

never pass it by without a tender word of praise, and without asking the name of this plant, which looked so chaste and calmly beautiful; and when they had learned its name they all wanted it. The rich were willing to pay any price for it, and those who had not money would fain have offered the best service of their minds, their brains, their hands.

But the gardener smiled always and shook his head.

"Nay," he said. "I cannot sell it, neither for money nor fame, nor anything which the world may hold. It is my very own,—part of my own self. But go ye out into the wild places and ye will see many such plants. There they are for everyone to take or leave. Only have a little care in the lifting of them and in the nursing of them. They are very frail. Still, if you use every care you know, your little white flower Friendship will grow up strong, revealing to you all the time new beauties and fresh delights. At least, thus it has been with me."

Then, so runs the legend of the gardener, those who were eager enough to take the trouble wandered into wild and lonely places and found the tiny white flower,—as they thought. But they often gathered the wrong plant, and took it triumphantly to the gardener.

"See here," they said, "we have had no trouble with this flower. From the very first it flourished and grew apace."

The gardener looked at it and smiled sadly.

"So many have made that mistake," he said. "This is

not the plant Friendship, but merely its counterfeit, which after a time loses its whiteness, and then it could not deceive anyone."

But others who came to the gardener had indeed found the real plant Friendship, only they could not rear it. They brought their faded plants to him and pointed to them sorrowfully.

"Mine did so well at first," said one of the strangers. "I felt so confident of success."

"Perhaps thou wert too confident, and so neglected it," said the gardener, kindly. "If thou triest once more, remember that thou must never relax thy watchful care."

"Ah! how can I ever hope for success now?" said the stranger, sadly. "My heart is sore with disappointment."

"One never knows," said the gardener; "and if thou shouldst ever tend another plant, hasten to tell me how it has fared with thee and it."

The gardener lived to know that many, taught by him, had learned to find the fragile flower Friendship and to rear it with success; some had failed once and twice and thrice, and then succeeded; and others had failed altogether. But there were many who had divined his secret, and he was glad. For he knew how much the world would gain of whiteness.

Then he died, and it is not known to whom he bequeathed his own beautiful plant.

Maybe you have it; perchance I have it. It is surely among us somewhere.

## A MIGHTY POWER FOR GOOD.

### THE SALVATION ARMY.

**P**ERHAPS it is superfluous and didactic to say that no era of the world's history has been so strongly marked by human progress as these last years of

the nineteenth century. It is a great truth, however. The historian of coming ages will dwell long upon the period and will note at length the great advancement in



"LET US HEARTILY REJOICE IN THE STRENGTH OF OUR SALVATION."



scientific knowledge and in mechanical development; but if he is a true historian he will not close his chronicle with these, nor with the wars and political changes of the times. He will look deeper; he will search for the impelling forces of the great happenings and discoveries in the social conditions, and there his eye will rest upon a movement which cannot be overlooked, because it is unique and powerful and highly influential for the right. That movement is the rise and extension in all quarters of the globe of the Salvation Army.

The organization of the army began in London in 1865, and the time was ripe for it. London and some other great cities of the world had become so congested that a vast number of the population were pushed so far below the average level of the social stratum as to be beyond the reach of the ordinary spiritual and moral influences. They were living lives of wretchedness and degradation, all powers of good and self-help within themselves withered by the hard conditions,



GENERAL BOOTH.

and the benign influences of church and school passing over their heads because of the very depths of their fall from the normal state of life. Misery was their master; and crime, untrammelled and unrestrained, stalked among them like a king.

