

51st YEAR.

HOW BRAMWELL BOOTH WORKS IN ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER'S PLACE; NEW LIFE TO SALVATION ARMY

If you walk down the Strand or loiter along the Embankment in these bright June days you cannot fail to notice that we have got visitors in our midst. That, it will be said, is no unusual thing. Every day brings its hundred thousand strangers into London, and in a walk from Trafalgar Square to the law courts you may at any time catch the accents of many strange tongues and rub shoulders with visitors from the islands of the utmost seas. But the present invasion is distinct from this normal condition, for it is noticeable for many things besides its magnitude. For example, it is the most remarkable agglomeration of human types we have ever seen in our streets in large numbers. There are white faces and brown faces, black faces and yellow faces, Japanese and Koreans, Indians and West Indians, Americans and Australians, Swedes and Swiss. And though their garb is as various as their speech, it has this in common, that it is always splashed with red—red hats or red robes, red badges and red ribbons. At certain hours, when the tide ebbs and flows from the great congress hall that has been built in the Strand, the streets seem bright with red. And it is not only this note of color that is common to all. In spite of the disguises of tongue and of skin, they are obviously one people, with a common citizenship that ignores the boundaries of kings and states, of color and speech. They have some secret of fellowship that unites them—a secret, too, which makes them conspicuously happy.

It is this atmosphere of happiness which will impress you if you follow them to those amazing meetings which they are holding thrice daily. Amazing is not an excessive word for such a phenomenon as I witnessed this week, when I made the round of the services which were in progress in the evening. It was the fourth or fifth day of the congress and there had been great gatherings in the morning and afternoon; but the Central Hall of the Wesleyans at Westminster was crowded to the doors. I went in to Kingsway Hall and found it thronged to the vestibule. Then to the temporary hall erected on the Aldwych site in the Strand, where 5,000 people were listening to an address from General Bramwell Booth, while outside the doors there were crowds still waiting for admission. This is going on each day thrice daily. It is a fact which means a good deal.

Father and Son.
It means, for example, that the prediction, which used to be common, that the Salvation Army was a mushroom growth that would vanish with its founder has been falsified. Two years have passed since General Booth died, and in the interval the Army, so far from fading away, has developed as rapidly as at any period during its existence. It is time to revise our impressions of its place in the scheme of things. It is not enough to say that the Army has been fortunate in securing such a successor to such a Chief. That is true, of course. This gray-headed man, with the sensitive mouth and the serene eyes, who stands before the great audience pleading with them to leave the life of pleasure for the life of sacrifice and service, is not unworthy of comparison with his father.

And yet he is singularly unlike him. There was something masterful and hawk-like about the old General. The black, bead-like eyes and the beaked nose gave an extraordinary impression of penetration and personal contact. He dominated you, not merely by the flame of his passion, but by the intensity of his will and the sense of the superiority of his worldly wisdom. He was an autocrat who founded an empire. His son could not have founded that empire, for he has none of the originality and daring of his father. But he is perfectly adapted to maintaining the empire and strengthening its foundations. He is an organizer where his father was an adventurer. It is probable that his father's dreams would never have been turned into solid achievements but for the calm, laborious engineering work of Bramwell Booth. What the Salvation Army owed to him in the past is only now becoming apparent. He supplied precisely the balancing element that the general needed. He supplied it because he was his mother's son.

That fact is apparent from his physical aspect, which is singularly reminiscent, in its mingled tenderness and serenity, of his mother. It is apparent also in his methods. What was compulsion in the father is persuasion in the son. He holds his great audience by a certain air of sweetness and light, and the sense of an illimitable passion for humanity. He is free from extravagances of speech and suggests both in manner and matter an Evangelical Bishop more than a revivalist preacher. Like his father, he

is indifferent to the distractions of intellectualism and modernism, and rests his appeal on the simplest gospel pleas. The Flock.

