

WHEN EVANGELINE BOOTH MET SOAPY SMITH

The Dillinger of the Yukon

By Dale Carnegie

The most wonderful woman I have ever known is the head of the grandest army that ever attacked an enemy—the Salvation Army—an army with thirty thousand officers, feeding the hungry in ninety far-flung countries and spreading God's love in eighty different languages.

I got something of a shock when I met Evangeline Booth. I knew she was old enough to be a grandmother, yet her dark hair was just beginning to show a few streaks of gray. And she was sparkling with vivacity and blazing with enthusiasm.

It takes her an hour to motor from her house to the office; and she dictates all that time in her automobile.

Evangeline Booth says that one of the most thrilling experiences of her life occurred during the gold rush to the Yukon. You may recall that just before the turn of the century gold was discovered in Alaska, and the news set the nation seething with excitement. Hordes of men began hurrying to the far North, and Evangeline Booth knew that the Salvation Army would be needed; so with trained nurses and three or four assistants she headed for the Yukon.

When she landed in Skagway eggs were worth twenty-five dollars apiece and butter three hundred dollars a pound. Some men were hungry, and all of them carried guns.

And everywhere she heard men talking about "Soapy" Smith, the killer of the Klondike, the Dillinger of the Yukon. "Soapy" Smith and his gang laid in wait for miners returning from the gold fields and shot them down without warning and robbed them of their gold dust. The United States government sent an armed posse to kill him; but "Soapy" Smith shot all of them and escaped.

Skagway was a tough place. Five men were killed there the day Evangeline Booth arrived.

That night she held a meeting on the banks of the Yukon river, and preached to twenty-five thousand lonely men and got all of them singing songs they had heard their mothers sing in the long ago—"Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Home, Sweet Home."

The Arctic night was chilly and raw and cold, so while she was singing one man brought a blanket and threw it around her.

This vast crowd of men sang until one o'clock in the morning; and then Evangeline Booth and her helpers went out in the forest to sleep on the ground under the pine trees. They had started a fire and were making a little cocoa when they saw five men approaching with guns.

When they got within speaking distance, the head man took off his hat and said, "I'm 'Soapy' Smith; and I've come to tell you how much I enjoyed your singing." And he added, "I was the man that sent you the blanket while you were singing. You can keep it if you want to." A blanket doesn't sound like much of a gift now; but it was a royal present up there where men were dying from chills and damp.

She asked him if she would be in any danger there in Skagway. "No. Not while I'm here," he said. "I'll protect you."

She talked with him in the white night of the midnight sun for three hours. She said, "I'm giving life and you're taking it. That's not right. You can't win. They'll kill you sooner or later." She talked to him of his childhood and his mother; and he told her that he used to attend Salvation Army meetings with his grandmother and sing and clap his hands. And he confessed that when his grandmother lay dying she asked him to sing a song they had learned together at the Salvation Army meetings:

"My heart is now whiter than snow,
For Jesus abides with me here.
My sins which are many I know
Are pardoned. My title is clear."

Miss Booth asked him to kneel with her; and the Salvation Army girl and "Soapy" Smith, the most notorious bandit that ever terrorized the North, got down on their knees together under the northern pines. With tears rolling down his cheeks, "Soapy" promised her that he would stop killing people and would give himself up, and Miss Booth promised that she would use all her influence with the government to get him a light sentence.

At four o'clock in the morning he left her. At nine o'clock, he sent one of his men to her with a present of freshly-baked bread and jam tartlets and a pound of butter—delicacies that were priceless up there. He had stuck people up with a gun and stolen the flour and butter, and one of the bad women of Skagway had requested the privilege of baking the bread and jam tartlets for the good woman who had come to Alaska to preach love and purity and forgiveness.

Two days later somebody shot "Soapy" Smith, and Skagway erected a monument to the honor of the man who killed him.

Evangeline Booth is one of the happiest persons I have ever met. Happy because she is living for others. She told me that the deepest passion of her life is a desire to make every person she meets—even every waitress and Pullman porter—a little better because she has passed that way.—War Cry.

TAKE TIME

To be holy.
To be courteous.
To be charitable.
To forgive.
To be patient.
To be considerate.
To live with yourself and for others.
To be thoughtful.

DON'T

Be too hasty.
Don't complain.
Don't worry.
Don't take too much for granted.
Don't be a quitter.
Don't compromise.
Don't be a coward.
Don't be a tattler.
Don't gossip.
Don't be a late comer.
Don't be lazy.
Don't be a hypocrite.

The devil has no happy old people.
Christ does not disfigure us, but transfigures us.

THE SPIRIT OF JEALOUSY

The spirit of jealousy is one of the most evil spirits that any human heart can possess. The devil has slipped this spirit into millions of hearts and it has done more harm to humanity and God's cause than the world has any knowledge of. It has broken up many a home, separated many a husband and wife, wrecking many a courtship and defeated many a marriage.

Multitudes of people possess the spirit of jealousy. If they see their neighbors prospering more than they themselves they are jealous. The fact is, they had rather see them fail in business, or go down in life, rather than succeed. If somebody speaks a good word about someone else they are jealous. If some acquaintance buys a new automobile, or suit of clothes, or has a bit of luck, or prosperity, they are jealous.

One of the most hurtful places that jealousy enters is the church. When it enters into the hearts of church members it greatly destroys brotherly love, unity, peace, joy, usefulness and soul-winning. Oftentimes church members get jealous about who leads the music, who plays the piano, who superintends the Sunday school, who teaches, who is secretary and treasurer, and so on. This hurts the cause.

However, I know of no place that jealousy so hurts and damages the cause of God as among preachers. This is one of the most sickening things in all the world. One preacher wants a place and another wants it; or one gets a better place than another; or one gets a better salary than another, therefore jealousy springs up. So many preachers seek the best places, and if they can't get them they are all out of "sorts" about it. The little, narrow, mean, contemptible spirit that some preachers possess is enough, not only to defeat their usefulness, but to defeat the church they pastor. Some get so jealous and narrow they don't want anybody else to preach from their pulpits. God pity them. They certainly need Holy Ghost salvation; for this is the only cure for jealousy. —Walter E. Isenhour

SCIENCE A TOOL AND NOT A GOD

Never lose sight of the fact that science is merely part of man's equipment. The most ridiculous claims have been made for science, as though it were man's master—and even his god. Emerson was quite grandiose when he wrote: "Science corrects the old creeds, sweeps away, with every new perception, our infantile catechisms, and necessitates a faith commensurate with the grander orbits and universal laws which it discloses." On the contrary, science sweeps away nothing that is permanent. These are things in God's universe which cannot be shaken.

What we need are men and women who will not betray our civilization by a vain adulation of science and by a cynical attitude toward the sovereignty of our Lord Jesus Christ. We need a faith and ethics which come only from sources higher than this world's laboratories. Men of God can be also men of science, and of such we need have no fear that they will not know the right use of the tool the Lord puts into their hands. In fact, we earnestly hope that Christians will be in control of the achievements of science, for therein only may we feel secure against their perversion to evil ends.—Watchman-Examiner.