

HOOSIER HAPPENINGS

By J. M. Wines

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INTRODUCTION

There may not be any thing in a name, there may not be any thing in a locality; but there is something uncanny about the way old Indiana goes about it to produce men who are just a little closer to the universal heart of humanity than their fellows from other sections of the country. James Whitcomb Riley, John T. Hatfield, U. E. Harding and J. M. Wines are the more interesting because they are so "common." Their experiences are so "typical" that we all feel like they are talking about "us," and that they are only just polite in that they say it was themselves who suffered the embarrassment and were put at odds.

Brother Wines has not written a great deal, and readers of this little book will agree with me when I say that we are the losers on this account. Once you start reading this book, you will not cease until you have finished it. At first you will see principally the humor of the life's story, but later you will discover the "message," and by that time the message will have fastened itself upon you so fully that there will be no escaping it. For this reason, this is a forceful book. It will do good where many a more "classical" work would never get a reading at all; and no book can do good, unless it is read.

Brother Wines is a clear thinker, a close analyst, a sympathetic critic and a lucid writer. Our own personal introduction to him is typical of his remarkable quickness in grasping the humor and truth of a situation. Upon being introduced to him, and when as yet we were verita-

ble strangers, I grasped his hand, and in a clumsy attempt to be friendly, I said, "And I believe you are Rev. J. W. Short's father-in-law." "No," he replied, with a humor that was illy covered by his assumed severity, "I have been Sister Wines' husband and Jim Short's father-in-law long enough. I am Rev. J. M. Wines." And with no further explanations, I instinctively knew that I had met a friend who could be trusted and whose company would never be dull. And years of trial have confirmed the intimations of that hour.

May God bless this little book and send it forth on a wide mission of blessing to mankind. May it make bad people feel bad and good people feel good, and may it result in the adding of many stars to the crown of its writer.

J. B. CHAPMAN,
Editor, Herald of Holiness.

May 13, 1926.

CHAPTER I

WHERE I WAS BORN

In the southeastern part of Shelby County, Indiana, there is a little spring branch, that is perhaps a half mile long. This branch ripples, murmurs, sings and shouts along its short rocky bed, until its clear limpid waters are lost in the more pretentious stream called Flat Rock, which is sometimes denominated a river, and at others it dwindles down until the good old Indiana aphorism, "crick" seemed to express the term that would best put it in its proper place among the waters of the earth.

The spring branch has a name, "Shelby's Branch," because old man Shelby, one of the characters of that neighborhood and the earth, came to Indiana in the "Congress Land" days, the days when one dollar and twenty-five cents would buy an acre of land with woods, hills, hollows, coons, copperheads, wildcats and spring branches thrown in for good measure.

The days when Edward Eggleston made old "Miss" say to old "Mister," "Git a plenty while you are a gitten." Old man Shelby didn't get much, but he got a tract from Range Six East to Flat Rock, and from the big road on the south to Pearson's "swimmin" hole on the north.

He walked one hundred yards north from the big road across the branch, and ran his hickory cane, which he always carried, into a moist place in the earth on the bank of the rivulet. A small stream of clear water fol-

lowed the ferrule of the cane, as he withdrew it from the ground.

With a mattock and grubbing hoe, in a few hours the old man had grubbed, dug and walled him up a "spring" which did then, and does yet, furnish an undiminished supply of liquid satisfaction to horse, hound, man or any other creature who will go get it.

The accoutrements of the spring were complete when a gourd was secured from the embryo homestead of John Hungate. This gourd would hold at least one gallon, and as it rested in a ledge of rock always ready and anxious for use in its beauty, grandeur and submissive-ness, certainly would have made the "Old Oaken Bucket" hang its head in shame.

"Just above the spring," old man Shelby said, "is the place for the cabin." He with the help of neighbors, chopped, scored, hewed, saddled, grooved, puncheoned, clapboarded, chinked, daubed, rafted and finished a log cabin eighteen feet wide and twenty-four feet long, six feet and six inches from puncheon floor to rafter ceiling on the inside, with a good deep throated, loud voiced fireplace attached to the north end.

When Adam Haun put up his "muley" sawmill in connection with his watermill on Conn's Creek a few years afterward, old man Shelby got slabs and boards enough to put up a measly addition, of an upright nature, to his good old cabin. This addition seemed to be not only an insult to the timber of the country but to old man Shelby and the neighborhood in general, and though it stood for more than half a century and is still standing, as far as I know, no one ever had a good word for it, or thought much of it.

It was in this cabin, on Wednesday afternoon, at four o'clock, March 24, 1857 that I was born, but before I proceed with my own record further, let me tell you something about my parents, Pa and Ma as we learned it in days of yore.

CHAPTER II

MY PARENTS AND INCIDENTS OF THEIR EARLY LIFE

Father was of German extraction, and could trace his forefathers back to "Bingen on the Rhine," where the name was Vines instead of Wines. A much better name I think, and one that would have doubtless saved me many a licking or hard earned victory, as my name was a constant source of merriment to my school fellows, and I was in a state of war almost all the time. Father was born in eastern Tennessee, and when less than one year old was carried in grandmother's lap and apron on horse-back from Hawkins County, Tennessee to Liberal County, Indiana. His father settled near Philometh and lived there eleven years. Then grandfather moved to Milford, Decatur County, Indiana. In 1846 father went to the Mexican War returning in 1848. In 1850 he attended a barbecue in Shelby County, Indiana that was given in honor of the Mexican soldiers. He made a speech in which he told of some of his adventures in the then far away country of Mexico.

One of his most attentive listeners and admirers was rosy, rotund fifteen year old Amanda McCarty. The black eyed, black bearded young soldier caught the admiring glance of the coy maiden, and matters were forever settled before Hughes McCarty introduced them, and she shyly dropped a "curchey" and Elijah N. Wines, soldier that he was, gave first a military salute and then a Chesterfield bow.

Elijah taught the school that year in the Joe Mounts log school house. Edward Eggleston gives one incident in his "Hoosier Schoolmaster," that occurred almost verbatim in the school that father taught in 1851 and 1852, that of smoking the teacher out to make him treat. Amanda came to school more regularly than any other pupil. The teacher boarded with the scholars, as was the custom of the times.

In a short time he was invited and went to the McCarty home, which was an old fashioned double log cabin. Squire G. B. McCarty held the deed, or rather patent for the land. He also held the fear or admiration of all who knew him. His full name was Green Berry McCarty. By those who loved him, he was called "Uncle Green." By those who were able to control their admiration for him, he was referred to as "Old Grundy."

He was of the old school type of manhood that has long since passed away. He could preside at a wedding or social function with all the dignity and decorum of a high church curate, or he could lift more at the end of a hand spike at a log rolling, or "cuss" a hound with more expletives than any man in the settlement.

