

## A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER UPON THE SUMMER WORK

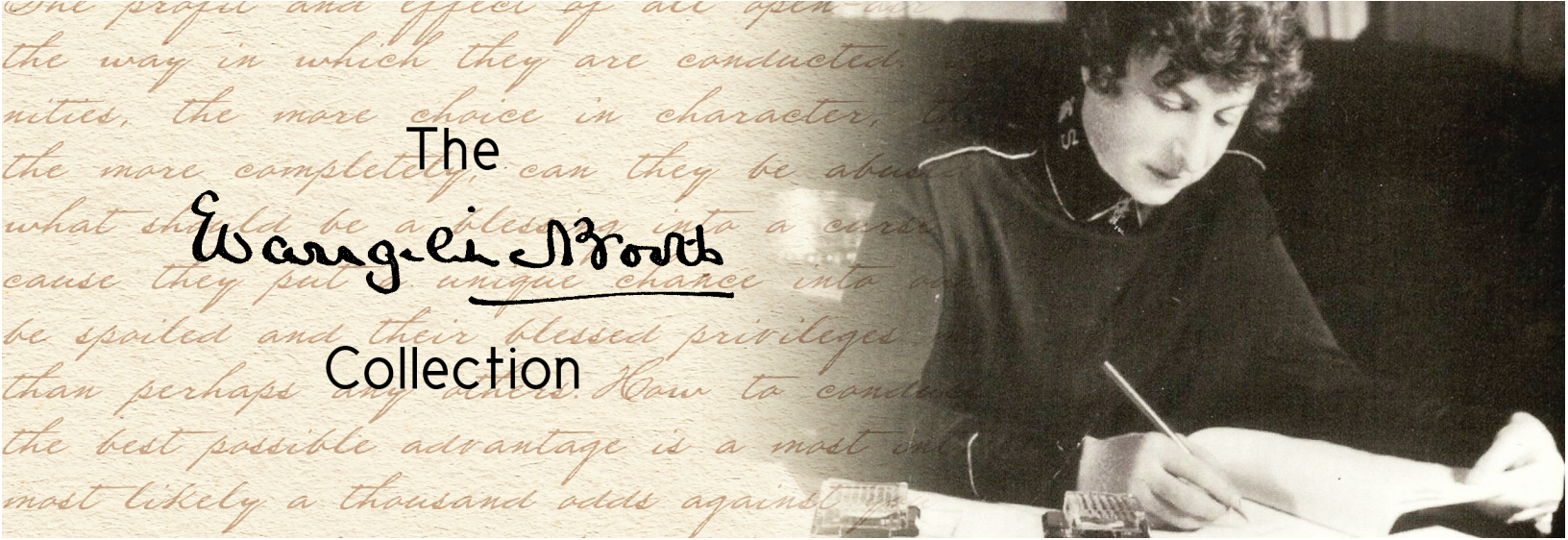
When first the fiery-mantled sun  
His heavenly race began to run,  
Round the earth and ocean blue  
Her children four, the seasons, flew;

First, in green apparel dancing,  
The young Spring smiled with angel grace;  
Rosy Summer, next advancing,  
Rushed into her sire's embrace.

What a glorious thing is Summer! The new-mown hay, the ripening grain, the luxurious fruits, the fragrant flowers, the singing birds, the flowing waters, the shady dell and the shining sun all tend to make it incomparable in beauty and abundance.

But how it makes one's heart ache to think of the countless number who know next to nothing of its blessings! The slum dweller, crowded beyond expression in the stifling, fetid atmosphere of the tenement, with the hot sun pouring its ceaseless rays upon roof and pavement, is shut in from any of the sweets of this beautiful season. Plant life is seldom, if ever, seen in blind alleys and gloomy, congested districts. The little human buds that break into being droop, wither and die in hundreds just for the want of that expansion and purity which the wide field and the rolling sea gives. So in writing of our summer work, it seems quite natural that my thoughts should pass between these great contrasts – the open country or expansive sands and the tiny, badly ventilated back room of a basement or a garret in the slums of our great cities.

The subject of the Fresh-air camp will be well presented in this War Cry by another pen and also by many illustrations, and consequently I am relieved of the need of treating it exhaustively. However, I want to bring before you the blessing of these efforts to the poor as compared with the money-cost.



