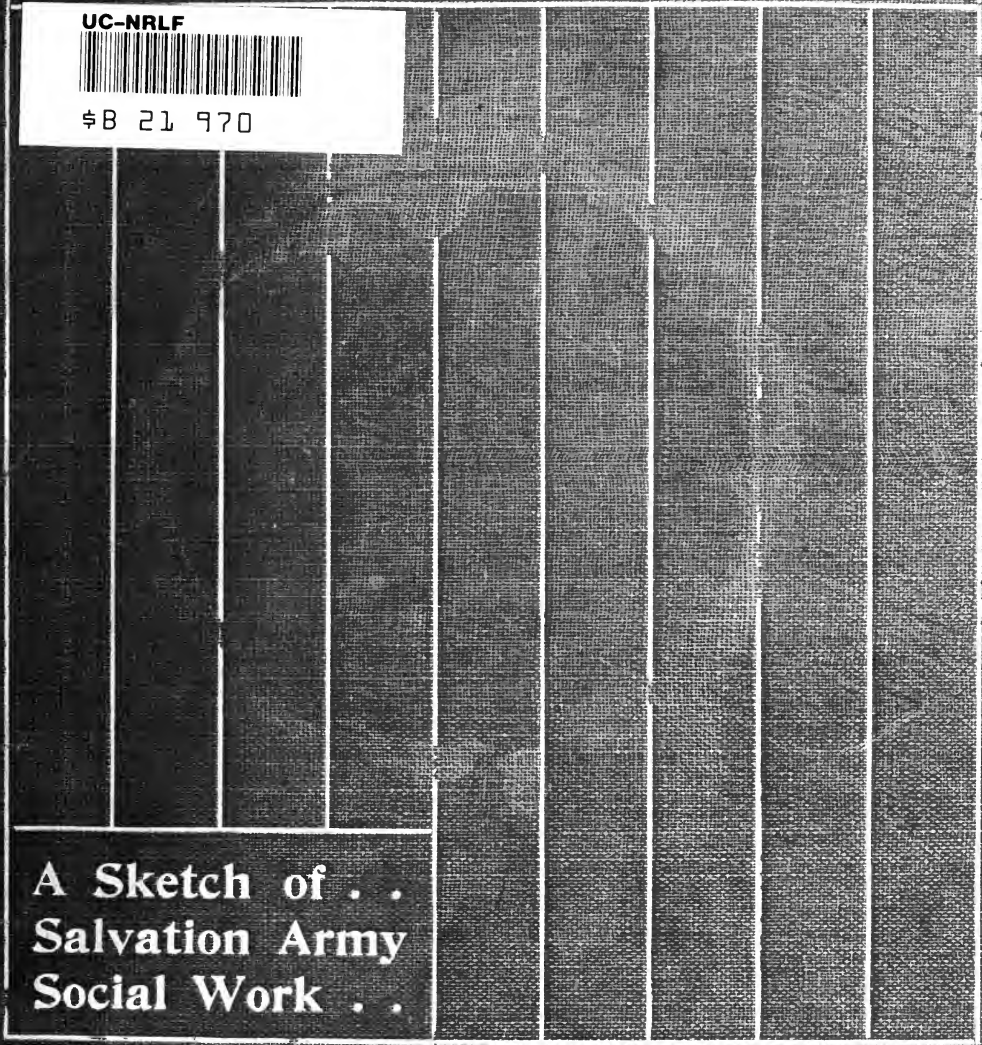
THE OUTSIDERS

By ANNIE S. SWAN



A Sketch of . .
Salvation Army
Social Work . .

THE OUTSIDERS:

BEING A SKETCH OF

THE SOCIAL WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY Smith,

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Author of "Aldersyde," "The Gates of Eden," "A Lost Ideal," "Carlowrie," etc., etc.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

GENERAL BOOTH.

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INTRODUCTION

BY GENERAL BOOTH.

STATISTICS recently issued by the British Government, and information already obtained under the partial operation of the recent Unemployed Workmen Act, establish beyond all dispute the fact that there are unfortunately in this country a very large number of people without employment.

I have already made statements to this effect times without number, and during my recent Motor Campaign I endeavoured to impress the distressing truth upon the minds and hearts of many of those holding Civic and other positions of responsibility for the poor with whom I came in contact, and urged upon them the necessity for immediate action in dealing with the sad condition of things.

Thanks to the enterprise of the Press, and the growing sense of responsibility felt by the community, scarcely a day passes without some important aspect of the unemployed question being discussed. All this is to the good.

The more light we can obtain on the existing want of employment, its causes and extent, and the more suggestions furnished for its remedy, the better. Those of us who are actively engaged face to face with the problem in all its grim and harrowing features must welcome such discussion.

A writer in a prominent London daily paper asserted only the other day, that there were at the present time at least one million men out of work in the United Kingdom. This is a terrible statement, but the author maintains its correctness.

Now it will be seen that this army of unemployed men, with their wives and children, and others dependent upon them, has to be supported in one way or another. This cannot be done for less than £1 per family per week, which means a most unwelcome addition of nearly a million pounds per week to the already burdened Poor Law and other unproductive expenditure.

This appalling calculation may, it is true, go a little beyond the facts; but not very far. My own observation, and the observations of my Officers confirm it. For, as a rule, the reports that reach me go to show that for every family having the courage to make its suffering known there are many others who pine and languish in secret. The mere tabulation

of numbers in this case but barely represents the terrible facts. Despite the accumulation of national wealth, there is, I fear, an amount of poverty in the country that is fearful to contemplate.

Now I think it will be evident that the evil we are deploring arises out of the simple fact that there is not sufficient work for those who require it. This proposition is unassailable. A large amount of the talk about the difficulty resulting from an unwillingness to work on the part of the unemployed is, I am satisfied, a perversion of facts.

There are no doubt, here and there, a number of the idle and loafing classes who prefer to live on the relief supplied by the Poor Law authorities, and the generous doles of the charitable, than to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and to accomplish this manage to attach themselves to the ranks of the *bona fide* unemployed. But they only form a fraction of the non-working whole, and the brand deserved by the few ought not to be indiscriminately stamped on the many.

It is only too evident that the unemployed class is created by the want of employment.

This lack of work is, I need not say, followed by a want of wages, and on the heels of that calamity

comes the want of bread, followed alas!. only too often by starvation, vice, and crime. The incidents scattered throughout the following pages form a black commentary upon this downward trend; and before condemning in ill-considered language the seething mass of helpless poverty and disorder found too frequently in the lower strata of society, due allowance should be made for the force of the circumstances which has driven many of them into their sad position. For poverty is as surely the parent of vice as vice is the parent of poverty.

Now it will be evident to the most superficial thinker on this subject that the only sufficient remedy for this dismal condition of things is the supply of the needed work. The people must be fed, and clothed and housed, however imperfectly it may be done. Society is under an obligation to do this. Self-interest, to say nothing of the higher claims of humanity and religion, demands it. Otherwise, riot, revolution, and disorganisation will be the inevitable result.

This food and home, and other necessaries of existence can only be supplied by the labour of the men themselves, or by the exertions of others. The latter method, it will be generally admitted, is very unsatisfactory, and wherever adopted constitutes a cause for complaint and criticism in no measured

terms. It is a kind of charity cursed usually by those who give it, as well as proving a curse in its disheartening and demoralising effect to those who receive it.

The day is not far distant, in my opinion, when it will be put aside as being not only an effete and useless system, but ruinous, inasmuch as its unfailing tendency is to create and multiply the very evil it is intended to destroy.

I have before me a statement by a gentleman concerning a London parish which reveals its impotence, either as a palliative or effective remedy for this distress. This statement shows that one out of every sixteen persons is in receipt of Relief; that £60,000 per annum are spent on Outdoor Relief alone; that during the last year the number receiving such Relief has risen from 3,773 to 6,207, and the Indoor Paupers from 3,631 to 4,037; that some 300 able-bodied men, ranging from 18 to 40 years of age, are kept in comparative idleness in the Workhouse; while a Farm Colony, started in the interest of this very class, is viewed by the Chief Constable of the District as a source of disorder. To meet the expenditure, the parish is rated at 12*s.* in the £1; and, most distressing of all, there is no immediate hope of this state of affairs being improved. Here is a ghastly picture that will

not only fill the minds of the Officials of this particular parish with concern, but must create serious alarm throughout the Kingdom, lest such a state of things should become general.

What seems to me to be needed is a system that will not only encourage people to work by furnishing them with labour, but by depriving them of all means of maintenance if they refuse to engage in it. The application of a plan, based on this twofold principle, will grapple with, and ultimately obliterate, the new *caste* which is now coming to be satirically designated, "The Unemployed."

I argue that while those who, through age, sickness, or misfortune, are unable to work, shall be maintained in a fair degree of comfort without work, *we ought to say, and say boldly, that those who are able to work shall work, and that at some form of remunerative labour.*

Of course, it may be urged that this plan will impose on those in authority the obligation of finding work or the means for providing the maintenance of the unemployed. To this I reply, that this differs very little in principle from the prevailing system. At the present time some sixteen millions of the ratepayers' money is annually spent in maintaining people without work; under my plan this sum would

be spent in furnishing work for those who are able to work, and who must constitute at least a third of the total number of unemployed, and from the proceeds of which work they could maintain themselves. In course of time a property would be thus created yielding a return which would considerably reduce, if not wipe out altogether the necessity for the present Poor Rate. But that ideal is, I fear, a long way from realisation, although the underlying principle would, if applied in only a small way in every parish of the land, be attended, I am convinced, with results that would be both beneficial to the recipients of this form of relief and profitable to the community generally.

If, then, the remedy for the evil we are deploring consists in providing work for the workless, how and where can that work be found?

It is only too evident that such work cannot be provided in the city and town industries. Every manufacturing enterprise is already crowded out with the needed hands. Although trade is, doubtless, again improving, such is the rate at which the needed employés multiply that there appears little or no prospect of such an expansion as would be likely to cope with the calamitous state of these things. If a new industry could be created, it would only have temporary

and comparatively small effect on the ranks of the out-of-works.

If, then, it is *not* desirable to feed the people in idleness; if work *cannot* be found for them in the existing town industries; and if new industries cannot be invented, what is to be done?

There seem to be only two ways of relief open to us in this *impasse*. The first is a well-conducted system by which the workless can be transferred to those parts of the world where labour is required. If the towns are crowded here, they are not fully occupied there. If the land is occupied or for some reason beyond the reach of the workless here, that is not the case in the countries across the seas. If we cannot bring the work to the people here, what course could possibly be more sensible than to take the people to the work there?

Over there, bread enough and to spare will be found, as well as the opportunity of serving God, helping to build up the Empire, and finishing up in Heaven at last. What so natural, then, as to arrange for the conveyance of these people to these new worlds?

The Salvation Army has done something in this way already. What we have done, we have done. I am not ashamed of it, and I do not believe that I shall

have any reason to blush as to its development and consequences on the last great day. Some particulars as to the extent to which we have transferred people from this to other lands, and of the care and efficiency of our system of transportation will be gathered from these pages. The Governments concerned have professed their gratification with the character of the emigrants and the ability with which they have been selected, carried across the seas, and distributed upon their arrival. The people themselves have been permanently benefited and generally satisfied, as is evidenced by the trifling number of complaints that have reached us, and the cases that have turned out failures.

And yet I am far from satisfied. A great deal more might have been done, and done even more efficiently had more practical sympathy been extended to us, in the shape of heartier co-operation and the supply of a larger capital.

The other method of grappling with the difficulty is Colonisation—that is to say, placing the people on the land with a permanent interest in it, either as freeholders or leaseholders; in fact, this, in my judgment, is the only really effective remedy. By this plan the people assisted can, by their own exertions, maintain themselves without in any way clashing with

the interests and well-being of their fellow-workers, whether those workers be distant or near.

In the carrying out of this plan there will be difficulties, to which reference will be made further on. I simply say here to those who press these objections, "Are there not difficulties in the continuance of the present system?"

To carry on Colonisation to an extent commensurate with the necessity of the case, a large amount of capital is, of course, required.

My scheme is before the public. It has been considered by the Government and submitted to a Departmental Committee. I must wait for the report of that Committee. Should Government aid be granted I can proceed; if not, while I must consider what is next to be done, I shall certainly not abandon the attempt to give the principle the chance that it deserves.

Several objections have, I know, been raised to this transfer of the workless people to other countries by either Emigration or Colonisation. Some of these objections have their origin in pure sentiment, and do not need any reply. One or two, however, call for remark.

1. It is alleged that we are taking able-bodied labouring men out of the country. They are

designated "the cream of the working-classes," and the "bone and muscle of the nation." To this I reply, after allowing for the exaggeration which is self-evident in these statements, that while many of this class will doubtless find a new home across the seas who can be well spared here, others may go whom it may seem very desirable to retain. But if the able-bodied younger generation cannot find that sustenance in the Fatherland, which is an absolute necessity, and they *can* find it elsewhere, I do not see any great cause for complaint in their being willing, nay, anxious, to make the change, nor of any just cause for objection to our enabling them to make it in such a manner as will be most in harmony with their interests — physical, social, moral, and religious.

2. Another objection urges that this transfer of population is only an insufficient palliative to the malady, failing to deal with the causes that produce it.

To this I reply, that if, as is no uncommon thing, a man staggers fainting to our doors, ready to die for want of food, with a famished family, a fireless grate, and an empty, cheerless home, and cries out, "Can't you save us from the workhouse and the grave?" what must we do? My pitying heart will not allow

me to wait for Government interference, or Social revolution. My compassion compels me to minister to his needs in the readiest, most effective, and most permanent manner possible; and that is done, in many instances, by the scheme of Emigration I have just outlined, and by means of which he can be sent where he will be welcomed, and where he will be able to meet his needs, and those of his family, by the labour of his own hands.

With respect to the other blessed methods of alleviating the misery of the homeless and suffering explained and enlarged upon in this pamphlet, need say but little. We are hard at work, but I can only maintain and extend our operations as I am enabled by the generosity of my friends. Will you help me as liberally as you possibly can?

WILLIAM BOOTH.

International Headquarters,
London, E.C.
November, 1905.

A FOREWORD.

I HAVE been interested for many years in the great reformative and redemptive work being carried on by The Salvation Army, and when asked whether I would be willing to write a brief account of the various branches which would form their Annual Report, I gladly undertook the task. Though familiar with much of their method, a minute investigation undertaken so that the work might be as thorough as possible, has surprised me beyond all telling. From comparatively small beginnings the operations of The Army have extended, until it is now a vast reformative agency, with ramifications stretching all over the known world.

Those who have hitherto solely associated The Salvation Army with brass bands and a somewhat noisy and aggressive display of Christian energy, would stand amazed before the inner workings of this great, efficient, and ofttimes silent machine.

It works while many others talk, very often while others sleep.

Criticism is silenced before the efficiency of its methods, the self-denial and devotion of its Officers and rank and file, the magnitude of its results.

These pages can do little more than touch upon all these; but if they awaken an interest great enough to provoke personal enquiry on the part of those who hitherto have only looked on and criticised from the outside, and they serve to enlist those who have the means to maintain and extend The Army's beneficent enterprises, then they will not have been written in vain.

I ask for God's blessing on these pages—and expect it—because the work is His, and has been stamped with the seal of His approval.

ANNIE S. SWAN.

HAMPSTEAD, LONDON.
November, 1905.

I.

THE NETHER WORLD.

THE difference between London and the capitals of other countries is never more apparent than to the observer who happens to get abroad early on a Sunday morning. The absolutely deserted streets will awaken in him a great wonder, and, if he is a reverent person, he will doubtless thank God anew for the benediction of rest which has fallen like a mantle on the toiling and careworn millions. In none of the continental cities I have visited—and these have been many—can such perfect quietude be found on the Sabbath Day. In other countries, not only are the purveyors of food and drink early astir plying their various callings with the usual week-day diligence, but the great factories and workshops are generally open also, at least for a part of the day, so that there is no complete rest-day for the people from one year's end to another. Long may we keep our British Sabbath Day, and may we be strong and diligent to resist any attempt to encroach upon it!

Nowhere is this stillness so absolute and striking as in these quarters where on every working day the traffic never slackens from early morning until midnight, where the stream of humanity seems to have no end. South of the river, down here by the "Elephant and Castle," it was like a city of the dead in the comparatively early hours of a certain Sunday morning when the writer had business abroad. Newington Causeway—certainly one of the most congested centres in South London, where at times vehicular and pedestrian traffic seem mingled together in inextricable and dangerous confusion—is at this moment utterly deserted. There is not even a stray milkman with his painted pram and his cheerful "Milk O!" to be seen or heard.

Deathly Silence.

The glaring ginshops with their pretentious fronts, and familiar inviting legends, have even donned a decent reticence. The mahogany doors are shut, the fine plate-glass windows are covered, their gay frequenters are nowhere to be seen. Where are they? Who can tell? Melted like ghosts among the shadows of sleeping London. In the side streets, where a few hours ago the coster plied his trade, hoarsely shouting his wares under the flaring naphtha lights, you can see the *débris* he has left behind, decayed vegetables—indeed, refuse of every kind—littering the way from kerb to kerb,

now the happy hunting ground of the slum cat and the pariah dog.

But where is he? Oh, if those stones could speak, if these closed doors could be unswung, the veil lifted, what would be revealed!

The Borderland.

It does not bear thinking of, for here we are in very shady walks better known to the police than to ordinary folk. Have you heard of the famous New Cut? Here it is. The picture of decent repose. A sleepy-eyed butcher is taking down his shutters, getting ready against the time when the aristocratic *habitués* of the locality shall sally forth to purchase their Sunday dinners. He, at least, will have no holiday.

Now we are in Blackfriars Road, one of these fine open thoroughfares which certainly to the casual eye betray no signs of congestion, or of slum life. It is in the byways you must look for that in its glory, if I may use such a word. As we drive slowly, we take many a wondering glance into the side alleys, where slumland dwells.

We are in plenty of time, though invited to a large breakfast party which necessitated a long journey from north to south, undertaken while others slept. As we near the hostel where this great meal is spread, we

notice the guests beginning to assemble, gathering in fact, in a long queue in front of the still obdurate doors. Who are these assembling, so obviously without a wedding garment? Whence come they, whither are they bound? These are the two questions uppermost in the mind of the startled observer who has not the heart to ask them. She knows what the answer would be. These, surely, are some of the ghosts that have been hidden in the darkest shadows of the sleeping city. A great gathering of the lost, the waste, "the drift of both banks," as my Officer-guide aptly puts it. It is, surely, a sight more for tears than wonder.

Actual Netherdom.

Watch them come, from this direction and from that, mostly with the moucher's slouch, which is like no other gait under Heaven. It is acquired through long practice in evading the straight road. Some of their heads are down, but others, in spite of rags and tatters, wear a jaunty air. Fate has done its worst; they defy her now, they simply exist to grab what may come in their way, catching at it, as the slum dog yonder wolfs the bone from the garbage of the gutters. Here and there is one more decently clad than the rest, a faded air of respectability about him; his head is mostly down, shame and he have not parted company, though hope has long hidden herself

from him, and evaded his anxious quest. He is the decent tradesman whom misfortune has steadily dogged, who is numbered, through no fault of his own in the sad ranks of the unemployed. Then there is the poor gentleman, seldom absent from such gatherings. You can tell him by the pathetic dignity he has not quite lost.