He could give more good valid reasons for being a Democrat than the law really required. General "Andy" Jackson was the center of all his admiration. He held him in higher esteem than anyone on earth or in heaven.

"Old Grundy" had made the introductory speech at the barbecue, and had elucidated the righteousness of the whole thing. He quoted what young Senator Tom Corwin had said in congress when a bill was before the house to provide supplies for our army then in Mexico, in which he said, "Were I a Mexican I would with bloody hands

welcome the American troops to hospitable graves." Then in an eloquent way he sent the Ohio Senator and all of his "ilk and kidney," on a lightning express journey to the lowest and deepest depths of perdition. The crowd cheered.

When Elijah, the young soldier, made his speech that day, he did it in such a kind unpretentious way that everybody admired him. Then he pointed to the shot riddled flag of Buena Vista and said, "For the love of you and this glorious country of ours, I have followed it through the United States, Texas and Mexico, and for the love of you and what it stands for, I would dare to follow it to Hades and flaunt it in the face of the Devil and tell him to depart forever. I would even dare to follow it to the elysian heights of eternal glory, and there only in the presence of the Crucified One, fold this emblem of the greatest nation on earth and enlist under the blood stained banner of King Jesus, and follow him for evermore."

These are not the exact words of the soldier, but they are what he should have said, and what he did say was so far ahead of "Old Grundy's" speech, that there was a little jealousy stirred up in the Irish of his make-up. So much so indeed, that while he would not fail to extend the utmost hospitality to anyone who should come as a guest to his home, yet when he saw Amanda come beaming up the path through the water pasture with the handsome young soldier teacher walking by her side, nervously cutting the leaves of the underbrush with a leatherwood switch he had cut and trimmed for that purpose, he fired an expletive at his favorite hound that was so expressive and strong that old Drum could not help but get the full

force of it. So the poor dog full of disgust, humiliation, sorrow and agony, got up and with tail at half mast and chin almost dragging the ground, went to the log stable where at unseemly intervals during the night, he poured out his soul to the unsympathizing moon in such unearthly moans and howls, that Uncle Green swore by all that was good and bad that he would shoot the dog in the gray of the morning.

He greeted the young man however, with some degree of hospitality, and before bed time had lost all of his prejudice against him, because naturally he was a fine young man, and the conversation of the evening developed the fact that Elijah was not only a Democrat, but that John Wines, his father, had fought with General "Andy" Jackson in the Indian wars, and was then a captain of the Militia of the State. Elijah told of his Mexican exploits and Uncle Green of his experiences with the Indians, how at Bryantsburg, Kentucky, when he was an infant and the Indians had been besieging them for days, his own mother had rushed out of the stockade and every woman in the fort followed her to the big spring and filled their buckets and saved the lives of the besieged in this way. Simon Girty, the renegade white commander of the Indians, would not allow the painted warriors to fire on the women.

The old double log cabins of that day were constructed in this way. Two cabins were built with a space some ten or twelve feet between the ends. This space was often roofed over just as though it were a continuation of the cabin roofs. In the course of time one end of this "entry" as it was called, was boarded up. Then later on the other end. Some times a bed was put in the

entry, and some times it was used as a catch all for everything.

The back part of Uncle Green's entry had been closed. The material was on the ground to "board up" the front, but so far it had not been done. However, the bed was in its place, and Elijah was put in there for the night. As a usual thing he woke early, but this morning the sun was shining brightly and everybody was astir when he awoke. There were four girls who were busy passing from one cabin to the other through the entry, but neither would have cast her eyes toward the bed under any consideration. Elijah had dropped his trousers down by the side of the bed, but when he reached his hand down to get them they were not there. Leaning far out of the bed he cast a penetrating sweep of his vision toward the front, which not only enabled him to see all the puncheon floor of the entry, but far out into the yard in front and see a sight that almost caused his heart to sink within him.

Old Drum's escort, "Queen," was the happy mother of two happy youngsters, a son and a daughter, who were now well along in puppyhood, being about two months old. For want of anything better to enjoy at that time, they had dragged the pantaloons out in the yard, and each had hold of the bottom of a leg, stretching to their extremest capacity of stretching, while they laughed, growled and pulled.

Elijah, however, was equal to the occasion. He had not fought and gained the victory over the "greasers" in Mexico to come home and be defeated by two hound pups. So he took the shortest and most direct route to the seat of conflict, and that was right over the foot board

of the old four posted cherry bedstead. But "Alas, alack a day" dire results followed this gallant charge.

When John Wines down in old Culpepper County, Virginia, persuaded Maggie Walters to take him for better or worse, he got a wonderful woman in more ways than one. She it was who had hackled, distaffed, spun, wove, cut out and made the tow linen shirt that her son had on at this time. Elijah cleared the cherry bedpost all right, but the rear extremity of the flying tow linen did not, and as Absalom was hung by the hair of his head to the oak tree in the forest, my Pa was hung by his flaxen robe to "Old Grundy's" bedpost.

He frantically reached behind to tear the shirt, but tow linen shirts would not tear. However his hand rested upon an old-fashioned "coverlid" which had a rickety caricature of the courthouse of Greensburg, Indiana woven into it. Also the figures 1842 with the two upside down blazoned in one corner. With this father draped himself, and the posts then calmly awaited deliverance or death.

Sant McCarty shortly after this came through the entry to get the rifle to shoot a hawk he saw sailing over Hoban's "holler." He saw the predicament of his guest and laughed and created such a hubbub that the whole family came to see what was the matter. The girls and women blushed and ran away, while the men rescued the young man who was not a little disconcerted, but in the many peculiar happenings of the times this incident was almost lost in the view of the fact that so much more important history was in the process of making.

CHAPTER III

MARRIAGE OF PARENTS, MY ADVENT, NAME, ETC.

In the early fifties of last century, Elijah N. Wines rode up to the home of Old Grundy on a nicely caparisoned horse, with a fine young filly walking by the side of this good saddle horse. The young horse was soon equipped with Amanda's sidesaddle, web reined bridle, martingales and all. She nimbly climbed the "upping" block and as lightly as a bird landed in the sidesaddle.

Accompanied with two or three other horseback couples, this gay party soon covered the eleven miles to Shelbyville, the county seat. A marriage license was procured from the clerk of the Court. The party then sought the best hotel in the little city where the Judge, an old friend of the bride's father, performed the marriage ceremony. After a sumptuous dinner at the hostelry, the party returned to the bride's home where another great repast awaited them. This was followed by the "infair" at old Johnny Wines' the next day in Decatur County, and so on for a week or so there were big dinners and fetes until the young couple was glad to finally settle in the home the groom had bought of old man Shelby on the Spring Branch.

