

GEORGE L. HERR AND WIFE

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**THE**  
**NATION BEHIND PRISON BARS**

**BY**  
**GEORGE L. HERR, Prison Evangelist**

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*" I was in prison, and ye came unto me "*

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**BY**  
**GEORGE L. HERR, LOUISVILLE, KY.**

To My Wife

WHOSE CONSTANT HELP AND  
ENCOURAGEMENT

MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO DO THE WORK  
TO WHICH

God

HAS CALLED ME, THIS VOLUME IS  
INSCRIBED WITH THE  
PRAYER THAT

God

WILL USE IT TO SAVE MANY SOULS

# The Nation Behind Prison Bars

BY

GEORGE L. HERR, Prison Evangelist

Author of "Light in Dark Places," "You Are My Prisoner,"  
"The Life Line," "Man's Worst Enemy," "Nothing  
Better," "The Missionary," "The Bethel,"  
"Lost and Is Found," and "A  
Glorious Rescue."

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THE WORLD OF PRISONERS UNKNOWN TO MANY  
BROUGHT FORWARD IN DESCRIPTIVE  
SPEECH AND VIVID PICTURES

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There are enough people in prison in these United States to furnish a citizenship to a considerable territory, or to populate a good-sized city. For the psychological student, they form the most interesting of all objects of study. For the philanthropist, and for the Christian missionary, they constitute a wonderful field of activity. How to lift them out of the criminal strata is the question to which Mr. Herr is devoting his life, in an effort to answer. In a good measure he is answering it. Many prisoners to whom the grace of God has appeared, bringing salvation, will rise to call him blessed.—Rev. Jno. Paul, Mississippi.

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MY DEVOTED FATHER



THE LATE HON. RICHARD S. HERR

"And their works do follow them."

MY PRECIOUS MOTHER



THE LATE MRS. RICHARD S. HERR

"Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works  
praise her in the gates."

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## Foreword

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Gathered within these pages are recitals of scenes and incidents in a field of existence fortunately unfamiliar to the majority of our readers. The subject has been handled without any attempt to embellish the hard facts or gloss over the cruel details—the paramount desire upon the part of the author being an endeavor to show the crying necessity for a constant, earnest labor among the unfortunates who are shut away from God's sunshine; whom God still loves, despite their sins of omission and commission. If the perusal of this volume brings to the reader a belief that the cause is worthy, that labor in this field brings a reward which amply compensates for the time and effort expended, the author will rest in the knowledge of a duty well performed. There has been no effort at exaggeration in presenting these sketches of daily experiences among the outcasts of society, no straining for effect, no striving to paint word pictures that

may touch the heart. It is simply the story of everyday life in the field of the prison missionary's labor, and is given to the public with a fervent prayer that God, in His infinite wisdom, will instill in the hearts of our readers a feeling of charity toward those whose burden is almost greater than they can bear.

Faithfully,

G. L. H.

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## Commendation from Louisville Ministers

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 27, 1910.

To His Honor Judge Muir Weissinger,  
Judge of the County Court,  
Jefferson County, Ky.

Dear Sir:

The undersigned Ministers of the Gospel in the city of Louisville, being members of the Ministerial Association, do hereby recommend to your Honor the appointment of the Rev. George L. Herr, a regular ordained minister of the gospel, as Chaplain of the Jefferson County Jail, in accordance with Part 9, Sections 627-632 Russell Statutes, 1909, inclusive.

The Rev. Mr. Herr is thoroughly well qualified to fill the position of Chaplain at the County Jail, he having for seven years previous to the enactment of the present law given up his time and money in this noble work, without compensation from any source whatever, either state, county or city, as the present Jailer of Jefferson County and many other will testify.

**R. D. SMART,**

Pastor Broadway Methodist Church.

**CHARLES R. HEMPHILL,**

Professor Presbyterian Theological Seminary.

- W. N. BRINEY,  
Pastor Broadway Christian Church.
- W. J. CLARKE,  
Minister Clifton Church.
- A. R. KASEY,  
Pastor Clifton Crescent Hill Methodist Church.
- S. G. SHELLEY,  
Pastor Jefferson St. Methodist Church.
- THAD. S. TINSLEY,  
Pastor Third Christian Church.
- W. F. IRWIN,  
4th Ave. Presbyterian Church.
- E. B. PATTERSON,  
Pastor Trinity Church.
- W. R. HENDRIX,  
Pastor Methodist Temple.
- J. T. RUSHING,  
Pastor Virginia Ave. M. E. Church, South.
- D. B. GREGORY,  
Pastor Woodland Pres. Church U. S.
- G. W. NUTTER,  
Pastor Parkland Christian Church.
- B. F. ATKINSON,  
Pastor Rivers Memorial M. E. Church, South.
- C. F. WIMBERTY,  
Marcus Lindsay Memorial.
- CHAS. A. HUMPHREY,  
Pastor Portland M. E. Church, South.
- J. D. SIGLER,

- E. L. POWELL,  
Pastor First Christian Church.
- S. H. LOVELACE,  
Pastor Oakdale Methodist Church.
- C. R. CROWE,  
Pastor Highland Park and Hill Street.
- T. R. KENDALL,  
Lander Memorial Church.
- T. L. CRANDELL,  
Dumesnil M. E. Church.
- C. E. CARTER,  
Asbury M. E. Church.
- ARTHUR W. BROOK,  
M. E. Church, South.
- W. B. BEAUCHAMP,  
Pastor Fourth Ave. M. E. Church, South.
- J. R. McAFEE,  
West Broadway M. E. Church, South.



## Story of the Life of Geo. L. Herr

The Rev. George L. Herr, prison evangelist, has received from Chicago his book entitled "The Story of His Life," by Edward De Alma. Mr. Herr distributed 100 copies yesterday in the Jefferson County jail, and the men received them with great eagerness. Mr. Herr will place the story in all penal institutions. A letter from the Rev. James M. Taylor, complimenting the book, says: "I have read with soul-stirring interest the sad, heart-rending experience of Brother Herr, and the miraculous deliverance by the grace of God; how, by a life of sin, he squandered a fortune; how God found him and gave him deliverance; the romantic way in which his God-given companion entered his life and how they are being used, perhaps, as no other persons to-day in helping those behind the bars. This story will warn the reckless, encourage the 'outcast,' and put a desire in the hearts of thousands to lead better lives." — *Louisville Courier-Journal*

The Rev. Paul, of Meridian, Miss., says: "The story of Brother Herr's life, 'Redeemed from the depths of sin to the mountain top of salvation,' is a thrilling narrative, published as a warning to the fallen."

The Rev. J. B. Foote, chaplain of the Onondaga county penitentiary, in New York, acknowledging receipt of the life story of Mr. Herr and thanking him for it, states in his letter that he will use the book in his preaching in prison.

When asked if prison work paid, Mr. Herr said: "Who will ever know the vast number that will attribute their first impulse to a better life, formed while in the seclusion of a prison cell, while reading this book. The world will never know how many, when sitting in judgment upon themselves, have learned the great secret, that it takes an

omnipotent power to change the current of their lives and give them deliverance from the power of sin, and enabling them to go forth, not to live a new purpose, but a new life."

In 1909 Mr. Herr published 150,000 sermons, books and tracts.

The Rev. George L. Herr, whose address delivered in our chapel last Sunday morning was charmingly refreshing, is a man whose vicissitudes of life lead through a labyrinth that would require a half century of years to make its journey at an ordinary pace.—Rev. D. J. Starr, D.D., Ohio Penitentiary.

Bro. Herr knows the prison work as few men do. He is a man of large sympathy, and having had an experience of fifteen years as an evangelist, knows how to reach the hearts of the men. He has the entire confidence of both prisoners and officials and is always given a most hearty welcome by all.—Jos. Severance, Chaplain.

"The large number who have been helped by hearing your message will be still further benefited by reading your book."—Rev. Albert J. Steelman, Ph.D., Chaplain, Illinois State Penitentiary.

Get Rev. Herr's book for your good, but chiefly for the good of others.

Rev. C. R. Hemphill, D.D., Louisville, Ky.: "I believe Rev. George L. Herr especially equipped for the difficult work of an evangelist to those in prison and to the neglected."

Rev. Wm. Edmond Foster: "His love for lost souls and his zeal knows no bounds. I bespeak for him a life of great usefulness to his fellowmen without hope and without God."



**REV. CHAS. R. HEMPHILL, D.D.**

**President. Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. One of the South's greatest scholars and teachers; whose heart is full of sympathy for and helpfulness of the unfortunate.**

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Rev. Horace G. Ogden, D.D., New York: "I have been placed where I have known intimately his work as prison evangelist. I can say he has made a superb record. He has taken an enlarged field of work, and I have every confidence in his increased usefulness. His book merits a large circulation."

Rev. Ed. Ferguson: "For years he, with his most estimable wife, have given their time and talent to the uplifting of the down-trodden of this great metropolis and they have the respect and hearty co-operation of the best people in Louisville."

Rev. James M. Taylor: "The story will warn the reckless, encourage the 'outcast,' and put desire in the hearts of thousands to lead better lives."

Rev. T. T. Taliaferro, Chaplain Kentucky State Prison: "Your sermons are blessed of God to the furtherance of the works of grace in our midst. May God bless you in your noble work."

Rev. W. O. Vreeland, Chaplain Kentucky State Prison: "You are worthy of the highest commendation."

Men's Bible Class, James Lee Memorial Presbyterian Church: "Rev. George L. Herr's talk at last Sunday's session was a treat."

Rev. George L. Herr, 195 Coral Avenue, Louisville, Ky.: "Who will ever know the vast number that will attribute their first impulse to a better life, formed while in seclusion of a prison cell while reading this book."

The Rev. George L. Herr is bringing out a book on prison life which is abundantly capable of two effects, namely: Enlisting the attention of readers, like a romance, and benefitting the class of whom he writes. It is a two-hundred page book, illustrated with pictures of prisons, and scenes behind the bars.

DEAR FRIEND:

We know you will rejoice with us in the work being accomplished behind prison bars. Many thousands we are preaching the gospel to every year. There are converts all over the United States that we hear from. The outlook of the work was never more encouraging. May we submit to you our plan to secure auxiliary memberships at \$10.00 each?

Will you be one?

GEO. L. HERR AND WIFE,  
Prison Evangelists.

#### DEPARTMENTS OF WORK.

Distribution of thousands of papers, tracts, and other religious reading.

Visiting the sick and poor.

Street work in the slums.

Evangelistic work in the different penitentiaries a specialty.

# CHAPTER FIRST

## LIFE OF GEORGE L. HERR

BY EDWARD DEALMA

**A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.**

**"As we sow so shall we reap."**

Born in the city of Louisville, of an old Kentucky family, whose escutcheon had never been shadowed by smirch or breath of shame or ignominy, it might truthfully be said of George L. Herr that he had been ushered into this world with the proverbial "gold spoon in his mouth," his father, the late Richard S. Herr, being a prominent and highly esteemed and wealthy citizen of the grand old state of Kentucky. Though surrounded by the luxuries of life, by environments unusually favorable for the development of a strong, healthy, vigorous and clean life, yet Brother Herr's life from his youth up to the period of this writing, presents an aspect checkered with the lights and shadows of temptation, sin, remorse, repentance, redemption and restful peace of heart in salvation through Jesus.

---

Give us help from trouble; for vain is the help of man.—Ps. 108:12.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Ps. 46:1.



At the age of three months, the death of his precious mother caused him to be given into the keeping of his aunt, a noble Christian woman, and it was due to her teachings that the seeds of reverence for God, belief in his dearly beloved Son and faith in the promise of a life of everlasting happiness were planted deep in the recesses of George Herr's heart, while his father, a Christian gentleman, spared no efforts in his endeavor to bring up his son in the way he should go.

At the age of eighteen years, through the death of his father, he came into the possession of a large estate, but lacking the experience which usually comes with maturity, he developed a spirit of independence which soon brought in its train of attendant evils.

The story of George Herr's experience is the recital of a man's gradual surrender to the power of drink, until the enormity of his fall can but be depicted by contrasting his condition with that as it was a few years before. Then he was a well known young man of Louisville's elite society, wealthy, respected, esteemed and sought after. Friends without number, well wishers innumerable, the door of any refined home in

---

Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak; O Lord, heal me.—Ps. 6:2.

My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.—2 Cor. 12:9.



the city would have swung wide open in welcome at his knock. Now the other picture: A drunken outcast, a prey to the buffetings of every chance wind of fate, deprived of friends, stripped of wealth, position and reputation; exposed to every form of evil, subject to the cruelty of every character of temptation that assails human nature. Ostracized from society, barred from contact with any self-respecting acquaintance of former days, can you imagine a more potent example of the victory of Satan through the agency of his chief field marshal, Drink? God grant that this may come as a warning to some one of the thousands of young men who, with prospects as bright or even more flattering than were those of George Herr at the age of eighteen, are at this moment entering upon the path which will lead them, as it has countless thousands, into the abyss of eternal destruction! God grant that the moral to be drawn from this picture will burn itself in indelible letters of fire upon the very soul of each young man who reads this.

These were indeed dark days, the past a record of sin, the present a nightmare of misery and shame, the future black with the darkness of despair, with not

---

I am poor and needy; make haste unto me, O God.—  
Ps. 70:5.

My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—Phil. 4:19.

the faintest gleam of hope to pierce the gloom. "Poor fellow," you say, "only one of a multitude." Yes, only the prototype of one of the thousands who are traveling the same broad thoroughfare at this moment.

It was at this critical juncture, when reputation was blasted, hope departed and the future barren of promises, that a remnant of respect for his home and the associates of better days awakened the residuum of pride remaining and brought the determination to remove his unwelcome presence from the scenes of former pleasures. He went West, but his hopes were blasted, and penniless, homeless, wretched, obliged to accept any kind of menial work in order to eke out a bare living, he wandered about until an overwhelming homesickness brought him back to Kentucky. There was, perhaps, a flickering intention to do better, to cut loose from the bands that bound him, but good resolutions were made only to be broken, and the cords of sin drawn tighter than ever.

None but God can realize the extreme bitterness of that bondage, the depths of that dark and unrelieved despair. Without light, without hope, without rest, and worst of all, without Christ? With not one

---

Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?—Acts 9:6.

Follow thou me.—John 21:22.

friendly hand held out to greet him, with not one word of encouragement, but rather the cold glance of scorn, the bitter sneer of contempt, it is not strange that there stretched out before him apparently nothing but a drunkard's life, a drunkard's death and an endless eternity in a drunkard's hell.

Then the fearful temptation of suicide met him; but God, in his infinite mercy, destined him to pass through even this fearful ordeal unharmed and spared him that he might carry the gospel of a Savior's love to a lost and ruined world. Then a helping hand was extended. A lifelong friend, meeting him one day, and overcome with pity, gave him one more chance to make a man of himself, fitted him out with clothes, gave him a railroad ticket and money, advising him to leave Louisville and start life afresh elsewhere. But the fetters of sin were riveted so strongly that the well-meant advice of his boyhood friend was unheeded, and a few hours found him in as fearful a plight as ever. Then there came into this, the darkest hour in all his life, the experience of the prodigal son. A determination came into his life to sever forever all ties binding him to the life of degradation he was then living and to take the first step back into the narrow path of righteousness.

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Show me thy ways, O Lord.—Ps. 25:4.

It was then that the Rev. Steve P. Holcombe of Louisville, Ky., took him to the Union Gospel Mission.

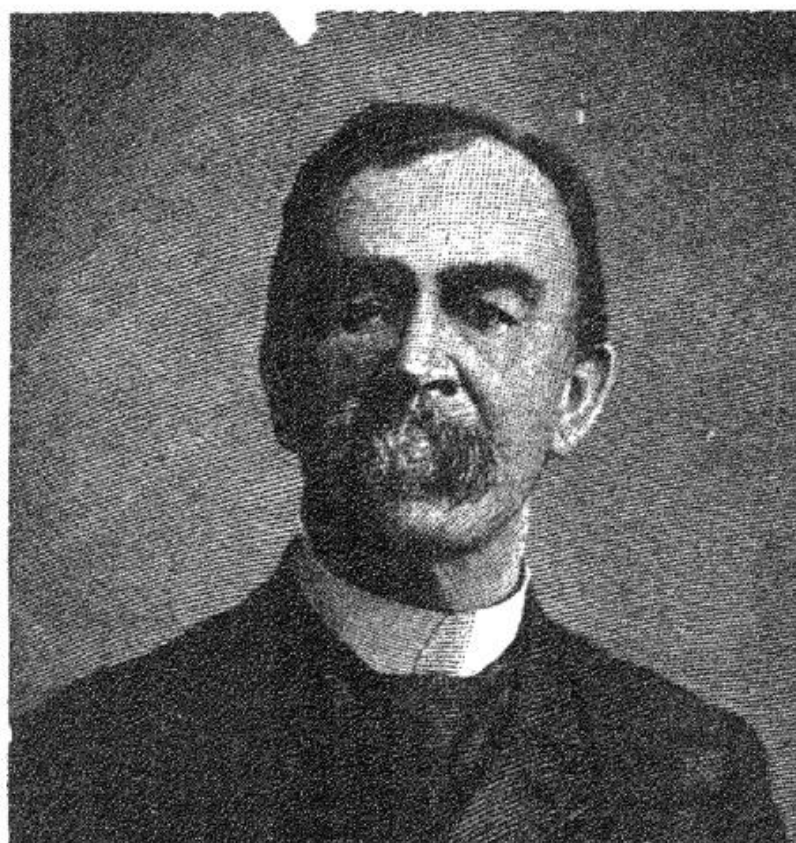
At this critical period there came within the radius of his sphere of existence a noble, devout woman, who proved to be the one thing needful to round out the life now worth living. In spite of all remonstrances on the part of her friends, she was greatly interested in the welfare of this man and prayed earnestly that God would make him a strong Christian man.

Her tireless energies, endless prayers and earnest teachings were ever present to hold him up and help him onward in the new life. God placed her in the sphere of George Herr's experience at a critical stage, using her as a medium for cementing his faith and determining his purpose to devote his remaining years to the work of redeeming unfortunates sunk in the darkness of sin. Their destinies were welded together by mutual interest in the work of saving lost men and the affinity of feeling between them developed into a bond of love, each seeing within the other those qualities necessary to happiness in wedded life, and on the 14th of April, 1898, George L. Herr and Miss Lillie M.

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The meek will he teach his way.—Ps. 25:9.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.—Ps. 51:11.



**REV. STEVE P. HOLCOMBE**  
**The founder of the Holcombe Mission**  
**of Louisville, Ky.**

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Joyce, the woman who was such an essential portion of his existence, were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Carter Helm Jones, D. D., pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky.

George Herr says that the old life, with its bondage in sin and its darkness of evil, is a thing of the eliminated past. Finding happiness in his new life, he has consecrated his time, energy, ability and talents to continuous devotion to the task of spreading the gospel among the fallen. Into the gloomiest recesses of penitentiaries, workhouses and jails, beyond portals where visitors are excluded, he has carried the message of Christ's saving grace into the darkness of despairing men's and women's lives.

God has blessed George L. Herr in many ways, giving him daily recompense for the days of misery, shame and degradation, giving him a happy home, glorified by the presence of a loving, devoted wife and the precious daughter, and this story is sent forth with the earnest prayer that God may use it, with its message of hope and cheer, for the salvation of many despairing, discouraged ones who are bound by the awful fetters of sin as he once was.

One of the greatest privileges accorded man is to

---

All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.—John 6:37.

be a messenger for Christ. George Herr has tasted the sweets of liberty in Christ and he loves to tell those in the terrible bondage of sin that there is an avenue of escape. In his rescue work he has been able to take a great number of homeless, friendless and hopeless men and women by the hand.

Does it pay? The results of George Herr's labors among the unfortunates are a satisfactory answer to this question. It pays a hundredfold in the feeling of duty well done, in the knowledge of many useful lives saved. It pays in words of gratitude feelingly uttered by noble men and women, who, formerly sunk in the quicksands of despair, are now restored to a world of happiness and peace.

It is our earnest prayer to the Father of all good, that this story of George Herr's redemption from the clutches of sin may, through his unfailing love for all suffering ones, carry its message of hope, its promise of salvation from eternal despair, into the hearts of many who are despondent, discouraged, despairing. May it instill into the hearts of the unfortunate a desire to come back into the fold of the Father's unending love, bringing with it the sweet conviction that no matter how far we have wandered from within the

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Jesus own words are: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick, for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—Matt. 9:12, 13.





**THE LATE MR. GEORGE GAULBERT**

**One of my best friends. Many heart-to-heart  
talks I have had with this grand  
and wealthy merchant**

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radius of his love, we are still his children, the erring ones for whose redemption he gave his Son to be offered upon the altar of human sacrifice that we, through the atonement of his innocent blood, should inherit the kingdom of heaven.

---

Hold up my goings in thy path, that my footsteps slip not.—Ps. 17:5.

## CHAPTER TWO

### “LOST AND IS FOUND”

Jesus said, “A man had two sons; and the younger one of them said to his father, ‘Father, give me my share of the inheritance!’ so the father divided the property between them. A few days later the younger son got together all that he had and went away into a distant land; and there he squandered his inheritance by leading a dissolute life. After he had spent all that he had, there was a severe famine through all that country, and he began to be in actual want. So he went and engaged himself to one of the people of that country, who sent him into his field to tend pigs. He even longed to satisfy his hunger with the bean pods on which the pigs were feeding; and no one gave him anything. But when he came to himself he said, ‘How many of my father’s hired servants have more bread than they can eat, while here am I starving to death; I will get up and go to my father and say to him, ‘Father, I have sinned against Heaven and against you; I am no longer fit to be called your son;

---

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.—Isa. 9:6.



REV. CARTER HELM JONES, D.D.  
The late Pastor Broadway Baptist Church  
Louisville, Ky.

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make me as one of your hired servants.' And he got up and went to his father. But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was deeply moved; he ran and threw his arms around his neck and kissed him. 'Father,' the son said, 'I sinned against Heaven and against you; I am no longer fit to be called your son; make me one of your hired servants.' But the father turned to his servants and said, 'Be quick and bring a robe, the very best, and put it on him; give him a ring for his finger and sandals for his feet; and bring the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and make merry; for here is my son who was dead, and is alive again, was lost and is found.'"

This younger son thought he was wiser than his father and wanted to manage his own affairs. So it is with men who think they can manage their own affairs without God.

A case in hand: An acquaintance of mine in Louisville, a young man of handsome face and fine physique, with all the advantages wealth, education and social position could give him, started out at the age of twenty-one with unfaltering prospects of a prosperous, useful and happy life, but, like the young man in our lesson, thought he could manage his own affairs

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He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.—Ps. 91:11.



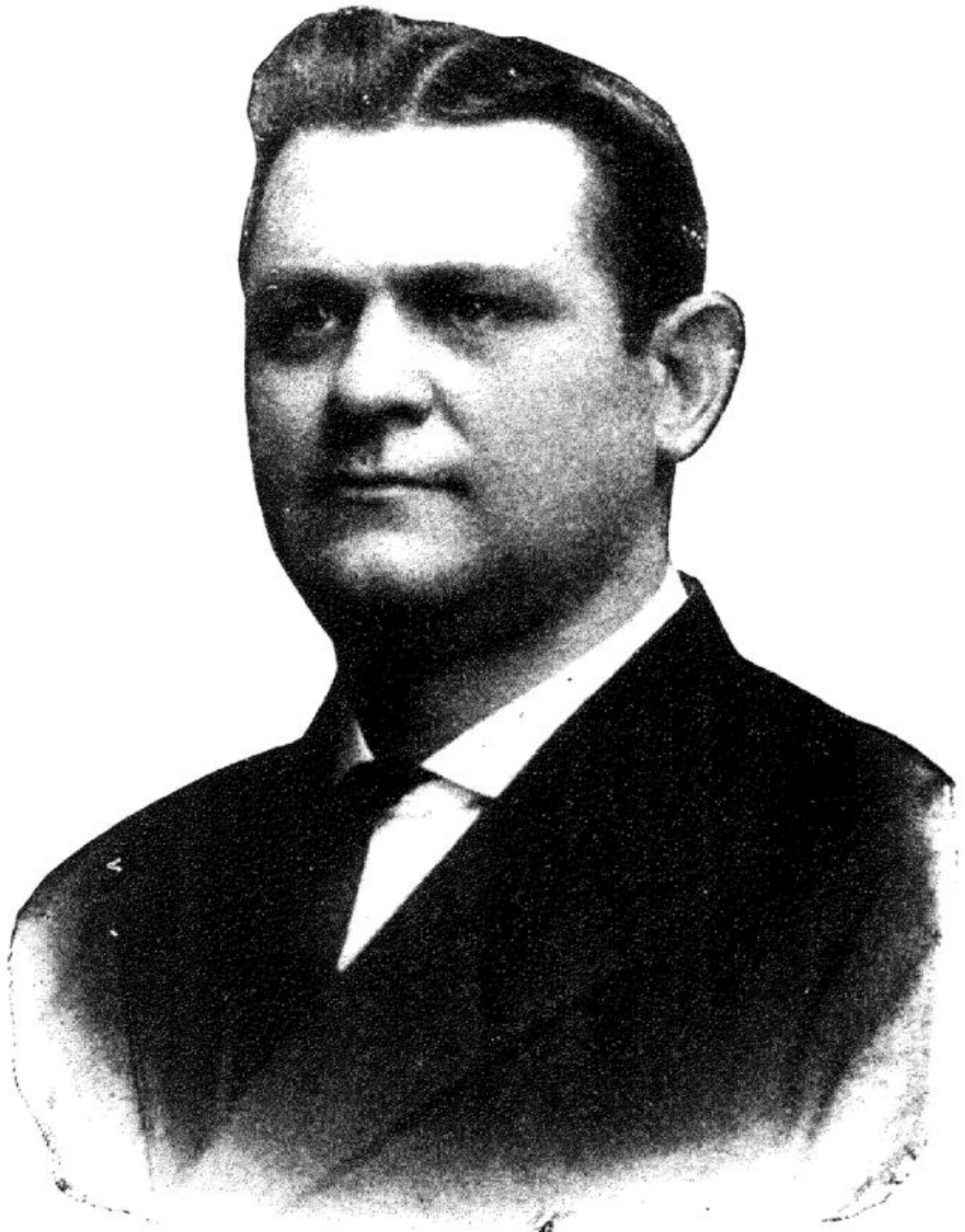
without God; in other words, he refused to give his heart and life to Jesus Christ, and not having Christ to protect, shield, restrain, and assist him, in a time of temptation he was led along little by little, almost without knowing it, until he was ready to commit any crime. One day in a house of ill repute he shot and killed a young man; for this crime he was arrested, tried and convicted, but the wealth and influence of his family secured him a pardon. Even this bitter experience failed to teach him that he had made a mistake in thinking he could manage his own affairs, for, after regaining his liberty, he plunged deeper and deeper into sin, ending in himself being murdered.

