

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

**TO LIFT UP THE FALLEN.**

**WOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO A NOBLE WORK.**

**The S. A. Rescue Home and its Workings Described—In it Fallen Women are Cared for—A Former Popular Leader of the Demi Monde Among the Inmates.**

To deliberately choose a course in life that brings one into direct contact with sin, sorrow and shame, to give up personal ambitions and pleasures for an atmosphere dark with crime and suffering requires a heroism of which only a very few are capable. Slumming in the sense in which it is generally understood is thefad of an hour, prompted usually by some fleeting emotion or a morbid curiosity and the result in either case is much the same. Little good and possibly a vast amount of harm is accomplished. The charity which goes quietly to work among those who are beyond the pale, and with practical loving sympathy labors year after year that they may be reclaimed, is the only motive likely to meet with any degree of success. However much people may differ as to creeds, and forms of religion they can't but unite in admiration of the self sacrifice of the workers in this cause.

The name best known to St. John people in this connection is that of Adjutant Venimie Jost of the Salvation Army. Her slight blue clad figure and kindly sympathetic face are familiar in the haunts of vice, the quiet, unassuming manner commands the respect of those who are little accustomed to show respect to any living person. The adjutant herself sees nothing unusual in her chosen life work and it is perhaps this very unconsciousness that makes her work successful in dealing with society's outcasts. Whenever the brave little woman feels that she can help a fellow mortal in distress by kind advice, or more practical aid there she is always to be found. She is not the sort of woman who meets wrong doing with reproaches, and hard condemnation of sin and sinner. Adjutant Jost understands human nature pretty thoroughly and she doesn't go about distributing scriptural messages indiscriminately. She has tact and her religion is intensely practical.

Adjutant Jost presides over the Army Rescue Home on Elliott Row, an unpretentious enough looking building, but one that affords a good home and kind care to those who daily seek its shelter. From top to bottom the house is furnished in a cosy substantial manner, and while there is no display of elegance everything tends towards the comfort and convenience of the inmates. Reception, dining and bedrooms, are exquisitely neat, and in every department the utmost order prevails. The place is a home in every sense of the word, and the devotion of those in charge is as unobtrusive as it is untiring.

Certain regulations are of course necessary, but kindness and sympathy rule, and the desire of the officers is to train the inmates to earn an honest livelihood and to abandon the lives they have hitherto led. The adjutant and her assistants keep a close eye on the police court and where a female is arrested for drunkenness, street walking or other causes and is sentenced to a term in jail, they watch for her release and then induce her to come to the home for a little while. She is thus removed from old associations, bad influences, and after a few months, perhaps a good situation is obtained for her. Even then the officers do not give up their hold on her. The former inmate is kept track of and encouraged to visit the home frequently. If a girl is actually incorrigible when all due means have failed to lead her back to the paths of virtue, she is dismissed.

Every hour has its allotted work, and no interruption, or departure from the rules, is permitted. Six o'clock is the hour for rising; 7 for breakfast; then half an hour is devoted to prayer; housework occupies the time until 9.30, when 10 o'clock sees everybody in the workroom or laundry; at 12.30 comes dinner and at 1.30 work is resumed, and goes on until 5.30, the supper hour. The time until 8.30 the hour for retiring, is spent in music reading and other recreations. Several local societies are interested in the home, and sometimes devote an evening to the inmates. There is nothing permanent about these arrangements however, and the evenings are passed as circumstances suggest.

There are quite a number of girls in the home just now, and the officers feel that they are somewhat handicapped in

their work by having to devote the greater portion of their time to maternity cases. They therefore propose opening a branch home on Crown street about October 1st, where such cases will be treated exclusively; the Home on Elliott Row will thus be left for the reception of a different class of girls, whom the officers feel require most of their time and care. They will be able to work more successfully when this is accomplished, though of course a great deal of extra expense will be entailed in connection with the new maternity hospital. At present there are about a dozen babies in the home the youngest being only a month old. Children under six months are never admitted without the mother, and one or two of the mothers are set apart to help the officer in charge in the care of the children each week, according to the number of infants. When a mother goes to a situation and her child is old enough to be left it may be boarded in the Home and a certain sum paid for its maintenance.