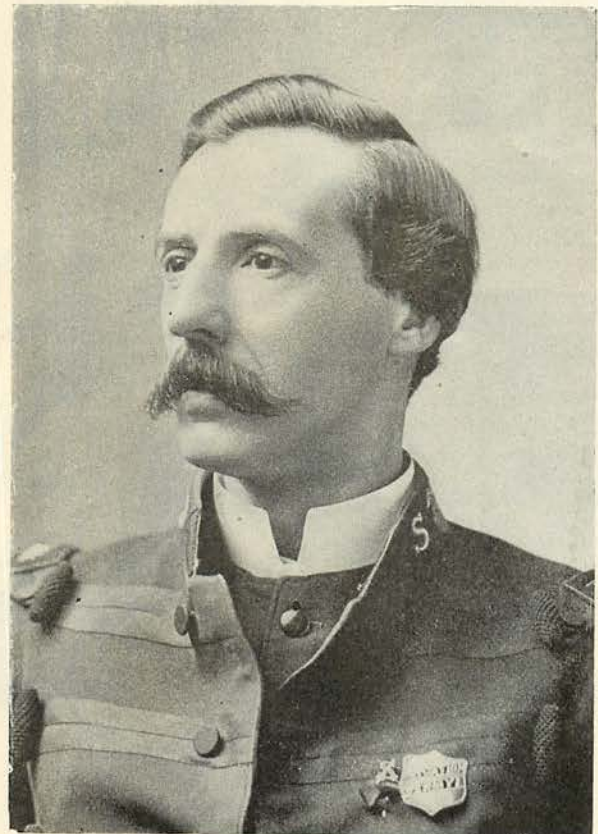
The problem as to how to improve this deplorable condition confronted London in 1865, and it confronts the great cities of the world to-day. But it is not quite so urgent now as then; the evil has been alleviated, and the man who has done more than anybody else to bring about this result is William Booth, General of the Salvation Army, whose headquarters are in London.

The Salvation Army and its methods have suffered severe criticism; sensitive people find them noisy and sensational. Yet these are the methods which appeal most strongly to the people whom they are designed to

aid, as has been proved by the remarkable growth of the army; and even supposing there are real grounds of criticism on this score, they will certainly weigh but little in



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.



EX-COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.



the minds of just people when balanced with the enormous good which the Salvation Army is known to have accomplished. It has nearly seventy thousand members in the United States alone; and it is not unconservative to say that the number of people whose lives have been made better and happier through its influence mounts into the hundreds of thousands.

It will be seen from this that the Salvation Army, whatever may be said against it, is a tremendous power in the world. It is a power, moreover, which is every day becoming more generally recognized. Mrs. Ballington Booth, wife of ex-Commander Booth, who is a son of the General, and was leader of the army in the United States until the unfortunate trouble in February, which led to his resignation, has in her charming yet forceful way explained the purposes and



"SLUM SISTERS" SINGING GRACE BEFORE MEALS.



A SALVATION ARMY DAY-NURSERY.



aims of the organization to people of education and wealth in many of our large cities, with the result of new understanding and sympathy on their part, and substantial financial aid. An auxiliary of the army has been formed with six thousand members of the most cultivated and intelligent people in the country. They wield much influence, and they have fostered and protected the army, not alone by the weight of their names, but with pen, voice, and pocketbooks.

A fine, commodious building in New York City, recently erected, is occupied as the national headquarters. From here the vast army is controlled and directed; here the multitudinous details of the administration of affairs

The general organization is divided into departments, as, for example, the finance and statistical departments, and a vast amount of detail is involved in their administration. Scenes in the quarters of the trade department are particularly bustling and varied. Many sorts of articles of use to the members of the army in their households are manufactured here by members who learned trades before conversion. An enormous number of letters come pouring in and go out of the headquarters every day, for Commander Booth and his assistant officers keep in very close communication with the army throughout the United States. The goings and comings, the successes and failures and details of the personal lives of the officers



AFTER A MEETING.

in the organization are attended to by a great corps of clerical members. Here, too, the "Conqueror," the monthly magazine of the army, and the well-known "War Cry" are published. In few office-buildings in the city is more business transacted in a day than in the headquarters.

scattered everywhere in the country are duly made known at headquarters by frequent reports.

The organization partakes of a military character. This is due to the wisdom of General Booth. He perceived, when he began his work, that if it were to grow to great dimensions and be really helpful to those whose falls were due chiefly to weakness and self-indulgence, strict discipline would be necessary. This and perfect organization account, in large measure, for the wonderful success of General Booth's plan. Before the difference between Balington Booth and his father there was absolute obedience to a recognized head, with the result of unity of effort and action





throughout the entire immense body, not alone in this country, but in all parts of the world.