It is the power of that appeal of which this remarkable Congress is the witness. No one can be present at these gatherings without being impressed by the magnitude of the hunger to which the Army ministers. Morning, noon and night ten thousand people crowd these halls to hear addresses, now from black men, now from white, to sing hymns and to shout "Hallelujah." Next Tuesday there will be a hundred thousand of them at the Crystal Palace. They seem a community by themselves, chiefly, one would say, belonging to the comfortable working class and the small trading class; but no doubt inclusive of all sorts and conditions of men. They are people of whom we never hear in the newspapers, for they are not politicians, or lovers of sports, or theatre-goers. They are just quiet, plain people who have "found religion" and to whom religion is the one serious interest in life. They are attracted to the Army because it gives them religion and not theology, a way of life and not a creed. It does not offer them intellectual solutions of intellectual problems. It ignores problems and solutions alike and addresses itself directly and simply to the spiritual disquiet of men. Francis Thompson said that it was easy for a man to find God if he did not seek to define Him. And that seems to be the working principle of the Army. Its methods may seem crude and violent; but at the bottom they anticipate much of the new philosophical movement which seeks to substitute the Rule of the Spirit for the Rule of Nature.

The Politics of Zion.
The Salvationist has no regard for secular remedies. Hence his divorce from the political world, his coldness towards labor movements, socialist theories and so on. General Bramwell Booth repudiates all these things. Sin is to him the one supreme, overwhelming fact of life. And it is remediable not by legislation, or collective action, but by personal salvation. On all sides he hears the question, "What shall we do with our sin?" and around him many voices speaking in answer. Some say "Do nothing." There is nothing to be done. The world is lost and man is lost; but a beast who will presently perish. Sit still and die. Others say "We must improve the laws and customs of the nation. Civilization is the cure. Better manners, larger ideas, greater freedom: they will bring deliverance." They forget, he says, that the most highly civilized peoples, so far, are perhaps the wickedest of all. Others say: "Educate the people. That will make them better. Improve their minds. Instruct them. Sin is only ignorance. It will disappear before the advancing light of knowledge. Science and art will bring the people out of their degradation. Schools are the only cure." And he says, they forget that many of the most learned and gifted men and women in every age have been the most cruel, the most profligate and the most miserable. Others, again, advise more money, higher wages, better living. Destroy poverty and you destroy vice. They forget, he says, that the black sin of Sodomit came out of the fulness of bread. And so, having dismissed all the theories of the economists, the reformers and the educationists as worthless, he arrives at personal salvation through Christ and the life of righteousness as the one remedy for the world's ills. He preaches the politics of Zion. A Theocracy.

And yet there can be no doubt that it is the social reform policy of the Army which is largely responsible for its position today. It was the appeal of General Booth through his "Darkest England" scheme to the conscience of the country that won for the Army such universal sympathy and gave so powerful an impulse to that movement of social reform which has become the supreme concern of politics. And it is the social work of the Army today which, to the outside world at all events, is its most conspicuous title to thanks. The value of that work can not be exaggerated. In England, in America, in Japan, in Norway, Sweden, India, China, South Africa—wherever the Army goes it carries with it healing for the sores, as

New Eldorado Bursts Forth! It's Oil; And Sales Girls, Stenographers and Chauffeurs Are In It For Millions!

JENNIE EARLE CLEANS UP QUARTER OF A MILLION; MISS FITZGERALD RAKES IN \$11,000—EVERYBODY IS BUYING OR SELLING OIL LEASES, OIL WELL AND OIL STOCK. WHILE THEY MAKE A MILLIONAIRE A DAY IN THE CALGARY OIL FIELDS.

[BY R. F. CHATEL.]
Staff Writer of Calgary News-Telegram.
Calgary, Alberta, (Canada), June 30.—Oil drills, dozens, dozens of them, playing a tattoo over the wide stretches of this rolling foothill country on the Eastern fringe of the northern Rockies! No music, this, for the hesitation, but its rhythm has set the millionaire, the butcher, the baker, and the stenographer a-whirling in the dizziest tango ever known in Canada.