As the prodigal in the parable wanted to get as far from his father's presence as possible, "into a far country," so the man when he determines to give himself up to others. He does not want to hear about God or even think about him. Reader, was not this so with you? The father did not compel the son to stay at home; he allowed him to choose what he preferred. So it is with God; he does not compel us to obedience. For my part I wish he did. "He wasted his substance in riotous living;" and so it is with the

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Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.—Is. 43:1.





**THE LATE REV. E. A. FERGUSON**  
**One of the Author's best friends**

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sinner, in the service of sin; he wastes and destroys his property, his health, his reputation, his intellect, his conscience.

There is nothing in this world valuable enough to recompense such a loss, or balance the misery of a tormenting conscience. If you violate it for the sake of a gratification of the body it will remember the injury many years after. Gen. 42:21; Job 13:26. It will not only retain the memory of what you did, but it will accuse you for it. Matt. 27:4. It will not fear to tell you that plainly, which others dare not whisper. It will not only accuse, but it will also condemn you for what you have done. This condemning voice of conscience is a terrible voice. You may see the horror of it in Cain, the vigor of it in Judas, the doleful effects of it in Saphira. It will produce shame, fear, and despair, if God give not repentance to life. The shame it works will so confound you, that you will not be able to look up. Job. 31:14; Psa. 1:5 The fear it works will make you wish for a hole in the rock to hide you. Isa. 2:9, 10, 15, 19. And its despair is a death pang.

Young man, consider the nature of your present

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"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Is. 1:18.

actions; they are seeds sown for eternity, and will spring up again in suitable effects, rewards and punishments, when you that did them are turned to dust. What a man sows, that shall he reap. Gal. 6:7. And as sure as the harvest follows the seedtime, so shall shame, fear, and horror follow sin. Dan. 12:2. What Zeuxis, the famous painter, said of his work, may much more truly be said of ours: "I paint for eternity." Ah! how bitter will these things be in the day of reckoning, which were pleasant in the acting! It is true our actions, physically considered, are transient. How soon is a word or action spoken or done, and there is an end of it! But morally considered, they are permanent, being entered upon God's book of action.

Let me illustrate: Some time ago a young man, son of a nobleman of Germany, came to our home poorly clad, without money, without friends, realizing to some extent the depth to which he had fallen, filled with remorse on account of disgrace he had brought upon himself and his family, and like the prodigal in the parable he said, "I will arise and go to my father." He left our home for his home in New

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I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee.—Isa. 44:22.

Orleans, La. After his arrival there we received the following letter:

My Dear Brother Herr: My letter to you from San Antonio told of the happiness which had come to me as a result of the reunion of my wife and little ones. Can you realize how full those days were spent in the sweet companionship of those who are so dear to me? I would have wished to have remained with them until Christmas, but my obligations to business intervened, and I was compelled to leave in order to attend to matters here.

My thoughts are with you so much that I often feel as though I could reach out and grasp your hand; and so often during the day there goes up a whispered prayer from my heart that our Father will bless you in just proportion as you have been a sweet, helpful blessing to others.

My route includes Louisville, and while I may not be in there on this trip, it will not be many days before I will have an opportunity to greet you in person. May God bless Sister Herr and yourself if only in recompense for your kindness to me.

EDWARD.

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Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.—Isa. 44:10.

Does not the life of this man preach a more eloquent sermon, and tell a more powerful tale, and teach a more eloquent lesson than I or any other preacher could do? Reader, you cannot ignore, disregard, or shut your eyes to the lesson which this man's life teaches, impresses and enforces of the awful danger and the deadly and destructive effects of sin.

Here is a lesson in life that appeals to us and bids us stop in our mad way. This parable of the prodigal son shows that we can have our own way if we determine to do it; father and mother can't keep us from it, and God by force will not keep us from it; but we will certainly pay for it, and pay the price of tears and sorrow, remorse and ruin. This nobleman's son, by refusing to heed God's warning, was brought to want. No matter whose son it is, if he determines to have his own way and give himself up to self-indulgence and riotous living, he will come to want, shame, bitterness, and many are the men who tried to master themselves but failed. Some evil habit had fastened itself upon him, and realizing himself a slave, tries to shake it off, but, alas! the will has been paralyzed, and it does not respond in warding off the fearful habit.

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Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil.—Isa. 1:16.



Defeat after defeat occurs until the poor fellow, discouraged, broken-hearted, gives up and goes down to utter ruin. Man is no match for the devil. How hopeless would be the outlook for the great army of men whom we labor with were it not for a Deliverer. "The cross held his body; the sun hid his face for shame, and the bowels of the earth were moved in compassion, when Jesus expired on Calvary's rugged tree, thus purchasing redemption for every man from the curse of sin. It is possible through Christ for every man to be a Christian."

And now here are some of the ways God has taken to tell you of his love: Psalm 103:13: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Isaiah 49:15: "Can a woman forget her suckling child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet I will not forget thee." Luke 11:13: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Luke 18:13-14: "And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful

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"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6:37. What a wonderful invitation—these words of the Savior!

to me a sinner. I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Luke 15:7: "I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." Luke 15:10: "Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 7:36-50: "And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat. And behold a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

"Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner. And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon,

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Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.—Prov. 31:31.



I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged. And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.

“And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also? And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.”

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And, behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.—Matt. 8 2.

A father whose son had gone away to California, and was a gambler in San Francisco, sent him word by a friend: "Your father loves you still." And it made him ashamed; it broke his heart; he repented, returned home and was saved. "God, your heavenly Father, loves you still." Will you not believe it and come to him for safety? He will not abuse you for your sins. He will save you from your sins, and make you happy.

"And he began to be in want."

That is what sin brings a man to—want.

And it was this which brought him to his senses—"he came to himself" (verse 17).

And when he does come to himself he can think of only one place where he can hope to find relief, and he bravely determines to go straight to the very father he had so shamefully abandoned, and to make a full confession and throw himself on that father's mercy with the hope of being taken back as a hired servant. He is willing to take the humblest and meanest place if he can only get back to that home he was, a short time before, so eager to leave. Nor does he offer any excuse; he calls his sin by the right name and confesses it without trying to excuse it or justify it.

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And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed.—Matt. 8:3.

And how did his father receive him? Why, he did not wait till his poor, ragged, worn and wasted boy got in and made his confession; but he saw him a great way off (verse 20) and he knew what had passed in the boy's heart and life, and moved with compassion toward him, he ran and fell on his neck and kissed him a glad welcome back to his heart and home. But the son goes on to make his confession and his offer to be a hired servant anyhow, and yet the father says, "No! no! bring forth the best robe and put it on him."

A man married a young widow with a small son. Her former husband had left her \$10,000 in his will. The man said: "I will take care of you and we will lay away that \$10,000 for your boy." Two other sons were born to them. The stepson was educated and taught habits of business. At twenty-one years of age he asked for the money his father had left. He was told that instead of being \$10,000, it had been invested for him and was now \$50,000. He was asked to let the money stay in the business and to become a partner with his stepfather. The young man refused, took his \$50,000, fell into bad habits and lost it all and came home in rags, a tramp. His stepfather met him at the train, took him to the barbershop and

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"And their works do follow them."—Rev. 14:13.

clothier and presented him to his mother at the house as a gentleman. The nicest room in the house was assigned him and he was told that it was his permanent home. He was also told by his stepfather that he was to be taken into the business firm composed of the father and the two half-brothers. This was more than he could stand. He began to weep at his ingratitude and at the love which had been lavished upon him. He devoted himself to business, was devoted to his stepfather, and was as loyal to his interests as his own sons. This picture, though it seems overdrawn, is one of real life. The stepfather had a good disposition naturally, but his magnanimous treatment of the prodigal was out of his sincere affection for his wife. There were few ties of love that bound him to the bad boy, only the love of his faithful wife. He loved the boy for the sake of his mother. Our Father loves his children and receives the prodigals returning to him for their own sake and the sake of his Son who died for them, and treats them, in his affection, as though they had never sinned against him.

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The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.—Prov. 15:3.



**DR. E. L. POWELL**

**Pastor First Christian Church, Louisville. One of the ablest ministers of the Christian Church who has done a wonderful work among the masses.**

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## CHAPTER THREE

# POLITICAL PERIL

Sermon by Dr. E. L. Powell, on "The Need of Prophets in a Time of Political Peril," delivered at the First Christian Church, Louisville, Ky.

"And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, (for they are a rebellious house,) shall know that there hath been a prophet among them."—Ezekiel 2:5.

He thought it would not be questioned by thinking persons that we are living in a time of political peril. He did not mean that revolution was at our door; he did not mean that we are threatened with a reign of terror; he did not mean that there was any prospect of immediate bloodshed.

Our perils spring from our state—the state of our own souls. They are lacking in moral sensibility—we are in danger. We are told on every hand our country was never more prosperous—that is unquestionably so. The same might be said of Rome when

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I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.—Psalm 40:9, 10.

that colossal empire was tottering to its fall. There were persons then who paid from \$200,000 to \$400,000 for a single feast. It is recorded of one man that, after spending several millions of dollars in luxurious living, he committed suicide because he had only \$400,000 between him and starvation. National bankruptcy does not stare us in the face. Fortunes grow up in a generation—the dollar smiles upon us as a beneficent sun. Yet our moral condition is such as to call forth from thinking men serious and earnest fear. We are as a man living in a luxuriously appointed house, and yet, on account of invalidism, unable to appreciate his splendid home and environments.

He had called the attention of the congregation last Sunday night to what was the fundamental source of our political corruption—the unnatural separation of religion and politics. He did not mean separation of Church and State; that was right and proper; but he did mean that we need the reign of truth, purity and righteousness, because of the ills to which attention was called last Sunday night. His lecture tonight would be on “The Need of Prophets in a Time of Political Peril.” He did not wish to call attention to

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Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.



the peculiarly inspired Bible prophet. So far as he was concerned he was a man apart, who could not be our example—he constituted an order of his own; but we mortals can to some extent, recognizing our limitations, reproduce the power of the prophets, and it is not limited by arbitrary metes and bounds, as God sends his teachers to every age and every clime. If there ever was a time when we stood in need of moral leadership it is now. We want men who come like the prophets of old, who shall come before us as genuine leaders to take us out of this wilderness in which we find ourselves. A fine moral leadership is the exception rather than the rule. Unless the standard be lifted up the hosts will not rally. Truth will not win its way on its own merits. Let the call come from the lips that speak not lies, but the truth, and there is that in the humblest of men that will give back an amen. And when our leaders come we shall recognize them. We are not likely to mistake the rumble of cart-wheels for thunder. The leader carries his credentials. When a community is visited by a prophet it is known by that community that a prophet has been among them. You do not mistake genuine fire.

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What must I do to be saved?—Acts 16:30.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts 16:31.

You are never deceived by a genuine voice. It has been true in all ages of the world that wisdom is recognized by its people. Deep down in the hearts of the people are the instincts of truth. When we find men willing to pay the price of leadership we shall have leaders. It is as true today as it was in the days of prophecy that such leaders as we have have taught us to err. We need men with political consciences—men who recognize that there are such things as truth, purity and righteousness in the world.

In speaking of moral leadership the all-inclusive qualification is inspiration. He did not mean the exceptional inspiration that applies to the Bible prophets. He meant that inspiration which kindles the powers we already have into life. When he spoke of inspiration he meant the enlivening, the stirring up of the powers we already have as opposed to the shallow indifference of one who draws about him the robes of his silken selfishness and says, "Let well enough alone"—a man whose inspiration glows and glows intensely. The inspired man feels the degradation of his country as a personal infliction. Those who

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Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north and from the south.—Psalm 107:2, 3.

dishonor her are his own foes, and insults flung in the face of political liberty are felt by him as an affront to himself. Our prophets must be men who feel the woes that they oppose, men who feel the humiliation before they can strike with the right arm clothed with power. Indifference to the public weal on the part of the average political leader is one of the most distressing features of our political situation. These people do not seem capable of feeling righteous indignation in the presence of the moral infamy by which they are confronted, and hence their words do not come forth as thunderbolts, but as spent balls. Beware of the man whose heart has not been pierced by the woes of his country. The sting is the needed spur to effort. The sleeping lion is not dangerous; but let him be wounded and his roar shall ring as the trumpet of doom in the ears of his enemies. We must seek our leaders among those who can feel the woes of humanity—men of profound feeling—as those are the best prophets.

He believed that we must strike at the evil of social indifferentism. Who does not feel profound shame that the law against carrying concealed and deadly weapons is not strictly enforced, which made

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Lord, save us; we perish.—Matt. 8:25.

There shall not a hair of your head perish.—Lu. 21:18.

possible tragedies such as that at Frankfort, which has disgraced the fair name and fame of our State. The leaders' voices should ring throughout our land until we are bowed to the earth in shame in view of the infamies which disgrace us.

Another element required for leadership was the power of vision. There must be a clear recognition of evils. The idealist is not a mere dreamer, but acquainted with the actual wants of the people. In fact our leaders must see something better. The man who is working in the slums must keep his eyes fixed on the stars. There can be no change for the better until the better is made to shine with the brightness of a beckoning angel.

Here is the opportunity and duty of newspapers. James Russell Lowell says: "What a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them! and from what a Bible can he choose his text—a Bible that needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity—the open volume of the world, upon

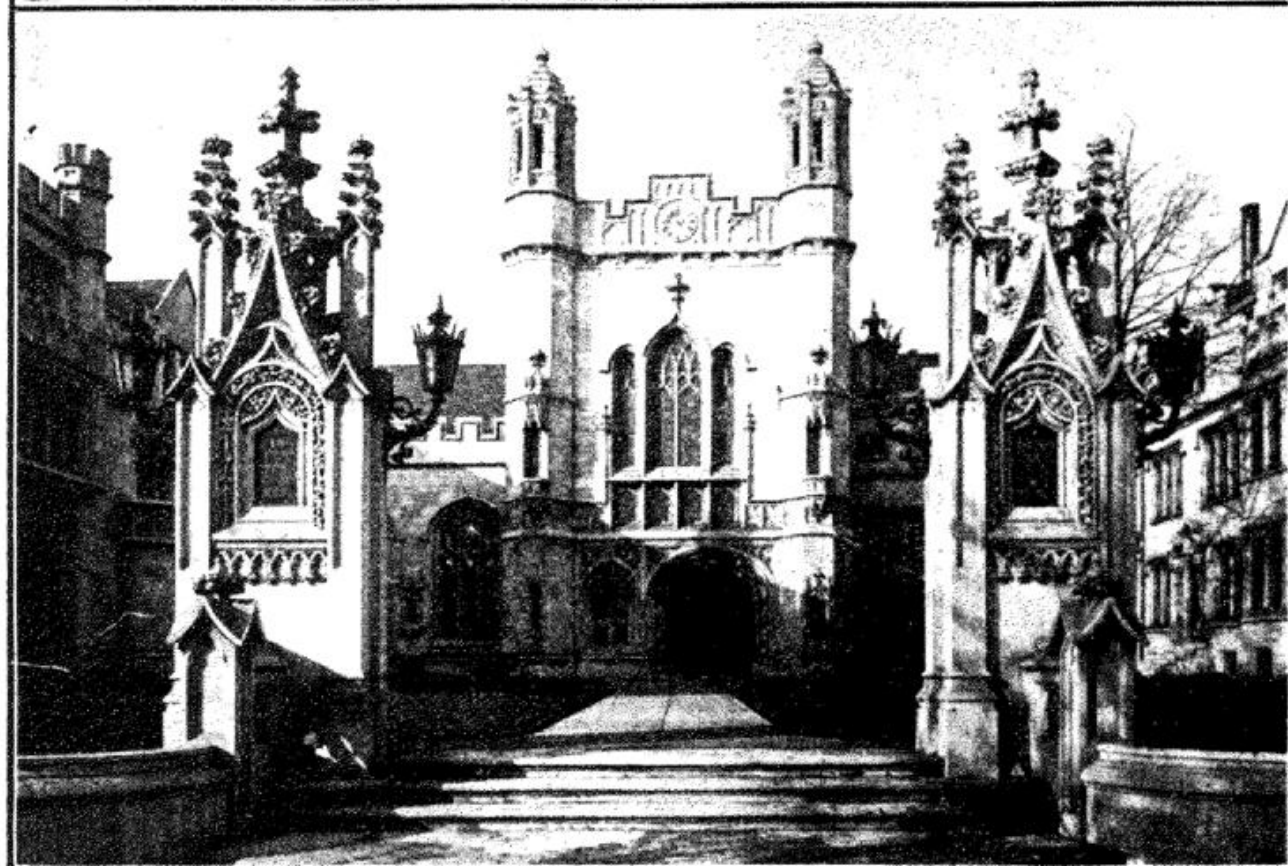
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I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

I am a companion of them that keep thy precepts.—  
Psalm 119:63.



PROMINENT IN THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF LOUISVILLE



PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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which with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God!"

But has the editor no mission other than to tell us of partisan political measures? To be a simple annalist who shall bring before us the events of the day, but who creates no perspective along which we may tread to better customs, better men and better times? He never leaves us in doubt—"Let us do the best we can, and leave the rest alone." In God's name, is there not something better? "Let us go up and possess the land." Standing on the mountain height up there we shall all see fairer lands below. The inspired editor not only sees the battle from afar, but also the coming of the imperial guard of righteousness with victory. There is that in the heart of every man that responds to the ideal. No leader has ever succeeded in having an evil reformed who wanted an ideal. Napoleon, when he said, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," was appealing to that sentiment—to something beyond—to something in the future. When Cortez drew an imaginary line before his men, who had become mutinous, and said "On this side lies danger, death, duty and glory; on that, safety, shame and infamy.

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Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Choose ye whether you will step this side of the line or remain where you are," he was appealing to something in their hearts—put there by the Almighty himself. Editors should not think it their only mission to mirror forth things as they occur, but say to their 50,000 readers, "Let us go up and possess the land" of truth, purity and righteousness. This is not weakness on their part but evidence of the profoundest philosophy. Fifty years ago we had senatorial utterances that would reach across the continent. The secret power of those utterances was that they were ideal. In the days when boys spoke pieces in school we declaimed them, and we feel their influence today.

Another element of leadership is moral enthusiasm. The idealist in art is so for the love of art. He enters into the discussion of art subjects with enthusiasm. So with the moral enthusiast. Sin is hateful to him, and he seeks to crush it as he would a viper, and instinctively and spontaneously his denunciations come forth. Truth is his pole-star, and he will tell his best friend, "I will do anything but lie for you." Try to bribe him, and you will think that the central fires of the earth have been concentrated into his blister-

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When wilt thou comfort me?—Ps. 119:82.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Rom. 13:10.



ing rebuke. Suggest a compromise involving dishonor, and if you escape a blow you will be fortunate. Like Luther he says: "Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me." He would not go with the crowd to moral destruction. Moral enthusiasm has been the virtue of all epoch-making men. Men do not die for fancies; they do not die for offices. They die for what they believe is right. Give them something that appeals to their moral nature and they will die for it. The grand martyrs were men who laid down their lives for what they believed to be right. There came to them those lines of James Russell Lowell:

"Once to every man and Nation  
Comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth and falsehood  
For the good or evil side;  
Love's great cause, God's new Messiah,  
Offering each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand  
And the sheep upon the right,  
And the choice goes by forever  
'Twixt the darkness and the light."

We must have leaders who possess the elements of leadership for the great task of making the world

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As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.—Is. 66:13.

He who loveth God loveth his brother also.—1 John 4:21.

better—who possess the elementary virtues of honesty and truth. He had indicated some of the elements of moral leadership that these times demand. He did not mean to say that the political stage had not such leaders. Certainly there were a few; but we can make it possible to have a thousand. When we can see one we are surprised. In the past, thank God, we have had such leaders, and in the future we shall have such leaders again.

It is slumbering in the hearts of men and women all around us. It needs only some one to sweep the harp strings. The trouble is with ourselves. How can we be leaders with sensual and selfish appetites and desires? Does God no longer speak to man? Burns there no fire upon the altar? He did not believe God had exhausted himself. God had not exhausted himself by casting out a few bright stars from his own luminous presence. There is power for him to bring to the front the men we are longing and praying for.

In conclusion, he wished to say only these few words—that every leader is a man that must bring to us the message of hope. The prophets through all those weary years carried the torch of hope and handed it to their successors. Abraham believed with all his soul that he should have a posterity as numerous as

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He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee.—Job 5:19.

the stars. He died leaving only one heir. Moses, the great law-giver, had a vision that a community of slaves should be made into a great nation. He went up into Pisgah and died, leaving them still slaves. Long ago a prophet looked over the sea at a vision of a new heaven and a new earth. Two thousand years have passed away and no new heaven or new earth has come—but as sure as truth is stronger than falsehood it will come—just so sure we shall one day see a new heaven and a new earth, where dwelleth no political corruption, but righteousness. Not in our time, perhaps, not in our children's time, shall the thing be; but it will come. Let us pray, then, that we may answer in the language of the great poet.

“Oh, well I know that to him who works,  
and knows he works,  
This same glad year is ever at the door.”

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The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

# CHAPTER FOUR

## CHRIST THE INTERPRETER

### OF THE PICTURE

A Sermon preached by Rev. T. M. Hawes in the Slums

“I have somewhat to say unto thee.”—Luke 7:40.

The scene presented in this narration is worthy of the painter’s brush. We have a beautiful and striking presentation of the gospel—not set forth in theological terms as abstract truth—but presented in the form of a concrete example—a picture with Christ himself as the interpreter.

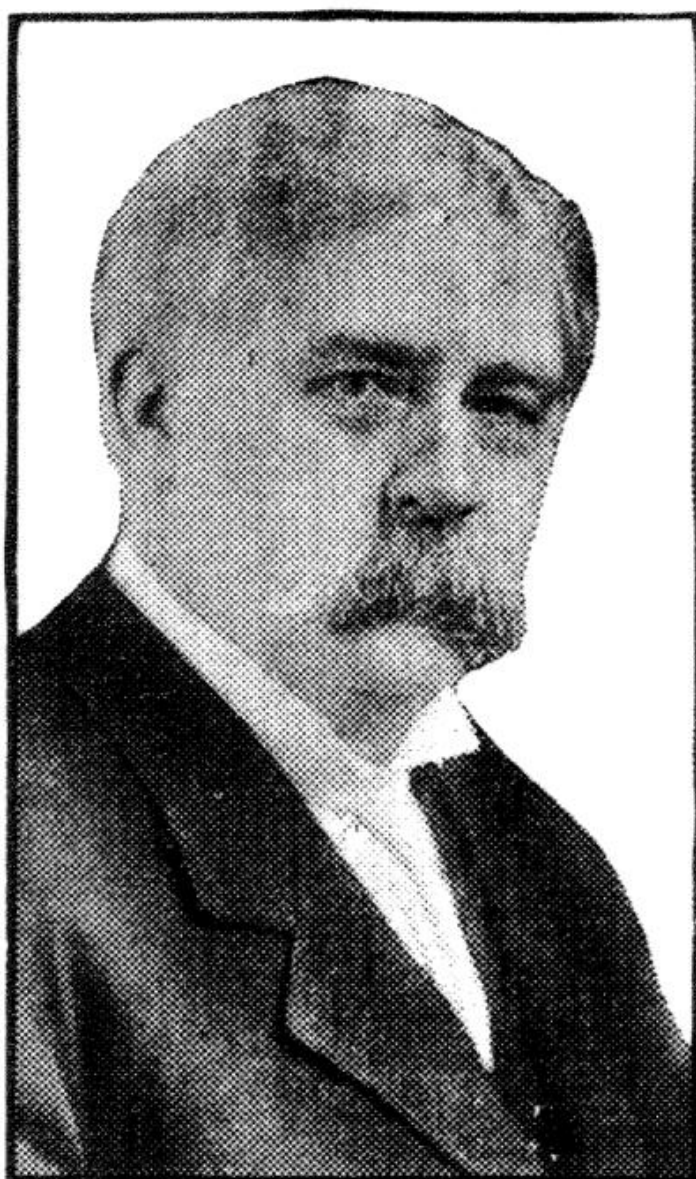
And now as we look at this picture with Christ to explain and interpret it to us, let us see what he will teach us concerning the gospel.

First, we can learn here for whom the gospel is not intended.

Evidently it is not intended for those who find fault with it. Christ is among a people who seem determined not to be pleased. He has just wondered to whom he could liken them, and observing a number of children at play he likens them to children playing

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Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.—1 John 4:11.



**REV. T. M. HAWES, D D.**

The beloved pastor of the Highland Presbyterian Church. The "Beloved John" of the Louisville ministry.

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in the market place. "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you and ye have not wept." They found fault with John the Baptist because he was too severe—they found fault with Jesus because he was too liberal. And here Simon is finding fault with him because he is allowing this sinful woman to wash his feet. Am I saying too much when I say that there is that same trait in human nature today, and that it keeps people out of the kingdom? Yea, more than that, it often keeps those who are in the kingdom from receiving the blessings which otherwise might be theirs. There are those on the outside who remain out because they are constantly finding fault. There are those on the inside who are always unhappy for the same reason. If the preacher hews to the line they say he is a scold—if he doesn't they say he is afraid to stand up for what he believes, and so it goes.

Let us learn from this picture that the gospel is not for faultfinders. Our late Mr. Moody says a true thing when he says that a faultfinder is usually a lightweight.

Again we can learn from this picture that the gospel is not intended for those who do not think they

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He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.—S. of S. 2:4.



need it; not intended for self-righteous people. No one is ever going to appreciate the gospel until he feels the need of it. The spirit of the Pharisee will shut us out from the blessings of the gospel whether we are church members or not. Simon looked down on the sinful woman and felt that he was far superior to her. Evidently he felt no need of a Saviour. The Scribes and Pharisees rejected Christ on the very grounds that he was the friend of publicans and sinners. Oh, yes, in the very nature of the case the gospel cannot reach those who do not feel their need of some power beyond themselves.