All-Nighters.

The air is biting cold and raw. It is the first Sunday in chill October, and does not belie its name. Some of the waiting crowd put up their greasy coat collars, and huddle closer together to find the heat in numbers even here. The poor vital spark has been all but extinguished by a night in the open. Every one of these men, and there are hundreds, has been out all night. They are homeless, and are here this morning by invitation of The Salvation Army, not only to eat the free breakfast provided, but to be helped and comforted in other ways. The little door in the big gate is opened at last, and one passes in with the crowd, a unit among an unsavoury mass of submerged humanity, but a unit whose heart has not been hardened by this and similar sights.

"The image of God," these are the words one cons over and over as one passes through the yard, already full. It is hard to believe—but it is true. Well, then, who is responsible for this frightful desecration of

His image? Is it God or man? Come, stand by me here, and, perhaps, after a time you may be able to discern; that is, if your blinding tears will permit you to discern anything but the sight of misery in the mass. Inside there is a large and cheerful hall, swept and garnished, with even a little attempt at decoration in front of the platform; this being the day set apart for Harvest Thanksgiving. Is this, then, a harvest to be proud of? O England, land of the happy and the free!

The "Outs" and "Ins."

The ordinary purpose of this great building, the property of The Army, is that of a shelter for men. It was full last night, but the inmates who, with perhaps a few exceptions, paid for their shelter, have turned out to make a way for their brothers several grades lower than themselves in the social scale. Many of the permanent lodgers here, now climbing up to better things, began among the shivering crowd awaiting the opening of those doors. Experience has given them an understanding sympathy.

The beds they have vacated are set end on against the wall; in the side alleys or aisles, they are still standing, though all made tidy and straight for the day. Here there is another crowd; the Major explains to me that these are men whom The Army Scouts picked

up from the streets about midnight; some of them were supplied with hot soup and bread at two o'clock in the morning, in another part of London, where they were given an invitation card to admit to this breakfast.

These the Major proposes to interview first very briefly, because many of them are fresh faces; and it is one of the chief aims of The Army to get hold of men and women at the beginning, so to speak, before they sink to the bedrock of the underworld.

Having cognisance of the fact that these are mostly starving people, the Major does not waste time. There is a dramatic, I had almost written a tragic, terseness and brevity about his questioning.

Touching the Sore Spot.

"Morning, brother; where do you come from? Name? How long have you been out? (Slept out). What are you? What trade do you follow? Any friends? Cause of this?"

Usually the questions are answered readily enough up to now; the last one is often received in silence. But the Officer persists, and too often the answer comes—Drink. "Give it up, brother," says the Major, cheerily, with a friendly hand on the slinking shoulder. "Take that seat, and I'll talk to you by and by." To witness the tenderness of this man, and at the same time his insight and discrimination is to grasp

one of the secrets of The Army's success. He can spot the moucher and the loafer with unerring skill. He gets the truth from these men; often, as subsequent enquiry shows, the whole truth, in answer to these few leading questions upon which he is to base his future dealing. They have their backs to the wall, so to speak, and nothing is to be gained by subterfuge. Obviously, the very fact of their presence there as homeless wanderers makes explanation imperative.

The rising tide in my heart makes it somewhat difficult for me to listen judiciously and disinterestedly to these one-minute interviews, epitome as they are of many a lifetime's misery.

The Mighty Barrier.

Is it comforting or the reverse, I wonder, that the answer to the last query comes back so often in one pregnant monosyllable—Drink? It makes one feel that the time has come to cry aloud from the housetops concerning this great and bitter evil.

A certain number are passed without either question or remark. They are known, some of them hopeless wasters whom The Army has assisted off and on, and for whom, in the absence of legislation for which The Army has been agitating of late, no drastic remedy has been found. As the Officer remarks, they seem to have solved the problem for themselves! In a way

they are more ghastly to contemplate than the new-comers about whom clings yet some odour of respectability. When a man has reached the point where he will voluntarily accept and apparently be contented with such a destiny, one is once more confronted with the words "in the image of God." Has God then forgotten these poor broken bits of drift upon the human sea? The Officer thinks not. Great is his faith.

Heart-rending Hunger.

Of decent out-of-works there is a goodly share. Depression in trade, wholesale paying-off of superfluous hands, and the breaking up of the little home, the gradual decline, the same pitiful tale we have heard elsewhere, only somehow here it seems to be driven home. For these men, decent, sober, willing to work, are starving for a meal. Their eyes are glistening with a wolfish hunger at the sight of food. It is a heart-rending, heart-sickening sight in this richest and most luxurious city in the world.

Presently all the available seats are full, and the door is shut. Yes, some have been turned away, although there is food, aye, and space to spare. More officialism: we are only "certified" to hold a certain number here, and it is as much as our "Licence" is worth to exceed it by a single unit. So shut the door.

The food already prepared is wrapped up in paper bags to simplify distribution, and to enable a man to carry it away decently if he is so minded. The Officer smiles a little at the suggestion that he might carry it away. Presently, as I help in the distribution of the food, I see what a futile remark it was. There is scarcely a word of thanks; desperate men simply look at you, they have no time for the courtesies of life.

The Gospel of a Meal.

Perhaps you would like to know what the fare is? A great thick slice of bread spread generously with butter, a slice of cheese, a chunk of cake; plain fare; but think of the number of such portions that have to be prepared.

They sing the "grace" in a hoarse monotone, and then we leave them to eat their meal minus the presence of the looker-on. When we return in an hour's time there is not a vestige of food remaining, even the empty mugs containing the welcome hot tea have been removed. Few have the satisfied look of men who have had a full meal; but, at least, all are warmed and comforted. Many heads are down upon the little ledge in front of each seat. Sleep has followed naturally upon that sense of rest and warmth and comfort to which many have been strangers for so long. Now the service is about to begin. "Wake up,

brothers!" The kindly, yet stentorian voice of the Major reaches even the furthest bench. There is a general stirring, and Cowper's hymn is given out:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

The tune is a familiar one, "Auld Lang Syne." They sing with wonderful heartiness, the Major giving out each verse before it is sung, accompanied by a running comment of his own. Then there is a prayer, and every head is bowed, and occasionally there is a long breath, suspiciously like a sob. Once more the Major speaks.

A Religion that Fits.

There is no ambiguity about his remarks, no playing with facts, but rather fearless dealing with them; an insisting on the desperate need of every soul present. Down in the depths they are, and it takes burning words to penetrate these depths. The atmosphere seemed charged with some electric force. That the speaker has the ear of his strange audience is evidenced by the rapt attention he receives. He knows his men, has proved that it is a robust soul-searching religion they need; something that will pierce the very joints of the poor armour they possess.

Then comes testimony from those who have in past days been themselves lifted from the pit. Men of no education these, but they have words sufficient to tell their story. Then a merry-faced, jovial-looking elderly Soldier in a red Salvation jersey, whom we have observed very active in all good work since this strange scene opened, stands up to tell his story, for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men. He is one of the numerous brands which have been plucked from the burning, and his tale, told with a dramatic force many a famous player might envy, rivets attention at once.

The Ex-Submerged's Eloquence.

He draws the picture of his former state with a dark, even a lurid touch, relieved here and there with flashes of real humour, which are keenly appreciated. His hearers know these dark areas he describes; they have been there. The story of the ruined home, perhaps, touches quick upon an open wound. There are tears yonder in the eyes of that poor fellow leaning against the wall. Perhaps his comrade, unconsciously, has repeated his own story. The speaker passes with lightning rapidity from the dark side to the bright. After giving a graphic description of the scene in his wretched home when he brought home two pounds honestly earned, he tells how the wife waited for the police to pursue, certain the money had been stolen; and when it was

all explained at last, the child at his knee put the question, "Oh, daddy, why did you never get saved before?"

"Get saved!" he cried, in a mighty burst of pleading; "get right with God, brothers, and be lifted from the pit, even as I have been."

Let us slip quietly away, for this is holy ground. They will be coming to kneel at the penitent-form by and by, those whom the Spirit hath touched. It is no place for the looker-on, however sympathetic and even understanding. She tries to speak a few faltering words to them before she goes, and leaves that strange waiting, needy crowd with a prayer upon her lips and grateful wonder in her soul. What wait they for? This is the day set apart for the Harvest Thanksgiving. What sheaves from this desolate field? The manner in which such as really desire to be helped are dealt with must be written of on a new page. This is holy ground. God grant that such a picture, so moving and yet so terrible, may soon be swept from our midst, that men's hearts and consciences will be so awakened that it will be impossible to find its counterpart in any city in any kingdom of the world!

II.

THE HELPING HAND.

THE Headquarters of the City Colony work for men in the Whitechapel Road is the place appointed for dealing with the actual facts and possibilities of the motley and pitiful crowd swept in by the midnight scouts, and drawn from the ranks of the free breakfasters. There each case is sifted, so far as is possible, to the foundation, and treated on its merits, the object being to restore each submerged man as quickly as possible to the self-respecting, self-supporting ranks. The greatest possible care and discrimination are employed to bring about an end so desirable.

The man who wanted a helping hand was folding circulars at a table in the Labour Bureau office. He was a big, good-looking man, still on the sunny side of forty. He had a frank, open face, honest blue eyes, a written character from his previous employer confirming the interviewer's favourable impression of him, and assuring all whom it might concern that the bearer was second to none at his

trade—carter and horseman. His collar was clean, his face shaven, his clothes well darned and brushed.

The Struggle to Keep Outside the "House."

I asked him to show me his boots. He held them up, and I could see his socks through the soles! Looking, searching for work, had worn them out. Yet that very morning he had walked from Tooting —6½ miles away—and been at Social Headquarters before 8 a.m. At night he would walk back home again in order to save twopence for food. This man has been out of work for three months, and is £5 11*s.* in arrears for rent. His wife is an industrious, managing woman—"the best of wives and the best of mothers," says this heart-broken husband. But for her contriving, this industrious pair and their children would be in the workhouse. As it is, their home is going bit by bit, and if the landlord insists on the immediate payment of the £5 11*s.* owing for rent, the family will lose their all. Together—the man and The Army—they will be able to avert this calamity. Certainly the first chance that offers for securing a *permanent* situation for the man will be seized.

It must be understood, however, that The Army does not constitute itself into an over-grown crèche where grown-up babies and irresponsible persons are

simply nursed with care and kindness at the expense of somebody else. Their object is to lessen, not increase, the number of useless and economically unproductive lives. Having relieved the man's immediate necessity, taken him by a brotherly hand, the next thing is to make him pay for it, in the only coin which will pass muster in a common-sense world. That coin is work! This is a healthy and honourable test, appealing at once to the manliness of the supplicant, and revealing to him, as it does, that this is no dole-giving or pauperising institution. It is founded on a principle which meets the man on his own plane. It constitutes a ladder—rough, I admit, but nevertheless ready and at hand, the first rung being one which places him in a position where he can, at least, live.

The Labour Bureau.

It is not so easy as it looks, however. In the case of the one-nighter, who has not become accustomed to street life, who has fallen either through drink or misfortune, but who has resources within himself, if only he is helped to apply them, the difficulty is not unsurmountable. The Salvation Army Labour Bureau has earned a steadily growing reputation for reliability, and many employers of labour now apply to the Commissioner there to supply the needed

men for any extra job, or for bits of work for which some special skill is required.

While single men are sent to The Army's Elevators, the Labour Bureaux, as I have indicated, endeavour to procure temporary work for married people.

Out of 1,359 applications during a recent month, 527 married men were found employment. Such temporary employment consists, as in the case of the poor fellow from Tooting, of addressing envelopes, bill-distributing, carrying sandwich-boards, cleaning windows, canvassing for the Press and with articles of commerce, and any other casual labour that may be requisitioned by the business firms The Army is in communication with.

Skilled Out-of-Works.

There are few walks of life from which The Army has not drawn representatives. They have always upon their books a large and varied assortment of skilled tradesmen, gardeners, labouring men and handy men of all sorts, from whom selections may be made, and a splendid outlet for these is Emigration.

During the past year a fair number of deserving married people have been assisted to emigrate, and perhaps no surer method can be found than this for relieving this class of distressed. And it is Emigration carried out in a parental spirit and in a scientific manner.

Tools have been redeemed out of pawn, in order that workmen might have the fresh start. Rent has been paid in many cases. As a result of the long period of unemployment, eviction is threatened, but the Labour Bureau Officers have taken evicted families in hand, and found them a room, in order to keep them out of the workhouse, and tide them over the bar of their difficulty until able to cross the ocean, and recommence the battle of life under happier conditions.

A Fallacy Exposed.

As far as possible, every investigation has been made into the previous history and antecedents of the man, and the truth of his statements tested. His very contact with The Army proves two facts—that he is necessitous, and desirous of getting another start. But one remark here. Despite contradiction upon contradiction, quite recently certain sections of the public seem incapable of grasping the fact that General Booth does not contemplate, and never did contemplate, using his Emigration Department for dumping the British refuse on other shores. His motto is, "Every country must consume its own smoke." A proportion of the Social derelicts that find a haven in The Army's Shelters, are, it is well known, as decent and deserving fellows as walk the

streets of London or tend the sheep on a squatter's farm in Australia. Misfortune has simply cast them for the moment adrift. A helping hand in time will restore them to industry in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, such cases being better for the experience; and it is these, and these only, who come under from time to time the beneficent wings of Emigration.

A Tragic Sight.

The amount of actual misfortune, as distinguished from the misery, a man may bring on himself by evil courses, is really appalling. A chronic out-of-work, who has acquired the moucher's dislike—nay, abhorrence—for work, is a pitiful enough sight; but it does not wring the heart-strings like the sight of a decent workman, whom misfortune has brought down, standing patiently and dejectedly among the waiting crowd of the unemployed waiting his turn and chance. Who knows what may depend on that slender chance—very slender, indeed, where two hundred men apply for a job where only one is required, as happens every day just now. No doubt there is a small and much impoverished home somewhere; a devoted wife, perhaps, and a band of pale-faced children crying for bread. These are the things which drive even the self-respecting man to despair, change him from a law-abiding citizen into a hater of all laws. You

can see in the waiting crowd outside the Commissioner's office many such men. The iron has entered into their soul.

The importance of saving such, of keeping them from further despair, is fully realised by The Army; but unfortunately their resources are far overtaxed. Already, at the very beginning of the winter—before, indeed, it is actually upon us—the outlook is black. Many causes are contributory, all of them outside the jurisdiction of any charitable or reformative society. Emigration can only assist a few. Although the newspapers assure us that there is a revival of trade, the actual facts presented daily to this Social Headquarters would seem to point otherwise.

A Register of Distress.

A glance at the married men's register shows that all sorts of tradesmen are affected by the prevailing scarcity of employment. Professional Cook (3 children), Ship's Steward (3 children), Coachman (3), House Decorator (3), Carter (3), Cabinet-maker (3), Carpenter (7), and Stableman (4).

One of the men, with four children, was visited by an Officer at Dalston. They had neither bedstead, bedding, chairs nor furniture whatever. Everything had been pawned or sold for food. The only bed they had was a mattress on the floor. One of the

children, by the way, had just been taken into the Hospital; starvation was really the cause of this little one's trouble. The husband is an ex-soldier, 5 ft. 10 in., and a very fine-looking man. His wife is a model of cleanliness, and the floors and children's faces, as well as the scanty clothes they wore, were as clean as could be. While the Officer was in the house the man came in with two bags of shavings, which he had procured in a builder's yard. These he proceeded to make into a fire by damping them. Needless to say, food was at once provided for this family, and temporary work has been found for the man. In one month, 178 such families were relieved with parcels of food after being visited.

Figures that Speak.

During the twelve months ending October 4th, 1905, 224,197 were supplied with soup and bread at Wych Street. During six months of last winter, another 50,000 had a similar midnight meal at Whitechapel, and 33,940 received meals at the dock gates within two months.

As indicating the variety of types who come under The Army's influence it may be mentioned that on the staff of one of the London Shelters there are an electrical engineer (who is a relative of a well-known professor), a schoolmaster, a diamond-cutter, a gardener,

an engineer, two clerks (one of whom hails from Australia), a soldier's son, a reservist of the Royal Army Medical Corps, a grocer from South Africa, an organist and choir leader, and an ex-publican.

All these men came to The Army homeless and destitute, and sadly in need of a helping hand. All are now in positions of responsibility, and in due time will be restored to society.

At Bradford the other day The Army sheltered an ex-civil servant and a man who once paid £300 a year for his business premises. These men came to The Army quite friendless and penniless, but are now doing well.

The "Paid Off."

War is not generally accepted as offering any solution of labour problems, but rather the reverse, but a long time of peace nevertheless adds its quota to the general depression. To verify this it is only necessary to mention that at the Government Rifle Factory at Enfield within the last few months hundreds of men have been paid off, and no promise given regarding future employment. The looker-on might quite justifiably contend that these men are in a sense Government servants, and that to throw such a large contingent of idle men upon the labour market at the most difficult season of the year is, from the economic,

to say nothing of the humanitarian point of view, a short-sighted policy. I do not offer any suggestion, only submit the impression made on the average observer interested in the great and often trying problems with which Governments have to deal.

The Salvation Army, itself an employer of labour, a responsibility which has been thrust upon it by the exigencies of the work it has undertaken, does not make any attempt to deal with the great problem of the skilled unemployed, except so far as trying to relieve their immediate necessities, to put some heart into them by brotherly sympathy, and by leaving no effort unmade to bring them into the line of possible employment. They have made friends and sympathisers among the ranks of large employers, and they believe that their appeals are often heeded at some loss to such employers; but even when all is told the fringe of this terrible problem is barely touched; it confronts them with all its attendant horrors and evils at every turn.

Parliament's Responsibility.

The causes lie deeper than the resources of The Army can touch, and undoubtedly those who have given any close study to the matter are of opinion that its importance would seem to call for a special sitting of Parliament to deal with it alone. It is of

more importance than the prestige of our Empire abroad, or our so-called imperial interests. It is a veritable cancer eating at the nation's heart.

When The Salvation Army first began to deal with the seemingly impossible and unwieldy mass of the submerged, it was at once confronted with the difficulties of obtaining legitimate channels for the newly-directed awakened energies to run in. Such labour as the waste life is capable of is, at first at least, unskilled, uncertain —in many respects unreliable.

Work—a Handmaid of Redemption.

A long course of the submerged life paralyses every faculty, besides reducing the physical system to the lowest ebb. The building up, spiritually, morally, and physically, must of necessity be a very gradual thing. But work of some kind, in fit measure to the damaged capacity, must be instantly provided, since work is the handmaid of salvation in every walk of life.