Father had received a land warrant for a quarter section of land, in the then far western country of Illinois. This was given him by the Government for his services as a soldier in the Mexican War. He and an older sister,

Aunt Lou Ann (her name was Louisiana), had taken teams, provisions and necessary implements, and had gone to "The Illinoi," as it was then called, and "cropped" one season. After the crop was matured father sold out for four hundred dollars, I think. I was in that section of Illinois a year or so ago, and that quarter section would easily have brought thirty-two thousand dollars.

He took the four hundred dollars and bought old man Shelby's forty acres and began housekeeping. In one year a little son David was born. He lived but a few days. The next year a little daughter was hailed with delight. In just fourteen months from the birth of little Ella, I made my advent in the log cabin on the Spring Branch on the old Shelby farm. I made such a row about my surroundings and the general condition of affairs, that it was thought best to give me a good bath and put me away for the night.

Lye soap was usually used in the ablutions of that early day, but because of the fact that I was a boy, and my father's heart was set for a boy and now his fond hopes were realized, he generously donated the use of his cake of shaving soap for my first cleansing.

After a good night's rest I felt better, was more congenial, and under these better conditions it was considered to be the proper thing to give me a name. The good old cognomen John had held sway on the Wines side for years and years, and it was decided at once that I should wear that as a part of myself. Maurice was a good swarthy name that had been given to one of my mother's brothers who had died under the weight of it, or of something else, at an early age. While it was hardly Irish enough to suit some of the family, yet it was attached to

me, and I have serenely and quietly submitted to it, and today I still bear the name that was given to me back yonder in the log cabin.

I had a cousin whom I will call Jones because Jones was not his name. He was named in full for his and my Irish grandfather, "Green Berry McCarty" Jones. When he got old enough to distinguish between right and wrong, he immediately discovered the awful wrong that had been heaped upon him, and when he found the way to get out of it, he had the State Legislature to help him drop the "Green Berry McCarty," and substitute plain "William," which seemed more appropriate to him. While I have, I think, the proper reverence and appreciation for my deceased grandfather, yet I never could bring a railing accusation against my cousin for this act of self-defense.

I grew rapidly and waxed strong. We lived on the Spring Branch until I was three years old. I can remember quite distinctly a dog and a cat that were my own individual property that I owned while we lived there. I was not responsible for the names given to the dog and cat. The dog was burdened and cowed down all his life with the scriptural, but malignant name "Judas." While he was only a dog of the cur species, I have never reconciled my thoughts so as to believe it was right to throw mud at him in that way. My cat fared better, though not any too well. He or she reveled under the euphonious cognomen of "Nigger."

These friends were my constant companions in my excursions along the Spring Branch. I had a tendency on these journeys to catch my toes under roots or on rocks, tumble down and roll over a time or two. These mistakes

occurred so often that my colleagues came to consider it a part of the program, and almost any time my mother would look toward the Spring Branch she would see a boy, cat and dog all rolling down the hill together.

The dog and cat were not the only ones of the trio that showed a marked degree of intelligence, for this attribute was developed very early in myself as well as in my companions. It was in this wise: I used to tell all my troubles, aspirations, and future intentions to my dog. In spite of his name, he was the most respectful and interesting piece of livestock I ever owned. He would while I was talking, slant one ear toward the cabin and the other toward the big road. When I would come to a climax, both ears would point to the apex of the sky. All this time his eyes would gleam and glint with intelligence and understanding. His upper lip would occasionally slip up far above his pearly white teeth, and he would almost laugh out loud at my way of telling it.

When I would finish my remarks with a good full grown, old fashioned interrogation point at the end and demand Judas' opinion on the subject under contemplation between him and me alone, he would close his mouth good and tight and then allow his upper lip to play up and down in a series of flitting smiles, but never a word would he speak. This so exasperated me that I called my mother, who had really seen all that was going on, and said to her, "Judas won't said nuffin."

This mark of brilliancy on my part was heralded throughout the family and neighborhood, and I was immediately accredited with future greatness. I think indeed that they overworked that act of wisdom, and neg-

lected some other matters that might have made me of more account in the world than I have been.

When I was four years old, God in His goodness sent another little girl Emma into our home. Cats and dogs and all other living creatures were then set aside by myself and older sister, and we immediately became vassals and slaves to the new arrival. In after years we broke away from this thralldom, but it was a long happy service that we gave her.

CHAPTER IV

WAR TIMES

I was four years old when the war that is known in the North as "The Great Rebellion," and in the South as, "The War for Southern Independence" began. The Mexican soldiers were the first to enlist, and usually were officers. Most of them were well acquainted with "Hardee's Tactics," and were capable of drilling soldiers.

My father helped organize a company at Waldron, Indiana, and was elected the second officer of the company, which gave him shoulder straps, and made him First Lieutenant of Company K, 18th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. I remember quite well when father got his new uniform and sword. He left it on the bed and went over a short distance to shave Uncle George Means. When he returned, I had on his sixty dollar coat and was riding his fine sword stick horse fashion across the water pasture to Dixie Land.

Father had the finest little roan filly I ever saw, named Blue Bell. I remember as well as yesterday how my mother kissed him goodby at the bars that led out of the water pasture to the big road. He mounted Blue Bell with all his fine uniform and sword to ride to Waldron to take charge of his command. Will McCarty was to return with Blue Bell later.

Mother went crying back to the house, my older sister holding to her dress skirt crying as hard as she could.

The baby was in mother's arms adding as much as her lungs would allow to the chorus of wailing.

Father rode slowly and sadly away. When he was crossing one of Coleman's "hollers," a quarter of a mile away from the house, he heard something like a sheep bleating behind him. He turned in his saddle to see what it was and this is what he saw. His only son without uniform or equipment of any kind, barefooted and bawling like a young calf was going with Pa to whip the "secesh" and put down the Rebellion. I enlisted that day just as much as anyone that ever followed the flag. I haven't my pension yet, but I was an enlisted soldier in Company K, 18th Regiment I. V. I.

Father dismounted from Blue Bell, took me in his arms, hugged and kissed me many times, and told me that mother had only two men to look after her, he and I, and that I would have to return and take good care of her and my sisters. With that responsibility resting upon me, I felt better, dried my tears and started to take charge and run things at home.

