FROM THE

PRAIRIE SCHOONER IN TEXAS TO A

CITY FLAT IN NEW YORK

REV. C. B. JERNIGAN

# From the Prairie Schooner to a City Flat

By

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## DEDICATION

To Mrs. Johnny Hill Jernigan, the wife of my youth, the mother of my children, my able assistant in my ministry, and my lifelong companion in this perilous journey from the Prairie Schooner to the Flat.

## INTRODUCTION

It is a far cry from the Texas plains to the world's metropolis; from the prairie schooner to the subway trains; from the log cabin of the western pioneer to Gotham flats. It is as far as the East is from the West; from the unsaved sinner to the saint washed and made white in the Blood of the Lamb—sanctified, baptized with the Holy Spirit, filled with Divine Personality. If life is a matter of experiences—the full life one of wide experiences—then the author of this book has lived largely. It has been my great good fortune to have been a close friend of the Rev. C. B. Jernigan for over a quarter of a century; to have shared a little in his labors and much in the blessings from his ministry. If I were to envision as one individual the spirit of the pioneer, the builder, the maker of that which we call America and American, that vision would take form wonderfully like him whom I know as the author of this volume.

CHAS. A. MCCONNELL

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## Out Where the West Begins

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins.

COTTON

# From the Prairie Schooner to a City Flat

## CHAPTER ONE

### A COTTON PLANTATION IN MISSISSIPPI

On a great cotton plantation in the fertile land of the State of Mississippi lived a cotton planter, who in his early manhood had graduated with honors from a medical college; but the lure of plantation life with its many colored slaves to come at his every beck and call, inspired him to add to his practice of medicine the responsibilities of a great cotton plantation and its management.

On this plantation stood a magnificent southern mansion, in its colonial beauty, with its tall rounded columns that supported the roof overhanging the portico in front. In the yard grew massive magnolia trees, which, when in bloom, filled the air with the fragrance of their large white blossoms, while the fragrance was intensified by clusters of cape jasmine and honeysuckles which grew in abundance in the yard. In the corner was the fountain with its springing waters, while beneath it sported goldfish under the spreading leaves of the pond lilies.

In the back yard stood the old smokehouse, where

the year's supply of meat was cured and kept for both the family and the colored slaves. Off in the field nearby was the "negro quarters"—well kept log houses, where the many colored slaves lived. Across the road some distance down from the mansion was the cotton gin, where the cotton was ginned and baled in the fall of the year, ready to be placed on steamboats and carried to the New Orleans market. Just across the road from the cotton gin was the big barn in which was kept the supply of corn and hay, and in stalls the teams of big mules for farm work, and cows that supplied the whole plantation with milk and butter. A little farther down the hill was the cane mill where the juice was ground out of the sugar cane that grew on the plantation, and boiled into molasses.

This plantation was cleared out of the virgin forest of great oaks, ash, hickory, poplar and sweet gum; while its tangled undergrowth was composed of bamboo briars, rattan, intermingled with tall cane, so dense that it was hard for a man to make his way through it.

In this dense undergrowth, often twenty feet high, wild game abounded—deer, wild turkey, black bear, and squirrels everywhere; it was also infested with big snakes of every description and alligators in the bayous. When this dense undergrowth was cut and allowed to dry it was burned off, and the giant trees were cut and great "log rollings" were given. The

timber was cut and rolled into great piles and burned in mighty "log heaps."

This land when cleared was as rich as the valley of the Nile, and cotton, corn and cane grew in great profusion. This great plantation was cleared and put into a fine state of cultivation, and was producing abundance of crops when the cruel "Civil War" broke out in all of its fury, and suddenly this rich river valley became a veritable pandemonium.

NEGRO QUARTERS

On this plantation there were about fifty negroes, men, women and children, who lived in neatly built log houses which formed a hollow square, each house with a separate garden and flower yard, which must be kept free from weeds and grass. These colored people really enjoyed life; they had no cares over which to worry since all their needs were supplied by their master.

On a high pole near the home of the foreman hung a big bell, which rang out the times. At an early hour every morning you could hear the big bell ring for rising. Everybody on the farm arose at the ringing of the bell, and while the women cooked hot biscuits and fried meat for breakfast, the men fed the mules and milked the cows, while the air was filled with "old-fashioned southern melodies," both around the barn and in the houses. No people on earth can sing like the southern negroes. They are literally full of rhythm and music. Yonder a dozen voices would

chime in on "Away Down on the Suwanee River," or "My Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane." When once out in the great cotton or corn fields they would sing all day long, "My Heart's Turned Back to Dixie," or other melodies, and soon the farm would be one ringing anthem of song. They can sing without words or tune, as they can make both as they go.

My mother had a black nurse for the children whom we called "Black Mammy," who was my constant companion all during my childhood days. I loved her almost as well as my own mother; when I got ugly she would spank me hard, till I thought that I would die, then she would take me into her arms and hug me up until I forgot my sorrows.

On Sunday mornings the colored people would attend services at the white church. There was a bar across the middle of the church which divided the house for colored and whites. But when the altar call was made and some one would pray through, and the "fire fell," then there would be a general mix-up, until you could not tell them apart. Everybody shouted for joy.

Sunday afternoon they had services at their own meeting house at the "negro quarters," and one of their own number preached for them. My, but it would refresh you today to attend one of their services. One man would preach, another exhort and call seekers, and when they prayed through, such shouts of victory you seldom hear while they sang with joy-

ful voices, "Swing low sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home, swing low," and other old-fashioned southern campmeeting songs. Christmas was a special time of frolic and fun to them. Their holiday lasted as long as the "Yule log burned," which was a big log of green wood rolled into the great fireplace in their master's home, as all houses were in those days warmed by big fireplaces.

When the "Yule log" burned up their holiday ended, and work began again.

### THE CIVIL WAR

When the war broke out this cotton planter became a captain in the Confederate army, and on account of his praying in the barracks with his men he was called the "Methodist Captain". In 1863 New Orleans was captured by Federal gunboats under General Butler. On the following Fourth of July, Vicksburg, Miss., surrendered to that mighty conqueror, General U. S. Grant, which suddenly plunged the whole state of Mississippi into a guerrilla warfare, and like "Sherman's March to the Sea," the whole country around was devastated by roving bands of guerrillas—cotton gins were burned to the ground, mules confiscated and driven away, while many of these splendid mansions were robbed of all the silverware and jewels, which abounded in these wealthy southern homes. One of these guerrilla bands attempted to despoil the home of David James Jernigan, the father of this author, who was away in the

Confederate army, his wife at home with her children and colored slaves of the plantation. They were met at the gate by this black eyed southern woman with a big revolver in each hand, who told them that she had heard how they had robbed other homes, but that they could get her silverware and jewels when they could walk over her dead body. Just one look into those determined eyes was sufficient, and they left one home as they found it.

The author of this sketch was born on September 4th following. This may in some way account for the "pioneer spirit" in him, deep-seated by pre-natal influences and future environments, preparing the soul and body for hardships and conflicts, which are absolutely necessary for a real pioneer.

THE CAMP

## CHAPTER TWO

### WESTWARD THE TIDE OF EMPIRE ROLLS

When the Civil War was over, and all slavery abolished (which was the making of the South) this cotton planter gathered the shattered remains of his once splendid fortune and loaded them together with his family into great "covered wagons," which in the west were called "prairie schooners," accompanied by a few of his former slaves who loved their master too well to leave him, for, although set free by the government, they thought that they would fare better with him than to be left behind with no home, no

funds, and no friends. In these wagons this family with several other families turned their faces westward to seek a new home in the "western wilds."

The days of reconstruction in any country after a great war, are days of terrible testings and trials. The whole country was in an uproar. Marauding bands of bold and daring robbers infested the land. There was little law or order in those days No man was safe if it was suspected that he had money; and there were no safe banks to which he could entrust his funds on deposit There were no great highways across the country that he could travel. In fact many of the roads were impassable, and roads had to be

EVERYBODY RUSHED TO THE WRECK

made as they traveled. There were few bridges across the streams, but in most parts they had to be "forded," and often that was dangerous, as these pioneers knew nothing of the roads, or of the hidden dangers under the waters of these streams. Sometimes the wagon with the family in it would strike a big boulder of stone in the water and overturn in midstream, and the women and children would have to be carried out on the backs of the men. Or, as was sometimes the case, they stuck in the "quicksand" in the rivers and then it required days to get them out.

At night these wagons would all form a circle and build a great log fire in the midst, and around this the women would cook their meager meals in "skillets" covered with coals of fire, or fry the meat and "flap jacks" in long handled frying pans over the coals.

These big log fires served to frighten away the wild beasts that infested this new country, as well as for cooking. In the deep woods we often heard the scream of a panther away up on the limb of a tree in the distance. On the prairies we were serenaded by coyotes at night. Their howls would almost freeze the blood in our veins. One night there came up a terrible storm just as all were getting to sleep, and the wind blew a gale, tearing down every tent in the camp, while the rain poured in torrents until all in the camp was soaked through and all the bedding

AWAY FLEW THE TENT

thoroughly wet. It took a real pioneer spirit to endure such hardness.

In spite of all these hindrances these war-torn immigrants pushed their way through the timber land of Louisiana, and Eastern Texas, to the trackless wide rolling prairies of the West. Their meat while enroute was mostly wild game, there was an occasional deer or wild turkey, and sometimes a big black bear shot by these travelers. Squirrels and quails were abundant, and cotton tail rabbits every where; and on the prairies jack rabbits abounded. Occasionally an antelope would be killed, and sometimes a herd of

buffalo could be seen, in the distance, galloping across the prairies.

The country was very thinly settled, whole counties had only a population of a few hundred people. Cities and towns were unknown in this country, but soon there was here and there a country store where general merchandise was kept, everything that was needed in a pioneer home, and no stock of goods was thought complete without a barrel of whiskey. In these country stores they usually kept the postoffice. The mail was brought across the trackless prairies once a week by a lone rider on horseback. It was carried in a great leather bag thrown across the horse on the back of the saddle. The mail carrier was often compelled to swim the streams on horseback to get the mails through. Men from all parts would gather at these stores on Saturdays to wait for the mail to arrive.

## CHAPTER THREE

### MY EARLY HOME IN TEXAS

My father located near the black land cotton belt of Texas, in Hunt County, in the northern part of the state. Our home was located between two deep creeks as a protection from prairie fires that swept the country clean almost every winter. He bought 200 acres of rich prairie land for farming, and sixty acres of heavy timber land five miles away, for fire wood, fence rails and posts.

Our home was a big eight-room, primitive house, two of the rooms being eighteen feet square with a hall between. In the big, well built log room there was a very large fireplace for both warming the room and doing the family cooking. Our bread (mostly corn bread) was cooked in skillets or iron ovens setting on red hot coals of fire on the hearth, with fire coals on their top. Pots for boiling hung on hooks over the fire. In the long winter evenings there were often sweet potatoes roasted in the hot ashes in the corner of the fireplace, while we children would pop corn over the hot coals with long handled corn poppers. In the corner often stood the big family churn, ready for churning the milk, as milk and butter were the staples of diet in those days, together with home-

made lye hominy, and sorghum molasses. In the dining room adjoining, the best meals were served that ever graced the table of a country home. Plenty abounded here, as nearly everything that was served was grown on our own farm. Plenty of cows for all family milk and butter, with big hogs in the pen for meat, or beef from our own herd of cattle. Forty hives of bees in the yard supplied all the honey necessary, peaches from our own orchard and grapes and berries in profusion. Across the hall from the family room was another equally as large which was the parlor. It also had a big fireplace of sawn limestone as white as snow. Adjoining these were shed rooms used for bedrooms. A happier family never lived. The father was a practicing physician and a devout Christian, the mother loved God with all of her heart. When the supper was over, the children gathered around a center table of mahogany, the relic of bygone days, and there we studied our lessons until we were too sleepy to study more, then father would get the old family Bible and read a lesson and get down and pray with such devotion that we would forget that we were away out on the western wilds.

Cotton was the money crop and when it was picked and ginned, we hauled it on big farm wagons to Jefferson, 125 miles away, to market. There it was sold, and such supplies were purchased as we needed in our home: sugar, salt, coffee, and flour, as there was no wheat grown there at first.

### THE PATENT COOK STOVE

On one of these trading trips my father bought a cook stove, the first one that was ever seen in that country. It created quite an excitement. My mother gave a great dinner cooked in "the new way" and invited all the neighbors in the northern part of the county to the dinner. I think there were forty people there to see the "patent cook stove" and eat food cooked in the new way. These forty constituted about all the people who lived in that part of the county. My father had brought some rich pine knots from eastern Texas, and with these he kindled the fire in the new cook stove and all the people gathered around to see "the patent thing." When the fire was started and the damper was turned down and the blaze began to roar the people ran from the room screaming, they thought the patent thing would blow up.

I never saw a railroad until I was fourteen years old, when I drove a team of horses to Sherman, Texas, hauling cotton to market; there I saw my first train, which so frightened me that I wanted to run; there I also ate my first meal in a restaurant, and saw my first three-story house. "Green," you say? Well, maybe so, but I lived to see that one of the most prosperous and wealthy countries in America, with great farm houses, all modern; made so by Delco lighting and water systems, with transcontinental highways paved with con-

crete, and one of the best school systems in this country; with consolidated grammar and high schools in mighty brick houses, and auto busses carrying children miles to these country schools.

There was a little village called "Hog Eye" about two miles from my home, located on the Jefferson and Sherman road. This village was composed of a general store, blacksmith shop, meeting house for church and school combined, a graveyard and a big ox mill and cotton gin combined. This ox mill had for motive power a big incline wheel, forty feet across, on which a dozen or more heavy oxen were driven and tied. Their weight on one side caused the wheel to turn and this ran the machinery of the mill. This mill was run by old man Jim Terry, a typical Westerner. It was soon discovered that wheat could be grown here, and my father planted a few acres for the making of his family flour. He cut it with the old-fashioned cradle by hand, and threshed it out with a flail on wagon sheets. The first turn of wheat I carried to the big ox mill, which had not been run since it was built, and mine was the first grinding. The oxen were driven on the wheel, the wheat placed in the hopper and the brake released and the mill started to turn, when lo! there was the most sickening odor that one ever smelled. It grew worse and worse as the mill ground on. Soon it became unbearable when the mill was stopped, and on examination we discovered that a skunk had made a nest or bed in the

bolting mechanism of the mill and had been killed by the revolutions of the mill. All of this right in my first turn of flour. There was an old skunk and four kittens all dead in my flour. My but I was heartbroken, for I knew that we would have to eat corn bread a while longer.

Myself and brothers and sisters attended our first school at this meeting and school house at Hog Eye. One day we were startled by the report of revolvers firing in rapid succession, and the wild screams of a dozen or more desperadoes. Bang! Bang! Bang! rang out the sharp crack of the guns mingled with such yelling that our hearts almost stopped beating. All the children in school sprang to their feet, and ran to the window. The teacher, also excited, commanded all to lie flat on their faces lest they be killed by a stray bullet. We lay there trembling as long as they stayed. These desperate characters when on a raid would stop you in the road and swap horses with you without your consent, taking all the change that you might have on your person to boot.

All the people in this wild western country were not outlaws; but many of them devout Christian characters, and men of honor. I was riding across a vast prairie one day with my father and a neighbor, when we met another man who lived in a distant part of the county, who, in making a cattle deal needed three hundred dollars, and stopped us and asked for the loan. The neighbor with us told him that he did not

have that much with him, and that there was no one at his home who could give it to him, but if he was in a hurry to go over to his house about six miles away and go in and pull the bed from the wall and take up the third plank in the floor and he would see a big peg driven into a two inch auger hole in the sill. "Pull this out and you will find a string tied to it. Pull the string and you will find a bag tied to it containing the money. Take out what you need and put the balance back." He took out the three hundred dollars in gold and put his note in its place and returned the floor and bed and went on his way. These westerners have a high ideal of honesty and manhood. They detest a man of small caliber. This was the way to check on "The Floor National Bank."

