

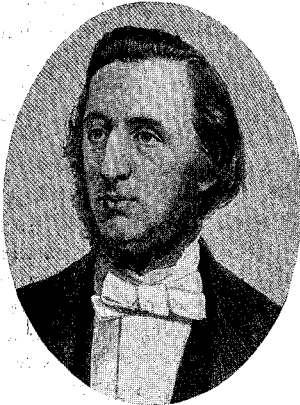
able to obtain the ear of the ministers, and the poor people, and to explain to them the why and the wherefore for what seemed grotesque, bizarre, and unnecessary.

We would not for a moment have it thought that the Salvation Army had become too "respectable;" it has won its present standing and the approval of the American public not by deserting its mission to the outcast, not in any instance by toning down its measures or making easy its truths, but by the fact that it has demonstrated itself a *success*. The Commander and Mrs. Booth have insisted, in all their dealings with their soldiers and officers, that rather than become more "respectable" the Army shall become more disreputable, that it may more thoroughly reach the class for whom it lives—the lost, the outcast, the black sheep of society.

Perhaps in no country in the world is the Army more strong in its lively military and unique practices than in this land, and more than ever are its officers and soldiers determining that they will make no compromise, but go down into the deepest depths, in which their help and comfort are so needed. The Commander and Mrs. Booth, it is true, have spoken in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy and in the churches of the rich, but they have done so only to explain their work and pave the way for their dear people; they have themselves led the midnight meetings on the streets, they have themselves worked in connection with the slum officers, and their dealings with the respectable and wealthy have been only for the Army's sake. They have lived among their own people, they have lived upon the level of their own officers and soldiers, and have distinctly shown in dress and actions as well as word that they wished the world always to regard them as humble and devoted followers of Christ Jesus beneath the flag.

III.—General William Booth

By Commissioner George S. Railton, of the London Headquarters



GENERAL BOOTH IN 1862

After having known General Booth in the most intimate manner for twenty-three years, during nine of which I lived in his house, and during all of which I lived in the utmost imaginable fellowship with him, it is not only an easy but really a delightful task to describe him. His character and work I shall not pretend to estimate worthily, for both appear to me far beyond the possibility of a just estimate till, say, a century or two has rolled away.

Never can I forget our first interview. I had offered myself to him, and he had insisted upon my coming to London, so that he might see me, and that I might see the Christian Mission which he had founded. Somehow or other, I had imagined I should find a venerable, solemn personage. What was my astonishment to discover a middle-aged man, full of vigor, who scarcely ever kept still two minutes while he talked, who stood up, hand in pocket, just as frequently as he sat down during any conversation, and who was every inch a man of business!

Such was the reverend founder of a mission to the heathen of London, which had then only a dozen meeting-places, most of them small and by no means prepossessing in their appearance, their street doors and windows being generally well spattered with dirt and vegetable refuse. Yet when I heard him speak to the people I saw that he was, on the platform, every inch the true minister of religion. In those days, let it be remembered, the Christian Mission stood almost alone in England, at least in the use of the platform for religious speakers. Elsewhere the use of pulpit, to which I had myself been accustomed, was all but invariable. The Rev. William Booth, however, had already descended entirely from the pulpit, and there was nothing about his style of preaching that would have fitted those

elevated boxes. Yet, all the more because he came so near to the people, and moved about as freely as in his own house while he talked to them, I felt that he was truly their minister. His care for and knowledge of them, his determination to make them not only hear and understand but agree with and follow him, was manifest in every word, look, and gesture. Everything about him, on or off the platform, indicates the simple purpose of a man who, having got a great object in view, is determined to attain it if he can.

And then I saw, at a glance, his close relationship to all his people. They all evidently stood as much in awe of him as if he were a huge locomotive; and yet the very grimmest, in his working clothes, could stand beside him without feeling any more stiffness or awkwardness than if he were just a fellow-workman. A great leader, to whom no one could dare to say a disrespectful or idle word, he was yet so intimately acquainted with the family and business affairs of all who marched regularly under his command that with a word as he passed them in a doorway he could say more to their hearts than a stranger could have put into a long interview.