There are twelve territories of work in all, in as many countries. Each territory is governed by a commissioner appointed by and subject to the general-in-chief. This territory is subdivided into divisions, under the command of a major or brigadier; districts, under an adjutant or staff captain; corps, under a captain and lieutenant; and wards, under a sergeant. These are the field officers, of whom there are about two thousand in this country. The soldiers under them do not give up their ordinary occupations; the lives of the officers, however, are consecrated to re-



COMMISSIONER F. DE LATOUR BOOTH-TUCKER.  
Courtesy of *The Outlook*.



SEEKING TO RECLAIM A DRUNKARD.

ligious work as completely as those of Sisters of Charity. They do nothing else, and their labor is not limited by hours. Night and day they are engaged in efforts to help the unfortunate and encourage the despairing. Every evening during the week, and four times on Sunday, there are meetings which the officers conduct and try to make as interesting as possible by their enthusiasm. At least three hours a day, and oftentimes many more, are devoted to visiting the sick and doing general missionary work.

The feminine members of the Army, many of whom are girls in years, enter fearlessly the reeking tenements and the hotbeds of crime in the slums of our great cities. With a confidence born of



their faith they mingle with the most desperate and depraved men, and often succeed in touching a chord of manliness and good feeling in these withered hearts. Week after week they take the "War Cry" to dives and dramshops of the lowest type, and they find many purchasers among the *habitués*. They never forget to stop to speak a few words of sisterly sympathy to members of their own sex who have fallen so low as to be found in these places, and the words on innumerable occasions have taken seed, and souls have been reclaimed. It may be that these words do not always conform to the rules of grammar, but they are full of pity and kindness and sympathy;

and for this reason may perhaps be accounted of more value in the world than the correct speech of the woman who draws away and looks askance at an unhappy abandoned creature in the street.

It is not an easy life, this of a member of the Salvation Army; it entails sacrifices to embrace it. The officer lives on the merest necessities of life, the general officers at headquarters being paid salaries which are extremely small, and the local officers, such as captains of corps, depending upon the meagre collections at meetings, of which they take for their own use no more than is necessary for their bare support. There is no luxury, no pleasure of the ordinary sort.

The workers in the slums, in order to get into close touch and sympathy with the unfortunate and degraded people for whom they are laboring, often live among them, sharing their privations, and under-

going any hardship which will help to gain the confidence of their beneficiaries.

There are at the present time in New York City two children's nurseries, one children's home, one receiving home for homeless persons who desire to become soldiers, five rescue homes, where unfortunate women are given temporary shelter after being reclaimed from lives of sin, and fifteen slum posts supported by the Army.



SALVATION ARMY HEAD-  
QUARTERS, FOURTEENTH  
STREET, NEW YORK.



The work is carried on by sixty-five slum and rescue officers. It may be interesting to give a brief statistical report of what they have accomplished in the metropolis during the past year. According to the department of statistics at headquarters, 13,339 hours have been spent in visiting the sick; 6,608 little children have been nursed and cared for; 11,806 garments have been stitched and mended and given to children perishing with cold for want of clothing; 13,406 meals have been given to the starving in wretched abodes; 637 sick have been constantly cared for; 1,103 meetings in saloons have been held; 28,138 persons have been personally prayed with; 54,030 separate saloon and dive visits have been made; 40,400 families have been visited; and no less than 88,900 persons separately dealt with in the streets. These cold figures portray but meagrely the intense, pulsating daily life of the Salvation Army slum-workers, but they give an idea of the wonderful magnitude of the work, and a hint, at least, of the enlightening of dark lives and the easing of burdens by these good Samaritans of the Army.

The life of a "slum sister" means daily contact with vice as well as poverty; it means the endurance of cold and often hunger, and threadbare and insufficient clothing; it means, in short, companionship, day and night, with misery and degradation; and yet the slum sister is always smiling. She has an inexhaustible store of cheerfulness at her command, and is, besides, wise and tactful. She teaches no creed. She meets the Romanist or the Jew, not on points of doctrine, but on the common ground of love of righteousness and hatred of sin. The day's ministrations in the tenement houses is wearying both to soul and body, and at night comes even more difficult work in the saloons and dives. As many as fifteen short meetings have been held in one night's round of saloons,—a song and prayer or two, with no attempt toward haranguing or argument; or, if permission to sing is not given, a few words are spoken, and a slip, with a short, direct text, is presented to each man.