Twenty-one newly-made Calgary millionaires in less than 21 days: SHOPGIRLS SNATCHED BY MIDAS FROM THE RIBBON-COUNTER; CHAUFFEURS LADEN WITH LEASES VALUED IN THE TENS OF THOUSANDS; BRAVY HOMESTEADERS CHASING TO THE NEAREST TOWN TO BUY TOURING CARS—These are some of the accompaniments of the oil boom that has Calgary in its grip since May 15, when the first "strike" was made at Dingman well, forty miles south.

"OIL OR HELL!" That's the cry that has brought the bullion-wagons scampering to Calgary from east and west, that has transformed thousands of acres of the most commonplace cowpasture into "oil land" commanding prices up to \$3,000 an acre and more.

Why "Oil or Hell?" You have to go to Kipling to explain the slogan. For some years it has been the custom hereabouts, when gas was required for domestic, industrial or general purposes to sink an auger into the prairie and set fire to the atmosphere. And Kipling being fresh from the land where the clank of the meter chills the heart of dad, was impressed by it during his visit to these parts, that he mumbled some historic words about "Standing on the tripod of Inferno" as he departed to catch the 4:45 without waiting for a bus. So, that's where you get "oil or hell!"

W. S. Herron, the central figure in the big oil boom, arrived here some years ago from the Cobalt mining district in Northern Ontario. He staked his all on the acquiring by outright purchase of land in the district. First drilling was begun on the Dingman property adjoining in the "strike" of May 15, when the well gushed to a height of 80 feet.

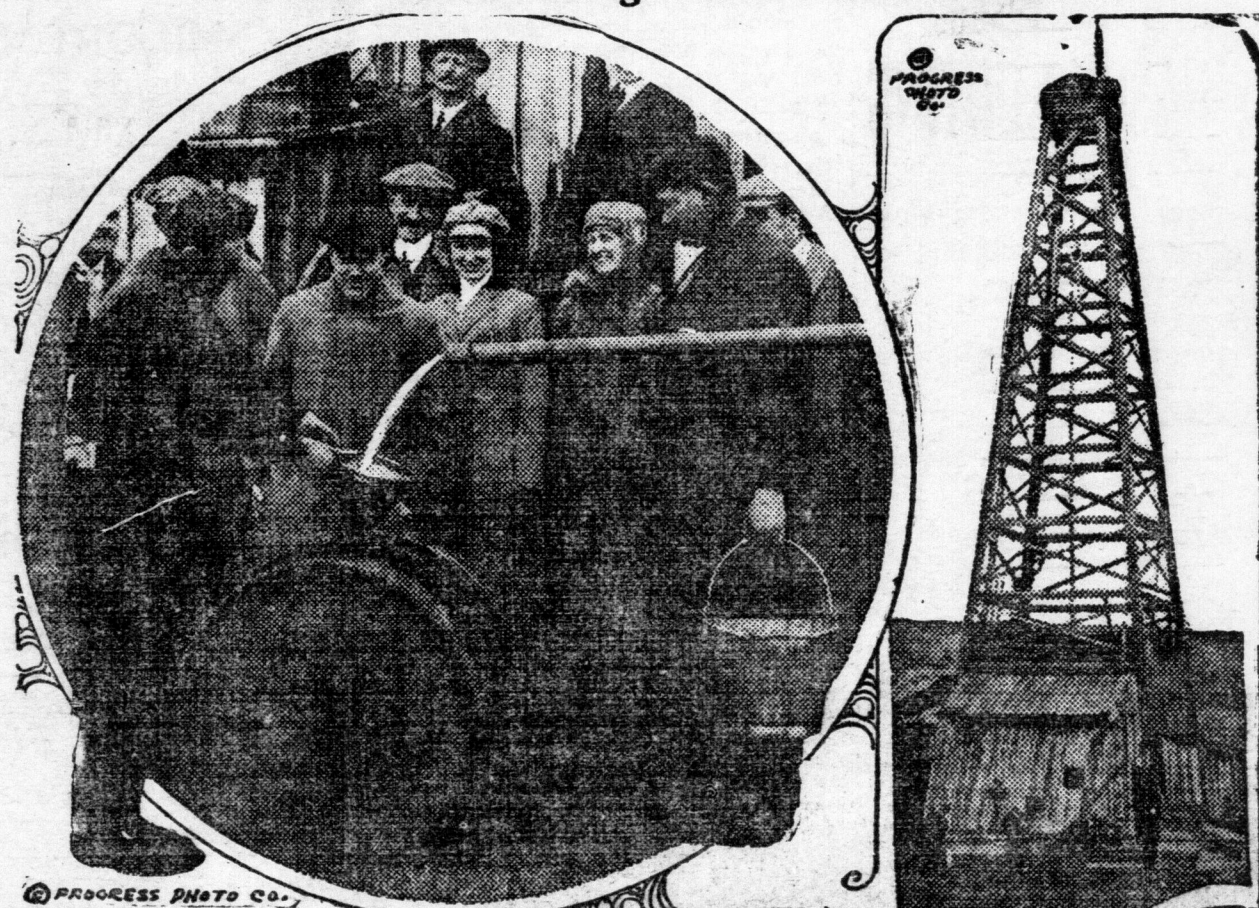
YOU CAN ONLY GUESS HOW MANY MILLIONS HERRON'S FARM IS NOW WORTH!
Brokers offices opened in every block. Bookstalls sold their stands to lease and stock sellers for hundreds of dollars, while the hotel business became seething centres of excitement. Lines formed in front of the offices of popular companies, buyers fighting for the privilege of securing the dollar shares. FERTILIZING CLERKS TOSSED THE MONEY INTO LARGE CLOTHES-BASKETS AND THEN CALLED FOR MORE BASKETS.