The war spirit was upon me however. I got me a good stout club which was my "sword," and as I went home my imagination made every shrub, sapling and tree a full fledged rebel soldier. I dispatched every one of them with my sword until I got to the water pasture, where I met one of grandmother's finest geese. He, in my imagination, became at once Jeff Davis, the source, head and shoulders of the whole trouble, and if I could kill the ringleader, of course hostilities would cease and my Pa would come back home. I charged the rebel chieftain, but he had no intention of submitting to such an ignominious death. He stretched his neck out in a straight

line about six inches from the ground, spread his wings slightly and hastened my way. It suddenly occurred to me that my Ma would be wondering where I was, and as she had no knowledge that I had enlisted, it would only be justice to her to tell her about my arrangements. So I started with great speed to deliver my message. The head of the Confederacy, however, was swifter than I was, and when mother fathomed the confusion that caused her to hasten to the scene of conflict in the water pasture, she found that "Jeff" had pinched me most unmercifully in several places, and when she arrived he had me by my long trouser leg and was dragging me to Andersonville or Libby prison. I have never learned which.

My mother was a splendid hand to administer hot applications to me when I needed them. This time I received my medicine. My Ma sometimes applied it with her hand, but this time I think it was put on with a clap-board, but what did I care, I had been to war.

Another war incident is fresh in my mind. As I have said before, our folks were all Democrats, the Wines and McCartys. To have been anything else politically, and have borne the name of either of these great families, would have been the worst disgrace that could possibly have befallen us.

Father was loyal to the Union however, and being a Douglas Democrat, could enlist and fight for the Stars and Stripes and yet be loyal to Democracy. He loved his country and the flag, and was not backward in saying that according to the Constitution, Alexander Stevens, Jefferson Davis and other statesmen of the South were correct when they said a State could withdraw from the Union if it so desired, but he maintained that the Con-

stitution was wrong, and that the proper thing to do would be to coerce the South into submission, and then attend to the Constitution. If this were not done, there would be a little government in each State independent of any other State and a constant warfare between them, which would doubtless have been true.

Father never liked the Lincoln government, and never voted anything but the Democratic ticket. There were thousands of Northern Democrats that enlisted in the Northern armies and were good soldiers. I am making no defense for Democracy. Have never voted the ticket more than once since I have been saved. I voted the Prohibition ticket until Prohibition came to stay.

This is true also that it was hard for a Democratic Union soldier to get a furlough, but not at all hard for a Republican to secure a leave of absence, especially if it was the year an election was to be held. My father was with the army down in Missouri. Mother was going to Tipton County with her three little children. On the train were a number of soldiers going home to vote, I think. Among the rest was a Second Lieutenant. Now in these days a Second Lieutenant was the lowest commissioned officer of the Army. Any commissioned officer however, was permitted to put on as much decoration of the body as his purse would permit, and it was no unusual thing to see a Second Lieutenant more wonderfully equipped than a Major-General.

This petty officer was dressed so finely that I would not have been surprised to have heard someone call him General Grant. He sat right behind our seat on the train. My mother was one of the most beautiful young women of that day and time. I used to sit and admire

her, and say if it had been left to me to choose a mother of all the women in the world, she would have been the one. One ingredient was left out of mother's make-up, and that was fear. Leaving out garter snakes and mice, my mother feared nothing.

The young officer sitting behind was talking loud and the theme was the Democrats. He said they were the cause of the war, that they were traitors, liars and thieves, and the only use that possibly could be made of them was to pile them up for breastworks for Union soldiers to fight behind. My mother heard the conversation, and as the soldier proceeded with his harangue, I could see that my Ma was getting more and more enthused herself. She seemed to straighten up until she was three feet taller. She whirled upon the soldier, and like a tornado bearing down upon him she said, "I want you to know sir, that my husband is a Democrat and a soldier, that he outranks you and isn't afraid to fight, that you would be glad to use such men as he is to hide your miserable, white livered, mangy, cur body behind. Oh you Lincoln hireling you!" She shook him until his teeth chattered and called him names that could not be found in the dictionary.

When Ma first began, I was just a little ashamed of her. Then I was a little afraid the soldiers would kill her. Then my Dutch and Irish was aroused and I determined to enter the war once more on the other side. I had stuffed down in my "roundabout" pocket a little brass cannon that mother had bought me in a toy store in Indianapolis. I thought I would never get it loose from the reluctant pocket, but just at the time Ma emphasized her remarks I was ready for business, and was as steady as a

clock as I took aim at the Yankee and rammed my brass cannon against his weakened and dishraggy form, and summarily dispatched him with one word—"Boom." Mother continued her address for quite a bit after the discomfited soldier seemed to lapse into unconsciousness. It was a good speech and to the point throughout.

While Ma was speaking, my sister and I got out in the aisle of the car and dispatched every bluecoated soldier on board with our brass cannon and a "boom." Not only the soldiers were slain, but a few that we were sure were "black" Republicans were added to the list of the dead. Mother had the baby in her arms and she was as mad as the rest of us and while she didn't, like the rest of us, do any personal injury, she was intensely willing as was demonstrated by her waving arms and jabbering tongue. We were all intensely Confederate that day. The Second Lieutenant never made another remark after Ma and I got through with him that day. Ma either scared the crowd out that was on the train, or she won them over to her way of thinking, because they gave her three cheers and a "tiger" when she closed her proceedings.

SUGAR CAMP DAYS

My father because of ill health resigned his command before the war was over, then enlisted again as a Captain, only to have to resign again. He was offered a Lieutenant Colonel's commission by Oliver P. Morton, Governor of Indiana, but could not accept on account of his health.

During the war he bought eighty acres of land near Windfall, Indiana, and moved his family there one cold day in the sixties. A few things were indelibly fixed in

my memory that occurred during our sojourn in a log cabin one-half mile east of Five Points in Windfall, Indiana.

One day in February Joseph Keith and father opened a sugar camp about a quarter mile from each of their homes. Mr. Keith as well as my father chewed tobacco, not the common "dog leg" of the day, neither the black "Monitor Navy" that was masticated by very respectable chewers. Mr. Keith nor my father neither would have lowered his dignity by nursing tobacco nourishment from the stem of a pipe, but both did partake of a strictly refined portion of eligible, non-sick chewing tobacco put up in beautiful boxes holding five or six pounds. These boxes were called "caddies," and had pictures of beautiful peaches on their sides. The information printed under the peaches was that this was real Cavendish tobacco with a real peach attachment to its makeup, and the inference was that one who would regale himself by indulging in the rapturous contents of aforesaid box, would consider elysian fields as mere pig pens compared with his present condition.

Mr. Keith and father were working hard to care for the unusual flow of sap, and were also sugaring off a great batch of the saccharine substance assisted by every member of both families. Myself and Ithamer, a boy one year older than myself, son of the Keith's and whose name had shrunk from its original high estate to plain, unadorned "Thamer," were sent post haste to the nearest house for some of the succulent Cavendish for our dads, as their appetites were pinching them, and their tempers were tobogganing toward desperation. So as we started toward the Keith's domicile, the united injunction was

"hurry." We soon had the two beautiful golden slabs carrying them to the camp.