"Often," said one of the slum officers, in telling of her experiences, "I have had a bit of paper slipped into my hand as I went out, with just the words 'Pray for me' scrawled on it."

In dives and in the streets the lowest stratum of womanhood is touched—literally "touched"—by the workers. "Sometimes they treat us roughly," said the officer, "but one doesn't mind that. And sometimes they shrink away from us and say, 'Let me alone; you're a good woman and I'm not fit for you to touch.' And then"—her eyes warming with a great sweetness—"we know that they are ours, because they feel their own sin." When this crisis comes, when the woman is filled with loathing for her life, she is taken to a rescue home, where pure and uplifting influences help her in her struggle upward. "We look for the day," said the officer, "when we can give to every man the shelter he needs, and to every woman the protection she deserves."

On the surface there seems to be little system in a Salvation Army meeting. The captain, lieutenant, and soldiers assemble on the platform and sing and pray and tell of how they were converted, without regard, apparently, for sequence or order. Yet a leader never conducts a meeting without a well-defined plan in mind. It is the purpose always to have "a warm, free, living" meeting. There must be energy and vitality, and the enthusiasm which moves others. The seemingly haphazard method is usually intentional; it gives the meeting an atmosphere of spontaneity. The guiding principle is that no one must be allowed to become bored or weary. If the

audience seems to be losing interest, the leader, whose finger is on the pulse of the meeting, his or her eye watching every face, begins to infuse fresh life into the services. A hymn with a lively air is sung; the tambourines and the drums sound more loudly than before.

"Neither sinners nor the devil," says the F. O. Book, which is the leader's guide, "should know what is to be done next."

When the meeting is over and the last of the penitents who have come forward have been prayed with and talked to, the soldiers exchange their uniforms, which are cut in a military style and adorned with much red braid and the words "Salvation Army" across the cap or bonnet, for ordinary dress, and return to their homes. The officers, however, remain in the garrison. Here they live a very simple and very busy life. Every hour of the day is full, and has its own distinct duty. It begins with "bugle call" at seven; after the breakfast at eight, with its closing grace of singing and prayer, the girls are detailed by the captain to the household duties; at ten o'clock there is Bible reading and study, prayers, singing, lectures on certain days, and any special branches of education which may seem desirable. Dinner is served at one o'clock and is followed by "a silence hour," which is devoted to meditation and quiet prayer. Then comes the house-to-house visitation and the selling of the "War Cry" in the saloons and streets.

There is not much time for social pleasures, yet they are not altogether lacking. There is even love and courtship. Marriage is encouraged, but it cannot be contracted without special permission from headquarters, and an officer cannot marry outside of the Army. A husband and wife, who are officers, usually command a corps, and it is necessary that together they should possess all the qualifications for the work. If it is not believed at headquarters that they would make successful leaders the marriage is forbidden, and there is no appeal.

Most great movements begin in a very small way, and the Salvation Army is no exception to the rule. As is known, it was organized by William Booth, who had been a preacher and revivalist in London from the age of nineteen. His experiences in this field enabled him to comprehend with vivid clearness that the methods of the church were wholly inadequate to meet the spiritual needs of the lower classes of society. He realized that a religious body was demanded which would go to them, and not compel them to come to it, and which would present religious precepts in such a way that the hearers' own experience would teach them that they were truths. After much labor and thought, and partially as a result of an evolutionary process from missions and out-of-door services and camp-meetings, the army was organized. The first step toward this end was a meeting on Sunday, July 2, 1865, under a tent in a Quaker burial-ground of White-chapel, in the East End of London. Impelled by curiosity and the novelty of the affair, the people of the neighborhood flocked to the first meeting. The force and charm of the enthusiasm and eloquence of William Booth brought them to subsequent meetings, which continually grew in size. Others were started by followers of Mr. Booth in other sections of the East End, and gradually the Salvation Army, with hundreds of thousands of soldiers, scattered through Christian and pagan lands, became a great fact.

Ex-Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth labored in the Salvation Army in the United States for nine years, and their untiring effort and devotion to the Army has caused it to grow from an infancy of weakness into lusty youth, with continually increasing usefulness and power.