But the buying powers of the public could scarcely keep pace with the avalanche of shares ranging in price from ten cents up. Companies sprung up dozens daily, until it is estimated that their AGGREGATE CAPITALIZATION NOW EXCEEDS ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS!
In the long, lean months of last winter, when Old Boreas, in league with Gen. Depression, was sweeping across the bleak prairie, Jennie Earle had her eyes glued on the main chance. Miss Earle was a stenographer in the office of a man who has since become one of the leading oil operators of the district. Her imagination was stirred as she tapped the keys by stories she heard of

upon the Army. If in course of time it became enriched and respectable and were to take on the form of a church and encase itself in creeds, it would become a powerful clerical factor in politics and its head, with his absolute authority, a foe to a democratic state. That is the peril that lies in its path. It is not apparent how because the Army still preserves to an astonishing degree the virgin enthusiasm with which under the inspiration of its great founder it came out of the East End nearly fifty years ago with drums beating and flags flying to encounter the rigid self-denying ordinance in regard to alcohol, tobacco, and similar indulgences, which the Army imposes on its members, much to its disadvantage so far as its numbers are concerned. In short the movement is that most unprecedented achievement, a revivalist crusade or

This aloofness from and distrust of the social activities of the world may ultimately have a profound influence

Where Oil Is Being Turned Into Gold



SCENES IN CALGARY.

BARRILING OIL AT DINGMAN WELL. AT BOTTOM INVESTORS WAITING THEIR TURN TO BUY OIL STOCK. AND ABOVE, THE FAMOUS DINGMAN WELL, WHERE OIL WAS FIRST STRUCK.

"expected" rushes and riches. One day she learned of some government leases about to lapse. A few minutes later she had taken her place in the line at the land office steps. Nightfall found her still awaiting her turn. The doors clanged shut. It was cold, and the men in front of her dropped off one by one.

Soon she became No. 1 in the line. Result: for deposit of \$160 she had acquired the mineral rights for a year on one of the most valued sections of land in the oil district. Now she owns a quarter interest in a \$1,000,000 company and occupies the post of secretary-treasurer. Stock has been in lively demand. So Miss Earle's bank account, in addition to her holdings, runs high into the tens of thousands.

Jennie Fitzgerald, who was at the notation counter of a department store drawing a weekly wage of \$8, also drew a prize package at the land office. After two strangers came in one morning and placed on the counter a marked check for \$11,000 as an offer for her holdings Miss Fitzgerald spent many delirious hours. Now she's on a honeymoon trip down in North Dakota in a touring car.

