked her to yield to Jesus, she shouted:

"You work your racket and I'll work mine. Get away from me!"

But God had marked Bertha Craig for His own. She was in a meeting one night when a brigade of Training College Cadets were conducting a soul-saving campaign.

Bertha seemed to be unusually quiet. At length a Cadet, just a slip of a girl, arose to bring the message. She was visibly frightened, floundered about incoherently, and finally sat down, in tears.

"She just stammered—the poor little thing!" said Bertha, in pity. "There won't be anyone at the penitent-form tonight after that fiasco."

A voice near her asked: "Why don't you go?"

"I won't go up there all alone," rejoined Bertha. "If anyone else goes, I'll go."

As she spoke, the girl Cadet who had tried to preach and three others left the platform and knelt at the penitent-form to pray.

"There, God has met your challenge," said a Christian woman. "Are you going to keep your word?"

Bertha Craig became very serious. Fastening her eyes on the stammering Cadet, she said:

"The poor child did the best she could to help us sinners. She just got terribly frightened."

For some moments Bertha Craig gazed at the Cadet in prayer. Then suddenly she said: "I'll go up."

And Bertha Craig, Flint's most notorious female derelict, walked down the aisle and fell to her knees beside the frightened Cadet, who had tried so hard to tell of Jesus' love for the lost.

Bertha's wicked life was ended. She was soundly converted -- won by the stammering tongue of a slip of a girl who thought she had failed miserably.

Bertha Craig is a forceful character, fearless in her stand for clean Christian living. The walls of her place of business are decorated with spiritual plaques; loose language is barred, and its cordial mistress never hesitates to witness for Christ if the occasion is right for it.

Bertha Craig was enrolled as a Salvation Army soldier, January 2, 1939.

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## 22 -- JESUS AMONG THE MOONSHINERS

In 1935, a girl who had just completed training for Salvation Army officership, asked permission to open a corps deep in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, an unexplored region as far as The Salvation Army was concerned.

Cecil Brown, now Adjutant Brown, believed that life for those rough people could be vastly improved by love and the Gospel of Christ, and had the courage to bury herself in the mountain-wilds to tell them of the Savior.

When men offered to put up a building for the work at Maple Springs, the project was violently opposed by one Walter Rathbone, who made moonshine liquor, sold it and drank plenty of it. He was kept busy dodging the law; now a church was being plumped right down near his biggest still, and he didn't like it.

Rathbone hadn't been inside a church since he was a boy, and at fifty-four he was a drunken moonshiner, gambler and all-around bad man of the mountains. He drank liquor all day long, and if he awoke at night there was a fruit jar filled with it handy at his bedside.



In due time the citadel was finished, and among the first to attend the services was Rathbone, who came to find fault, but went home to give his heart to God in the quiet of his bedroom.

Captain Brown had broken the ice, and the mountain work leaped forward.

Rathbone deserted his stills, his drunkenness, his tobacco, and his profanity, and became one of the most faithful soldiers. His wife and daughter were also converted.

Adjutant Brown now has corps at Maple Springs, Shelton Laurel, Poplar Gap and Bonnie Hill. She and her assistant are real angels of mercy to a rough people who sorely need God.

There have been many outstanding conversions among the rough mountain folk, and the good influence of the work has become widespread and very noticeably uplifting among a class who have long been problem people with spiritual and civil authorities.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 23 -- LIKE FOR LIKE

Womankind has ever been famous for making all sorts of cruel sacrifices in the hope that she may redeem a drunken husband and win back the fine man she supposed her heart was given to in marriage.

But it remained for Ellen Warner of London, Ontario; to try a new plan to make her husband stay sober after love had failed to do so. One day Ellen sat down beside him in one of his few sober moments, and said:

"I have tried in every way I can think of to induce you to stay sober and again be the decent man you were when you persuaded me to marry you. I have borne with abuse and want and have gone out to work so that the home would not be taken away from us; I'm almost in rags. Now I'm going to try something else. I'm telling you that unless you sober up and stay sober, I'm going to get drunk, too. We may as well make this thing unanimous."

Ellen Warner carried out her threat to the last detail of debauchery, and still she failed to accomplish her purpose. Two drunkards never add up to one sober person.

Ellen Warner, when she first went to Canada, had worked at St. Joseph's Hospital in London. She was a widow, in comfortable circumstances financially, with one son. Friends introduced her to a man with one son, who, he pleaded, needed a mother's care. Ellen says that in pity for the boy she married the man-which seemed to have been a bad bargain, for by so doing she had both father and son to care for. The father proved to be a drunkard and lazy. He wouldn't work as long as Ellen's money lasted, and after it was gone he worked only to get money for more drink.

Like other women of her kind, Ellen Warner went to work to feed the family and keep the home together.

Finally, it became apparent that this method wouldn't work, so she resorted to the plan of becoming a drunkard, too.

"I was one of the dirtiest, meanest, wickedest sinners that I think could be on this earth," says Ellen, in her testimony. "I never was sober at night, and the next morning I would get drunk all over again.

"Afterward came a baby girl, but I had no interest in her. The devil was too much for me, and I gradually sank lower.

"One day I was out all day drinking. With my baby in her buggy I went from one beer parlor to another, at each place leaving the baby out on the sidewalk unprotected. In one place another drunken woman offered me a cigarette. I refused it, saying that I was rotten enough without another dirty habit.

"The woman was insulted. She went out to the baby buggy and filled it with tobacco smoke. The baby was choking and a man ran in and told me what had happened. I cared for the baby first, then went back into the barroom and half killed the woman and thoroughly wrecked the place in my fury.

"But that night, at home, I sought God on my knees until daybreak, when He gave me a sense of forgiveness. A few days after this, a woman friend tempted me to drink some beer, and when I lifted the glass to my lips it fell into four pieces. I've never taken another drink."

Ellen Warner's husband died shortly after this. Her baby girl, who had been taken away from her, was restored when it became evident that the mother would stay sober. Then Ellen fell ill, and it was here that she became acquainted with The Salvation Army.

The officers of the London Corps heard of Ellen's plight and her need of human help in her unequal struggle against drink. The corps officer and some of the women soldiers brought her food and other comforts and helped to restore decency in a home that had become unfit for anyone to live in. They prayed with Ellen Warner and drew down the Spirit of the Lord to shed light and love and redemption where only the darkness of hideous sin had abounded.

When Ellen was again able to go out, she and her little daughter went to their first Salvation Army meeting.

"I went to the penitent-form, and sin was taken from my heart. The good women cleaned up my home, where my child and I now live happily together, and where there is a constant reminder that I-one of the vilest of sinners-have been saved by His grace."

Ellen and her daughter are now in full uniform, and the London Corps is proud of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 24 -- STRANGE PENITENT-FORMS

I don't know who coined the phrase, but it's gospel to me:

"We can never be  
Where God is not."

Isn't this a comforting assurance to both saint and sinner? Every time it comes to my mind, loneliness, fear, discouragement, or hesitancy are replaced by faith, reliance and determination.

The penitent-form, where "glory crowns the mercy-seat," is wherever the sinner seeks his God in sincere sorrow for wrongdoing. Salvation Army work among the lowly often reveals some strange sanctuaries, where the Master has met and redeemed men and women who for one reason or another have shunned the usual places of worship. This happening, usually unforeseen, seems to impress upon the mind of the timid convert a reassuring consciousness that Jesus is, indeed, the Savior of the whosoever.

The late Lieut.-Colonel Wallace Winchell, that untiring man of God, who went to his eternal reward from New York City some years ago, was noted for the practice of getting a penitent down on his knees wherever he might be at the moment. It was a familiar sight to come upon the Colonel and a weeping sinner in the shelter of an elevated railway pillar or a handy doorway on the Bowery, or in a fast-moving Subway or Elevated Railway car, praying, with upturned face, to the accompaniment of the rhythmical click of the wheels on the rails.

Entirely unmindful of the staring crowds and their comments, Colonel Winchell led his weeping penitents to the forgiving God, wherever they might be. Any place, anywhere, was a pulpit from which he could preach Christ, and there was always a penitent-form along with the pulpit.

Charley Francis was a well-known Philadelphia newspaper man who, like so many of us in that profession, found relief from high-strung nervous tension of mind and body in the sociability of kindred spirits around "the flowing bowl," which, being interpreted, means the crowd in front of the bar in a popular tavern. Also, like many more of us, he was an alcoholic; the first drink always made plenty of trouble for Charley Francis.