Recently, in accordance with a general policy of occasional change of posts among the higher officers, the Commander and his wife were recalled by General Booth from their leadership in America. It is not necessary to detail the unfortunate complications, arising from this recall, which led Ballington and Mrs. Booth to withdraw from the great field in which their sowings have borne so fruitful a harvest. Commissioner Eva Booth, a sister of Ballington Booth, was made temporary commander of the army in the United States, and Commissioner Booth-Tucker and

his wife, of India, have been appointed to the command. The ex-Commander and Mrs. Booth have formed a new organization, which has been joined by many of those who labored with them in the Salvation Army. The new army will appeal to wage earners who are without religious faith rather than to slum classes. The blatant drums and tambourines will be discarded for good music, and the uniforms will be less conspicuous than those of the other organization

W. H. J.



## FIRST EFFORTS FOR SUCCESS.

SEVERAL FAMOUS PERSONS TELL DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE OF THEIR EARLY STRUGGLES AND THE GUIDING PRINCIPALS OF THEIR CAREERS.

### AN AUTHORESS AT EIGHT.

HOW ELLA WHEELER WILCOX WROTE HER FIRST BOOK,  
AND LONG AFTERWARD BECAME A SUCCESSFUL  
POETESS.

I PLUNGED boldly into literature at the age of eight. Of course it was a romance that I wrote, and it was a very thrilling one,—I thought then. Its title was: "Minnie Tighthand and Mrs. Dimley; an Eloquent Novel," written by Miss Ella Wheeler. And for the preface I wrote: "The following novel is a true story. I suppose the reader will doubt it, but it is true. It was a scene I witnessed while living in England, and after I came to America I published it. The reader may believe it now."

This was quite brief and to the point, you see. I did not make the mistake of some other authors, of writing a long preamble to my story. It was a narration of lost children and cruel stepmothers. I had a good deal of difficulty with my penmanship in those days, but I did not let small obstacles like that interfere with my work. When I grew tired writing the letters I printed them, which was easier, because I was more accustomed to it. The manuscript was made up of scraps of waste paper, and was carefully bound by pieces of blue wall-paper sewed together with white thread. I often opened a chapter with an original verse. I think the first of these was my earliest attempt at rhyme. On this account I give it:

Head covered with pretty curls,  
Face white as snow,—  
Her teeth look like handsome pearls,  
She's tall and merry, too.

I still have that queer little book, and I am very fond of it. It is not without its uses. If anybody accuses me of literary indiscretions, isn't it irrefutable proof that I began when I was too young to know any better? It was my first step, moreover, toward a career that I, at least, do not regret, although there are some special things in it I wish were undone. For example, when I was about eighteen years old and editors began to accept almost all of my poems, I thought nothing of writing four or five a day. Of course most of them were trash, yet they supplied necessities which were wanting in my mother's house. That is my only excuse for writing them. I sacrificed art to pay doctors' bills, and to carpet my

mother's room, and to buy clothing for myself. I was a passionate lover of dancing in those days, and once when I noticed after an evening at a party that I had danced through my slippers, I sat down and wrote four bad poems, and with the proceeds bought myself a new pair of slippers and a pair of gloves.

I am not at all proud of these achievements, and I should certainly advise no young writer to attempt to duplicate them. Indeed, such attempts would not meet with much success nowadays, for the reason that a great many more people are writing, and the standard of literary production is higher. But even in those days I was not always successful. I had many trials and disappointments. After my first successes there were whole seasons when nothing of mine was accepted. As I grew older and began to learn something of life and human nature and myself, I realized that I had not yet achieved a place in literature. I began to see the necessity of hard work and study, and despaired of any sudden literary success. When my "Poems of Passion" was published I was astonished at the sensation it made and at some of the criticisms. I had not realized that I was saying unusual things. My whole purpose was merely to express strong emotions strongly and truthfully. During the last four years I have written little; but this spring and summer I expect to publish three



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new books. One of these is a novel, although I once made up my mind that I had no gift for prose story-writing and would never attempt it again. The others are books of poems, one for children and the other a long dramatic story in verse, which I am striving to make better than anything I have yet written. My methods of composing have undergone a great change since I was a girl. I consider ten lines a very good day's work now, and there are days when I do not write more than two. On the other hand, I have written as many as forty, but only when I feel inspiration and am in the best possible condition.

I am often asked by ardent girls, full of enthusiasm and vitality and ideas that they can succeed in literature,