Thamer informed me that as he was one year older than I was, he was quite sure he could eat more of that good stuff than I could. I immediately made him to understand that it was rank foolishness for him, for one moment, to harbor such a preposterous concept in his cranium. So we laid to with avidity, he on his dad's portion, and I on mine. We had no time to talk of one's likes and dislikes for we were racing. Suffice it to say that ere I had bit, chewed and swallowed one-half of my allotment, there was anything but an elysian or peach sensation on the inside of a poor boy who had not yet reached the first decade of his life. It was hard to chew and swallow the stuff, but wasn't my reputation at stake. So I did it.

My poor companion was vomiting, when in a dazed condition I started toward the camp. There had come upon me a sudden and stupendous desire to see my mother. I was sure death had me and I would live only a few minutes, but if I could only see Ma and ask her to forgive me for everything, I thought maybe by her intercession I might have a better chance on the other side. So with all the might and main that was in me I pulled toward the camp. I was making good headway until I saw a log about a foot in diameter about ten feet this side of mother, who had a paddle and was stirring in a big kettle. I knew death was on me and that I could never reach my mother, as I never could climb over that log. Just as all hope was gone, my precious mother looked in my direction, threw both hands in the air and said, "Oh my boy! my boy!" Before she reached me oblivion had come.

The next afternoon I came to myself in our cabin home in the big, old fashioned feather bed. When I opened my eyes father and mother were by my side. Their vigil had lasted all through the previous day and night and up to this time. They both were so glad to see me back once more, and expressed their love, as all parents do. Mother said, "Pa, I want you to hide that tobacco where the boys can never find it again." Father smiled. I would have said, put it where you please, it will be untouched by me.

LIFE IN WINDFALL, INDIANA

My father bought eighty acres of land one-half mile east of Windfall, Indiana, for eleven hundred dollars. He kept it less than two years and sold it for twenty-two hundred dollars. It is now worth several thousand dollars.

He and a Mr. J. V. Banta bought a general store in Windfall, and for four or five years did practically all the business of the village. They did all the legitimate business, I should have said. Liquor was sold by the barrel, but father never drank nor had anything to do with the stuff. The legitimate business of the town was to sell all kinds of dry goods, boots and shoes, millinery, hats, caps, clothing, etc. They bought and sold hoop poles, lumber, cordwood, grain, skins of furbearing animals, produce, wool and everything that was marketable. I remember that my father sold ten beaver overcoats one day. He received sixty dollars for each of them, and his profit was fifteen dollars on each coat.

A boy stole a pair of boots one day, out of the store

and hid them under our warehouse. Some one saw him do it and had him arrested. The boy, boots and father appeared in court the next day. The poor little, pale, half starved, almost barefooted, penitent, sobbing boy touched a soft spot in the heart of one of the best hearted men that ever lived. So father paid the poor little fellow's fine, gave him the boots, helped him to put them on, and told him to go and sin no more. The boy had had his lesson, and never did anything of that kind again.

My mother would sometimes allow me to go to the store and come home with father after he closed the store at night. One dark, rainy night as we were crossing a vacant lot, a pistol shot rang out from the corner of the warehouse nearby. The flying bullet sang an unmusical song as it hurried by our heads. "Stand here and don't move until I return," said father, as he blew out his lard oil lantern, and drew from somewhere about his person one of those murderous ante-bellum, bellum and past bellum Colt's revolvers. As he drew, he dropped the lard oil lantern and went at a double quick gait toward the warehouse.

My father's admonition to me was to stand still until he returned. I obeyed as far as the standing was concerned, but to say that I was still would ruin my reputation for truthfulness. I could not help standing, for my feet seemed to be hermetically sealed to old Mother Earth. The remaining part of me was in a fearful state of agitation. My hair part of the time stood up as dignified and stiff as a modern church usher, and the other part was so close down to my cranium that I almost felt it cutting through to my brain. At this time also, my

teeth were chattering together and making such a racket that they would have put to shame the end man and his bones at a minstrel show. My knees were assiduously keeping time with the rest of my emotions and physical conditions. Father said he would return in a few minutes. Seven years, seemingly, after that he came back, Colt's six shooter and all. He picked up the lard oil lantern and said, "Come on, son." I immediately got alive again and followed on.

When we arrived at home mother had this to tell. Some time during the evening she heard footsteps mounting the stile near the front of the house. She threw open the door and said, "Is that you, Pa?" when Rover, of whom I shall write more fully later, made one bound from the porch to the top of the stile and made one vicious effort to sink his teeth in the neck of the intruder, who in some way warded him off. Mother said the race was interesting and exciting between the unknown and Rover, clear down to Jim Pulley's corner. At this point Rover was called off by mother. Such exciting episodes were quite frequent in those days.

A band of migrating Indians camped for awhile just north of the railroad bridge on Turkey Creek at the old graveyard swimming hole. They gave a show in father's warehouse, got mad during their war dance, brandished tomahawks and scalping knives and evidently would have done harm, had not father brandished his ever ready Colt's six shooter and talked Spanish to them until they were mollified.

RELIGION IN WINDFALL, INDIANA IN THE LATTER SIXTIES

If you had asked any person in Windfall at that time, in regard to the spiritual condition of his soul, he either would not have understood you, or would have declared he was honest, which fact might have been hard to establish. If you had sought to find real piety, there would have been none to find. There were good people there, but not saved people. There was no church or public building in the town. Of course there was a Masonic lodge in the town, but the lodge room was only used for their work. So it was hard to find a place for any public gathering. My father's large warehouse was thrown open for all public functions.

The first religious service that I ever heard tell of in Windfall, was held in the warehouse. I was there and the preacher was an Indian who had come down from the "reserve" north of us somewhere. I remember but little of the particulars of this meeting. I can't remember of seeing a Bible or hearing a prayer. He spoke vehemently in the Mingo language and had no interpreter. His name was Over-the-Log. He came back once more that I remember of, and preached in John Nutter's barn just at the edge of town. Father had heard that after the first sermon was preached in Windfall, Over-the-Log had been regaling himself in some light diversions that father could not approve of, among which was the fact that Over-the-Log, when under the influence of fire-water had, without sufficient provocation, taken an axe and unduly slain his wife. Father said for such little misdemeanors as that, he could not preach in the warehouse,

and he did not. So I attended the meeting in John Nutter's barn.