It has cost an Edmonton man about \$10,000 to take a pleasure trip to his old home in England. Last fall City Electrician Brown lent him \$100. He has had the pleasure trip and Brown has the several hundred Dingman shares given in return for the loan.

every country from Korea to Peru, bronzed, hardy men, simple of speech, simple of faith, working for the wage of an under clerk. For poverty is still the badge of the Army. There is not a salary of £300 a year paid anyone in connection with it, and the general himself receives nothing, living like his father before him, on the life interest of a small sum invested for his maintenance by an admirer of his work. And its adherents, too, still keep their primitive fervour, crowd to the Mercy seat, shout "Hallelujah" and observe that rigid self-denying ordinance in regard to alcohol, tobacco, and similar indulgences, which the Army imposes on its members, much to its disadvantage so far as its numbers are concerned. In short the movement is that most unprecedented achievement, a revivalist crusade or

Crowds of brokers and speculators in the rotunda of the new million-dollar Canadian Pacific Railroad hotel suddenly stopped roaring when a man, hatless, and perspiring, rushed up to the desk and demanded vociferously immediate possession of the building, tendering a check for \$1,000,000. He was removed to the asylum in Ponoka, where he is now violently insane. He had just turned over for about \$40,000 a batch of shares which

cost him \$500. He couldn't stand it. Everybody's nerves are tense. Every pulse beat of the Discovery well is carefully measured. When the oil "gushes," a responsive throb is felt all down the line. The bookstall sleeps with his ten-cent certificate under his pillow, and Mr. Wallingford smokes longer and blacker cigars.

And everybody dreams of an estate like Rockefeller's with a standing army to repel the I. W. W.!!

While the Army can produce such leaders and keep so close to its simple ideals, it will prosper and serve the highest interests of humanity. But should it ever fall into the hands of an ecclesiastical statesman his doom will be sealed. No one but a saint can be trusted to wield such autocratic power as that which Bramwell Booth possesses. And we cannot be sure of the succession of the saints even in the Salvation Army.

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S STARTLES OLD AND YOUNG WITH STATEMENTS

Says Man Not Most Important Part of God's Creation.

THE FOE OF DEMOCRACY

Distrusts the Masses and Foretells Day When State Will Destroy the Inefficient.

The appearance of the Dean of St. Paul's as the Essex Hall lecturer to the Unitarians this week is an unprecedented event. But no less unprecedented is the dean himself. He is the strangest portent of the church today, the symbol of that universal unrest which is disturbing society, but which rarely finds any reflection in the discreet utterances of the hierarchy. The Archbishop of Canterbury may be taken as typical of the attitude of the dignitaries of the establishment to the new ideas that envelop us. You may search all his deliverances without discovering that anything particular is happening in these thrilling days when every doctrine is challenged, when new ideas are sweeping over men like a tide, and when the social order is shifting violently to new foundations. He preserves through all the accents of a calm world and a long peace.

But Dean Inge has brought the church into relation—even if a distorted relation—with facts. He is vital and sensational as the time on which he passes his startling criticisms. And whatever we may think of his views, we must be grateful for the courage and independence of his thought. He is like a man who is thinking furiously aloud and is unconscious of all considerations of clerical propriety and conventional restraint. You may disagree with him, but one thing you agree with him, but one thing you know—he is telling you what he profoundly believes and he is telling it without any thought of preference, or popularity or personal consequence. "Any dead dog can float with the stream," he says scornfully; but he goes his own way in face of any current. He has probably said more indiscreet things than any man who went into a pulpit and his gift of phrase-making renders his indiscretions all the more dazzling and memorable.

