The Salvation Army Shelter.

A Thesis.

Edward B. Conklin.

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Looking up the Salvation Army Shelter I was referred by Brigadier Jenkins, whose office it at 14 South Broad St., to Captain Thomas Turner in charge of the shelter at 303 South 2nd Street. I decided to visit the shelter at once. I had no difficulty in finding it. It consists of the former store of a large building the entrance being on 2nd Street.

I went right in andquired of a man mopping the floor for Captain Turner. He took me up stairs and just as he knocked at the door he told me the captain was sick.

Before I had a chance to object the captain called me
I found him lying on the bed suffering from a slight attack of the flu. But what a place to be sick. The walls and floor were bare and entirely destitute of ornamentation. On one side near the window was a small table covered with Salvation Army literature, writing materials, etc. On another side was a trunk which showed the effect of very bad usage and which I learned afterwards had just come about a month before from Zululand, Africa. On the window sill there was a photograph of a group of Salvationists. The bed and bedstead both looked as if they had had rather a long and hard life.
and were fast approaching the pink shop. I was particularly grateful to note that everything was perfectly clean. The office room was destitute of any decoration, but this was a help rather than hindrance towards cleanliness, there being nothing to collect dust.

The Captain was mired. He greeted me very kindly and I stated my business as soon as possible adding that I would come in later for particulars. He seemed very willing to give me what information I needed, and I arranged a date suitable to the Captain when I might come again. The Captain impressed me very much. It Leonidou
to think of a respectable man lying in such an environment, sick with the Grippe and receiving very little attention. I offered to assist him in any way I could and I mentioned the lack of proper medical care and attention.

"I am a Salvationist," he replied and this to him was probably a ready and suitable answer to all manner of suffering which he might undergo. In further inquiry I learned that he was an Englishman, that he had been ordered to the U.S. only a month before, and that previous to coming here he had been an missionary in Zululand, Africa. This accounted for two or three
piece of paper pinned in which I
was lying on the trunk.
Capt. Turner arranged that I
should come and visit the
shelter on the evening of March
21st, about 11 P.M. On this date,
I dressed myself in my old clothes
and promptly at eleven alighted
at the shelter. I found the
Captain standing in the office,
if you might call it such. He
did not recognize me at first, prob-
ably on account of my dress,
but when I spoke to him he
opened the door and let me
in. I took a seat and awaited
until the Captain was at
leisure to attend to me.
It was during the busy
hour of the night and every
little while some man would come in, lay on the cot and be assigned a bed. Occasionally some one would come in without any money and ask for a bed. The case was generally decided on its merits, and the captain and lieutenant have dealt with the case so long that they are pretty well able to judge. Men are seldom turned away if ever. There are some who try to frequent the place regularly and not pay. These men are usually allowed to sleep in a large room which is generally used as a sitting room by the men. They are not allowed beds but they
Draw the benches up around the fire and sleep on them. When ever possible they are made to work for their lodging and most of the work consists in cleaning up. All kinds of men apply for lodging, and in many cases foreigners who have just landed.

About one week previous to my visit to the shelter, two young men from Portugal who had just landed, had sought a home in the Salvation Army quarters. Neither of them could speak a word of English and they had no means of providing for themselves. Capt Turner took care of them until he could find a job.
In the meantime some unknown man came down who attempted to claim friendship with these two foreigners. But the Captain would not allow them to be taken away. He explained to me that very often these green foreigners are picked up by criminals and are used by them as substitutes in account of their lack of intelligence, and are placed in jail instead of the real offenders; and that many criminals make it a business of keeping these men for just such a purpose. The Captain finally sent them into the hands of the Police.
gee council and they were properly and well attended to. This is an instance of the good work of the Salvation Army.

The Captain finally left the office in charge of the Lieutenant and took me on a tour of inspection. The first event was to the so-called sitting room for the general use of the men. It was a large bare room with nothing in it but a few old chairs and benches. There were about the men there at that time. They were of all kinds and descriptions, but the negroes made up a large majority. They all seemed very...
land of the Captain and they had lots to tell him. Listened attentively to try and gather their remarks but they were so disconnected that I did not succeed in getting any of it. The last, however, seemed to have no difficulty in understanding. Questioned about the room trying to find points of interest but there was a great deal of nonsense about everything. Most of the men were gathered around the stove and were quietly talking in a very friendly way.

From there we went to the kitchen. They do not really make any pretense
A summary of a restaurant but they have coffee and rolls for the start of the morning and it gives them a start for the day. The rolls were very good and wholesome and the coffee was also far from bad. I converted the man was in charge of the place and he kept all the cooking areas clean, cups etc. very clean.

I noticed a man sweeping and the captain, seeing that I was looking at the man explained to me that he was working for his mother lodgings.