Furthermore, the gospel is not meant for those who are ashamed of it. There is something very touching and beautiful in this picture of the woman who was a sinner coming into this public court to do honor to Christ. She had true humility. Simon was far from doing anything of this kind, he was willing to show a certain sort of respect for Christ, but he would have been too proud to have ever done such a thing as this.

"Ashamed of Jesus, sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star."

Is it not true that a sense of being ashamed of the gospel shuts out from its blessings those who entertain such unworthy feelings?

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Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.—  
Mk. 12:30.

Finally, let us learn from this picture that the gospel is not meant for those who are not glad to make a free-will offering of sacrifice as a token of this grateful love. This woman brought an alabaster box of ointment.

“My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.” Christ did not exact this of her—it was a free-will offering. If the gospel does not draw out our gratitude and liberality, then it has never touched us. It is not because of our gifts that we are forgiven, but it is because of our forgiveness that we give. “To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.”

“That man may last but never lives,  
Who much receives but nothing gives;  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

“But he who walks from day to day  
In generous acts his radiant way,  
Treads the same path his Saviour trod—  
The path to glory and to God.”

Now, having learned from this picture for whom the gospel is not intended, let us learn for whom it is intended. Ah! how with a few bold and simple strokes the whole matter is made plain.

First, I notice that it is meant for sinners. “Be-

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Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Mark 11:31.

hold a woman in the city which was a sinner." Jesus "a friend of publicans and sinners." That tells the story. "I came to call not the righteous, but sinners." Some people find fault with the church because there are so many sinners in the church. Just as well find fault with a hospital for having sick people in it. Just as well find fault with the doctor for visiting invalids. "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee;" you are finding fault with me for allowing this sinful woman to touch me. Let me tell you, Simon, that it is just for this very purpose that I am come into this world." "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ came into the world to save sinners." He was the great Physician and great physicians are those who have a specialty. This was Christ's specialty—to save sinners. Who is this that forgiveth sins, also?

Secondly, I learn from our Saviour's interpretation of this picture that the gospel is for the very greatest of sinners. "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. There was a certain creditor who had two debtors," etc. Our Saviour proceeds with an illustration which shows that this woman was one of the greatest of sinners. She was ten times worse than

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The end of the commandment is love out of a pure heart.—1 Tim. 1:5.

the average sinner, and yet she was more welcome to the Saviour than this proud, self-righteous Pharisee. Oh, men and women! if you are in this hall, feeling that you are unworthy to be here, your very unfitness makes you fit. Draw nigh to this Saviour from sin and hear him say, "Thy sins are forgiven; go in peace." Let no pharisaical Simon frighten you away—the Saviour will give him the rebuke which he deserves and will whisper into your ear words of pardon and of peace.

I learn from this picture which Christ interprets that the gospel is for penitent sinners. "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee; seest thou this woman? She hath washed my feet with her tears." Oh, those were precious tears in the sight of our Saviour. Every tear-drop was a jewel. The breaking of the alabaster box of ointment was a sweet incense to Jesus, but this ten-fold sinner bathing his very feet with her penitential tears was a sight which made the angels in heaven rejoice, "for there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance." Simon despised this woman's tears and sat unmoved at the pathetic scene—but not so with Jesus. He

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Many waters cannot quench love neither can the floods drown it.—S. of S. 8:7.

could refrain himself no longer, but speaking out before all the company he said, "Thy sins are forgiven." Oh, gracious words! How sweet and soft must have been this music to the ears of this sinful outcast.

"They fall as soft as snow on the sea  
And melt in the heart as instantly."

Finally, I learn from this picture which Christ is interpreting for us that the gospel is for sinners who commit themselves in implicit faith to Christ. "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee." "Behold this woman; you have done a great deal of talking—this poor woman has not spoken a word—but behold how she has thrown herself upon my mercy with unquestioning confidence! Do you think I will disappoint such trust as that? She has heard me say, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out' and has taken me at my word, and I consider it an honor to turn from thy company to the company of this sinful woman."

And he said to the woman, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

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Without faith it is impossible to please God.—Hebrews 11:6.





**REV. HENRY CLAY MORRISON, D.D.**  
**A Giant Against Unrighteousness**

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## CHAPTER FIVE

# THROWING OUT THE LIFE-LINE

By Rev. H. C. Morrison, D.D.

“Ye are the salt of the earth,” “Ye are the light of the world,” “Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which art in heaven.”—Matt. 5:13, 14, 15.

These sayings of Jesus from the sermon on the mount are quite remarkable. No other teacher ever used such words to his disciples, “Ye are the light of the world.” Had the Jewish doctor of the law heard these words of our Lord to his humble sun-tanned, bare-footed, shaggy-browed fishermen, he would have been quite disgusted with what to him would have seemed the consummate egotism of the Nazarene.

The meaning of the words of Christ is very plain. The disciples, their lives, character, spirit, the power of the Christ in them must, and would, permeate society like salt, and purify and save from sin. They must illuminate the world, so dark with vice, and show it the way back to God.

These words of Jesus to the disciples who sat before

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Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God.—Rom. 5:1.

him that day, are addressed by him to all of his followers for all time, to all of those who trust him and gladly obey him (and only such are disciples). He says, "Ye are the salt of the earth," "Ye are the light of the world." "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

We must not forget that God's plan is to save the lost, through the instrumentality of those who were themselves once lost, but are now saved from sin. If we would have a great testimony meeting in the city of the skies, and all of the countless hosts there should one by one stand up to tell how they were brought from sin to Jesus, each one of them would point out some person who had been the chief instrument in his or her salvation. There is this one characteristic of all who are truly saved—they desire the salvation of all souls. In fact, this is a very good thermometer with which to get the correct temperature of one's spiritual life. Does he long for the salvation of the lost? If so, in the nature of things he must be in a state of salvation. Is he indifferent to the condition of the lost? Then he is himself in a lost state. Let us here impress the important truth that Jesus did not say to his disciples, "Ye must try and salt the

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I have somewhat to say unto thee.—Luke 7:40.

earth," but said, "Ye are the salt of the earth." He did not say, "Ye shall kindle a flame that shall illuminate the world." He said, "Ye are the light of the world." We are not, as the disciples of Christ, to be makers of light and salt, but we, by the power of Christ, must be made into salt and light. It will be interesting to notice the processes through which one must pass in order to become salt and light. Let us go back to the beginning of this sermon of our Lord and we will hear him saying, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." First of all to become salt and light one must be poor in spirit; he must awake to the fact that he owes a million and has not one cent with which to pay. From his heart he must say,

"Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling."

He must realize in his inmost soul his perilous condition, and pray from the fullness of a deep conviction in his heart, "Lord save, or I perish." Not only must he be poor in spirit, but our Lord says, "Blessed are they that mourn." God loves to see the falling tears of sorrow for sin against himself. Those that truly mourn because of their sins will forsake them. How blessed for the returning prodigal to come with

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Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.—Psalms 51:10.

a heart all full of deep contrition. They that mourn because of their sins shall be comforted. After deep poverty of spirit and true mourning for sin and the comforting of the soul by the pardoning mercy of God. Then meekness will most certainly follow.

Now, the soul comforted, born of God, sitting in meekness at the feet of Jesus, will "hunger and thirst after righteousness." A dead man has no appetite or desire for food, but a living one must eat. The soul that is born of God will at once begin to hunger for Godlikeness. The cry of such a soul is not so much for his blessings as it is for him. The Psalmist says, "As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul for Thee, O God." Jesus says of such, "They shall be filled"—filled with purity, love and peace; filled with the Holy Ghost; filled with all the fulness of God. All such will be merciful, pure in heart, peace-makers, and be sure that persecution will follow. This world that hated and killed our Lord will not let his followers pass through without persecutions. Of this we may be sure.

But with all these graces and past experiences herein named the persecuted can rejoice and be exceedingly glad. And of such Jesus says, "Ye are salt and

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Be ye of good courage, and bring of the fruit of the land.—Num. 13:20.

light." Would the reader be salt and light? Then pass through the program laid down in the sermon on the mount. One must be so poor in spirit that he will be such a mourner, that he will receive such comfort, that he will become so meek, that in him there will be such hungering and thirsting after righteousness, that he will be so filled with righteousness, that he will become so merciful and pure in heart, that he will be such a peacemaker, that he will be so persecuted, that he will so rejoice, that he will be salt and light, so shining that men will see it and glorify our Father in heaven. It is folly to be striving to do something before. By the grace of God and his divine power we are ourselves made something. Make the tree good and the fruit will be good. If by the power of the Holy Ghost we are made right it will be easy for us to do right. Salt salts, and light shines without effort. So with true disciples of our Christ. They cannot exist without proving a blessing to those with whom they come in contact.

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Pray for them which despitefully use you.—Luke 6:28.



## CHAPTER SIX

# REFORMATION OF CRIMINALS

[Louisville Times]

In a sermon delivered in the Nashville penitentiary, the Rev. George L. Herr, formerly chaplain of the jail here, spoke encouragingly to the inmates, citing cases of reformation where reform seemed impossible. The Rev. Mr. Herr took occasion to pay a high tribute to Jailer John R. Pflanz, of Louisville. He said in part:

When I address you upon this subject I speak from the standpoint of one who knows by bitter experience. I know that sin can rob man of fortune, and all the luxuries of life. I know that it can rob him of the love of all who ever loved him; I know that it can drag him down from a position of prominence, and make him a habitue of the dives; I know that it will cause him to place a rope around his neck and hang himself to a rafter in his own barn; I know that sin will lead him to pause at the railing of a bridge, his mind set upon the awful deed of self-destruction; I know that it will tempt him to take a razor in hand and draw it across his throat. I know that sin will reduce him from a position of influence, a welcome vis-

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Repent ye therefore and be converted.—Acts 3:19.



**REV. JOHN PAUL**

**He gave the title to this book after reading the  
manuscript**



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itor to the homes of the elite, to a degraded drunkard, homeless upon the streets of his native city, robed in a short linen duster and a straw hat in the dead of a bitter winter's night.

**River Thief's Reformation.**

Jerry McAuley was a river thief, and, while serving a term in the penitentiary, caught a glimpse of what the life beyond with Christ would be, and the verse, "God so loved the world," etc. (John iii., 16), won his heart and life, and this poor, weak vessel in the few years he labored for Christ has planted the gospel light through some convert at every port where a ship now lands throughout the world.

**Case of Sam Hadley.**

Sam Hadley, who was saved through this man of God, was a poor friendless drunkard, and at the time God spoke peace to his soul had committed almost every crime in the calendar; over one hundred forgeries looked him in the face when he confessed, but he had faith in God, and he led him through all the dark valleys. Sam Hadley, was delivered.

I met in the office of the prison every day the jailer,

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If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established.  
—Isa. 7:9.

and I can safely state, without any fear of contradiction, that I have never met a warden or jailer who has such mercy and charity.

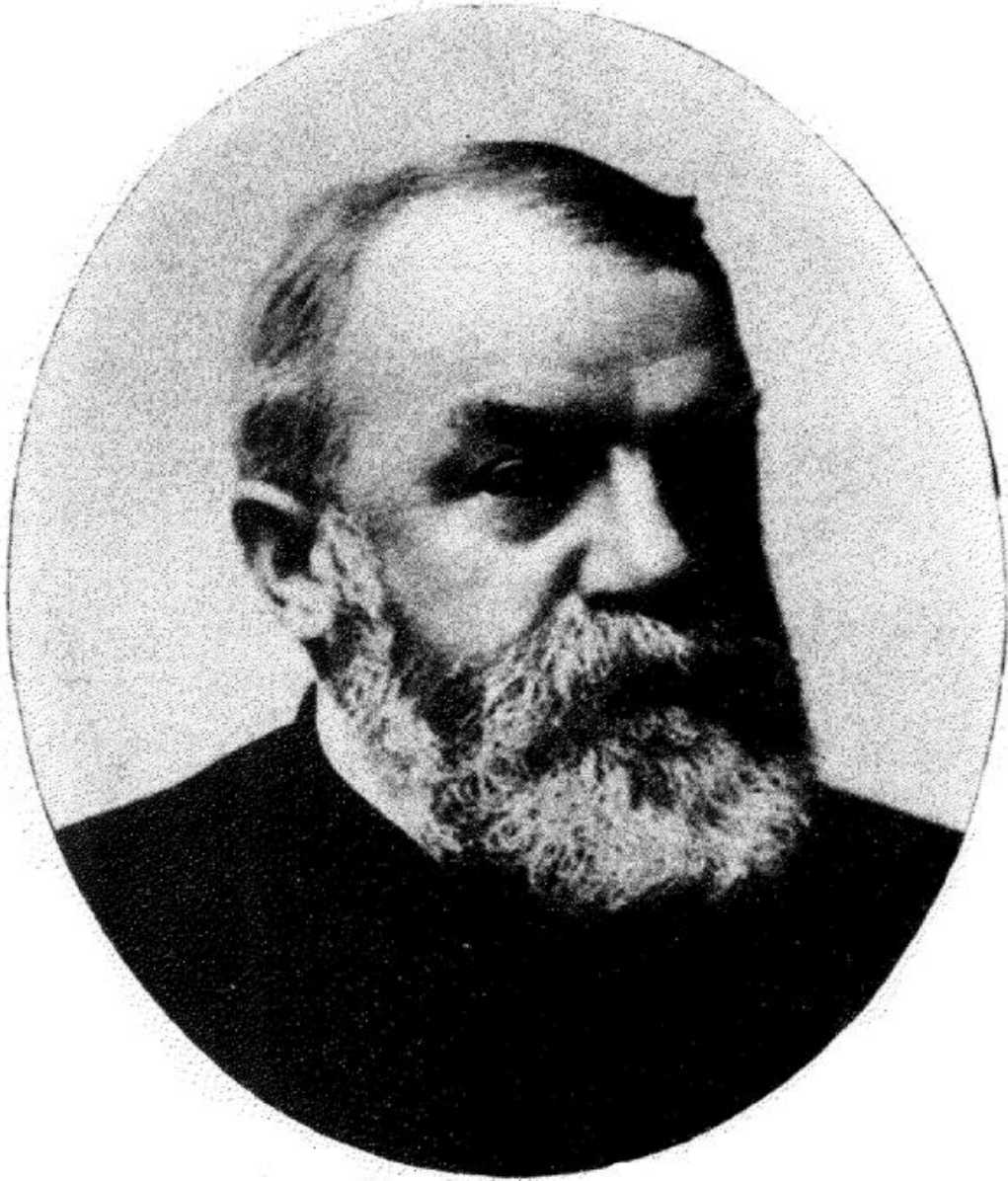
#### A Jail "Miracle."

I shall speak now of a miracle of the prison cell. Several years ago the great D. L. Moody was holding meetings in St. Louis, Mo. The Globe Democrat announced that it was going to publish Mr. Moody's sermons. He made up his mind that he would weave in plenty of Scripture for the newspaper to carry into places that he could never enter. One night he preached on the Philippian jailer, and next morning the paper came out with a sensational headline, "How the Jailer of Philippi Was Caught." A copy of the paper was carried into the city jail, and fell into the hands of a notorious prisoner. This man was one of the worst characters known to the St. Louis police. He was about forty years old at that time, and had spent about twenty years in prison, and was then awaiting trial on a serious charge. As he glanced over the morning paper, the headline caught his eyes. Thinking that it was some jail news he began to read it.

God used it to convict him, and a sense of his re-

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This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.—1 John 5:4.



**DWIGHT L. MOODY**

Who sent the Gospel through the daily press that fell into the hands of Valentine Burke. He was always interested in the lost man.

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sponsibility before God rushed upon him. There in his cell at midnight he prayed for the first time in his life. On the following Sunday he talked with Christian friends who held service in the jail, and was led into the light of the gospel. From that night he was a changed man. The sheriff thought he was playing the "pious dodge," and had no confidence in his professed conversion. But when he came to trial the case against him was not pressed, and he escaped through some technicality.

#### **Unexpected Good Fortune.**

For some months after his release Burke tried to find work, but no one would take him, knowing his past history. He thought perhaps it was because of his ugly face. He went to New York and was taken in by a member of the police force, who knew him, and who told him he would shoot him dead if he abused his confidence.

Being unsuccessful in New York, he returned to St. Louis. One day this man who had realized what the "enemy" had done for his life received a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the courthouse. He obeyed with a heavy heart.

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Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee.—Dan. 16:6.

“Some old case they’ve got against me,” he said, “but if I’m guilty I’ll tell them so; I’ve quit lying.” The sheriff greeted him kindly.

“Where have you been Burke?”

“In New York.”

“What have you been doing there?”

“Trying to find an honest job.”

“Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?” inquired the sheriff.

“Yes,” answered Burke; “I’ve had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven’t lost my religion.”

“Burke,” said the sheriff, “I have had you shadowed ever since you left jail. I suspected your religion was a fraud, but I am convinced that you are sincere, as you have lived an honest life, and I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once.”

#### **Tribute to Burke’s Honesty.**

This was in 1880. When Mr. Moody was preaching in Chicago in 1890, Burke, who had not been off duty for the ten years, came to see him. During all that time there had been many changes in the administration of the sheriff’s office, and they had changed every deputy but him. Finally they appointed the ex-con-

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**Yea, he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand.—Rom. 14:4.**





**VALENTINE BURKE**

Fac-simile of photograph taken for  
the Rogues' Gallery.



**VALENTINE BURKE**

From a photograph taken in 1887,  
seven years after his  
conversion

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vict treasurer of the sheriff's office. Mr. Moody preached in St. Louis again in 1895. A short time before his visit an evangelist was called away in the middle of the revival meetings. The committee wanted Burke to come and preach in his absence, but the sheriff said he had just levied on a jeweler's store and had not had time to take an inventory, and Burke was the man he could trust to put in charge of it.

He was held in such confidence by the police that they did a most unusual thing; they gave him a photograph they had of him in the Rogue's Gallery. He had his photograph taken again in 1887, and in sending a copy of this along with the original Rogue's Gallery photograph, to Mr. T. S. McPheeters of St. Louis, to show the change in his features, Burke wrote a note:

“Notice the difference in the inclosed pictures. See what our holy religion can do for the chief of sinners.” On the back of the Rogue's Gallery photograph he wrote:

“He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, that he may set him with the princes, even with the princes of his people.” (Ps. cxiii, 7, 8.)

This incident shows what the grace of God can do

Buy the truth and sell it not, also wisdom and instruction.—Prov. 23:23.

for a hardened sinner. Not only can it save him, but it can keep him. Valentine Burke lived an active, consistent Christian life in the position until God called him home in 1895.

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### Visit to Nashville, Tenn., Prison

Mrs. Wilburn, of Nashville, writes of Mr. Herr's visit to the Nashville prison as follows: It was my great pleasure as we reached the door to find Brother Herr, of Louisville, Ky., awaiting admission. It was raining, cold and dreary without, but he carried sunshine on the inside of the prison to the sad prisoners. The large chapel was filled with eager listeners and he received a most hearty welcome and all were delighted to see their true friend Brother Herr. It was indeed a sight to make angels rejoice to see how eagerly they drank in every word. I believe many darkened lives from whom all hope had fled were encouraged once more to look up. Hundreds of faces grew brighter as he told with burning words how God had saved convicts steeped in many crimes, causing judges in different states to set them free; when they were told that Jesus had blotted out their past and made new men of them. At the close of his sermon

Brother Herr asked all who would pray when alone in their cells that Christ would save them too from the power of sin, and transform their lives as He had others, to hold up their hands; as quick as a flash hundreds of hands white and colored were raised above their heads and, oh, how our hearts rejoiced as we saw the hope in so many lives. We are looking to God who giveth the increase to bless the seed sown in those sad hearts, and earnestly pray that when the great harvest day comes many of these men may testify that the sunshine of God's great love entered their hearts on that dark dreary day in December.

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Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord.—Isa. 52:11.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

# DOES PRISON WORK PAY?

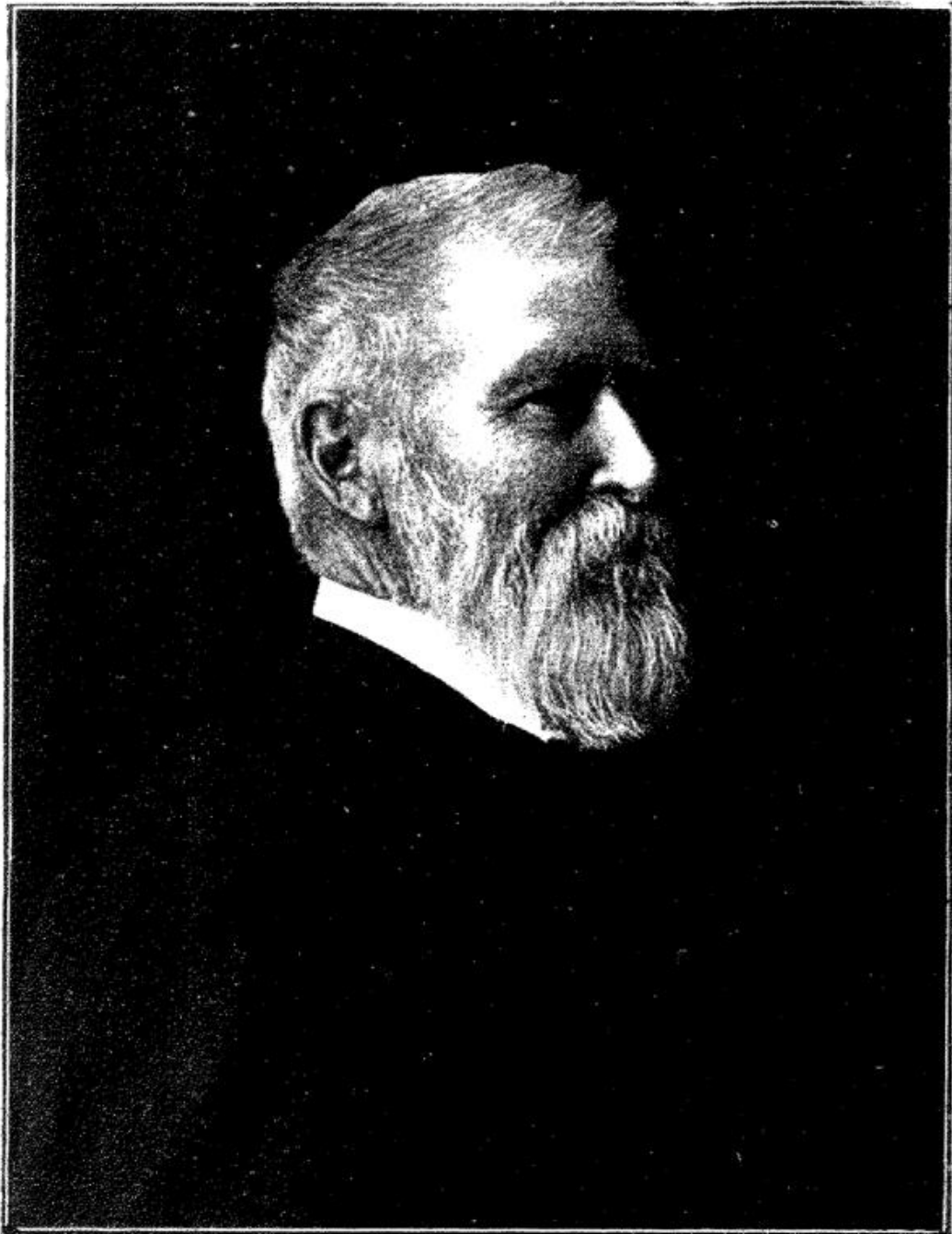
Who will ever know the vast number that attribute the first impulse to a better life, formed while in the seclusion of a prison cell—alone with God.

The world will never know how many, when sitting in judgment upon themselves, have learned the great secret that it takes an *Omnipotent Power* to change the current of their lives, and give them deliverance from the power of sin, and enabling them to go forth not to live a new purpose, but a new life.

Many of these unfortunate ones, not remaining criminals from choice, but because they have never known there was an antidote provided for the deepest-dyed criminals, “a scarlet atonement for a scarlet sin,” whereby the power of evil possessing them could be eradicated from their lives, and they no longer victims. While some do not seemingly heed the kindly admonition given, yet we believe the promise of God will be fulfilled, that “His word will not return void,” and some time—somewhere—the fruition of their hopes will be realized.

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Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.—Eph. 6:11.



**THE LATE COL. MAT. RAGLAND**

**Who aided the Author in securing a pardon from Gov.  
Beckham for a young man who is now at  
the head of a great firm**



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If Mr. A. could speak for himself when 14 years ago he bowed in his cell as a poor forlorn sinner, and surrendered himself to God, and has since been testifying of his saving grace; Mr. B., after leading a criminal life for years, but when touched by the mighty power of God, came forth to become a preacher of the gospel, and has since been magnifying the grace that brought his deliverance; Mr. C., a desponding infidel, persuaded to believe there was efficacy in prayer, and in the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; if the multitude of witnesses who have been saved through the faithfulness of prison workers were known, the verdict would be—*it pays*.

Louisville, Ky., February 15, 1912.

Dear Brother Herr:

When you handed me your little book "Lost and is Found" I had no idea what a treasure you were placing in my hands. Undisturbed in my cell tonight I read it through and wished for more. I read it the second and third time, and your sermon so impressed me I read it the fourth time.

Before I wandered away from my mother's teaching and fell into my awful sin and disgrace, I had heard many sermons on the "Prodigal Son," but none

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Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—Proverbs 4:23.

that in such a convincing way drives home the awfulness of sin as does your description of this, to me, the dearest of Christ's parables.

What I like about you most in all your talks with the prisoners is this, you never show a man how bad he is or how low he has fallen without showing him how good he can become or how high he may rise, and it's always in a way that appeals to the heart of the man.

God grant that while under your influence and in the knowledge of "your way back to Christ" I and many of the lost ones within the prison may be able to throw off the shackles of sin and return to our Father's love.

Your noble work among fallen men will never be known in its entirety in this world, but in that to come God will surely number you among those who have brought unto him a great harvest of precious souls.

May God bless you and your dear Christian wife in uplifting the fallen ones, is the earnest prayer of one who desires your influence over the remainder of his life.

Yours for a better life,

CURTIS.