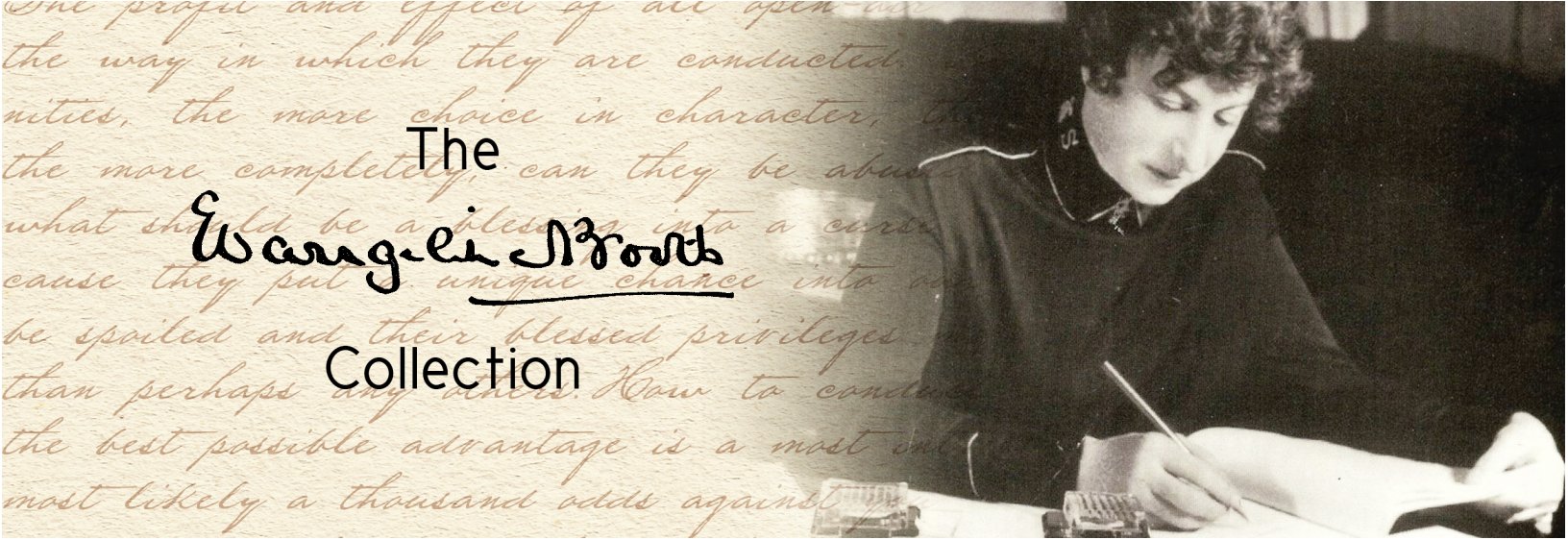
My secretary for this work in New York, Mrs. Major Brewer, has just presented me with a few figures showing what was done in connection with one Fresh-air Camp last year, and I must say that my surprise equaled my delight. No less than 2,135 mothers and children were taken from the crowded and poor centres of New York for a day by the sea at North Long Branch, and nearly 1,000 of these had the undreamed-of luxury of stopping for one week in our beautiful Home on the shore front, there to revel on the sand and bathe in the ocean. It would be quite impossible for me to state what this means in the matter of heartening to these poor mothers or health to these poor children. You must draw upon your imagination, and in doing so you are not likely to exaggerate.

But what is the cost? I do not mean the cost in care and toil so voluntarily given by my dear people, but the cost in money. The average cost of the twenty-two parties of ninety-seven per party was but \$187.95, and it was found that a mother or child was cared for during an entire week for less than two dollars. With such a record for economy, it does seem a calamity that a much larger number cannot be taken from the misery of their surroundings and provided for in this way. Without question the benefit is all out of proportion to its trifling expense. Here I am only speaking of one center, but the same blessed work is being done on the same economical lines at other great centers – in Boston, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Philadelphia, and many other cities. In the aggregate, through our work among the children, upward of 46,000 little ones were cared for last year and the good done must have been immeasurable. But what about the vast number we cannot help because of the need of more money? Will not every heart that feels for the neglected child help us to help more?

#### ICE FOR THE POOR.

Kindred to this is the work of distributing ice to the poor. In most of our great cities in America ice is a necessity, and especially is this the case where there are infants or invalids. The struggle to get a little milk is aggravated when for want of a little ice the milk speedily sours. Hence our wagons, with the cheap or free ice, are hailed with delight, and none are more welcome to a slum home than the girl officers bringing a piece of frozen blessing. Hundreds of tons of ice are thus distributed through sweltering Summer months, and this year will be no exception to the





rule, unless, indeed, we, through the goodness of God, make it the banner year for such a work of mercy.