Our next move toward Christianity in Windfall was to have a Sunday school. Father and mother thought their children should know something about the Bible. So father announced throughout the community that next Sunday there would be Sunday school in the warehouse. Everybody seemed to be there. The organization was completed in a short time with father as Superintendent and mother was one of the principal teachers. Then it was thought proper to enter into the regular Sunday school service. Father read the 51st Psalm and called on someone to pray, but no response. Again and again did he name the person he wanted to pray, but that crowd had not trained on that drilling ground. So nobody led in prayer. Father tried and tried to think of one of the ritualistic prayers of the unwritten Masonic Manual, but God answered not. So they tried reciting the Lord's prayer, but none knew it from start to finish, but pilfered a little from "Now I lay me down to sleep," interpolated a little and finally got through. Aunt Rachel Goodrich told father after the first session, that she could remember some of the prayers of the early Methodist class-leaders, and that she could be depended on in the future for the praying part of the Sunday school. They depended altogether on the Bible for the lessons in those days, as there were no International lesson leaves nor helps then.

Father was a business man and applied business methods to his Sunday school as well as other interests. He adopted this plan to further the success of the Sunday school. Any boy who would commit to memory and re-

cite one verse of the scriptures in the Sunday school would receive as a prize a "comma" marble. Five verses would bring a white "taw." Six verses a striped "taw." Any boy who could recite a whole chapter of the Bible would receive a "snot agate." These prizes were for each Sunday's work.

The Sunday school closed for the winter when it got too cold to continue in the unheated warehouse. On the closing Sabbath, the boy who could stand up and recite the most verses of scripture would receive a beautiful glass marble almost as large as his first. This marble had beautiful red and white stripes adorning its outside. In the very center of it was a pearly white figure of a hare, hart or hound. You could take your choice.

If my memory serves me correctly, I only secured one prize and that was a "comma" given me for successfully repeating without missing a word, or having to be prompted, the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John.

The girls were provided for as well as the boys. They received ribbons, laces, beads and the great prize for them was a dress pattern. I believe the girl who won the dress pattern compromised with father for a chignon.

The lessons that were studied were chosen on the morning of their contemplation. Anyone might suggest a chapter and it was read and considered. There were not many who could interpret much of it. They didn't care to try. All believed every word of it. There was no higher criticism in those days, no monkey business, i. e., evolution. The Word was honored, believed, respected and treated decently. There were faint spurts of anti-nomianism and arminianism but no controversy. The Word of God was believed and honored. While it was a

primitive way of doing things, I am sure God was not displeased with this awkward way of serving Him, for I am sure He knew that they were doing their best. I have heard people say after studying a chapter in these Sunday schools, that they were going to do better with God's help.

AT RICHMOND, INDIANA

Father accumulated considerable wealth at Windfall, but lost most of it when we moved to Richmond, Indiana, where we lived for a year or two. I went first and took advantage of a few months in the public schools before the rest of the family came.

I lived with a Hicksite Quaker by the name of Upton Elliott. He was quite a prominent man there fifty-eight years ago. I have been in Richmond, Indiana, a number of times in recent years, but have so far been unable to find anyone who remembers Upton Elliott. I attended the Hicksite services with him and his wife. All that I can remember about those meetings is that Mr. Elliott sat bolt upright with a shining silk hat on during the meeting. I spent my time, mostly eyeing him and wondering if he were alive, or if death had come and left him that way, as he moved neither muscles, eyelashes nor lungs according to my way of thinking. At the end of (two weeks to me) one hour, the old brother that "sat head" of the meeting fumbled around until he found the "digits" of the old man who sat next to him, shook the hand in an expressionless, pumphandle way, and meeting was out.

We all filed out like ghosts and came to ourselves when we got home. Not a word had been said nor a

sound made, except I coughed at one time during the sitting. At home Upton Elliott said, "Thou shouldest learn to control thyself in meeting. If thou doesn't, I shall have to punish thee."

Poor deluded man. Didn't he know that no punishment he could eke out to me would equal the inquisition that I had just gone through with. Somehow I never could get any enjoyment or spiritual help out of those Hicksite meetings, but afterward when we moved to Richmond and attended the orthodox Quaker Sunday school, we enjoyed it and had real spiritual help.

We moved from Richmond, Indiana, to Tipton, Indiana, where my father entered into the general store business again with Mr. J. V. Banta, who had been his partner in Windfall.

INCIDENTS AT TIPTON

I wrote a letter to a publisher in regard to printing this book, and told him I thought the title would be "Hoosier Happenings," or "From Devil to Deacon." He rather objected to the latter part of it. I had failed to tell him what kind of a devil I was. If I had, perhaps his objection would not have been so pronounced.

I enlisted as the devil of the *Tipton Times*, way back yonder when Carth J. Brady was editor. The duties of the printing devils then were not so hard or many as they are now. Only one was necessary then for each newspaper. Now I sometimes conclude that the whole force could be included in that list.

My duties were many and varied. The part that I received pay for, was the inking of forms on the old Hoe

press prior to the descent of the tympan on which the white paper was held that was to receive the impressions of the set type which made one side of the *Tipton Weekly Times*. As soon as one impression was made, and the bed was returned after the pressman had pulled the bar that forced the platen down on the forms for the impression, and as he was removing the printed sheet and putting in its place a blank sheet, I was supposed to apply the printer's ink to the exposed type firmly set in well locked forms. To do this I had a tool that was called a roller, which resembled very much an old fashioned rolling pin, only it was assembled differently. The surface was soft and spongy. This part was made of a concoction of molasses, glue, perhaps rye whisky, and cuss words by the foreman of the plant, whose name was Luckett. The rollers were finished by placing them in a hollow iron tube, which looked like a stove pipe. The pressman did the work. All that was required of the devil was to distribute the ink on a big piece of tombstone, and get it of the proper consistency to give a light coating to the expectant, awaiting type. This must be done by lightning movements. If not the descending friskets would scalp you or seriously injure you. Five hundred copies of the *Tipton Times* were issued every week. Two thousand times that roller passed over the waiting forms.

For this light service I was paid one dollar per week, but I was given other privileges that counted for something. That is, I was permitted to enjoy from one to two cussings per day from old man Luckett, and was taught how to set a stick of type in the old fashioned way. Mr. Luckett was not altogether bad though, as he

did smoke some glass for me to see the greatest eclipse of the sun.

Luckett was monarch of all he surveyed until another old journeyman printer would come along and begin work for Brady. Both of these men were efficient and wonderful newspaper men and printers, when sober. They could get work any time on any paper, but usually they, when needed the most, would get to drinking and wander away.

When Matchette came, he and Luckett fussed, swore at each other, finally had a fight which resulted in Luckett leaving Matchette in charge, and he going. Where, I know not. I liked Matchette the best for two reasons. First—he had but one eye and couldn't see so much for a boy to do. Second—he couldn't hold as much rock and rye (though the poor fellow did his best), as Luckett could. He would accompany the office cats to their beds in the stockroom, where they would sleep together until the close of the day, and sometimes far into the night. So we were left alone.