Adjutant Jost, S. A.

This amount is always in proportion to the wages paid the mother. The Rescue Home has no regular income or grants of any kind but is partly self supporting and Adjutant Jost says she is greatly indebted to the generous hearted people of the city for voluntary contributions. The laundry and sewing departments bring in quite a neat little income, and the work done is most satisfactory. The girls work is changed every two weeks, and dull routine, or monotony thus avoided.

The Adjutant, whose portrait appears above has been at the head of affairs here for nearly three years, though she has been engaged in rescue work a much longer time, and is peculiarly fitted by nature to deal with the class of women with whom she is brought in daily contact. Her sympathies are broad and her charity towards the erring boundless. Her gentle unassuming manner, and strong kindly face make a wonderful impression upon her girls, and their confidences are always met with tact and affectionate consideration. Baby hands cling to her skirts, baby heads nestle lovingly down on her breast and when she enters the nursery little arms are outstretched towards her; and the most fretful of the children is soothed and quieted when she bends for a moment over a tiny cot to caress and pet the restless little occupant.

The adjutant is devoted to her work, and though she doesn't often talk about it or herself she has managed to glean many interesting things during a visit to the home on Monday afternoon—the holiday when all the world was pleasure seeking. Life in the refuge flowed just the same, and work went on with the regularity in the sunny well aired rooms as on any other day.

"We haven't time for many holidays here," said the Adjutant, as she folded and tied up some papers that had been lying on her desk, "but we manage to extract considerable interest and enjoyment out of life. Of course we have our own pleasures and after all enjoyment is merely a matter of opinion. Didn't I find this sort of life a little hard at first? Oh yes, I thought at one time I would never grow accustomed to it. My heart was almost broken when I first took it up, and was brought into such close contact with sin and suffering and misery, and while I feel it almost as deeply now, I suppose the first awful horror has worn away. Some localities in this city were particularly heartbreaking, and I can never look back on my first experience in them without a shudder. Not that my officers or myself were ever subjected to the slightest insult you understand. No, indeed, we have never received other than the kindest treatment from the inmates of the

houses of ill-fame which we visit about twice a week. Oh, no, there has never been the least suggestion of insult and we have invariably found that class as good hearted as in other walks in life. Indeed I might say they are more so. See that small writing desk in the corner! Well it contains evidence, in the way of letters acknowledging gifts and sums of money, of the generosity and large heartedness of one whose name is notorious throughout this city. In her palmy days she kept a popular resort, and had money and property too, but she is with us now a mental and physical wreck. She hasn't any money now and of course no friends, but everyday we are hearing of instances of her kindness of heart. Only the other day a policeman told me that once when some one was telling of the hard circumstances of a family unknown to her she quietly slipped a bill of no mean denomination into the officer's hand with a request that it be conveyed at once to the family and that no mention be made of the sender. Distress of any kind always appealed strongly to her and many a poor person has been aided without the slightest idea of the source from which help came to them. As a business woman she is said to have had excellent ability and all bills were promptly paid. She is most thoughtful and kind and never gives a bit of trouble.

She is exceedingly fond of children and delights to play with them. Occasionally when we have been crowded and nursery room all taken up, I have put a mother and child in her room, merely as a temporary arrangement of course. Does the baby grow restless in the night Grace is the first to hear it, and she is up and hushing it to sleep in her arms with the greatest tenderness. The children are wonderfully fond of her too. There is much to be said in this woman's favor; and police officials all speak pityingly of her present condition.

She will tell you perhaps before you leave about a little girl over whom she is fretting herself to death. It appears that twelve years ago she adopted the little one! when it was six weeks old at its mother's dying request and she grew devotedly attached to it, taking every care of it and shielding it from all knowledge of her own bad life.

She—the woman—was preparing to go to New York at one time to visit a sister so she says, when the child was taken from her and is now living in a house of evil repute on Camden street. She has appealed to the police several times for help to recover the child but so far without any success.

It is wonderful what a hold that girl has on this woman's heart. She does not want her to lead a life such as her's has been and she talks of the child constantly.