There came a time, of course, when Charley was all washed up and became a drunken outcast.

In his prosperous days Charley could pay big money for treatment in some exclusive sanitarium and get back to his writing. But on various occasions he had created serious disturbances while being treated, and he eventually wore out his welcome even though he came with money.

After my conversion in a Salvation Army meeting, I lost track of Charley Francis until he found his way to my home one day. He was in terrible shape. I succeeded in inducing the superintendent of a men's social service center to accept my old friend, in the hope that he might find God, as I had found Him, sufficient for a complete cure.

However, here also Charley abused his periods of liberty by getting drunk and instigating trouble among his fellow clients by stealthily bringing liquor into the dormitory. When dismissed, after patient indulgence, my friend disappeared for almost a year.

Then one night, very late, Charley rang the bell at the home and begged for admission. He was almost unrecognizable. His hat was gone, and he wore for a shirt a burlap bag into which slits had been cut for his neck and arms. For trousers he had patched and torn blue jeans; his shoes were worn to the uppers.

"For pity's sake, be humane and let me come in. I'm afraid I'm dying," he pleaded.

The night watchman explained that he had strict orders against ever permitting him to come into the home again.

The night was bitterly cold. The man might easily freeze to death if he were left outside in scant clothing. So, the watchman kindly told Charley to go down into the furnace room and stay there until morning.

Drunken Charley Francis huddled back of that big furnace, alone with his thoughts and his feeble prayers. It was God's opportunity-this drunkard's greatest extremity. With God's loving arms enfolding this lost man, the hard cement floor back of that furnace became a penitent-form, and a merciful Father whispered: "Thy sins are behind Me forever."

My friend was permitted to remain in the social service center to recover his health.

He went to Heaven a few years ago from the home of his parents in California, glorifying the "Savior of the furnace room."

\* \* \* \* \*

25 -- OH! I'M IN HELL

It was a glimpse of the "Lake of Fire," as he thought, that sent Dan Murray rushing pell-mell into a Salvation Army meeting at North Bay, Canada, where Major Cohn Campbell was presiding. There he dived for the penitent-form, crying:

"O God, save me! Save me!"

The Major immediately went into the prayer meeting, and Salvationists surrounded the frenzied drunkard, praying for his salvation, as is always our custom in such instances.

As we have seen in so many similar cases, Dan Murray became sober as he prayed, and at length he arose and told this story:

"I'm a bricklayer by trade and make good wages when I work. But every pay day I go on a spree. That means a fight at home with my wife, Maggie -- often to her physical hurt.

"I got drunk tonight at the Queens Hotel bar. I was the only customer in the place when the barman went down to the basement to stoke the big furnace which heats the hotel. He left the cellar door ajar, and in my drunken curiosity, I staggered over to the stairway, then tumbled headlong to the bottom.

"It all happened so suddenly that I was dazed for a few minutes, When I looked up I saw the black figure of a man poking around with a long bar in a great glowing bed of fire. Instantly into my reeling brain came the thought: 'Dan Murray, you're in hell at last for your drinking!'

"The barman, who was stoking the furnace, was the devil getting up a good hot fire for my benefit, I thought. I didn't know how I got down there, and I shouted:

"Let me out of here! Oh, I'm in hell! Are you the devil?"

"No, you re not in hell, you bum, and I'm no devil. You're blind drunk, and you stumbled down the cellar stairs. Get out of this! So, I rushed to the street and ran in here to the penitent-form to get saved!"

In the morning when Major Campbell called at Dan's home to see how his convert was coming along, he found Murray on the sofa singing: "Praise God, I'm saved!" and shouting "Hallelujah!" at frequent intervals.

Maggie (Mrs. Dan) said that her husband had come home and, banging on the locked door, had cried:

"It's me, Maggie, darling. Don't be afraid. I've been saved! It's the truth, Maggie. I was saved at the Army tonight. The Major will come in the morning and tell you. Let me in, Maggie, dear. I've been saved!"

The skeptical wife set all this down as her husband's drunken ravings, until the Major assured her of its truth.

"He's been lying there half the night," said she "singing hymns and shouting:

'I'm saved, Maggie, darling! I'm saved!'"

"His blo-o-od can ma-a-a-ke the vi-l-est clean!" howled Dan from the couch.

The finale of Dan Murray's vision of hell was that his wife Maggie also was saved at the Army penitent-form. It was the talk of the North Bay people when this notorious couple walked together to the meeting and boldly testified in the open-air ring to God's great goodness.

In this particular instance the fear of hell fire was the beginning of wisdom for the Murrays.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 26 -- GOD CAME TO THE LUMBER PILES

Larry Powell, who frequented meetings at the old New York No. 1 Corps, was a fine fellow when sober, but unfortunately he was a confirmed alcoholic. He got drunk when he was most anxious to keep sober; he was sure to show up drunk after he had knelt at the penitent-form.

Larry was an expert in lumber and millwork. In fact, he was yard superintendent of the New York branch of a big Baltimore, Maryland, lumber concern, with branch yards and mills in Jersey City, opposite New York.

Larry knew lumber, but he couldn't get acquainted with his God, try as he would; and often he tried honestly, I think. He was one of my especial headaches; there were some twenty or more like him in this corps at that time. I, myself, had been converted there.

When Larry was cool sober, I couldn't make a dent in the dignified crust that encased the real longing I knew the man had for decency and sobriety. But let Larry come to the meeting drunk, and he would haunt the penitent-form, shedding tears of drunken remorse and crying to God for mercy.

At first I thought he was just putting on an act to win sympathy. Drunks will do this-male and female alike. I've done it myself. I've been in meetings when half of us bums as well as the women of the streets would uncork a chorus of vehement sobbing at the mere mention of home and mother. The more sympathetically the Christian workers would deal with us, the more heartrending our flowing agony would become. The church people and other slumming visitors would be visibly moved to open-handed liberality. As soon as the benediction was pronounced the flood of grief would dry up and we would all go about our more or less nefarious occupations, wearing satisfied smiles.

But, after all, I thought, Larry had no real reason to play in this way on our sympathies. He didn't need anything from us except the religion we offered him. He always had money-far too much of it, for an alcoholic.

I liked the fellow for himself, and I wanted him for Christ. Often I accompanied him to the ferry and saw him safely on his way across the Hudson River to his Jersey City boarding house. But then he would get drunk over there and sleep all night in a lumber shed at his mill.

One Sunday when another officer was "specialing" for us, Larry came in lit up a little more than usual. When the prayer meeting started he dashed, also as usual, for the penitent-form.

We who knew his habits paid no attention to him, which didn't suit Larry's frame of mind at the moment. He began to simulate a fit and rolled about on the floor in front of the penitent-form. I, too, had done similar stunts in my time, so I wasn't impressed. I just let him roll.

Our "special," a bit excited, was for calling an ambulance, but I talked him out of it. I was sure Larry wanted to get back to the mill and not land in the Bellevue Hospital alcoholic ward, where the ambulance driver would most certainly have dumped him-and I mean dumped, for hospital interns don't take kindly to drunks who throw fits to frighten people into giving them attention-or money.

I walked over to Larry and whispered in his ear:

"Larry -- they're going to call a Bellevue ambulance."

The reaction was electrical. The writhing man leaped to his feet, grabbed his hat and overcoat, and took it on a dash for the street.

Larry's act had stolen the prayer meeting for that night; there was nothing left to do but pronounce the benediction, amid no little confusion.

I made no attempt to follow Larry that night. I was too disgusted with him to do so. It must have been God who prompted me to let him alone. God had Larry Powell where He wanted him that night -- and got him.

My headache was cured.

Larry came to see me at my office in about two weeks. He looked like a million dollars. He wore a new blue-serge suit, a light, soft hat, and dark tan shoes. He had come to apologize for his behavior at our Sunday night meeting.

After my amazement had subsided a bit, I motioned Larry to a chair beside my desk and gasped: "Man alive, Larry, what's happened?"

"I've been converted," he responded, with prideful assurance.

"Where and how, Larry, my boy?" I questioned, eagerly.

"Over in the lumber yard, the Sunday night I threw the fit."

"I don't understand. You were pretty drunk at the meeting, you know."

"Not nearly as drunk as I wanted you people to think. You noticed how quickly I got sober when you whispered 'Bellevue Hospital' in my ear."

And then Larry testified:

"After I ran out of the meeting I was so disgusted with myself for the scene I had created that I made up my mind to get really drunk and forget all about it. I got drunk all right, but that didn't silence the voice that condemned me for treating you good friends so shamefully.