"It makes them feel much better," he said, "and much more..."
independent to earn their lodging and whenever they have no money and the opportunity if offered we give them work.” I asked him whether the shelter paid financially. In the contrary he replied that it was a losing investment and that the shelter was generally several hundred dollars in debt at the end of each year.

At this point in our conversation we were interrupted by a rather rough looking man with a face which showed the effects of much engaged in some time during his life. He was dressed in his old overcoat a slightly frayed pair of pants and wore a very old hat. After pursuing
Sir coffee be set down in a chair and turning to the Captain he said:

"You are wasting our blood in the Barracks".

"No," replied the Captain, "We could not save.

"I can," said the man. "That fellow I brought with me was saved.

"For," replied the Captain, "You did well to bring the man with you but you must not lose sight of him now and let him go astray again."

Then inquiry of the Captain where this meeting was held and he told me that they had a barracks next door where they generally held a meeting.
very evening for the men in the shelter. On that special night the meeting had been conducted by a woman who had charge of the refuge work for girls and women. She told me that they had had some trouble that night with a crowd of suffragists who insisted on singing all the time. This woman had finally been able to quiet them down and the meeting continued without further disorders.

The captain then took me around the rest of the shelter and showed me the rest of the shelter rooms. Most of them were very large containing from ten to fifteen bed-
Leads, each bed had accommodat-
ing two men, one above the other, 
all the same principle as the bunks 
on a ship. The beds were very 
mat and clean, and all were 
supplied with sheets and blankets. 
The rooms were swept and 
mopped almost every day.

The work was tiring, but there was little or 
no dirt around to contract 
disease. There were some rooms 
which had only two beds in them. They 
were more expensive and cost 
about twenty or thirty cents a 
night. By the side of each 
bed was a small closet or 
locker in which the men could 
put their clothes on retiring. 
The men generally slept in 
part of their clothes but I did
see one darker who was making
himself the luxury of a pair of
suspenders. Most of the rooms
were small and I could see that
the shed was a very popular
place among the men if it did
not pay financially. In one of
the rooms which we visited
the captain noticed a man
sitting on a bed with a cigar
but no lit mouth.

"No smoking allowed here
my friend," the captain said.

"I am not smoking," replied
the man, "I don't smoke."

"Then why have you that
cigar but in your mouth?"

"I don't smoke," he insisted.

"I was going to cut it up and
chew it as I went to sleep."
As this was not against the law, the captain said nothing. The room was full of men, some sleeping and others talking, but the noise did not seem to disturb those sleeping. Just as we were leaving the room and the captain was saying good-night, a young negro called to him:

"Pray for me, captain, pray for me."

"Yes," replied the captain, "always pray for you, men."

We left this room and were going to the next when we heard loud voices in a room up the hall. The captain hurried along and rushed into the room. The darkies were standing facing
Each other with their feet doubled up and using rather oppressive and strong tones. The captain jumped in between them.

"No fighting allowed here, men." They looked rather frightened and did not know what to say. Finally one rose to the occasion.

"We ain't fightin', Cap'n, we're just talkin'. We're all friends ni here, Cap'n, all friends, and we was just havin' little conversation 'fore goin' to bed."

They both went to their beds and began to get undressed without further trouble. I was very much impressed with the simple childish actions of the men as a class. They seemed to have little if any sense and their attempts
to feel the Captain were so apparent that it was impossible for them not to escape detection. I asked him if he ever had trouble with the men, and whether they ever did stir up a fight. He told me that he seldom had very much trouble and that unless they were drunk he could easily handle them.

He passed me from room to room and saw the men, some sleeping, some sitting on the bed and conversing with each other, and others strong. I noticed several sailors belonging to the navy in one room. To those, no matter how loud seemed to disturb these sleepers. He would go into the room light the gas
and converse with each but these men would come on just the same.

He went back down stairs to the captain's room and he cleaned himself for a minute. While he was gone I examined a hymn book which contained the Salvation Army hymns translated into the Sfulu tongue for the use of the missionaries in Africa. I also glanced at a War Cry, which is the official organ of the army, but I found nothing of interest. The Captain returned and told me that he generally went out on the streets about this time of night in search of men who had no place to sleep and went without shelter. He said that
he did not always find any one but some times he got two or three. I was very glad to go and the Captain began to get ready.

In the meantime asked him a few questions concerning himself and gave him full liberty to

"Do you receive a salary?"

"Oh, yes, he replied. "But it is not very large."

"Do you buy your own clothes with it?"

The Captain seemed rather amazed and replied:

"My friend, my salary would not possibly pay for my clothes and very often I am in arrears for one year's salary. My family do a great deal for me and when
even I get near home in England they always say that I am well fitted out and provided for."

Your life is certainly one of self-sacrifice," said.