Yes, we have incorrigibles of course, girls with whom it is impossible to do anything, but that class is small in comparison with those we feel have been reached and benefited. I believe, you know, that the good in human nature far outweighs the evil, only when once the devil gets the upper hand, the downward path is so easy, especially with those girls who are exposed to temptation on every side; and then vice to my mind is largely a matter of inheritance. I have found in almost every instance that the women of those houses in their hearts dislike the life and do not enter upon it from a mere love of sin. They always intend to leave it sometime; they say, but I suppose as the years go by they get deeper and deeper into degradation until finally it seems all right to them.

Then too we have had men watch around the Refuge in order to get a chance to speak with some girl they have known; they have, even tried to get notes to some of the women, so you see there is a great deal for them to contend with on every hand.

We are looking forward very eagerly to the opening of our new maternity hospital. We shall then have so much more time to give the class for which we fear the most. The mothers have something to occupy them but the others have too much time on their hands and grow restless; they require more entertainment in fact, and that is our object in separating the two classes.

We have females from all the different denominations, and we always advise them to go back to their own church if they are so inclined. We never make any special effort to induce them to join the Army; they are free to do as they please. If we feel we have led them back to the way of virtue and honor we are satisfied."

**SYSTEMATIC DRUG DRINKING.**  
Scores of Fashionable Society Women Practically Live on Drugs.

"I have often wondered," remarked a well-known doctor to the writer recently, "why those who attack the drink craze do not attack the drug takers at the same time. There are two vices which are growing enormously amongst women—namely, brandy drinking and the resort to drugs. In my practice I constantly meet young ladies who drink a bottle of brandy a day but though the spirit is bound to kill them in the long run—one of my patients died the other day after taking a bottle of brandy regularly every day for two years—they do not appear to lead to such miserable lives as those who buy themselves up with drugs."

"It is generally supposed that drug drinking is not common in this country. This is an absolute fallacy; but I am not surprised that it exists, as the victims to the vice almost invariably administer to their weakness in complete privacy. Many a husband who to-day is not able to account for his wife's curious behaviour could ascertain the cause of her seeming eccentricities if he took a peep into her wardrobe.

"This, however, he cannot usually do. Systematic drug-drinkers are the most cunning people it is possible to imagine in respect to their own particular failing, and I have known a woman to take opium for years without being found out even by her husband.

"As a general rule, you may say that women fly to drugs and alcohol, not because they like the taste of them, but purely because they produce what they are pleased to call a pleasant sensation, and for the time being a feeling of strength. Scores of society women in London practically live on drugs. They could not do what they do without them. A reception in the afternoon and a ball or a dinner party at night are beyond the strength of any woman.

"I was called to a lady's bedside last Wednesday evening. She had gone through a most arduous season, and was completely worn out. I could see at once that she was a confirmed morphia drinker, for the pupils of her eyes were very contracted—a sure sign of drug mania. Moreover, she was extremely excited. As soon as I spoke to her she screamed out—

"Give me the morphia!"

"I refused, and no sooner had I done so than she jumped out of bed and rushed to a drawer in her dressing table and tried to get hold of the bottle. I was forced to restrain her, and a battle royal ensued. Fighting like a tigress—for the moment she had lost all control of herself—she made dash after dash at the bottle, and then, after biting me savagely in the arm, fell down utterly exhausted.

"Now this lady, who is well known in fashionable circles, has reduced herself to this appalling condition simply and solely because she cannot bring herself to decline an invitation to a society gathering. She is one of those foolish women who must go everywhere, and who, finding that Nature has put a limit on his powers of endurance, seek to restore their faded energies by artificial means. There are dozens like her, and the saddest feature of the whole melancholy business is that when a woman has accustomed herself to drugs the vice is almost incurable.

"The mania, of course, is chiefly eccen-

trated to the rich—the rich of all ages, I may add. Opium ruins the constitution in the long run, but, despite this fact, numbers of young girls of eighteen and nineteen are addicted to it—unknown, I need scarcely remark, to their parents.

"In nine cases out of ten, when a girl falls a prey to this pernicious habit her doom is sealed. One poor creature assured me that when she was unable to procure opium her sufferings were terrible, and when asked to describe her agony she compared it to that which she fancied would be produced by a serpent gnawing her flesh away. Several ladies have destroyed themselves because they were denied opium.