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My foot standeth in an even place; in the congregation I will bless the Lord.—Psalm 26:12.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 26, 1911.

Rev. Geo. L. Herr,

Jefferson County Jail.

Dear Brother Herr:

I want to thank you for the Christmas service which you held in the chapel yesterday afternoon.

I was greatly helped in my own spirit and I was profoundly impressed with the very evident influence of the occasion and your address upon the hearts and spirits of all the other prisoners.

May God richly reward you in your labors of love for these people.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY.

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## The Work of a Prison Evangelist

By Geo. Wm. Wood

[From the Courier-Journal Nov. 17, 1912]

To the right-thinking man there can be but one answer to the question, does the work of an evangelist pay? As well might we ask does the beautiful life of a true Christian pay? As well might we ask the farmer, as he carefully tills the soil and sows the

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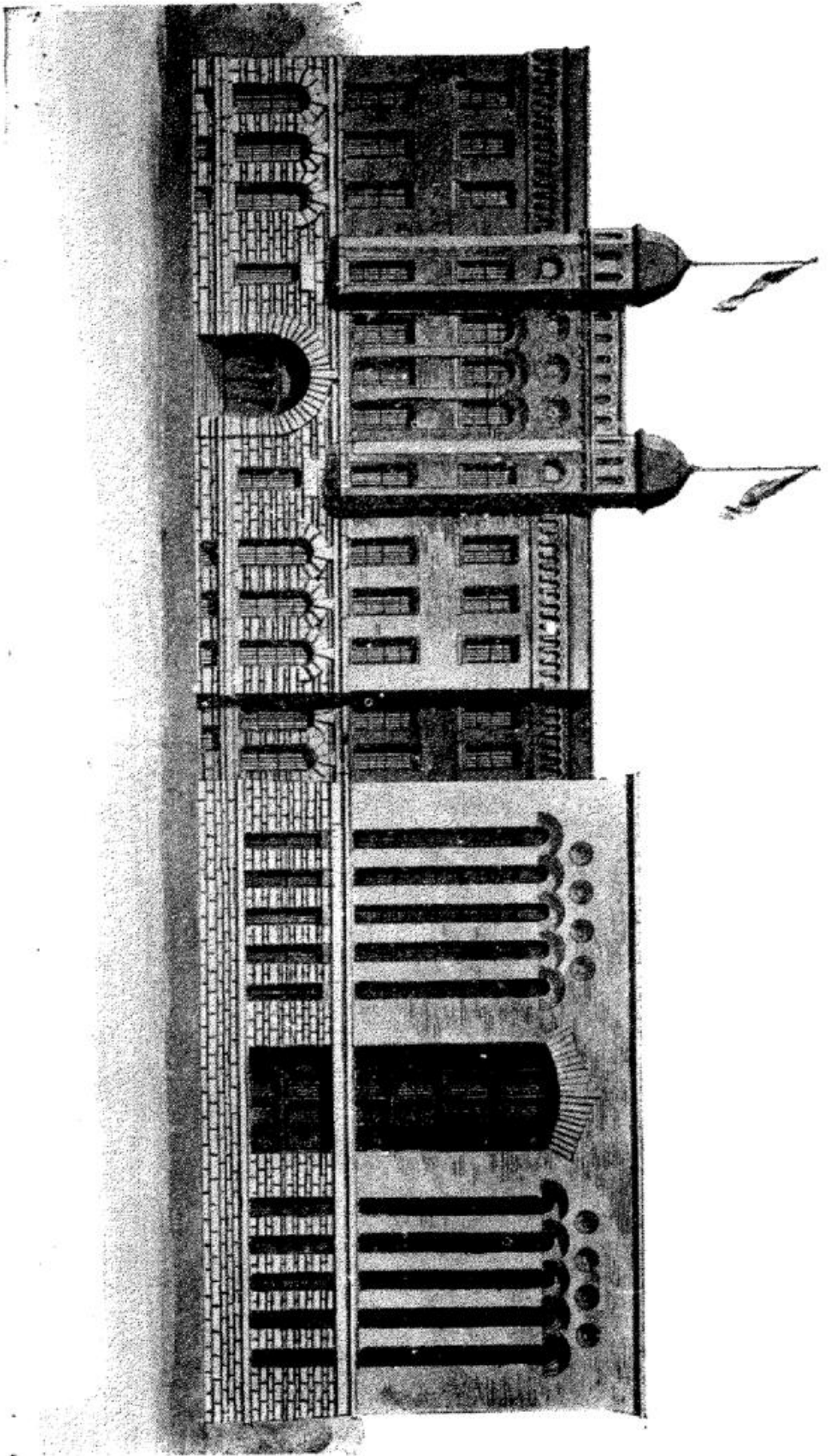
Be of good courage, and let us behave ourselves valiantly.—1 Ch. 19:13.

seed and labors to cultivate the grain, does it pay? What answer would you expect from the shrewd business man of today should you ask him the question does it pay, when he labors and advises to keep down expenses. He would promptly answer in the affirmative. Let us bring the question closer home. Ask the prisoner behind the bars, does it pay to respect the law? He will answer yes. So for the question does the work of an evangelist pay behind prison bars there can be but one answer—yes.

Sitting tonight in our lonesome cell, bounded on three sides by blank and barren walls of steel, through our two-by-six door, constructed of massive bars of iron, there comes to us the conversation of our fellow prisoners, as with head pressed close against the bars to catch the other fellow's words, we listen to the talk of the men "committed for crime"—men strong and healthy, who should be engaged in some honest labor, but, instead, are "doing time" for a broken law. We had no idea of the meaning of the words "doing time" until being placed behind these bars, we took up the daily life of a prisoner, and with nothing but "time" to look to, began the task of trying to be contented. We believe from our own past ideas of prison life that very few of the outside world have any conception

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No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Psalm 84:11.



**JEFFERSON COUNTY JAIL, LOUISVILLE, KY.**

Members of the International Prison Congress pronounced this prison the  
model jail of the world.

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of what the prisoner's life really is, or what it means to be sentenced to a term in prison.

**Judge Does Not Understand.**

The judge who pronounces sentence upon the evil and unfortunate knows as little of the meaning of the terms he uses in meting out punishment as the mail clerk knows of the contents of the letters he handles at his daily task. "Danger" conveys but little meaning to the mind of the engineer who has never had a wreck. By the standard of freedom, a day in prison is a year, and it is only those who mingle daily in our midst can talk to the "man behind the bars," who can have a fair idea of what the prisoner suffers daily in "doing time." The world that lies beneath the bars is a strange world to the average citizen, the citizen blessed with average good fortune. Prison life is a queer and twisted one, and a law to itself.

But to return to the prisoners' conversation, of which we spoke. Vile—yes, dear reader, this word does not convey to you the full measure within the writer's mind. At times it seems that some have sunk so low that all conception of honor and truth have passed entirely away. No reverence whatever for such

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Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.—Ph. 1:27.

words as "mother, home or heaven" left within their minds, for they are rendered entirely void of good thoughts or honest ideas, having been so long filled with the one thought—crime.

#### **Prison Record for Life.**

Men who started on their "career of crime" as mere boys, with years of youth spent in reform schools only to be developed into men of crime, have prison records to follow them through life. Many of these men feel that they have lost all hope of any but the criminal's life. Many of them have been forsaken by family and friends. So to the man or woman who is at all interested in the uplift of his fellow man, can you think of any field where the labor of an evangelist is more needed than it is among the men we have attempted to describe to you?

Then there is the paramount reason why the evangelist is needed. Men who would not on the outside of prison give one minute of their time to listen to the evangelist as he tried to persuade them to take a new lease on life let him engage their attention by the hour as he shows them the error of their way and points them to a better life. There are those that

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Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong—  
1 Corinthians 16:13.



**THE LATE HON J. C. BOHART**  
of Chicago, one of the Author's main supporters while living in  
Chicago, Ill.

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listen to his talk and turn away in scorn to ridicule his teaching. But as the days follow on, and the newness of the prison life begins to wear away, they listen with more respect to the "man of God."

We have seen men behind the bars who never before bent their knee in prayer. After listening to the evangelist's story of God and his love, they go to their cells, and upon bended knees, beg for mercy and help.

Brother George L. Herr has taken the word of the Master into many of the prisons of the United States, but the jails and penitentiaries of his native State of Kentucky have claimed much of his time and attention. We must confess when first coming in contact with him, our feeling against him was bitter, we did not want his friendship nor his help, only because we were angered by his denouncing our pet sins. But as days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, the truth of his kindly spoken words came home to us. Life was stripped of all its so-called pleasure, with nothing but its disgrace and shame left to mock us, having sold out to the "demon of crime."

Then we began to feel the need of his wise counsel and to realize the good of having him among us.

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Why art thou cast down? Hope thou in God.—Psalm 42:5.

He was always ready and willing to help each and every man, not only with advice and counsel, but in so many substantial ways, trying to lighten the prisoner's burden and make his life better and brighter.

He has also devoted part of his time to writing books. Those we call to mind are "Light in Dark Places," "You Are My Prisoners," "The Life Line," "Man's Worst Enemy," "Nothing Better," "The Missionary," "The Bethel," "Lost and is Found," "A Glorious Rescue," and his new book, "The Nation Behind Prison Bars," soon to be brought out. Hundreds of thousands of these books have been sent broadcast over the world, and through them great good has been accomplished. Well might he be called the "Prisoner's Friend," for his desire to aid each and every man gives to him this well-earned title.

Full of generosity, kind far beyond the ordinary meaning of the word, always ready to forgive the aggressor and to forget the offense, he wins his way into the hearts of wicked and violent men in a manner that makes them his lasting friends, and turns their words of condemnation into words of praise.

We fancy, as we write tonight, while, for the moment, the stillness of death has fallen upon the entire

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He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.—John 3:36.



prison, we can hear his voice, as it rings out in righteous indignation, through the prison corridors, calling some man to account for his vile language or his taking in vain the name of God.

**Works Without Pay.**

If you were to ask a prisoner to what church Brother Herr belongs he would no doubt plead ignorance, as no faith nor creed is known in his work among the men. He makes no distinction between chapel-goers and non-attendants, and will do a favor for the worst man in prison as readily as for the leader of the chapel quartet; but ask the same prisoner, "Who is it that speaks to judge and the warden about the sick mother who longs to see her imprisoned son before she dies? Ask him.

Who pleads with the Governor?

Who tries to soften the heart of the prosecutor?

Who provides shoes and clothing for the poor prisoners?

What unpaid messenger runs the errands of the prisoners?

Who reconciles the erring son in prison with his mother and father?

He will answer, "Brother Herr."

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I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way.—Psalm 101:2.



Now, the average prisoner may be deficient in the ~~matter~~ of mental balance, but he is not an imbecile. He is a better judge of character and a keener observer than the more honest and commonplace fellow man. By the same keen powers of observation that belong to the criminal type, he notes that Brother Herr differs from many other prison evangelists, for he helps without asking questions. He has no theory or dogma to exploit, and he labors for the uplift of humanity.

#### Tribute to Jailer.

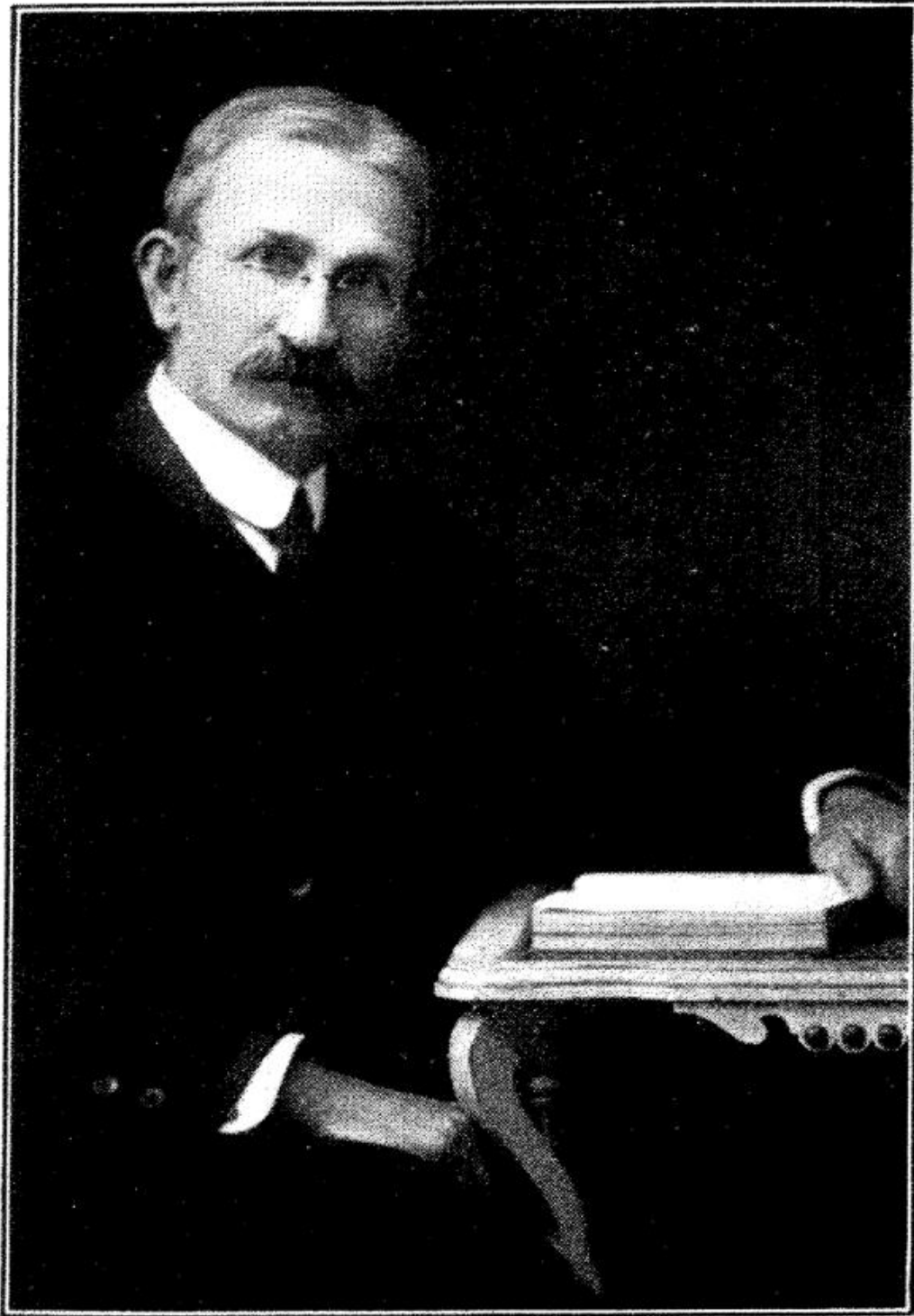
Much that we have written of this great work was made possible by Jailer John R. Pflanz, who for the past twelve years has been at the head of the Jefferson County jail. He is constantly laboring to better the conditions of the prisoners and give to the people an honest administration and progressive system of prison management.

To him Louisville and Jefferson County owe a great deal for the good work accomplished among the criminals. Brother Herr says:

“If such men as John R. Pflanz, of Louisville; John

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Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good.  
—2 Ch. 19:11.



HON. JOHN R. PFLANZ

Jailer of Jefferson County. A friend of the unfortunate.

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L. Whittman, of Chicago; Co. E. E. Mudd, of Frankfort, and Col. Dan Bartley, of Cincinnati, were placed in office for life the criminal world would greatly decrease every year, instead of being on the increase.”

We have never heard of any prisoner complain of unjust treatment by him, but on the other hand, many are the unfortunate men who leave this prison to take their places in business again, because of assistance given them by Mr. Pflanz.

His regular rounds through the entire prison are always hailed with delight by the prisoners, as he is ever ready to hear their complaints and remedy any existing evil. He listens to all the appeals for help by the prisoners and leaves no unfulfilled promises.

His personal inspection of the “cell-house” and inquiries about the health and general welfare of all the prisoners, make him always a welcome visitor among the men.

Mr. Pflanz’s desire to change the criminal into a respected citizen and the assistance he gives to bring about this result proves his thorough understanding, brought about by years of study and personal contact, of how to deal with this class of our citizenship.

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Be strong and of a good courage; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.—Joshua 1:9.

## Youtsey, Kentucky's Famous Prisoner

[Louisville Herald]

Henry E. Youtsey, sentenced to life imprisonment in the penitentiary for his complicity in the murder of Governor Goebel, and at the present time the most distinguished prisoner confined behind the cold, gray walls of the State prison at Frankfort, has at last "got religion."

The man who has succeeded in reaching the heart of this man whose name emblazened the front pages of newspapers from coast to coast almost ten years ago, is the Louisville prison evangelist, the Rev. George L. Herr. The medium he employed was a little pamphlet containing the simple story of the reformation of one Dad O'Brien, an erstwhile scalawag who was finally converted to a new life.

Rev. Herr, who has carried the gospel into the cells of many a poor, crime-stained wretch, not only here in Louisville, but in every prison-house in the country and has accomplished a great amount of good among the outcasts of society, recently received a letter dated October 16, 1909, which reads:

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As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.—Psalm 103:11.

“I am delighted to learn that you visited all the cells today and left in each one the tract, ‘How Dad O’Brien Became Converted.’ I have read it, and it is simply an additional evidence of a truth that has long been known to sincere evangelists like yourself to the effect that no matter how hardened and steeped in sin a poor fellow may be, the love of God can win him and Jesus can save him, and he can start life anew, singing praises to his Redeemer, and winning the lives of his old companions for the Master. I believe that the happiness of O’Brien’s latter years more than made up for all he suffered—for he enjoyed a portion of the most glorious life that could be lived here below. When you get into heaven, as you surely will, Dad O’Brien will be the brightest star in your crown. Yours most sincerely,

HENRY E. YOUTSEY.”

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## Practical Religious Work in County Jail

Dear Brother Herr:

Whenever I think of my confinement in the Louisville jail, a picture arises before me in which I can clearly see in the main corridor in the building, down

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Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you.—2 Cor. 6:12.

the center of which extended a long table covered with a snowy cloth, and then in charge of the Hon. John R. Pflanz, than whom there never was a kinder-hearted jailer in all the world.

But that table and its delicious burden: Turkey after turkey, four of which weighed more than twenty-five pounds each, with all the trimmings, including dressing, cranberry sauce, etc. There were oysters fried, and oyster soup, with crackers and celery. And what an array of cakes! As I remember, there were chocolate and caramel, layer and black ones, in short, almost every kind of cakes and pies known to the culinary art. Then there were bushels of oranges, apples and mixed nuts, and for a time all of us forgot about stone walls and iron bars, for what a merry time we did have discussing that repast!

Whence came all of those good things? Why, the little man who has so often walked a square or two further in the rain to buy one banana more for a nickel for some poor prisoner, and who has worn out more shoe-leather in helping unfortunate men in dur-  
ance vile than any other man in Kentucky: the Rev. Geo. L. Herr, affectionately called "The Little Missionary," made personal calls on the wealthy and

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For God so loved the world, that he gave his only be-  
gotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not  
perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3:16.



charitable merchants in the city of Louisville, soliciting this food and dinner in the name of humanity, and may God richly bless all those who helped him make it such a grand success.

HENRY E. YOUTSEY.

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## Praise for Prison Evangelist

[*Courier-Journal*]

To the tributes that have been paid to the Rev. George Herr, after filling the pulpit of the Clifton Baptist church, of Louisville, the Rev. James A. Clark yesterday added a testimonial, in which he praised the prison evangelist for work which he considers "little short of wonderful."

"It gives me pleasure to add my testimonial to the many I have seen concerning the work of the Rev. George Herr as prison evangelist," says the Clifton Baptist church pastor. "Three times I have heard him tell the simple gospel story of Jesus and his love. He has a message few preachers have, and tells it with power and effect. He has a message the world needs to hear, because it is an example of the power of God to save to the uttermost.

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My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. 1:10.

“Mr. Herr has had a wonderful, but costly experience, which fits him peculiarly for the special work among prisoners. From a wealthy man, living in a mansion, sin blindly led him to poverty, robbed him of his money, property and friends; but God came into his life and now he rejoices that he is a child of the King.

“George Herr is doing a work little short of wonderful. He deserves the co-operation of the Christian brotherhood, and I take pleasure in commending him.”

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### Sermon in State Prison

Rev. Jos. Severance, Chaplain, says in the *Courier-Journal*:

One of the most remarkable meetings in the annals of the prison was held in the chapel of the penitentiary at Frankfort, Ky., Sunday morning. George L. Herr, of Louisville, a friend of Chaplain Severance, was present and spoke from the fourth and twelfth verses of the 103rd Psalm. The sermon was a strong appeal to the men for gratitude to God for the rich provision for the redemption of the race and urging them to accept the mercy of God and allow him to

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My feet were almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipped.—Psalm 73:2.

remove their sins from them "as far as the East is from the West." The chapel was crowded to the doors, and during the sermon that lasted for an hour no one moved and none went out.

At the close of the sermon the gospel invitation was given and a total of forty-two men came forward, some to confess faith in Christ (of these there were thirty-seven) and others to renew their vows. Hundreds asked for prayer in their behalf. Among those who came were some of the hardest men in the prison and more noted for insubordination and disobedience than for piety and morality.

But the Chaplain believes that the per cent. of those who remain true is as great among prisoners as among those outside.

Bro. Herr knows the prison work as few men do. He is a man of large sympathy, and having had an experience of fifteen years as an evangelist knows how to reach the hearts of the men. He has the entire confidence of both prisoners and officials and is always given a most hearty welcome by all.

The baptism of the thirty-seven men who made confession Sunday will be attended to next Sunday morning. Mr. Herr will return to the baptism.

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Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.—Matt. 25:40.

## Revival Stirs Up Inmates

[Courier-Journal]

The Rev. George L. Herr preached yesterday at the Frankfort penitentiary for the Rev. Joseph Severance, who was filling another engagement. Several hundred men and women asked for prayer, and fourteen confessed Christ and were baptized in the prison pool in the afternoon by the chaplain, assisted by the Rev. C. R. Hudson and the Rev. Herr, prison evangelist.

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The prisoners in the Frankfort penitentiary were again blessed by a visit from Bro. Geo. L. Herr, the Louisville prison evangelist, who came unexpectedly to us. It was doubly fortunate, for the reason that Bro. Jos. Severance, the chaplain, was absent from the city and therefore could not fill his appointment.

Bro. Herr read that most beautiful 37th Psalm, which is replete with comfort for those who are in dire distress and in need of consolation, placing special emphasis on those passages which teach patience and

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He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.—  
John 3:18.

faith in "The God who is mighty to save and strong to deliver."

Bro. Herr never fails to extend the invitation of the gospel; in fact, that is his strong point, and is recognized by him to be the most important part of his work as an evangelist. His labor was rewarded, as he won eight souls for our Lord and Saviour.

The following representatives, members of the present General Assembly, were present at the morning services: W. H. Jones, Princeton, Ky.; John T. Shanklin, Johnson, Ky.; W. A. B. Davis, Mt. Vernon, Ky.; Albert Butler. These gentlemen have been coming regularly, which proves that they are interested in our welfare, and also devoted to the church services. We are always proud of their presence, and invite all their colleagues.

At the afternoon Christian Endeavor service, Bro. Herr made an extemporaneous address in which he revealed the secret of his wonderful success as a soul-winner, which the writer would call unlimited charity, and inexhaustible brotherly love; the love that always instantly forgives, and as quickly extends a hand to help a fallen brother rise.

The eulogy he paid his wife, whom he acknowledged to be the inspiration to his life, was most beautiful. At this service he won five more souls for his hire, making thirteen for the day. HENRY E. YOUTSEY.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

# A MAN OF HONOR

For several years I have been deeply interested in the men confined in the prison, and in the betterment of their condition. Each time I held service in the prison I came in contact with, and was very much encouraged and assisted by the warden's great kindness. He did much to improve the conditions of life within the prison walls.

G. L. H.

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[Evening Post.]

FRANKFORT, Ky., Jan. 23.—The body of Edward E. Mudd, late warden of the Frankfort State Reformatory, who died yesterday morning, was taken this morning to his former home at Glendale, in Hardin County, where it will be buried this afternoon.

Yesterday afternoon the body lay in state in the prison chapel and was viewed by 1,300 convicts.

Five floral designs were sent from the penitentiary. The guards and the deputy wardens and the clerks sent two, a few of the "trusties" sent another, and

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My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. 1:10.



the white prisoners and the colored prisoners each sent a design. These latter were paid for in 5 and 10-cent contributions.

The Prison Commission, which is in session, ordered flowers sent from Louisville, and adopted the following resolution:

“Resolved, That in the death of Edward E. Mudd, warden of the State Reformatory at Frankfort, the State of Kentucky has lost a valuable public official, and the prison has been deprived of an ideal executive.

“His long experience in prison work had supplemented his natural ability, with the result that he brought to a difficult task a trained mind and an admirable judgment. He was firm without being severe; gentle without being weak; with a heart full of kindness for the unfortunates under his control.

“The Board of Prison Commissioners recognized his worth; had the fullest appreciation of his manliness, his integrity and his devotion to duty. They sought his advice on all important matters, and in his demise they realize that the State has sustained an irreparable loss. The sincere sympathy of the board is hereby extended to his bereaved wife and children.”

Until a successor to Warden Mudd is appointed one of the commissioners will be constantly in Frankfort.

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Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.—Jno. 8:11.



## CHAPTER NINE

## JIM O'BRIEN: MODERN MIRACLE

By George L. Herr

Several years ago I met in the Jefferson County jail, Louisville, Ky., "Dad O'Brien," one of the worst criminals I have ever known. Fifty odd years of age, forty years a thief and twenty-five years behind the bars. The sentence in the jail was a light one—one year and a half—for having received stolen property, but he had stolen from one to tens of thousands. He was son of a prominent physician of Cincinnati, for twenty years professor of anatomy in the Ohio Medical College. He began by stealing from his mother's purse and then, when punished by his father, would steal his father's instruments and sell them for revenge. His father, being a very stern man, drove "Billy" from home, and the night came on with no place to go.