"I poured down liquor until I could scarcely swallow any more, and then I went to the mill and hid between two lumber piles in the yard. The watchman saw me and simply muttered: 'Drunk again, Boss. Look out for fire!' I often slept off a drunk among the lumber piles. I never went into the mill.

"But drunk as I was, or should have been, I couldn't quiet the censoring voice within me. Suddenly, I sank to my knees as if someone had dragged me down, and for the first time in all my dirty life, I cried to God for help. I knew I was lost if I didn't quit drinking. The president of the company had warned me that dismissal would follow my next spree. I also had a girl in Baltimore -- a girl whom I had loved for years. She refused to marry me until I quit drinking entirely. Only two weeks ago she wrote that I could give up thinking of her as ever to be my wife. She was through with me.

"The longer I remained on my knees between those two lumber piles in the dark the clearer my brain became, and I reviewed the whole situation quite sensibly. Suddenly, as though I had been shaken into complete consciousness, God spoke to me:

'Give me your heart, Larry. I will set you free!'

"And, Mr. Milans, then and there I did just that by saying: 'Into Thy care, O God, I surrender all. My life is now in Thy keeping. I will depend upon Thee to care for that which I have given to Thee with all my soul.' I found my Savior at the penitent-form He led me to-between the lumber piles in our mill yard.

"I went straight to my room and bathed and dressed for work, and I have been clear-headed and clean-hearted ever since. I had to let you know first, of all my friends. But for your patience and God's mercy I should have been hopelessly lost."

Larry was later recalled to the main plant of his concern at Baltimore. I heard frequently from him-and also once very favorably from the president of his company.

Then, one glad day, I received an engraved invitation requesting my presence at the marriage of Elizabeth A. Stanton to Larry C. Powell at the home of the bride's parents.

Praise the Lord!

\* \* \* \* \*



Stanley Jerome, when I met him on a Salvation Army Sunday at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was foreman of a large local machine shop. He was a good mechanic, of course, and also a pay-day alcoholic. His wife had left him, taking the children, and was then in the Central West.

Stanley, thus foot-loose, could never stay sober long enough to win the renewed confidence of his wife, and so he led a lonely existence -- when he wasn't hoisting liquor. He also usually kept a reserve supply of booze hidden in his wardrobe closet.

This jug of whiskey plays an important role in the story of my patient dealings with Stanley, covering a period of some fifteen months.

During an occasional week end when Stanley happened to be sober, he would go to the Congregational Church. When he was drunk, he went to the Salvation Army meetings. It was at the church that I first met him in the pastor's study. Knowing of my own drunken experience, the pastor asked me to see Stanley alone and, if possible, to get him on his knees.

We became confidential at that interview, and I learned a lot about the man's habits and the sins, other than drunkenness, that chained him.

Like all of us fellows, when we are suffering frightfully from the after-effects of a prolonged debauch, Stanley was anxious to "get rid of it all now and forever." You know: "When the devil was sick," etc.

This was the condition of the man I found before me in the pastor's study. Willing to pray? Oh, yes; ready to surrender it all, and gladly.

I was encouraged, of course; but knowing drunks as I do, I was quite sure that the Stanley Jerome case wasn't closed. Did I lack faith in God's power? Oh, no; I lacked faith in a drunkard's protestations.

I began very frequent correspondence with Stanley. My spirits drooped when he refused to get rid of that jug of whiskey in the wardrobe. His landlady told me he always refilled it when the contents got low.

I'm just keeping it to convince the old devil that I've got him licked," Stanley lied; and I was absolutely certain that, with that jug in the closet, the devil had things all his own way and could afford to grin and wait. The next drunken spree wouldn't be long in coming.

It was the pastor who first told me of Stanley's final fall. But it was Stanley who completed the story in dramatic detail when he testified in a letter concerning his honest surrender to God and the almost tragic circumstances surrounding it.

"I had to be knocked plenty cold," Staifley Jerome wrote, "before I came to my senses and gave up the notion that I could lick the drink devil singlehanded. It just can't be done. Only God can drive that fellow back into hell where he belongs and keep him away from us spineless drunks.

"Three weeks ago, after writing my letter to you, I started out to mail it. Bad luck crossed my path with the one person whom it was sure poison for me to meet at that moment. By eleven o'clock that night I was too drunk to know where I was going, and I staggered in the opposite direction from my home.

"I had never done this before in all my drinking experiences, and I believe now that it was God's hand which led me.

"I awoke just at dawn in a hog-wallow on the outskirts of town, half submerged in the oozy filth of the mess. When I fell, my head and shoulders rested on a strip of hard earth. This, too, was God's merciful care. Had I fallen face down in that slimy mud, I would have smothered to death.

"It required a lot of strength to extricate myself from mud that was a foot deep and as sticky as paste, and I sat down exhausted on the hard sod surrounding the hog-wallow and wept.

"Oh, God! What a fix I was in at last -- covered from my shoes to my shoulders with filthy, stinking, hog-mud. I couldn't help it, for once in my self-confident life I rolled over on my face and sobbed like a whipped child. I was willing to admit that it was I who was licked, not the devil drink.

"Then, Mr. Milans, God came. It seemed that He was very sorry that I was in such an awful jam.

"I'm not here to condemn, you, Stanley,' He seemed to say. 'I'm here to save you. Give Me your heart and your sins. I want them both. I want to cleanse the one and throw the other into the sea -- the sea of My forgetfulness -- and yours.'

"And, by the way, I threw that jug out of the window when I finally found the way back to my room," wrote Stanley in a postscript to his letter.

It was I who carried on the correspondence with his wife in Peoria, Illinois, which convinced her that it was safe to repose entire confidence in Stanley's declarations that "the desire for liquor and the devil, too, went out of the window with that jug."

Amazing, isn't it, how "God fulfills Himself in so many strange ways?"

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## 28 -- UNIFORM STAYS KILLER'S HAND

It is difficult to convince one who has sinned deeply and has had to pay dearly for it, that the great God of us all oversees our lives -- the good and the bad. He shields the one for further service to his fellowman, and often preserves the life of the other to give him another chance to repent. He points out to the hopeless a place of beginning again.

So also does God seek to stay our hand from committing some wrong that would jeopardize our liberty or cost us our life. Blinded to God's presence by sin and indifference, we don't tie Him up with the fortunate circumstance that at the moment turned aside our danger or our evil intentions. We seem to see in it just a passing incident that interfered with our purpose. Through it, God has a chance to save us.

In the Southern city of Atlanta, Georgia, one night, the familiar uniform of a young woman officer of The Salvation Army was the instrument which God used to turn aside an impending tragedy and bring two people to their knees in penitence.

As the officer stood pleading with a young "woman of the streets," urging her to give up her evil life and turn to God, an overwrought man suddenly appeared out of the darkness and said passionately:

"Thank God, I saw you. I was looking for this woman to kill her. She has broken up my home and robbed me of my family and their love; my business has been ruined, so is my life. I intended to make her pay for all of this with her dirty life and then take my own.

"But something happened in me when I saw you and realized what that uniform stands for. Now I can't carry out my plan. Pray for me! Please pray for me!"

Looking up into the face of the frenzied man, "Mazie," the woman, clung to the lapels of the young officer's coat in terror.

"Were you going to kill me?" she asked the man. "Could you really take my life, Charley?"

"Yes, I could have done so ten minutes ago, but now I can't! I can't! What's come over me!"

"Why, God stayed your hand," replied the Salvation Army officer. "He always tries to turn us away from our wicked intentions. He didn't want you to commit that crime, so He placed me where you could see this uniform that stands for virtue and goodness, to divert your mind from her kind whom the devil has cast on the scrap heap of life to die in her sin."

"But this woman is the instrument of my undoing. Now I've been cheated of my revenge."

"But you are equally guilty," rejoined the officer. "You sought her company and refused to give her up. Aren't you as much to blame for it all as Mazie is? A fair man wouldn't fasten all the reproach upon the woman, would he? What of your own guilt?"

In response to the fervent pleading of the officer, that dark spot on a great city's street, in front of the brothel that was Mazie's usual hangout, became hallowed ground. The man with murderous intent, the proposed victim of his insane hatred, and the young officer of this Army of Salvation, knelt there and tearfully sought the compassionate mercy of their Master.

"Thy sins which were many are all forgiven," quoted the girl in uniform as she tenderly kissed her newborn sister in Christ and wrung the hand of the man from whose heart God had taken the frenzy for murder and self-destruction.