Realising this, and in order to overcome the primary difficulties, The Army has established a system of Elevators, which may be described as a combination of workshop, home, and religious retreat. To the Elevator come men from the cheaper Free Shelters of The Army, or who are drafted in from the streets, or through the operations of the Labour Bureau.

Now the work of the Elevator has three phases, or

grades, beginning with the paper-sorting industry at Spa Road, Bermondsey. This is an industry requiring little skill or apprenticeship; the object-lesson provided by watching his comrades at work, or receiving a few directions from the foreman is usually sufficient to enable the newcomer to start.

The paper is collected from the great warehouses and shops, as well as from private houses, by men with barrows, assisted by horses and carts where the quantity is too large for the barrow-man. The men have to be so far proved before they are permitted to collect. They have to serve their time, as it were, at the sorting-out process. They work at this business in a large well-ventilated shed, which it was my privilege to visit while collecting material for these articles. About a hundred men are engaged in the actual paper-sorting, which is conducted at long shallow trays, into which the contents of the sacks are emptied, and at which four men work.

"Waste" Matter for "Waste" Man.

The contents of a waste paper bag are very varied, and articles of differing value are frequently found and restored to their owners. The wood which may be found therein is sold to poor people, who make it into halfpenny bundles. The straw is sold or used for stable litter. The string is sorted out into three

classes, and sold to ropemakers. Rags and paper, after being packed in bales by hydraulic pressure, are sold to paper manufacturers at home and abroad. These details are mentioned to show that the whole principle of small economies, as well as large, is understood by The Salvation Army. And here is another of those facts which illuminate these quarters with the star of hope.

All the foremen have risen from the submerged ranks, and are now wage-earners in the ordinary ascending scale.

No Sweating.

But then each man from the moment of his first appearance at the Elevator is a wage-earner. A task is allotted to him, performance of which earns for him his food and lodgings, etc. He is also allowed a cash payment for work done in excess of his allotted task. The Army are not sweaters; it is the regeneration of the man they aim at, and understand that nothing will more quickly raise his self-respect and increase it, than the undisputable fact, demonstrated by such payment, that he is once more worth something in the world.

The men live in large, commodious, and comfortable premises near the works, where every provision is made for them to live cleanly lives. As an incentive

to effort and ambition, there is a graduated system of sleeping accommodation, culminating in what the men have christened "the suburban residences," which are simply old cottages acquired by The Army in the immediate vicinity of the Elevator, though outside the gates. Here several men whose good conduct and general trustworthiness have been proved are accommodated, two men to each room, where they are permitted to exercise their individual taste, and to gather about them their little treasures—photographs, and the like. Some of the rooms make a pathetic object-lesson in the desire of every man to possess a home.

Probation and Co-operation.

The period of probation in the Elevator is usually from six to nine months, according to the individual circumstances of each case. Meanwhile every effort has been made to discover friends and relatives, and many satisfactory cases of a converted prodigal returned to his home could be given did space permit.

But it is an astounding and melancholy fact that very many of these men seem to be both friendless and homeless, and would willingly remain in the only home they have known for many years. There are some now in posts of responsibility who have been at the Elevator since its foundation. Poverty, cold, and

hunger have battered down their ambition to vie to a higher scale, but for their present environments the river or the pauper's grave would long ago have claimed them. On the other hand, an average of about two hundred men per annum are passed through the Spa Road Paper-sorting Elevator, and have found it a stepping-stone to better things. Such is the work of The Army for those who are on the very lowest rung of the ladder. Thus the Hand of Help first ameliorates, and then delivers.

SUMMARY OF SOCIAL OPERATIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

JUNE, 1905.

	No. of Institutions.		
	Gt. Britain.	Abroad.	Total.
Children's Homes	1	35	36
Rescue Homes	24	82	106
Maternity Homes	1	13	14
Slum Posts	45	82	127
Food Depots and Shelters..	33	157	190
Labour Bureaux	11	13	24
,, Factories	11	88	99
Farm Colonies	1	18	19
Other Social Institutions ..	7	65	72
Total Institutions ..	134	553	687

Total number of Officers and Cadets engaged in Social Work, **2,055**.

III.

DOWN EAST—BUT GOING UP.

THE casual observer, passing down the Whitechapel Road, might look in vain for those hall-marks which are supposed to indicate the very strongholds of slum life. The Whitechapel Road is a wide and cheerful thoroughfare, lined by spacious and prosperous shops; it has a constant flow of traffic, both pedestrian and vehicular, and the folk who flit to and fro on its ample side-paths appear like any other body of respectable citizens pursuing their lawful business. If he is in search of sensations or shocks, having remembrance of "Jack-the-Ripper" scares and such like horrors, he is foredoomed to disappointment. The slums are there right enough, however, typical in all their complete misery of slums anywhere. Opening off the Whitechapel Road, lying thickly behind it, is a close network of by-streets and alleys, where are to be found the denizens of the slum proper. If you will walk with me, this fine, cool autumn day, taking a slanting direction from the Headquarters of the

City Colony, you may perhaps see what you will consider worth your while.

The first thing that will strike you, when you actually leave the wide thoroughfare of the Whitechapel Road behind, is the sudden and inexplicable closeness of the air. You feel as if you had suddenly entered a crowded room in which there is no ventilation

An atmosphere inexplicably heavy and charged with innumerable and indescribable odours will envelop you, giving a heaviness to your eyes and a strange dryness to the mouth. Many of the streets are very narrow, also they are badly kept, so far as paving is concerned. As to the lighting, a night visit would have to be undertaken to entitle one to pass an opinion.

Deadly Dulness.

The narrow pavements are broken and uneven, and the cobble stones in the middle of the streets have many ruts in them, nice harbours for the garbage which is one of slumdom's claims to bear the title. There is not much bustle; it is a quiet hour of the day. In fact, the dulness is indisputable. The houses are tall, and have small doorways and windows. In many of the upper windows there is a card bearing the legend, "Beds to let." My guide informs me that it means that sleeping accommodation is to let in the day-time, the same beds being occupied by others at night. A

few further questions discover the subject to be unsavoury and unsuitable for mixed discussion, but think of the picture it reveals! Some of the very quiet and inoffensive-looking houses have been known to afford living, to say nothing of sleeping accommodation, for forty persons.

The authorities? Oh, they do what they can, but slumdom is both powerful and artful, and a good deal has to be winked at. Hotbeds of vice undoubtedly, but the forces are too strong; we don't talk about it. Shut the door; so long as there is no open scandal or horror, let it alone.

Children of the Ghetto.

There are numerous little shops, mostly bearing a foreign name. Comment upon this elicits the fact that now we are in Hebrew quarters; yea, in the very heart of Jewry itself. These mean streets have become the heritage of Israel in England; they represent the stronghold of the Whitechapel Jew. The man who trundles his barrow laden with melons close by us is shouting his wares in an alien tongue, pure Yiddish. It is the language of the children of the Ghetto too, some of them beautiful as angels, who are playing in the gutters. The ample matrons sitting unkempt upon the door-steps mouth it as we pass. Doubtless, they are commenting upon us. An inoffensive British

matron attired in the quietest of raiment strikes a new note. She is in an alien land.

We are confronted with a fresh problem here, the problem of the alien, who is doing the work which Christian Britain should see is in the hands of her own sons. One's soul burns, speech becomes difficult, if not impossible, as street after street bearing the unmistakable hall-mark is passed through. It is Britain's boast that her flag is free, that it is unfurled to protect whoever seeks her protection. It is a fine-sounding sentiment, but the time comes when we must deal with facts. There are not wanting signs of awakening.

A Difficult Problem.

Meanwhile, I commend a walk through these streets to any fair-minded person. It will serve as an object-lesson in social economy as well as, perhaps better than, any other. Here the Hebrew possesses the land, and, if you care to follow up the trend suggested by the subject, you can go to Soho, and see how the Greeks and the French undesirables are in possession there; and on to Saffron Hill, where the Italian colony has found a home; and again back to Whitechapel and Shoreditch, and all over the East-end, where you will find the German sweater, who is cutting the ground from under the feet of the British workman.

Then you can go home, if you like, and write a poem on the glorious protection of the British flag, which is prepared to protect everybody but those of British flesh and blood.

Here, in Whitechapel Jewry, a solitary Englishman recently put in his shop window, "English spoken here!" Let us pass on.

Our destination is another Salvation Elevator, to wit, a carpentry and joinery factory in Hanbury Street, Spitalfields. It is a ramshackle building, cheaply obtained at the beginning, and since improved and made suitable to its purpose—the employment of a hundred men or so.

A Salvation Shop.

It does not differ in any particular from any other carpenter's or joiner's shop. The busy hum of the circular saw, the whirr of machinery, driven by electric motors, the pleasant stir of a workshop during busy working hours, strike musically upon a healthy ear. After the close stagnation of the mean streets, with their unspeakable odours of decaying fried fish and other things more objectionable still, how refreshing is the clean, fresh sawdust smell!

The workshops are all fitted up with the most up-to-date machinery. The Army, competing in the open market, asking no charity, but good money in

exchange for a good article, have early realised and put into practice the truest economy. It is interesting to watch that wonderful mechanism which makes in an incredible space of time, the mouldings necessary for doors and windows. The men are of a higher grade than those we shall see presently, but still all risen from the submerged ranks, differing little from other workmen in other workshops. They seem engrossed for the time being in their immediate task; a large order is on hand to be delivered in a given time. And yet some of these men have strange histories full of tragedy.

On the Up Grade.

One or two are pointed out to me quietly, and one wonders to see such an expression of peace, after so much stormy tossing on the high seas of life. As in other branches, the foremen here, all skilled workmen, have risen step by step to occupy positions of trust and responsibility. It is a wonderful system this! What marvel that the inner working of these great industries is so smooth, those at the head being bound to the Organisation by stronger links than hooks of steel. There is no bond on earth more binding than gratitude to God and man for mercy vouchsafed.

At every step of the way one is confronted with that glorious and rare quality, which, if more universal,

would make the world so much brighter a place. I speak of sanctified common sense.

We visited another centre, some distance away, where the wood is prepared for the carpenters' shop. On entering the yard one is surprised by the immense piles of stored wood. The overseer smiles, and says it will not take them long to get through it. Here, also, is a branch of the wood-chopping industry; and the fact that there are wood-choppers and wood-choppers is conclusively proved by a five-minutes' study of them at their work. There is something fascinating in watching the rise and fall of that chopper in the hand of the expert. I see it now before me as I write. Another visit to the tin-factory, where the mystery of tin-can construction and the methods employed in teaching unskilled men this work are revealed, ends up an eventful day.

The Staff of Life.

There remain still to be described the Salvation Bakery, where all the bread used in the various Homes and Shelters is prepared, and other undertakings carried on on the same principles and for similar ends as those we have briefly described, providing occupation for many hundreds of men. That great body of employés has been gradually sorted out, like the paper bales, from a miscellaneous heap, each man apportioned his

proper niche, the aim and object never lost sight of for a moment, that the best shall be made of him for this world and the next.

I submit that the experiment has succeeded; that The Salvation Army has come nearer the great problem of waste and submerged life than it has ever been approached before. Their ramifications are vast, but resources are limited by the money placed at their disposal. I would that that section of the benevolent public, who have for some unexplained reason or prejudice closed the strings of their purses against the appeals of The Army, would take a little trouble to ascertain the facts, to arrive at some true and personal understanding of the work which is being carried on.

Value for Money.

This cannot be done without taking a certain amount of trouble; but it is worth it. In face of the results achieved, criticism is dumb. An Organisation so varied and so vast must of necessity have a few excrescences; but what are these against the great sum total added to the public good? I make this fresh appeal confidently, knowing, after the closest and most impartial investigation, we have in The Salvation Army —fitted by knowledge, experience, and skill, and leadership—an organisation which is capable of grappling successfully with the evils and the problems of our social life.

IV.

IN THE SHADOW OF WESTMINSTER.

THE autumn wind is sighing through the old Abbey trees, and the little wavelets on the river are lashed into miniature cascades of foam. The red sun has set, and the grey night is darkening down as we wend our way past the long line of the Parliament houses and the historic gateway of the Lords. There is no sign of life about the imposing pile which represents so large a part of our national prestige. Our legislators are making holiday, though the problems with which they are supposed to deal know neither holiday nor sleep. Nay, they grow more acute with every passing hour.

Behind the immense shadow of this historic pile, clustering near upon its dignity, is a network of mean streets. My guide explains that the great scheme of the County Council for the beautifying of London will clear away all these, and bring in their place the sweep of a noble embankment, which will be a thing of beauty, whether viewed from the land or the waterway. The cost? Oh, that will be colossal; but the greatest

capital in the world is worth adorning; and surely the time has come for these unsavoury slums to be swept away. If only their problems could be swept away with them, then would we lie easier upon our pillows. Yet one sighs a little over such drastic change. One who has the historic sense must regret the gradual passing of old London. Inevitable? Yes; there can be no birth without a pang.

Weary Sentinels.

Meanwhile the neighbourhood is in a transition state. There are great and awesome piles of new buildings rearing proud heads to the red-shot sky, seeming to crush into nothingness the huddling shadows of the old houses in which the former makers of London lived. We are still noting these contrasts, when we come suddenly, in an unlikely place, upon a long line of men, stretching from the doorway of a white-washed, barrack-like building out into the street—a silent, patient crowd, among which there seems to be neither speech nor chaff. They stand like sentinels, waiting the event. There is a large gateway to the building, which, standing open all day, is closed about four o'clock in the afternoon.

In this gateway a small wicket has been cut, through which may pass only one person at a time. Four hundred and fifty is the "certified" accommodation

within, and when these have been carefully counted by the Officer the door is shut. Pleading by those left without is in vain. Even the drift of the streets has come to understand that County Council regulations are inexorable, and that when once accepted they will be enforced with loyal strictness. So when the warning hand goes up, and the door is shut, the long line still left turns mutely away. Better luck to-morrow, perhaps, if they can get there in time.

Melting Units of Humanity.

Where will they go now? They do not consult together; these men are solitary units who seldom take even a pal into confidence. They simply melt away among the grey shadows, each to solve afresh the problem of how much comfort can be secured for one night by payment of two copper coins of the King's realm. They are experts in small economies, and they have proved by experience that at the Westminster Salvation Army Shelter for Men the highest value is received. Hence the long queue, the patient waiting, the dull gleam of hope as each one passes within. If you, too, will pass the door with me, perhaps you will learn something of the reason why.

It is very cheerful in the little quadrangle lighted by the gas-lamps. Here the line has formed up again to pass the pay desk. Occasionally some case of desperate

need is allowed to pass without payment, but this is not a free lodging-house. If the Officer in charge, skilled in the study of physiognomy, chances to detect in some face signs of possibility, or of special despair, he permits him to pass. It might be an opportunity—who knows?—and The Salvation Army not only grips opportunity, it makes it.

For the object of The Army is not merely to relieve immediate necessity but to reform character, to save souls, and so uplift, on the soundest of all bases, the submerged life. From the pay desk the men file, either to the dining-room, where the meal is going on, or to the great lavatory, where they are permitted and expected to cleanse themselves before they spend the night in a clean and decent place, and sleep in a comfortable bed.

A Cleansing Stream.

A vision of that strange dressing-room of the homeless will remain with me while I live. I see it from a coign of vantage, unsuspected and unobserved. It is a curious and pathetic sight. There are long lines of clean slate basins fitted with taps innumerable; roller towels perfectly clean, renewed for each day's ablutions, hang from the roof. There are deep white stone tubs, where a man can wash his shirt or other garment, and have it afterwards dried for him in the

hot room in a few minutes. In another place there are baths, which can be had for the asking, and where he is sometimes, if he is a bad case, gently pressed to enter. The scene is lively, washing, spluttering, shaving, hair-dressing; there is one even drawing a hole together with a needle and thread.

The Submerged Man's Toilet.

One old man, bearing himself with military aspect, rivets my attention for the moment. He carefully takes off a very ragged coat, gets out of a shirt whose hue would defy description. He holds it up, regarding it ruefully, then plunges it into a tub of water. Evidently not skilled in the laundress art he rubs it to and fro, occasionally shaking it out, and regarding it, though not with any animation. It takes a long time to clean, perhaps his poor old fingers are nerveless, his thin arms certainly do not suggest any virile force; finally, however, it passes muster, and he takes it away to the hot cupboard to be dried. Then he proceeds to make his own ablutions and toilet, a good sousing of clean water, much rubbing with the roller towel not quite so clean and crisp now, then he fumbles amongst his old rags for a broken bit of comb, with which he carefully trims his grey hair. He looks better now, and his face less wan. Presently, clothed and comforted, he seeks his way to

the dining-room to care for the inner man. We shall follow presently, but meantime the barber's shop in the corner is interesting. The barber is clean and white-robed ; he comes in from the outside, I am told, paying a few pence for the privilege, and is allowed to charge one half-penny for each shave. These men are not exactly paupers ; they have all been out trying to earn money, and have at least earned sufficient to pay their way for the night.

We cross the courtyard once more, where there are groups of men standing about, some smoking, some talking—all looking more cheerful than they did an hour ago. They are homeless men—this is their home. You who have never been homeless cannot realise what that means to each unit in this pathetic crowd.

The Poor Man's Hostel.

How motley a crew it is one only fully realises when seeing it in the mass from the little platform in the dining-room, which is also used as a hall for meetings. It is a big place, built temporarily of corrugated iron. All will be swept away presently, when the County Council's scheme of adornment is ready to be put into practical shape. In winter it is warmed by hot water, but on this mild autumn night it is warm enough without —in fact, too warm. But one forgets all minor discomforts presently in study of the faces in front. It

is something of an ordeal to face them, since no woman, except she be an Officer of The Army about to address them, is allowed in this great hostel of the sad. All who serve and care for them are men, from the gate Officer and the orderly up to the Major in command. There are many curious glances cast at the strange innovation, but all look friendly enough. What a sight it is! One's eyes are blinded for a moment through the bitterness of the inward thoughts. For these are part of London's workless and submerged—only a drop in its wide and bitter sea, but sufficing to reveal the actual state of things.

The Sign of a Handkerchief.

It is easy to gather from the faces that it is, has been, self-degradation in many cases, that vice has been the stumbling-block. Quite evidently, men of all classes and calibre are here. There is the poor gentleman; you can tell him by his air. It is an indescribable air, and there is always the attempt at respectability. His collar may be black, but he will manage a collar somehow. When he gets down to the knotted handkerchief about his neck, he and hope have probably parted company for good.

Then there is the old man, who has been shoved out by age. You know him by his pathetic eye, his bent shoulders, his patient look. The loafer pure and

simple is here, who only earns that he may eat and sleep in comfort; and the criminal also with his low brows and heavy mouth; the man within an arm's length of me has spent forty-seven years of his life in prison. Yes, it is a motley crew, and when the Officer gives out the hymn, and they stand to join in the singing, up comes the blinding mist again. It is not a sweet song, oh, by no means; the voices are harsh; there is no instrumental accompaniment; it may be rather called a volume of harsh sound.

"Jesus is our only argument!"