He led a low, degraded life, and was finally arrested

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Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.—John 5:24.

and sentenced to serve ten years in the Columbus penitentiary. When he was about to serve his first sentence—which seemed to him a lifetime—a young lady, an old schoolmate and who had been visiting him in jail, proposed marriage to him, so she could have the right to visit him in Columbus and provide him with the comforts of life, as far as possible. She was a girl of means, and he was stunned by the proposal. For, he said, he had not thought of such a thing as a wife. But he told her to come back the next day and he would let her know. She did, and he accepted and they were married on the eve of his leaving for the penitentiary. He only served part of the sentence, and when released went to the home of the girl and began life in a new way, only to fall in the old rut in a short time. He kept up his criminal life for years.

The good wife died, and after her death he became one of the most notorious bank robbers in this country. While in the county jail at Louisville, Ky., Dad's friends were standing nobly by him. He had plenty of money sewed in his clothes to meet his every need.

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"But this is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, are for a prey, and none delivereth: for a spoil, and none saith, Restore. Who among you will give ear to this? Who will harken and hear for the time to come?"—Isaiah 42:22.

I tried hard to reach him, but he was determined not to have anything to do with a "Sky Pilot," as he called me. The first time I spoke to him he almost spit in my face, but that never daunted me. I was more determined to win him. I saw he was a diamond in the rough. He had a bright mind, a man filled with history.

While in prison in Louisville, Ky., he became interested, and determined to quit the old life. After this determination he immediately wrote his intentions to his old pals on the outside, and told them not to send him any more money, for he was done with that life. They told him he was a fool and had gone crazy, and everything else they could think of.

But he was that kind, when he made up his mind to do a thing he did it.

Then it was my opportunity for the practical side of Christianity, for I believe in that side. His clean laundry must be supplied, extra food that his old companions had been having sent in from the restaurants must now be brought by the missionary from home. Many are the baskets of food I have carried from my cottage home to this man. But the time was coming when he was to be released and nowhere to go,

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The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.—Psalm 46:7.

and that was the thing that seemed to trouble him most.

I said: "Never mind, 'Dad,' when you get out of this prison-house come to my home, I'll take care of you and help you to a good life." Well, one night, at about 8 o'clock he knocked on the door. How glad wife and I were to see him! He often said, "How warm the fire looks and how home-like to see you all sitting around." We gave him a good warm supper, a good bed, the best room in the house, but that was not all he needed. The next day was the beginning of the real battle. The detectives were hounding him. But to keep them from rearresting him we sent him across the river until we could plead with the officers to give this man another chance. We believe had it not been for the great interest taken by John R. Pflanz, the jailer, at this time for this man, that he would have died in a cell in some far Eastern prison. He said, "What's the use? Let me alone; there is only one thing for me and that is to go back to the old life." We said, "'D,' we'll see you through."

All this time we were trying to find employment for him. All this time he was growing impatient and would say: "A great big husky fellow like me laying around on a little man like Brother Herr." He

weighed about 190 pounds, but we would encourage him by saying, "Well, Dad, you know God's people have all things in common, and he knows you are here, and when he sends to us he sends it for you as well."

One day when we were talking, he said: "Brother Herr, those old charges in Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and New York are hanging over me and I must face them."

We said, "Well, Dad, if you have made up your mind you would rather live for God behind the bars than to live for the devil on the outside or the inside, God will see you through. Go and face these charges, and if you mean business, God will take care of you."

He went first to St. Louis and told the judge on the bench that he had quit the old life forever. They looked at him, and even those who were his bitter enemies, said, "Give him another chance; go and be a man and we will help you." He came back to our home from St. Louis, stayed a few weeks and started for the other charges, encouraged by the last trip. He went to Chicago first, and they told him the same thing there; then he went to Cincinnati, then to Pittsburg, and they said, "Dad, if you mean business you shall have a chance." Then he went to New York



where he and three other men had robbed a bank of \$175,000. When he went in to see the New York people they did not know him. He had been living a Christian life for several months. Salvation changes the looks of a man, and takes away the hard lines and softens the eye; and when he told them who he was, they said: "My God! where did you come from and what are you doing here?"

He told these gentlemen what had taken place in his life, and of his determination for the future. Said one wealthy man, "Well, Dad, go on your way and may God be with you and help you."

He went on a hunt for the old friend "Hinky Dink" down in the first ward. "Hinky Dink" saw him, paid for a week's lodging at the Mills Hotel, and gave him money for meals each day. Finally one day "Hinky Dink" and Dad, standing in the front of his (Hinky Dink's) saloon, called "the workingmen's bar," where they line up by the fifties at a time, looking in, "Hinky Dink" said, "Dad, you are worth \$18 a week to me behind that bar." Dad said, "Me? Not me for \$1,800 a week. I am a Christian, I have quit all that, never to return again." "Hinky Dink" said: "Well, what do you want, anyhow?" Dad

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Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee.—Is. 41:10.

said: "I want to go to Cincinnati to the Holiness camp meeting." "Hinky Dink" said, "Where?" (this being all Greek to him), as it was not in his line, he knew.

"Dad" repeated what he had said, and "Hinky Dink" said: "Come right over here and I'll buy you a ticket." He took him over to the railroad office, and bought him a limited ticket to Cincinnati. Dad said, when telling us, "He thought he was shipping me in the quickest way possible, but it was the Lord taking care of 'Old Dad,' and sending him in first-class style."

Again he came back to our home, stayed several weeks, then we got him \$20 worth of religious books to travel around to the camp meetings to sell, and to tell his experience, for the people were eager to hear this wonderful experience of God's transforming power, wherever he went. We started him off, and he soon felt his call to preach the gospel. He was ordained in Indianapolis in 1905, and preached up and down the land, winning lost men and women for Jesus. His life was a miracle of what God's grace can do. He married a fine Christian woman, who was a great help to him in his work.

In the fall of 1908 he died a triumphant death, leaving a glorious testimony behind.



## Jim O'Brien Passes Away

The Courier-Journal republishes herewith from the Indianapolis Herald an editorial by the Rev. George E. Bueler, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, Indianapolis, Ind.:

“The Rev. William H. Frazier, alias Jim O'Brien,” died at Indianapolis on Monday, October 30, 1908.

“At an early age Frazier began associating with bad boys on the streets of Cincinnati and of course was soon drawn into sin. At the age of 14 he began stealing, at first on a small scale, and increasing with the years until he became one of the most daring and successful bank robbers known in America. He was arrested and in prison many times, but when at liberty he drifted back into crime again. For forty years he was a criminal; of that time twenty-three years and six months was spent behind prison bars. Although he stole hundreds of thousands of dollars he was released from prison the last time in Louisville with only \$2.40 left. What wages for forty years in the service of Satan! While incarcerated in the Jefferson County jail, at Louisville, Ky., Missionary George L. Herr found this wretched man and through many months of persistent effort found a way to his

heart. At first the missionary was met with curses and abuses, but love conquered, and the result was Jim's conversion, a miracle indeed, for, from that time in January, 1903, "Dad," as he was known, lived a godly life and retrieved for the past by telling everywhere he went his life story, showing forth the glory of God's redeeming grace. No one knew better than Bro. Frazier what it meant for a man to be released from prison and again face the world. With the disgrace and odium upon him it is well nigh impossible for him to find honest employment, for no one knowing him to be an exconvict wants him in their employ, the temptation to return to the old life is strong. With this in view he began making homes for such men in large cities. While Bro. Frazier was working and starting a home in Cincinnati he was made prison chaplain for the entire city. During the past summer he and his wife came to Indianapolis. While here his physical condition gave way; he knew his end was near. To those who waited on him in his last hours he constantly affirmed his faith in God and passed peacefully away. The funeral was conducted by the Revs. Parker, Stevens and Bueler, with special singing by Mr. Maxwell, Mrs. Bueler and Mrs. Nelson. All who want a more complete account of this wonderful life should read his book, "From Crime to Christ."

## CHAPTER TEN

# COLUMBUS OHIO PRISON

[Ohio Penitentiary News]

The Rev. George L. Herr, prison evangelist, returned yesterday from St. Louis, where he went in the interest of the men "behind the bars." The Rev. Mr. Herr also had a delightful visit with his son, of St. Louis. Mr. Herr, on his return home, received the following letter from the Rev. D. J. Starr, D. D., chaplain at Columbus, O., penitentiary:

Dear Brother: I thank you for your letter informing me that you will spend Sunday, March 8, with us at this prison. We intend to make good use of you for the Master's cause. We will wish you, unless it will weary you to do so, to speak to our Sunday-school at 8 o'clock; address the prayer meeting at 9 o'clock; preach in chapel at 10 o'clock; attend Female Bible class and talk at 3 p. m., and men's Bible class at 7 p. m."

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I was in prison, and ye came unto me."—Matt. 25:36. !

The Courier-Journal republishes herewith from the Ohio Penitentiary News an editorial by the Rev. D. J. Starr, D. D., chaplain at the Columbus, O., prison:

“The Rev. George L. Herr, whose address delivered in our chapel last Sunday morning was charmingly refreshing, is a man whose vicissitudes of life lead through a labyrinth that would require a half century of years to make its journey at an ordinary pace. But George L. Herr is not the man to do anything in an ordinary way. The itinerary of his life shows few curves—mostly acute angles. He was born in an old Kentucky family of the city of Louisville. His ancestral stock was golden, and his infancy was fed with a golden spoon on sugar and cream. When he was three months old his Christian mother went to be with God. When he was 18 years old his father, Richard S. Herr, a capitalist of Louisville, died and left George the heir of a large patrimony.

“The orphan was genial, sportive, rich and without domestic restraint. Men seized the opportunity to take advantage of his tendencies and youth to filch from him his wealth. He yielded, and threw on the neck of appetite the slackened rein and became woe-fully dissipated. He mounted the toboggan and went down the slide, landing in a few years in the gulch of destitution and near the precipice of suicide.

“Here in destitution and despair on the day after Christmas, 1893, the Rev. S. P. Holcombe, of Louisville, found the prodigal and led him into the Union Gospel Mission, where he sought and came to know God as a personal Saviour. What a change! New bottles for the new wine of the Spirit! As language cannot picture the degradation of the prodigal, neither can it picture the exaltation of the son restored to the Father. George was as whole-hearted in his new life as in his old. He had beauty for ashes and a spirit of praise instead of heaviness. After nearly five years of the new life George L. Herr, in the city of his fall and his recovery, was married by the Rev. Dr. Carter H. Jones, pastor of Broadway Baptist Church, to Miss Lillie M. Joyce. George says that if a man ever outmarried himself he’s the man. He says God gave him this priceless treasure of a Christian wife in answer to prayer. Those who know Mrs. Herr speak of her as sweet-spirited, noble, devout, gifted in song and speech and one in spirit with her husband in the work of saving those who are out of the way. Their home is filled with the aroma of grace and their united lives are spent in doing good. How wonderfully God fulfills His ancient promise to present-day prodigals: ‘As ye were a curse, so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing.’ ”



## The Big Ohio "Pen" Week by Week

**Weekly Budget of Personal, Local and Other Newsbits.**

**To-morrow in the Chapel.**

Sunday School .....	8 A.M.
Prayer Meeting .....	9 A.M.
The Great Congregation .....	10 A.M.
Entry March .....	Band
(Thomas McCaskie, Leader.)	
Gloria Patri .....	Entire Congregation
(Directed by Choirmaster Prof. J. H. Chavers.)	

**Invocation.**

Songs .....	By Miss Luale Bethel
"A Rose in Heaven."	
"Life's Lullaby."	

**First Scripture Lesson.**

Anthem .....	Choir
Morning Prayer .....	Chaplain
Lord's Prayer .....	Response by Choir

**Second Scripture Lesson.**

Hymn No. 3 .....	Choir
"Within Thy Courts."	
Sermon .....	Rev. George L. Herr
Hymn No. 355 .....	Choir
"Calvary."	

**Doxology.**

**Benediction.**

**Band.**

**March.**

**Exit.**

## Chapel Services

In the Bible-school at 8 o'clock through the doorway of life beyond, which Christ left open that men might both look in and go in, the 300 students saw some of the things that "God hath prepared for them that love Him." The germinal thoughts of John 14:1-14 are that heaven is a place—a roomy place, a prepared place, a place where the Lord abides and where he will have his prepared people to abide with him. And that in this doctrine is the cure for human sorrow. "Let not your heart be troubled \* \* believe."

At the 9 o'clock meeting the quotation of Scripture verses appeared like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Rev. George L. Herr was introduced and the hearts of hearers beat warm under their jackets as the speaker sang and talked to them of Jesus and His love. It was good to be there.

The Great Congregation gathered at 10 o'clock and was welcomed with the stirring notes of the band men. The many voices lifted in the chant, "Gloria Patri," showed how grand the effect would be if all would join in the song. Why not all?

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Give me understanding.—Ps. 119:34.



“A Rose in Heaven,” and “Life’s Lullaby,” were admirably sung by Miss Lucile Bethel with her sister Miss Bethel as accompanist at the piano. The anthem, “Ashamed of Jesus? Never, No Never,” was sung by the choir as the author of the song might have wished to hear it rendered.

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That old story of the prodigal son was the subject on which Rev. George L. Herr of Louisville, Ky., preached to the inmates of the penitentiary Sunday morning in the chapel, but it was the twentieth century prodigal who formed his main theme.

Mr. Herr is known all over the country as the prison missionary. He has all the vivacity and warmth of the Southerner. He illuminated the old parable with the story of his descent from the position of a son of a wealthy Kentucky home, possessing a large estate, to the destitution of a linen duster for a December coat, and from a seat in a Pullman to riding the bumpers of a cattle train. That was his condition sixteen years ago. The men enjoyed the object lesson and cheered the moral heroism evinced in the life-story of the missionary.

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I am understanding.—Prov. 8:14.

The Courier-Journal republishes herewith from the Evangel an editorial by the Rev. L. B. Haines at Columbus, O.:

“The editors of the Evangel were pleased to meet Mr. George L. Herr while in Columbus a few days ago. He addressed the prisoners at the Ohio penitentiary and was heartily received by all who heard him. He is doing a noble work in the prisons all over our country. We spent a pleasant afternoon together, visiting the sick in the prison hospital, and we believe God blessed the seed sown. The Evangel wishes him and his dear wife God speed in their self-sacrificing efforts for the lost. We take great pleasure in calling the attention of the readers of the Evangel to Herr’s new book entitled “The Nation Behind Prison Bars,” a notice of which you will find on another page of this issue.—Eds.”

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For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—Jno. 3:16.

# CHAPTER ELEVEN

## INCONTESTABLE PROOF

**OUR MOTTO:**

**"Seeking the Lost."**

**"Helping the Helpless to Help Themselves."**

**JAILER PFLANZ PAYS A HIGH COMPLIMENT TO  
EVANGELIST GEO. L. HERR**

Louisville, Ky., March 12, 1901.

Mr. Geo. L. Herr,

Dear Sir: I have recently been asked by several persons on different occasions if I thought much good could come out of the rescue work done at the county jail. In every instance I would answer "yes." A great deal of good is done through the Christian workers, and especially by you, who not only give your time and attention to this work, preaching the gospel on the Sabbath, but on every day of your life doing everything in your power to lighten the burden of the unfortunates confined in the jail.

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My glad heart says in the language of the Psalmist: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."



**REV. C. S. HANLEY**

**President of International Federation of  
Christian Workers, by whom we were  
ordained in Chicago, Ill., in 1907.**

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I have known prisoners of all classes look forward to your arrival each day with gladness, knowing that if you did not have something to distribute among them you would give them a cheery good morning.

As a rule you always have something to give them, which gladden their hearts and make them think better of our harsh world, wherein they are buffeted around like so many things to be despised.

I have never known you to come to this jail that you were not interested in some poor fellow's case, and often have I known you to call on either the Judge of the Police or Criminal Court to intercede for some person confined in our jail. I have noticed that whenever you come you are asked by more than one of our prisoners to go on some mission, either to a father, mother, or some other relative. Distance and barriers have no terror for you, as was evidenced in your recent trip fifteen hundred miles for one of our prisoners to see his parents.

In every case you have with promptness attended to requests, always with a cheerfulness that is surprising to those who cannot understand and will not learn. These are the things that lift up the hearts of the poor unfortunate prisoner and make him feel that there is something worth living for.

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Draw nigh unto my soul and redeem it.—Ps. 69:18.

My wish and prayer is that you may go on in the good work you are doing.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN R. PFLANZ.

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Following are letters of endorsement to Missionary George L. Herr and his wife in their life-work among outcasts, fallen ones and victims of sin. Among those who have lent substantial aid and hearty encouragement to the work will be noted many of our leading citizens, men of irreproachable character and standing in society, who have not hesitated to add their quota of praise to the universal word of approbation accorded the missionary in his efforts to lead the wayward ones back into the path of self-respect and manhood.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 22, 1904.

Dear Bro. Herr: I regret that you and your good wife and "Sunshine" can not be with us in our services next week at the Frankfort Penitentiary, but am glad to have you promise to be with us soon. No one understands this work for the salvation and elevation of those in our penal institutions,—the possibilities,

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Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me; Lord be thou my helper.—Ps. 30:10.



the discouragements, the trials, the triumphs, the rejoicing—as we do who are constantly engaged in it. Your frequent visits to us are always appreciated both by the chaplain and the prisoners, and your sermons and talks and songs are blessed by God to the furtherance of the work of grace in our midst. I can truly say there are eyes that “mark your coming and look brighter when you come.” I wish also to say for your encouragement and those who work with you that your faithful labors are plainly manifest in the lives of many whom you come in contact with—the deep and lasting impressions made upon their minds and hearts so we are enabled to take up the well begun work and by God’s help carry it on to salvation of the soul. May God bless you abundantly in your noble work.

Truly yours,

T. T. TALIAFERRO,

Chaplain Ky. State Penitentiary.

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Rev. H. C. Morrison, D. D., Editor Pentecostal Herald, Louisville, Ky., and President Wilmore College, Wilmore, Ky., says:

I take pleasure in commending my friend and brother, Geo. L. Herr, as a devout Christian and earn-

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Forsake me not, O Lord.—Ps. 38:21.

est worker for the salvation of men. He has had wide experience on both sides of the line, and has been greatly blessed in rescuing men who have gone down into the depths of sin. He has been especially blessed in prison work. Those who help him forward in the good work in which he is now engaged will do me a personal favor.

Wishing him and his wife great success as they shall go from prison to prison seeking after the lost,  
I am

Respectfully yours,

H. C. MORRISON.

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Rev. James M. Taylor, world-wide evangelist, says:

I have read with soul-stirring interest the sad, heart-rending experience of Bro. Herr, and the miraculous deliverance by the grace of God, how by a life of sin he squandered a fortune, how God found him a bond slave of appetite and other sins and delivered him, the romantic way in which his God-given companion entered his life, and how they are being used perhaps as no other persons today in helping those "behind the bars." This story will warn the reckless, encourage the "cast out" and put a desire in the heart to help the fallen.

JAMES M. TAYLOR, Evangelist.

Knoxville, Tenn.

(Frankfort Journal.)

The Rev. Geo. L. Herr, of Louisville, will spend the fourth as the guest of Rev. Jos. Severance, chaplain of the State prison, today. Rev. Herr is a widely known, talented and enthusiastic prison evangelist, and has a national reputation as such. He will shortly publish his famous sermon, "Man's Worst Enemy," and will place numerous copies of it in every penal institution of the United States.

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## Prison Evangelist's Good Work

(Courier-Journal.)

Prison evangelists published in 1906-07 36,000 sermons in booklet form and sent them North, South, East and West. The Rev. George L. Herr and wife closed a most remarkable year. The meetings which they have held for the most part have been in large prison houses, erected for sinful men and women.

Mr. Herr has delivered sermons to many thousand listeners; many have professed conversion and thousands have asked for prayer. The good that this work has done will probably never be fully known until the business of this old world has been brought to a close. Influences have been set in motion that are going to roll on until time shall be no more.

Rev. W. O. Vreeland, chaplain Frankfort Reformatory, says:

It gives me great pleasure to testify of the splendid work among the prisoners done by a man I believe to be deeply consecrated to the work of rescuing the "fallen brother." George Herr is worthy of the highest commendation.

W. O. VREELAND.

Oct. 12, 1912.

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## A Grand Work Highly Commended

Louisville, Ky., July 24, 1902.

Rev. Geo. L. Herr,

Dear Brother Herr: I regret very much to learn of your departure from the city, and the work you have so nobly, and for so long a time, engaged in at this institution and elsewhere. To say that you will be missed by us is but faintly expressing my feelings at your departure. You will not only be missed by myself and other officials at the jail, but by the poor unfortunates placed in my custody, for I know I can truthfully say we will never be able to get any one

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I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—Heb. 13:5.

who will take the pains and do the great good you have done for all with whom you have come in contact.

I can assure you that your farewell sermon to all of the one hundred and eighty prisoners in this jail on yesterday was the cause of great depression in the spirits of all who heard you on that occasion, for every one of them felt that he or she was about to lose their best friend, who had not only ministered to their spiritual wants but made their troubles his own, and in every way in his power relieved them of their every ailment.

You and your good wife were as father and mother to them, their guardian angels, who made their rugged paths smooth and their futures bright and happy.

It is with much sorrow that I write you today, and my only consolation is in the hope that you may some day return and take up the good work again for the betterment of the unfortunates who may be confined in this and other institutions in which you have worked in this city. Sincerely yours,

JOHN R. PFLANZ.

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O Lord, make haste to help me.—Ps. 40:13.

I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.—Is. 41:14.

## “Worked Wonders”

Declares Dr. Garvin, Physician Jefferson County Jail

Louisville, Ky., July 24th, 1902.

Rev. George L. Herr,

My Dear Brother Herr: It is with much regret I have heard of your determination to leave us. You and your good wife have now been engaged, for about four years, in the noble work of saving souls in the Jefferson County jail, and to the success of your efforts I can truly bear testimony.

I must confess that at first I had little hope of much good being accomplished, but your constant devotion at all hours, night and day, has worked wonders, and I am satisfied that many who came steeped in sin and in their own minds hopelessly lost, have left the prison at peace with God, and with a determination in the future to lead a better life.

Wherever you go, may God be with you, is the wish of all who know you, and especially that of your friend,

SAM'L H. GARVIN.

Physician to Jefferson County Jail.



## Strong Endorsements

Evangelist Herr's work commended by Minister.

[Louisville Evening Times]

Louisville, Ky., June 21, 1905.

Rev. Horace G. Ogden, D. D., Pastor Trinity M. E. Church, Louisville, Ky., says:

To Whom It May Concern:

I take pleasure in commending Mr. Geo. Herr to the esteem and confidence of the public. I have been placed where I have known intimately his work as Prison Evangelist in Jefferson County Jail—a place incomparable in my opinion for testing the character and power of a Christian worker. I can say he has made a superb record and been able by divine assistance to rescue many from the life of crime. He has taken an enlarged field of work because he has been convinced it was the call of the Highest, and I have every confidence in his increased usefulness. I cheerfully commend him and his work. His book is true and merits large circulation. Mr. Herr is a fine public speaker.

Sincerely,

HORACE G. OGDEN.



## Speaks to Prisoners

The Rev. J. A. Holton, Chaplain Eddyville Penitentiary, commends Rev. Herr's work:

The Rev. George L. Herr, the well-known Louisville prison evangelist, conducted the chapel services at the Eddyville State penitentiary, Eddyville, Ky., on Sunday, February 16. Mr. Herr's address to the prisoners made a very decided impression upon the men. In a letter to Louisville, J. A. Holton, Chaplain of the penitentiary, writes of Mr. Herr's visit to Eddyville as follows:

“Brother Herr is a fluent and earnest talker and speaks from personal experience and observation with telling effect, timely words that tend to the betterment of his hearers. No one who is acquainted with his personal history and present effort in the cause of prison reform could doubt his sincerity. It is not a surprise, therefore, that from every sphere of his labor along the line of evangelistic work in the prisons of the land come unsolicited testimonials commending him and his work.”—The Louisville Times.

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And God spake all these words, saying,  
I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of  
the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.—Ex. 20:1-2.

## Sad and Pitiful Stories

[The Louisville Herald]

For fifteen years Mr. Herr has carried the great truths to the outcasts, giving warning of the danger, and thousands have repented and have been rescued from lives of sin and shame and are now blessings to the community. Hundreds of thousands of tracts, sermons, books, papers, etc., have been distributed, the results of which can never be known.

“One of the saddest features of this work is that we are constantly beset by the sad-faced, grief-stricken, broken-hearted mothers and wives who have been so unfortunate as to lose their loved ones in sin,” declared Rev. Herr. “They come to us and plead for us to help find the wanderer.

“The pitiful stories of disgrace, shame and disappointment that come from the broken hearts who are victims are beyond expression and almost enough to melt the heart of stone into a river of tears, and to stir us who hear them and see the helplessness of unfortunate ones.

“There never was a place where the gospel was needed more and where it would do more good, than in the prison houses of our beautiful land.”

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Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.—Ps. 119:18.

## Resolution That Was Never Broken

"I am done with a life of thieving."—E. B.

Another of the days in jail that will long be remembered by some of the poor unfortunates who have been making this place their residence for some time. The missionary who makes prison work the work of his life preached to the men today, the service being in the place of the regular Saturday services, because the convicted men were to go to the penitentiary Saturday morning, and Brother Herr intended to go to Cincinnati, Ohio, this evening. So the good brother gave the men some good, wholesome advice.

And in opening the services, that always appropriate song of "Let a little sunshine in" was sung, and the good God knows that if any one in this world needs "sunshine" that person is the one who is behind prison bars.

I have seen some curious things in my wandering life, and some very curious and saddening sights are to be seen in jail. To see men right in the prime of their manhood going to a living tomb, to actually bury themselves for years, is a sight not easily forgot-

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Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

ten. Oh, the misery, the shame, and the degradation of it all. It is no wonder that some of the unfortunates weep. The sight of so much misery seen at one time is enough to melt the heart of the most hardened criminal. As I watched the men put up their hands in reply to the question of "How many of you men want to lead a better life?" I could not blame any one of the prisoners for putting up their hands in a resolve to lead a clean life.

My sympathy is with the unfortunate. I have been placed in positions just like these men are placed in, but never again! Oh, I hope that when I finish this term of imprisonment that I may find some means of employment that will bring me in enough money to keep body and soul together. From this time forward I am done with stealing. I hope that my right hand may lose its cunning and my eyes grow dimmer, so dim that I cannot see anything to steal. I am done, done with a life of thieving. I don't know how I am going to exist, but I am not going to steal any more. By the help of the good Lord I intend to reform.