"Ten grains in twenty-four hours is what some of the most hardened opium maniacs take. A person consuming this amount all at once would pass out of existence in a very short space of time. The effects of the drug when taken in small quantities, however, soon wear off, and the consequence is that women dose themselves throughout the day.

"Look at the effects of belladonna again," the doctor continued. "Men have a weakness for it as well as women, and the havoc it is responsible for is awful."

"But how do these unfortunate people get their supplies, doctor? Chemists don't sell poison wholesale."

"You may well ask that question. Letters are written constantly to the papers asking how women are able to procure poisons, but very few people know how they manage it. The fact of the matter is they use old doctors' prescriptions. Chemists generally are most particular as to what they make up, but if they get a prescription signed by a duly qualified medical man they can't refuse to attend to it.

"This reminds me that I was recently summoned to a man who was in the last stages—he was just alive, and that was about all. His brother happened to mention that the patient had been in the habit of drinking whole bottles of medicine, I inquired the address of the chemist who had supplied it, and on going there I found that the medicine in question contained a large quantity of strychnine, and that the prescription from which it was made up was no less than twenty years old.

"Picture to yourself this man slowly poisoning himself. He was a madman if ever there was one. Unfortunately there are only too many medicine maniacs in this country. With some people the consumption of chemists' mixtures is just as much a disease as drunkenness is with others."—London Paper.

**Disappointing News.**

In the course of a paper read at the United Service Institution by Admiral Bosanquet, it was stated that about 40,000 boys annually apply for admission to the Royal Navy, which takes only about 8,000 so that there are about 35,000 disappointed aspirants every year for a life on the ocean wave. The mercantile marine will not have boys, except such as can pay premiums. The number of British lads under twenty in the mercantile marine was 1,452 last year, as compared with 4,735 in 1896, and 7,009 in 1891, and there is no reason to suppose that this process of dwindling is not still going on.

"Do you mean to say that you haven't resolved upon a plan of campaign?" said one Spanish official.

"None whatever," replied the other.

"Don't you think you had better begin to think about it?"

"No, sir. There's where my strategy comes in. So long as we don't make up our minds the enemy can't find out what we are going to do next."

**A FAMILY FAILING.**

The struggle with Heredity.

The Right Side of the Color Line.

To heredity, to the transmission of traits from sire to son, we owe most of the possibilities of growth and development. If each newly born being started out anew, without the force of heredity the level of life might be expected to be that of the digger Indian or Bushman. Naturally bad traits descend like the good. Peculiarities of feature, eccentricities of speech and manner, birth marks, etc., are handed down just as surely as manual dexterity, physical beauty, mathematical ability, and the mental and moral qualities in general. A curious example of this descent of family traits is furnished by Mrs. Maggie Pickett, Canton, Ga., in whose family gray hair was hereditary. She writes:

"Gray hair is hereditary in our family. As long as I can recollect, my mother's hair has been gray. About twelve years ago, my hair began to show signs of turning. I resolved to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and after using it only a few times my hair was restored to its natural color. I still use this dressing occasionally, a bottle lasting me quite a while; and though over forty years of age, my hair retains its youthful color and fullness. To all who have faded and gray hair, I would heartily recommend Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor."—Mrs. MAGGIE PICKETT, Canton, Ga.

There is no shame in gray hair, but there

may be some sadness, because it is untimely, and out of season. Gray hairs are a crown of honor to the aged, but to the young they are a stigma. There is no need to be gray in youth. Grayness comes from a deficiency of the coloring matter which gives the hair its natural tint. This coloring matter can be supplied artificially and is so supplied by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is by supplying the lacking pigment that Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. Beyond this, it makes the hair grow, gives it gloss and softness, stops it from falling, removes dandruff, and cleanses the scalp. Mrs. C. M. Ayres, Mount Airy, Ga., writes:

"About three years ago, my head became full of dandruff, which caused great annoyance; after a time the hair began falling out. The use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the hair from falling out, and made the scalp clean and healthy."—Mrs. C. M. AYRES, Mount Airy, Ga.

Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor is noted as a dressing. It is used every day by thousands whose chief claim to beauty rests on beautiful hair. Send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured. Free. Address the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.