So runs the first line of the chorus. As they roll it out one wonders whether they realise the meaning of the word. Will any argument avail here, even the argument of Jesus Himself?

Yes, I think it will. Presently you shall hear and see.

The Key-Note.

The Major's breezy, cheery way seems to clear the air.

"Brothers!" There is comradeship in the very sound.

They listen with alert looks, some of them still munching at their last slice of cake. He does not say much, and then asks some of the brothers to stand up in front, and give testimony as to how they have been helped.

They are trophies gained in this holy war, but there is nothing very striking in their appearance, nor theatrical in their simple relations of their story. All who speak have declined and fallen through the same medium—drink and bad company. They differ in appearance, but their story is the same. Little by little, step by step, on the downward road, then the arresting grip of The Army upon their shoulder, and the uplifted heart. The last who speaks, a quiet, gentlemanly-looking young man, with an educated accent (he has been a schoolmaster), tells the same story.

The Voice of Testimony.

The testimony which The Army insists on, to prove the sincerity of the penitence, and also to help others, is no ordeal to most of them evidently. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks, and their gratitude is only equalled by their hope. Even my friend, the little convict, adds his mite, and explains how he became a brand plucked from the burning. All listen attentively, though some of them have their faces hidden in their hands; perhaps these are new to the road, they have their secret shame at finding themselves here.

The appalling thought to a woman is that these men have no home, that they have drifted clean away from all the influences of women relatives on their

lives. Asking how this comes about, the Major tells me that in some cases a man coming out of prison finds his wife taken up with someone else; while others, thrown out of work, and unable to bear the sight of the misery they have brought upon their own people, simply cut themselves adrift, and throw off all responsibility. The reinstatement is not easy, but in every case it is attempted; no effort is left untried, and every possible enquiry is made, both as to the man himself and in other channels where he is likely to be known. The Salvation Army has a vast network of machinery at work, touching every city, in almost every clime, so that its Investigation Department is the most efficient in the world.

Out of this great mass of casual lodgers who come in every night it is the duty of the discriminating Officer to pick those who can be helped permanently.

Expert Discriminators.

His book, like his heart, is full to overflowing, of interesting cases. To take a few at random may perhaps illustrate the point I wish to enforce, that The Army is a great reformative and reclaiming force; that it deals with material discredited and cast-off by every other organisation; that its heart is wide and tender, its resources unlimited, its methods the methods of rational business and sanctified common sense. It is all but

mpossible to "take in" the Major, who has been at this work nearly all his life. He is alive and awake to all the shams and subterfuges; he can spot a lie with unerring instinct; the moucher has no chance in his presence. Yet, with all his sternness and perspicacity, there is a tenderness which might shame a woman's. It has to be seen to be believed or understood.

Graduating Downwards.

One day a man was sent up to Westminster from the Blackfriars Free Breakfast, which I have already described. A physical and moral wreck, yet bearing about him the unmistakable marks of something better. Close questioning elicited from him somewhat unwillingly the admission that he was a professional man, a graduate of one of our great universities. While assisting in a medical practice in the Midlands, he took to drink, driven to it by private troubles, which need not be entered into here. Finally, after much forbearance on the part of his principal, he was dismissed. Without reference, without hope, he quickly sank to the level of the casual tramp on the road.

Without a penny in his pocket he tramped to London, reduced in a few weeks from comparative respectability to a state of abject misery and degradation. A man must be so reduced, before he will drift into a

free breakfast hall where a dole is given out to the midnight waifs of the City. The Officer there noted him, and he was taken hold of, and finally sent up to Westminster, the Major there being specially good at dealing with such cases. He was one of the many to whom free admittance was not refused. The Major talked with him, pointing out the enormity of his sin. To arrive at a true conception of sin is the very basis and meaning of The Army's whole treatment of men. They hold that without it there can be no real reform, no true regeneration. What the poor, shivering wretch tries to call ill-luck is promptly labelled by a different and a truer name. The contention is sound, and is probably the mainspring of their success as reformative agents.

Making Men Think.

The man is made to think, to realise his own position, and is pointed to the true remedy—belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, pardon through the grace of God, and honest effort to work out his own salvation.

The doctor, no stranger, perhaps, to such teaching in his far-off Scottish home, was at length awakened. He was tenderly watched and spoken to, given work of a kind, so that he earned his food and shelter; but never from the Major's mind departed for an instant his original and settled purpose—to get this

man reinstated, sent back to his own proper sphere and environment. Perhaps the very fixity of that purpose accomplished what seemed to me little short of a miracle.

The graduate of one of the proudest universities in the world got upon his knees to scrub up the filth left by his fellow-lodgers—a test of a man's pride, surely, if one could be found. He did it cheerfully, and when he had been tried sufficiently he was lifted a step higher. To make the story short, the man *has* been reinstated; he is now in a practice of his own, married, and with a happy home; the dark chapter in his life is shut down for ever. Saved? Yes, saved by the grace of God and the humane, discriminating effort of The Army, who are God's almoners, with a better understanding of His methods and His infinite mercy than any other body of Christian people it has been my lot to meet. Method objectionable! Show me a better, and I will listen to you. These are the results.

The Story of an Artist.

Another, an artist, came in with the casual drift of the streets. Soon the Officer's attention was arrested, and he was carefully watched. There is no difference made here between peer and peasant, if I may use a common phrase; all are received precisely on the same lines; but the material differs, and, after a time of

probation, treatment has to differ accordingly, just as the physician of the body has to vary his treatment with diagnosis of each case. It is discovered that he has been a black-and-white artist, and has had some standing. Some of his work is obtained and offered to a well-known firm. It is accepted, and hope begins to rise again in the poor fellow's wrecked heart. It is obvious that artistic work cannot be successfully prosecuted in a Shelter, where there is little privacy and still less facility for such work. The Army, recognising this, trusts the man, rents him a little room in the immediate vicinity, provides him there with a bed and a table and drawing materials, and bids him—work. Result, in a few weeks' time he is self-supporting, and now only anxious to recoup The Army for their outlay.

The Right Target.

How is it done? By the same method, an appeal to the man's better nature, a gradual drawing by the cords of love to the fountain-head of all love, an awakening of conscience and soul—conversion. You may deride it or indulge in a secret sneer. But these are facts that cannot be gainsaid, and they are only typical of thousands.

From the dining-room I pass to inspect the beds, where the guests will pass the night. They are

arranged in dormitories, rows and rows of little bedsteads, with a good spring-bottom mattress, covered in American cloth—this, for obvious sanitary reasons, being better than sheets—a pillow and sufficient covering. Willing hands have scrubbed these boards of the floor white; cleanliness and perfect order everywhere reign.

The Might of Twopence.

For twopence per night, any man, weary of sleeping in the streets can come in here, at four o'clock in the afternoon, have a wash, or bath of hot water, if he prefers it, wash his garments, and have them dried for him, eat a good meal, to be procured at trifling cost, consisting of a pint of hot tea, a thick slice of bread and butter, and a slice of cake, sit in a well-warmed and lighted room, listen to heartening and helpful words, be helped to a better life if he will, and sleep in a clean and comfortable bed. Only those who have seen the interiors of the common lodging-house, once the only shelter available for such as these, and then at double the price, can understand the appreciation shown. Hence the long patient line in the street opposite the wicket-gate.

Go down and see it any afternoon for yourselves.

There are economic conditions worthy of your study here, if you are of a practical turn. If it is human

nature and human weakness and the tragedy of life that interest you, you will find it all here. And if you are a scoffer at religion, here perhaps, with such an object lesson before you, you might remain to pray.

Night has fallen as we cross slantwise past the old Abbey and Palace Yard towards Whitehall. Overhead the serene and tender dark, but below the throng and stress, and the glare of the lights that man has made. The lights of London! See them reflected on the now quietened waters of Old Thames, like a mirage. And have they not often proved a mirage luring men to a bitter doom?

Presently all is shut out, as the darkness of the Underground swallows us. But the refrain is left, the refrain of hope and help and maybe of glory:

"Jesus is our only argument!"

Seems as if that hoarse chorus will haunt us now for ever.

V.

BACK TO THE LAND.

You might happen to see at Liverpool Street Station, any morning, a little group of persons in charge of an Officer wearing The Salvation Army uniform. If you felt at all curious regarding this little company, and cared to put a question to the Officer in charge, you would probably be courteously informed that they were City Colonists being drafted down to the Farm Colony in Essex. We are all familiar with the cry, "Back to the Land," which in certain circles has passed into a shibboleth, meaning very often nothing in particular. Most of those who roll it glibly on their tongues as a remedy for this evil or for that, have not even an elementary knowledge of what is involved by such a step, either for the individual or the community. There is plenty of land in England, certainly—especially waste land; but if the people sent back to the land should be waste men, what then? Old Mother Earth is kindly, but she wants some understanding of her resources—in fact, considerable education in that direction—else will

she turn and maintain a continuous deaf ear to those who woo her favour. To put waste men on waste land, without guidance or knowledge, and without adequate capital, would but add to the heavy problems of life. And The Salvation Army does not exist to add to their number, but, by God's grace, to diminish them.

The work in the city, which I have tried to describe, early discovered cases of lapsed and idle men for whom it was of great importance to provide some means of cutting them off from old associations, and from all that could remind them of an undesirable past. Also in cases which were physically shattered, even regular habits, good food, and the fair order of an upright life, failed to build them up in the desired direction. Convalescent or nursing homes for the weaker were out of the question financially, even if the common sense methods of the Army would have sanctioned them ; emigration also for such cases was both undesirable and impossible, the patient, if I may speak of him by such a name, being yet unfit for independent existence.

Origin of the Idea.

Realising to the full the incomparable benefit likely to accrue to the man who has been lifted actually from the pit in a great city, if he could be transplanted to the country, to breathe the pure air of heaven, to be clean cut off from all that could even remind him of

his past; that it would not only be a good thing for him, but would probably solidify as well as shorten The Army's efforts on his behalf; and presuming that some familiarity with agricultural work and conditions would be invaluable for men destined to settle abroad, the idea of the Farm Colony first took shape in General Booth's heart.

In Rural England.

To-day, supposing for a moment that your awakened interest in the little group you happened on at Liverpool Street Station prompted you to take a short journey with them, you would find the Land Colony an accomplished fact. It is not a long journey, and after you get away beyond the vast chain of roofs, which you may be permitted to think stretch too far eastwards, when you are clear beyond the salt marshes and the low-lying swamps out Tilbury way, you will be surprised to discover, if you have not been this way before, what a county of charm and surprise Essex is. Flat certainly in large parts, but as you near Rayleigh, which is the station for Salvation Town, you will be rewarded by the sight of green uplands and undulating spaces which convince you that you are in a country of genuine beauty.

Hadleigh itself is an old-fashioned country village, which viewed the coming of The Salvation Army with

mixed feelings at first. But prejudice has long since died down, and the citizens of the Farm Colony are now regarded with both sympathy and hope. The Army has certainly brought a new tide of life to these remote regions, a humanising and quickening influence into an atmosphere which did not trouble itself regarding the problems of cities. The farm itself, once a great stretch of practically waste land, with a noble frontage to the river, has become a garden. Waste life presents more serious difficulties than waste land, and expert labour brought to bear on these solitary and unproductive places, has quickly caused them to blossom like the rose.

Its Conversion.

The land was not to be used simply as a dumping ground for city refuse, a refuge for unsolvable problems; it was to be made to contribute some part of the cost of the great work of reclamation to be carried on there. To walk or ride through its well-tilled fields, among the green alleys of its flourishing market gardens, to behold the new interests that have sprung up, the poultry farm, the brickfields, and, above all, the clean, flourishing-looking and picturesque little town, is to be filled with wonder at what it is possible for well trained and exercised faculties to accomplish. This land, mark you, had mostly been

abandoned as unproductive; it has never at any time commanded a high price; they will tell you how many families it has starved out in the past, and sent penniless into the cities, to add to the problems that are now solved here. But to-day you would find all this hard to believe.

A Busy Hive.

The farm is carried on on the strictest business principles; those at the head of the various departments are persons of undoubted skill, who are able to make their undertakings pay as productively as the special conditions will allow. The labour is the difficulty. We will come presently to the consideration of that. Everything that can be produced upon a farm is produced here, of a kind and quality which commands the best prices in the open markets. The produce is conveyed to London or to Southend. For the former the barge is the means of transit. See, there is one lying yonder at the Colony Wharf, loading up. It is a long time since I left the land, but I should say it is potatoes that will be the cargo. Yes, there they are in the field yonder, digging and loading the carts with might and main. Thus are the heavy railway rates avoided, and the returns are available for more profitable outlay.

The casual observer would be instantly struck by the wisdom displayed by those responsible for the Farm

Colony Scheme. Of course, it is a splendid idea to take men back to the land, where there is plenty to eat, good fresh air, and work for all. But there were difficulties. The Colonists are often town folks, whose only experience of country life is in the holiday season when they rush to the sea or the hills, as the case may be, mostly to pursue precisely the same order of life. Their knowledge of farming life is very superficial: they have a vague idea that it is a place where corn is grown for bread-making, and potatoes and other things for eating, and where cattle and sheep are fattened for Smithfield and Leadenhall.

Confused Notions.

They have also a sort of vague idea that it is not a serious profession this farming; that anybody who lives in the country is naturally a farmer. The idea that agriculture is a science that has to be acquired through much sore travail, that its triumphs are only to those who will so treat it, would be very new, and a little perplexing. Land, spoken of in the mass so carelessly, requires study as intimate and unrelaxing as human beings. In a word, it is one of the most difficult, as well as one of the most delightful professions in the world. Skilled labour it must have, and here is precisely where The Army found itself confronted with the greatest difficulty.

The farm, among other objects, must provide occupation for the Colonists sent down from London, or drafted in from other parts of England.

Those who come direct from London, who have had the misfortune to be born and reared there, may never have seen a field before. But of the actual possibilities and realities of country life as they are presently introduced to it, they were as ignorant as the babes unborn. Small wonder that eyes only accustomed to the squalor of the slums, to the moving kaleidoscope of London streets, open wide in wonder here. For the rest, the same brotherly welcome awaits them, they are surrounded by an atmosphere of hope, to which they were introduced for the first time perhaps at the Free Breakfast, at the Blackfriars Shelter, or standing in the office of the Labour Bureau, and the Salvation Flag is over all.

A Healthy Optimism.

If I were asked to say what is the outstanding characteristic of The Army, I should instantly answer a cheerful optimism. They start even down in the depths, with the assumption that they are going to succeed, having proved again and again what miracles the grace of God can work in human hearts and lives.

But our new Colonist has often not the faintest idea what will be required of him here in the way of work.

The paper-sorting shed, the wood-chopper's yard, the carpenter's shop, the tin factory—none of them could be as strange to him as this. Put him in a field with a spade in his hand, and bid him dig, and he will set about it as awkwardly as may be. Confront him with the mystery of seedtime and harvest, and his wonder overflows; yet work he must, else he cannot be here. For many weeks he will wield that spade at a loss, financially, to himself and The Army. He will not even earn the bread he eats. Never mind, he is getting healed.

And a Healthy Environment.

He will see the sky, undimmed by any smoke save the slim, graceful wreaths from cottage chimneys. The sun will greet him fresh from Heaven as he steps across the threshold of the door. He will learn to appreciate "the useful trouble of the rain;" he will hear the song of birds in their native haunts; he will begin to understand the mystery of bud and bloom, of birth under the gentle brown furrows of Mother Earth, and he will begin to be healed. His back may ache at first, but as he straightens himself in the furrow he will feel new manhood stirring in his soul. The silver thread of the river yonder will companion him often at his solitary toil. To some, I am told, it is precious; they remember that it is the same old Father Thames that

flows under the London bridges; and in some strange way they are comforted, and feel themselves less exiled than before.

There are many phases to go through during the healing process, some of them painful and difficult, but the end is kept ever before the patient. And always there is the atmosphere of sympathy to encourage him; those who are caring for his poor wrecked body are not forgetful of his mind. And by means of this life in the open, under God's sky, cut clean away from all the sordid and dreadful past, many a man has been rescued for time and for eternity.

Physical Culture.

To those who have knowledge of country life and its pursuits, it must be a joy of no ordinary kind to come back to the land in this way; they quickly find and make themselves at home. But the great percentage of the labour is not only unskilled, but of the most elementary kind, which makes the Farm Colony one of the most expensive parts of the great Scheme for the regeneration of the under-world. But its results are so increasingly satisfactory, so lasting, that its operations are bound to grow year by year. A few months spent at the Farm Colony, among all its varied interests, is worth double the time anywhere else, especially from the physical point of view.

The Colony Town is one of the most cheerful, lively, delightful little places imaginable. It has proved its right to exist, and wears a correspondingly bright air. The well-equipped school, the big comfortable Army Hall, the many cottage homes, wherein have been established family relations, once destroyed by the devil and all his works. Oh, if only these peaceful stones could speak, what tragedies of despair and hope would they reveal!

Free Men Once More.

In them dwell those who have been bound to The Army, who have begged to be allowed to remain under its sheltering wing, who are wage-earning and self-supporting and a credit to any community. They may be forgiven, perhaps, after all that has gone, for thinking they are safest under the Salvation Flag. But many have gone forth from these smiling Essex fields, who by means of them, and all their blessed ministry, have been restored to the world—not the nether-world, thank God, but the free glad world of self-respecting men and women who seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

The Farm Colony is broken up into many parts. Many industries have been successfully started within its environs. The brickfields provide employment for numerous men, all of whom live yonder in the various

buildings, in grades, according to their rank in the scale. Not in the social scale, mark you, for there is only one hall-mark, one scale here—that of brothers and comrades; but it is right that the man who is rising, who is being healed, and shows it by his conduct and his actions, should be recognised. By and by, please God, he may rise to one of the rose-covered cottages, and shut himself in by the door of his own home.

We travelled back to Liverpool Street with two men of high repute in the commercial world, who, having great businesses to attend to, are yet never too busy to spare a day at stated intervals to go down to the farm for the purpose of giving expert opinion regarding its working, and of offering suggestions to improve the output.

These men would not take this trouble unless their hearts were, first of all, touched; and, secondly, unless they were convinced that the undertaking were conducted on proper business lines.

I commend the Farm Colony as an object lesson—as a proof of the sanctified wisdom and foresight that first advocated the bringing of waste men and waste land together.

VI.

A NATIONAL PROBLEM.

LONDON, in the still quiet hours of the early morning has an incomparable charm all her own. To see the noble line of Oxford Street, swept and garnished, the never-ending traffic cleared from it, as if by a magic hand, is to gaze upon a picture never to be forgotten.

The mysterious gossamer haze of the St. Martin's summer seems to hang midway betwixt earth and sky; below, the clear line of the quiet streets, above, a thousand roofs and spires and minarets seen as through a glass darkly and suggesting some mystic world beyond. The horses' hoofs awaken strange echoes on the smooth cool wooden pavements which we have almost to ourselves. Pedestrians are on foot, it is true, but only working London is awake.

