

THE SALVATION ARMY,

WHO PURPOSE CARRYING OUR CITIZENS ADELS OF SIN BY STORM.

An Interview With Gen. Moore, Commander of the American Salvation Army—A History of This Wonderful Organization and Its Founders.

NEW YORK, April 6.—There are few newspaper readers who have not heard of the campaign against old "Nick," which is being carried on by the Salvation Army on the Atlantic seaboard.

Your correspondent met recently Gen. Thomas E. Moore, the commander of the American Salvation Army, who talked freely of the plans and methods of their forces, from which the following was gathered:



GEN. THOMAS E. MOORE.

No one would suppose to look into the pleasant face and mild eyes of Gen. Moore that he would be able to cope with such a crafty and treacherous enemy as his is said to be. Nevertheless, I question if the enemy has a more thorough knowledge of the weaknesses of the human family than this Gen. Moore. He was for a time an outfitter, or something of the kind for the British army, and there he saw how men would scramble for the privilege of enlisting as soon as the prospect of a war became known, and often the more hazardous the undertaking appeared the more eager were men to risk their lives. Here were men forsaking business and home, often encouraged by their wives, to fight England's senseless battles in the torrid heat of Africa or among the fevers of Asia. Moore saw this fondness of man for noise and show and excitement and conquest could be turned to account in Christian warfare.

It is said that it was Mrs. Booth, the wife of Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army in England, who first suggested the idea. She is a born Yankee, and having witnessed how men, sensible enough at other times, through the simple agency of a drum, file and torch-light procession, during one of our political campaigns, will become so enthused as to accept any political doctrine their leaders give them. Here was the suggestion for a novel Christian campaign. Gen. Booth being a thorough soldier, as well as a clever business man, modeled the scheme after the plan of an army, adopting the same terms throughout as being ones with which the masses were already familiar. Gen. Moore, the outfitter, designed the costumes, and thus was this army organized.

Gen. Moore says the "hides" originated with the apostles, was taken up by Ignatius Loyola in the sixteenth century, but revived in its fullness by William Booth in 1865 in London.

The army overrun England in fifteen years, when they undertook the conquest of this country. In 1881 the invaders landed on our coast and effected a footing in Baltimore. To-day they have constructed forts and barracks in all the principal cities east of the Mississippi, though their skirmish lines extend far beyond, one outpost having been effected in Idaho.



CAPT. EMMA WEST-BROOK, FIELD INSPECTOR M. BROOK, K. LIGHT, "Stonewall Jackson," "Kansas Jack."

Out of some 800 officers stationed in the 150 posts in this country are selected two of the typical ones. Capt. Westbrook was one of the first Salvation "ladies" to land on our shores. She is 27, possessed of a very liberal education. Grammar and she are perfect strangers, and though she plays fast and loose with her husband's name, she has not ceased shouting since the day she landed. Field Inspector and Treasurer Milton K. Light, strange to say, is a converted New York drummer.

Until 1884 the Salvation Army in this country was under the charge of Gen. Booth of England. Gen. Moore being simply a commissioner. When it became necessary to acquire land here, on which to construct forts, Gen. Moore found it would be impossible for Gen. Booth, being an alien, to hold the property in his name as he does all the possessions, amounting to millions, in England. So he broke off all connection with the English forces and has had his army incorporated under the laws of the state of New York, their property being held by five trustees. He also abandoned many of the "dime museum features" of the meetings, "Ash Barrel Jimmy," "The Converted Seal," and like curiosities are exhibited only by the American branch of the English army, which is also meeting with wonderful success here.

When a convert enlists in the Salvation Army he does so on the condition that he obey his superior absolutely. He is not to exact any compensation for his services. He

must even supply his own uniform, and must keep himself in condition to fight, not only all summer but night after night as long as he lives, on the principle that the enemy never sleeps, therefore he cannot. After a long and severe trial the recruit or cadet may be promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and later to captain, when he is entitled to draw pay at the rate of \$5 per week from the profits of the fort's post at which he may be placed. The army funds are derived from collections, which are an important feature of the warfare. The income from this source is about \$75,000 a year.

When a raid is contemplated on a new town, a captain, lieutenant and cadet are ordered to advance on it. They secure a "barracks" in the town, after which they parade the streets with a banner and drums. If they are arrested and locked up so much the better, it attracts attention. Notoriety is half the battle won. When the barracks are reached the crowd follows, and then the battle begins in earnest, ending sometimes after midnight. Next day a report is sent to headquarters of the number of prisoners captured.

Ridiculous as all this may appear, don't our people do just such fool things in campaign times? S. H. HORGAN.

REV. W. H. MILBURN.

The Doughty Congressional Chaplain Who Made the Famous Prayer.

Rev. W. H. Milburn has gone and done it. He is only less of a sensation than "Ostler Joe" was last week.

The gentleman is the chaplain of the United States house of representatives at Washington. He is known the country over as "the blind preacher," from having quite lost the sight of one eye, and almost that of the other, when he was a boy.



REV. W. H. MILBURN.

Blindness did not prevent him from studying for the ministry as soon as he was old enough, however.