"Yes, I suppose it ought to be called so. But I am a Salvation Army and that is what they pretend to expect. I am detailed by my commander to go to different parts of the country and I am supposed to go. I have only been in this country about a month. I came from served in Africa where for most of the time I was a missionary in Ciskei Land. A few weeks before my arrival one of the missionaries was killed and I took his place. I have been near death a num-
ber of times, sick with the fever contracted in Africa and with nothing but a blanket to cover me. Some later in charge of the shelter in Cape Town and from there I came here.

"How did you happen to join the Salvation Army," asked.

"I became a convert and made up my mind to give all my best efforts. My family were somewhat opposed, and they would be glad to have me return now and take charge of the business, but I can't leave this work."

"How do the English Salvationists compare with the American Salvationists?"

"From what little I have seen," he said, "I think that the
English Salvationists are better educated and on the whole more refined. They do not of importance though both classes are good hard-working Christians and as long as they remain such that will be all that is necessary."

By this time he was dressed to go out. He wore an ordinary black cloth hat and an overcoat, and nothing in his outward appearance showed that he were a Salvationist.

Just as I started towards the door the Captain interrupted me. "Always pray before going out in search for men," he said.

He knelted on the floor and offered a simple and earnest prayer that he might find
any man who might be wandering on the streets, homeless and with no place to sleep.

As soon as he finished we left the room. He spoke to the lieutenant and told him to turn no one away and left instructions that he should be careful and not use too much coal when he tended the fires, as there was very little left in the cellar.

He then started up the street to one of the large markets situated in one of the worst districts of the city. Captain Turner was always on the lookout and he searched all around the market.

"The police," he said, "will not allow the homeless to sleep on the counters or any where.\"
in sight so they very often hid where ever they could.
The Captain looked everywhere, under benches, behind corners, in the streets and in so long found up a few of the largest rats we have ever seen, but we found no one. It was quite a cold night and the men probably got into some saloon or any place where they could keep warm. From the market we went down to the wharf and on our way passed through a number of back alleys and side streets which the Captain and we rather dangerous streets. In one house we heard loud voices and the we stopped and listened. The Captain walked up to the side door and lis-
The movie soon quieted down.

Capt. Turner is a man of nerve and he never hesitates to go anywhere. He took me through all kinds of places and I was sure he carried me fast times, anything to protect him.

The Captain showed me two or three places where he had found men the week before and taken them to the shelter.

We found a policeman who seemed to know the Captain and he looked at me rather enigmatically as if he wondered who brought us. We found no one and started back up the street around by some of the saloons.

"If we were dressed properly," he said, "I would take you
around through the saloons. I oft go there that myself. There are old clothes, go to some saloon and drink order something at the bar and me that way attract the attention of the men sitting around. They generally think I am green and in many cases they have attempted to pick my pockets but I carry nothing but a few cents. When I leave the saloon they often follow me and in that way I get them to the shelter. Of course, the tables turned and I have them and try to show them a better life.

"Perhaps the best works of love by the Refuge women who make it a business to try and rescue young girls who have
had not the benefit of leading a
life of ease and care. These girls
in some instances have been
stolen in their childhood by
men who pretended to use
them for legitimate purposes.
The best women in these
fugitive works are those who come
from the kind of a life them-
belves and these are quite a
number of such instances.

We were interrupted in our
conversation at this point. The
captain noticed a man stumbling
along up a side street and
we turned up to see him.

The man was an Italian
captain asked him where he was
going and the captain replied:

This fellow had some definite
place to go to and we turned to leave. The landman became very
and called the best called his
of names. Then we had turned
by the same captain said,
"Here a Roman Catholic and
probably knows who saw.
Catholics are very hard to bal-
with and they do all in their
power to hurt us. In many
instances they have reflected
personal injury to Salvationists.
On our way back to the child-
ter I asked the captain if he
ever had men there who had
been accustomed to a better life.
"Oh, yes," he replied, "the
other night there was a man
played with me who had for-
merly once been a manager
of a Brooklyn bank, but he started to drink heavily and was unchanged."

He returned to the shelter without finding anyone, but I did not feel that the trip was entirely fruitless. I had learned and seen a good deal which was entirely new to me. We went up stairs and the captain showed me a room where three men were asleep on the benches around a fire. These men were the class unable to pay for a bed and too lazy to find work. From here I went to the captain's room and after thanking him very kindly, left.

I was very deeply impressed with the work of Captain Turner.
and the good use to which they put their shelter. The advantages are legion and it has without doubt done lots of good to this class of men. Some of them make it their home and how much better is it for them to stay there than to go to some other cheap house, where liquor is sold and there are other temptations. Besides they find under the influence of a good Christian man, who lives as one of them and shares with them their sorrows and joys. It is in this way that the Salvation Army works. They do not sit in the parlor six days in a week and on the seventh come down to the level of the common people. They live as the people
live with a scheme they are working and that is what makes them so successful with the letter. Help the fallen is their motto and they are making a strong and honest effort.