Incomparably beautiful, too, is the river, to which we come by tortuous ways, past historic houses, where the men of old London lived and died, all unconscious that the city of their love and desire would become

the mammoth she is. How great is London! The truth is brought home as we traverse the endless labyrinth of her streets on either side of her wide waterway, and realise that each dwelling represents so many units of her life. The river is smooth, like a mill-pond, with the glory of the early sun upon the water and the same witch-like gossamer haze veiling all its blemishes or converting them into things of beauty. To me this is, comparatively speaking, a new London, especially that which lies south of the Thames.

We steadily sweep through the uninterrupted streets out Battersea way, past Lavender Hill, and so to Clapham Junction, and Wandsworth and Wandsworth Common. We can see through the ragged branches of the thinning autumn trees, a giant pile of masonry whose further towers are lost among the morning mists.

Vigils by the Gate.

It is no palace of repute to which we have come; our morning vigil is with the anxious and the sad, waiting outside the great gates of Wandsworth Jail. Although we are early comers, there are already some pathetic groups, chiefly women, some with babies in their arms, many of them young, mostly well put on, but with a pinched and hungry look upon their faces, which tells its tale of struggle and stress.

The babies are well wrapped up and held close to

kindly breasts, for the morning air is nipping and chill. There are several policemen on guard, and a smart sergeant walks to and fro—waiting for a deserter, I am informed, on remarking that he does not look like one waiting the release of a relative or friend.

Facing the noble front of the Jail is a broad tree-lined avenue leading out to the main road. As the hands in the great clock tower wear round towards eight o'clock, the crowd is augmented by little knots of twos and threes, with here and there a single unit, seeming to shrink away from the rest, although all are bent on the same errand. Possibly, this is the first experience of the kind, and passing bitter it is.

The Tears of the Respectable.

Among the latter class could be numbered at once a middle-aged and most respectably dressed woman, who is weeping quietly under the shadow of the straggling hedge. After a moment, the kind-faced Officer of The Army, to whose department this work belongs, ventures to offer a quiet word of comfort and sympathy. He is successful in eliciting the facts which are very simple, but in their way heartrending. No ghastly tale of crime, premeditated and persisted in, is revealed to his accustomed ears. A mother waiting for her son, an only boy, not yet fifteen, caught slinging down chestnuts in Greenwich Park.

Although, undoubtedly, the amenity of public parks must be preserved, and hooligan destruction thereof promptly checked, it is in the nature of a boy to sling chestnuts. If he did not he would hardly be a healthy human boy. Sentence, five days' imprisonment!

The Brand on the Young.

This to a respectable lad, the only son of a decent and hardworking tradesman, the idol of his sisters, is a trial as black as death. Surely the magistrate who gave the sentence was in a hurry that special morning, and did not treat each case upon its merits. For, inevitably, the experience to which this open-faced and open-hearted lad has been subjected will have one of two results. Either he will have received a sharp and lasting lesson, and will for ever shun all paths that lead jailwards, or he will have lost the natural fear of the interior of such a place. I submit that he should not at his age have had the option of choice.

But this is no time for moralising on miscarriages of justice, even if one's feelings are deeply moved; for the small wicket in the great iron-studded door is opened, and the first batch of prisoners step out. They are a sorry crew. The Salvation Officer, privileged beyond the ordinary watchers, stands close by the wicket with a little sheaf of white tickets in his hand. Already the way has been prepared for their reception

of the message they bear by visits made in the cells by the Major himself. Of late years many concessions have been made by the Home Office to The Army, results having convinced it that their operations do not tend to the making of criminals, but the reverse. Quite obviously these men belong to the criminal and vicious class. The degenerate head, the scowling, furtive look, the aspect of slouching suspiciousness, the hang-dog air, all are hall-marks of the profession. One glances with an involuntary shudder of pity at the waiting women, some of whom have lives linked up to such as these.

A Pitiful Scene.

Two move forward to meet them. A respectable young woman takes hold of what would appear to be the most degenerate of them all. To look at him and contemplate life by the side of such an one, is to obtain a glimpse of the nether world indeed. She pleads with him, quite obviously, to come in a certain direction; he scowls and refuses, and, finally leaving her standing in the roadway, runs off—positively runs—in another direction. The Major calmly informs me he has only gone to the nearest pub to invest in a little liquid courage, and will presently be back. He is right, and he returns by and by with a more jaunty and cheerful air, and the couple move off together. He is one of those who have refused the white ticket.

A shabby little trap is waiting in charge of a sporting-looking man of the lowest class. He speeds forward to meet one of his own calibre, who has just been released. They shake hands jovially, with much laughter, and then drive away together. They are known to The Army and the police—members of a notorious gang who prey upon the community, and are generally minus of some member paying penalty for their united wickedness. But they hang faithfully together ; in fact, the loyalty of vicious pals to their comrades in prison, and their manifest anxiety to get a hold of them again, is a serious hindrance to The Army's work.

Hurrying Away.

The first batch quickly disappears down the avenue, one or two dropping in by the way at the Prison Gate Shelter, where a hot cup of coffee awaits any who may desire it. But the majority hurry on, anxious to get away from the immediate scene of their imprisonment.

The first of the second batch is the soldier for whom the sergeant waits, a slim, well set-up young man, who carries himself as a soldier should. He is in uniform, and carries good-conduct stripes, which show that his offence has not been a very serious one, perhaps only a drunken brawl ; anyhow, he marches off gaily enough by his sergeant's side.

Here comes the little lad of Greenwich fame, walking dazedly, his eyes blinking, as if long shut out from the cheerful morning sun. Suddenly he sees his mother, and breaks into a run, with the tears streaming down his face. Next moment he is in her arms, and the Major seems to shadow them with his kindly presence; for this is a little sacred scene set apart from the more sordid elements of our strange vigil. They walk away quickly down the avenue, the Major with them, just to assure them of his sympathy and his practical help, if need be, supposing the boy should find it difficult now, with the prison stain upon him, to get work. There are many Christian employers of labour, thank God, who would be glad to give such a lad a chance. A big, comfortable policeman standing close by us, to whom we make a remark about this travesty of justice, at the same time blaming the constable who "ran him in," remarks with a shrug of his huge shoulders :—

"Wot are we to do, mum? We've certain rules and regulations give us. I 'ave a 'eart meself, only I durstn't use it."

What will the Boy Become?

They are coming yet, fresh from the prison gates, a sorry, sorry crowd, their poor clothes all sodden and creased, and as if they had been flung on some dust-heap until the day came for them to get into them once

more. To see those men, to make even the most casual study of their types, is to realise in some faint degree the constant menace under which the respectable public live. For this is only one day and one prison. Ninety-seven is the number to be released this morning, and every morning this week, and every other week to come throughout the year. And alas! their places are promptly filled by others, who go to make up each day's fresh record of discovered crime.

Criminal Reform.

The Salvation Army is the first Organisation that has ever tackled seriously, on any adequate scale, this great problem of crime, and the saving and preventing of criminals. The objects of their Prisoners' Aid Agencies may be briefly stated, as they occur in their book of Orders and Regulations :—

"(*a*) To help them in their difficulties. They may be justly charged or not. Anyway, they are human beings, and have souls, and are to be pitied and assisted, if may be.

"(*b*) We want to reform and save them, if that be possible.

"(*c*) We want to comfort and help their relatives, after the same fashion.

"(*d*) We want to get them into our Homes, and directly under our influence, for these purposes."

The methods adopted are such as must commend themselves to all reasonable persons, and are characterised by the same everyday wisdom that is a feature of all the other branches of the work. Now that permission has been obtained to visit the prisoners during the period of their incarceration, the Officers upon whom this delicate and serious duty devolves have been warned by their leaders that they must keep before them the only object of such intervention—the assistance and possible salvation of the prisoner. He is not to encourage complaints against injustice or criticisms of the prison system. His business is outside all that.

An Essential Awakening.

What is wanted is that the habitual criminal should have awakened in him a sense of sin. With him, as a rule, crime is no sin. The sin lies in being found out. To reach the heart of such an one, to turn it Godwards, does it not seem a superhuman task?

If you could see, as I saw them, the types released from Wandsworth Jail any morning in the week, between the hours of eight and ten, you might be pardoned a dubious head-shake. But, praise be to God, it is possible. And there are living in the community to-day hundreds of hardworking respectable men and women, all of whom have been in prison, many of them long-timers, who belonged actually and actively to the

criminal classes, but whom The Army has rescued and uplifted. I have myself talked with many such, heard life stories which, put down in cold print, would not be believed.

A Redeemed Trinity.

I have before my mind's eye at this moment three picked at random from among many others. One, a man who had done thirty-three years for burglaries and other crimes, who was familiar with Dartmoor, Portland, Millbank, the Scrubbs (when it was a convict prison), and to whom the network of crime was meat and drink. To look upon him now, a respectable, even a sweet-faced old man, telling his story humbly and without any boastfulness, is to obtain a new lesson in life.

He told me the story of his first acquaintance with The Army in one of the large convict prisons, where the Officers are permitted to visit long-time men from time to time. They are left in no doubt as to where to apply when they are released, and if they are desirous of leading a better life. It is the difficulty of awakening this desire, which makes this work so long and weary, and, oftentimes, discouraging. For while it may be possible for the respectable working-man, whom misfortunes or even folly have submerged, to rise, by means of the social ladder offered by The

Army, it is often impossible for the criminal. He is usually dead to shame, he has no character to lose, his only fear and check is the vision of a further prison. Therefore, before he can really be helped, his better nature must be brought to life from the dead; God's grace must touch the man, and uplift him through human agency.

The Criminal's Imagination.

In some cases these men, coming under the operations of The Army, hear from them for the first time the story of the Great Redemption. Sometimes it lays hold of an imagination which a criminal career has not by any means blunted. It appeals to his dramatic instinct, as it were, and in the silence of his cell he may ponder upon it. But it would not be possible to follow the tortuous workings of such a mind; with God all things are possible. The fact is indisputable that The Army has reformed and restored to clean lives a very considerable number of the criminal class of both sexes both in this and other lands. They have with experience very much improved their methods. Although they are ready to meet a prisoner at the gate, and to advise him regarding his future, they do not seek to bear him away as a trophy. The little white card with the legend upon it tells him all he wishes to know, the addresses at which he may present

himself if he really has the desire to repent and to be helped.

The Label Removed.

Realising also the extreme difficulties, as well as the special dangers, besetting a criminal, even while endeavouring to reinstate him, they have ceased to set him apart either in their Homes or in their work. The men are distributed through the various departments; received in whatever Institution is likely to be most needful for his case. Everything of the nature of a label is strictly avoided. Absolute silence is regarded concerning his past. His presence at work is accepted as a token that he himself desires to bury it, and he is discouraged from ever alluding to it. If his heart is really touched, and a new manhood awakened in him, he is only too thankful to bury it. Some of the stories I have heard from the lips of ex-convicts were known only to the police and The Army Officers.

That such reticence is necessary can readily be understood by those who have any knowledge of the ticket-of-leave system as applied to ex-prisoners. One of them, a Scotchman, who had spent the greater part of his life in convict prisons, informed me that the ticket-of-leave system, as presently administered by the police, is responsible for many a man's continuance in a career of crime. Such a man may be sincerely anxious to do

better, and start work with that end in view, but somehow the facts of his career seem to leak out. As the police in most cases are the only custodians of his secret, he naturally blamed them. Again and again he found himself sent adrift. Even in cases where the employer, a humane man, would have been disposed to give him a chance, the tide of opinion among his other employés was too strong for him. Suspected, shunned, shut out from the ordinary walks of life, as this man pathetically informed me, what was he to do but return to the only paying occupation he knew?

A Partial Solution.

The Salvation Army, whose efforts for the amelioration of human misery have been so obviously blessed, have, by the establishment of different forms of industry in their own factories and workshops, succeeded in partially solving this problem.

To see that daily horde of degenerate and criminal men being released from confinement, to watch them slink away, to be swallowed up in the great vortex, to plan further crime, no doubt, is to receive an object lesson of the first magnitude. I commend the experience to any doubter. He can satisfy himself any morning between the hours of eight and ten by spending a short time outside the gates of any one of our great prisons. And, when he has satisfied

himself as to the calibre of those let loose, he may, if he likes, make the fullest enquiry as to The Salvation Army's method of getting a hold of and dealing with them.

And if he happens to have money in his pocket, I venture to predict that he will find a fresh investment for it, which will bring him sound sleep, and a feeling of security which would surprise him.

NOTE.—£2,000 are needed for the maintenance of our Work among Prisoners in Jail during the current year, and for those discharged from prison. Surely ten times this amount would be worth expending!

VII.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

And now we come to the consideration of that sad problem—the case of the submerged woman. Surely the picture and future of such an one is hopeless. We have always been taught to believe that the reclamation of a submerged woman might be numbered among the miracles, if not among the impossible happenings of life.

Life is generally harder for women than for men. Nowhere is it harder for them than in the lowest strata of society, if I may dignify certain ranks of life with such a title.

The wife of a skilled and prosperous tradesman of industrious habits, justly proud of his respectability, and recognising his own value to the community, needs no pity from any man. In some respects her lot is an enviable one. If she be a woman of average ability, with some practical knowledge of housekeeping affairs, and the still more valuable knowledge of how to lay out the weekly sum entrusted to her, she can contribute

materially to the success of their dual undertaking. They have no appearance to keep up, except the appearance of honesty, which comes naturally to them. They occupy a responsible position—they are part of the backbone of the nation. They may, if thrifty, lay by a little for the rainy day, and rear their children in ways of thrift and honour. House-rent is their most serious item, it being admittedly, in London, out of all proportion to other expenditure, or to the earning capacity of the payer. But food and clothing never were cheaper. The children are educated at the expense of the State, and there is always room everywhere for the skilled operative.

A Scandalous Ignorance.

Such is the sunny side of the picture. But unfortunately every decent workman does not secure a thrifty, capable, and industrious wife. The education of our young women in the household arts, in the purchasing capacity of money—in a word, in the aptitude which will fit them to be helpmeets to their husbands, when they get them, is not only deplorably deficient, it is a national disgrace. I have no hesitation in saying that the absolute ignorance of certain sections of British womanhood of the simplest elements of domestic economy is the conducing cause of a large proportion of the misery and poverty and crime in

these islands. When this ignorance is combined with indulgence in strong drink, then does the case become hopeless? No, not quite; it is possible to raise even the lowest; but, oh, that such searching among the lost should be necessary!

The women who are submerged, who are in immediate and desperate need of some friendly helping hand, naturally separate themselves into certain classes.

The Woman Inebriate.

There are drunken women, who, through their terrible appetite, have lost all; whose homes, if they ever possessed them, have long been sacrificed; whose friends have cast them off, and to whom nothing, apparently, is left, but the unhallowed pleasure of satisfying their craving for drink. Degraded and besotted, when they have not joined the actual ranks of the criminal, they have become veritable waifs of the streets, sleeping now in the common lodging-house, that pest-place, where there is often neither morality nor decency, occasionally in the casual ward of some great workhouse; oftenest of all, perhaps, in some doorway or under the buttresses of a bridge or tunnel, hopelessly down, in their rags and tatters; how is it possible to carry an evangel of hope to them? It is possible, as we shall presently see.

Then there is the criminal woman, released from jail, outside the pale of decent society, shunned of all men and women, even the most degraded. If possible, her case is one degree more hopeless than that of the confirmed drunkard. She must steal or starve.

Then there are the widows and orphans, neither criminal nor drunken, but the victims of appalling misfortune. Bereft by death of their natural protectors and providers, they become the prey of sharpers of both classes, and what little substance they may have possessed is stolen from them, and they are left penniless and helpless, very often without any clear capacity for earning, like so much drift thrown upon the seashore.

Alone and Forsaken.

Then there is the large army of wives and mothers who have been deserted, for whose husbands we have to look among the submerged men. Oh, it is a ghastly and varied array, sufficient to make the angels weep. But though the hearts of The Army Officers may be, and often are, full to bursting, a stern control is kept upon emotion, and their cry is ever "all hands to work." There is a labour bureau, and a registry office for women at Hackney, where those willing to work can be helped and advised. There is a department which will fit her with the necessary clothing to

enable her to take any work available : a loan, be it understood, and generally regarded so scrupulously. Many touching instances of hard-won earnings being devoted to the work of The Army by those who have benefited by its generosity, are on record among the annals of the Women's Social work. The actually submerged are reached by the ordinary midnight work among the homeless. They are, so far as accommodation will permit, taken into the various Shelters and Elevators, where their capabilities are tested, and made use of. In every case, the desire and aim is to restore the woman, to make her once more self-respecting and self-supporting.

Classification and Adaptation.

It may be well to mention here for the information of those to whom the idea would be new, that a list of capable women available for every branch of women's work is kept at the Headquarters at Hackney, and enquiries for such women by prospective employers will be met with every frankness and sincerity. No woman will be passed for what she is not, and their characters so far as is possible have been sifted and tested. The Army fully realises the danger of putting irresponsible or unreliable persons in positions where trust might be abused. Therefore every care is taken to test the woman before she is

recommended. At the Shelters, she is helped as the men are; her physical need relieved first, and some attempt made to reach her spiritual need also. In many cases restoration to friends and home has been made possible, and it may be understood that the gratitude for such restoration knows no bounds. Space will not permit to give instances, but these can be obtained by any interested person from the Head-quarters of the Women's work at Mare Street, Hackney.

Human Castaways.

A class of persons even more difficult to help are those who are not only homeless, but friendless, in whom no solitary human being takes the slightest interest, whose ultimate hope is merely the rest of a pauper's grave. That there are hundreds of such women upon our streets has been amply proved, and has taxed the resources of The Army's agencies to the utmost.

Few of those who may peruse these words are familiar with the network of mean streets that lie in the rear of many of our most brilliant thoroughfares, places so ghastly, so forlorn, so sordid and wretched, that even to take a casual walk through them creates an impression difficult to shake off.

One autumn day, when I had the compilation of this book in contemplation, I paid a visit to these mean

streets, and in the course of other experiences visited a Women's Shelter in the East End. It is situate in the very heart of that dark continent. I might linger to describe the almost indescribable sights and sounds of that strange locality; but it is the Shelter with which we have immediately to do. Here we see what is done for the submerged woman on the lowest rung of the ladder. The little narrow door is opened for us by a kind-faced woman whose tongue quickly betrays that she has come from North of the Tweed. Her broad Scotch strikes a pleasant, familiar note here in an alien land. A warm handshake passes between us. We are of the same land and kindred, and though pursuing our work in different grooves, each, praise God! actuated by the same motives.

A Home and a Haven.

It is a comparatively quiet hour of the day—four in the afternoon—and we see the place cleaned and purified after the one night's batch, and waiting for the next to come in. Here are 276 beds; there is never an empty one. Nightly many are turned from the doors, and only the want of a few hundred pounds prevents the providing of others. The Captain in charge tells us that her inmates are chiefly old women, the preference being given to them; because, truly, there cannot be a more pitiable object

under Heaven than an old, infirm woman, towards whom no one has a duty to perform, cast in her failing days upon the mercy of the streets. The charge for bed and food here is twopence, and most of them are able to earn that by selling matches, bootlaces, or other trifles in the streets. At night they come "home." That they truly regard it as a home is evidenced by the fact that there are some permanent inmates who have been sheltered there for years.