Of course the growth of the Mission into the Salvation Army soon made it impossible for him to have anything like so precise an acquaintance even with officers as he had with all his people in those days of small things. But nothing gladdens us all more than the fact that no amount of renown or earthly greatness has in the slightest altered our "father and general" in that continual exhibition of brotherly love which makes him such a favorite with every poor man who comes into close contact with him. He really cares for everybody, and that is the chief reason why he has come to be so widely and fully obeyed.

There could not be a more absurd misconception than that which paints General Booth as a man who has imposed his will upon others. His energy and power of will are, of course, very extraordinary; but his modesty and hesitation with regard to the correctness of his own views, and his eagerness to learn from anybody, were to me always quite as striking. In the early days of the Mission's growth into the Army, when we lived together almost day and night, there was nothing about him that I so disliked as his everlasting unwillingness to insist upon the carrying out of his own view of what ought to be done by the little people, with their "buts" and head-shakings, whose duty it was to follow him. "Wait, and let us see," he would always say, and it was only when practical lessons had forced the dullest to see that his way was the best one that he would make that way the regulation path for the future. It was his patience, his willingness to hear all that everybody had to say, his constant consideration for the weaknesses and ignorances of others, even more than his desperate courage or zeal for the right, that gained for him the hearty obedience of many thousand.

In private as well as in public the General always dealt very largely in similitudes, and one that he used perhaps more frequently than any other in home consultations with Mrs. Booth, his eldest son, now the Chief of Staff, and myself, was deserving of universal attention. "Look," he would say, "at the peep-show man, who goes to captivate the thousands at the fair. If his show were provided with only one row of spy-holes, placed, say, five feet from the ground, he could exhibit only to the six-footer. But he has enough rows of glasses to suit the height of all possible comers, from the little child to the big man, and thus he manages to get all to see what he has to show them." How often he would extinguish all our pleas for insistence upon some course, or for the use of some phrase in print that he thought all would not at once properly understand, by the remark: "It's your one row of holes again!"

I never had the pleasure of seeing the General in really good health. It was, even in our smallest and easiest days, an extremely rare thing for him to get a good night's sleep, and his appetite was generally so poor and his digestive power so bad that it used to be a constant trouble to Mrs. Booth to so provide for him as to induce him to eat without incurring the after reproach of having made his work or his sleep more difficult. How often in after times have

I heard him complain of the "great spread" which the loving care of officers and friends would set before him on his travels—the "great spread" simply being an ordinary square meal! "Oh, if you *would* only let me have a cup of tea and a bit of dry toast, how grateful I should be to you!" he would remark. Since great ocean voyages have become part of his usual yearly programme he has set up the custom of a little private tea of this sort, instead of the huge, prolonged dinner included in his passage-money.

Not that there was ever any leaning towards asceticism on his part. Instead of wishing to get people to fast, he was always on the stretch for some means of getting the poor better fed. Tea-meetings were one of the most useful and honored institutions of the Mission from the first, and the General was always glad when he could give Mrs. Booth the cheering assurance that he had eaten a hearty meal anywhere. But he regards eating and drinking as bothersome necessities, to be submitted to for the sake of maintaining the body in health and vigor, rather than to be needlessly indulged in, lingered over, or talked about.

For work is the great guiding star, one might almost say, of the General's life. He does nowadays at sixty-six a very great deal more than in the first years of our acquaintance, but it is not because he was then less entirely absorbed in his great task, but because the ever-multiplying appliances of civilization, and still more the growth and improved efficiency of the Army, enable him to get through more in a day than we could then hope to accomplish in a month. From the very first day I knew him he has just lived entirely to carry on his one business—the salvation of the world.

Of his character as husband and father I will say little. Surely the many of us who have felt how much he can love those who have no personal claim upon him, and even the multitude who have only seen all this as exhibited in his life, can form some sort of estimate of the intensity and depth of his affection for "his own." How much the General endured during the terrible years of Mrs. Booth's last illness, or how much to this day the great blank of her absence haunts his grandest as well as his loneliest hours, God only can ever know. But the triumph of a father who has eight grown-up sons and daughters spending their whole life in carrying out his plans in various parts of the world is too great for one to attempt in one article to describe it, and that triumph is perhaps the fullest description that could be given of the General's private life.