A sequel to this story tells us that Mazie, the "woman of the streets," became a missionary for her Savior. She went about in Salvation Army uniform "doing good" among the sinful women of the great Southern metropolis, her loving solicitude for the salvation of her fallen sisters emphasizing God's all-enfolding plea:

"Though your sins be as scarlet,  
They shall be as white as snow;  
Though they be red like crimson,  
They shall be as wool."

The man, George Stevens, had been a successful business man in the city of Atlanta. He had begun to drink liquor moderately, but had soon become an alcoholic, with no control over his appetite. Of course, he was led into all kinds of dissipation, and naturally indulged a growing fondness for vice and immorality -- always the legitimate offspring of intoxication. Among them was his attachment for Mazie.

Stevens' wife refused longer to maintain the home under such conditions; she sent the children away so that they would not witness the drunken ruin of their father; and finally she, too, left him.

With complete ruin before him, George Stevens met God, who stepped in and created a new man of him, but he finally recovered his financial prosperity, his family and his home, in which the saving Christ reigned supreme.

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## 29 -- FATHER OF WATERS, A SHRINE

"I've got something to settle first," replied Robert Peterson to the corps officer's plea that he give his heart to God.

The malevolent look in the man's eyes revealed a designing hatred in his soul, though during a Sunday night meeting at the Market Street (St. Louis, Missouri), Slum Corps, he had evidently been under deep conviction, and there had been moments when he had wept.

"God will help you in the matter of restitution, if that is what holds you back," continued the corps officer. "But first come to Him."

"God won't help me with the job I have to do." rejoined the man, and he wandered off to the street.

One week later Peterson again came into the hall and sat well up front during the meeting.

Something about the man's face arrested the attention of the leader of the testimony period. Pointing to Peterson, he said:

"You look as if you had a testimony, brother. Let us have it."

"Yes, I do have a testimony," said he. "When the Adjutant spoke to me at the door the other night, I had a gun in my pocket and I intended to kill the man who had mistreated my sister. That gun now lies at the bottom of the Mississippi River."

"After leaving the service I could not sleep. What the Adjutant had said to me kept ringing in my ears, and the words of the Scripture also, 'Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'

"I went down to the river and threw the gun in, and I thought that even the water looked brighter. I didn't wait until I reached home, but knelt in the moonlight on the bridge and promised God I would serve Him the rest of my days."

"Now the urge for revenge is gone, as well as the desire for drink."

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### 30 -- UP FROM THE DEPTHS

When fallen women rise from the depths and so live that society is forced to accept them for what they have become, God's love and power to save from the uttermost are shown at their best. Jesus forgives them; we cannot do less; for we Christians profess to believe that His blood can make the vilest clean.

It wasn't through a lane of roses that Alice Davis made her way from the streets of an Indiana town to spiritual heights from which she could bear, without malice, the scorn of those who once knew her as a public character, until time and Christian sincerity won for her a place of respect in the community that once condemned her.

Alice Davis was raised by Christian parents and was devoted to her church until, a mere child of fourteen, she married a man eight years her senior.

Only a few months after this event her mother was killed in an accident. This seemed to embitter Alice, and for five years she drifted away from all religious life.

Three children were born to Alice during these five years. Then her husband became involved, and with her consent, obtained a divorce to marry another woman immediately. He shook off all responsibility for the care of his children, and Alice's life became terribly tangled through no fault of her own.

Still little more than a child, Alice Davis was bewildered at the swiftness with which things were going against her. She had three babies to support and no one to help. A serious

operation, from which she almost died, further complicated matters. And when temptation came that promised a measure of financial relief, the young mother was an easy mark for the devil and his human satellites.

"I was amazed myself," she says, "at the rapidity with which I sank to unbelievable depths. Night life, drinking, smoking and everything else that went with it, just swept me off my feet with irresistible fury.

"Then, suddenly, my heart reached out for the right; and in a revival meeting I sought and found Christ as my personal Savior. I was so happy about it that I wanted to tell everybody. Going from house to house, visiting church women I knew, I testified to my new experience.

"I didn't realize that these people were cold to my enthusiasm and incredulous of its sincerity, until one of the women stopped my narrative to say, sarcastically, that most people weren't at all interested in hearing what had happened to me at the altar or anywhere else.

"The truth was thus borne in upon me that notwithstanding my testimony to conversion, I didn't belong -- I wasn't going to be accepted. Broken in spirit, I left that woman's house -- much to her relief, I'm sure -- and deliberately got drunk. I became more than ever depraved, and vowed vengeance upon those who had refused to encourage me as I had expected Christian women would.

"I was roaming the business district one night when I came upon a Salvation Army open-air meeting. It seemed to me that the officer could read my character, for he was very earnest and his words stirred my soul in a peculiar way. He seemed to be talking to me, and I left that meeting sneering at the deluded people who were thus making public spectacles of themselves.

"But there was something about what I had heard that took hold of my soul. I went home without going into a saloon or taking a drink. The next day when my sister asked me to go to the Salvation Army Sunday school, I felt a strange eagerness to do so. I wanted also to go to the evening meeting. After that I went to the Captain's quarters, where I met his wife, a sweet, sympathetic soul, intent upon helping me find my way back to the Savior and decency again. She prayed earnestly with me, and I left that sacred spot a new creature in Christ Jesus. She had no condemnation; she wanted only my salvation.

"Just twenty-four hours after I had stood at the open-air ring and scoffed at those good people I was back in the same ring giving my own testimony to Christ's saving grace.

"After this experience I sought out my former companions in sin and told them of my conversion. They were genuinely glad for me and wished me well."

As the news spread that Alice Davis had been converted at the Salvation Army hall, she felt she must so live that all people would believe in the efficacy of Christ's redeeming power.

Thinking that she would make things right by marrying a man for whom she had been keeping house, Alice found that this was only legalizing an evil relationship. Her husband

continued to drink to excess, and she had to break off relations with him entirely. This she did courageously, and found favor with her Lord.

Meantime, Alice Davis found in the Salvation Army corps good souls who accepted her for what she had become a sincere follower of the Lord. She took an active part in corps activities, and when she had proved herself, was chosen as the Sergeant-Major.

Alice Davis began writing to me for advice several years ago when the going became a bit hard because of the abuse of her drunken husband. I was impressed by her frankness and her eager desire to be all that God wanted her to be.

Later on I met her at Winona Lake Bible Conferences. Only the constant presence of God in the heart could so completely transform a life that had known sin and had suffered its consequences.

She is employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in a responsible position and is living bravely and blamelessly among people who are now glad to accept and respect her for what she is.

Since this story has been written, Alice has been married to a Christian farmer, and together they are building for the future in a home where their Savior hears prayer and sustains two people whom He has redeemed.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 31 -- A WASTED LIFE SALVAGED

Roger Belford was one of those real estate salesmen who could make lots under water look like a gilt-edged investment if he could only get a prospect to go with him to look at the water.

He gathered in big money over a period of years in Philadelphia and was on top of the world, until too much booze and wild night life took all his savings, his business ability and his self-respect.

Like many such men, he finally landed on Philadelphia's "Skid Row," of which the corner of Eighth and Vine streets is the hub. Here he drank cheap liquor, panhandled the money to pay for it and slept in hallways and alleys, until he became almost too filthy even for that vile neighborhood.

Some miracle of inward urge turned Belford's mind toward The Salvation Army's Philadelphia Men's Social Service Center. He knew it must be reformation or death.

When Belford appealed for help to the personnel man of the center, there was grave doubt about the wisdom of taking him in. He was by far the worst-looking wreck who had ever applied for help. The center's manager, however, deferred to the judgment of his assistants.

But a clean body, clean clothes, a clean bed and clean surroundings, plus good food, gave the man a powerful upward lift, and his advancement was miraculous.

Belford gave his heart to God at the penitent-form and became a real inspiration to his fellow workers. Within a year he was able to go out, under the power of a saving God, and take a position as manager of one of the swankiest apartment blocks in the city and operate it successfully.

Not very long ago the center's manager sat in a large Philadelphia church and wept for joy when he saw Belford, in evening clothes, and his old-time sweetheart being joined in marriage.

"Thanks to you, Major," the bride said.

"No," replied the Major, "thanks to God, who alone giveth such victories."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 32 -- FROM JAIL TO JESUS

He was a compactly knit young New Englander of twenty-four, with the boasted sophistication of an old-timer. He was just out of a Vermont jail and in New York City for the first time -- and a big time, he thought.