"A Vested Interest."

One, whom they call Number One, has slept in the same bunk for nine years, and has, in fact, appropriated it for her own sole use. She has a vested interest in that bed. Poor old soul! She is perfectly happy, and though the day should come when Granny will not be able to present her twopence at the pay-desk, she will not be ousted, you may be sure, from her own particular bunk, where summer and winter she sleeps warm and secure as a little child. She is now saving up a few coppers to help The Army to give her decent burial. The Army has been father and mother and home and family to Granny, and she repays them with all the gratitude of which her poor, withered old heart is possible. I can well believe that the sight of these homeless women, who have borne the burden and heat of the day, must be a pathetic one. Here they are

incomparably happier than in any workhouse. They have their freedom, and are treated like human beings, and not like part of a great machine.

The place is scrupulously clean. There is precisely the same provision made for personal cleanliness here as in the Men's Shelters, and each long dormitory, with all the beds, is disinfected every day.

To come in from the indescribable filth and smells of the slums, which in this neighbourhood can be seen and felt in their full squalor and misery, is to breathe a purer atmosphere, both morally and physically. There is a perfect cleanliness and brightness, and in the pantry, where they are cutting up the bread and butter for the inmates' tea, everything is spotless and shining. Also the kind, true face of the Captain, who has given her life to this wonderful ministry, is the inspiration of the place.

God is here, undoubtedly, befriending, through His servants, the old ladies forgotten of the world.

Slum Lighthouses.

Another branch of the Social work for women, which almost deserves a chapter or article to itself, so beautiful and important is it, is what is termed the Slum work.

Perhaps you will call with me one evening at a certain Slum Post—as the centres of this work are

termed—in Somers Town, hard by King's Cross, where there is slum work as pronounced as in any Whitechapel area. But there is a certain life and brightness here we did not observe off the Whitechapel Road. The naphtha lights flare above the laden coster barrows, and the children are dancing merrily to the street organ strains of "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." At almost every corner the public-houses are in full swing, the tempting glare of the lights beckoning many a poor wretch to further degradation.

The Brightness of God.

The Slum Post does not herald its existence with any array of banners. It has no flaring sign to attract the passer-by. A modest doorway, with a shop-front window only dimly lighted seems to make a contrast to all the surrounding gaudy show. A knock at the little door ensures its speedy opening by a cheerful bright-faced Lieutenant in Salvation dress, whose youth and winsome looks surprise one. Surely she has given up much to devote herself to such work, but her looks would seem to say that great gain is hers. In fact, a cheerful brightness is the out-standing characteristic of The Salvation Army face. There is no sour-vizaged religion here; the light within burns steadfastly, and sends forth illuminating rays. There is a group of children gathered on the scoured

benches, listening to the strains of a gramophone, which some kind friend has presented to the Post. The place, formerly a pie-shop, has been converted into a small hall or schoolroom, where meetings are held, and the children taught. This is one of the children's nights.

Behind the shop are the usual living rooms. When you pass back into them you are brought face to face with the real power of the Slum Post. Here you are cut off by a little passage from the din and squalor of the street. It is a very quiet simple little place, a sort of glorified kitchen, bright and clean and inviting. Here the Sisters of the Slum Post live. They sleep in a room upstairs.

"Ready, Aye Ready!"

In their home they are available to the call of the needy and the sad, at any hour of any day or night. Their duty is to go, like the doctor or the policeman, when they are sent for. Very often it is in the night to help to nurse a desperate case, or to ease a dying bed, or give succour to some woman in her extremity. Nothing comes amiss to them: they talk of the tragedies of life as if they were the merest commonplaces. After breakfast, when they have set their own little home in order, they sally forth to visit special cases of sickness; go to homes where cleaning has to be done,

or where comfort in hours of anguish or shame is most needed of all. Their object being to help, brighten, and improve the wretched homes in their vicinity, they are willing to show the woman how to work and clean up her house, if necessary, or do it themselves, if she is ill, or, for some other reason, unable to work.

The afternoon is devoted to house-to-house visitation, to finding out fresh cases of need, to making new friends, and trying to get in touch with the people.

Perfect Love.

It would surprise you what these dear women have to do, and can do. They have learned to bear with silent courage sights and sounds which unnerved them at the beginning. Even dirt and smells do not affect them as formerly, and it is certainly wonderful how they are protected, not only from possible contagion, but from a thousand dangers to which young and attractive women might naturally, in such a neighbourhood, be exposed. They do not seem to know the meaning of fear, going about on their grave duties at all hours of the night, often quite alone. It is certain that some unseen protection is round about them. They, too, have a special work among old women, most of whom live in solitary rooms, the rent of which is just covered by the outdoor relief granted by the parish. Sometimes this is augmented by small contributions from members of their

family, or from outside persons interested, and which The Army Officers administer. It is surprising how little these poor souls can actually subsist upon, and how they cling to the idea of a little corner of their own. To possess and enjoy it, rather than face the prospect of entering the workhouse, they will suffer in silence unheard-of privations. Their longevity is astonishing. Life does not seem to depend really upon the multitude of things a man hath, but rather the reverse.

The Gospel of Soap.

The Lieutenant tells me that, as a rule, the old ladies keep their little homes very clean. When they are unable to do so the Sisters will clean periodically for them, and even take away their clothes to wash at the Slum Post; in fact, no service is beneath these devoted women. They are enabled to brighten many dark and almost hopeless lives; the little visit is looked forward to, and the talk about things unseen and eternal gradually and increasingly appreciated.

It would be easy to fill a small book with a record of their experiences; in fact, as the Officers say, the difficulty is to know where to begin or end. The thought uppermost in my mind as I turn away from the little door, to face once more the gay squalor of the gaslit streets, is wonder that such things are possible.

What do these women get out of it all? Barely a living wage; continuous work of the hardest and most wearing kind; obscurity, since the world knows not, and will never hear of them; very often they die at their posts. Weaving a crown of glory, undoubtedly, they are, day in and day out, though not the crown coveted by the world.

The great day will reveal the magnitude of such self-sacrifice.

The love of God constrains them. No other words can adequately explain a sacrifice so precious, and which seems to convert into nothingness the ordinary idea of duty and service towards one's fellows.

Of still another important department of Women's work I must speak in a further chapter.

NOTE. — To maintain our Social Work amongst Women, including the Rescue and Industrial Homes, Shelters, Maternity and Nursing Work and the Slum Operations, we require £20,000 during the year.

VIII.

THE FRIENDLESS GIRL.

THE original plan of the Creator to make man the breadwinner, and woman his helpmeet and distributor of his earnings, has long been departed from in many walks of life. Whether there has been corresponding gain in happiness, and in family well-being, is a question which need not be entered upon here. The condition of the marriage market in the lower strata of society would probably surprise even the apostles of the most advanced creed.

Of course there are green fields here and there even in the deserts. It is possible to find even among the submerged, many instances of conjugal and family devotion which do much to redeem the black darkness around.

But too often it is a mere casual partnership, in which there is no bond, and scarcely a responsibility understood or accepted. Both parties go their own way, and both earn a livelihood legitimately, or otherwise, according to their capacity and the particular circumstances in which they happen to be placed.

And even where the husband is a labouring man, in possession of a slender though steady weekly wage, his method of disbursing it is peculiar. If he is a sober man, without any pronounced vices, and kind-hearted to boot, then his family may not fare so ill; but if otherwise, as is so often the case, the wife has to step into the breach and earn what she can. Home life, as understood in happier circumstances, scarcely exists; the nursery of the children is the street, where there is no supervision exercised over them, and where they imbibe what they please in the way of vice.

Women *v.* Men Wastage.

This slack view of responsibilities undoubtedly accounts for a very large proportion of the actual destitution and misery which exists amongst women. Although wastage among women may be regarded by certain economists as less serious than among men, who are the wage-earners, and, therefore, in their estimation, the more important units of the State, to some minds it seems not less, but more appalling.

God intended the softer influence of woman to sweeten life, for which purpose He endowed her with certain attributes denied to man. But in that great area of poverty and misery and crime which you and I are traversing together in these pages, the best

attributes of womanhood have been, if not finally crushed out, at least pushed into a space so infinitesimal, that they do not count. Struggle and fighting are bound, sooner or later, to harden and scarify. Some of these women know nothing else from the cradle to the grave; even the love of little children, God-given and God-intended for the uplifting and softening of life, seems here to have lost its potent influence.

Separation and Desertion.

When hope has departed, and there has come a gradual disillusionment regarding the future, there is always the drink, the open door of the gin palace, for the time, merciful oblivion; though after it there comes a sharper despair. Often, when the best years of her life are gone, the married woman suddenly finds herself bereft of her partner. Perhaps he has gone to jail, or, more likely, taken up with someone else, or simply tired of the corroding care of family life, in hopeless environment, has taken himself off to another town, or, may be, to another part of some great city, where he can disappear and live in comparative freedom and safety.

How often the latter course is adopted would surprise you, but it provides a quota that helps to account for the great army of homeless and, apparently, unattached men who daily come within the operations

of The Salvation Army. It would seem necessary to explain this here, in order to make clearer some of the causes of misery and destitution among women and the necessity for the agencies which The Army has set going.

Then there is the great host of what may be called the almost hopelessly abandoned women, who have lost their character, sometimes at the beginning through small fault of their own, and who had no alternative in the end but to ply their trade as their more ambitious sisters do night after night on Piccadilly. There are many Piccadillys in England, and a vast army of these unhappy recruits in a service which has its root and foundation in hell.

Mother—But not Wife.

In this connection there has to be reckoned and dealt with, by any reformative agency, the large number of young women and girls, some of them mere children, who have motherhood in view, and nowhere to turn for aid. In circumstances where a woman needs all the care and love and kindness it is possible to bestow or receive, thousands of our sisters find themselves bereft of all, with nothing before them but the workhouse infirmary, or a ward in one of our great hospitals. While it is true that there they receive help at the actual time of need, it must be understood that the few institutions that

deal with such cases are not in any sense of the word homes. The hospital, at any rate, is a teaching school, for one thing; the object of its existence being simply to receive cases of childbirth, its beds are not supposed to be available for any other purpose. A fortnight is the usual period allowed for the detention of each patient. She is then sent out with her mite of a baby, homeless, friendless, often altogether forsaken and despised, to face the world. Her physical state at the end of two weeks' time may be imagined, but it can only be understood by those who have gone through a similar experience.

Where is she to turn at such a time? I have seen such an one pass away from the gates of a hospital, the bitter wind sweeping through her thin garments, holding to her breast a little bundle rolled in a shawl—a mother and a baby—to face a great cold world in which she had not one friend!

Woman's Adversity our Opportunity.

The Army, in its great scheme for the relieving of human sorrow, quickly realised that this was a department requiring instant and efficient effort. At such a time a woman's heart is naturally receptive; her weakness of body renders her peculiarly grateful for any kindness, and if she has the natural instincts of a mother's heart, she will also be anxious regarding the future of her child.

To meet this need The Army has established in the near vicinity of the Women's Headquarters at Hackney, a Maternity Home for such cases as I have described—to wit, young women, hitherto decent, who have been led into trouble by some man in whom probably they had placed their trust. In connection with the Maternity Home, there is also a properly equipped and organised Hospital, under medical supervision, and in which invaluable work is being done in the training of nurses.

It can be readily understood that as the inmates of a Maternity Home and Hospital even for some weeks before the child arrives are in no fit state to do much work, the cost of their maintenance constitutes a heavy drain upon The Army's resources, and it is necessarily one of the most expensive branches of the work. If funds would permit of its extension, so that paying patients could be received, and more probationary nurses accepted, then the heavy expenses and anxieties would be considerably lessened.

A Crying Need.

It may be mentioned here that the provision made in London for the reception of women and girls who have made one step aside from the right path, and have to suffer these appalling consequences, are strangely inadequate, considering the number of such cases and the amount of other charitable agencies at work.

Now it can be realised that under such circumstances a young girl needs a friend; that very often, if one is found to point her in the right way, she, fresh from the impression of the exceeding bitter lesson she has received, may be permanently established in the way of righteousness. But that friend has to be found; and one shudders to think of the very many who never find her, and who, deserted and betrayed, leave the infirmary or workhouse simply to sink lower.

Another Downward Step.

Hampered with a child for whom the author of its being takes no responsibility, if fortunate enough to obtain a situation, she has to put her baby out to nurse, a step which opens up another long vista of darkness —the baby-farming industry. The payments to the nurse-mother, so often inadequate to the return given, are a serious drain upon the poor creature's slender resources. Then separated from her child, the mother-love has little opportunity to grow, and the chances are that her last state may be worse than her first.

To obviate these difficulties, The Army has organised a complete system of supervision which may be briefly explained. During the time the patient has been under their care, The Army has not been idle in her cause. The Investigation Officers make it their first business to discover the man.

Very often there are happy instances of a subsequent marriage and the establishment of a little home, in cases where, without the intervention of The Army, such a consummation would have been impossible; but it must be understood that it is the spiritual and physical welfare of their patient which is kept in view, and they would not hand her over to an undesirable husband simply to escape responsibility. Rather would they help her back by some other means to the path of respectable independence. Her capabilities are discovered, and every effort is made to obtain suitable employment for her.

The Army as the Girl's Guardian.

At the same time they seek to foster the mother-love in the girl's heart, so that she may feel it both a privilege and a duty to work for her little one.

The Army assists her to find a suitable caretaker for the child, the whole object here, as elsewhere, being to encourage the sense of individual responsibility, and to inculcate the duty of every capable man and woman to work so that their responsibilities may be adequately fulfilled by themselves. The girl, softened and grateful for the kindness received, in many cases her soul really touched through human love to some understanding of Divine grace, goes out of the Home a better woman than she entered it. And the results of such gracious

influences do not end with her, but are diffused through her in other places, where perhaps the light has not yet penetrated. She becomes, in her turn, a labourer for the good, as well as for the warning of others.

The Army does an immense business in the way of reinstating women in domestic service from which they have fallen through circumstances such as I have related, and other adverse influences.

Kindly Co-operation.

In every case the truth is told to the prospective mistress, and I am thankful to be able to record the almost universal willingness of women in other walks of life to further and promote the good work The Army has begun. But for their co-operation the problem would be much more difficult and expensive than it is, as it would entail finding some other means of livelihood for the women, who are not lost sight of after they have once been helped.

I submit that The Army's methods are both humane and reasonable, that they deserve the support of all Christian people, but especially may I say the support of women, more happily placed, who have never known such temptation as assails their often friendless sisters.

And I would plead here too for some more fully-awakened conscience on the part of those who employ young women in any capacity whatsoever. Their

responsibility does not end with the mere payment of wages. It is not too much to say that many a girl in a crisis of her life undreamed of by her mistress might have been saved the final downward step had there been any sympathy or interest bestowed in her personal history and life by that mistress.

I commend this to ladies and employers of labour, who have perhaps never given this matter a serious thought.

IX.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

THE Women's Social work would obviously be incomplete without some provision for the care of the children, who unfortunately are too often the chief sufferers through the wrongdoing or misfortunes of their parents.

The amount of actual child destitution and misery in London is appalling. The half could never be told. We, who regard childhood as the crown of happiness in the home, find it difficult to realise the attitude of those who bring them into the world, and then leave them, which in too many instances is literally true. It is a happy case sometimes when they do so leave them. The foundling on the doorstep in a state of unconscious innocence enters life less heavily handicapped than the children of the slums. If there is a sight under Heaven calculated to arouse the most holy indignation in the human breast, it is surely to be found in the outraged and neglected child.

In addition to the natural feelings evoked by the sight

of its misery, another consideration steps in—the seriousness of the outlook for the future, since every such child left in its poverty and degradation will presently become a still more difficult problem. The chances are all in favour of its joining the ranks of the incapable or the criminal, and becoming, in its turn, a menace to society. It is considerations such as these, as well as the finer feelings common to humanity, which have caused The Army to establish the Children's Aid Society, which is somewhat similar in its aims and methods to the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; only they begin, if possible, lower down, aiming to get at this mighty evil root and branch. Therefore they take care of the mites who are born under the roof of their Maternity Home.

Not Left to Drift.

In every case, as I have said, it is the aim, when they have failed to obtain any satisfaction from the father of the child, to foster in the mother's heart both mother-love and responsibility, which are not always co-existent. They help her in every possible way, when the child has to be put out to nurse; they endeavour to find a suitable and reliable home for it, and in cases where it is difficult or impossible for various reasons for the mother to pay the full amount required, they may supplement it. They act with their customary discretion and humanity here.

The results are encouraging. Association with the fine spirit of The Army Officers during her period of rest and recovery have in most cases presented to the mother's mind an entirely new view of life. No effort has been spared to awaken such a view. And there are many touching instances of the poor young mother's devotion to her nameless baby, and her self-denying efforts to earn sufficient to keep it in comfort.

But, naturally, this part of the work is infinitesimal as compared with what is done outside for the relief of child-misery.

Abandoned Waifs.

The Slum Officers, stationed in every part, and free, in most cases welcome, to investigate almost every home, find much to appal and discourage. The Warden of the Children's Home, at "The Nest," Clapton Road, has many heartrending tales to tell of the condition in which most of her little brood have been found. In many cases they were simply abandoned, found helpless and homeless in the streets; in other cases, though provided with shelter, called by courtesy a home, their treatment there was calculated to destroy them, body and soul.

It is difficult, seeing them now, under that happy home roof, to realise what their previous experience has actually been. Happily, children easily forget,

and are quick to respond to immediate kindness, else were the work among them more depressing than it is. They look a very bright and bonny band, as seen either in the spacious nurseries of "The Nest," or playing in the old garden, which has been saved for the children out of the gradual demolition of what was once a select suburb of London. Here and there, one comes across a strange little face, which seems to belong to neither woman nor child. If you enquire into the history you need not be surprised if you have your feelings harrowed by the suggestion of some unnameable offence. The tale of suffering childhood in London would not dare to be written, no community would permit its perusal. We know this, and The Army knows it, so they go on quietly, saving where they may, and always ready to stretch out the helping hand.

The Holiest Ideal—Home.

As far as possible the idea of a home, rather than that of an institution, is carried out at "The Nest." There are very young babies there in their own department, babies in cradles, sucking contentedly at bottles, with round eyes opened wonderingly, but not anxiously, upon this great problem called life, which happily is presently being solved for them. Then there are the toddling mites, just of an age to be rivals

for the possession of certain toys. There are a good many toys in "The Nest" nurseries, but a big family can get through them in a surprisingly short space of time, even with much doctoring and mending. When Christmas comes, may I ask any who may read this, to remember at the annual clearance of the nursery cupboards, that what they are clearing out would be welcomed with shouts of delight at "The Nest." Even if they cannot do something more substantial to lighten the burdens, then this might be done.