## CHAPTER FOUR

### MY BOYHOOD DAYS

With such surroundings as these I grew into manhood out in the open with plenty of fresh air and healthful exercise, such as plowing corn, hoeing cotton, or picking cotton in the fall; always taking half the day off on Saturdays for recreation. We husky lads would gather at some corral and ride wild "bronchos" or rope, saddle and ride a wild four-year-old steer for sport. Or we would hunt "possums" or shoot "cotton tail rabbits," climb the pecan trees that grew in profusion along creek banks of the country. We often picked up great bags of pecans for winter eating, and gathered wild grapes in abundance. We husky lads in the "Wild West" could rope a wild steer and throw him and tie him quicker than a flash. We could scale a tall pecan tree fifty feet high and beat off the nuts with a long pole, or shoot the eye out of a squirrel in the top of the tallest tree, play ball, run, jump, play "leap frog," then go into the school room and digest a book as quick as any boy on the continent.

### MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS

The first thing that left an impression on my mind was a prayer that my mother prayed for me when she

and I were in the room alone. I do not know what my age was at that time, but was still in my baby dresses, before I had ever put on trousers. I had violated some rule of the home, and I do not even remember what I had done, but this one thing I cannot forget; mother took me into this room all alone and on her knees on the carpet she told me how the Roman soldiers crucified Jesus, and how they spit in His face, and beat His bare back, and placed a crown of ugly thorns on His brow.

This was more than my childish heart could stand, and I wept as mother told me this story. I said, "Mother if I had been a man and been there I would have taken His part and they should not have treated Him that way." She was weeping bitterly, as she pulled me up to her bosom and said "Every time that you sin against God you crucify Jesus afresh," and then she placed her right hand on my head while with the other hand lifted toward heaven she prayed a prayer for me that has rung in my ears a thousand times; and when the hour of temptation comes I can hear that voice in prayer in that room that day. That prayer has been the stay of my life and an inspiration in every time of distress and temptation all these years. The glory that shined out of her face that day still lingers with me, and has been like a wall of fire about me by day and night.

She was a woman of prayer, and I do not remember ever seeing my mother the least bit angry. I

have heard her pray in secret in her room, or out in the little plum thicket in the back yard in the summer time, until we could hear her all over the farm.

I shall never forget her prayers, songs and triumphant shouts of victory at the old-fashioned camp-meetings, where we camped for two weeks every year of my boyhood days.

When I was sixteen, I had a fearful accident, from which I have never recovered to this day—I fell in love. My pastor on the "White Rock Circuit," Methodist Episcopal Church, South, came to visit my father. He brought his family along in a two-seated surrey. I was sent out by my father to take care of the team of horses, but when I came to the gate, I saw a most beautiful girl in the surrey, about my age. It was Miss Johnny Hill, the sister of the pastor's wife. I was a big barefoot boy, but when I saw this pretty girl I remembered my big bare feet, and broke and ran as hard as I could down the path towards the house. Off upstairs into my room I went in a hurry. The only thing that the girls saw was the bottoms of my big feet. I wanted to get one good look at that pretty girl, but I was so timid, that I did not know how to manage it. I did not want her to see me.

At last my father called out, "Charley! why don't you feed that team?" I took the team out and watered and fed it and returned to the house with my

C. B. JERNIGAN AND WIFE

heart fluttering. My! But I did want to see that girl, but I did not want her to see me.

I would take a peep at her and then slip away. After awhile dinner was announced, and all went to the big dining room, but there was not room at the table for all, so I suggested to mother that I would wait for the second table. My younger brother wielded the big "fly brush" made of long and beautiful peacock feathers, as there were no screens on windows in that country then.

We then lived in our big new farm house, which was not yet completed. I must see that girl! But how could I do it? I slipped off upstairs and peeped over the unfinished ceiling to get a good look at her. Somehow she discovered me as I peeped over, and she was in the act of taking a drink from a glass of rich milk, but in looking up she missed her mouth and poured the contents of the glass into her lap. Everybody at the table laughed except the girl—she blushed mightily. I ran and fell across the bed and cried—I could not tell why. It must have been that I had serious heart trouble.

I finally came downstairs, but I might as well tell you that I had on my best shoes and new suit. A few weeks later my father was planning a big pecan hunt. I at once told him that the biggest and best pecans grew along the creek bank near the parsonage, which was about three miles away. On the appointed day we went to the parsonage and up the creek pecan

hunting. I climbed trees that day that I never dared climb before or since. Pecans fell like hail from the trees that I climbed. My sisters and brothers and "that girl" were picking pecans under the tree. When I came down I found myself putting nearly all my nuts into her basket. I cut down a tree too tall and slender to climb, and when it fell everybody ran, and "that girl" tore her dress terribly in her fright. I felt awfully sorry, but kept back my tears, although I felt mightily like crying.

This beautiful girl afterwards became my wife, and as the days have gone by she has grown more beautiful. She has been my helper in the toils of life, whether picking up and cracking the nuts of life in the pastorate, evangelistic field, or in the district superintendency.

I grew to manhood on the farm, attending school at our country school house which grew in educational advantages as the country developed. I attended a country singing school, taught by Professor A. J. Buchanan. I became the song leader for the class.

Saturday evenings we would meet at the school house in a debating society and we young men would debate the topics of the day. The school houses would be filled to hear these discussions. Out of half a dozen young men of that debating society one became a lawyer, one the principal of public schools in a city, and one a doctor. Two of them merchants and I a preacher. I attended school at Rock College in

the city of Dallas one year and was in my first year in college in the Wesleyan College in Fort Worth, Texas, when my father died and I had to leave school and return and take charge of the farm and care for my two younger brothers Robert L. and Thomas S., and two sisters younger than myself, Fannie and Carrie.

My father had his heart set on my completing college and then take a medical course in a medical college in Cincinnati, Ohio, where both he and my brother William F. had graduated. But my sudden leaving school, and the cares of the family kept me from this desired goal. Had I completed my course I most likely would never have been so gloriously sanctified and called to preach. Surely the hand of God has led me thus far.

I had one sister older than myself, but she was married at this time and her husband helped me to manage the old farm.

I was married in the home of my wife's mother in Wills Point, Texas, but soon moved to Greenville, Texas, where all of my children were born, while we lived at 271 North Wesley Street. While living there I was gloriously sanctified on Monday morning at 9: 30, August 5, 1895, while walking down a new ground road carrying a plow on my shoulder and praying with all of my might; when the "fire fell." I lost my plow but got the blessing and I have had little use for a plow since.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### GREAT PRAIRIE FIRES

The part of Texas in which my father settled was a prairie country, with now and then a deep creek running across it, which supplied the stock water for the country. These prairies were wide stretches of level or rolling land many miles long, and equally as wide. Just across the creek from our home was a prairie thirty miles long, and some fifteen or twenty miles wide. These vast stretches of land were covered with wild prairie grass, which grew from three to six feet tall. When winter would set in and the frost killed the grass, often mighty fires would break out, driven before a terrible wind, blowing a gale of seventy-five miles an hour across these stretches of level prairie land, burning everything in their path. Nothing could live in these flames of destruction, it seemed that the whole world was on fire.

Often great herds of cattle would make the earth tremble with their tread, as they ran wildly before such fires, bellowing as they ran, with the flames leaping and roaring behind them like a tornado. Sometimes the flames would leap a hundred feet into the air, as huge bunches of grass would burn off at the ground, and fly into the air before the mad winds

all aflame, setting the prairie afire a hundred yards ahead. Wild animals of every description would huddle together as they ran from these flames. Sometimes there would be coyotes, wolves, jack rabbits, badgers, and occasionally an antelope or a bunch of deer, or wild turkeys, all mingled together in their desperation to get away from the mad flames. Occasionally a herd of cattle would be burned to death, as they would be hemmed up in the forks of canyons, or a barbed wire fence.

On account of these prairie fires, most of the early settlers would build their houses near the deep creeks, in which there was water to act as a "fire break," or as my own home was situated between two deep creeks in which there was usually water. Or if they settled a place out in the prairie they would plow wide stretches of land all around their farms to stop the fires that might break out. But when a fire would break out and the wind blowing a gale, the flames would leap across these strips of plowed ground, and catch the grass that was in the field or fence row.

One night I was suddenly awakened by the screams of excited people, who seemed to be wild with fear. My father was pulling the children out of bed with such suddenness that we were startled into a frenzy. Dense smoke filled the air until we were stifled and choked. The whole earth seemed to be on fire, while mighty flames were leaping high in the air just across the creek from our home. There was a mighty roaring

like that of a cyclone, while the earth was trembling beneath the tread of hundreds of wild cattle running and bellowing as they ran before the flames, which were leaping high in the air. Tall trees along the banks of the creeks were wrapped in flames, as the fire swept down across the prairie. Here and yonder the flames had leaped across the creek, setting the grass in the fence corners afire and running across the stubble-fields where grain had been cut the summer before. Everybody was fighting fire; many of them half clad and excited. It literally seemed that the Judgment Day had come, and the earth was wrapped in her winding sheet of flames. We only thought of the description that Peter gives of the great day of his wrath when he said: "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and all the works that are therein shall be burned up."

As the flames swept down across the plains, we were startled by the mad screams of people in distress. The crying of a babe, the wails of a dying woman, and the screams of a burning man almost chilled the blood in our veins. About a mile away lived a man, his wife and babe in a little cabin on a farm that he had opened up in the rich black lands of the prairie. They had plowed deep furrows around their farm and kept the grass down; but this terrible wind drove the flames with such fury that they had leaped the plowing and ran across the stubblefield, and their great

stacks of hay, their barns, and their little house were all aflame.

It was useless to fight such fires as this, so they took up their baby and ran with all of their might towards the nearest settlement before the mad and furious fire, but were soon overtaken by this besom of destruction. Soon their clothing was aflame, while the screams that rent the midnight air were heartrending, as they ran before that tornado of destruction. Everybody knew their fate, yet no one could help them. People wrung their hands in despair as the piercing wails rent the air. When the fire had passed on, they found the charred remains of the father with the child in his arms, the burned mother lying by their side, still in death. The horrors of that night haunted me for years; while the roar of the fire, the bellowing of the wild herd of cattle, mingled with the screams of these dying people still linger in my ears.

This awful fire was the work of an incendiary. A peddler who had driven through the country selling his wares, became enraged at the refusal of some people to buy his goods, and rough words were indulged in by both sides, and the peddler threatened to burn up the whole country. That night at dusk he was seen to tie a big bunch of grass to the end of a long wire tying the other end to his buggy while he set the grass on fire and jumped into his buggy driving with all of his might, leaving a stream of fire behind him. Soon the whole country was aflame. A mighty north

wind was blowing a gale, the grass was dry and burned rapidly, sweeping everything before it.

When the fire had passed by, they hunted, and found the burned bodies of the man, wife and babe. Indignation arose to the highest pitch as the people gathered around the remains of this family. The story of the enraged peddler, and the hot words, and threats to burn up the country spread rapidly. Soon there was a posse of over one hundred men scouring the country hunting for the fleeing culprit who had set the grass afire. Just after daybreak they overtook him, miles away over in another county, as he was eating his breakfast under a lone elm tree. They appointed a sheriff who arrested him. Then the vote was taken for the election of a judge before whom he was to be tried. A man was appointed as attorney to defend the "fire bug" and another to prosecute him. A jury of twelve men were drawn from names in a hat. The court was called to order, and the trial began, which lasted about an hour. The jury were given their charge, and retired to bring in a verdict. They were gone only a few minutes when the foreman announced the verdict: "Guilty of murder in the first degree of three persons." The judge pronounced the sentence: "He shall be hanged by his neck until he is dead, dead, dead!" The sheriff immediately proceeded to tie the hangman's knot, a big blue bandana handkerchief was tied over his eyes, and he was made to stand in the rear end of his buggy that had pulled the burn-

ing grass tied to the long wire. One end of the rope was placed over his head, and the other tied securely to a limb of the lone elm, while the sheriff suddenly struck the horse with his long quirt, and the horse jumped and the peddler swung from the limb of the tree dead. They dug a grave under him, and when ready they cut him down; his body fell into the newly dug grave, which was soon covered up.

Mob law? No! Not exactly—there was no judge, no officers of the law at all. The days of reconstruction were on just after the Civil War. No one who had not taken the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government was eligible to be an officer of the law. Judges and sheriffs were to be appointed by the Federal Government. It was indeed crude justice yet far swifter and more sane than the long drawn out court proceedings of the rich murderers of our day, where expert alienists testify to the insanity of culprits just as guilty today; who are either placed in an insane asylum or set scot free. It was not the fury of an excited mob. These sturdy pioneers were not easily excited; although it was a bad precedent to set.

## CHAPTER SIX

### COWBOY DAYS

The vast prairies of Texas, covered with abundance of grass in this thinly settled country made it a great cattle country in these pioneer days. Almost every farmer had a herd of cattle, great or small, and the principal part of their income was from their cattle which roamed the prairies in droves, each drove bearing the "mark and brand" of its owner. The brand was one or two big letters burned into the skin of the cow on its hip or side and the mark was cut with a knife into the ear. Each cow on the range was marked and branded, and the brands recorded in the county clerk's office. In the spring of the year there would be a general "round up" of all the "mavericks"—unbranded cattle—in the country. These spring "round ups" were great occasions. Every cattleman rounded up all the cattle bearing his brand, then all hands would scour the country for cattle that bore no brand. These would be rounded up in some great open prairie, with dozens of cowboys in attendance who would hold the cattle together all night. At sunrise the next morning the great spring branding would take place. Great log fires were built into which branding irons by the dozen were heated

ready to brand the cattle. As the sun rose at a given signal, there was a wild yell raised by all the cowboys who were in the saddle on their cow ponies lariat in hand ready for the fray. A wild dash was made into this bunch of sometimes a hundred excited and unbranded cattle, each cowboy swinging his lariat over his head and yelling as his pony ran after some certain wild four-year-old unbranded "Texas long horn." Suddenly the rope would leap into the air and land on the horns of the big steer as he ran head down almost to the ground. When the lariat struck the horns of the steer, the trained cow pony would as suddenly stop, bracing himself with his fore legs for the shock. The lariat was securely tied to the horn of the saddle, and when the big steer came to the end of his rope, the sudden stop drew his head to the ground, and his heels would fly into the air, as he went heels over head to the ground.

When the big steer struck the ground the cowboy dismounted like a flash with a short rope in hand, running up to the back of the steer he threw a loop over one of the hind feet of the dazed steer, and with a twist peculiar to a deft cattle roper he had a half hitch on another foot and then another until all four of the feet of the struggling animal were tied hard and fast, then releasing the rope from the horns, he was on his pony, which was in mad run after another wild steer before he was straight in his saddle.

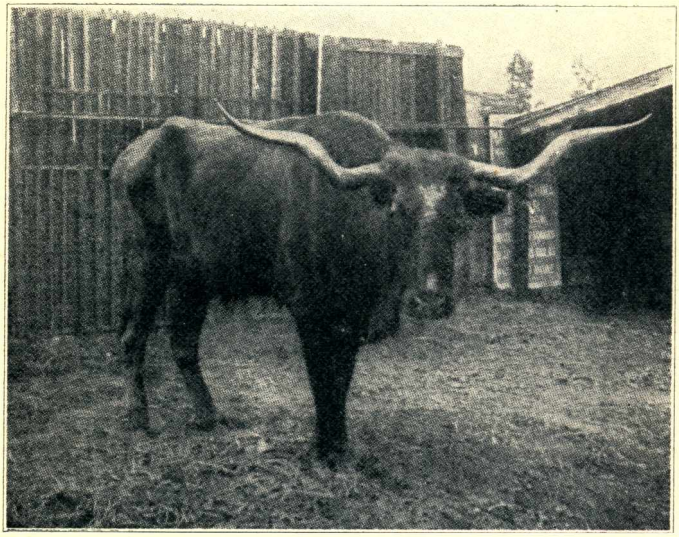
It was a most thrilling sight to watch these "round

ups," and to see the men working like wild fire, lassoing, throwing and tying these wild cattle, and then to see them when released run madly away from the scene bellowing and kicking dust into the air in their fury. This was the "out door sport" of those days. More thrilling than striking a golf ball, and a deal more real exercsie. At the cattle roping contests held each year the fastest roper carries off a prize of one hundred dollars. Ellis Carroll, the champion cattle roper of Oklahoma has been known to start from the ground, horse by his side ready for action; and when a wild four year old steer is run by him at full speed, mount his horse, throw the rope on the running wild steer; throw and tie him, all four feet, in the short space of 27 seconds. Quick action indeed. But he has a trained horse as well.