The Salvation Army parole officer tried to be his friend and got a job for him at fair pay in a warehouse.

A truck driver bringing in merchandise for storage, became friendly. He carried a gun, flashed a roll of big bills and tipped Jackson off to some "easy money." The young fellow fell for it, quit his warehouse job, got a gun and committed several robberies. Money only brought debauchery of every kind until disease and delirium tremens finally took him to Bellevue Hospital, one of the places that good Salvation Army women, members of the League of Mercy, visit regularly. Through one of these consecrated visitors an urgent call for a visit from his prison officer friend was relayed. This officer brought Jackson to a realization of his helpless condition.

As the Salvationist knelt beside his bed, patients, nurses and doctors witnessed the still potent power of Christ begin to heal the patient whom they believed to be incurable.

Jackson is now back in his own home town, after proudly presenting his lovely young bride to the Army officer friend on their return from a happy honeymoon.

As they were leaving, the parole officer asked Jackson if he could pray with them.

"Sure you can, Captain, but why not let me do the praying 6? I've got more to thank God for than you; no more booze, crime or prison, but real honest-to-goodness religion, a beautiful wife, my health, a good job -- and you and the Army for friends."



Such conversions are ample compensation for all the discouraging efforts that are made to save such men for worthwhile living.

During one of his previous visits at this same office, Jackson had flashed an automatic pistol on the parole officer and defiantly threatened to kill him if he attempted to turn him over to the law. But God's promise, "there shall no harm befall thee," had protected the officer.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 33 -- CURED OF DOPE AND DRINK

Helen Roth was a confirmed dope fiend; she resorted to its use daily to help her do her work in a large Los Angeles, California, business office. She roamed Main Street at night and was picked up one evening in a deplorable condition by Salvation Army night workers who were patrolling the red light district after hours just to help such girls. She was given a clean, warm bed, where she spent most of the next twenty-four hours.

A few nights later Helen, again on the streets drunk, heard some Salvation Army soldiers in an open-air meeting. She followed them to the hall and became soundly converted.

Not long afterward Helen lay at the point of death because she refused to take any more dope. Her doctor tried to persuade her to "taper off," but she refused to break the promise she had made to God at the penitent-form.

Helen is entirely cured of dope and drink. She is a soldier of The Salvation Army and plays a stringed instrument in the open-air meetings.

Still in Los Angeles, Helen now continues the work of rescuing wayward girls a task to which she has consecrated her life.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 34 -- GRATITUDE WON HIM

A tough old blasphemous sailor, who usually came to our corps half drunk, expressed the real truth about praying in emergencies. One night, in answer to my query if he ever prayed, with profanity he asked: "Who to? What for? I depend on myself, I do."

"Have you ever been in a shipwreck?" I asked. "And what did you do when you felt the decks awash and the old ship lurching?"

"Oh, that's different," the old rascal mumbled. "Every man Jack of us got down on his knees in the water and called on God to save us. Anybody would."

"You big coward!" I said, "and when the danger was all over did you thank God for doing so?"

Of course, he didn't; men rush to God in danger and forget Him when it has passed, the cowards! I wonder that God can be good to most of us!

It was refreshing recently to receive a letter from an old friend who used to work with me some years ago when I was night editor. After my conversion I again gave him employment for several years, but we gradually drifted apart.

Jule Schaffer was always scoffingly indulgent when I talked with him about my miraculous conversion. "That may be your delusion, but I don't believe any such stuff. I'll die as I am living," he would say.

Some three years ago there came a letter from Jule telling of a seemingly incurable breakdown. He had been confined to his room for a year. He wanted me to come to see him at once.

On my way to his home I had all sorts of visions of Jule wanting help to find God in his greatest extremity.

But when I asked Jule to seek forgiveness and comfort in his God, he flew into a rage. "If there is such a God as you tell of, then why doesn't He cure me -- if He can?" he shouted at me.

I came away disheartened, of course, because it was so different from the usual cowardice of men in danger of death. They generally call upon God in their despair, if they have never called upon Him before. Jule, instead, cursed Him.

I wrote to Jule often, telling him in every letter that God loved him. Brief letters in reply were marred with invectives against my "fool religion."

Almost a year thus passed, and the next letter which came told me that Jule was slowly recovering.

"And now that I am out of danger," he wrote. "I am giving the rest of my days to your God who is now my God, too. He didn't make me sick, but I do believe with all my heart that He is making me well. I am grateful to Him, and to you, dear old friend."

Jule didn't offer his God only what was left at the very tail end of a sinful life. He brought to God something He can use to His glory.

Somehow, I like Jule's way, don't you?

\* \* \* \* \*

I have a right to be never so sure of anything in this world as I am that Jesus Christ can cleanse the hearts and minds of men and women, no matter to what depths they may have sunk.

I have known few people who were victims of some consuming sinful desire who were not also drunkards, for the drunkard falls heir to every other sin the devil has conceived. Let a man drink to excess and there's a woman somewhere in his daily life to join him and go arm and arm with him down into the depths.

I recall married couples who went to ruin together. I have known others who lived in an illicit relationship to drag one another down into the gutters.

But I was reminded by the radio on a recent Sunday that our God is able to save even from the uttermost.

The reminder came from a service that was broadcast from one of the large churches in Brooklyn, N. Y., a church that offers a perpetual revival, and where souls are being won to God at every service.

As I listened to the preacher's appeal for penitents, which is given at the close of every sermon, I could not help but think of Charley Deal and his wife sitting in that congregation, happy in a vital Christian experience.

Trophies of God's love and grace are this couple; and what a fight, with His help, they put up until they were solidly established on the Rock Christ Jesus!

Deal was a newspaper chum of mine many years back. He covered Brooklyn for a New York paper, and he still writes for a living.

One day Charlie, who was married, met the wife of another Brooklyn man at a drinking party, and an illicit attachment was formed that simply swept them off their feet. It was a situation that made hell on earth for the four most interested people -- and for myself, too, for that matter. I was drawn into the mess through a desire to save Deal and the woman for God.

It was Mrs. Deal, a fine Christian character and loyal wife, who first appealed to me for help to save her husband, whom she still loved even after she had discovered his infidelity.

I had a meeting with Charlie and the other woman, and found them determined to sink or swim together, no matter what the outcome; and I doubted then that even God could make things right again. Both drank heavily and neither would listen to reason or appeal.

The husband of the woman divorced her finally, but Mrs. Deal had no such idea, for she still hoped to win back her husband. After three years of hoping against hope, the poor soul died one day of pneumonia.

Deal and the other woman were now free, and I asked them to at least make things legal, and then to try to redeem their lives in the sight of God.

They were married one day in the Brooklyn City Hall and began an awfully up-hill fight to live down the past and master their drunken habits. But they would not seek God's help and, as is usual, when Deal kept sober his wife would be drunk, and when the wife kept sober Deal would be drunk. Often, of course, they would both be drunk together.

Then Charlie took a job on a Boston paper and the couple bade me good-bye in the Grand Central station, with all sorts of promises that things were going to be different in new surroundings and with new people.

But there was the same kind of booze in Boston as they had been drinking in Brooklyn, and I had little faith. I heard from the couple occasionally, and wrote them, always with the same vital testimony that Jesus could save them as He had saved me.

But God had His own way of doing things. He led the Deals to a little apartment in a Boston suburb, and gave them as neighbors a couple who loved God in a very real way. Instead of shunning the Deals the first time they got drunk, these Salvation Army neighbors set to work in earnest to save them for Christ. The two women soon became close companions by day, and the couples chummed in the evening.

One Sunday afternoon God's Spirit descended upon the Deal apartment, and in a little prayer meeting of four, the couple who had gone through hell together gave their hearts to God, and the thing that I feared to be impossible was fully accomplished.

Charlie Deal and his wife were baptized together and accepted as members of Tremont Temple, Boston. Later on Deal was transferred to a New York paper of the same ownership, and the couple, redeemed by God, settled again in Brooklyn and transferred their membership by letter to the evangelistic church from which the service was coming into my Pearl River living-room by radio.

Only our God can bring about such transformations.

\* \* \* \* \*

36 -- SOBER, RELIABLE, HAPPY

I am convinced, as I write these personal experiences with men, that in every community into which they may come there are other men whose lives and habits match up with them; for wherever strong drink is sold it enslaves human wills and debauches lives. So, I write in the hope that each testimony of God's power to transform desperately hopeless lives will come under the eye of someone who can truthfully say in his heart: "That's my story, too." As I write I pray, and as these pages go out on their way I have that faith in God which makes me sure He will use them to His glory.