Of his religion, for the same reason, I have little need to write. Is it not written in living battalions across the world? But I will just say that I think we have in the General's private life a picture of the religion of Christ as

it really should be lived nowadays. I have never known him to have time to spare for the prolonged prayers and meditations which we read of in the lives of saints of other days. Much less has he had leisure for those profound religious speculations which have, as we think, disgraced the present generation. Believing the Bible as simply as on the day of his conversion, half a century ago, and accustomed always to look upon God as a friend ever at hand to hear and help, the General has been, I think, a man of prayer in the best possible understanding of the word, a man to whom it is just as natural to speak to God in the street or the railway carriage as in a cathedral or a bedroom. And he has convinced others of the truths he proclaims, not by means of highly elaborated argument or much-studied discourse, but by forcing them to treat with God as naturally, personally, and fully as he has himself done.

To hear him denounce the sin and unbelief of his hearers, whether they be a crowd of workmen gathered round a railway truck, or an assemblage of the élite of a great city in one of its finest edifices, finishing with a call for instant decision in favor of Christ, is to understand at once why he has been so successful and why he is in many circles so much disliked.

If he has held aloof mostly from all sorts of reformatory and civilizing movements, it is not that he lacks interest in them, or appreciation of every honest effort to improve the condition of the people, but that he has little hope from anything that does not lead up, and that very quickly, to the transformation of the individual heart and life.

Naturally, the General has been misrepresented and abused as few men ever have been. This could not but be the case with any man who attacks unsparingly the forces of evil. To carry on a great work, large sums of money must needs be gathered, and the General has succeeded in this as

well as in any other branch of his efforts, notwithstanding all the attempts that have been made from time to time to arouse suspicion of his motives, his integrity, or his economy. Intensely sensitive as he naturally is, he felt abuse and slander, especially when they came from the religious press, very acutely for some years, and all the more as they tended always to lessen the Army's opportunities to do good.

His restlessness has perhaps done more in the past and promises more for the future than any other characteristic of his life. Far from any inclination to settle down or cling to long-cherished habits of thought or action, he is never to be found, after any triumph, however great, in a state of contentment, but always full of regret as to the little accomplished, the slowness of our progress, and the blunders of the past.



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

The Higher Life of Chicago¹

By Melville E. Stone



REV. D. L. MOODY

It is doubtless the first impulse of the average reader to put in concrete form his opinion of the "higher life of Chicago" in Betsy Frig's words respecting Mrs. Harris. Certainly if he has been moved at all by the observations of Editor Stead or Dean Hole or any of the thousand and one other candid friends who have given a waiting world the benefit of their impressions of this wicked city, such will be his view. For it has become quite the proper thing to deride Chicago. Follow almost any current criticism and you will be told that it is the abode of the braggart and the parvenu, where every rich man is a *nouveau riche*, long on cash and short on good taste, where every temple is filled with money-changers, and where no altar is ever raised but for the worship of mammon. You will be warned that in every way it is a most unwholesome and unholy place.

Yet, if you make the city your home, it will surprise you to find among your neighbors a civic pride and loyalty the like of which does not exist elsewhere. As was once said of Venice, while other towns have admirers, this alone inspires affection. You must regret, as many others do, that the marvelous growth of the city, its singular natural advantages for commercial prosperity, and the consequent accumulation of vast fortunes with astonishing rapidity, have led to an undue quickening of the business instinct and an excess of zeal for money-getting. You may feel that the average citizen's perspective of life would be more accurate

lead you to say that this is the veriest Sodom of all the earth, nor even to think it. If you have traveled far, you will agree that Chicago differs very little in point of culture or morals from the other great cities—differing rather in modes of vice than in degree. More guilty of tax-dodging, and bribery, and franchise-grabbing, and public jobbery, and all of those forms of misdoing that spring from lusting after wealth, if you please, but certainly far less chargeable with those offenses which attach to idle and luxurious living. Such, it seems to me, is likely to be the analysis of a thoughtful and dispassionate student.