### RIDING THE BUCKING BRONCHO

After the round up is over, great crowds have usually gathered, then comes the "broncho busting." This is what they call riding a wild horse. These wild Spanish horses, bred and born in the wild, with stocking legs, blaze face, white eyes, and sorrel in color, are rounded up by these men who have just had a little taste of real sport. They out run one of these wild horses, that has never had human hands on him, and he is thrown, just as the wild steer, and while he is yet dazed by the fall, a cowboy leaps on him. Placing a blindfold over his eyes, and slipping a big red leather bridle on his head, before he has time to get up.

BUCKING BRONCHO



TEXAS LONG HORN

Then they gather round this frightened jumping rearing horse, and while some hold him, another throws on his back a big red leather saddle weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds, and it is securely fastened by two wide girths, one on the front, the other on the rear end of the saddle. Then the man mounts the saddle, while they tear away the blindfold, and take off the rope as the rider yells out, "Let her go," at the same time striking the frightened horse with a big leather quirt which hangs on his wrist. The excited horse leaps into the air, rearing, plunging and pitching at his best, trying in every way to dismount his rider. Many times these wild Spanish horses bawl like a yearling.

If he gets a little tame the rider, yelling at his beast, beats the horse all over with a big white cowboy hat, which does not hurt but frightens him. If wild horses are scarce they rope and saddle a four-year-old steer and ride him for the fun.

### A RARE OLD TEXAS LONGHORN

Here is a perfect type specimen of the real old Texas longhorn such as dotted the plains of southwest Texas in the years following the Civil War. This old fellow is owned by a rancher and measures seven feet three inches across the horns. Specimens of this sort are very rare nowadays. An old Texas cowman to whom I showed this picture said, "Where on earth did you dig up that old chap? I have not seen one like

him in twenty-five years, and I doubt if all Texas can produce another."

This is the breed of cattle which were driven up the trail to the markets of Kansas and Nebraska in the early trail days. When herds of these longhorns went on a stampede the noise occasioned by the clashing of their horns was said to be most terrifying. These animals could run like a deer, and were fully as wild. Old "brush poppers" who cow hunted in southwest Texas in the '70s can tell of exciting times handling them.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### THE DYING COWBOY

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,"
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

He had wailed in pain till o'er his brow
Death's shadows fast were gathering now;
He thought of his home and his loved ones nigh,
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
In a narrow grave just six by three.
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"In fancy I listen to the well-known words
Of the free, wild winds and the song of the birds;
I think of the cottage home in the bower
And the scenes I loved in my childhood's hour.

"It matters not, I've oft been told,
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold:
Yet grant, O grant, this wish to me,
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"I've always wished to be laid when I died
In a little churchyard on the green hillside,
By my father's grave, there let mine be,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Let my death slumber be where my mother's prayer
And a sister's tear will mingle there,
Where my friends can come and weep o'er me;
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"There is another whose tears may be shed
For one who lies on a prairie bed;
It pained me then and it pains me now—
She has curled these locks, she has kissed this brow.

"These locks she has curled, shall the rattlesnake kiss?
This brow she has kissed, shall the cold grave press?
For the sake of the loved one that will weep for me,
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O bury me not"—and his voice failed there,
But we took no heed of his dying prayer;
In a narrow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

Where the dewdrops glow and the butterflies rest,
And the flowers bloom o'er the prairie's crest;
Where the wild coyote and winds sport free
On a wet saddle blanket lay a cowboy-ee.

O we buried him there on the lone prairie,
Where the wild rose blooms and the wind blows free.
O his young face nevermore to see—
For we buried him there on the lone prairie.

Yes, we buried him there on the lone prairie,
Where the owl all night hoots mournfully,
And the buzzard beats and the winds blow free
O'er his lowly grave on the lone prairie.

And the cowboys now as they roam the plain—
For they marked the spot where his bones were lain--
Fling a handful of roses o'er his grave,
With a prayer to him who his soul will save.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### GREAT CAMPMEETINGS

In my boyhood days I attended with my father the great Methodist campmeetings in Texas, one of which was at "Herrell's Camp Ground," located about three miles from my home. It was organized in 1857 by old "Uncle Dick Herrell" as everybody called him. The people would go there in midsummer and camp two full weeks, and usually the pastor or presiding elder did the preaching. There were few hymn books in that country and the preacher or song leader would line off the hymns two lines at a time, and then the people would all join in the singing of these two lines, and then two lines more would be repeated. At one of these campmeetings I was gloriously converted at the age of nine. That night the pastor preached on the Judgment and at every gesture he pointed directly at me. I thought the whole sermon was for me. When the altar call was made I arose at once and knelt for prayers. My father on one side and mother on the other, while the pastor across the old mourner's bench was praying at the top of his voice for me.

Soon the fire struck me, and I came up out of the straw, telling the glad story of saving grace. It seemed to me that everybody's face was shining with a halo

of glory, and the old split-log benches seemed to glow with light and praises to God. I do not know half that happened that night, but I do know that I was a changed lad from that time. They called me a preacher the next day although I did not have a call to preach at that time.

I united with the church the next day (the M. E. Church, South) and testified every opportunity, prayed in public, and in my nineteenth year was elected superintendent of the Sunday school, and did everything that I knew to keep the victory in my soul.

After I was married and living in Greenville, Texas, I attended a great revival, and at its close was appointed by the pastor to keep a cottage prayer-meeting going in my part of the town. This I did for one solid year never missing a Sunday afternoon. Great crowds came to that prayermeeting from all over the town. Interest grew until when summer came we were compelled to hold our meeting out under the trees.

At these prayermeetings I heard my first testimony to entire sanctification. I had never heard a sermon on holiness in my life, although a regular attendant at my church. We had a cultured pastor, the orator of the conference, but he did not know about the definite baptism with the Holy Ghost.

This testimony by a little woman set me wild: My heart was hungry for the fullness of God. I

thought that I had never heard anything like this before. She shouted, and her face fairly shone with divine love. When the meeting was over I went home in deep meditation. I told my wife about the woman and her testimony. I said, "This is what we have prayed for around the family altar all of our married life." (For we always had family prayer.)

Soon the church bell rang for the evening service, and wife said, "Better get ready to go to church."

I replied, "No, I am not going to church tonight."

She quickly asked, "Why?"

I replied, "That woman out in the prayermeeting in the grove told me more real gospel in fifteen minutes than my pastors have in fifteen years. She said she was sanctified, and she looked so different from other people. I must have the blessing or die."

We read our Bibles and prayed, but did not get through that night. I could not sleep; I had no appetite for food. I rolled and prayed all night long. I ate no breakfast the next morning. Oh my heart was so hungry! Talk about conviction—I had it till there was no rest. I must have the Holy Ghost in all His fullness or die. About nine o'clock that Monday morning walking down a new ground road carrying a plow on my shoulder, and praying with all my heart and strength the "fire fell," and I fell in the middle of the road while billows of glory swept over my soul. I laughed, I cried, I wept for joy, all alone, no one near. But oh! such peace, such contentment. I could not

walk. I struggled to a nearby stump and pulled myself up on it to meditate. I suppose had you come along you might have called me crazy; having such spells all alone.

I promised the Lord that I would preach, for this was my first real call to preach. I immediately went at it, and, thank God, can say that I have never turned aside from that day to make money. I have had but one object in my life since that day: to get people saved and into a church where they can live a saved life. I began to preach in fifteen minutes from that time and am still at it.

Rev. E. C. DeJernett had planned for a holiness campmeeting near my home to begin in two weeks from that time. I had not so much as heard of the campmeeting then. But strange as it may seem I learned about the holiness campmeeting before night. I was the first person sanctified on Hunt County soil. God knew that Brother DeJernett needed my help to get the camp ready, and when he attended our prayermeeting the next Sunday and asked for volunteers to help get the grounds ready I offered my services with my teams, and with my hired hand we cleared off the grounds and put up the big tent.

Dr. H. C. Morrison was the preacher. That was in August, 1895. It was a great campmeeting; 150 people prayed through at the altar, and many of them were gloriously sanctified, and a camp was established that is still a blaze of holy fire. From that camp hun-

dreds of preachers and missionaries have gone out to preach the gospel of full salvation. At one of these camps where Dr. H. C. Morrison and Rev. A. C. Bain were the preachers and myself and wife song leaders, I counted 120 people at the altar at one service. It was estimated that there were 10,000 people on the grounds the last Sunday, and five preachers were preaching at one time. Four overflow services. Over 400 bright professions in ten days. From this camp sprang up camps all over North Texas, and holiness missions in all the large towns and cities.

## CHAPTER NINE

### MY TRAVELS AND MINISTRY

When I was sanctified on August 4, 1895, I was called to preach as a part of my consecration, and began my ministry in twenty minutes after.

My first work was to testify and preach to my hired man and to my wife and mother-in-law until each got the blessing. My first public work was to lead the song service at the first campmeeting at Greenville, Texas, and I was song leader for the first eight years of the camp, always assisted by my noble wife, who has been my constant assistant from that day. No matter where I thought God had called me to go; whether in Texas, Oklahoma, Arizona, California, Georgia, Florida, or New York, she was always ready to go with me and help me, and to endure hardness as a good soldier.

My first work was to conduct three prayermeetings a week, in and around my home town. The first winter we put in city mission work in Greenville, Texas, while doing this I worked every day in the week at some kind of hard manual labor, often not taking time to eat my supper before going to the mission, to conduct street and indoors meetings. All this time I was constantly studying my Bible and other books in my course of study.

At the second campmeeting I went into the woods alone to pray and ask God to show me whether I was to drop all secular work and enter immediately into the ministry and trust God for my support. By impressions, and special providence God opened the way for me to leave all and enter the active ministry. I went to my wife as usual for counsel, and asked her what she thought of my going at once into the work of God. Her immediate reply was, "If I were to go to the door and call one of the children, do you think that I meant for him to come next year?" I took the hint, and God opened the way, and from that day I have not turned aside from the work of the ministry to make money, although there have been many times that I did not know where the next meal was coming from, and my clothes were worn threadbare, yet in all these thirty-one years God has never let me suffer.

My first active public ministry was to evangelize Hunt County, my home county, beginning at Jerusalem, then to Judea, and after that to Samaria. We did not stop until we had conducted meetings in every town and village in that densely populated county, and also in many school houses, and churches.

When we had worked out our home county, then the Lord led us out into the adjoining county so we at once began the evangelization of Lamar County, and on until we had preached in most of the towns and villages in that section of the state. Then we

went across the Red River into the Indian Territory, at that time a wild country with few actual settlers, as most of the lands were leased by great cattle syndicates, for grazing purposes. The people who did live there could not own the land as it belonged to the Indians and could only be leased for a short term of years. Thus there were few houses in that country, but most of the people lived in pole pens, tents, log cabins, or "half dugouts"—holes dug into the ground some four feet deep and boarded up with windows above ground—half the house in the ground and half out; more often covered with dirt dug out of the hole. Sometimes they lived in "sod" or "dobe" houses, that is, houses built of sod cut from grass roots into dirt bricks, which were laid into the wall with mortar made of "dobe dirt." Or perhaps they would build a house of "dobe brick"—spelled "adobe." This is the kind of brick that the Israelites made in Egypt when they had to furnish their own straw—soft mud mixed with grass or straw, and moulded into bricks, and laid in the sun to dry, and when dried placed into the wall with the same kind of mud for mortar. The roof was made of pine boards bent over the building across the ridge pole, and then covered with dobe mud a foot or more deep. This when once dried would last for several years as a roof.

Possibly you wonder why they build great Nazarene churches in that country. Their former environments had taught them how to "endure hard-

ness," thus forming a character on which any great work can be built.

This pioneer spirit with a determination to carry the gospel always goes with the experience of Pentecost. It possessed the early church, and made them immune to fear or threats of the adversary. The Macedonian call put both Paul and Silas in jail with bleeding backs, but it planted the church in Europe to stay. Had they run from the Philippian prison, we would never have had the churches in Philippi, Corinth, Thessalonica or Rome. Just so with the preachers of the early holiness movement. They knew no fear. It was not how much money then, but where can I preach. It was preach or backslide, money or no money, believing that the God who commanded the birds to feed Elijah could take care of us. This Spirit possessed me and I had to go or lose my commission.

In these thirty years I have preached in twenty-five states, I have been pastor, evangelist and District Superintendent. I have served my church twelve years as District Superintendent; two years as president of the Independent Holiness Church, in Texas, then secretary of the General Council of the Holiness Church of Christ after the union of the Independent Holiness Church and the Church of Christ at Rising Star, Texas in 1904. I was appointed by the General Superintendent at the General Assembly at Pilot Point, Texas, 1908 as District Superintendent of the

Kansas-Oklahoma District, when these two states were in one District, and this whole District had less than 100 members. I served this District four years, from 1908 to 1912. The middle of the second year Kansas had enough churches to make a District, and Joseph Speakes was appointed Superintendent. In 1912 the state of Oklahoma had enough churches to divide, and two Districts were formed out of the one state, Western Oklahoma, and Eastern Oklahoma, and these two Districts now have a combined membership of 5295. Again in 1922-1923 I was Superintendent of the Western Oklahoma District. In 1920 I was elected District Superintendent of Georgia, and the General Superintendent in charge also appointed me Superintendent of Florida, making two Districts under my care, and in 1924 I was elected District Superintendent of the New York District, where I am serving my second year.

In these years I have organized one hundred and fifteen Nazarene Churches or Holiness Churches out of which came the Southern branch of the Church of the Nazarene. I organized the first Nazarene Church in seven different states. I have preached on an average of 280 times each year of my entire ministry. I have traveled with my family in an automobile from one ocean to the other, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes in my evangelistic tours, or during my superintendency.

I have preached under brush arbors in the South,

under arbors made of straw or hay, under the shades of trees, and in Tennessee in a great cave, one mile under the mountain; and in Oklahoma on the top of high hills with no shade, in "adobe" houses" (mud huts), in school houses, rented halls, "dugouts," under tents and in private homes, and in the best city churches, and the biggest campmeetings. I have preached to congregations of from three people to three thousand. But the biggest meeting of all was in a city mission in Paris, Texas, one night when a snow storm was raging. I preached to a congregation of three and the entire congregation came to the altar and prayed through to victory.

I organized the First Independent Holiness Church at VanAlstyne, Texas, in 1901 and as there was no other preacher in the church, I became its first pastor and continued pastor there for three years. Other places called for organization so rapidly that I spent considerable time in organization. These churches had their first Church Council at Blossom, Texas, in February, 1903, at which Rev. James B. Chapman was married, the writer performing the ceremony.

### SECOND ANNUAL COUNCIL

In November, 1903, the second annual council of the Independent Holiness church convened at Greenville, Texas. It met in a rented hall that was at that time being used for a holiness mission. There were twelve churches represented at this council. Up to this time there had been no separate annual meeting

of the holiness churches, but they had met in conjunction with the annual meeting of the Holiness Association of Texas. Now to break with the association and meet in a separate annual meeting was too much for some of the association people, and there was talk of charges of disloyalty against their leaders when the association met. When the council met the association people were afraid of this new church movement, and did little toward the entertainment of the delegates to the council, and spoke against it in very discouraging terms. Few homes were open for the delegates, in fact, none at the first, and the entire delegation was fed from my own table, while the women slept in my home, and the men slept in the mission hall on rented beds. When the council opened I had $1.50 in money and half a sack of flour; but when it closed I had $15 and three sacks of flour. The merchants in town sent down great hack loads of provisions of their own accord, while the delegates paid in money, without the asking. There were about sixty people in all, delegates and anxious visitors.

The council was a decided success, and great power was on the people from the very first. The leading men in this work were Rev. C. B. Jernigan, who had organized the first church; Rev. James B. Chapman, who had done a great work in eastern Texas and Oklahoma in revivals and organization; Rev. J. W. Land, of Louisiana; Rev. C. C. Cluck, who had conducted many great revivals in eastern Texas; Rev. I. D.

Farmer, the colaborer with C. C. Cluck; Rev. Dennis Rogers, who had always stood for an organized holiness church; and others whose names we can not now recall. Rev. C. B. Jernigan was elected president, with Rev. J. B. Chapman, secretary.

The third annual council met at Blossom, Texas, October 5, 1904. This was a splendid gathering of representative holiness people, many of whom were in attendance to see if the church was a success. The revival tide ran high, and many people were blessed in this council. Twenty-seven churches were represented at this council. Just prior to this meeting the president of the council had been invited to attend the annual convocation of the Holiness Baptist church, at Piney Grove church, near Prescott, Ark., with the view of the union of the two churches. They sent representatives to this council, as the Rising Star council was to convene in November the same year, at which two holiness churches united, but the Holiness Baptist church would not unite.