In every hamlet there are the same broken-hearted mothers and wives, the same shame-faced, half-starved children; lives that are blasted, grief that has replaced happiness and hopefulness, and despair that has turned homes into hells.

The conversion of a confirmed drunkard will always be a miracle to me. I marvel anew at each such case.

There comes to my mind, as I write, the case of a man with whom I had close business relations in New York City at one time.

Frank Peters was an arrogant, self-opinionated fellow, though very likable. He did not believe in God; he scoffed at the Bible and its teaching; and he was shockingly blasphemous about Jesus of Nazareth, His birth, His sacrificial death and. Resurrection.

Frank worked long stretches at high tension and was absolutely absorbed in his work, to the exclusion of everything else. Then he would suddenly break out, disappear, drink himself into the alcoholic ward, and come out like a whipped cur.

I've seen his boss tear his hair over Peters' sudden disappearance on the way to my place with the copy for a page advertisement with a rush order on it.

Mrs. Peters was a familiar figure in hysteria because her husband had a habit of vanishing suddenly, leaving her cooling her temper on a street corner. And when her Frank vanished no one knew when he would again show up in his right mind.

Peters and I were very intimate; we had long talks about his helplessness. I told him all about my own life in the slums, where drink had made me an outcast. I emphasized my belief that there was no help for him other than that which had made a new man out of me. He frankly wished he could be free, but it seemed to be impossible to make him understand the instantaneous change that had come in my life. Then, too, Mrs. Peters was a woman of the world; she didn't mind her husband drinking; she drank herself; but she did mind his long sprees.

Well, Peters and I parted company when I had to leave New York because of approaching blindness; but I did hear from him occasionally at three o'clock in the morning, when he would drag me out of bed -- he drunk, of course -- to "have a little chat with my dear old friend." I wrote to him at intervals, and sent the letters to his home, for I wanted the wife also to read what I had to say to Peters.

And then, suddenly, God took a hand in things. On one of his sprees Peters wandered into the Yorkville Corps, up in Harlem's poor section where bootleg liquor was easy to get.

Frank Peters went into that meeting drunk, but came out a born-again man.

But amazing as this may be, even more amazing to me is the fact that the new-born Peters went home, begged that gay wife of his to go to the corps with him, and led her also to the penitent-form.

Only God can do such things as this.

Not long ago I had occasion to call up the head of the advertising firm, and at the end of our talk I asked: "By the way, how does Peters behave himself?"

"Aces up!" he shouted, enthusiastically. "He's sober, reliable, more than ever efficient -- and mighty happy!"

\* \* \* \* \*

### 37 -- A PATHETIC EXPERIENCE

One of the greatest difficulties that I experience in trying to help people spiritually is to get them to believe in the efficacy of prayer.

This isn't because they do not actually disbelieve in prayer, nor is it because they do not believe that God hears prayer. They know from childhood that prayer is the only means we have of talking with God. They do believe that God hears the prayers of good men and women, and that is why they feel drawn to ask us to pray for them. They just don't believe in their own praying. Maybe they feel that they aren't fit to approach God personally.

Back when I was superintendent of a large and very busy printing plant in New York City, I noticed that a rather poorly-dressed workman had been put on by the foreman in the composing room.

"How are you making out?" I asked, good-naturedly.

"All right, I hope," the man replied.

As I turned to leave he added: "I heard you speak Sunday night up on the Bowery."

"That's good," I said. "But did my talk do you any good?"

"Yes, it did. When you told us how you went back home, knelt at your old mother's knee and said your 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' that little prayer came back to me and broke me all up. It's the only prayer I ever learned, and I haven't been able to get it out of my head since. I'm saying it morning, noon and night. It's a funny prayer to be making mornings when you get up, and at noon when you go to lunch and while you're setting type, isn't it?"

"Well, that depends," I replied, interestedly, "upon what you want it to mean. Why don't you tell God just what you want, if you desire Him to do something for you?"

"Oh, I wouldn't know how to talk to God," the poor fellow replied, as so very many others do.

"Well, then, why do you continue to say, 'Now I lay me'?"

"Because it makes me feel good," rejoined the man. "Sometimes it makes me cry. I've been trying to behave myself ever since Sunday night when you put it into my head."

"Well, my boy, you just keep on saying, 'Now I lay me,' morning, noon and night -- and in between times, too if you feel that way about it. As long as it makes you want to do right God will interpret the words of the little prayer to mean that you really want to be good. Keep on with your 'Now I lay me' and you'll hold your job over payday, because God will help you to stay sober when you have money in your pockets."

"Oh, I know I'll get over this payday all right; I know I will," the man replied, confidently.

And that poor fellow went on saying his "Now I lay me" while he worked and when he was tempted after he got through work.

Do I have to say that he did get over his first payday, and the next after that, and several more on top of them; and he got all dressed up, and his face was radiant, and he was coming into a new kind of life for him that kept him happy and good, until One day at noon I was called on the phone and a policeman's voice told me that one of my men had been picked up in the street as he was returning from lunch; that he had died as he reached Chambers Street hospital; his body was in the dead-house down there.

Jim Lawrence's heart had stopped working in the street, and he went to his God, who understood what Jim meant when he said, "Now I lay me down to sleep" as he started out to lunch that noontime. He had forgiven Jim's sins and welcomed him home.

One of these days I'm going to meet Jim Lawrence again Up There, and maybe He'll tell me what God said to him about his "Now I lay me."

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### 38 -- THE POLICEMAN KNEW

Jane Avery, who lived in a small Ohio town, had to find some place unknown to her family and friends where she could hide a bad mistake she had made.

Without knowing just where she ought to go, she boarded a train for the East and was on her way.

The train raced on and her thoughts raced on even at a faster rate; her heart pounded with fear.

After a day that seemed to be endless the trainman at last shouted, "Jersey City. MI out." People crowded the aisle, eager to meet loved ones who were waiting to greet them.

Jane just stood in the crowd, bewildered as to what she should do and where she should go. She looked around for a smiling face. But everybody was too busy to see that face with trouble stamped all over it.

Jane sat down on a bench in the waiting room to think. Her face must have sent out a call for help, for a big policeman, who was trained to scent trouble, finally came to her and asked, kindly: "Didn't your friends meet you, girlie?" Can I help you any?"

Jane frankly explained the plight she was in. "I'm frightened."

"Now, quit your worrying, "the policeman said, as he wrote an address on a card and told Jane to tell the bus driver to let her off at that address.

"It's The Salvation Army Hospital. You'll be safe there, never fear."

When Jane reached the shelter and timidly rang the bell, she was welcomed and immediately received loving attention.

One evening a young man came and asked to see Jane. She admitted that he was the father of her baby boy. In time plans were made for their marriage, which was solemnized in the chapel.

During a Sunday morning meeting Jane surrendered her life fully to God, and was able to leave the home with a testimony in her heart as to how much God meant to her.

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### 39 -- THE ROMANCE OF 'SKID ROW'

To tell the story of the Detroit, Michigan, Bowery Corps is to paint a word picture of a Salvation Army undertaking which has, in six years, overshadowed, in the magnitude and scope of its work, anything of this kind ever attempted in America perhaps in the Army world.

The Bowery Corps is the Church of the Outcast -- the drunken outcast. It occupies a four-story brick building on what is known as Detroit's "Skid Row." The lower part of this thoroughfare is the melting pot for men and women alcoholics, who drift by drunken stages from the higher walks of life down to a place where real names aren't used and one's past is not inquired into. Human derelicts are accepted at face value, plus the amount of ready cash they may at the moment possess, or may be able to wangle from others, or steal from those who, in drunken ignorance or for other depraved reasons, come down to this human cesspool of iniquity. Here, the requiem for past decency and dead hopes is heard to the accompaniment of wild, wanton and profane revelry.

Life isn't counted for much in and about this famous slum section of the Central West -- if it stands between the thief and the other man's money. Many times a murder has been the price paid over the bar for a poisonous wood alcohol concoction that in turn cracks the drinker's brain, blinds his eyes and finally causes his own death.



Skid Row does much to populate the city's insane hospital and the municipal cemetery better known as Potter's Field -- the official last resting place for Skid Row's habitues. No one ever goes out there on Memorial Day to decorate those graves.

Skid Row is a great leveler socially -- and there are no case records of past greatness in Potter's Field. Only God knows, and He won't tell until the dead arise.