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For thou wilt light my candle: the Lord my God will lighten my darkness.—Ps. 18:28.

## What Is A Friend ?

A friend is the first person who comes in when the world has gone out.

A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help and love.

One who considers my need before my deservings.

The triple alliance of the three great powers—love, sympathy and help.

One who understands our silence.

A jewel whose lustre the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim.

One who smiles on our fortunes, frowns on our faults, sympathizes with our sorrow, weeps at our bereavement, and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble.

One who, gaining the top of the ladder, won't forget you if you remain at the bottom.

The holly of life, whose qualities are overshadowed in the summer of prosperity, but blossom forth in the winter of adversity.

He who does not adhere to the saying that No. 1 should come first.

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God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psalm 41:6.

When the author left Louisville in 1905 for Chicago to be ordained, he was greatly helped by his friend Chas F. Grainger, kindness never to be forgotten.



**HON. CHAS. F. GRAINGER**  
Former Mayor of Louisville; now  
President Louisville Water Co.

Mr. Grainger says, "Mr. Herr's work among prisoners has been very successful, and through his efforts many have reformed."

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A watch which beats true, for all time, and never  
“runs down.”

An earthly minister of heavenly happiness.

A friend is like ivy—the greater the ruin, the closer  
he clings.

One who to himself is true, and therefore must be  
so to you.

The same to-day, the same to-morrow, either in  
prosperity, adversity or sorrow.

One who guards another's interest as his own and  
neither flatters nor deceives.

One truer to me than I am myself.—Exchange.

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Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my  
heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and  
my redeemer.—Ps. 19:14.

## “Another Chance I Crave”

[*Courier-Journal*]

Austin, Tex., Dec. 2.—(Special.)—Jake McKinney, who was serving a life term in the State penitentiary at Rusk for the murder of Robert Walker in Jones county seven years ago, has just received his pardon from Gov. O. B. Colquitt on the strength of an appeal for liberty in the form of a poem that he wrote and sent to the Governor. This poetic application was turned over to Mrs. Colquitt by the Governor and it was upon her recommendation that McKinney was given his liberty. McKinney was twenty-four years old at the time of his conviction. During the last four years of his imprisonment he was editor of the prison newspaper, the *Alcalde Chronicle*. He attended night school while in the penitentiary. His poems and articles in the little newspaper that he published attracted much favorable attention. His pardon application reads in part as follows:

Another chance, 'tis all I ask,  
In freedom's sun again to bask;



**JUDGE AARON KOHN**

**One of the greatest criminal lawyers of the American bar**

**There is none in this world who has been a greater friend in my sorest need.**

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To hear the voice of loved at home,  
And amid familiar scenes to roam.  
What saith the Scripture? Is it wise  
To gain a world and lose the prize  
Of future joys of Him above,  
Who came to save because of love  
For sinful men imprisoned here  
In sin's corrupted atmosphere?  
Another chance to know the life  
Beyond the cruel prison strife,  
Where Beauty, Truth and Culture reign,  
And pleasure comes from Labor's gain;  
To see the golden sun at dawn  
Spring forth to kiss the rural lawn,  
Wet with the kiss of midnight dew,  
And brightens to a gorgeous hue,  
To please the eye of all mankind.  
A gift of God to man so blind,  
Another chance to show the world  
That darkness hid my flag unfurled;  
That flame of ingenuity  
Burns brightest where the darkest be;  
As all is not as some would tell;  
"A soul defiled and booked for hell."

Another chance I crave of thee,  
 Oh, Governor, but feel and set me free!  
 Make the conditions what you may,  
 I will live up to them every day;  
 I have no friends to plead for me,  
 Dear Governor, can't you set me free?

Most sincerely

JAKE MCKINNEY.

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## Letter from the Late Col. Will S. Hays

Editor, Poet, and Song Writer

My Dear Rev. Geo. L. Herr: It is a pleasure to express the sentiment of pure friendship I have for you and for the Christian work in which you are now engaged. Knowing you from boyhood, I am free to say you are one of God's chosen ones to do his will and work, and heaven never had a more faithful representative than yourself. May your words and works in the Master's cause result in adding souls to the kingdom of glory, and may God and the angels watch over and guard you through life is the prayer of your friend,

WILL S. HAYS.

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The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.—  
 Ps. 19:7.

## The Late J. P. Scheider

Captain of Police

I have met him at all times and in all places, from the palace to the prison, striving to better the conditions of his fellowmen. At the same time serving our Lord in such a noble manner as to attract the attention of the least appreciative person. He has taken for his duty the task of working principally among the criminal classes that frequent our city prisons, and to my personal knowledge has done more to benefit the inmates than any other man of his vocation. Oh! how far more pleasant this life would be if the world was full of just such noble, good-spirited men as my friend George L. Herr, whom I know to be serving our God in the most appropriate manner known to mankind.

Respectfully,

JOHN P. SCHEIDER



## Profanity Shows Mental Deficiency

[Louisville Herald]

The habitual user of profane and indecent language was mercilessly flayed by Bishop Charles E. Woodcock, of the Episcopal Church, at the Board of Trade noon-day Lenten service yesterday, where in the course of his sermon the Bishop pronounced the profane man to be intellectually deficient, corrupt, morally and wholly unchristian.

“No gentleman will use profane language; it is only the low-born and vulgar-minded person who will do so,” declared the Bishop. “No man who believes in God and in God’s commandments can be profane.”

Among other things stated by the Bishop of a like nature are the following:

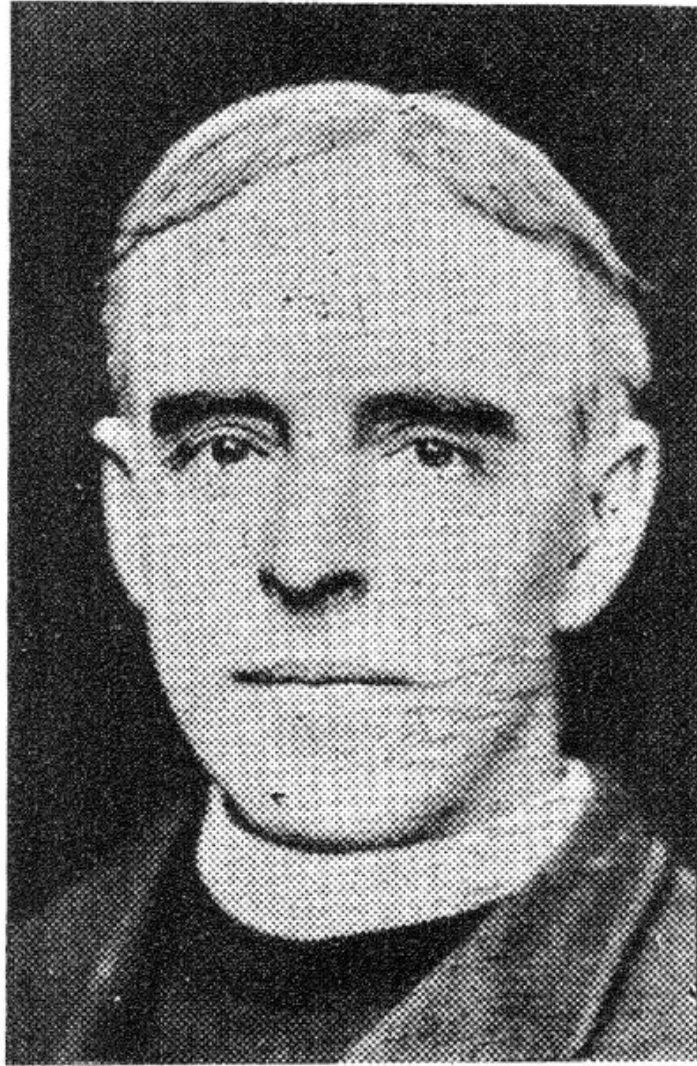
“The profane man in God’s eyes is on the same plane as the murderer or thief. He violates the ten commandments.”

“Swearing, aside from being sinful, is low, vicious, vulgar and most reprehensible.”

“The man who is well thought of in a community is nine times out of ten the man who does not curse.”

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Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.



**RT. REV. CHAS. E. WOODCOCK, D.D.**  
**Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky**

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“The profane man is in many cases and in most cases the man who will steal, slander, lie and violate the every commandment of God.”

In beginning his sermon the Bishop spoke of the work of the noon-day Lenten services. He said in part:

“By coming before you men and preaching we rectors hope to arouse, encourage and bring out all the good in you. We aim to plant high ideals in your hearts and make you better men. It is one of the greatest pleasures I have—preaching these noon-day Lenten sermons. It is my earnest and sincere wish to do good and to carry a message to you.

“Christ will lighten your eyes: He will enable you to see things worth being and worth doing. The worth while in life is what makes life worth living. He will give you a view of yourself. He will make you see yourselves as others see you. He will not only do this, but he will set a guard before your lips.

“No man ever regretted keeping from impure speech. Habitual obscene story telling grows like other vicious habits. It is a manly thing to possess clean lips. Does not the Bible say, ‘Blessed are the pure in heart?’ Well, no man can be pure in heart

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The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I trust.—Ps. 18:2.

and impure in speech. Would you tell some of the stories you tell your fellow men to your wives and daughters? No, I do not think you would. Then say to yourself, 'Thou God hearest me.'

"Keep your lips from profanity. The profane man in God's eyes is on the same plane as is the murderer and thief. He, like both, violates the ten commandments. Swearing, aside from being sinful, is low, vicious and vulgar and most reprehensible. The man who will curse and swear is in most cases the man who will steal, slander, lie and violate every commandment of God.

"I have been in hotels and in public places where I have heard men swear as though they thought it a virtue. These men I find are seldom well thought of in a community. The man who is well thought of will not swear.

"The man who will swear will say mean things about his friend; he will gossip and slander. If you keep your lips clean you will never besmirch a man's or woman's character. You will never speak until you know it is time; you will be restrained from telling vicious things, because you will reason whether or not it is right, and whether or not it ought to be told."

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Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded.—2 Chron. 15:7.

## At Cincinnati Workhouse

[Louisville Times]

Never did Mr. Herr have a more interested audience than greeted him in the Cincinnati work house yesterday when he preached for an hour in the prison chapel. The men and women wept as his words brought conviction to their hearts. Were it not for this wonderful gospel, said the speaker, he himself might be as the worst prisoner among them. At the close of the sermon he asked all those who desired to lead better lives to bow their heads in prayer, and almost every man and woman in the chapel fell on their knees, while the eloquent evangelist lifted his voice in their behalf. The closest attention was accorded him during the whole time and when the prisoners were dismissed and passed out of the chapel amid a stillness that was very impressive, Mr. Herr spoke to a great number personally shaking them by the hand and urging them to repent and believe the gospel.

## Extermination of Habitual Criminals

The extermination of the habitual criminal—his removal like a weed from a garden—was advocated today in a startling address made in Minneapolis to the Interstate Sheriffs' Association by Charles W. Peters, chief deputy sheriff of Cook County.

The unexpected suggestion that the man who will not reform ought to be slain by legal means aroused much discussion in Chicago among ministers, lawyers and laymen.

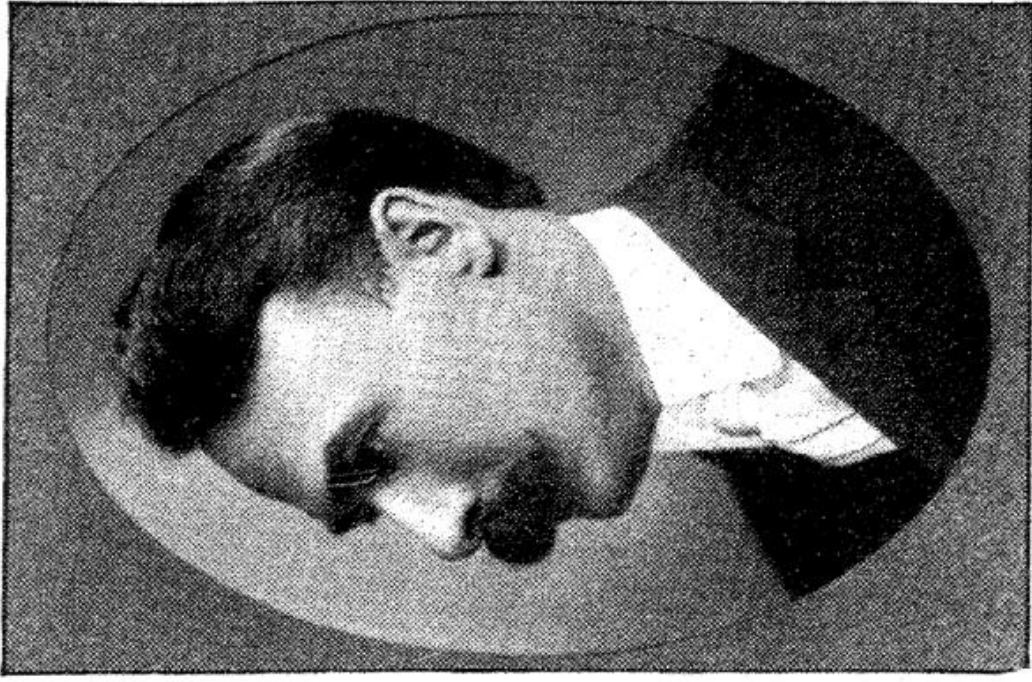
Leniency for first offenders, parole for the worthy, an adult probation law, were advocated by Mr. Peters, who then insisted that in cases where life has proved a failure, where efforts of reformation have been ineffectual and the criminal is a body sore on the social system, that extermination should be resorted to.

### Only One True Reform.

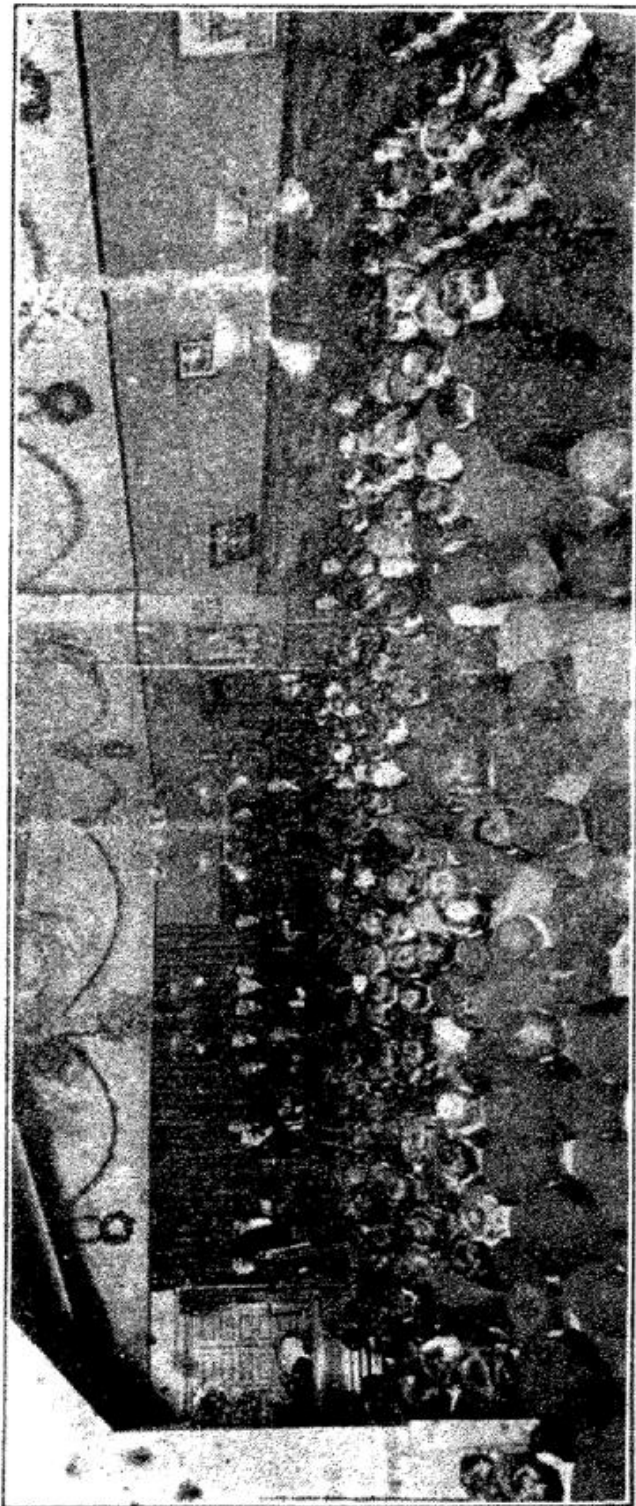
Furthermore, he created intense surprise by his assertion that in twenty years' experience in handling criminals he could recall only one case of true reformation on the part of an "habitual."



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THE HON. AND MRS. JOHN L. WHITMAN, CHICAGO, ILL.  
Mr. Whitman is Superintendent of the Bridewell. They have been friends to  
thousands in need of friends.



Gospel Service at the County Jail, Chicago, Ill.

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In his address to the Association, Mr. Peters recommended various ways of dealing with crime and its perpetrators, and then for the irredeemably incorrigible made this recommendation:

“And then if they fail to embrace the many opportunities offered them, and after everything has been done that is possible for mankind to do, they repeatedly persist in returning to their old ways, I think in such a case life has proven a failure, and they become a menace and a burden to our social welfare and should be exterminated.

**Like Weeds in a Garden.**

“They are like weeds in a garden and unless removed will supersede the useful plants.

“Many students of criminology have suggested life imprisonment, but in my opinion that has proven a failure. By that method the menace is removed, but the burden remains.

“I am sorry to acknowledge that in the twenty odd years of my experience in the handling of criminals I can recall only one case of true reformation on the part of habitual criminals, and that man is employed in a bridge works, where it would be impossible for him to carry anything off.”

**"Judge Not," Says Pastor.**

Among the ministers who commented on the startling theory of extermination were:

Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, pastor of St. Mary's Church and the priest who saved Herman Billik from the gallows—What is man that he should put himself in judgment on a fellow and say that the culprit is beyond reformation and redemption and slay him? Man is too fallible to condemn another as an habitual criminal and exterminate him. No one knows when a man has passed beyond the pale of reform. As a matter of fact, many and many a criminal branded as 'habitual' has been saved to a useful life. I most heartily disagree with any suggestion to execute any man on the theory that he is irredeemable.

**Hope While There Is Life.**

Rabbi Tobias Scharfarber—In the first place I am opposed to capital punishment, but, in any event, I should not agree with this suggestion of Mr. Peters. It is much like Osler's plan to kill off men of sixty or more years of age, or Ingersoll's suggestion that when a man believed himself to be a failure and useless to the world he should go and shoot his brains out. While a man lives there is hope for him, and no

one has either power or right to say that he will always be a menace to society.

“Christ in His charity taught those who came to Him,  
Ill deeds should pardoned be seventy times seven;  
Succor the least here and you do the same to Him;  
These are his precepts on earth and in heaven.  
Oh, then, when laboring hard for humanity,  
Never believe that your labor is vain.  
Kindness will conquer the criminal insanity;  
Speak to him gently and try him again.”



## Criminal Becomes Minister

[*Courier-Journal*]

“Do you know who I am?” once said a person in the jail here to the Rev. George L. Herr, prison evangelist. “I will tell you. I am the worst and most treacherous man in this prison.” Then the Rev. Mr. Herr says he told him the story of his fearful crimes. “I have been in prison North, South, East and West, I have been in the dismal, solitary cell for one year, have been put in large tanks of ice water, have been punished over and over again, but it has always made me more of a demon. Would you like to know what the officer who last locked me up said about me?”

“‘Take him and lock him up like a brute beast, for that is what he is.’”

Then he turned and said: “Do you think there is any hope for me?” “I was at once on ground where I could speak without hesitation,” said Mr. Herr, “and I told him simply that if he was through with an evil life, if he was tired of wrong-doing and was determined to do right, there was a love that could forgive him, and a power that could help and keep him in the future. When at last we knelt together there I prayed that God, who could bring light into our darkness, might dispel the thick clouds that had shut in this

soul from hope, and bring to him the revelation that would change his life. There were tears in our eyes as we parted, and, taking my hand in his he said: "I will try, Brother Herr."

"He did try, and, more than that he conquered. At first it was a stern battle of an awakened will and conscience fighting against desperate odds. The feeling that friends were watching and waiting anxiously for good reports proved an undoubted incentive. It was not long before he sought and found Christ as his Saviour, and he became an earnest Christian, and to-day is an ordained Methodist minister, at the head of a great rescue work in an Eastern city, and also chaplain of a model penal institution."

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"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

## To Brother George L. Herr

By Joseph M. McGuire

The days are long and dreary,  
And the hours go slowly by,  
While the prisoner, sad and weary,  
Longs for the time to fly.

But one brings joy and sunshine  
To the prisoners sad at heart,  
And it is but a short time  
'Till with him we'll have to part.  
We cannot find another,  
Search, I care not where,  
Who will do as much for a brother  
As our Bro. George L. Herr.

He comes early in the morning,  
And never leaves till night;  
He always seems untiring,  
Helping wayward men do right.  
He is always up and willing  
Whene'er a prisoner call,  
To go and do the bidding  
Of a man behind the wall.  
And then there is another,  
Who shares his joy and strife;

She is called by the prisoners "Mother,"  
And is Bro. Herr's good wife.

Early Sunday morning,  
In rain, snow, sleet, or hail,  
You will find him holding meeting  
In the Jefferson County Jail.  
I love to hear him tell the story  
Of the "Prodigal Son,"  
And of the "Mighty Prince of Glory,"  
From whom salvation sprung.  
Round his good face there seems a halo,  
His work is for One on high,  
He makes sunshine out of sorrow,  
Whenever he is nigh.

## Success of Reformed Criminals

### After Blotting Out the Past

“Once a Thief, Always a Thief,” has been disproved in thousands of cases according to Mr. William A. Pinkerton.

“Do criminals ever reform, really turn over a new leaf and become good citizens?”

I fired the question at random, little dreaming what a wealth of interesting and convincing anecdote it would evoke. I expected the time honored cynical reply, something to the effect of “Once a thief, always a thief.” But I was disappointed—agreeably disappointed. For my answer was a quick, emphatic, earnest “Yes.”

And the man who said “Yes” was William A. Pinkerton, and he knows.

Probably no living man knows more intimate details about the individual members of the underworld, those who are active criminals to-day, as well as the notorious crooks of the past, than the head of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. And every crook will tell you, what every honest man who knows Mr. Pinkerton will tell you, that when he says “Yes” there



**WILLIAM A. PINKERTON**  
Head of the Pinkerton Detective Agency  
New York

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is no possibility that the correct answer should be "No."

"I know what the average man thinks—that a real crook never turns straight. But it isn't so. Thousands of crooks—and I don't mean one-time offenders, but men in the class we call hardened criminals—have become honest men to my knowledge. It is not true, as some recent writer said, that as many crooks turn honest as there are honest men turn crooked, but I believe that one of the reasons is that so few men are willing to lend a helping hand. I don't mean that every crook is ready to reform if he is encouraged, but I do mean that society makes it hard for any man who has once been a criminal to lead an honest life.

"And I'll tell you another thing," continued Mr. Pinkerton: "I'm prouder of the fact that I have helped a few criminals to become honest men than of all the work I have done in putting criminals behind the bars. I'm proud of the fact that every crook knows that Pinkerton will deal squarely with him if he will deal squarely with Pinkerton—that I believe it is as important to keep faith with a bank thief as with a bank president.

"I know a score of business men in Chicago—not saloonkeepers, but reputable merchants—who have criminal records. These men have done time and have

paid their debt to society for their crimes. I cannot tell you their names, for it would be unfair to them and to their wives and families, many of whom have no suspicion that there is anything wrong in the pasts of their husbands and fathers. Besides, when society discovers that a man is a former criminal it is not content to cancel the debt no matter how much imprisonment at hard labor the former crook may have given in expiation of his sin.

“I know men in trusted positions in New York who were convicts. In many cases only the man himself and his employer know the secret and sometimes the employer does not know it. I know men scattered all over the West—business men, professional men, many of them wealthy and prominent citizens—who have seen the inside of Joliet, Moyomensing, Sing Sing or Leavenworth. They have sons and daughters who never have suspected and never will suspect the truth.

“These are good men—as good men as any living. They have turned away from their old ways, in many cases have changed their names, and who shall say they are not as much to be respected as the honest man who never was tempted, never was forced into crime? I’ll tell you about some of them.

“When I was a boy in Chicago there were two brothers, neighbors, about the age of myself and my younger brother, and we were friends. When the

civil war broke out I went into the army secret service at the age of fifteen, and the older of these two boys, John, enlisted in an Illinois regiment. Jerry, the younger, was not old enough, but a little later, when the government began offering a bounty for soldiers, he became a bounty jumper. He would enlist, get the bounty money, then desert and enlist over again under another name. He was with a band of young fellows who were engaged in that way of getting easy money, and who found it so easy that they turned to other kinds of crime.

“When the war was over John came back to Chicago and settled down as a rather plodding sort of a mechanic. He tried to get Jerry to straighten out, but the younger brother was too far along the road to prison.

“In those days the Northwestern Railroad used wood for fuel, and the wood agent of the road was Amos Snell—the same Snell who was later murdered by ‘Willie Tascott.’ He lived in a suburb of Chicago, and one night Jerry and his crowd went out there and ‘stuck’ up the whole family—robbed them of everything they had. John was along with them, lying in the bottom of the hack. The police got a clew through the hack-driver and rounded up the whole band. All of them, including John, were sentenced to

five years each except Jerry. When he came into the hands of the police a citizen who had been held up on the street some time before identified him as the hold-up man, and on the strength of that the Judge gave him fifteen years. It was an unjust sentence, for Jerry had not committed the hold-up—that was found out later.

“Well, John’s old Colonel and some other army men and my father got together and got a pardon for John, who had merely gone along with the crowd and had taken no part in the robbery. He went back to work at his trade of brass finisher, but Jerry stayed in Joliet, rebelling against those long unjust years of his sentence.

Jerry was put to work in the engine room of the prison and soon displayed great aptitude for machinery. He served out his term with time off for good behavior and finally got out. I met him in Chicago. He was despondent. He felt that he had no chance to be anything but a crook, but he knew the terrible chances a once convicted man runs if he returns to crime. I told him the best thing for him to do was to go to New York, and I sent him on to my brother Robert, who had also known him as a boy.