#### CAMP MEETINGS.

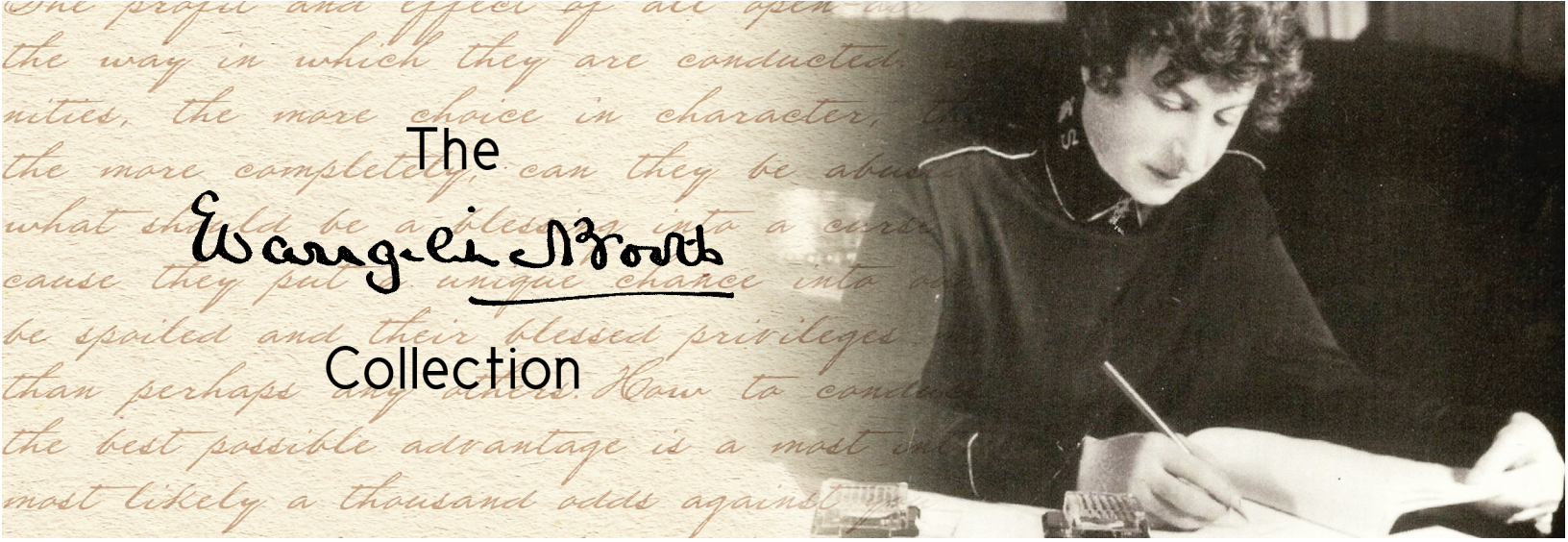
The ordinary operations of The Army are always supplemented by great efforts being made in the way of camp meetings. The lure of the fields is a strong factor, and it can be, and it, used to attract a vast crowd to hear the Gospel who would not come to indoor services because of the heat. So the Salvationist goes to the woods and conducts the camp meeting, where thousands are brought face to face with their sins and there they meet the Saviour. Arrangements have already been completed for several great camp meetings this year, and there is nothing that more thoroughly serves to show the adaptability of The Salvation Army than does the variety and the success of our summer work in camp and tent.

#### LIFE-SAVING SCOUT CAMPS.

This will be an innovation, for the Life-Saving Scout movement is new to this country. Our young people are sure to evince great enthusiasm, and the hikes and camps will prove to be most interesting and helpful, as well as healthful. The boys will in this have an opportunity such as has never come to them before.

Many other special activities will make a demand on both time and attention, but through the Summer, although these extra things will play such an important part in our warfare, we must not fail in the matter of close and persevering attention to our usual method of fighting.

The open-air battle ground will be peopled by a much larger crowd than is usual in the cold months of Winter, and this Summer will offer its special invitation to more eager and enthusiastic fighting at the street-corner. An officer was telling me only a few days ago of a splendid victory when several of the worst men of the city in which he is stationed knelt at the drumhead and gave themselves to God. The impression made upon that city was startling. There is nothing so attractive and so irresistible in its winning force as broken hearts, with men and women weeping over their sins and turning to God. We must make the drumhead a mercy-seat more than ever



this Summer. To just go through the motions of an open-air meeting is discreditable, when God has given us such a vantage-spot as the street-corner for the reaching of men with His message. We must prize and use this privilege to the full. In this great land, where freedom counts for so much, let us pledge ourselves anew to increased toil and more daring faith, so that our fellow citizens shall be successfully urged to a new and fuller declaration, shaking forever from their hearts all allegiance to sin and rejoicing with us in the truth that makes men free.

(July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1915)