The future chaplain was born in Philadelphia in 1823. When only 20 years old he was admitted as a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal church. He was a famous itinerant through the southern states. It is said that he traveled in that capacity over 200,000 miles. Nor is the present his first experience even as chaplain of the house of representatives. He filled that office thirty years ago under Buchanan. After his term of service was over there he went to England and lectured with great success. He is an eloquent and attractive speaker. The fact of his blindness adds an interest which has a touch of romance to his ministerial labors.

Rev. Mr. Milburn is also well known as a writer, having published several books, among them "Ride, Ax and Saddlebags," and "Pioneers, Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley."

He is accustomed to doing unusual things, as also to taking his own head for things. Once he took it into his head that he would not be a Methodist preacher any more. Then he had himself confirmed in the Episcopal church. But whether there was not enough emotional religion in the Episcopal fold, or for some other reason, he was not satisfied there and returned to the Methodist denomination in 1872.

As chaplain of the house, he is accustomed to inform the Almighty of the sins of the American people in the most vigorous and unmistakable manner. The prayer which has stirred up so much comment was one in which he prayed the Lord to rid the land of brokers and stock gamblers, and other people who do not earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

Chaplain Milburn is now physically, although in his 64th year, as strong and robust as most men of 30, and his intellect is of more than common power. He can give more accurate descriptions of Westminster Abbey, Cologne Cathedral, Notre Dame and other Old World monuments he has visited than can the majority of those persons who have not been dependent on other people's eyes and on their sense of touch. He can describe the rocky outlines and mountainous declivities of the Sierras and of the Rocky mountains, and the picturesque beauties of the Blue Ridge with a force and vigor combined with accuracy rarely equalled, even by writers who still retain their sight, while he has been blind since he was 5 years old.

The reverend gentleman is of tall and commanding presence. Broad chested and inclined to stoutness, he is the picture of health. A full, untrimmed gray beard floats way down his vest, while his black hair, streaked with silver, is brushed back from his high forehead and hangs in bushy luxuriance upon the collar of his clerical coat. His strongly-marked features bear a kindly expression, and are every now and then lit up by a pleasant smile. While talking he fixes his eyes upon the person whom he is addressing and the sightless orbs appear to look straight into the soul of his listener. He is a most entertaining talker, and one of his favorite hobbies is the subject of health and its promotion. He is a very Jew in his selection of food, positively eschewing all hog meats, and he treats himself to a regular course of currys and rough towel, cold water, oil and sunbaths every morning. As he himself says, he is one of the best groomed men in the country.

The Pan Electric Inventor.

The inventor of the Pan Electric telephone and the head naturally of the companies formed in opposition to the Bell Telephone company is J. Harris Rogers. He is the son of Dr. J. W. Rogers, a graduate of Princeton and a poet. Of his son, J. Harris Rogers, the inventor, a correspondent says "he is in the neighborhood of 28 or 30 years of age. He is tall and slim, with a large head, something the shape and type of Poe's. His forehead is very broad and high, his eyes are deep set, his nose is straight, while his thin-lipped mouth is shaded by a light brown mustache. The lower part of his angular face is smooth shaven. J. Harris Rogers was educated in

as an electrical expert and was the special protege of Professor Henry, of the



J. HARRIS ROGERS.

Smithsonian institution. Young Rogers has a perfect dignity of manner, and one of the most musical of voices. He is the very opposite of his father. He is as reserved and cool as his father is expansive and excitable. He is one of those types of young men who are not found outside of the south. He is mild-mannered, quiet, almost meek in appearance. A man who would never provoke a quarrel, but who would not walk one inch to avoid one. In peace he is dove-like; in a quarrel he is tigerish. His devotion to his father is one of the most marked traits of his character. The two are almost inseparable. They never act without consulting each other, and if they ever want to have a jolly time they go out together instead of hunting up strangers. J. Harris Rogers has undoubted talents, and will cut a still larger figure in the history of our times.

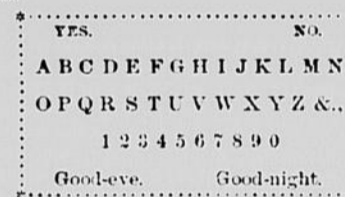
THE NEW TALKING BOARD.

The Mysterious Amusement Which is Fascinating Ohio People.

Many of our readers will still remember planchette, the strange little heart-shaped board with a pencil at its point which used to walk over yards of paper and write no end of sense and nonsense if the finger tips of two persons touched the upper surface of the board.

Planchette had its day, and mostly died out. But the same mysterious force which used to impel it is moving now another kind of little board, and setting whole communities of eminently sober and respectable Ohio people on their heads.

You see how it is made. A bit of board, say 18x20 inches, is lettered, rather large, with the alphabet, A, B, C, D, etc. The letters are put a small distance apart. At the upper corners of the board are written the words "yes" and "no," the "yes" on the left, the "no" on the right. On the left and right hand lower corners respectively are written "good evening" and "good night." Underneath the letters of the alphabet are the figures in a row, the whole arranged like this:



Then a tiny table is made with four legs. It is three or four inches high and very thin and light. Two persons sit opposite each other and take the board upon their knees as in the picture. The little four-legged table is placed upon the board. The two persons grasp lightly with the thumb and forefinger the corners of the table that are next to them.