I found out while working on the *Times*, why the printer's boy helper is called the printer's devil. He has to work as hard as the old fellow himself. Also have as much sense as the king. His alacrity has to be almost equivalent to that of a flash of lightning. Then he absolutely has to attend to his own business, and if these are not the attributes of the old fellow himself, I don't know what are. Hence the name.

Mr. Luckett came back in a short time, and the war resumed activities. Luckett seemed to be gaining ground. One day, however, Matchette succeeded in giving Luckett a black eye. He was standing at the head of the stairs as

I came up just after the fight. Lockett never would have adorned a drawing room, for at his best he was as ugly as a mud fence. At this time he was simply horrible. It was too much for me, so I began to laugh at the old man at the top of my voice. He never said a word, but began to reach back with his right foot. Back, back it went until I thought it surely would touch the back of his head. Suddenly with a catapultic movement and lightning swiftness it came forward. The toe of the brogan struck me "amid-ships," and down I went head over heels to the bottom of the stairs. When I got myself together enough to know anything at all, I remembered that it must be about dinner time. With the help of another boy, I finally got home.

After mother had bound me up, rubbed liniment on me, administered a copious dose of castor oil and put me on a pillow in the rocking chair, she said, "Son, I don't believe, if it makes no difference to you, that I want you to learn the printer's trade." I said, "Ma, while I have been sitting here, I have thought I would like to finish the other trade that I had started to learn." This seemed to suit her, so as soon as I was able to get out, Buck Miller filed up the old buck saw, and I repaired to our wood shed and worked for years dissecting sticks of four foot wood into three sections which were to be fed into the ravenous mouths of the cook and warming stoves that were a part of the equipment of our home. I never especially fell in love with this trade, but by constant practice I became an expert at it, and even today I could direct anyone how to do it as adroitly as I did then.

So at that time I ceased to be that kind of a devil.

EARLY RELIGIOUS CONCEPTIONS

I have always been intensely religious. Don't get the idea from that statement that I have always been a Christian, or even that I have been good. There are several great religions that stand out in the history of the world, and they are embraced in a general way by the inhabitants of the world. The mere embracement of any of these religions will get you no where in regard to your future, eternal soul's welfare. Christianity means something. If one is a Christian he is more sure of heaven than he is of his next breath of air. Your Christianity lands you in heaven. Your religion gets you no where. So when I say that I was always religious, I mean that I always believed that Christianity was right and that I never questioned the authenticity of the Bible. I always did, and do yet, believe the Bible from lid to lid, from the standing still of the sun and the stomach disturbance of Jonah in the whale, to bobbed haired Samson, the Immaculate Conception, the Virgin Birth of Jesus, the Feeding of the Five Thousand, the Raising of Lazarus, the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, the sanctification of the one hundred and twenty on the day of Pentecost. If I thought God could not do any more than I can, I would have a right to go out and take His trade away from Him, and that is what many are trying to do these days.

My people were not church people to a very great extent, but they did believe in God and the Bible, and taught their children reverence for God's house, ministers and people. I was taught from earliest childhood that there was a good man and a bad man. The good man would look after my every interest if I would be good.

My being good was an absolute impossibility. I would start in fine shape in the morning, but before night I had sidestepped a number of times. What should I do? If I were bad, the bad man would get me, and according to the reputation he had in the neighborhood, I certainly would fare badly in his hands. He was so real to me then, and is yet, that I kept a sharp lookout for him, meaning to give him the race of his life if I ever saw him.

Twice in my very early days, I thought I saw the Devil or Bad Man that I was looking for. The first time was on the old Jim McCarty place in Noble Township, Shelby County, Indiana. I could not have been more than three and one-half years old. The old log house had a frontage of about thirty feet. The roof extended about eight feet over the front wall, making one of those fine, old fashioned porches with a puncheon floor annex, which made as fine a balcony as mortal eyes ever saw.

In my play one morning I stepped on the porch and cast my eyes upward to the clapboard ceiling. Then and there I saw him, or a part of him. His head was thrust over one of the rafters, not six feet away from me. Coarse, faded, yellow hair he had and an abundance of it. Seemingly his head was as large as granny's old brass kettle. I thought I was always prepared to run when I saw him, but somehow all the run was frozen out of me. I could not move a hand or foot, but some way or somehow, before he made a motion, I gave forth an unearthly yell and lapsed into unconsciousness. Father and mother hurried to me, applied camphor and cold water and brought me around in a few minutes.

In answer to their inquiry as to what was the matter,

mother had my head in her lap and father was anxiously awaiting my reply, I said, "I saw—" I cast my eyes upward and there was my devil in the same place he was before. I just couldn't do anything but lapse again. We went through these same proceedings three times. This triple lapsing was hard on me, so after the third lapse, they carried me out under an appletree and brought me to consciousness once more.

In the yard I could see no devil, but I told them I had seen him and how he looked. They wanted me to show them just where he was on the porch, and could not get my consent to locate the exact spot until mother led the advance with a brandished broom, and father with me on his back, followed her carrying his old Colt's six shooter at half mast. Pa had a time to keep me from lapsing again, for there in his accustomed place was that devil's head. Ma hit him a resounding whack with her broom. Pa fired one volley from his Colt's six shooter and got him by his hair and pulled him to the puncheon floor, and there he was for us all to see. My father the day before had taken a wooden handled chisel to cut water sprouts off his apple trees. In pounding on the wooden handle with an iron hammer, he had frayed it out until it became almost as large as I said, and was to me a real devil's head.

The second time I saw him was in Tipton County, Indiana. My father was getting a field ready to plant a corn crop in for the first time. I was going to him, and was not farther than seven or eight rods from him when I saw, not just the head, but the whole devil from the top of his queer head to the tip of his queer tail. I could not

run. I could only yodel as I did before and fall in a fainting fit as I did on the puncheon floor. Father and three or four of his hands ran to me at once. He took me in his arms and brought me back to my senses, with the men standing around him with hand spikes, axes, etc., all to be used in my defense. I was persuaded to point out to them his satanic majesty. In Tipton County, Indiana alone have I seen such mammoth devils as this one, yellow, beady eyed denizen of muck, mud and clay, standing thirteen good honest feet high, seemingly to me at that time, but really about thirteen inches high. By the side of his house he stood, the clay chimney of which was as high as he. There he stood, a mammoth Tipton County, Indiana Hoosier crawfish.

These two experiences taught me that if I ever should meet the real devil, and I have, though not in a material form, that I could not depend upon my legs to get me away, for they absolutely cannot be depended upon at a time like that. I really though, have solved the problem.