As the little ones pass from these playing nurseries they are taught in schoolrooms and prepared in various ways for earning their own living in the great world they must re-enter by and by.

Early Fights with Heredity.

The little maids are taught housework, given tasks suitable to their strength from a very early age, and are all taught habits of tidiness, purity, and obedience from the first day they enter these gates of mercy. There is endless patience, endless love, and courage needed here. Hidden in many an outwardly fair casket are possibilities of evil against which the Officers have to guard continually. One vicious child can easily contaminate many, and some of these poor little atoms of humanity have known only vice previous to their coming here.

There is great love and tenderness, mingled with the necessary discipline, for such difficult cases. It is never for a moment forgotten that the child has been more sinned against than sinning; she has to be gradually weaned away from bad language and foul thoughts and ungracious deeds. It is not an easy task, and can only be undertaken by those who have a special aptitude for it.

Teaching and Training.

In one's careful survey of the ramifications of this great Army, one is struck everywhere by the fitness of the Officers for the particular task entrusted to them, undoubtedly one of the chief elements of its success. One reason for this is not far to seek. In the Training Homes, presided over by men and women of experience and foresight, they are carefully sorted out, every aptitude considered, every faculty consecrated and trained; hence a great body of self-denying and capable workers who make few mistakes. In the work of the children it is obvious that such extreme care is necessary. For in the most impressionable years of life the book is written; it is difficult afterwards to wipe the words from its pages. A visit to "The Nest" is a lesson in charity and an example of what womanhood, consecrated to the service of God and man, can do, and is doing, for the human race.

"The Nest" is also an open door for the mothers who have been deserted or wronged in some way, and who could not go out to earn unless some shelter could be found for their children. They are, of course, not received into the workhouse without their mothers. There are cases of children received into "The Nest," the thankful mother gladly contributing what she can towards their support. It is veritably a door of hope for poor womanhood, left with hostages to fortune, unaided, to fight the cruel battle of life.

A Happy Combination.

I think I have said enough to prove the need for the existence of such Homes. It may be said that there are many institutions for the care of neglected children; but in almost every case entrance there means complete separation from the parents, who are not often encouraged to make any enquiry regarding them. "The Nest" supplies the opportunity whereby poor women may, at least, refresh their hearts with some of the sweeter privileges of motherhood, while at the same time they are encouraged to work for their children outside. The depth of mother-love in these poor women is often proved when some suggestion has been made for adoption of a child, so that her immediate burden may be removed. She finds it impossible to make up her mind. She realises fully

what advantage it would be for the child, but her heart is torn with agony at the prospect of a parting which will be final.

The Salvation Army do not seek to bias her decision. They know that her instincts are God-implanted. Having proved, by long experience, that such instincts are not only natural, but preservative, their whole desire and aim is to foster them. Love for her children will help to preserve a solitary woman immune from temptation. The prospect of seeing her baby now and then will make her good and happy, and keep her busy at work; in short, will often keep her safe.

NOTE.—£10 will cover Out-of-Pocket Expenses for one year for a Child under The Army's care.

X.

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

To come in to London from a quiet suburb late in the evening, in fact, at one's usual bed-time, is a curious experience for a person of quiet tastes and studious habits. And yet there is that in the lights and the glare and the throng which at once fascinates and fills with a wondering enquiry. Who are these people? Are they mysterious units for whom the day has no charm, who find some strange kinship with the night? Outwardly they do not differ at all from the throng of the daytime streets, except, perhaps, that there are greater contrasts to be observed in dress and demeanour. Anyhow they seem very much alive, and there is no visible sign of weariness or desire for sleep about them.

There is a quiet air of bustle and stir about the place of meeting, or rather our rallying-point to-night, for it is not an ordinary meeting we are to take part in, but something far different.

It is the evening of the first of January, New Year's Day. There must be much feeling here in London

on such a night, especially among those who may remember that New Year's Night was always a home festival, perhaps in some far-away but never-forgotten village home of their childhood.

The Little White Ticket.

We are going to be merry, too, as is meet on such a day. The signs of our coming celebration are visible within, in the warm, well-lighted Hall, where the tables are spread with good cheer. A little white ticket offered at the door explains in part, at least, the meaning of these tables spread at the midnight hour, for guests whose number is uncertain, and who will come in, as they did of old, from the highways and byways, in haste or reluctantly, according to their realisation of their need. Of the need itself there is no doubt, as you and I shall presently see. Thus

> MRS. BOOTH
> WILL GLADLY HELP ANY GIRL OR WOMAN IN NEED OF A FRIEND.
> *259 Mare Street, Hackney, N.E.*, or
> *79 Great Titchfield Street, Oxford Street, W.*

runs the little white card which is offered, and has been offered for some days to the people for whom these preparations have been made.

At half-past eleven a procession is formed at the door of the Hall, a procession composed entirely of women, of these brave, sweet-faced sisters who have given themselves to this Christlike work; at their head their devoted leader, Mrs. Bramwell Booth. I count it both a privilege and an education of a kind to be permitted to take my place by her side for this one night. My work lies in other fields, but it has not closed my woman's heart, nor bereft me of understanding sympathy with this incomparable ministry for the cure of bodies and souls.

Heavenly Music at Midnight.

The Band falls into line in front of us, and to the strains of a familiar hymn we start upon what may be termed, in no irreverent words, a real Salvation March. It is no new sight upon Regent Street now, and though it always interests the giddy throng, there is no open hostility shown, as in former days, when the crusade was an experience not to be undertaken without special preparation and prayer for protection.

The steadfast face of the woman at my side is the keynote to the whole proceedings. Tender sympathy, fixity of purpose, faith that such purpose will be realised, enable one naturally timid to face and lead such an enterprise; to go down into the very pit, if need be, to bring up her sisters who are struggling there.

As we move on, slowly and steadily down the middle of the street, guided and piloted, as it were, by friendly policemen, we are joined and augmented by all sorts and conditions. Where should we be without music, that compelling force which softens and draws, and makes so much possible? One naturally asks the question as the beautiful strains melt upon the midnight air, now softly and pathetically, now swelling to some chorus in which all may join. But it is mostly in a minor key, for this is no triumphal march to-night, but a journey for the touching and saving of souls.

A London Plague Spot.

Nearing Piccadilly, the strains become more and more familiar. If you could hear "Home, sweet home" played at midnight on these gaudy thoroughfares, and realise what appeal the strains were intended to make, you would, perhaps, say to yourselves, as I did, "O God, how can such things be?" What strikes one now, as the throng increases, and we are pressed on every side, is the number of young people who are out, apparently alone, without any apparent incentive or desire to go home to their legitimate rest.

It is midnight now, and it is presumed that these young men and lads have all some occupation in the daytime, for which a certain amount of freshness and vigour is required. Yet here they are, fascinated

and tempted by the glare and glamour of the street, which at this hour really only illuminate the path to hell.

Every one of these is some mother's son. That is the thought uppermost in one's mind as the eyes roam from face to face, seeking some explanation of this strange anomaly. As a nation we must surely continue and increase in degeneracy if this is the way in which our youth takes its rest.

In Touch with the Outcast.

Of the women, is there any need to speak? They are here because, apparently, they have no choice. The broad fair road, so fair at the beginning, has beckoned them. See them in their ghastly finery, their painted faces, which do not for a moment mask their miserable souls; hear the swish of their silken skirts, and the echo of their mirthless laughter. From the brilliant pavements, from under the glaring gas lamp, from the sheltered doorway, they watch the march as it moves toward them. They know all about us, of course. In many a hidden silken pocket lies the little white card, kept for the day of emergency. That day is not here yet, perhaps, but it is coming swift and soon. Their gaze is a friendly one. Some laugh, indeed, but it is the laughter of pleasure and not resentment. The theatres are shut now, the midnight

restaurants are emptying, too. The carriages roll by. Fair heads look out, and are sometimes quickly drawn back. In one case the blind is sharply pulled down by a man's hand; a father, perhaps, not too anxious to answer the questions put by his little girl, or a jealous lover who would keep his white dove unspotted from the world.

The throng at Piccadilly Circus has swelled into a great crowd. We stand there a moment, and it is "Home, sweet home!" we sing. Can you picture it? You may be able; but, could you but hear these strains to-night, they would follow you to the day of your death.

Through Black Portals.

Slowly round the corner, and up Piccadilly, we pass, pausing by and by at the door of one of the most notorious night-restaurants in London, which has been responsible for the ruin of many a fair life. They are closing, too, and we are reinforced from its black portals. As we turn to make the backward journey, there walk beside us many young women, whose dress and looks proclaim what they are. Some of them talk familiarly to the Officers, for with us, to-night, of course, keeping purposely on the very outside of the march, are those whose lives are given to this special work.

They know every face on Piccadilly. They make

no unfortunate mistakes in selection, and they are able at a glance to detect those who come for the first time, to whom the midnight streets are a new experience. It is thus they are able to save, in many cases at the very beginning, girls who would, without such help, undoubtedly sink for ever into the mire.

The method of their ministry has, however, endeared them to most of the sad sisterhood. Even those unwilling for various reasons to leave their sinful life, fully trust these devoted women, having proved them to be true friends, and perhaps deep down in their hearts is the conviction that, sooner or later, they will need them. So they walk with us quite openly. At first I, unused to the methods and procedure of this mission, fancy that we have touched the whole heart of the midnight world, and that the guests will presently be too many for the feast.

A Gate of Life.

It is not so, however. The music compels them, the friendly air, the pressure on the arm, the kind word of invitation, perhaps also the steadfast look on the beautiful face of the woman who is the heart and soul of this work; anyhow, they accompany us to the door whence we came an hour ago. It is there the real work of pleading and invitation begins. But there are many headshakes, a bursting sob now and again, a

hastily-spoken word, as the strange crowd falls away from the open door. To come in may mean so much to them, and the future is uncertain. Perhaps, too, they have visions of jail-like captivity, of being shut off for ever from that which their souls love, for which they have bartered their happiness, their very hope of Heaven.

Branded Youth.

When at last we enter the place of welcome, and the door is shut, we see that about a hundred and fifty women have accepted the invitation. As busy hands wait upon the guests, there is a chance for the looker-on to take a keen and careful glance round. It is painful to see so many very young faces, girls of seventeen or eighteen, who cannot have been long upon the bitter road. They have very little to say for themselves, and do not readily answer questions. Some of them are foreigners; one Danish girl, with a fresh, sweet, child-like face, could not speak a word of English. Side by side with these younger and more hopeful guests are the worn and battered *habitués* upon whom drink and loose living have set their indelible mark. Some of them quite evidently are in drink now. As a whole, it is a heartrending and terrible sight to any woman in whom the tenderness of womanhood is not dead. That the work is a labour of love to the workers is evident by

their low, quiet, tender tone, the gentleness of their ministrations. There is no shrinking; they treat all as sisters indeed.

Mrs. Booth the Mother.

After supper there is a hymn, and Mrs. Booth rises to speak. It would be impossible here to set down the pathos and the winning power of her appeal. God has given to this woman very special gifts, which use only deepens and sanctifies. She is a mother, speaking to, and yearning over lost and erring children, yet young enough to be able to enter fully into some of the special temptations which have conduced to their fall. She speaks quite plainly and simply about the life they are leading, and offers them a way out. She closes with the promise that if any will stay behind, and go home with her, they will find a home indeed, where they will be safe; where, if they desire it, their friends will be communicated with, and from whence it may be possible for them to rise to better things. This is the note insisted upon here, as in every other branch of The Army's work—the note of hope, of possibility, of forgiveness and help first, and then of restoration to the ranks of womanly independence and honour.

In the grey morning across sleeping London, some of the Officers drive with what may be called the trophies of their holy campaign. The Home where such as these

are received is far from these busy haunts of shame, right down at the Women's Settlement at Hackney.

The welcome there does not lack. At this Receiving House, great care is taken in interviewing them, so that no mistake may be made, regarding the ultimate treatment of each case. As far as possible, each girl's story is obtained from her own lips. It is at times difficult to win entire confidence, because the nature of the life they have been leading has probably destroyed all trust. The first object of the Officers is to discover something concerning the girl's antecedents. If she has friends to whom it is possible to apply, and if she is willing that such application should be made, letters are written. There are many happy and encouraging instances of restoration to friends, which of course leave The Army with one less tax upon its resources.

Getting at the Heart.

In some cases, however, the last thing a girl who has been in this dark maze wishes to do is to communicate with her friends. She prefers to be dead to them, rather than they should know or guess the full extent of her degradation. Sometimes, after a time spent in the Rescue Home, amid all its loving and softening influences, a change comes over her thoughts, and the letter is finally written, which nearly always brings about a happy consummation.

At the Receiving House the whole nature of the life in a Rescue Home is explained to the girl, and she is invited to promise to become an inmate there for a certain period—three months being the shortest time recommended.

It is not a reformatory in the ordinary sense, though the work carried on there is, indeed, of a reformative kind. The idea of *home* is carried out in all the arrangements. To go over one of these Homes is to take a lesson in the whole art of Christian service, of sanctified common sense.

Comfort without Luxury.

It must not, however, be supposed that there is any unnecessary luxury. On the contrary, everything is of the plainest and simplest kind. But there is a brightness as well as cleanliness; in a word, there is an air of a happy fireside. All the service for the girls being a voluntary labour of love on the part of the Warden (as the Chief Officer of each Home is styled) an atmosphere is created and maintained which will not be found in any other Rescue Home in the world. It is the Salvation atmosphere, if I may so put it, deepened and intensified here to a great tenderness. At the same time, the necessary firmness and discipline is enforced. The women are not compelled to wear a degrading badge. They are allowed to

dress neatly in their own clothes, undue adornment alone being discouraged.

They are given work of a kind suited to their age and capacity. Of occupations there is a wide choice in the Women's Social work. There is the laundry, for those who have been used to hard menial labour; the knitting machines, where so much useful stuff is turned out, and for which a ready market is found. Needlework of different kinds, whatever branch of it the inmate is found best adapted for; Dressmaking, Underclothing, Text-making, Flags, Banners, etc., Upholstery, Paper-bag Making, Pin-sorting, etc., in fact, the occupations of the Home are so varied that almost every capacity can be accommodated.

Work, the Handmaiden of Hope.

A certain amount of work is, of course, expected and exacted from every inmate, the idea kept in the very foreground being to prepare her to take a place in a future life in which she will be able to maintain herself. The work, however, is not so easy as it seems, for it must be remembered that the majority of these women have long been a law unto themselves, and therefore feel acutely the slightest embargo laid upon their freedom. Even reasonable restrictions are often chafed under, as they would not be by persons who had always led a self-respecting life.

Then the terrible periods of depression to which they are liable are very often followed by an uncontrollable desire to return to their old haunts. The Officers and sisters need to exercise a vigilance that will not relax day nor night. They learn to read the signs as others read an open book.

The Greatest Change.

As in every other department of the Social Service here, the chief and most desired aim of the Officers is to bring their sisters into a true realisation of sin, its consequences, and its only true remedy. Here, perhaps, more than in any other department, the Officers are dependent on their success in bringing souls to Christ. A change of nature is the supreme condition for which they strive. No human agency can permanently lift these tortured and degraded souls, and make a future possible for them.

Anyone reading these words, and feeling the desire to make more intimate acquaintance with this sad, but glorious and encouraging work, need only make a visit to the centre of the Women's Social work at Mare Street, Hackney. A card or letter to Mrs. Booth will ensure a welcome, and every facility will be given for inspection and enquiry.

XI.

EMIGRATION: A SOLUTION.

THE problem of the workless man is ever with us. Although the kinder airs of summer may make it less acute and insistent, no sooner do the days begin to darken towards a coming winter than the spectre leaps up, gaunt, hungry, clamorous, to shadow our waking hours and haunt our dreams. There is admittedly no greater hardship in the wide world than for a man able to work, and willing to work, to find no opportunity of work. It is an injustice against which the very heavens cry out.

Now, while it is not denied that among the vast ranks of the unemployed there is a section who belong to the waste and unproductive area whose creed is no work, no amount of specious reasoning, of sweeping assertion, can do away with the fact that there is a genuine unemployed problem, which will have to be dealt with more seriously and adequately than it has been heretofore.

The causes invariably asked for by those who are

confronted with, and made uncomfortable by this problem, are variously stated. The favourite and most glibly uttered is, "depression of trade." It has been proved by quite recent statistics, however, that there is no actual depression in trade, but a revival along certain lines. The causes have to be searched for deeper down, and the actual facts faced.

The main cause may be briefly summed up thus: there is not sufficient work in these islands to employ and maintain the number of persons who require such employment and maintenance.

The Price of Invention.

To this state of things, deplorable and menacing as it undoubtedly is, a great variety of other causes conduce. The most important is the continuous march of progress in the inventive and industrial world, which produces each day something new in the way of labour-saving apparatus. In almost every trade and calling this holds good. It is the explanation of the distress which has for some time existed at Leicester, the centre of the bootmaking industry, represented by the remarkable "march to London," still fresh in the public mind.

The actual output of boots at Leicester is, at the present moment, greater than at any previous period in the history of the trade; so that the explanation of the

distress is simply found in the general adoption of labour-saving machinery, which is cheaper than hand-labour, and therefore naturally welcomed by the manufacturers, whose object is to make their business as profitable as possible.

The giant strides made by electricity may also be cited. Every householder knows how the use of electric light for lighting, heating, cooking, and other purposes has simplified his expenditure on house decoration, and lessened the number of individuals required to work his establishment, be it large or small. As time goes on improvements are bound to increase, and depression in the employment world will be correspondingly increased.

An Inalienable Right.

These are incontrovertible facts, open to any observing mind to corroborate. Meanwhile, what concerns us, is what is to become of the men and women who have hitherto made a living wage at these industries? Obviously they can neither starve, nor become a perpetual and degrading burden upon charity. Every man has the right to live. It is just here where a scheme of emigration, or land colonisation, steps in, with its suggestion of hope and possibility.

Our Empire is unequally distributed. In her far lands, upon which the sun never sets, there is room and to spare, work and to spare, for all who are honestly

willing to work. The difficulty is to bring the two—the workless and the work—together. That this should be an insurmountable difficulty appears to me a far greater mystery than the problem of the unemployed. The land is there, the work is there, and the people who will welcome the workers gladly; but the wherewithal to bring the demand and the supply together is absent.

Our Three-Class Emigrants.

The people whom Emigration would largely benefit may be roughly divided into three classes:—

1. The small capitalist who would be able to bear the expense of his own and his family's transference to the new country, but who would require some guidance when he arrived, and who would therefore prefer to travel under the auspices of a properly accredited society.
2. The man who may be able to obtain part of the cost from some municipality or some private friends, but who needs some financial help.
3. The man who has nothing but a pair of willing hands, and the cost of whose transference must be wholly borne by some person or persons interested.

The plan of Emigration, as it has been pursued in past years by The Salvation Army, has answered

admirably. The results of the system have been most encouraging.

The Question of Character.