At this session of the annual council delegates were elected to represent the Independent Holiness Church at the annual council of the Church of Christ that met the next month at Rising Star, Texas, at which plans for union were laid.

While in the midst of a great tent meeting at Van Alstyne, Texas, it was announced that my wife would preach Sunday afternoon. A negro preacher in the congregation came up and asked if I would preach at

his church and for his people at the same hour (in the South colored people and white people do not attend the same services, the state laws forbid it). I told him that I would be glad to preach for his people. The announcement was made, and at the appointed hour the house was packed with colored folks. I was asked to bring with me about a dozen of the prominent business men of the town, which I did, and on arrival the house was filled to standing room with seats reserved for the white business men that came with me, up front. I preached and God blessed, and when the altar call was made almost the entire church knelt at the altar to be sanctified. Such praying you will never hear unless you are privileged to attend a real southern negro meeting. They prayed—I prayed—the fire fell—everybody around there got blessed and we all shouted. I tell you it was one real revival. When the tidal wave abated and things quieted down a little, I told the pastor to take charge and dismiss as he saw best.

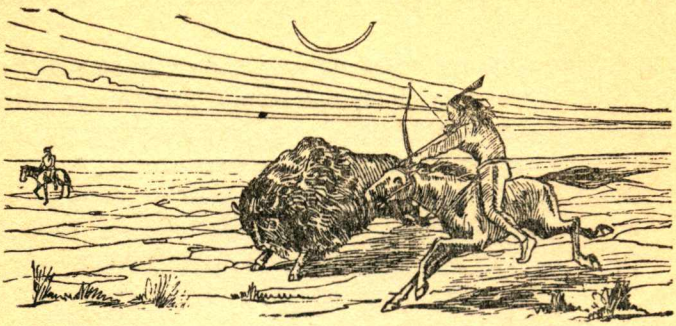
He arose and said, "May I do as I please?"

I replied, "Certainly, it is your church and your people." He asked all to be seated, and told the janitor to "lock de door and fetch him de key." When this was done, he then said, "We must have some grease to grease dis gospel wagon wid'." He told with great eloquence how all his people had been blest "clear outen' demselves," and he wanted to give "de 'vangelist a liberal offering." Then he made an ap-

peal to the business men that he had me bring with me. He said, "You white men ought to be powerful glad that we negroes have got religion. It will be fine on your watermelon patch and your chicken roost. For religious negroes don't steal. Now if you is glad den sho' your appreciation by walking up to the table and laying down a liberal offering. Do something worth while and set a good example for my people to go by. We want's to give de 'vangelist a good offering, and besides dat dey is behind wid de pastor's salary. We is gui'ne to split de difference and give half to do 'vangelist and half to de pastor."

The appeal was irresistible. Each white man walked up and put a silver dollar on the table. My, but that pastor smiled, and turned to me and said, "Boss don't you think dat looks good?" Then he demanded that every colored man in the house stand, and march round the table and "sho' your liberal heart, and put more on the table than the white men has. Nigger, you ain't guine'ter let dese white folks pay your bills, is you?" They came humming a song and emptied their pocket books on the table at the other end. Then he said to me, "I'se just half done. Dese nigger men don't keep any money. Dey shoot craps, and drinks booze, but the women make the money and keep it tied up in the corner of their handkerchief. If you want to see some sho' nuf' liberal hearts watch dese women people give." Then they

started a song, and dancing and shouting they came and put down more than the men. The pastor gave me half of the offering and I went away saying, "Well, that is one way to take an offering that worked."



## CHAPTER TEN

### OKLAHOMA

Land of the mistletoe, smiling in splendor,
Out from the borderland, mystic and old,
Sweet are the memories, precious and tender,
Linked with thy summers of azure and gold.

O, Oklahoma, fair land of my dreaming,
Land of the lover, the loved and the lost:
Cherish thy legends with tragedy teeming,
Legends where love reckoned not of the cost.

Let the deep chorus of life's music throbbing,
Swell to full harmony born of the years;
Or for the loved and lost, tenderly sobbing,
Drop to that cadence that whispers of tears.

Land of the mistletoe, here's to thy glory!
Here's to thy daughters as fair as the dawn!
Here's to thy pioneer sons, in whose story
Valor and love shall live endlessly on!

—GEORGE R. HALL.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### MY LABORS IN OKLAHOMA

The following clipping from the *Bethany Tribune,* October 29, 1925 seems to be a fitting introductory to my labors in Oklahoma.

NAZARENE ASSEMBLY NOW IN SESSION

As you read this issue of the *Bethany Tribune* the thirteenth session of this District Assembly will have met. I have no statistics before me but am writing from a faulty memory.

Seventeen years ago this month, at the close of the "marriage" at Pilot Point, Texas, when the Southern Holiness Movement united with the holy brethren of the East and the West to form the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, the leaders looked toward the vast central plains of the continent and determined upon their conquest in the name of the Nazarene.

I well remember when C. B. Jernigan was sent forth without salary or promise of earthly help or reward, as a District Superintendent of the states of Kansas and Oklahoma. A leader of a people, as yet not a people; a superintendent of churches as yet nonexistent. In more than thirty years I have never seen that man hesitate at the word of authority, nor stagger before the seeming impossible. Jernigan and

the faithful ones who rallied to him in this new country, were not "ten day" preachers—they were campaigners. When they moved to the next place there generally was left an organized Church of the Nazarene with a pastor to shepherd the flock.

Tent and brush arbor meetings covered this territory spreading the full gospel of salvation from sin.

The work in Kansas grew so rapidly that the General Superintendents set off that state in a District by itself. Then, in 1913, it was found impossible for one man to have the care of even the one state of Oklahoma, and a division was made on the line of the Santa Fe, north and south.

And still God blessed His message and His messengers. The school at Bethany was founded, and proved a valuable asset to the growing Church. Its importance was later augmented by the coming to it in union of Peniel College. The holy character of this institution—sane and thorough in its practice, is stamping itself upon the teaching, Nazarene in its spirit and pastorate not only of this District, but also that of the Southern Educational Zone.

Today, comprising less than one-third of the area of Brother Jernigan's District at first, the Western Oklahoma District has nearly one hundred organized churches, stands fourth or fifth in membership among the Districts, gives nearly ten thousand dollars yearly to the work of the General Church outside the District, has one of the best colleges of the movement

with the largest enrollment of any, and is holding its present Assembly in its own building, the most commodious well-arranged and beautiful Nazarene church house in existence.

What hath God wrought!

As I write, three names stand out among those mighty ones whom God has given us in these years—Jernigan, Bracken and Parrott.

C. A. McCONNELL, *Dean of Theology.*

Bethany-Peniel College.

OKLAHOMA is an Indian word, meaning "Red Man's Land" in one Indian dialect, and "Red Land" in another. I quote from the History of Oklahoma by Thorbun and Holcomb: "Within the limits of Oklahoma, live the remnants or descendants of not less than fifty different tribes and nations of Indians, the former homes of whose people were scattered over no less than thirty different states. Here is blended the blood of Puritan, and Cavalier, the Patroon and the Covenanter, and the American Indian. She gives to the world a history of her own, that is at once distinct and romantic. In the short space of a third of a century, within its borders, the savage huntsman gave way to the herdsman, who in turn retired before the husbandman." Each Indian tribe had its own dialect, and only one was ever reduced to writing in their primitive state. All of the tribes of the Great Plains

believed in the Great Spirit or Creator, and a future state of existence.

The Indian Territory was first proposed by President Monroe in a message to Congress in 1824. In 1865 Jesse Chisholm laid out a trail from the line of Texas south of Fort Sill, near the present location of Lawton, Okla., to the present site of Wichita, Kansas, probably 300 miles long. It soon became known as the "Chisholm Trail." It was used by cattle drovers from Kansas to Texas and return. Over this trail the United States troops and supplies passed for Fort Sill, and Fort Reno. Thorbun and Holcomb's History of Oklahoma says that over the Chisholm Trail during the years 1878 to 1880, 300,000 Texas cattle passed annually, going to Kansas and Nebraska. A great highway now marks the Chisholm Trail, much of it built of concrete.

### OUTLAWS AND INDIAN WARS

The lawless element was never more numerous and active than during the ten years following the Civil War. Horse thieves, whiskey peddlers, gamblers and sharpers continually intruded upon the reservations, ever ready to prey upon the Indians. The white hunters killed thousands of buffalo for the mere wanton sport of killing, despite the protests of the Indians and the promises of the government peace commissioners to the contrary. The raids of white horse thieves and the wholesale slaughter of the buffalo angered the Indians to the point of hostility and was

COMANCHES ARE COMING

INDIANS ATTACKING WAGONS

the contributing cause of more than one outbreak. Thus the innocent settlers suffered on account of the misdeeds of the outlaws that infested that section. The Indians would sometimes attack wagon trains along this trail, not leaving a white man alive, all for revenge.

Again we quote from Oklahoma History:

"*The Extermination of the Buffalo.*—As long as there were countless thousands of buffalo roaming over the Great Plains, the Indians of that region were, to a large extent, independent of the white man and his government. So long as buffalo were slaughtered by Indians and white hunters only as they needed meat and robes, their numbers did not decrease very rapidly. The building of the first railways from the Missouri River westward to the Rocky Mountains, however, brought about a great change. The transportation of buffalo skins and meat then became a simple matter and the hide hunter redoubled his efforts. In the autumn of 1867 Satanta escorted the members of the Peace Commission from Fort Larned to the valley of the Medicine Lodge, where the great peace council was held. Some of the white men who accompanied the party shot down some buffalo for mere sport, leaving the carcasses where they fell. Satanta, who was never backward in speech, strongly resented such an exhibition of wasteful folly by the white men. With flashing eyes and a scornful expression on his face

he asked: 'Has the white man become a child that he should kill and not eat? When the red men slay game they do so that they may live and not starve.' This protest proved effective in that no more buffalo were killed for sport on that trip. At another time he said: 'A long time ago this land belonged to our fathers, but when I go up the river I see camps of soldiers on its banks. These soldiers cut down my timber; they kill my buffalo, and when I see that my heart feels like bursting. I am sorry.' "

One firm shipped over two hundred thousand buffalo skins from Dodge City, Kansas during the first twelve months after the construction of the railroad to that point. Are you surprised at the revengeful spirit in the Indians? This prompted them to such sullen butchery in their attacks on wagon trains along the Chisholm, and Santa Fe trails, thinking that every wagon was loaded with buffalo hides.

### THE GREATEST RUN IN HISTORY

I quote again from Oklahoma History:

"When the Fiftieth Congress convened in December, 1887, the Oklahoma measure was again introduced. The Senate was forced to accept the measure. It also provided for the establishment of town sites and land offices but made no provision for the organization of a territorial government. By the terms of this act, which became a law March 3, 1889, the President was to issue a proclamation giving thirty

RACE FOR CLAIMS

days notice of the proposed opening. March 23, 1889, President Benjamin Harrison issued a proclamation setting the date of the proposed opening of the Oklahoma country to settlement on the twenty-second of April, at 12 M.

*"The Most Thrilling Event in Oklahoma History.* —Promptly at noon, on the twenty-second day of April, 1889, the cavalrymen, who patroled the border of the promised land, fired their carbines in the air as a signal that the settlers could move across the line. A mighty shout arose and then the race for claims and homes began. Hundreds crowded the trains of the single railway line that entered Oklahoma; thousands rode on fleet horses, lightly saddled; other thousands rode in buggies and buckboards, and others yet, in heavy farm wagons, drawn by slower teams; yes, and some even made the race on foot! The scene at the instant of starting was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. But soon it began to resemble the utter rout of a defeated and retreating army rather than the orderly advance of an invading host. It was at once the culmination and the climax of the story of American pioneering.

"In the morning a solitude and a wilderness, as it had been through the ages; at midday, a surging tide of eager, earnest, excited humanity; in the evening, a land of many people, with here and there a tented townsite and thousands of campfires sending up the incense of peace! The next day the breaking plow be-

gan to turn the virgin prairie sod upon many homestead claims, while the merchant, the banker and the professional man opened shop and counting room and office beneath roofs of canvas or in rough board shanties. On the first Sabbath business was entirely suspended and thousands attended divine services conducted by pioneer preachers in the open air. Thus was begun the industrial, commercial and social life of a new community."

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### ORGANIZATION OF CHURCHES

We opened our first campaign in Oklahoma with a few nights' convention at Durant, where Rev. James B. Chapman (now Editor of the *Herald of Holiness*) was their first pastor. Having no church building, and little financial support, he began his first church services in a vacant blacksmith shop, which the ladies scrubbed out, but soon had a commodious church building.

From there we went to Coalgate, and on to Stone Schoolhouse. At these places and many others we preached at night to the busy people, and made photographs during the day, using storm cellars or "dug-outs" for our darkroom for developing. We preached in school houses, rag tents, under brush arbors, and arbors made of straw or hay, in log cabins, and "dobe houses," and under big shade trees. We soon got too busy to make photographs, but went almost day and night preaching and riding night trains to the next place for two services the next day. Soon we had a number of small churches, each with a pastor, many of whom were farmers, or merchants or day laborers. These grew and prospered until today there are three whole Districts and half of another made out of the

territory given me for my first District. These are, the Western Oklahoma District, with 2959 members; the Eastern Oklahoma District with 2334 members; the Kansas District with 1498 and half of the Kansas City District with 740 members making a grand total of 7531 in the territory given me for my first District.

In May, of 1909, we closed a deal with the Oklahoma Railway Company for 160 acres of land on which to found a college, an orphanage, and a rescue Home; Miss Mallory loaning us $5,000 with which to start the school, Miss Mallory (now Mrs. Morgan) taking a part of the land for the orphanage, and we setting aside a part for the rescue home. On this land the town of Bethany, Oklahoma, was founded. I with another man lived in a tent in the black jack forest until we could build a barn. We moved our family up from Pilot Point, Texas, in June, 1909, into the barn while we built the first house in the town which now has a population of nearly two thousand.

THE TOWN OF BETHANY

This town was incorporated under the laws of the State of Oklahoma and provisions placed in the incorporation for the protection of a Christian community. The Articles of Incorporation provide, that in case at any time in the future any one starts a motion picture show, vaudeville theatre, a dance, or offers tobacco or intoxicating liquor for sale the land reverts back to the original owner. No property is sold in that town without a clause in the deed cov-

ering all restrictions made in the incorporation papers.

This town is the home of the Bethany-Peniel College, the only school in our church that is entirely out of debt. Within a circle of twenty miles from this town there are ten Nazarene churches, with a good membership.

The church at Bethany was organized in August, 1910, under the shade of a tree—as there was no church house then—with sixteen members. Today it has a membership of 625, while the First Church in Oklahoma City is not far behind in numbers. Through this town runs an interurban car line, and a transcontinental concrete highway. It is located just four and one-half miles west of the city limits of Oklahoma City. Bethany-Peniel College has the largest enrolment of any school in our connection.

### INDIAN CAMPMEETING

In the early days of our work we began meetings among the Indians, and among others had a good campmeeting at the Ponca Indian Reservation, just south of Ponca City. Rev. I. G. Martin was my assistant and leading preacher. Rev. W. P. Olin and wife led the singing. Many Indians attended; some came and camped the whole time. I saw at one service 36 big Indians at the altar seeking God. Many of these prayed through. At the close of the camp meeting were called in all the "braves" of the tribe to ask them if they desired us to continue the mission work among their people. This was on Sunday aft-

ernoon. A war council was formed of White Eagle, the last chief of the Ponca Indians, he being then 90 years old—and eleven other of the "old braves." These marched in following their chief, with his gray locks platted Indian style in two long braids hanging down over his shoulders in front. When he was seated in the opening in the midst of the altar place under the big tent, his "braves" seated themselves in a circle with him, he holding a big pipe in his hand. They sat in that circle facing one another all the time that Brother Martin made his speech to them telling of the great revival and how the "Great Spirit" had come down and saved a number of the tribe and how happy they were since then. They could not understand English, so Brother Martin spoke through the government interpreter, George Premore. They sat all attention, never a move among them until the last word was spoken. Then they arose one at a time and passed around where their chief sat and placing their right hand on his head, then returning to their seat on the ground, until all had passed around, thus transferring their authority to White Eagle to answer for them. When the last one had placed his hand of authority on his head; the two nearest the chief suddenly sprang to their feet, grasping the arms of their chieftain, assisted him to the platform and returned to their places in the circle on the ground, and sat in mute silence until all was over.