Detroit is a city of churches. Great congregations hear well-known preachers and evangelists of every Christian denomination, but Skid Row isn't recognized by any of them as a local missionary field; churchgoers know nothing of its inhabitants' great need of a Savior. The city's human scrap heap is as scrupulously avoided as is the city dump. Skid Row is Detroit's Pool of Bethesda -- its leper cave.

The doors of the Bowery Corps were thrown open on the evening of July 31, 1939. The event was made known to the denizens of Skid Row by a water wagon parade.

A leading officer said of this event: "Preceding the indoor meeting, two open-air services were held simultaneously and hundreds of men, who were down but not out, listened to the Gospel in song and testimony. The songs requested by drunks of various degrees were: 'I Love to Tell the Story,' 'Tell Mother I'll Be There' and 'Where Is My Boy Tonight?' When the Flint Band played 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' the singing of more than three hundred men on the sidewalk was like a great chorus. I have never witnessed anything like it in forty-one years of service as an officer, and wish I had a pen fluent enough to adequately describe what I saw, felt and heard."

Inside, the hall, with a capacity of almost seven hundred persons, was jammed to the doors with a motley audience of men such as had rarely before been seen in such a house of worship.

Lieut.-Colonel James Murphy, Divisional Commander, and the inspired originator of the undertaking, said, in his opening address:

"We want you men to look upon us as your friends. We don't want anything from you except your presence and orderly attention. We hope to lead you to accept Jesus Christ as your personal Savior.

"Therefore, I hereby dedicate this great building to be the 'Church of the Homeless Outcast.' It is yours. Come in every night if you can; Drunk or sober, ragged and lousy, destitute and hopeless, you belong here in this your Church on Skid Row."

Notable converts from other Boweries told the men how Jesus had saved them; a splendid band played fine music -- and how that great crowd of forgotten men sang "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," "Rescue the Perishing" and "Tell Me the Old, Old Story!"

In response to the invitation hymn, "Jesus, I Come to Thee," the long penitent-form quickly filled with seekers, and the first converts of the world-famous Detroit Bowery Corps were in the making.

The attendance of Salvation Army soldiers at three hundred and forty-eight open-air meetings held during that first year was five thousand two hundred and six. The average audience indoors for three hundred and eighty-eight meetings during the same period numbered one hundred and ninety-seven, or a total attendance for the year of seventy-six thousand four hundred and thirty-six persons. Of these, three hundred and eighty-nine testify to the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ.

The outstanding problem to be faced, because of this overwhelming success was where to find a Salvation Army officer who understood the men on Skid Row, their depraved habits and the evil spirit that keeps them down where they are.

The successful officer for the Bowery Corps must be as wise as Satan in the life of Skid Row's denizens, yet as gentle and compassionate as Jesus Himself.

Here again God showed the way: He raised up a leader from the ranks of Skid Row outcasts just one of those amazing things He does to accomplish His purposes.

One night a man, so drunk that he half fell through the door, was helped into a seat in the back of the hall. He was so filthy that other bums near him took seats elsewhere or went out.

This man slept through the entire service until the invitation was given. He then tried to straighten up, and seemed to sense a little of what was going on. Suddenly he pulled himself to his feet and staggered down the aisle to the penitent-form. There he sat on the floor and rested his head on the sacred bench because he couldn't kneel -- his limbs were too swollen from dropsy.

With the despairing cry of a dying soul, this penitent pleaded with God to save him from sin and from eternal hell. And God then and there delivered him from drugs and drink and every other sinful habit. He has never touched either dope or liquor since that moment.

This was Tom Crocker, destined by God to be the builder of the miracle-working Salvation Army institution on Michigan Avenue, Detroit.

God picked the officer for the corps from the human scrap heap of the Automobile City's slums a man who knew the desperately depraved character of the people of the new parish over which he was to preside and who was able to smile at their lying appeals for help. Tom Crocker, when he took over, understood the mind and the language of Skid Row -- and Skid Row knew Tom Crocker and Tom Crocker's language, which was yea and nay, lovingly but firmly spoken.

"Captain Tom," as he is now affectionately known to his men, is a dynamic, forceful character, intensely spiritual; he is patient, kind, always helpful, generous to failure and weakness. When one of his men falls away, Captain Tom patrols Skid Row and its haunts until he finds the man and wins him back. He lives in the building and gives all of his time to the men who have lost everything worthwhile in life.

Captain Tom's comeback to decency and useful manhood is a twentieth century miracle. Crocker and the Detroit Bowery Corps are inseparable. Each is the life of the other.

The Bowery work has been greatly enlarged in scope and effectiveness. The average attendance nightly for 1943 was three hundred and sixty. Frequently the hall is filled to capacity. The men feel they are welcome, whatever their condition. They have come to know that when they see a Salvationist in uniform they see a friend. A visit to the hall furnishes convincing corroboration of this.

There were more than one thousand seekers at the penitent-form in 1944 or an average of three at each meeting.

Every morning at ten, all the converts who are not working meet at the penitent-form for morning prayers. These are intimate moments with God. The poor fellows stutter and mumble and sometimes break down in tears; but always God hears:

"O God, keep me sober today." A few words of encouragement from Captain Tom, with a promise of work for the morrow, and the men disperse at noon until time for the open-air meeting.

The Employment Bureau is self-sustaining. The Converts Club, comprised of Bowery men and women, advertises in two daily newspapers that men can be hired for any purpose by calling Captain Tom. More than five thousand men were thus given work last year.

Well up to two hundred of these converts have gone into the armed services.

There is a beautifully clean dormitory in the building with beds for twenty residents, who must be converts, bathe nightly, and leave their clothing to be cleaned.

In another section there are a number of neatly furnished rooms that may be occupied by converts who have become stabilized in the Christian way, but who do not want to move from the safety of the corps' uplifting atmosphere. They have a nice living-room with a radio, a library and writing material.

On this same floor is a sacred little spot where men may retire for secret prayer and meditation. The prayer-room, right in the heart of Skid Row, was beautifully fitted up by a wealthy man of Detroit, who disliked to see men kneel on a bare floor at an old wooden chair while he had a cushioned prayer stool in his pew at church Sunday morning.

"Fix that place up in a way that will please God, and send me the bill," said this donor, as he studied the bare room.

And Captain Tom had professional decorators transform that cubby-hole into a "Quiet Room," where the harassed man of Skid Row may seek strength for the day and read his Bible in a spiritual atmosphere.

The morning I went up to this Quiet Room, each of the three red-plush prayer-cushions bore the deep imprint of a poor fellow's knees -- a man who was fighting for his life against the tremendous odds of drink, dope and other vices. He learned in that blessed little shrine, away up above all the indecency and drunkenness and crime of Skid Row, that "Heaven comes down the soul to greet, and glory crowns that mercy-seat" -- the mercy of a forgiving Lord, even for him, one of the worst.

The spiritual activities of this unusual corps have increased amazingly as these converts, so long in the depths of sin and hopelessness, have come to realize that, even though they had little knowledge of its potency, there is a power which strengthened their determination to triumph over destructive habits. The new life was winning, even if they didn't know why and how.

Captain Tom has never failed his charges. Vehemently firm against bargaining with evil, he is gentle with those who sometimes find the going too hard. It is Captain Tom's strong arms that lift up the fallen; it is his pleading, as gentle as a mother's, that so often gets the backslider down on his knees before a forgiving Savior. He will walk through the dormitories at two o'clock in the morning to see if the men are sleeping or to quietly pray with the one who is mourning for his weakness.

There is a good little woman in the quarters now -- Mrs. Captain Tom -- who shares her husband's worries and mothers him and the men. She teaches a large Bible class, plays the piano in the meetings, and prays the men into a subdued spirit of reverence -- and often tears. Converts are welcome in the quarters for advice and prayers. The blessed spirit of a great family circle, presided over by Captain and Mrs. Crocker, pervades the whole institution and makes converts "feel at home."

Thus, day by day, night by night, meeting by meeting, God prospers this great slum corps; its fame spreads throughout the States as its converts return to homes they deserted to become drunken outcasts, dead to all decency and in many cases to their loved ones, until word reaches home again that he who was given up for lost has been saved by Jesus Christ at the penitent-form of the Detroit Bowery Corps.

God alone knows the extent of the influence for good that has gone out from this slum corps to other sections of the country.