The Recluse Temperament.
But as a critic of society he has one serious defect. He is essentially a recluse, both by temperament and training. His life has been almost exclusively spent at Eton, first as a pupil, then as a master, and at Oxford, first as an undergraduate, then as a tutor. Now Eton and Oxford are useful rungs in the ladder, but the view of the world which is gained from either of them is limited. Dean Inge is a qualified that view by any contact with the life of that surprisingly large number of people who have been neither at Eton nor at Oxford. Nor is the limited range of his experience counteracted by his habit of mind. He always carries the impress of the isolated soul. If you see him in committee you cannot fail to notice the curious spiritual aloofness that invests him. He seems to sit remote, abstracted, with a gentle melancholy playing across his Oriental features. If you meet him in the street he is always alone, his eyes cast down, his mind apparently sunk in an abyss of thought. To some extent no doubt this isolation is due to his deafness, but it is primarily the result of a temperament which does not so much see the world as brood over its conception of it.

And the brooding, introspective habit does not tend to a cheerful view of society. It is not an accident that the men who dwell closest to the poor and the most of that fierce battle which they wage against poverty and squalor are the least gloomy in their thoughts about them. The Dean, like Canon Barnett spent in the midst of East London never depressed his serene and beautiful temper. Above all, it never made him misjudge the poor or pass harsh verdicts upon them, or lose hope in the future. Hope shone in him like a pillar of fire and it never shone brighter than at the end. And the same is true of the Bishop of London and the late Peter Jackson. Their life in the slums did not teach them to despair; on the contrary, it gave them an extraordinary faith in humanity, especially the humanity of the mean streets.

The Foe of Democracy.
It is Dean Inge's mission, that, though, as he once said, he has lived most of his life in two rooms, there were rooms in a college, and not in a cottage. Had he had a course of Town Hall training Town his hatred of the democratic philosophy—"the silliest of all fetishes ever worshipped among us," as he has said—might not have been less; but his understanding of the working classes would have saved him from some of the grosser attacks that he has made upon them, not the least astonishing of which was the Easter sermon he preached in the midst of the great coal strike. "The men's claims for justice," he said then, "are an earnest of revolutionary war waged for the sake of spoils. Men in masses are nearly always guided by selfish interests. Moral considerations do not touch them."

The good old rule Suffice them, the simple plan, That they should take who have the power And they should keep who can."

His distrust of the masses, indeed, is almost an obsession. He adopts Tennison's satire as his own gospel. "Winning the masses," he says, "is a phrase for politicians, not for evangelists. If we ally ourselves with mankind 'in the loom' we ally ourselves with mankind at its worst." A strange gospel to trace its source to Nazareth. But he has a message for the masses all the same. They are to be painfully removed from a world in which they are only a nuisance. "The state of the future," he says, "will take life mercifully, but more freely than now." And it will do something more than provide a comfortable lethal chamber for our superfluous population. It will prevent these troublesome people from

(Continued on Page 15.)

THE LAST COUNCIL OF LAMINGTON COUNTY, IN WHICH THE TOWN (NOW A CITY) OF SARNIA WAS REPRESENTED.



From left to right, front row—D. E. McIntyre, Bosanquet; J. B. Woodhall, Thedford; Dr. W. Henderson, Sarnia; S. Stapleford, Watford; J. Burgess, Petrolia; J. Wilson, Wyoming; J. Mara, Point Edward; Dr. C. O. Fairbank (warden), Petrolia; G. D. Kirby, Sarnia; E. Steadman, Enniskillen; N. Grant, Sombra; J. Bowles, Sombra; W. J. Bourne, Brooke; Dr. F. Chalk, Forest. Back row—J. McCallum, Alvinston; J. Taylor, Sarnia Township; D. Shaw, Moore; J. McBean, Moore; A. McGuire, Dawn; J. Ferguson, Sarnia; John Dalziel, clerk of county; W. J. Proctor, Sarnia; G. A. Annett, Euphemia; J. McLean, Plympton; J. H. Anderson, Oil Springs; W. G. Hall, Warwick; T. Simpson, Enniskillen; J. T. Whitsitt, Courtright; S. Bailey, Plympton; A. A. Hobbs, Warwick; W. A. Annett, Brooke; J. C. Jones, Arkona; H. W. Dawson, Dawn.