White Eagle was called the silver-tongued orator

in the Ponca Tribe. I shall never forget that speech. With well-rounded gestures and silver tones he poured forth a volume of Ponca oratory that we can not well reproduce. He told how the Indians were brought to the Indian Territory against their own will, and how the white men had never understood the Indian. He told how when he was a baby his mother took him to a Catholic priest who did not understand the Indian—how he sprinkled water on his head, and kissed him, and told his mother that he had made a holy baby out of him. But White Eagle said, "Trouble was not with Indian head but his heart—Indian had a black heart." Holy water couldn't touch it. Then he said, "The white man come along and take our children away from us all the week and make them go to white man's school, read white man's books, live in white man's houses, eat like a white man with knife and fork, do housework and farm like a white man, but white man don't know that Indian has a black heart. He sprinkle water on his head, make him learn books with his head. He all the time doctor his head. But the Indian's head not bad—trouble in his heart. Then come the Methodists and build big church, put up a big bell that we hear every Sunday morning. Mr. Simmons preach heap big sermon—say heap big words—Mrs. Simmons sing mighty fine song. Sing like a bird. Play piano good—fine music. Mr. Simmons don't know that Indian has black heart. Then come Nazarenes—put up big brown tent—sing, clap their

hands, look happy. Mr. Martin preach hot words. Tell Indian he no good—go to hell or be better—Indian feel bad. Come to mourner's bench, get on his knees, PRAY, CRY, shed tears—talk to great Spirit —soon he jump up, face shine—shake hands with everybody, look good. Be happy. Say Amen! Everybody cry. Then he go home—no more smoke a pipe, no more drink whiskey, no more eat mescal bean—read a Bible and pray. Good Indian—heart changed. Come on, Nazarenes, come on!"

INDIAN SUPERSTITION

While conducting a revival at Pawhuska, the county site of Osage County, that is now one of the richest oil fields in the world, we saw a dejected looking old Indian, tall but stooped—something out of the ordinary to see an Indian stooped. He had a pitiable expression on his face.

On inquiry about him I learned that "Old John" as he was called had been dead and buried, but had come alive, and now not an Indian in the tribe would speak to him. The custom of the Osages was that when one of their "old braves," a member of the old-time war council, died, he was buried in the "rites of a brave." He was carried to the top of some high hill, and a hole dug deep enough to bury him in a sitting posture, his three dogs were killed and placed across his lap, his knives and gun were also placed there, and then each member of the tribe carried a stone and placed on him until he was covered with

stones. Then all the tribe assembled in the valley below to weep and mourn, and such wails one seldom hears as rent the air that night. In the midst of the wailing about two o'clock in the morning "Old John" came walking into camp. Whether he was dead, drunk, or what, no one will ever know, but his appearance in the camp that morning before day broke up the camp and the tribe was scattered everywhere. They said, "It was John's spirit." Old John lived five years after that, but not an Indian ever spoke to him from that day. I have seen a dozen or more "Osages" standing in their characteristic circle on the street "grunting" at each other, but when they spied John, each hushed as still as death and turned his back toward John as he passed.

OSAGE INDIANS AND THEIR RICH OIL HOLDINGS

There are several rich oil fields in Oklahoma but the Osage country is considered the richest. The Osage Indian lands have not been allotted but kept as a whole for the Osage tribe. The following clipping from *The Literary Digest,* January 30, 1926, will enable you to understand their wealth.

"The richest race in the world is said to be the Osage Indians who live in the northern part of Oklahoma. There are nearly 2000 members of the tribe in 400 families and the average income of each family is approximately $30,000 annually. Each individual Indian received about $13,000 last year. During 1925 this one tribe of Indians alone drew $29,422,800 from

royalties and bonuses on oil and gas leases on their reservation. Since February, 1915, the Osages have received an aggregate of $177,359,600 from these royalties.

The largest income of any Indian in the United States, says the Interior Department, is received by an Indian woman who gets about $1200 a day from an exceptionally small plot of ground. Several years ago Mrs. Esther Jefferson, a member of the Sac and Fox tribe of Indians, was given a small piece of land in Oklahoma. From an agricultural standpoint the land was very poor. Her income is from several oil wells recently discovered on the poor land.

Uncle Sam is guarding the rich Indians' money so closely that he recently refused to pay for two young Indians' "jazz" rides, although both of the young bucks had an annual income of about $13,000. They were sent from their reservation to Kansas City for medical treatment. Four days later they returned to the reservation, one in an airplane and the other in a taxi. The commercial airplane company that supplied the machine and pilot presented a bill of $150 to the superintendent of the reservation, and the taxi driver presented a bill for $114. One authority claims that when an Indian chief and his wife go out walking they wear outfits that cost more than those of any couple on Fifth avenue during the Easter parade.

About the only place the poor rich Indian has been hit by civilization is that now he has to pay two dol-

lars each for the eagle feathers he wears in his bonnet. There is such a scarcity of eagles in this country that traders are importing eagle feathers from China and selling them to the Indians at huge profits. It requires 100 feathers to make a bonnet that will trail to the ground. Thus a new spring hat sets the chief back quite a bit financially. The squaws do not wear bonnets but they wear dresses of buckskin that cost from $400 to $600. To be in fashion or style their dresses must be trimmed with elk teeth. These teeth were once worth 50 cents to one dollar each. Now they are anywhere from $5 to $25 each.

They have had every opportunity to improve themselves, far better opportunities than the average white man, but they have not taken advantage of them. Most of them have money to burn, and they burn it. Yet, there are many Indians with "huge" bank accounts.

But "Lo, the rich Indian" would soon be "Lo, the poor Indian" again if Uncle Sam didn't watch over his money. Many sharpers try to get their easy money. That is why it is so closely guarded by the U. S. through the bureau of Indian affairs. Last year Congress passed a law to keep the wealthy Indians from being "plucked" by the unscrupulous. In the future only persons of Indian blood can inherit their property. Previous to the passing of this law 135 whites got the Indians to will them nearly a million dollars in one year.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### PREACHING AND ORGANIZING IN OTHER STATES

We had several great revivals in Tennessee. The first one was at Monterey, where Rev. A. P. Welch, then a young preacher, was acting as pastor of a nice congregation of Holiness people—he is now serving his twenty-fifth year as their pastor. Here we organized a good church with about sixty members, then at Pelham, at Sparta, at Monteagle and other places Holiness churches sprang up that came in with the Union at Pilot Point forming the Church of the Nazarene. We also organized a Holiness church at Nauvoo, Ala., and at Jasper. At Donalsonville, Georgia, we were invited to assist in a revival where Rev. Sumlin was pastor of a nice Independent Holiness Church; at this meeting they were united with the other Holiness churches in the South. About this time we also visited Florida for a series of revivals and there organized a few small churches, which were mostly lost, being swept off their feet by Mrs. McPherson—now of Los Angeles, California—who came through that country preaching "Tongues." But a remnant was left out of which came the Nazarene churches in that state. We also organized a church at Cassilla, Mississippi, not far from where we were born.

Then we turned our faces westward again and opened up a work in Phœnix, Arizona.

### CAMPAIGNING IN ARIZONA

In the fall of 1916 the writer and Rev. D. M. Coulson went to Arizona. My health had failed, I was completely broken down with catarrhal troubles and supposed that the dry atmosphere would benefit me, which it did. Our trip was overland in a Ford car, stopping en route at Hassell, N. M., for a meeting. There we fell in with Rev. L. P. Fretwell and wife, who also went with us in another Ford car. We stopped at Deming, N. M., for another meeting while en route.

The trip was one of the real ups and downs, in more ways than one, the cars gave us constant trouble, and the expense was enormous, sometimes broken down on the desert, thirty miles from any town, and nothing but what we could carry in our cars; crossing bridges with nothing but the framework of the bridge up and a trough for the wheels of the car to run in and no floor at all; sleeping in the sand, dreading the deadly Gila monster, which is said to be one of the most poisonous of all reptiles. At one place we broke down and had to be towed into Tucson, a distance of thirty-five miles.

We arrived at Phœnix on the 16th day of December, went to the postoffice, found a letter from home, one from the District Superintendent of the Southern California District of which Arizona is a part, and a

letter from a man whom we had never seen nor heard of, which contained a $20 bill.

Surely God had moved on him to send it, for we were out of funds, having a little more than a dollar in the entire party. The cost of repairs and upkeep of second-hand Fords was such that our funds were exhausted, and we would pray around the campfires along the way for divine guidance. One night, as we were considering the matter, some one suggested that the Devil had sent us on this trip. Rev. D. M. Coulson promptly responded, "Well, if he did we will make it so hot for him that he will never send us on another."

We rented rooms and went out to find an opening for a meeting, out of which we hoped to plant a Nazarene church, but we soon found that a Nazarene church was not wanted among the holiness people who lived there. We found holiness people in fourteen different crowds, and none of them strong enough to do much. Every door seemed shut to us. We wrote the District Superintendent that if he could furnish us some home mission money to pay house rent, we would rent a hall and begin something, but he had none.

While in prayer over the condition one day, a knock was heard at the door and Rev. G. F. Saffle, a Nazarene preacher, entered. He was spending his winter in Phœnix for his health. He told us that the Apostolic Holiness church (the Revivalist people of

Cincinnati) had a mission, and a good little school with four teachers, and that they had planned a Christmas convention, and that we were invited to join them in the revival, which we did, preaching several times and God especially honoring each service with souls. The convention was to close on Sunday night, and we were to take the morning service that day. As we entered the church we were met by two leading members and the pastor, telling us that they had written and telegraphed for an evangelist to hold them a meeting but none could be secured, and that they thought the time had come for a revival, and they had prayed that if God wanted us to conduct it to give us at least one soul at that service. We agreed, and at the altar call eleven came to the altar, and nine of them prayed through. The revival swept on and in two weeks following there were more than sixty souls.

The people began to talk Nazarene church. Up to this time we had not talked church, only prayed over the matter. At the home of Brother Hess, one of the leading members of the Apostolic Holiness church, while taking dinner the subject of a Nazarene church was opened, and it was agreed to put their people to a test at the midweek prayermeeting that week, and when the vote was taken, out of the thirty-two members, thirty-one voted for the Nazarene church.

The following Sunday a sermon on the "Glorious Church" was preached and at the close an invitation

was given for membership in the Nazarene church. A church was organized with sixty-seven charter members. They soon found that the First Christian church was for sale, and after a conference they bought the building for $13,000. They were given ninety days in which to raise $6,000, and a mortgage was retained on the church for $7,000, payable in five years. At the end of the ninety days they moved into the church building, which had a Sunday school room built on to the church, 50 x 50 feet, cut up into classrooms, and this was just what was needed for the holiness school that was in progress there.

Rev. Orval Nease was elected pastor. He was their pastor before the organization, and has ably handled the church until now they have over one hundred members. The school was a success and continues with increasing interest.

Other Nazarene churches have since been organized in Arizona.

My family moved to Arizona, traveling all the way in an automobile, across the prairies of Western Oklahoma and the plains of Western Texas, then on through the deserts of New Mexico, and Arizona, where we had to pick up wood along the road to have fire for cooking at night; often traveling miles where there was no water, and all that we used had to be carried with us. We found the climate of Arizona too hot for us, so we went on through California conducting meetings at Bakersfield, Upland, and On-

tario; as well as the great campmeeting at Pasadena.

On our trip to California we drove an old Hudson car with a 36 x 4 tire, a very odd size. This tire blew out and we could not find one that size nearer than Los Angeles, Calif., and that was 400 miles away, so we tore up an old bed quilt and stuffed the tire with that and crippled along 110 miles in that way, passing through a real desert, and from Parker, Arizona to Needles, Calif., a distance of 69 miles there was only one place where we could get water, and that was an old deserted mine in the mountains. We slept in the sand that night at the foot of a mountain, and were serenaded the first part of the night by wolves, and a little after midnight, we heard a great mountain lion screaming away out in the mountains seemingly about half a mile away. My, but it almost took our breath. I did not sleep much that night. Next morning for breakfast we had nothing but salt crackers and peanut butter and very little water to wash it down with. That night haunts me still.

On our return we came by the noted Grand Canyon, and camped on its rim. It is simply a ditch in the earth a mile deep, and twelve miles across, with the Colorado River winding along through it. It was 86 miles from Grand Canyon to Flagstaff, and not a house or family residence of any kind in all this distance. Thirteen miles from Flagstaff we visited the old cliff dwellers' homes, in the Walnut Canyon, which is another ditch in the earth 300 feet across and

about as deep, and between two limestone ledges about half way from the bottom, up these cliffs which are almost perpendicular, we found the cliff dwellers' homes. (Houses built of broken limestone laid in "adobe" mortar mud); back well under the cliffs where it could not rain on them. There was only one way to enter this village of houses one joined to the other for a mile along this ledge; that was to come down a ravine, and then follow the ledge along. I cannot tell how they kept their children from falling out of the front yard which was never more than 20 feet wide, and often only eight feet. Who were these strange people? Where did they come from? Where did they go? will be the question of the ages.

Next we visited the Meteorite Mountain about ten miles from Winslow, Arizona. This is another wonder. Just a hole in the earth 600 feet deep, and 3,900 feet across, supposed to have been caused by the falling of a Meteor from the sky. Great slugs of Meteorite iron have been picked up near the hole, some of it in the Field's Museum in Chicago, some in the Museum of Natural History in New York City.

At Holbrook we left the Santa Fe Railroad, following the Old National Trail across the Continental Divide in New Mexico, but before reaching that state we suddenly went down a steep winding road into the Petrified Forest, a stretch of land five miles wide and nine miles long, with nothing growing in the depression, covered with flint rocks and coarse gravel

and sand, and great mountains of volcanic ash. Here we saw dozens of pine trees petrified roots, branch and bark. All had fallen with their tops towards the northwest and mostly broken into hundreds of pieces. Occasionally we saw one almost whole.

Leaving this we crossed the Continental Divide many miles to the nearest railroad, and at one place we paid 45 cents a gallon for gasoline.

We drove back to Bethany our old home where our children finished their education.

### PAPERS AND SCHOOLS

No new movement can succeed without schools for the training of our preachers, missionaries and other Christian workers; and papers to scatter propaganda and keep our connectionalism. So in the early days of the Holiness Association of Texas a paper was launched called The Texas Holiness Advocate. This was the official organ of The Holiness Association of Texas, which was an undenominational movement. This paper was edited by Rev. C. M. Keith at the first, later C. A. McConnell became editor, and still later Rev. W. B. Huckabee, his associate. At the organization of the Holiness churches it was necessary to have a definite church organ. This was launched at Pilot Point, Texas. Myself and Dennis Rogers were elected editors with D. C. Ball publisher. We had no funds to buy printing equipment so Brother D. C. Ball sold his farm and purchased the necessary presses, type and equipment. We named the paper

"The Holiness Evangel." This paper pushed church work vigorously, and our Holiness churches grew and prospered.

At the first General Council of the Holiness Church of Christ, Rev. J. D. Scott and myself were made editors. This paper grew and prospered until the union of the churches at the General Assembly at Pilot Point, Texas, 1908, when it was merged into the Herald of Holiness.

When myself and wife were sanctified and our children began to grow, we began to wonder where we could educate our children without the loss of their training along holiness lines. We prayed and planned. We suggested that a house be rented in Greenville, and Mrs. D. A. Hill be secured as teacher. Rev. E. C. DeJernett about this time became interested in a school. Later in company with Ben Cordell, my wife and Rev. E. C. DeJernett at a campmeeting at Greenville, Texas, I went out into a cow pasture near by the camp grounds for prayer about a holiness school. God blessed us and we were assured that we would have a school. The next fall we began the building of a school on the very grounds where we prayed.

This school was organized as The Texas Holiness University later Peniel College as an independent Holiness school and still later was united with the Oklahoma Holiness College, now Bethany-Peniel College, at Bethany, Oklahoma.

When the church work in Texas grew we felt the

need of a definite church school. So we organized a school at Pilot Point, Texas, with Rev. R. M. Guy president; later Rev. J. D. Scott became president, and was in that position when the General Assembly met at Pilot Point, Texas, 1908; soon after this the school was discontinued when we took the superintendency of the Oklahoma-Kansas District. With this rapid growing new country we needed a Nazarene school. We first considered a proposition to locate such a school at Wichita, Kansas. Later we also considered locating at Ponca City, Oklahoma, still later we located at Bethany as described in another chapter.