**Reform of Jerry.**

“Now, here’s a part of this story that will interest you. Robert had a friend who was chief engineer of a building in Ann street. He told this friend about Jerry, and the engineer said he’d take a chance on him. He put Jerry to work stoking the boiler at a dollar and a half a day. After a year or so there was a vacancy and Jerry became assistant engineer. A little while later the chief engineer resigned and Jerry after awhile, the ex-crook, became chief engineer. He left there after awhile to take charge of a big plant on Long Island, and he sent for his brother John and gave him a job.

“A few years later the two brothers called on me in Chicago. They had saved about \$6,000 between them and were on their way to a new town in the West to start a manufacturing business of their own. Each had married a girl who knew nothing of their prison record and had children. They prospered exceedingly. John died several years ago, but only a few months ago, when my brother Robert died, an old man, whom nobody but myself recognized, came from the West for the funeral and shed tears at the grave. It was Jerry. He is still living, and is the leading citizen of his town and worth at least half a million dollars.



“Criminals who reform? There are thousands of them. I remember a little Liverpool Irishman who was a pickpocket around New York. He was known as ‘Jimmy the Nibbler.’ The police picked him up in Tennessee, where he lifted somebody’s pocketbook, and he was sent to Nashville for seven years. In the prison they put him to work in the hospital. Then the cholera epidemic broke out. “Jim” helped the doctors and nurses, and when the doctors got sick he nursed them and the warden and his family and helped save a good many lives. After the epidemic was over the warden and the Prison Board were so grateful they got “Jim” a pardon and made up a purse of \$350 for him. With the money in his pocket he came right to Chicago to see me. I began to lecture him on the futility of going back to the life he had led before.

“‘I’ve cut that all out,’ he said. ‘I’m not going to be a gun any more. I’ve been studying medicine down there in Nashville. The doctors have been telling me things and giving me medical books to read and now I want to get into one of these colleges where I can get a diploma quick.’

“There were a number of diploma factories, as the lower class of medical colleges were called, running in Chicago then, and Jim found he had money

enough to go through one of them—in the front door and out the back. But he got his diploma and license to practise and started for one of the new towns in the West. I looked him up a while ago. He comes pretty near being the most prominent citizen in the town. He is a director in a national bank and the leading physician, and has officiated at the births of half the present population. Moreover, he is an enthusiastic church member. But how long do you think it would take for the whole town to turn against him if they should ever learn out there that he is ‘Jimmy the Nibbler’?

“Crooks that turn straight? Your next door neighbor, your family physician, even your clergyman, may be one of them. The world is full of them. There was one man, a professional thief, a fellow who had done time in half a dozen State prisons and penitentiaries, whom I used to labor with earnestly every time he got out, but he apparently never tried to reform. He was always doing time, it seemed.

“I lost track of him for several years. Then two years ago, when the National Association of Chiefs of Police was in session in Buffalo, I found a note in my box in my hotel signed by this man’s name. He said he was going to call at seven o’clock. There was a banquet on for that evening, and hundreds of police



officials from every part of the United States were there. I wondered if he knew what sort of a lion's den he was walking into. Sure enough he came into the hotel and spoke to me.

“ ‘Don't you know that you are surrounded by policemen, some of whom are sure to spot you?’ I asked him.

“ ‘You're the only man in the world who knows me,’ he said. ‘My name now is So and So’—giving me another name—‘and I'm a respected and prosperous man. I just wanted to let you know before you found it out for yourself, for I knew you'd be on the square with me.’ And I was. So far as I knew he was not wanted for anything, and what good would have come of exposing him?

“Thieves who resist the temptation to steal? Hundreds of them. There's one right here, only a few blocks from where we are talking. He's the watchman in a big silk warehouse—and if there's anything your professional thief likes to steal, short of money or diamonds, it's silk, for you can get so much value into so small a package. This man was a professional safe blower, and did several big jobs. When he got out of prison I helped him to get the job he has now. His employer knows his record. I told it to him on the man's own request. When work stops for the day

this man is left alone in charge of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of valuable silks. He isn't bonded, for he couldn't get a bondsman if he wanted to. He has held the job seven years now, and not a cent's worth has been taken from the warehouse in that time.

"You may say that he does not dare to steal—that he knows a single false move on his part will bring instant punishment. But I say he has no desire to steal—that he has reformed. And thousands of other criminals would reform if society would give them half a chance.

#### **Baffling Hotel Robberies.**

"Several years ago there was a series of hotel robberies in New York that baffled the police. The thief always worked with keys, opening doors and then unlocking baggage left in rooms, and he always got away with the goods. At last one night the word came to headquarters that a man had been caught in one of the big hotels who was suspected of being the author of all the robberies. I was visiting Chief Devery at the time and he asked me to go with him to the West Thirtieth street station to look the man over.

"The man arrested was a well dressed, respectable looking little man, with a white beard—the last man who would be taken for a thief if seen in a hotel cor-

ridor. His face was vaguely familiar to me, but I had some difficulty in placing him. Finally it struck me. I had seen him nearly thirty years before on the occasion of a big prize fight in New Orleans, when he had been arrested for the same trick. It came over me like a flash and I told him I knew him.

“ ‘What’s the use of making trouble?’ he asked. ‘These fools don’t know anything about me unless you put them wise.’ ”

“I told Chief Devery what I remembered about the man, who protested violently that he had never been in New Orleans in his life. Then another thought struck me.

“ ‘You’ve been in New Orleans more than once,’ I said. ‘The last time was about six months ago, when you got Denman Thompson’s diamonds in the St. Charles Hotel.’ I remembered the report of that case, but it was a chance shot on my part, for no one had seen the thief. The old fellow denied this vigorously.

“He was wearing a new derby hat. I don’t know what impulse prompted me, but I took the hat off his head and looked inside. It bore the mark of a New Orleans hatter.

“The Chief and I left the station and had just turned into Sixth avenue when I remembered the old fellow’s name. We went back to the station house

and I confronted him again. I told him his name. He denied that it was his.

“ ‘What’s the use of making trouble, Mr. Pinkerton?’ he pleaded. His inadvertent use of my name, which had not been mentioned there, gave him away,

“ ‘I don’t know what kind of a case the police here have on you,’ I told him, ‘but we are retained by the Jewelers’ Protective Association, and if you get after any jewelry drummers I’ll make it hot for you.’ And as a precaution I got his photograph from the New York police. They didn’t have much of a case on him and he got off.

“Not long after a jewelry drummer was robbed in a Chicago hotel of about three thousand dollars’ worth of diamonds which he had carelessly left in his grip instead of putting them in the safe. The same day a friend of mine who was stopping in another hotel lost his new overcoat and told me about it. I thought of the old man in the first job, and found a chambermaid and bellboy who had seen him on the floor, but didn’t connect him with the second because he had never stolen anything but very valuable articles, so far as I knew. My friend had to leave for New York that night, and some time in the evening I got a telegram from him which had been filed in Fort Wayne.

“ ‘Positive man who got my coat is in same sleeper, ticketed to New York,’ it read. I wired my friend at a point further along the line to get off at Pittsburg and hold a white handkerchief in his hand so he could be identified and be prepared to point out the thief. Then I got in touch with Pittsburg by wire, and sure enough back came a wire after a while to the effect that they had got the man, whom my friend identified, and found on him besides the overcoat about \$3,000 worth of diamonds. I asked for a description and the one they wired fitted that of the man I had seen in New York. I referred Pittsburg to the man’s photograph, which had been published that week in a police periodical, and they were sure they had the same man. And so it proved. He was brought back to Chicago and convicted of the jewelry theft. He served a short sentence, and when he got out he came to me.

“Mind you, this was an old man, who had been a thief all his life—I had known him as a thief more than thirty years before. It is criminals of that kind that are commonly regarded as the most difficult to reform, but even hardened and lifelong offenders like this man will go straight if they get the right kind of encouragement. I found this old man apparently anxious to be honest, but he had never had a chance



after his first slip as a young man. I determined to do what I could for him and I got him a job in New York. He is more than seventy years old now, but he is still holding that job, and he hasn't made a false step since he got out of prison the last time.

“Do criminals ever reform? I think I have told you enough to prove that they do—and I could tell you of hundreds of other instances if you needed any further proof.”

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**A LETTER FROM EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE “STAR  
OF HOPE” PAPER PUBLISHED IN SING SING  
PRISON.**

Ossining, N. Y., April 9, 1906.

Dear Brother Herr:

Your book, “Light in Dark Places,” received. I do so much appreciate your kindness in remembering poor me in durance. I not only voice the sentiments expressed in this precious book, but add thereto my message of Christ's power to cleanse the wicked one and bring back into God's path the weak and unfortunate. May God spare you and yours many years, and give you manifold blessings in your great work.

Sincerely yours,

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Editor in Chief.

## “Lost and Is Found”

Noted Prison Worker issues an Interesting Book

[Louisville Herald]

An interesting booklet containing the sermon “Lost and Is Found,” the newest publication of the Rev. George L. Herr, the noted prison evangelist whose home is in this city, has just been issued from the press. The sermon is one of the strongest yet issued by the Rev. Herr, and is written in the characteristic vein which marks all those issued by the prison worker.

Rev. Herr holds a unique position in the evangelistic field. He is considered the greatest evangelist among prisoners in the United States. Scarcely a big prison in the country has not been visited by him in his work, and the number of men in stripes who have been reformed by the indefatigable prison worker reaches into thousands.

Some of the most notable redemptions of so-called “hardened criminals” known to evangelistic work have been accomplished by the Rev. Herr. All of the booklets by him have been extensively read and quoted, and it is probable none will attract more interest than that which has just been issued by him.



## Christmas at Frankfort Prison

The prisoners had what was unanimously voted the best Christmas dinner in many years. There were 1100 lbs. of turkey, cranberries, mashed potatoes, oranges, and bananas. There were about 75 fine cakes, 68 of which were sent from Lexington by Mrs. Frances H. Beauchamp, Pres. W. C. T. U. The entire dinner was well cooked and heartily enjoyed by all.

At 11:30, Bro. Jos. Severance, Chaplain, Bro. Geo. L. Herr, of Louisville, Mrs. M. B. R. Day, of Frankfort, and Miss Nellie E. Williams, Junior C. E. Superintendent, of Maysville, entered, and took seats on the stage; these are four of our truest and strongest friends and are most heartily welcomed.

Bro. Severance opened the services by reading the Christmas lesson, i. e., the 2nd chapter of Matthew, which gives the most beautiful description of the birth of the lowly Jesus.

Bro. Herr then offered a fervent prayer.

Bro. Severance' remarks were few; he is still grieving over the loss of his two children, and simply said that this Christmas had lost all of its charms for him, for instead of feeling joyful, he felt sad all of to-day and yesterday, and that we understood why, for in-

stead of four little girls, he had only two. He felt his inability to proceed further, and gave the meeting over into the hands of Bro. Herr to conduct as he saw fit, and catching an idea from the foregoing remarks, Bro. Herr referred to the fact that years ago, Christmas was very sad to him. That he was lying in a saloon in the city of Louisville without friends and without hope. Then in a jovial manner showed by comparison what a difference then and now.

He then said: "I am so glad that Jesus said: 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out; I am so glad that he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He said: 'Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. There is not a man behind prison bars that Jesus Christ cannot clean up and make him a man."

The audience sat up and took notice when he mentioned a man who had been a homeless wretch, and a degraded sinner, who had spent thirty-two years of his life behind prison bars, but had been converted in the Louisville jail and was now a man of God, the leader in a Rescue Mission in one of our largest cities, and had the financial support of eight of the wealthiest men in that city. He said that whenever a man goes blind, or deaf, or is afflicted in any other way, he is sent to a hospital for treatment,

and that this prison is a sort of hospital, and that some of us are so blind that we cannot tell the difference between our own and other peoples' horses. This simile was put forth in such a humorous manner as to cause much laughter.

He then launched into an earnest exhortation to the men to do better. To quit their meanness, as Sam Jones said. "Cease from evil and learn to do well." That to quit one's evil ways was only half the duty, and that the remainder consisted in doing the right thing, and you may have this assurance that the man who is serving the Lord will not get into trouble. "An idle mind is the devil's work-shop." In this connection he gave a very pretty illustration of how one's energies are used in either the right way or wrong way; that if you build a fire under a steam boiler, place the proper quantity of water in it, and then open the throttle and allow the steam to get into the engine, the entire machinery will perform a good work, but if you shut off the steam and tie down the safety valve, the steam is going to exert itself in a disastrous manner by an explosion, and the killing of several men.

"The wages of sin is death, and if you can only open your eyes and see that, you can also see that "The gift of God is eternal life." The only way

under heaven by which a man can be saved, is to come over to the service of God and begin to do that which is right.

Now what is the purpose of Christmas day? The world has agreed that this is as near the birth of Christ as we can possibly figure it; it means that 1907 years ago Jesus was born into the world, and the star of Bethlehem came and stood over the place where the young child lay; the angels sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will towards men," and we celebrate the day in memory of that event.

What is the trouble to-day that causes all these penitentiaries over our land; why all these jails and the strong arm of the law? It is because men will not allow the gospel of Jesus Christ to reign in their hearts. As long as the children of Israel served the Lord, they were happy and prosperous, but as soon as they turned to the flesh pots of Egypt, they began to despair and shame came upon them.

If you were asked what you would rather have above all things, you would say, Just a piece of paper with the great seal of the state impressed upon it, and the signature of the Governor attached. Why? Because prison life is a hard life and you are tired of it. If I were a prisoner, I would want to make my

confinement as pleasant as possible and I would become converted immediately, for of all men on earth the man in prison should be the quickest to accept Jesus Christ. I would not want to be a prisoner all my physical life, and then a spiritual prisoner throughout eternity. Did it ever occur to you that hell must be infinitely worse than it is pictured? We read of a place "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." If this is a picture of hell, then what must the reality be? There is a chance for every man to get out of this prison, but there will be no chance whatever to get out of hell.

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The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.—Isa. 61:1.

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Oh, my friend, there is hope,  
Will you come this hour;  
For Jesus is yours  
With all His Power;  
Look upward, not back,  
Or in, or around;  
But up to Christ,  
Where hope is found.



## Hundreds of Letters

Below appear but a few of the Hundreds of Letters we have  
have received from those Helped by Our Work

If you have asked the question, "Does it pay to labor among the fallen ones in prison—are the results from this work permanent in character?" let the answer be found in these letters. They come from writers' spontaneous offerings of gratitude, who have been restored to society as useful respected citizens:

My Dearest Friend: It is very gratifying to find myself alone long enough to pen you a few lines.

Arrived at 6:05 p. m. Well, I cannot tell you how very pleased everyone was to see me. Went in at once to see the president of a concern and told him everything. He was entirely satisfied and told me to commence work in the morning, which I did. They all have used me fine, and I would never know I had been away for no one mentions it. Brother, I think of you fifty times a day, of the unselfish, never fatiguing interest you manifested in my behalf, of the hundred and one favors, and when I think that was only a single factor in your work, I cannot but wonder how you stand the strain.

Cannot tell you how much I prize liberty, and I owe having it, to a great extent, to your dear self. I assure you your efforts and prayers of yourself and wife for me done wonders. I have fully resolved to be a good man.

Brother Herr, I am going to close, for I am going to write to you every few days, as I consider you as dear as an own brother. Give my sincere regards to any inquiring friends. My heartiest to your dear wife, and may God bless you both. I do.

I am affectionately yours,  
W.

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**A TRIBUTE FROM JOS. M. O'HARA.**

The success that has attended the efforts of this truly pious and angelic woman in her noble and heroic work of rescuing sinful men and women from the vortex of ruin and perdition is marvelous; and her labor among the prisoners of the county jail is not less remarkable. Mrs. Herr, unlike many religious workers, realizes that before attempting to moralize with a prisoner, his confidence must first be gained, and to accomplish this she invariably succeeds in dispelling that false and erroneous opinion so prevalent among criminals, that they are held in contempt by society



and are considered undeserving of sympathy and assistance; then, by kind and encouraging words and gentle deed, instills, not by the dry and laborious way of the brain, but into the heart, the story of the kind and loving Saviour.

Like her contemporary, Mrs. Ballington Booth, Mrs. Herr possesses that divinely urgent and persistent, yet gentle and sympathetic spirit that can persuade where others cannot convince; that can subdue where others cannot conquer.

The writer of this article through her kind and encouraging words, has been led from the error of his way, and to take up again the thread laid down in early years; has realized that though the fruitage of the tragic and pathetic life that ended in the ignominious death of Him who was the grandest character, the most sublime ideal and the highest type of humanity the world has ever seen—Jesus of Nazareth—we can, if we come with faith and hope, be cleansed from our sins and iniquities. May the Omnipotent God, who holds the destiny of nations, pour out his blessings upon this saintly woman and her noble hearted husband and guide them through long and honored days, and when the "shadows of even" gather and the sun of life is setting, show them in the darkness of the end, "words of light we never saw by day."

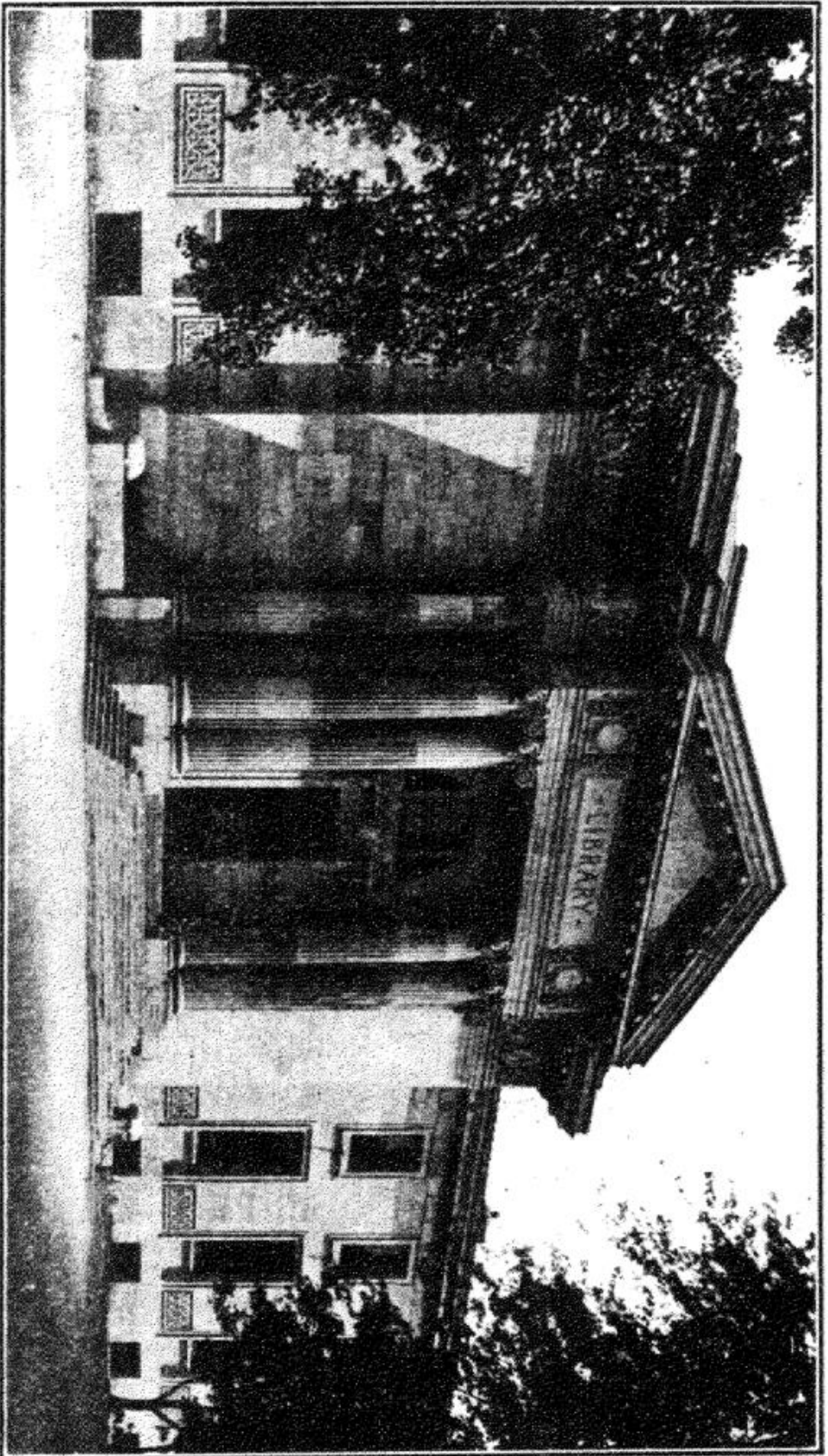
JOS. M. O'HARA.

**FISHING FOR MEN.**

Dear Brother Herr: We, as prisoners in the Jefferson County Jail, desire, for your encouragement, and because it is the spontaneous expression of our hearts, to thank you for your continued, untiring and unselfish devotion to our interests, spiritual and temporal. We desire in this manner to show you and the public that we thoroughly appreciate the efforts of those who try to draw us from the broad road of vice and crime into the narrow path of virtue where we are satisfied alone peace and happiness can be found. Many persons, Bro. Herr, who have attempted the task of rescuing the fallen have become discouraged and given up the work because they could see no good resulting from their efforts. Those persons had not the faith to continue their work and leave results with God. A prisoner who was an inmate of this jail several years ago recently found himself again an inmate, and expressed surprise at the changed tone, as it were, of the jail, and he laughingly asked if the world was getting better, for he said the men now in jail were more refined in their conversation, more unselfish in their actions toward each other, and of a higher moral tone generally. What this man said is undoubt-

edly true, and it is the result of the efforts of yourself and other Christian workers who do not become weary in well-doing. But it is you, Brother Herr, whom we especially desire to thank, because you are with us daily and no day passes that you do not perform some act of kindness for some one of our number, who, but for you, would have no friend. That perfect man, Jesus of Nazareth, has said, "by their fruits ye shall know them," and it is by this standard we as prisoners have measured you and have not found you wanting. You have gained our confidence and we have proved your sincerity and we love you, Brother Herr, because you daily prove your love for us. Prisoners are naturally inclined to suspect the sincerity of those who profess an interest in their welfare, but when once you gain their confidence they are teachable.

A London lawyer who wrote the tragedy "Ion" makes one of his characters say, "It is but a little thing to speak a word of kindness which by daily use has almost lost its sense, but on the ear of him who thought to die unmourned will fall like sweetest music." Many are the words of kindness which daily fall from your lips, by which we are soothed and blessed, and we firmly believe that they do not fall upon stony ground and that the good God will re-



LOUISVILLE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY—MAIN BUILDING  
Branch of this Library in the County Jail.

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ward you in his own good time with a bountiful harvest of redeemed lives.

Your grateful friends,

JAMES L. DORAN

HARRY GRAVEN

JOHN CARTER

JOS. M. O'HARA

JULIUS PHILLIPS

Committee of Prisoners of Jefferson County Jail.

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## Branch Library in the Jail

[*Courier-Journal*]

Prison libraries are nearly always more or less poor, indefinite sort of affairs, with a questionable lot of reading matter, mostly paper-backs and second-hand magazines, forming its contents. But the Jefferson county jail has marked a departure from the routine of prison life in the establishment of a library station for its inmates.

This little institution is a remarkable affair. Mrs. Chester Mayer is responsible for its organization. Mrs. Mayer is a member of the visiting board at the county jail, and noticing the absence of good reading matter, the continual idling of prisoners, she took up the matter with Jailer John R. Pflanz, who approved the idea of a library station. Then she approached her husband, Dr. Mayer, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Louisville Free Public Library.



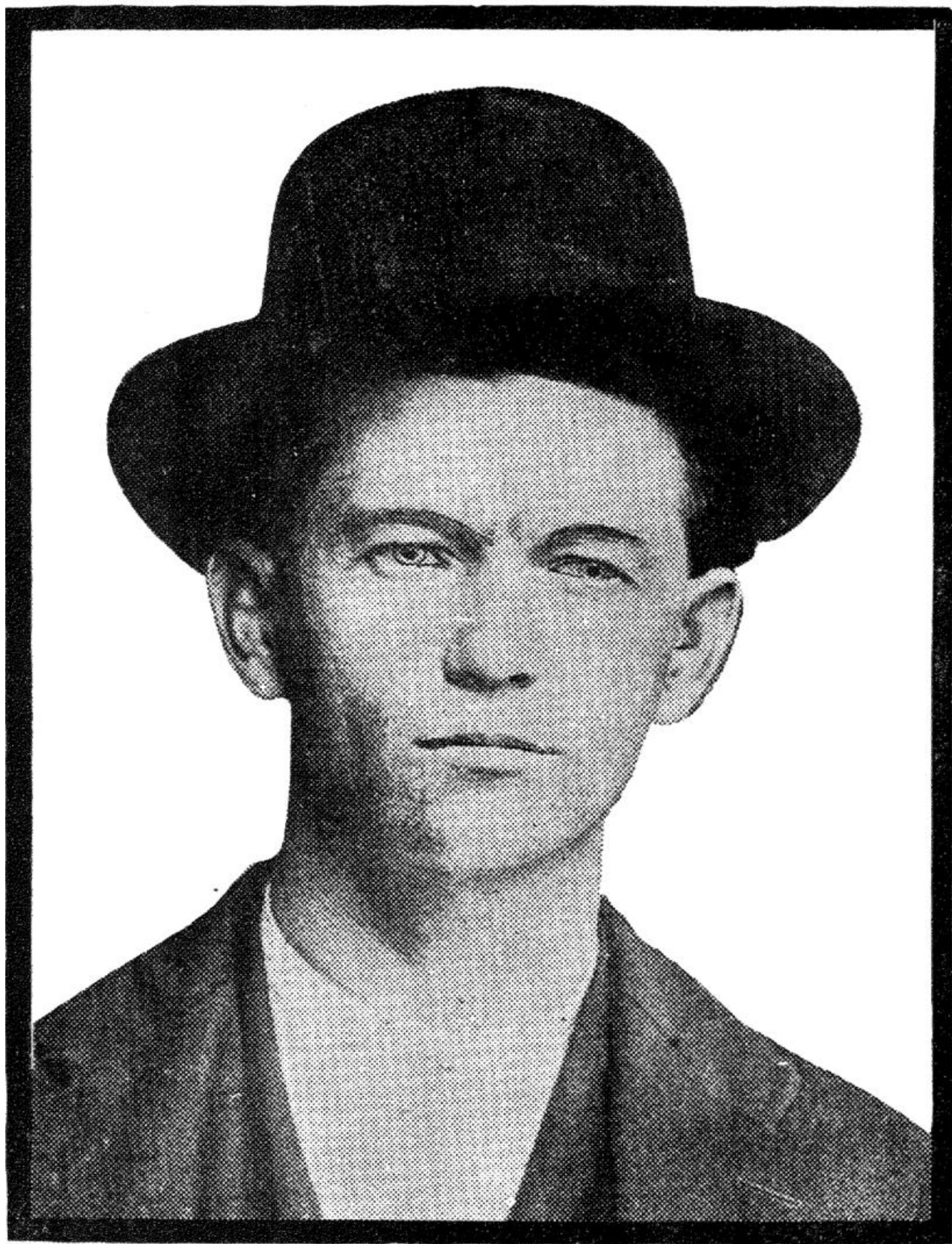
When George T. Settle, the recently elected librarian, was approached, he gave his hearty consent. One hundred volumes were sent immediately for the men's department and fifty for the women prisoners. The books were selected by Miss Annie V. Pollard, former acting librarian, who gave considerable time to a study of the most desirable literature. The books sent were non-denominational, nonpolitical, and mostly fiction, works of the popular authors, but nothing too heavy for the mental appetite of the inmates. The books were taken from the open-shelf room.