In every case, the emigrants selected have been men of good character, likely to do well, and to be an acquisition to the country giving them refuge. There is an idea abroad in the mind of a section of the public that the submerged are being shipped oversea, sent out of the country for their country's good. There could not be a more disastrous policy, if it were pursued even on the most meagre lines. The results would recoil upon the promoters with relentless surety. There would be an immediate and justifiable outcry on the part of the land suffering from such an invasion.

As it is, there has never come a single complaint from any government or community to which Salvation emigrants have been sent, but the reverse. On all sides testimony is borne to their desirability as citizens and colonists, the result of careful and searching enquiry and investigation before they were sent out. This objection being disposed of at once, and for ever let us hope, our attention may be turned for a moment to the other difficulties in the way of the intending emigrant, and those who are seeking to promote his exodus from the Mother Country.

To begin with, the large majority of those wishful

to emigrate are married persons with families. Now the difference between our congested country and the lands oversea is this: here children are a handicap; the married employé who possesses them holds his post very precariously. How familiar are we with the advertisement "no encumbrance!" We hear of the decay of home life, and race suicide, but is there not a premium set upon sterility? In the case of those employed on large estates, the childless state is almost a condition of their employment. In the New Country children are a man's most valuable asset. Blessed is he that hath his quiver full of them!

Housing and the Birth Rate.

But, unfortunately, it complicates the matter of his transference so considerably that often for that reason, likely and desirable emigrants have to be refused. Part of the large exodus from the country to the towns can be explained by the lack of housing accommodation for them in villages and small towns. There are many villages in England where the marriage rate is low, simply because no houses can be found for the young people to live in. In many cases landlords will not build because they wish to preserve the amenity and privacy of their surroundings; in other cases it is the lack of money. The recent exhibition of cheap cottages at the Garden City in Herts aroused an extraordinary

amount of interest on the part of the landlords, many of whom would willingly build, if it were not so expensive a job. They require a return upon their outlay, which ordinary cottage-building will certainly never give.

The Stream to the City.

Thus we see the married man with the large family crowded out of the country, and cast like drift upon the sea of city life. If he has been an agricultural labourer (and there are thousands of such among the lower strata of London life), what chance has he, pitted against the sharper wits of those who have been born and bred in the thick of the fight? He must sink. There is no known law to prevent him. It is such as he we would get a hold of before it is too late. In the case of the agricultural labourer, or the man who has even a cursory or superficial knowledge of country matters, the new life oversea presents no problem. He is quickly absorbed, and becomes native to the soil.

But even for the absolutely unskilled, the man who is only an inferior spade worker, there is hope, provided he is not afraid of work. The scarcity of labour in the agricultural districts of new countries is simply appalling. This is specially true of Canada and the North-West Territories. I have myself seen in the small hours of the morning on the platform of a wayside station in Manitoba, crowds of waiting farmers eagerly watching

for the incoming of what is called "the harvest train," bringing harvesters from the east, willing to pay any wage for labour, skilled or unskilled, that would assist them to get their grain from the field to the barn or the wheat elevator.

One man who had waited patiently for seven hours, and who required eight hands, did not obtain a single one, though the train arrived crowded with harvesters. They simply enquired the price—*i.e.*, two and a-half dollars a day, and all found—and boarded the train again, having heard that prices were higher further on.

The Prairie Life.

It may be contended that such a boom only lasts a very short time; but any farmer will gladly hire a man at a yearly wage, varying from forty to sixty pounds per annum, with everything found, so that he may be available when the time of stress comes. In the case of the casual harvester, who cannot expect to be employed for a longer period than two months at this particular branch of industry, there are other occupations open—working on the railroad, and in the lumber camps. It is not pretended or offered that the berth shall be easy. The work is harder and the hours longer than in the Old Country; but the wages are higher, the conditions of life more healthy, the chance incomparably greater; in a word, it is possible for a man to be a man there,

and not an encumbrance. Every man there willing to work has his market value, which increases year by year, as he becomes more familiar with the requirements of the new country. But even for the lowest spade work there is continuous demand.

Waiting for the Husbandman.

It must be understood, however, that this statement applies exclusively to the recently settled parts of the country. The cities have their own problems, as we have, and they do not welcome nor offer any encouragement, even to skilled tradesmen. This must be borne in mind by the intending emigrant—that it is to the land he must go, that only upon the land is there room. To fully realise what room there is, one must journey, as I did, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The train speeds across these vast tracts of prairie land, thousands, nay, millions of acres of virgin soil waiting for the touch of man's hand, to make it blossom like the rose. It is a wonderful experience, one never to be forgotten.

I see these incomparable vistas, even as I write, the sun dipping blood-red upon the far horizon, the rolling billows of the untouched wilderness, the bones whitening on the lonely trail, the pelican standing lonely by the desolate lakes. These things have to be seen, and, being seen, enter into the soul. They are realities,

and no chimera of the imagination, no fairy tale woven for a set purpose.

And further, I saw and talked with many who had striven long and encountered only bitter failure in the Old Country, who here have established homesteads and made a position for themselves, such as they could never have achieved in the British Islands. Innumerable cases came under my own immediate and personal observation, of men who had no knowledge of agriculture until they went out, who had had to buy their experience day by day. There was no pretension that it had been or was an easy life. Pioneering needs strength and courage and almost unremitting toil. But it has its compensations; for the family man, such compensations as can never be told.

Emigration Escorts.

The Emigration Department of The Salvation Army has been one of its most successful branches. As before stated, every effort is made to select only suitable families, that will be a distinct gain to the new country, and in no way likely to become a burden. This is due to the country willing to receive them, no less than to those who are willing to help the scheme here. They are advised by experts regarding their future life, and met and encouraged and helped by The Army agents on the other side. If they keep

in touch with The Army, they need never be without a friend.

That this comradeship is fully appreciated has again and again been borne witness to by the settlers in their home letters. A sheaf of those interesting documents are beside me as I write; all bear the same tale of gratitude, and the desire to repay the primary cost of sending them out. Complaints only come from those whose natural characteristics have somehow escaped the vigilance of the promoters, and who will never do any good in any country, because they belong by choice to the unemployed. They are the shiftless, the ne'er-do-wells, who desire to eat at others' expense. But it is not the case of such we are presently considering.

The Fields of Ontario.

In connection with the Canadian scheme, it may be mentioned that a large number of The Army emigrants have been settled in the Eastern States, notably in Ontario, which has been largely depopulated of its working men and women by the great rush to the North-West. Desirable and well-cultivated farms are to be had there at advantageous prices, where they formerly commanded the highest. As regards climate, that of Canada is undoubtedly severe in winter, especially on the great stretches of the prairies. Experiments have

proved beyond all doubt, however, that settlement will in a few years' time somewhat alter and modify climatic conditions. Thus in certain of the more thickly populated portions of Manitoba they can sow three weeks earlier than formerly.

In the same way the settlement of the hot plains of Australia and Queensland, the planting of trees, the irrigation and cultivation of the soil and the other conditions inseparable from a populated part of the country would do something to modify climatic conditions of another kind. The inference is, that the Creator intended the land for the people, to be held not in great trusts and unmeasurable tracts, but in moderate sections so that there may be enough for all.

The Voice of Discord.

If this view could be accepted, and we could come nearer to co-operation with Divine purpose, many of our most difficult problems would disappear. At any rate, Emigration undoubtedly presents the most hopeful solution of the one presently pressing most heavily upon us. But the work is hindered—at an absolute stand-still, indeed—unless funds are forthcoming.

At the present crisis there has been a cry raised by the Labour Leaders and others that there is no need to emigrate; that there is land to spare for all in England; and that if the same outlay were made, the results would

be immediate and more satisfactory than emigrating the people. While there can be no question of the desirability of an English Land proposal, those who have studied the conditions of agriculture will have their doubts. To begin with, colonial land is to be had for nothing, or at a nominal cost. English land has a high market value for other purposes than agriculture. For instance, some local authorities in London are about to purchase 600 acres of land sixty miles from London, the agricultural value of which for purposes of production is about £5 per acre. Because of its location, however, the purchasers will have to pay from £12 to £15 per acre.

The Home Barrier.

There are very few parts of England, Scotland, or Ireland where any land worth expending labour upon could be obtained at £5 per acre, and then the burdens would be so heavy as to further handicap the new settler. He would not be able to make a living wage. The cost of transit also for farming produce has to be taken into consideration. The enormous prohibitive charges of railway companies in these islands is well known. Fruit is allowed to rot in the orchards because the market prices cannot afford to cover the cost of transit. The conditions in this country are not favourable to the small holder, though under certain abnormal conditions he may do well.

In fact, a land colonisation scheme in England bristles with difficulties, unknown in any of the colonies; and while it may be successfully initiated on a small scale by private beneficence or public funds, it is not likely, by reason of the disabilities named, to become at all adequate to the need.

As regards official aid, the present powers vested in Boards of Guardians and Distress Committees, though they have ameliorated, do not solve the problem. State aid, either for home or foreign colonisation, cannot be granted without special Act of Parliament. Everybody knows the cumbrous working of that machine, and the inevitable delays connected with it. The voice of Party heard therein would be louder than the voice of Humanity.

The Monetary Query.

Therefore in this immediate crisis we would seem to be forced back upon private benevolence and public-spirited generosity. There is plenty of money in the country; also, thank God, plenty of generous-minded holders thereof. If they could be convinced of the economic value of an emigration scheme on a large scale, there can be no doubt that the needed funds would be quickly forthcoming. It is a great loan that is asked, for humanitarian purposes, in order to lift an intolerable load from overburdened hearts and lives. Who are the

bearers of this burden? Primarily, those who are suffering, through no fault of their own, privation in a land of plenty, and all those who have not been seared by prosperity, but to whom is still left the seeing eye and the understanding heart.

A Peep at the Strand.

If you happen to be abroad in the Strand in the small hours of the morning, and would turn in for a little to Wych Street, you would there see an object lesson which might drive the truth home. Perhaps you do not know Wych Street. It is not difficult to find. Hard by St. Mary's Church, just opposite Aldwych—the scene of a recent historic opening—round the corner, between twelve and two, you might any morning, come upon a strange sight—a long queue of waiting men, patient men, bearing themselves mostly in silence, unlike the crowd that waited a few hours earlier outside the gallery doors of the amusement halls. What wait they for? Just step across, and you will see presently, when the door is opened. It is not a place of amusement, though situate in the heart of the theatre world. It is a Shelter for homeless men. Not a sleeping shelter, for here, if even one, worn out by the pitiless streets, should lay his head down to seek merciful oblivion, he will be instantly awakened by a kind, but relentless touch. To sleep in an unlicensed place in

London is to commit one of the unpardonable sins, and we do not want the door closed, as it certainly will be if we disregard the County Council's regulations. The guests may eat here and rest for a little while listening to words of comfort and cheer, but there must be no drooping eyelids.

This is The Salvation Army Depot for relieving the starvation of the midnight streets. If you are soft of heart or easily haunted, you had better hurry on, it is no place for you. But if you are interested in the problems of humanity, and would ease them, according to such opportunity as is given you, it will be worth your while.

There may be hundreds of guests, or there may be thousands; it depends on the weather largely, and on the conditions of the casual labour market. If there is snow on the ground, you might be surprised to see the number lessened instead of increased: they are afraid to miss the chance of a stray sweeping job in the morning.

Not all Spongers.

You are bound to be surprised and arrested by the appearance and demeanour of these men. Among them you will find, of course, the usual sub-strata of wasters, chronics, call them what you will—those who loaf and sponge and do everything but work,

and who do not deserve anything from the world that owes them nothing. But their need is not refused, for it is not The Army's business to discriminate here. They are homeless like the rest, shivering, starving atoms of humanity with no place wherein to lay their heads. But a large proportion are of other calibre and kind, a great army of decent men, brought down by misfortune, never by their own fault. They are the victims of that depression in trade, which has incidentally, perhaps, lowered your own dividends, and suggested a little reduction of expenditure in certain directions.

Shall They Starve.

Some of them have still their stock-in-trade, a bag of tools slung across their backs. They can starve, and tighten up the belt, but they cannot part with that which may buy food on the morrow, not for them alone, but for others who are dependent upon them, somewhere crying for bread. There are men of all ranks and classes who have come down. You could get realistic copy here, if you are so inclined; though, as a rule, they are not garrulous; theirs is the sullen silence of despair. Many of the faces are new to the Adjutant, that eager-faced, hollow-eyed "Mac"; himself raised from the depths, and known by the lamp of his zeal to every dweller in the depths. But they will not long be new.

For when a man gets down here to the plane which makes him thankful for a basin of hot soup and a chunk of bread, at an hour when the honest and happy toiler is sound upon his pillow, where is his chance?

Hardly fit subjects for emigration these, you say, mayhap, with a shudder, as you turn heart-sick away. It is not suggested. What *is* suggested is, *that the number of such should not be increased. There is another waiting army, ready to sink, to become such as this. Let us take them before it is too late.*

Brother, with the full purse, this is the problem you are asked to solve, a great preventive measure in which you are asked to assist. Go to Wych Street, and look on; and then close those purse strings, if you *can*.

NOTE.—£3,000 are required during the current year to assist suitable people to Emigrate to Situations found for them by The Army. £10 will Transfer a Man or Woman to Work in Canada. £500 are needed to Maintain the Midnight Meals.

OUR NEEDS.

The principal items of our expenditure during the year ending 30th September, 1906, are as follows, and help is earnestly asked to meet these, the work being entirely dependent upon Voluntary Gifts.

For Maintenance and Extension of Work amongst the Destitute and Outcast (both Men and Women) in London and Provincial Towns, including Shelters for Homeless Men and Women, Homes for Ex-Criminals, Rescue Homes, etc.	£15,500
For Maintenance and Extension of the Slum Sisterhood, including Training Nurses for the Sick Poor	£3,000
For Prison Visitation Staff and Prison-Gate Brigades	£2,000
For Special Relief and Distress Agencies	£5,000
For Development and Maintenance of the various Industrial and Agricultural Departments at the Hadleigh Colony ...	£6,000
For Extension of Industries and commencing New Departments of Work	£2,000
For Assistance and Partial Maintenance of the Unemployed and Inefficient	£3,500
For Assisting suitable Men and Women to Emigrate	£3,000
For the General Management and Supervision of all the above Operations	£2,000
	£42,000

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to WILLIAM BOOTH, crossed "Bank of England, Law Courts Branch," and sent to MRS. BOOTH, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. Clothes for the Poor should be forwarded to 259 Mare Street, Hackney, N.E.

A FEW FIGURES SHOWING SOME OF THE WORK OF THE DARKEST ENGLAND SCHEME IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

	TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1904.	DURING 1905.	TOTAL TO SEPT. 30, 1905.
Number of Meals supplied at Cheap Food Depots	42,035,398	4,974,412	47,009,810
Number of Cheap Lodgings for the Homeless	18,434,841	1,503,705	19,938,546
Number of Meetings held in Shelters	109,702	5,664	115,366
Number of Applications from Unemployed registered at Labour Bureaux	173,144	18,135	191,279
Number received into Factories	43,188	2,475	45,663
Number for whom Employment (temporary or permanent) has been found	151,704	22,740	174,444
Number of Ex-Criminals received into Homes	7,204	325	7,529
Number of Ex-Criminals assisted, restored to friends, sent to situations, etc.	4,333	569	4,902
Number of Applications for Lost Persons	31,571	2,456	34,027
Number of Lost Persons Found	11,571	412	11,983
Number of Women and Girls received into Rescue Homes ..	29,505	2,157	31,662
Number of Women and Girls received into Rescue Homes who were sent to Situations, Restored to Friends, etc. ..	24,562	1,836	26,398
Number of Families visited in Slums	505,343	122,119	627,462
Number of Families prayed with	299,246	65,424	364,670
Number of Public Houses visited	374,300	62,208	436,508
Number of Lodging-houses visited	5,495	2,433	7,928
Number of Lodging-house Meetings held	2,502	604	3,106
Number of Sick People visited and nursed	30,728	7,754	38,482

THE SALVATION ARMY.

The "Darkest England" Social Scheme, it must always be remembered, is but one branch of a vast world-wide work, out of which it has grown, and by the success of which alone it has been suggested and made possible.

The Salvation Army exists to deal with that deeper degradation and intense hunger of the poor, which has come upon all nations alike, and which is, we believe, the fountain from which all the external miseries spring. Had the love of Christ prevailed amongst even Christian nations, they would not have allowed so many millions of their neighbours to become homeless and immoral. Therefore The Army aims at forcing upon the attention of all, whether they have forgotten or have not so much as heard of Him, the Saviour crucified for the whole world.

To this end The Army applies to the propagation of the Gospel the same principles of adaptation to the existing need, of hard work, of business-like enterprise, of military discipline, precision, and devotion, which characterise the work described in this review. By means of open-air meetings and processions, bands of music, flags, uniforms, popular announcements, and every other lawful device, it continually advertises the love of Christ to the lost and hopeless, and the duty of devotion, even to death, for the salvation of others.

The teachings of The Army are limited to those great elementary truths of the Gospel which are admitted by all Christian peoples; and these it reiterates, in speech and song, in language such as the common people understand, and with a loving urgency to which millions yield.

Information as to its history, progress, and work can always be obtained from the Secretary, at the International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London.

LEGACIES.

NOTICE TO FRIENDS who are about to make their WILLS, and desire to help the work of THE DARKEST ENGLAND SOCIAL SCHEME.

THE good intentions of some friends have been made useless in consequence of their not knowing the proper form in which a Bequest of a Legacy for charitable purposes should be inserted in their Wills.

All kinds of property, without exception, can now be legally bequeathed for charitable purposes, and the following form of legacy is recommended. Where a legacy does not consist of a certain amount of money, care should be taken to clearly identify the property, or shares or stock (or whatever it may be) intended to be bequeathed.

"I GIVE AND BEQUEATH TO WILLIAM BOOTH, or other The General for the time being of THE SALVATION ARMY, and Director of the Darkest England Social Scheme, the sum of £..... (or) MY TWO freehold houses known as Nos. ..... in the county of ..... (or) my £..... ordinary stock of the London and North-Western Railway Company (or) my shares in ..... Limited (or as the case may be) to be used or applied by him, at his discretion, for the general purposes of THE DARKEST ENGLAND SOCIAL SCHEME. And I direct the said last-mentioned legacy to be paid within twelve months after my decease."

DIRECTIONS FOR EXECUTION OF WILL.

THE Will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of two witnesses who must sign their names, addresses and occupations at the end of the Will. The best method to adopt, for a Testator to be quite sure that his Will is executed properly, is for him to take the Will and his two witnesses into a room, lock the door, and tell the witnesses that he wishes them to attest his Will. All three must sign in the room, and nobody must go out until they have all signed.

GENERAL BOOTH will always be pleased to procure for any friends desiring to benefit The Darkest England Scheme Fund, by Will or otherwise, further advice, and will treat any communications made to him on the subject as strictly private and confidential.

Letters dealing with the matter should be marked Private, and addressed—

GENERAL BOOTH, 101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The Salvation Army Printing Works, St. Albans.