The first night that my family spent in Bethany we were living in a new barn, with not another person living in the woods pasture which is now Bethany, Oklahoma. That night we were serenaded by a pack of coyotes, it seemed that every coyote in Oklahoma county was present. This was the first time in life that any of my children had ever spent a night outside a town. They lay there and shivered all night.

We cut the brush and timber out of the streets that the civil engineers had laid off for Bethany, while my wife and children burned brush and helped clear the streets.

Our first school had a small enrollment, but today has the largest enrollment in our connection.

My children have never attended any but a Holiness school except six months in their school life.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### SOME KNOTTY PROBLEMS

While I was Superintendent of the Oklahoma District a Rev. —— wrote me a scorching accusation against his pastor. The terms used indicated the attitude of a severe critic. I tried to adjust matters by correspondence, but to no avail. The accuser was an elder in our church. He wrote me persistently demanding a speedy investigation; this I deferred until he wrote me a very insulting letter, in which I was accused of cowardice, bigotry, popery, and covering up the gross sins of the pastor. I set a date on which I would come for investigation; and since we owned no church building and were worshiping in a school house, I asked that a private home be provided in which I could meet the church board, the pastor and the accuser in executive session, as I desired to keep out all curiosity seekers. This was provided but Rev. —— refused to attend, telling me in a note that the meeting was to be held in the home of his most bitter enemy and that he could not get justice in a meeting in such a home.

I wrote back to him asking that he secure a place of meeting and that the entire board would meet him at any place that he designated at ten o'clock the next morning.

The pastor protested, saying: "He lives with his married daughter and that we would have serious trouble if we go there."

I assured the pastor that God would work for us and so we met for investigation of the accusation at the home of the daughter of Rev. ——. The usual routine business was gone through, proper committees were appointed to make a most thorough investigation and a time set for them to bring in a written report but just before adjournment I presented this critical, exacting letter written me by Rev. —— to the Secretary and asked him to read it to the Board. As he read Rev. —— heaved some deep sighs and groans as his face reddened with anger. At the conclusion of the reading Rev. —— arose with flushed face and trembling voice, and declared that he was not a Nazarene and never had been. He said "They proselyted me and made me join the Nazarene Church against my own will. I have tried to get out of the church and they would not let me out." I replied, "That is strange indeed. I never heard before of one being compelled to join our church and there is always a way to get out."

Rev. —— turned abruptly to the secretary, who was a bookkeeper in a bank, and said: "Scratch my name off, I am through, I am not a Nazarene."

I turned to the secretary and said: "Brother Corson, you are a bookkeeper in a bank. When a man does his banking in another bank, do you scratch his

name off your books?" He replied, "No. The law requires that we keep a file of all of our transactions, and his name still remains on our books."

Rev. —— then asked, "What can I do? I will quit the church here and now, I am done with the whole affair." I replied, "At your request we can enter on the books, opposite your name, 'dropped by request.'" He replied, "Write it there quick." And the secretary did as he asked.

Rev. —— immediately sprang to his feet and asked that his name be dropped. The secretary wrote opposite his name, "dropped by request."

Then he arose to his feet saying, "Now I want to say something: since I am no longer a member of the church."

I replied, "You are no longer a member of this church and your relationship with the church board has also ceased; and as this is an executive session of the board you are excused."

He turned pale then red—his lips quivered as he said: "What, excuse a man and turn him out of a room in his own house? I never heard of such a thing." I replied: "Yes, this room was given to us for executive session of the church board, and none except members of the board are desired in here: so you are excused." He grabbed his big white hat and immediately left the room.

We rushed things to a sudden closing, adjourned the meeting and while he walked the back yard in

despair we retreated hurriedly through the front door.

Eight years later he wrote me a very kind letter of apology for his action that night, which was very kindly acknowledged.

### LOCKED OUT OF A NAZARENE CHURCH

On another occasion in the New York District a pastor resigned in the midst of the year recommending a preacher to succeed him whom he had known for some time, telling me that he had preached at some of the campmeetings in the state. This preacher had preached in this particular church and the people liked his messages. When he was recommended to the board by the District Superintendent, the church board accepted him as a supply until the next Assembly.

A few weeks rolled by and he asked his church board to turn out a certain member of the church who was also a member of the church board. The vote was taken and he was voted out of the church without a trial. Other things came up that were not satisfactory and I received a letter to come at once to visit the church. The supply pastor refused to confer with me on arrival—declared that as long as he was pastor that I should not meet the church board.

I notified him that I desired to meet the board that night, also notified all the members of the board; but when we went to the church for the meeting we found the door padlocked and a notice posted on the door beside the new padlock warning us that anyone who entered that church without consent of the pas-

tor would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. We saw a lawyer, got his advice and took the trustees and pulled the padlock off the door and went in with the janitor and started a fire in the furnace as it was a very cold evening; then went away to get supper. On returning for the service that evening we found the door again padlocked, water had been poured on the fire in the furnace—but we went in again tearing off the padlock—held our service and announced service for the next night.

When the janitor attempted to start the fire the second night some one had stuffed a big bundle of burlap into the furnace flue so that the smoke could not pass. We unstopped the flue, kindled the fire, and preached that night. It took us three weeks to get matters adjusted and dismiss the supply pastor, without a serious rupture in the church, but God gave us the victory.

These are just a few of the little things that a District Superintendent must do to build a strong District.

A Nazarene preacher who had been pastor of a certain Nazarene church for four years, took the church with twenty-one members and asked that the church be disbanded when there were only six left. Soon after I had the church disbanded he was arrested by the city authorities of the city in which he lived for keeping dynamite in his residence (he was a truck man hauling stone; the dynamite being used

for blasting the stone) when arraigned before the court, he told the judge that he thought it no harm to keep dynamite in his home and that he frequently ate a pinch of it for breakfast. Possibly he needed it to put a "kick" in his sermon.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### LEAVING OKLAHOMA FOR NEW YORK

In the beautiful spring weather in May, 1924, we left the wide open prairies of Oklahoma for the Empire State, myself, wife and our two daughters, Johnny and Margaret, Johnny driving the new Chevrolet car all the way to New York, while my son Paul and his wife Olive, went along in a new Ford. We left the land of sunshine and flowers for the foggy weather and stuffy apartments of Greater New York, locating in Brooklyn, the residence section of the great city.

We gave up the song of the mocking bird, that sang us to sleep in the moon-lit night of the summer from an oak tree that stood near our bedroom; for the rattle and roar of the elevated trains that rush past near our flat every four minutes day and night lulling us into unconsciousness at night. We gave up the beautiful flower gardens in our front yard, filled with roses, cannas, snap dragons and honeysuckles for the sweltering pavements and scorching sidewalks of New York. We left long rows of berries, grapes, plums and cherries, and watermelons that grew in our own garden for the insipid slimy fruit and melons shipped here from the South.

We gave up the nice Oklahoma breezes full of

ozone and pep, in our wide plot of ground, for the musty apartments of a great city where one thousand people live in the block in which we live. While there are places in New York City proper where there are apartments twenty stories high, served by elevators, and supplied with steam heat, and hot and cold water, but these apartments of from four to ten rooms rent from one thousand five hundred dollars a year, to five thousand. Reader if you have a comfortable country home and plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and can live next to nature stay there and enjoy it. You might take a visit to a great city to learn the contrast, and that would help you enjoy life in the open.

The rush, whiz, and whirl of the elevated, and subway trains, where you cannot get to your work in the morning without being squeezed flat in the New York jam, will cause you to die of "Americanitis"—nerves.

We were eight days on the road counting Sunday that we stopped off at Bentonville, Arkansas, and preaching for our old friend, Rev. I. D. Farmer, who was pastor there. We left him early Monday morning to pull through the deep mud of Missouri. It rained on us three days in succession. We made about 90 miles a day, stopping to camp just anywhere we could. One night we reached an old deserted house in a field by the roadside. It looked mightily like a "haunted house," but we would have fought ghosts all night to get a place to camp in the dry.

Nothing much disturbed us except a few lizards and some big rats. The next night we camped in a big shed in a park in a nice little town. The last day in Missouri, we came to a place where the road ran alongside a railroad track, with a high mountain beyond that, and there was only one road, and that was under water for a full half mile, from back water from a river that was overflowing its banks.

Paul drove his Ford slowly through the water, and we tied a piece of oil cloth around our carburetor to keep the water out and Johnny (brave girl) stepped on the gas and plowed through the water, while we had to lift our feet up to keep them dry. Finally we reached good paved roads and fine concrete bridges, and then we made the miles fly past.

We stopped off at Binghamton nearly a full month, and put on a good campaign there under a tent sixty feet square, which was often filled to hear the music, violin, cello and trombone, furnished by our children, and God gave us a great revival and we organized a church with forty members, and my old-time friend, Rev. D. M. Coulson, is pastor there now.

It was just like entering a new world to do work here either as an evangelist, or District Superintendent. Everything is so different. Small congregations, cold conservatism reigns. You seldom hear a real triumphant shout of victory in a revival. Things are done on a solid money basis, but when you get them through they are stayers, and payers. They tell you

"once a Nazarene church, always a Nazarene church." They are slow but sure.

We organized five new churches the first year, but it was desperately hard work. There are great "national campmeetings" in this District that have been established for years, and the trend is to "Independent Holiness" and on the whole the holiness people do not take to organization.

There are many communities in this District where there are churches standing idle and have not been used for years. At one place a village called Ox Bow, near Gouverneur we preached one night in a Methodist church built of stone that had stood there I was told for one hundred years; but they had not had a pastor for nine years, and very seldom had any kind of preaching in that village. At Barnes Corners we were offered a good church building 32 by 50 feet with pews, pulpit, stove and hymn books all for the small sum of two hundred dollars.

I was caught in the greatest snow storm that New York has had for fifty years, the papers say. I was called to Canastota, and left the Grand Central Station in New York City at an early morning hour expecting to arrive in Canastota in the afternoon, but our train was seven hours going fifty miles. It took four big New York Central locomotives to pull our train through the snow that was from two to four feet deep, and in the drifts still deeper, often above the tops of the fence posts. Around the depots where

the snow had been shoveled out to make passways, on either side of the path it was much higher than your head. On another occasion I got off the train at Gouverneur, and the thermometer was 22 below zero. Pretty cold for a boy from Dixie.

We quote from *The Literary Digest,* October 25, 1924:

RURAL PAGANISM

"God once chose a dirt farmer when he wanted a prophet to shake the degenerate cities of the plains, we are told in homely phrase; but now it seems, a prophet is needed to go out and shake some of our farming communities. The Social and Religious Research of New York shows that the influence of the church in rural America is only one-half of what it was a generation ago. A survey of 179 counties conducted under the auspices of this institute asserts that one million six hundred thousand farm children live in communities where there is no church or Sunday school of any denomination."

This is not in the backwoods or in the mountains, but in the very best and prosperous dairy farming country, where they have big barns and large old-fashioned farm houses; and these people supply all of the great centers of population with eggs, milk, butter and cheese. I have visited many such communities in the state of New York.


TIMES SQUARE

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### NEW YORK—THE WONDER CITY

New York, the wonder city of America, the wonder city of the world, the wealthy, the educated, the cultured, the proud. New York with her phenomenal growth that has startled the world, and awakened the other cities of civilization. A city to which there flows today the gold and greed and the lust from all lands and from all seas. The money center of the nations; the financiers of all countries. The greatest seaport of any country, into which comes mighty ocean liners from every nation under the sun. Among these are crafts of every description, from the gasoline yacht, to the great Leviathan which is 972 feet long, and the big five mast schooners that still have sails for motive power. These bring into the port of entry at Ellis Island immigration from all countries for inspection by the Federal Government before final landing. Here all Europe dumps her filth of all sorts of her population, with no standard of morals, no Sunday, no God but the almighty dollar that they come to get, hence Ellis Island is called the dumping ground of Europe, and the melting pot of America.

From the top of the Woolworth Building, which stands 792 feet from the pavement, we are told by the

guide at the top, that when the atmosphere is clear we can see a circle of twenty-five miles, and in this radius live nearly ten million people; the most densely populated spot on the face of the earth. One may see all of Greater New York, which includes Manhattan Island on which the original city is built, the Bronx, Mount Vernon, and that section north; with Brooklyn, Richmond Hill, Jamaica, Queens, Springfield, Long Island City, Flushing, Staten Island, and other boroughs, making a city of about eight million people, while across in New Jersey there are Jersey City, Hoboken, Passaic, Newark, and a dozen other smaller cities all in sight of the great Woolworth tower.

The Woolworth Building is now the tallest building in the world, with a business population of fourteen thousand, served by nineteen elevators.

It stands anchored to 69 piers which are sunken 110 feet into the ground and are each 20 feet across, made of solid steel-reinforced concrete, anchored into the blue limestone foundation on which this great city rests.

From the top of the Woolworth Building looking south may be seen Ellis Island almost at your feet. A little farther on is Bedloe's Island, on which stands the Statue of Liberty, 305 feet from the foundation to the top of the torch. The statue alone is 111 feet from its heel to top of its head, the index finger is 18 feet long. The right arm which holds the torch is 12 feet in diameter. Beyond

this is the Narrows made by Staten Island on the west, and Brooklyn, and Coney Island on the east, while still farther out is the famous Sandy Hook, and on out into the mighty Atlantic.

### WALL STREET

Wall Street, New York, is the money center of the world. It is a narrow street only six blocks long. We quote from Rand-McNally's Guide to New York:

"In 1652 the defenseless condition of New York led Governor Stuyvesant to fortify the little Dutch town against a probable attack by Indians or hostile New England colonists. A line of palisades was planted from river to river [Pearl to Greenwich Sts., just above the Herre Gracht (Broad St. Inlet)], and banked up with earth, leaving a broad space within cleared for the convenience of the defenders. This 'wall' rapidly decayed, but was repaired from time to time, and after the capture of the city by the English, in 1663, was substantially rebuilt and defended by stone bastions at the gates at Broadway and the East River, and by an 'artillery mount' at William St. Meanwhile houses were built along the cleared space within the palisade, and it finally was recognized as a street, naturally named Wall St. Not until the beginning of the eighteenth century were any streets north of Wall St. laid out.

"The New York Stock Exchange is increasing the number of its members by twenty-five, the first in-

crease in forty-six years. A seat recently sold for $135,000.

"Now 'Wall St.' stands not only for the assemblage of great financial institutions which line its quarter-mile but for the whole body of dealings in money and securities that go on in New York under the head of the Stock Exchange; yet the offices of many of the wealthiest and most influential of the financiers credited to 'Wall St.' are several blocks away from that short avenue, whose paving stones might be replaced by gold bricks without exhausting the vaults of wealth and the world-wide resources which the 'street' represents.

"No. 10 Wall St., at the head of New St., is the splendid Astor Bldg., on the site formerly occupied by the First Presbyterian Church.

"Corner of Wall & Broadway is the First National Bank. Here General Grant had his offices during his brief and illfated career in the 'Street.'

"N. W. corner Wall & Nassau Sts., Bankers Trust Company Bldg., 39 stories; height, 539 ft.

"No. 23 Wall St., is the extensive offices of J. P. (Pierpont) Morgan & Co., of world-wide fame. (Formerly the house of Drexel, Morgan & Co.)

"No. 30 Wall St., The Assay Office, is on the site of what was the oldest building in the street. It is open to visitors from 2 to 4 p. m. and is well worth visiting."

*Machine Guns Protect Record Gold Cargo As $10,000,000 From Chile Is Hauled to Bank*

New York, Thursday, Feb. 4, 1926.—Ten million dollars worth of gold bars, the largest shipment ever received from South America and one of the largest on record from any source, arrived in New York yesterday from Chile. Guarded by machine gunners, plain clothes policemen and other armed guards employed by the bank and transportation company handling the cargo, the gold was carted in armored trucks from the steamship dock at the foot of Harrison Street, Brooklyn, to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, in Nassau Street, and there stored away in vaults with several billions of dollars in gold already held by the Reserve Bank.

Every precaution was taken to protect the gold from the moment it left Chile on the steamship Teno, operated by the Compania Sud Americana de Vapores. A special vault of concrete was constructed on the ship for the gold, which was in 276 iron-clamped boxes. A strong guard was placed over the vault and the ship was heavily guarded.

Each box weighed about 140 pounds and contained four bars, or some 1,650 ounces of gold, worth approximately $35,000.