As these books are used they are changed. Since the establishment of the jail library station the circulation has reached 2,000 books. Of course, the same book is read by nearly all the regular borrowers.

An interesting sight is presented when the prisoners are at liberty in the open places at the jail. About 75 per cent. of the prisoners can read. The other 25 per cent. gather about an appointed reader, who reads aloud.

How much better is this for those unfortunates than idling their time, brooding, planning evil deeds, perhaps, or thinking criminal thoughts!

The Rev. George L. Herr, prison evangelist, is in charge of the work and he and Jailer Pflanz have made it a success.



CURTIS JETT

How he found God, he tells you in his own words. God bless Curt, and give him the desires of his heart, is the prayer of the Author.

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**CHANGE COMES IN CURT JETT.**

[*Courier-Journal*]

Frankfort, Ky., March 14.—(Special.)—Although he is serving two life sentences for murder, Curt Jett, “the wild dog of the mountains,” has not yet abandoned hope of getting a pardon and being given another chance to show that his reformation has been sincere and final. He says that God has pardoned him for his crimes and he thinks the Governor ought to.

“The best thing ever happened to me was when I was sent to the penitentiary,” said Jett last night in his cell in the prison here as he was talking to some newspaper men, who were inside the cellhouse for another purpose than talking to Jett. “I realize that I never would have been reformed but for being put in here,” continued Jett. “I only wish that they would give me another chance to show that I really have changed my ways.”

**License To Teach Sunday-School.**

Jett showed the newspaper men who had stopped to talk to him, when they saw him lying on his cot reading, a certificate from the International Sunday-school League entitling him to teach in a Sunday-school. He was prouder of that than he ever was of his ability to

shoot and he showed it with great pride. Jett recently wrote out his religious experiences for the Rev. Geo. L. Herr, the prison evangelist, and last night Jett said he would give the story to the newspapers if Col. E. E. Mudd, the prison warden, had no objections. Col. Mudd was with the newspaper men and readily consented to Jett giving out the story. He had written it with a pencil and gave it to the newspaper men, desiring that it be published.

Jett's cell is covered with pictures, most of them selected with care as to their beauty, and he has shown taste in arranging them. One of the newspaper men remarked on the decorations in the cell last night and Jett said:

“Yes, it cheers this cell up a little and makes it brighter.”

#### **Expression On Face Changed.**

Even the expression of Jett's face has changed and he has none of that hard look that he used to wear. He is bright and cheerful and Col. Mudd says there is not a better prisoner in the penitentiary than Jett. Col. Mudd said that he could not say that Jett's conversion was genuine from a religious standpoint, but he says Jett has certainly changed inside the prison. The Rev. Joseph Severance, the prison chaplain, says



that Jett is one of the best Bible scholars he ever saw and knows more about the Bible than many earnest church workers.

In his story which he gave out last night Jett freely admits his guilt of the crimes that are charged against him. He added, when he said that it was a good thing that he had been put in the penitentiary:

“I do not mean that it was good to kill men.”

He said that whisky was largely responsible for his misdeeds and he wanted to do good now that he had done so much harm. The following is Jett's story as he wrote it in his cell:

#### **Jett's Story.**

“State Prison, Frankfort, Ky., March 13, 1909.—  
To the Whole World: I want to let the whole world know what God in his great mercy has done for me, and prove to you by words which are true that Jesus is willing, able and does save to the uttermost. After a life of sin and shame, God sent his Holy Spirit into my soul and made a new man out of me. It was in this wise: A dear, good woman who is dead now, but who then lived in Lexington; her name was Mrs. Fanny A. Penn—I shall never forget that name—she wrote me a good Christian letter, full of good advice, and begged me to become a Christian. I had never



seen her, or she me, as I know of; she had only read in the press regarding what a desperado and outlaw I was. I read her letter and it sounded like a fairy tale to me, with no sense in it; but after reflection, I answered it, and we began to be good friends, and she kept begging me to turn from my sinful ways and be a Christian man.

**Read New Testament.**

“I want to state right here that because a man is in prison, he don't have to be a Christian or behave himself; and Mrs. Penn sent me a small revised Testament and begged me to read it. At first I laid it up and would not read it. I don't remember of ever reading a whole chapter in a Bible up until that time in my whole life; and at last, by her begging me in every letter to read my Testament, I began to read it, and started out with a resolution to read it through, and after I began to read, I became interested in it, and the more I read it the deeper I became interested in it, and God's Holy Spirit began to work in me, and I began to pray. At first it seemed that I was afraid that God would not answer my prayers, but still something made me pray anyway, and it wasn't long until I was praying to God every night from one to three times, from the depths of my heart. I had taken his name

in vain ever since I was a child, and I asked him to make me quit taking his name in vain, and after a day at my work, and when I would curse God, I would think of my prayers, and then at night when I would go to my cell, I would let my thoughts wander over a day that had just passed, and I could tell after reflecting that I hadn't cursed so much that day. And little by little God removed that evil spirit, cursing, from me, until one night when I went to my cell and my thoughts wandered over the day that had just passed, and not an oath had I uttered, and I was happier than ever before, I fell on my knees on the hard stone floor, and thanked God for His goodness and for removing that swearing away from me.

#### **Quits Smoking Cigarettes.**

“I had smoked cigarettes for at least fifteen years and I quit them. I was full of revenge and hatred, and I cried aloud to God in my lonely cell to redeem my soul, which He did, and it wasn't long before I was a friend to everyone and praising God for full and free salvation. He has made a new man out of me. The Holy Spirit is like a fever, and it is all and all before a man gets right with God. Condemning and deceitful spirits will rise up in a man, but all we have to do is to ask God and he will remove them all;

to live a true Christian life is the straightest life that anyone ever tried to walk. It is a great warfare. I read and study my Bible and have learned a great deal about God's word since I joined the church, a few short months ago, under a great, good and noble man of Frankfort by the name of C. R. Hudson, and I love him as a very dear brother. There is not a man in all this world that I hold the least bit of malice against, and before I got right with God I had revenge in me against many.

#### **Warns Young Men.**

“Young men, as you read this, from one who has done many and great wrongs, take warning; shun evil companions and don't do as I have done in days gone by. Don't be led astray by older heads, for the man that will advise you to do a wrong is not your friend; but I could not see it that way. God has given me a new mind and I know as well as I know that I am living that religion is true, real and no fake, as I once thought.

#### **Has Been Born Again.**

“I was raised on a Bluegrass farm in Madison County, Kentucky, and my parents were as good a father and mother as ever lived; but my father died while I was young and I went from bad to worse, com-

mitting crime after crime, and I am guilty of the charges against me, but God has forgiven me of every wrong I ever did. Why won't the Governor? All the punishment that I will ever have to go through with will be on this earth, for God has forgiven me of every wrong and I have a clear conscience now, for I have been born again. There are so many men in prison that trample the lowly God under foot to try and gain their freedom in that way, and I hope that no one single person that reads this will think that I am making mockery of God's love, for I am sincere with God, as I used to be with Satan. I wish that every paper in the whole world would publish this so that it could have a chance to touch the hearts of many sinful men; I long to tell the story to young men, from East to West, from North to South, how God redeemed my soul.

**Refers to Scriptures.**

“We have organized a Bible reading circle here in the prison which is a grand and good work. Now I refer you to some Scripture which I hope everyone will read carefully, and it will show you how God will forgive a man for the crime of murder and for all crimes except one.

“Read Exodus ii., 11, 12, 13, 14, 15; II. Samuel xi. and xii.; Ezekiel xviii., from 20th verse to end of

chapter; Jeremiah xxxiii., 8, 9; Mathew xii., 31; Luke xv.; Acts vii., 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60; Acts viii., 1 to 7; 16, 17, 22; Galatians iii., 24. ...

“I ask for the sincere prayers of every good Christian in this whole world; pray for me, that I may be true to God the rest of my life. When I was repenting my whole face would draw and I could feel the hot, burning love of God in my whole being. I am in prison, maybe never to hear the birds sing or the rippling of the water again, a free man, but I say unto you that I am a free man in Jesus; I have found a friend that sticks closer than a brother. People, let your light shine, for I believe that there are many diamonds in the rough. I am yours in Jesus,

“CURTIS JETT.”

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## Christian Endeavor at Frankfort Prison

Frankfort, Ky., Penitentiary.

Rev. Geo. L. Herr,

Prison Evangelist,

Louisville, Ky.

Dear Brother Herr:

As you have been so kind to me and have asked a somewhat detailed account of Christian Endeavor work in this prison and my connection with same, it



**HENRY E. YOUTSEY**

The Author knows of no man behind prison bars in whom he is more interested than Henry E. Youtsey.



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is my pleasure to comply, especially as you do not visit us as often as we would like and cannot see for yourself all that goes on.

When I commenced my life sentence here, February 6th, 1901, I fell in love with our Christian Endeavor Society at first sight, and in all those 104 months I have only missed about 15 meetings, due to unavoidable causes. I was ill for three months with malaria and could not go at all.

During the early days of my imprisonment our membership at its best averaged about 100, but during the summer months when the boys were given their choice between the open air of the yard and attendance at the meetings the average was less than 20.

In the summer of 1905, and at the instance of Mrs. M. B. R. Day, of Frankfort, I organized and managed a memorizing contest in which a number of prisoners learned and recited verses of scripture, and I obtained a number of handsome Teachers' Bibles and other presents which were given to them as prizes on Thanksgiving day. I continued this work for the three following summers, and in all forty-five prisoners learned and recited a grand total of 33,332 verses, (over four times as many as are contained in the New Testament), which is an average of 741 verses per man. The men studied so hard that some of them in-

jured their eyes, and it was thought best to discontinue the work for a while.

I was Corresponding Secretary of our Society for about two and one-half years, and last December I was elected its President by the largest majority ever given any candidate for the office.

I started in to raise our membership to two hundred, and succeeded in getting it as high as one hundred and sixty-six. It was also my desire to have better attendance during the hot months, and I used every means I could think of to make our meetings attractive, and I was frequently both pleased and surprised to count from sixty-five to seventy, more than three times what it used to be. Some of our members being delicate are in great need of all the fresh air they can get and remain in the yard all day Sundays in pretty weather although their hearts are with us.

A part of our pledge binds the members to carefully read the Bible every day, and I wondered how they were going to keep that pledge without the Bibles, so I set to work again writing letters in every direction, and almost before I knew it our Ky. C. E. Societies sent us 50 Bibles, and Miss Mary B. Rohrer, of Franklin, Pa., sent me 150 of the prettiest Bibles you ever saw; they have flexible, over-lapping backs,

red-under-gold edges, maps, and other helps. This is the most magnificent present we have ever received from outside parties, and besides all these, the Prison Commissioners offered us 100 more, which we could not use. One thing that has impressed me very forcibly is the fact that the Christian people outside are ready at all times to shower blessings upon us, and all we have to do is to ask for them.

At the suggestion of Bro. Jos. Severance, our splendid Chaplain, I numbered the Bibles and gave them out to the members, keeping a careful record of them, and the men were instructed to return the Bibles to the Society on leaving the prison, and although about a score of our members have gone out since then we have only lost one Bible, which speaks volumes for their honesty.

A few Sundays ago I proposed that the Society set apart a small sum of money for prizes, and that all the members who wished to do so would be invited to write compositions on the subject. "What Christian Endeavor has done for me." Nine brothers entered this symposium, and their compositions signed, "Amo Rolo, Sunflower, Rhododendron, Laurel, Merry Heart, Happy Bird, Mizpah, and Christian, aggregate about 7,500 words, and make fine reading; Bro. Severance was appointed Judge.

This summer I organized a little band of workers who go with me to the hospital every Sunday, where we hold little services of song, prayer and Bible reading at the bedsides of those who are ill, and I have found great joy in this work.

We have had some splendid C. E. meetings, the best ones being those when the Senior and Junior societies of the Frankfort Christian Church and the Epworth League of the Methodist Church united with us. Of course, we could not go to them, but they came to us, and gave us rare spiritual and intellectual treats. The music was specially beautiful.

Quite recently I assisted Bro. Severance in re-organizing a Bible class, of which I am Secretary. We are studying Moninger's "Training for Service," and have 52 members. Splendid progress is being made. So you see my hands are pretty full, and when Sunday night comes I am about ready to drop in my tracks. Of course, it is all voluntary, and I do not have to turn my hand over if I do not want to.

I am going to add a "Soul-winners Department" to our C. E. Society for the purpose of assisting Bro. Severance in the conversion of the men, but I am in some doubt as to how to proceed as there is no chance to get at the men in the winter time. However, I am determined to find opportunity somehow.

We have a new Superintendent of Prison C. E.

work, in the person of Miss Georgia Dunn, of Marksbury, Ky. She is the most energetic little Christian lady I have seen in a long time, and our society will surely hum this winter under her guidance, as we are all very proud of our good little sister.

January 1st, I commenced to read my Bible through, at the rate of three chapters each week night, and five each Sunday night, in order to get through by December 31st, but I read more than that and finished up three months ahead of time. Although I have read the good book constantly during the last eight years, this is the first continuous reading to completion that I ever did.

I have enjoyed Bro. Severance's sermons very much and I believe there is nothing that thrills and inspires me with enthusiasm like fine preaching, and right here I am going to tell you something which you must keep under your hat; one Sunday Bro. Severance was unexpectedly called away, and asked for a volunteer to fill his place, and I was delighted at the opportunity, and although I could not fill it I "rattled about in it," for about 30 minutes, and one dear fellow accepted the gospel invitation and joined the church. As soon as my sermonette was over quite a number of friends crowded around me and showered congratulations on me. This was a temptation to try again,



and the next time three brothers joined the church, and that pleased me immensely, you know.

I have many good friends in Louisville, including Dr. Powell, of the Christian Church; Dr. T. M. Hawes, of the Highland Presbyterian Church, whose C. E. Society sent us \$7.50, and, say, there is a pastor after God's own heart. Give them all my love when you see them, and say to them that while I am ashamed of the sins that brought me here I am trying to leave foot-prints that I will be proud of in the great day of judgment.

The Christian Endeavor Societies of Newport, Paris, Winchester and Lexington have helped us wonderfully. Lexington is the principal center of Christian Endeavor activity, from my point of view, and I have an especially warm place in my heart for those societies.

How is Mr. John R. Pflanz getting along? He is another whom I love, and I hope that he will get every office that he goes after.

Be sure and give my kindest regards to your most excellent wife; she is certainly a queen among women.

Trusting that I have not tired you, and that you will excuse my remissness in failing to write sooner, I am,

Most respectfully yours,

H. E. YOUTSEY.

## Capital Punishment

The following forceful expressions regarding capital punishment by Gov. Geo. W. Hunt, of Arizona, are in exact keeping with the thoughts of the author. "Thou shalt not kill" applies to governments, corporations, societies and individuals alike.

Capital punishment is simply the commission by the State of an act which is regarded as a horrible crime if committed by an individual. One man must not kill another man, but several men vested with official titles can hold a conference and send a soul to eternity. The State says: "You must not kill; but if you do, I will kill you." This theory of a State's power or duty owes its origin to the lowest class of barbarians in the early history of the world. Their logic, if it may be called that, sprang solely from a spirit of revenge. The idea that a legal execution would deter others from committing murder probably never occurred to them. Their crude minds did not rise above the thought that the victim should be avenged, and that adequate vengeance could be found only in the hangman's noose or the guillotine.

There are a thousand other practices originating with barbarians which the footsteps of civilization and

progress have crushed. But capital punishment, the worst heritage of the dark ages, lingers with us, betraying one of the spots in humanity where the veneer of civilization is thin. I am inclined to think that the spirit of revenge still is the ruling motive back of the legal execution, even though pleas are made in its behalf which barbarians never thought of. They could not very well think of such punishment as a curb to more murders, for even they could not help seeing that the beheading and quartering of offenders had no such effect. The legal execution has no such effect today, a fact which any fair-minded man will recognize after proper investigation. And if that plea falls down, as it does and must continue to do, what defense of the legal killing of our fellowman is left us? The moment we are convinced that the number of murders is on the increase, or does not decrease, in spite of the rope and electric chair, we will have to justify capital punishment on some other ground. What is that other ground, if it is not the old savage impulse of meting revenge—a species of revenge, at the last analysis, confers no good whatever upon society as a whole, and is of no consolation or comfort to the family circle most affected by the original murder?

Arizona has taken most advanced ground upon social and economic questions, and while the old terri-

torial law, permitting capital punishment, is still on the statute books, it must be remembered that statehood has been in operation less than a year, and that the first State Legislature was overwhelmed with work during the comparatively short session prescribed by the Constitution. I am confident that public sentiment in Arizona is opposed to capital punishment. During the special session of the Legislature, which will be held early in 1913, an effort will be made to repeal the old law. If the Legislature is too busy to give the matter attention, or is disinclined to assume the responsibility, the initiative provision of the State Constitution will be invoked, thus putting the question square up to the people. I have no fears for the outcome. Arizona citizenship has proved itself too intelligent to lag behind the advanced thought and progress of civilization.

GEO. W. H. HUNT,  
Governor of Arizona.

## Indiana Reformatory

### Inmates Subscribe for Pipe Organ

Each one a Carnegie in proportion to his ability to give, a majority of the 1,204 inmates of the Indiana Reformatory yesterday voluntarily contributed toward the purchase of a pipe organ for the handsome chapel of the institution, the total offerings approximated \$900. When the contribution cards were checked up by the Rev. W. E. Edgin, chaplain of the reformatory, he was surprised at the generosity shown by the inmates. The individual sums given ranged from 25 cents to \$35.

When Gov. J. Frank Hanly was a guest at the Reformatory recently he was asked by Mr. Edgin as to the best plan to pursue to get from Andrew Carnegie a contribution sufficient to buy a pipe organ. Gov. Hanly replied that this sum could be raised in Indiana, and he started the list with \$100. It then occurred to Mr. Edgin to ask voluntary contributions from the inmates, and permission was given by Supt. Whittaker. Cards were left in each cell, with blanks for subscriptions, but it was distinctly stated that all offerings should be entirely voluntary. A great many

of the inmates bring money with them to the Reformatory, and this, with that which they earn by overtime work, which is considerable, is credited to them.

When the success of the offering was learned the inmates were as much pleased as Chaplain Edgin. The new organ soon will be forthcoming.

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**PROGRAM.**

**Indiana Reformatory Chapel Services.**

**Sunday, April 14, 1907.**

March—"Camp Organ" ..... Narovec  
March—"Steel King" ..... St. Clair  
Musical Selection.  
Paraphrase—"Melody in F" ..... Rubenstein  
Doxology.  
The Lord's Prayer.

**I SHALL BE LIKE HIM.**

When I shall reach the more excellent glory,  
And all my trials are passed,  
I shall behold Him, O wonderful story!  
I shall be like Him at last.



Cho: I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him,  
 And in His beauty shall shine;  
 I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him,  
 Jesus my Savior divine.

We shall not wait till the glorious dawning  
 Breaks on the vision so fair,  
 Now we may welcome the heavenly morning,  
 Now we His image may bear.

More and more like Him, repeat the blest story,  
 Over and over again,  
 Changed by His Spirit from glory to glory,  
 I shall be satisfied then.

### Prayer.

Piano Solo .....J. S. Hathaway  
 Selection—From “Romeo and Juliet”.....Gounod

### THE VIRTUE OF SHAME.

Confession is a duty too little regarded even by many Christians. Some men are ashamed to confess that they have done wrong. Sir John Lubbock says: “It is well to be ashamed of yourself if you are in the wrong; but never be ashamed to own it.” The Bible says: “Confess your faults one to another.”

**CONQUEST.**

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.—Goldsmith.  
All things are yours.—Paul.

The world is mine. I hold no title-deed  
To one small acre, yet have all I need,  
And should Dame Fortune proffer me her store  
I could not linger wistful, at her door.

Unfortunate is he beyond compute,  
Whose love of fortune makes his conscience mute.  
I will not look to fortune. I will do  
My best, though small that best to her or you.

All things are mine. I walk with firmer tread  
Than Caesar at his best; for I am led  
By mightier One than Fortune or than Fate,  
And I shall conquer all things, soon or late.

All things? Yes, all. Then well may Fortune frown,  
And clutch with trembling hand her imperial crown.  
I will stoop to conquer. I will rise  
And climb the rugged path where duty lies.

Sermon.....Geo. L. Herr

**Benediction.**

March—"Boston Press Club" .....Rollinson  
March—"Yankee Grit" .....Holzman

**"CLING TO THE BIBLE."**

**Tis the anchor of hope and the lamp that gives light,**

**Tis the star that will shine thro' your life's darkest night,**

**If you follow its guidance, you'll always be right,**

**So cling to the Bible and walk in its light.**

To neglect, reject or doubt the Bible in any particular is but an entering wedge to spiritual apathy. The "Bible tinkers" of this or any other age have been men whose hearts are cold and whose soul saving powers were limited.

To obey the Bible, will lead to a perfect salvation, make possible a victorious faith, surmount the difficulties of life and gain an "inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."

Watson says, "The Bible is a rock of diamonds; a chain of pearls; the sword of the Spirit, a chart by which the Christian sails to eternity, the map by which he daily walks; the sun dial by which he sets his life; the balance by which he weighs his actions."

**The  
Bible  
contains  
3,566,480  
letters, 810-  
697 words, 31-  
175 verses, 1,189  
chapters, and 66  
books. The longest  
chapter is the 119th  
Psalm. The shortest  
and middle chapter the  
117 Psalm. The middle  
verse is the 8th of the 118th  
Psalm. The longest name is  
in the 8th chapter of Isaiah.  
The word "and" occurs 46,627  
times; the "Lord" 858 times. The  
37th chapter of Isaiah and the 9th  
chapter of the 2d book of Kings are  
alike. The longest verse is the 9th of  
the 8th chapter of Esther and the shortest  
verse is the 35th of the 11th chapter of  
John. In the 21st verse of the 7th  
chapter of Ezra is the alphabet. The  
name of God is not mentioned in  
the book of Esther. The model  
prayer is the 17th chapter of  
John. The 13th chapter of  
1st Corinthians is the  
most practical.**

**It Con-**

**tains**

**Know-**

**ledge**

**Holi-**

**ness**

**Wisdom**

**and Love**

**The Tree of Life and Knowledge**

**"DO YOU KNOW THE WORLD IS DYING FOR A  
LITTLE BIT OF LOVE?"**

Practical results are happy homes, husbands and fathers restored to their families, wives and children made happy, multitudes rescued, and the world made better.

The magnitude of this work will never be known until Eternity's records are disclosed. Little did we think twenty years ago that so humble a beginning would be attended with such remarkable results.

Rev. Herr holds a unique position in the evangelistic field. He is considered the greatest evangelist among prisoners in the United States.—Louisville Herald, May 17, 1909.

When you help the missionaries, you help the poor fellow in trouble. When you help those in trouble, you help yourself, and when you thus help the missionary, the outcast, and yourself, God will help you.

**OUR MOTTO:**

"Seeking the lost."

"Helping the helpless to help themselves."

All along life's pathway there are men and women in need:

Go and help somebody just now.

With a word of kindness or a loving deed,

Go and help somebody just now.

Dear Friend—Our country is taxed with a burden of thousands of prisoners. These people are crippled, not in body, not in mind, but almost always in morals, which is the most serious. It is to help or recover them that we are giving our lives. Our labors have not been in vain, as the testimonials will show you. We want you to “hold the rope while we go down into the pit,” by subscribing for our support and transportation in this work of prison evangelism; and in so doing you become the benefactor of a submerged class.

May we not hope to have your check to help in this concerted effort? I am,

Yours sincerely,

GEO. L. HERR,

Louisville, Ky.

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“He that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.”—1 John 5:12.

“How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?—Heb. 2:3.

“For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”—Mark 8:36.

“But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.”—Matt. 6:33.



**GET REV. HERR'S NEW BOOK.**

Entitled "The Nation Behind Prison Bars," for your good; but chiefly for the good of others.

The nation behind the bars is an interesting nation, a pitiful nation, a needy nation. Help them and interest yourself in them by buying and reading this book.

"You have a superb record."—Rev. Horace G. Ogden, D.D.

"He has wide experience on both sides of the line."—Rev. H. C. Morrison, Editor Pentecostal Herald.

"His labors are abundantly blessed."—Rev. Joseph Severance.

"The large number who have been helped by hearing your message will be still further benefited by reading your book."—Rev. Albert J. Steelman, Ph.D., Chaplain, Illinois State Penitentiary.

"You and your good wife were father and mother to the prisoners."—John R. Pflanz, Jailer.

"George L. Herr is not the man to do anything in an ordinary way."—Rev. D. J. Starr, D.D., Chaplain of Columbus, O., Penitentiary.

"His work among prisoners has been very successful, and through his efforts many erring creatures have been induced to reform."—Charles F. Grainger.