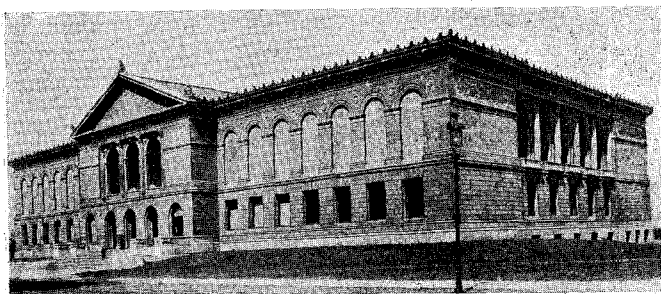
The columns of The Outlook do not afford space for a fair survey of the good works in which Chicago has been zealous. Beneath all the surging waves of profligate energy, beneath all of the apparent indifference to any form



PRESIDENT W. R. HARPER

of vice which does not interfere with business, there is now and has ever been a deep and wide undercurrent of artistic sense and religious feeling. This has found expression in many ways. The most notable among the earlier apostles of righteousness was Mr. D. L. Moody. His influence upon the life of the city was great and lasting. For a dozen years preceding the great fire he devoted himself unceasingly to mission work in Chicago. He was closely identified with the Young Men's Christian Association, and to his efforts are due, in large measure, the efficiency of that institution. It now numbers among its members a large body of conspicuous merchants, and occupies as a home and workshop one of the finest of the great office buildings of the city. The structure is thirteen stories high, faced with white marble, cost over a million dollars, and is admirably provided with the requisites for practical Christian effort. There are large halls for evening classes in language, stenography, telegraphy, bookkeeping, and kindred studies, gymnasiums, laboratories, reading-rooms, baths, and chapels. The Young Women's Christian Association, with a new eight-story palace overlooking Lake Michigan, and the Athenæum, a people's college, paying less heed to ethical culture, represent much the same idea. These and similar societies are gathering in the young men and women who come as strangers to the metropolis, saving them from the saloon, the gambling-hell, and the brothel, finding honorable employment for them, furnishing them with temporary homes, and giving them free or inexpensive tuition. At each of the railway stations, continuously on duty, are volunteer agents, badged and uniformed, to direct the unwary to these places of refuge.

Towering up among the "sky-scrapers" which have attracted so much attention in Chicago is another stately pile, the Temple of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It has few if any equals among the commercial buildings of the world. In architecture it is a striking departure

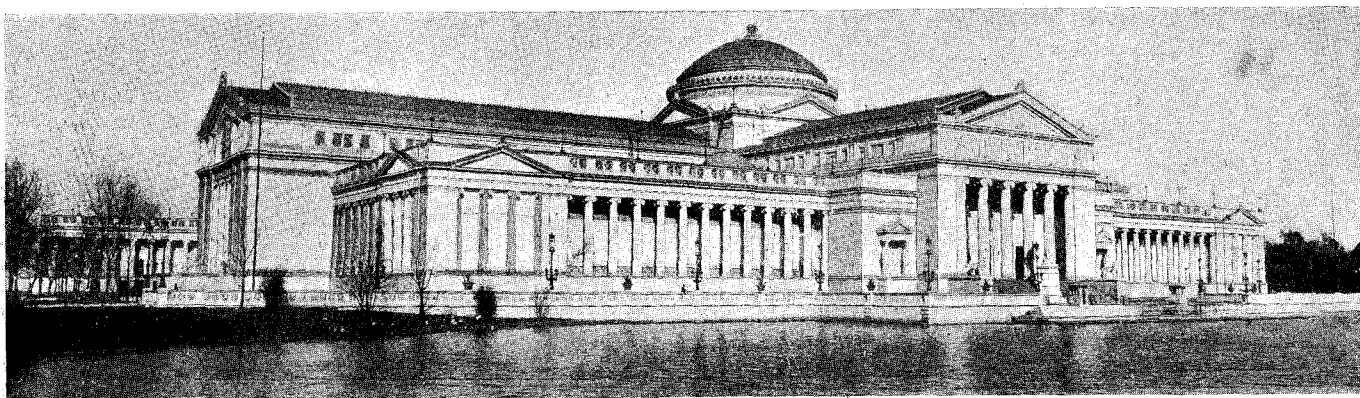


THE ART INSTITUTE

if he would somewhat foreshorten the shop and the factory. You will doubtless wish that something else than the Commercial Club were the goal of a man's social ambition. You are likely to long for more devotion to art and music and letters and godliness.

All of these facts will impress you. But they will not

¹ Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895), and "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (The Outlook for January 25, 1896). Other articles will be on "The Higher Life of Boston," by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.; on New Orleans, by Miss Grace King; on Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams; on St. Louis, by the Rev. John Snyder; and on Buffalo, by the Rev. William Burnet Wright, D.D.



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