The gold was moved through part of Brooklyn and downtown Manhattan by five armored cars, each manned by a driver and four armed guards under the general direction of W. A. Moran, superintendent of

the United States Trucking Company. The trucks carried machine guns and each guard carried an automatic pistol. Special policemen and guards supplied by the National Bank of Commerce and the shipping company made up the remainder of the escort. Each man on the trucks was bonded for $5,000,000.

Think of all this immense population, wealth and commercial activity now on Manhattan Island; while just 300 years ago Peter Minuet, a Dutch trader bought Manhattan Island, from some Delaware Indians for the sum of twenty-four dollars, paying for the same in beads and other trinkets. Recently a strip of land 29 by 39 feet at the corner of Wall Street and Broadway sold for the fabulous sum of ten million dollars. The land alone was taxed at five and one-half dollars a square inch.

Read the following clipping from the *New York World,* January 19, 1926:

*"THE CHIMNEY," AT BROADWAY AND WALL ST., BOUGHT DEC. 11, IS REPORTED SOLD AGAIN*

*Narrow Skyscraper Rests on Most Valuable Footage in the World*

The slender eighteen-story skyscraper known as "The Chimney," standing on "the most valuable parcel of land in the world," at Broadway and Wall Street, opposite Trinity Church, was reported to have been sold yesterday by Frederick Brown, real

estate operator and its owner for little more than a month, to a syndicate of Western bankers.

The unique office building facing old Trinity and the scrap of ground from which it rises are assessed for taxation purposes at about $1,100,000, of which $875,000 represents the value of a strip of land extending 29.10 feet in Broadway and 39.10 feet in Wall Street.

Title to the property passed to Mr. Brown Dec. 11 as part of a realty deal with William Ziegler, jr., which involved real estate valued at $10,000,000. Mr. Ziegler bought the building and land in 1921 for about $1,500,000.

The following clipping from The Literary Digest of October 10, 1925 will show you the density of New York's population.

*A MILLION PEOPLE TO THE SQUARE MILE*

*In this section of "down-town" New York*

"Between the City Hall and the Battery, Church and Pearl Streets, the sky-scraper floor-space is between twenty-five and fifty times the whole ground area, and many more times the street area. A dozen sky-scrapers around City Hall Park house more people than the city's entire population a century ago. Nineteen buildings facing on or located near Broadway, exclusive of the Equitable, have a business population, not counting visitors, of nearly 90,000 persons.

"The 14,000 to 15,000 elevators in Greater New

York carry 2,000,000,000 passengers yearly—more than are handled by all the subway and elevated lines in Greater New York and the surface cars in Manhattan."

I give you another clipping from *The Literary Digest,* January 30, 1926, in which there is a discussion of the tenement houses on the "East Side," in New York City proper. This will give you some idea of the present apartment, or tenement house condition in that section of the city:

"There is hardly an apartment in the block in which there is not one or more dark rooms—rooms without windows to the outer air. The characteristic plan—that of sixteen of the houses—is of four three-room apartments to a floor. One room—and one room only—in each apartment opens on a street or yard. The other two rooms are dark or borrow a gleam of light from the neighboring room. They have no window to the air. Two of these houses contain airshafts, from which a certain amount of foul air and in the upper stories a little light may enter the rooms.

"The block housed a community of 328 families comprising some 1,400 persons of eighteen different nationalities. Twenty-five per cent of these people spoke English.

"The family groups varied in size from one to eleven persons; in most cases there were four, five or six. Forty-two of the families have taken in board-

ers to aid in the payment of rent. At the time of this particular survey the rents ran from $6 to $10.50 a month. The highest rental was $25 for a six-room flat."

And Mr. Stein tells us of a house in another section:

"On the first floor of this five-story tenement live a family of seven—parents and five children. In the kitchen two little girls of six and seven sleep in a folding-bed, the bedding of which smells musty. In the close, dark bedroom that is nauseating, five persons sleep. The father and mother and their four-months-old baby sleep in a three-quarter bed. In a folding-bed in the same room two boys of twelve and five years sleep. The bathtub was a tin tub, so small the investigator thought it a toy."

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### NEW YORK CITY'S SUBWAY

In the City of New York there are three great Subway Systems that literally undermine the whole city with their underground railroads, like rats under a barn. These ramble around under, and among the foundations of the giant skyscrapers, that make the sky line of the greatest commercial center in the world. These are the Inter-Boro Rapid Transit, The Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit, and the Hudson Tubes. The two first carry passengers to and from Brooklyn under the East River, and the entire length of the Island of Manhattan, on which the City of New York proper stands, and on under Bronx, and east under Long Island City and Flushing, all of which are a part of Greater New York City. The Hudson Tubes carry a heavy traffic under the Hudson River to Jersey City, Hoboken, and Newark, New Jersey.

Most of these lines have four tracks. Over the two center tracks Express trains with from six to twelve cars each run fifty miles an hour, making but few stops. Over the two outside tracks run local trains making all stops. The doors in these trains are opened and closed by compressed air, and three

cars are operated by one conductor, who stands in the middle car of the three, and calls the stations into a telephone in the wall, and his voice is reproduced in loud speaker telephones in the top of these cars.

When the train stops they shout watch your steps, and as the doors close they cry out watch the door.

We reproduce a clipping from the *New York Journal,* Jan. 18, 1926:

*TWENTY YEARS AFTER*

"Twenty years ago this afternoon Mayor George B. McClellan started the first train in New York's first subway. In its first twelve months that first subway carried 73,000,000 passengers—and the great effort to bring the city's rapid transit facilities within hailing distance of its expanding needs had begun. Twenty years ago the population of the city was under 4,000,000. Today, with a population of 6,000,000 for the city proper and 8,000,000 in the metropolitan district."

*Nearly Three Billion Nickels*

"According to the 1925 report of the Transit Commission 2,716,777,798 fares were collected by the various transit lines of greater New York during the last year. This is an increase of 37,864,888 fares over 1924. It is probable that the increase of this year over 1925 and every year thereafter will be still greater. Yet there is no prospect of better facilities for two years at the earliest."

From a little pamphlet published by the B-M-T Subway System, called "Rush Hour Relief" we quote again:

"Congestion exists on your line due to the rapid increase in population and travel in Brooklyn and Queens. In the seven years that Mayor Hylan has been in office the number of passengers on our rapid transit lines has increased 134%. Each day there are on the average over 150,000 more passengers on our rapid transit lines than on the corresponding day of last year.

The maximum congestion exists for less than an hour, morning and evening, on five and a half days each week. During the period of maximum operation trains are now operated across Williamsburgh Bridge in one direction at the rate of 52 per hour."

The other day while riding in a subway, among the advertising cards in the top of the car we read this statement: "Every sixty seconds, in every day in the year there are forty-two thousand and five hundred people riding these cars."

During the rush hour each morning it is literally pandemonium at the express stops, in the subway stations. The crowds are so great that the police do not seem to be able to control them. The "seat hounds," as they are called, pushing, pulling, and jamming into these trains, literally pull one's clothes off, and if you fall down they walk over you sometimes trampling people to death in these "jams," as

the crowds behind push you on, no matter what happens.

Again I quote from the *New York Journal* of December 12, 1924:

*GIRL IS TRAMPLED IN SUBWAY RUSH*

*Art Student, Trying to Leave Car, is Knocked Down and Badly Bruised — Seat Hounds Walk on Her — Screams Fail to Halt Hurrying Crowd at Grand Central — Woman Is Injured By Subway Jam at Spot Man Lost Life — Forced to Track at Brooklyn Bridge — Daughter of Victim Blames Crowd.*

Miss Flora Hebbeberger, twenty-four, of No. 200 Homer Street, Brooklyn, was injured last evening when she was shoved by the crowd onto the subway tracks between two cars of a standing train at almost the same spot where a man was killed early in the day at the Brooklyn Bridge station. Miss Hebbeberger was attended by Dr. Marrow of Beekman Street Hospital and taken to her home.

The man killed was William Sanders, forty, of No. 353 Bradford Street, Brooklyn, who with his daughter, Florence, twenty-one, had just got off an express and were waiting for a local when he was crowded off the platform to the local tracks when an incoming northbound local train was five feet distant, according to witnesses.

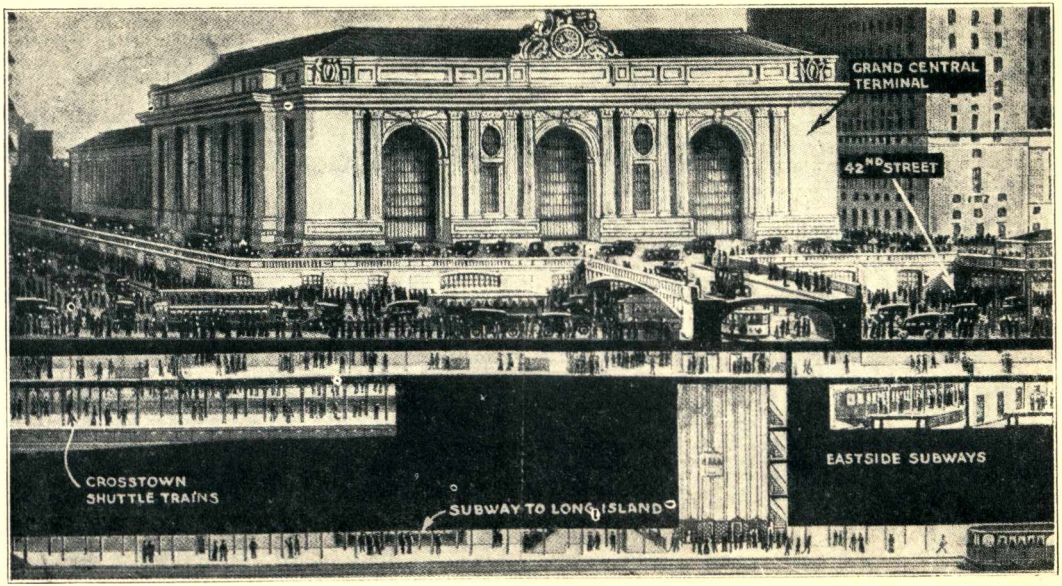
Unable to handle the crowd, Bridge police sum-

moned reserves from Oak Street Station. Before the reserves got into action many women had fainted and Miss Bessie Raskin, twenty-two, of No. 492 Sackett Street, Brooklyn, was trampled on. She was attended and went home. A wrecking crew, the Fire Department Rescue Squad and a Hook and Ladder Company worked twenty-five minutes at extricating Sanders' body.

Miss Sanders said her father was pushed off the platform by the impact of the crowd and the persons who rushed downstairs to get aboard the incoming local.

At the Brooklyn Bridge Subway Station, we are told that during the rush hour each morning there is a train one way or the other every minute in the hour, each train carrying from eight to twelve cars as long as any ordinary passenger coach, and I am told they can pack 300 people in one coach. I know that when you get in you can not move nor even so much as get your hands up if they happen to be down on account of the awful press. These subway tracks never cross at grade level, but they go over or under the other tracks. At the Grand Central Railway Station (the station for the New York Central, and the New York Hartford and New Haven R. R.) there are five traffic levels one above the other. As shown in the picture.

Forty-Second Street at the Grand Central Terminal, showing how the city has burrowed deep and




GRAND CENTRAL

bridged streets, trying to keep pace with the ever-increasing traffic. At this point are five distinct traffic levels, shown above; yet vehicular traffic, doubling every 3½ years, has outgrown even these accommodations. Now the city plans to build highways one above the other.

The figures of the Transit Commission, just made public, on the steam and electric railroad service in and out of New York tell a story which illustrates how the commuter problem is growing in this city of ours.

SUBURBAN TRAVEL

During 1924 the railroad and ferry travel into and out of New York City totaled 336,470,000 passengers, of which the railroads carried 286,000,000 passengers.

The number of railroad and ferry commuters from outside the city is about 250,000,000 per year; about 367,000 commuters come to New York each business day.

The total railroad traffic in and out of New York in 1924 was 243,500,000, of which 154,750,000 was commuter or zone traffic, while the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad carried 42,367,000 commuters. The ferries other than interborough ferries, carried 99,450,000, of whom about half were suburbanites and the remainder passengers received from railroads.

Traffic at Grand Central Railroad Station in 1924 was 40,178,000; at Pennsylvania Station 44,620,000; at Flatbush Avenue Station, 40,915,000; at Cortlandt

Street (Hudson and Manhattan), 66,192,000; at St. George Terminal, 11,828,000.

According to a traffic count made 7 a. m. to 7 p. m., May 28, 1924, by direction of Manhattan Borough President Miller, 195,000 vehicles, only 8 per cent of which were horse-drawn, entered and left Manhattan by way of the ferries and bridges.

Vehicles to and from Manhattan and the Bronx numbered 78,111; to and from Brooklyn and Queens and Manhattan, 90,491; to and from Manhattan and Staten Island, 1,782; to and from Manhattan and New Jersey, 25,276.

The 4 East River bridges handled 87,280 vehicles; the 8 Harlem River bridges, 78,111.

The Hudson River ferries carried 25,276 vehicles; the East River ferries, 3,211.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### NEW YORK'S WATER SYSTEM

New York City gets her water supply away up in the Catskill Mountains, one hundred and sixty miles away, from the Ashokan Lake, an artificial lake and is brought down through twin aqueducts, which are each seventeen feet in diameter. We gathered the facts below from *The Mentor,* a monthly journal devoted to art, science, literature and history. In their story, "How Catskill Water Came to Gotham," or "Big Facts and Big Figures of the Aqueduct."

The water held in storage ready for demand when all reservoirs are full averages 177,000,000,000 gallons. To supply this water 571 square miles of land was drawn upon; over ten thousand acres of this was cultivated land, included nine villages, that occupied space on the land that is now one vast lake. All were wiped out and submerged.

The Shandaken Tunnel which carries the water of the Schoharie Creek to the Esopus River under a mountain range is the longest tunnel in the world, being eighteen miles long. All this required twenty years to build, with a force of 16,000 men at a cost of $185,000,000. The Aqueduct passes under the Hudson River, the Harlem River and the East River,

and the Narrows to Staten Island. Few of the hurrying scurrying millions that throng the streets and crowd the subways of New York City know of the existence of the great tunnel bored through the solid rock far below them. It bores its way through the Fordham gneiss which underlies the Bronx, and dips down deeply to burrow under the Harlem River, and on under the full length of Manhattan. The tunnel here has a diameter of thirteen feet or a little more, and lies at a depth of 250 feet below the pavement. At Union Square however the level abruptly drops and the tunnel continues at a depth of over seven hundred feet, until it passes under the mass of masonry and steel that compose the lower skyscraper district of Manhattan, and passes under the East River, where it divides into two tubes or tunnels; one tube going to Queens, the other waters Brooklyn.

The Brooklyn branch goes off under the Narrows through which the great Ocean Liners pass, and on to Staten Island, where it fills the great Silver Lake Reservoir, being the southern terminus of the aqueduct. This is possibly the greatest and most wonderful water system in the world.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### NEW YORK'S TUNNELS AND BRIDGES

There are twelve great tunnels that help carry on the traffic system of Greater New York. The Hudson Tubes, three in number, the twin tubes that go from the Hudson Terminal to Jersey City, and another Hudson Tube that goes from Hoboken to Thirty-third Street. The Pennsylvania Tubes through which the Penn. Railway enters New York City, one hundred feet below the surface of the Hudson River, then running directly across Manhattan from the Penn. Station are two tubes or tunnels that carry the Long Island Railway Trains to various parts of Long Island. The Traffic Tunnel through which automobiles will go from New York to New Jersey, beginning at Canal Street, New York, and coming out at the Erie Station in Jersey City, N. J. This Traffic Tunnel is now complete and will be ready for traffic in a little while. It will carry 30,000 automobiles a day.

Then there are five tunnels under the East River through which Subway Trains run. There are also five great bridges across the East River. The first one built was the Brooklyn Bridge in 1875, and is still in active service carrying pedestrians, vehicles, trolley

cars and elevated trains. The Manhattan Bridge, the Williamsburg Bridge, the Queens Bridge, and the Hell Gate Bridge, the latter for railway trains only, besides the many bridges across the Harlem River. Contract has also been let to build a great bridge across the Hudson River at 175th Street, New York and Fort Lee, New Jersey. With all these facilities for transportation, the traffic increases faster than bridges and tunnels and subways can be built.