THE TALKING BOARD.

The two sit down and become quiet, asking the question: "Are there any communications?" After a few minutes the little table begins to move over the board. It is an intelligent, or at least, a semi-intelligent force that guides the table, for it answers questions. Sometimes it talks utter nonsense and again it will write real information. The table spells out sentences in this way. When a question is asked, the table moves towards the letters, and the foot stops upon the first one of the sentence to be written out. Then it passes to the next one; and the next and so on, with more or less rapidity. A gentleman, who has experimented with the thing, says: "Sometime the table will cover two letters with its feet and then you hang on and ask that the foot be moved from the wrong letter, which will be done."

One man who thought his family was spending too much time over the talking machine burned it up. Then he left home on a journey. When the talking board could not be found some one made another, and the amusement went on as before. To the question what had become of the other board the answer was given, "Jack burned it up," which somewhat astonished Jack on his return.

The questions may be asked mentally, even by persons sitting in the room several feet away from the operators, and the answers are given just as readily. In some cases remarkable and truthful revelations are said to have been given about living persons. But it is not well to give too much heed to these revelations.

Bernard Macauley.

Many an old theatre goer will hear with a melancholy feeling of the death of this well known actor. A man of splendid physique, he ought to have been in his prime, for he was not as old as Henry Irving or Edwin Booth. But he early contracted a passion for drink, which shortened his days at last. Only for this he would have reached a high place

among interpreters of the drama. As it was, he won distinction. He died of Bright's disease at St. Vincent's hospital, New York city.



BERNARD MACAULEY.

Bernard Macauley was born in New York city in 1837. In 1864 he appeared in that city as Armand Duval to Matilda Heron's Camille. He was a handsome young man, with a rich voice and a brilliant eye. He went west and became a theatre manager. He had theatres in Cincinnati and Louisville. In those cities he was very popular, as manager and actor. He played himself the leading male roles in the stock companies he managed. He played Macbeth to Charlotte Cushman's Lady Macbeth at her last appearance in Cincinnati before her death, during the tour she made after she became afflicted with the cancer that put an end to her life. Macauley did not suffer even in comparison with Charlotte Cushman.

Afterwards he fell into difficulties and lost his property. The last play of any note that he appeared in was "The Messenger from Jarvis Section," with which he went on the road for several years. His wife, who survives him, was Rachel Johnson, herself a talented actress.

MISS KATE FIELD.

Sketch of the Lady Who is Lecturing on Mormonism.

By the way, why is it necessary for a newspaper whenever it makes a notice of Kate Field's lectures on Mormonism, to invariably preface the notice with the announcement that Katie is no longer so young as she once was? What has her age to do with her lecture anyhow? It does not appear that the lady is seeking for any man to marry her. No doubt a woman as bright as she is could have had a husband long ago, if she had wanted one. It does not appear, either, that she pretends to be any younger than she is, or cares who knows that she is nearly or quite 50. If her lectures are stirring public attention, as they are, if they are witty, instructive and on a very important subject, as they also are, is not that enough? Kate Field will be entertaining and a woman worth knowing when she is 100 years old. So give us a rest on her age. Come, now!



KATE FIELD.

Miss Field was born in St. Louis, Mo. Her father was Joseph M., an Englishman, and a talented author and actor. But his chief claim to distinction is that he was the father of Kate.

The lady was educated in Massachusetts and in England. Abroad she made the acquaintance of distinguished literary people. She was a favorite of Walter Savage Landor, and she cherishes pleasant personal reminiscences of that old lion of the English world of letters.

Kate has been making a stir in the world for a quarter of a century now. She has been reader, actress, business woman and lecturer. In Great Britain she earned a pile of money in a way which is a real credit to this clever woman. It was when the Bell telephone was first invented and put upon the market over the water. Professor Graham Bell wished to introduce it throughout the United Kingdom. Miss Field traveled with the invention from city to city, exhibiting it and lecturing about it. In her clear words and musical voice she explained the wonders of the new machine. Thousands of people heard her, and were captivated by both the invention and the girl lecturer. The tour was a great success. Miss Field took stock in the telephone company for her pay, and soon was worth \$40,000.

The story should have stopped there and it would have been a good one, but the talented young woman came back to her own country, embarked much, if not all this bravely earned money in a co-operative dress association and lost it.

So she had to start out out in the world and go to earning money over again. She has been lecturing throughout the country this year on Mormonism, and is just carrying on the agitation in Washington, in the hope of keeping congress awake on the subject. She has been in Utah personally, and investigated the much-wiring fraternity. The full horrors of the system, she assures us, have never been revealed to people in the states. Mormonism is blacker than it is painted.

Sam Jones' Reform.

Sam Jones looks tired and ill. His swearing off on tobacco is undoubtedly telling on him, and it seems to be an interesting scientific and religious fact that the physical annoyances that follow such a reform cannot be removed by prayer. However, Chicago never fails in any reform work, and Mr. Jones will stick it out.—Chicago Times.

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