The roster of absentee converts and soldiers shows that not a few have been happily reunited with their families in other cities and have joined churches of the family's choice. War work has drawn many others into western shipyards, airplane and other factories. Many more are doing splendidly in Detroit.

Quite a number have made Mrs. Captain Tom the custodian of war bonds which amount to a surprising total. One man who came into the meeting a wreck now has some \$5,000 in bonds. Others have savings accounts. Not a few are tithers of their incomes. Others drive to meeting in their own cars and live in fine surroundings.

But always they remember their humble beginning again in life with Captain Crocker's assistance.

All these converts testify freely to what Christ has done for them. But they have also made new friends and neighbors. Couples who have been remarried are now living among people who know them only for what they are.

Art Truesdale, a member of a fine Detroit family, and a salesman of unusual ability, sank to Skid Row through drink. He was one of the early converts of the Bowery Corps, and became its first Sergeant Major. Early in 1945, he was commissioned an Envoy and is corps assistant to Captain Crocker. He is giving all his time to the work. Thus, both officers of the corps are converted outcasts.

A contracting painter who came to Skid Row to hide, found Christ at the penitent-form and never again fell away. His wife had divorced him. In time there was a second courtship and a second wedding. Now the couple are both soldiers of the Army, and the man has a prosperous business of his own -- and the happiest kind of a home.

I recently spent an afternoon in the very pretty home of a division superintendent of the Cadillac Motor Car Company at Pontiac, Michigan. The home was beautifully furnished, the wife prettily dressed, the perfect hostess, and supremely happy; the man gave every evidence of being a prosperous, contented home-man.

This convert came to the Bowery Corps a complete human wreck after having spent six years on Skid Row. He had been arrested some fifty times; had been committed to a state hospital as an incurable dipsomaniac; his wife had divorced him, and his children had disowned him. Christ found his heart at the penitent-form, and Captain Tom found him work. When it became apparent that he had been soundly converted, this man, who worshipped his wife, sought her forgiveness and a renewal of her love and trust.

One evening in the corps hall, that couple, new creatures in Christ Jesus, were reunited in marriage just above the penitent-form where the bridegroom had found his Savior.

One of the earlier converts was a young man who drifted into the meeting. He had been serving a long prison term, fourteen months of it on Alcatraz Island, known as "The Rock," in San Francisco Bay, where no one ever escapes. He found Christ at the penitent-form, got a job where he has worked ever since -- and is married to a fine Christian girl.

Earnest F. Smith came to Skid Row after he was pardoned from Folsom Penitentiary in California. He had served twenty-five years of a life sentence for bank robberies, high-jacking liquor and participation in gangster killings. His relatives refused to again receive him and he came east. After his conversion at the Bowery Corps, cordial relations were restored with them through letters written by Captain Tom.

Smith was a wonderful trophy of grace; worked constantly and lived at the corps until his marriage, after two years. He was the bass drummer of the corps. Smith died suddenly one night of

a heart attack, ready to meet the Savior who had restored him to new life at the Bowery penitent-form.

The active personnel of this famous corps are all converts at its penitent-form.

The Sergeant-Major was at one time a successful practicing attorney. He began to drink to excess, was disbarred for shady legal transactions that he was led into by crooked friends, and went to prison. His family and friends drew away from him and he drifted to the place of forgotten men Skid Row. But here Jesus reclaimed him and he joined up with Captain Tom in the work at the Bowery Corps. The Sergeant-Major puts in full time at the corps, is popular with the men and an intelligent assistant. He is editor of The Bowery Messenger, the corps' snappy, eight-page newspaper.

The Secretary-Treasurer drank himself out of a lifetime position with the Standard Oil Company. His wife, a good Salvationist, held on to the home, worked hard and prayed. She lived to see her husband come back to God at the Bowery penitent-form. Another outstanding convert is a graduate of the University of Michigan and was a student of theology at the Lutheran Seminary in Columbus, Ohio. He had been paying teller in a Detroit bank, clearing house manager of the Detroit Savings Bank, district supervisor of Kroger Chain Groceries, sales manager for Ferry Seed Company. Drink took everything from him, including his wife and children. Captain Tom got him work and he has risen during three years to a responsible executive position in the largest warehouse company in the port of Detroit. He has been reunited with his family, of course.

One of the solid supporters of the corps is a converted tool and die expert, of Cleveland, Ohio. He once owned a good business there, but drank it up, drifted to Skid Row and was converted at the penitent-form. He is now one of the dependables of the institution and a great inspiration to weaker men. Everybody loves Jack Goering.

Many Years of drinking brought Joe W. to Skid Row. He was in and out of about every reformatory institution in Wayne County, Michigan. He gave himself up as incurable long before the doctors did. But Joe drifted into the Bowery Corps and gave himself to Christ. Now he's a clean-cut, happy, busy convert, valuable in almost any spot.

Bill Hart, the piano player, used to make ragtime music in some of the lowest dives in the country. He says he was drunk so constantly that the notes on sheet-music looked like dancing devils. It was time to quit then and go to a hospital. But one night Bill wandered into the Bowery Corps and there found Jesus. Now he is auditor of one of Detroit's best hotels and plays and sings at night to the glory of God.

Captain Crocker's conversion was influenced by an incident in a park near Skid Row.

Another drunkard with whom Crocker chummed was known only as Doc. The two men heard a convert declare in the open-air meeting that Jesus could cure drunkenness instantly.

"Why do they give out such hooley, Doc?" asked Tom. "They know it's not true. That stuff is all bunk."

"Tom, it isn't bunk. It's true," said Doc and threw himself face down in the grass.

Later on, Doc revealed that he and his wife had once run a mission for outcasts. He had slipped, had gone back to drink, and had lost the woman he loved with all his soul, and his God, too.

These words, "It isn't bunk, Tom; it's true," burned into Crocker's soul. He was led, subconsciously, too drunk to know what he was doing, into the Bowery Corps and to the penitent-form.

Doc was only one of the under-cover tragedies of the Scrap Heap.

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#### 40 -- THE GENERAL SEES THE BOWERY

The writer corresponded with General George L. Carpenter about the Bowery Corps after its inauguration. When the General and Mrs. Carpenter visited America, they changed their itinerary to make a special trip to see at first hand this slum work that was winning world-wide recognition.

Though besieged by the best classes in Detroit to accept the city's hospitality that its people were ready to offer in a magnificent way, the international leaders slipped into Detroit early one morning without fanfare, accompanied by the Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Commissioner John J. Allan and Mrs. Allan.

That evening General and Mrs. Carpenter witnessed an open-air meeting on Skid Row that amazed them. It stretched for a long block, and the sidewalk audience made the street impassable. Two meetings were in progress along that long line of Bowery converts. The speakers were so far apart that they did not disturb each other. Even the motley crowd who packed the block-long sidewalk joined in the singing, and for once the low saloons on that stretch were empty. Inside the building seven hundred seats were filled and men stood along the walls on three sides. Only men of Skid Row were admitted, by ticket; a few invited guests occupied a small section in the front gallery.

With little ceremony other than a season of testimonies by Bowery converts, Mrs. Carpenter talked feelingly, with tear-filled eyes, to such an audience of outcast men as she had never before seen. Touched by her references to mother and decency, men wept all over the hall.

General Carpenter for a time seemed to be at a loss just what to say about such a reception. It was so different from anything that he had encountered elsewhere in his American travels.

He saw The Salvation Army "going for souls and going for the worst" -- and winning them for Christ. The General talked kindly and feelingly to the men. As one after another out of the

audience of hopeless outcasts knelt at the penitent-form, another man, once just as hopeless, immediately knelt beside him to point him to the Savior of all sinners.

General and Mrs. Carpenter both joined in the prayer meeting and in tears spoke words of encouragement to more than two-score seekers.

Writing later from Atlanta, the General said:

"Never shall I forget the joy of that meeting with the Michigan Avenue boys; in fact, I should have sacrificed a good deal in order to have been with them. It was all of blessing and inspiration to us; for there, right before our eyes, was the miracle, tangible and unmistakable. Indeed, it is almost embarrassing to use the normal means of supporting arguments with records of triumphs from other parts, when one saw such glorious evidence of the miracle-working power of Christ.

"Glorious, indeed, it would be if America should lead our Army world in recapturing the true spirit of compassion for the desolate and broken who are waiting to be delivered."

I have been able to give here a mere glimpse of the Detroit Bowery Corps, where God comes down to greet men and women who are forgotten by society and established Christian agencies.

But the pages of this book reveal Jesus the Savior in action and Salvation Army work at its best.

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THE END