## *HOW NEW YORK SEEKS ESCAPE FROM DEADLY TRAFFIC TANGLE*

Caught in a snarl of traffic congestion unprecedented in the world, New York City is seeking escape from the smother of automobiles, railways, streetcars, and human beings that actually threatens the city's commercial life.

A bird's-eye map of Manhattan Island shows how 2,300,000 residents—equalling the combined populations of seven states and the District of Columbia—are packed into an area of only 22 square miles.

Yet this resident population of Manhattan, huge as it is, composes only a comparatively small item in the growing traffic problem. From the New Jersey shore across the Hudson on the west; from the four boroughs—Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens and Richmond—which, with Manhattan, constitute Greater New York, hundreds of thousands of people and thousands of automobiles are dumped onto this one little island

every day by ferries, railroads, bridges, and under-river tubes.

It has been estimated that 228,000,000 people—more than twice the population of the United States—are poured into Manhattan each year. And the flood continues to grow. Each of the four residential boroughs is far larger in area than Manhattan, and in each the population is increasing at a terrific rate. A few short years ago the Bronx was little more than 40 square miles of vacant lots; today it houses nearly 800,000 people. Brooklyn, with an area of 77 square miles, has more than doubled its population in the past 30 years, and now is equal to Manhattan. Queens, which is more than five times as large as Manhattan in area, promises a greater population within the next 20 years.

Thus, from all sides flow the swelling streams of traffic that pile into a jam on the little island of Manhattan. Every day 200,000 automobiles and 25,000 taxicabs ply its streets.

Attempting to keep pace with the deluge, New York City, having already honey-combed the earth beneath the streets, has resorted finally to the plan of building automobile highways one above the other.

THE NEW YORK-NEW JERSEY VEHICULAR TUNNEL

*New York State Bridge and Tunnel Commission—New Jersey Interstate Bridge and Tunnel Commission.*

Ole Singstad of Brooklyn, Chief Engineer of both commissions.

The States of New York and New Jersey enacted legislation in the beginning of 1919 providing for the construction, maintenance and operation of a tunnel by the two above named commissions, representing each State, which tunnel was to be paid for by the States by equal contributions. The commissions entered into a treaty or contract to that end, which was executed in final form on Dec. 30, 1919, and has had the consent of Congress by a resolution approved by the President in that year.

On Jan. 6, 1920, the Chief Engineer, Clifford M. Holland, recommended the construction of twin tubes 29 feet 6 inches external diameter of cast iron rings lined with concrete, providing for a 20-foot roadway in each tube and each capable of accommodating two lines of traffic. These tunnels also contain a narrow sidewalk for pedestrians as well as ventilation ducts.

Ground was broken for the commencement of work on Oct. 12, 1920, at the Canal Street Park, on Contract No. 1, for the construction of the ventilation shafts on Manhattan Island. In the spring of 1922 contracts for the under river portion of the tunnels were let to Messrs. Booth & Flinn Ltd. of Pittsburgh and New York, in the sum of approximately $20,000,000. Thereafter by successive steps further construction contracts were let involving the erection

of the approach sections and also the finishing and equipping of the tubes.

The work of construction has so far progressed that the tunnel structure itself is completed. On Jan. 1, 1926, a substantial portion of the tile lining of the tunnels had been installed in place as well as the granite block roadway. The work was under way on the construction of the ventilation buildings in New York City and Jersey City.

Tolls will be charged for the use of the tunnel based on a schedule which will enable the commission to amortize the cost of the tunnel within twenty years. It is expected that these tolls will be based substantially on the prevailing ferry rates.

The Manhattan entrance to the tunnel is from a plaza in Broome St., between Hudson and Varick Sts., and the exit is on the south side of Canal St., at the corner of Varick and Vestry Sts. The Jersey City entrance is from a plaza from 12th St. and Provost St. and the exit at 14th and Provost Sts.

The cost of the tunnel will be $42,000,000.

THE TUNNEL IN BRIEF

Total length of proposed tunnels, 9,250 feet.

Outside diameter of circular subsurface tubes, 29 feet 6 inches.

Construction material, cast-iron rings lined with concrete.

Elevation of top of tube, 60 feet below mean low tide.

Maximum gradients on approaches at each end, 3½ per cent.

Width of roadway in each tunnel, 20 feet.

Height of roadway chamber, 13 feet 6 inches.

Estimated annual traffic on completion (both directions), 5,610,000 vehicles.

Total estimated annual capacity of tunnel (both directions), 15,800,000 vehicles.

## CHAPTER TWENTY

### NEW YORK'S RELIGIOUS LIFE

In 1766 Philip Embry a local Methodist Preacher came over from Ireland and formed the first Methodist Society (the Old John Street Church) in New York, which still goes by that name, and continues their noon day meetings every day in the year. This Society was formed with five members, he was soon joined by Thomas Webb, a sea captain, who was also a local Methodist preacher. Thus Methodism started in America without an ordained minister.

In 1769, John Wesley himself came over to America and preached at "Old John Street Church," and on his second trip a few years later he brought with him a big clock which still hangs on the wall of "John Street Church" and continues to tick off the time, as at the first. Out of New York poured a stream of holy fire—for all of her first preachers were radical, "second blessing holiness preachers," as was Bishop Asbury, the first Methodist bishop. This holy stream of salvation ran down the Atlantic seaboard as far south as Savannah, Georgia. New York has had some mighty preachers — Dr. Talmage, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Parkhurst, A. B. Simpson, Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, Jerry McAuley, Charles N. Critten-

ton, Stephen Merritt, William Howard Hoople; and today G. Campbell Morgan, Dr. Roach Straton, and many other lesser lights.

But alas! New York has also had, Charles T. Russell, the "No-Hell" apostle, while Lebie Bernstein (Leon Trotsky) Minister of War in Russia also started his career in Brooklyn. Mormonism was originated by Joseph Smith in the hills near Palmyra, New York, while modern Spiritism was hatched out in Rochester, and today it is the boasted seat of Modernism, led by Fosdick, Potter and Grant. But, thank God, we have also eleven Nazarene churches in Greater New York and Long Island that are doing work for God and holiness; but none of these in Manhattan. New York is filled with paganism, pagan temples are common. On Mott Street one may see two pagan temples at one time where they feed rice to a brass god every day in the year. Marriages are also performed in pagan rites, but must be confirmed by magistrates to make them legal.

The following is clipped from *The American Evangelist,* November, 1925: "New York, the boasted center of New Theology, home of Fosdick, the citadel of radicalism. Out of New York came the bold boasting Goliaths, who with waving swords and shouts of derision swept down into Tennessee to lead the fight against God and the Bible and the Christian faith. Twenty-five years New York City has known the blighting,

demoralizing, deadening influence of Modernism—with its brute ancestry and its human Christ."

In that period of time the Protestant population of this great city has increased tremendously, while the Church of Jesus Christ has shown a gradual decline.

This article quotes Dr. Christian Risner, an outstanding Methodist preacher now working in New York, as saying, "There are 36 less Protestant churches on Manhattan Island than there were twenty-five years ago. Not a single outstanding new church has been built in Greater New York in fifteen years. Charles Stelzie, says, "Within thirty years below 30th Street, 46 churches have sold their holdings while the population has increased 300,000.

"More amazing still is the fact that of the remaining churches in Greater New York nearly two-thirds of them are alive today only through the fact that millions of dollars raised for mission fields by these great denominations, have been diverted to the maintenance of these dying Protestant churches, located in the wealthiest city in the world.

"Out of 40 Presbyterian churches, 21 are supported by mission money. Out of 36 Methodist Churches, 21 are supported by mission money. Out of 21 Baptist churches 12 are supported by mission money. Men and women of America, with the tremendous growth in Protestant population in Greater New York, there are 36 less Protestant churches than twenty-five years ago, and the remaining 87 of the

Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist denominations, 51 are being supported by the mission money of the church." What a challenge to Protestantism! Again the same authority says: "Let the pulpits of Protestantism in the city of New York, be baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire; let the old-time fire fall—let the Cross be preached; let sin be uncovered, and denounced, and made hideous; let Christ be magnified, the Christ of the incarnation, crucifixion, resurrection, the Christ 'who died for our sins according to the Scriptures', and there will come a transformation in church life in New York, that will bring a consternation in hell, and a jubilee in heaven."

This is what Modernism has done for the greatest city in the world. Read the following clipping from the *New York Journal,* October 21, 1925:

*SOCIETY FOR ATHEISM IS REFUSED A CHARTER*

*Petition, Filed Day After Coolidge Plea for Religious Revival, Turned Down*

Following closely on the plea of President Coolidge for a religious revival to obtain an enforcement of the law, the state Supreme Court yesterday received an application by the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism for a certificate of incorporation. It sets forth as its particular object "to abolish the belief in God, together with all forms of religion

based upon that belief." It also sets forth that its work is to be "purely destructive."

Justice Richard H. Mitchell denied the application and directed that the original petition and a copy be impounded and made a part of court records and that the papers be not returned to the association or its attorney.

Since writing the above, I see from the following clipping from the *Literary Digest*, February 6, 1926, that the Atheist Society was allowed to incorporate in the State of New York. Oh, brother reader! We must plant some mighty centers of fire in New York State, or soon all things that are sacred will be destroyed.

*ATHEISTS' LARGE CONTRACT*

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." But the Psalmist finds deaf ears in the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, which, after failing once, has at length succeeded in obtaining a certificate of incorporation in New York. The papers received the approval of Supreme Court Justice John Ford. Some time before, as told in these pages November 14, Justice William H. Mitchell refused to incorporate the organization and ordered the papers impounded by the County Clerk and not returned. After declaring the purpose of the incorporation was to destroy belief in God and attack the Church, the original application for a charter stated that "in prose-

cuting its work, which shall be purely destructive, the society shall hold public meetings and erect radio stations for the delivery and broadcasting of lectures, debates and discussions on the subjects of science and religion, publish and distribute scientific and antireligious literature, and conduct a general propaganda against the Church and clergy." The purpose of the association, as now set forth in the certificate, is to "advance atheism."

Extracts from a sermon published in "The Searchlight" Fort Worth, Texas.

*THE CONSPIRACY OF RUM AND ROMANISM TO RULE THIS GOVERNMENT*

(Sermon by Rev. J. Frank Norris, Sunday night, January 24th, 1926.)

I have just returned, as you know, from a trip to New York City. I preached there three times last Sunday.

Indeed, New York has become the modern Babylon. A friend of mine said to me at a luncheon: "New York is the place where you sell things—here's where everything is sold from a woman's beauty to a railroad. Indeed, this has become a pagan city."

New York the wealthy, New York the powerful—the Babylon of the Western world—is on a par with China and Africa so far as Protestant churches are concerned.

Protestant churches in New York are for the most

part supported by Missionary collections taken up in other parts of the country.

Not only has the number of those churches startlingly decreased, but those that remain are less and less able to maintain themselves.

New York is now on the mission map of the great Protestant denominations—along with India, Zululand and Turkey.

This does not mean that New York is non-Christian. Its large Catholic religious census of more than 2,000,000 and its 423 Catholic churches would prevent that.

Nor does it mean that New York is non-religious. Its large Jewish religious preferences of nearly 1,900,000 with their 1,127 synagogues (1918) would prevent that.

It means that its 1,941,847 Protestant population (figures of 1920) are not sufficiently interested in religion to support the diminished number of Protestant churches that remain in that city.

Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists have all sent out S. O. S. calls for help. They have dipped deeply into their World Mission funds to support New York churches that are slowly dying.

People in other states who think they are giving money to convert the heathen probably do not know that the mission field, which part of their money goes to cultivate, lies much nearer home—that New York, the Mecca of America's finance, literature, art and

fashion has become the graveyard of Protestant churches.

A folder published by the Baptist Church Extension Society of Manhattan has in big letters the title, "Greater New York the World's Strategic Mission Field."

This folder starts off with a statement by Walter Laidlaw, a noted statistician:

"New York City in Colonial days was Teutonic in race and Protestant in religion. Today it is Latin, Slavic, and Semitic in race and dominantly Catholic and Jewish in religion.

"In thirty years Protestantism's potential population has fallen from nearly one-half to slightly more than one-third the City's population; the Roman Catholic population has shown a reduced percentage at every period; while the increase of the Jewish population has been larger than the Protestant decline."

Mr. Laidlaw said: "Within ten years Manhattan will be a Jewish city, due to increased birth rate alone, even if we do not have any additional immigration of Jews."

Statistics already show this remarkable situation: that nearly half the population of New York City (43.3 per cent) is of Southern European origin; while 87.32 per cent of the city's total increase between 1910 and 1920 is of Southeastern European origin.

To put it in even simpler fashion, here is the

statement so familiar and true as to have become almost trite:

New York is the world's largest Jewish city.
New York is the world's largest negro city.
New York is the world's largest Italian city.
New York is the world's largest Irish city.

"If that statement startles you," continued Dr. Reisner (and no man in Manhattan knows the city better than he) "let me call your mind to the fact that from 114th Street to 260th Street, a distance of seven miles between Harlem and Hudson Rivers, with a population of 400,000, there are only four churches, Jewish, Catholic, or Protestant, which seat as many as a thousand people.

Go into real residence section, in the Washington Heights region, where more than 200 apartment houses have been erected within a year and a half, and where is located the largest high school in the world, and where the Columbia University Medical Center will be located—this residence section has only one completed church! The rest are only chapels or roofed-over foundations, with basements. There is one section that has 50,000 persons without even a Sunday school of any denomination.

There are one million young people in this city who are growing up with no more religious education than if they were reared in the jungles of Africa; 800,000 never see a Bible. Chief Magistrate McAdoo says, "The criminal youth of this city brought before

me have no religious training; there is absolutely no basis for character."

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, prophesied that when the majority of the people of this Republic lived in cities then the Republic is doomed. The 1920 census showed sixty per cent of the population in cities of ten thousand and over.

ROMAN CATHOLICS CONTROL LARGE CITIES

What would you think if some morning you woke up and beheld flaming headlines across the front page of our great dailies that a foreign foe held complete control of our border cities beginning with Boston, New York, Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, Mobile, Galveston, New Orleans, San Antonio, El Paso, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, and then the interior cities like St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh—I say, what would you think if you should read in tomorrow morning's paper that a foreign flag floated from the city hall of these great cities?

My friends, that's exactly what has taken place and worse. I know its enough to make you gasp for breath, I don't wonder that you look surprised, but that's exactly what has happened.

The Roman Catholics are in absolute control of our great cities, and it is only a question of time as goes the great cities of America so will go America.

I am not speaking tonight as a representative of

anybody or any organization, but simply as a plain, every day American citizen and Baptist minister, and pastor of a church of free born American citizens, and a church, whose members, I trust, also have citizenship in heaven.

### NEED A NEW PROTEST

Protestantism has lost its spirit of protest. What's needed is the spirit of John Huss, who was burned at the stake in the public square at Prague in the year 1415.

What's needed is the voice of a Savonarola, whose martyrdom is marked by a copper star on the public plaza of Florence.

What's needed is the thundering philippics of a Martin Luther, who answered the anathemas of the papacy by nailing his 95 theses on the church door of Wittenburg, and who, when warned by his friends, not to go to the Diet of Worms in 1521 presided over by Chas. V and the red-capped Cardinals of Rome, gave this laconic answer:

"I'll go to the Diet today if every tile on every roof were a devil and hurled itself at me."

### THE CONFLICT IS ON

There is no denying it, the devil is raging for he knows his time is short. He is spewing out a flood of wickedness, of liberalism, of Sabbath desecration, of ecclesiasticism, but we have the promise of victory, and the means of victory.

"And they overcame him by the blood of the

Lamb, and by the word of their testimony: and they loved not their lives unto the death." (Rev. 12: 11.)

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Reader: think of it. New York City the cradle of American Methodism, with her holy enthusiasm. The home of Dr. T. Dewitt Talmage, Dr. A. B. Simpson, Stephen Merritt, Jerry McAuley, Mrs. Phoebe Palmer and Rev. Howard Hoople—mighty leaders of holiness and full salvation; today almost a pagan city. We can truthfully say of the Church of the Nazarene, what Mordecai said to Esther: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Oh, Church of the Nazarene, arise in the strength of thy might and plant a mighty center of fire in this great city—the citadel of American paganism—that will put on a program that will revolutionize the religious life of Gotham before she becomes wholly pagan.

This is why I am located in Greater New York City. We must take the city or be taken; agitate or stagnate; plant some mighty centers of holy enthusiasm, or soon New York will become a great foreign mission field.