Our people went to church occasionally. I think they could be depended upon to go to the church when one of the family was dead, and the funeral was in the church. I can remember one old preacher who did all the preaching of funerals for miles and miles around. He used the same text for all, young, old, good, bad and indifferent. His text was his own interpretation of 2 Samuel 14:14. He said, "We all must needs die." Old Brother McKee was a good old man, and all loved him. His funeral sermons all seemed very much alike, and he seemed very desirous to establish one fact, and one fact alone, and

that was, that the person who was in the coffin was dead. After hearing Brother McKee's eloquent argument, all were convinced. If I had ever had any doubts about my kinfolks being dead, when Brother McKee got through all doubts were gone.

When I was a little fellow in Windfall, Indiana mother let me stay all night with a little boy whose father was dead. Just the little boy and his mother constituted the family.

When bed time came, the mother fished out a nightgown from somewhere and put it on the boy. Then he knelt down at her knee and said, "Now I lay me down," etc. That had an effect on me. I told my mother the next day about it, and rather intimated to her that it might be a good thing to have something of that kind going on in our house.

Mother forever settled the nightgown question for boys in my mind then and there by saying, "Nightgowns are for girls and girls only." I was convinced of the awful condition that boy was in. Ma did concede a little though, by saying that on real warm nights I might take my socks off, but shirt and drawers could only come off when washday came.

Mother always was tinctured with antinomianism. When she came to the consideration of the little boy's praying, she took me in her lap, stroked my hair, kissed me, and as she talked to me, I saw tears in her eyes. "I am glad my little boy wants to be a good boy, and just as soon as you get old enough to understand it, I will have you pray as that little boy did." She had no trouble at all to convince me about the nightgown, but I have

never yet understood just how old a fellow must be before Ma thought he could understand what "Now I lay me," etc., meant. My mother was a good woman and prayed by spells during her whole life, and I always liked to hear her. She had a good Christian experience in her latter years, and praised God during the last days of her life almost continually, assuring us all that she would meet us in heaven.

CHAPTER V

POST BELLUM DAYS

Our days spent in Tipton, Indiana were a succession of mishaps and hard luck financially. Father's business was hard hit in the panic of 1872. He never recovered his business, and finally surrendered all he had to satisfy his creditors.

Many dear and pleasant memories, as well as sad ones, come to me from Tipton. It was there that I learned the buck wood sawing trade, was a printer's devil awhile, left home twice to go to the far West to fight Indians. Got as far as Indianapolis once forty miles away, and once a little farther than the southwestern part of Tipton County that was then named as "The Devil's Den." Each time I came back. I remember when I returned from "The Devil's Den," at about 9:00 p. m., I went to father's store just as he was closing up. He said, "Hello son! Are you hungry?" I said, "Yes Pa." Then he proceeded to prepare such a repast for me as only those times could produce. A meal that a king would enjoy.

A sheet of thick brown wrapping paper, the vintage of that day, was bent so that the edges stood perpendicular to the sheet and resembled a bread pan. The bottom of this pan was thoroughly saturated with water and put on top of the old fashioned box stove. He had six cracked eggs that he could not sell. He put these in his paper spider, gave them a liberal amount of pepper and salt

and stirred until the eggs were done and well scrambled. On the other end of the stove he had another sheet of paper, which was fixed exactly like the egg skillet. On this he placed a liberal wedge of cheese, which was toasted to perfection. To this menu he added a can of cove oysters, which outshone the sun in their day, a box of sardines, several dried herring, and a scoop of real butter crackers. When I had finished he said, "Did you have enough, son." I told him I thought I could get through until breakfast. When we got home, mother met me with a kiss and tears.

Not a word was said about my going away and coming back. I had a peculiar feeling that ran up and down my back every once in a while, because my Ma had a peculiar look that came into her eye every once in a while that made me think of rain, hail, earthquakes, thunder and lightning. We had a good breakfast. Immediately after breakfast Ma said, "Son, would you mind stepping in the woodhouse with me for a while." I did mind. I had no heart for that interview at all. I said nothing, but followed Ma to the place of settlement.

In that day every home in Tipton was supplied with an immense supply of "clippings," to be used for kindling and other purposes. A "clipping" was the raw edge of a flour barrel stave after it had been dissected from the stave itself. We always had plenty of them in our woodhouse. I realized that Ma's "Irish was up." Without one word of interrogation or explanation she began to apply those clippings with lightning rapidity to that part of my body that, as she thought, was best suited for their application. Ma overworked herself that time I am sure, for, as it seemed to me, at the end of a week she was

winded, red in the face and sweating. I felt sorry for Ma as she had overworked herself. Any way when she or the clippings "gave out," she sat me down on a nail keg. I immediately got up. I didn't particularly care to sit down that day nor for several days.

When Ma's breath came to her again, she calmly said, "Does my son think that from now on, he will be perfectly [emphasizing the perfectly] satisfied to stay at home and be a good boy?" I tried in my weak way, to get mother to see that from that time on I would be on her side of any question, any time, or any place that it might come up.

When I told Pa about it down at the store, he took me in the back room, rubbed fresh lard and goose grease on the afflicted parts, and told me to always mind my mother. I made him to understand that while there were some matters in my makeup that were not settled, yet this one was; that from now on there was one boy that absolutely would mind his mother, and that boy was his son.

Peter Nelson, the Swede, used to take us out to the saw mill, eight miles out, where eighteen or twenty of us boys and girls would have a fine time visiting the ponds, listening to Captain Tom's thrilling incidents of the Civil War, popping corn and having a jolly good time. We never thought of the looseness and sins of the present day.

There were many fine young fellows a little older than myself, who used to think of everything on the face of the earth out of which to get enjoyment. I would tell their names here, but I am afraid they are not dead yet,

and would be offended should they ever read this. Here is what they did.

The little old brick courthouse stood in the middle of the public square. The courtroom was never locked. On moonlight nights these boys used to go up in the court room and hold mock trials. Old Mr. P., a foolish man, did odd jobs, milked the cow, etc., at the Jordan Hotel, which stood on the northwest corner of the square. One night P. found himself under arrest, and was hastened to the court house for trial. The indictment charged him with the awful crime of having viewed the eclipse of the sun through the sides of Nancy Jordan's old cow. P. pleaded not guilty. The evidence was so convincing that Judge M. pronounced him guilty and sentenced him to be hung at once. The bell rope of the court house was fixed about his neck, and the procession started across the square. Somehow the sheriff let the rope slip out of his hands before the tree was reached. Poor old P. with dangling rope following him, fairly flew and never stopped until he reached the County Farm, some distance west of town, and never again looked at Nancy's cow.

I JOIN CHURCH THE FIRST TIME

My mother was inclined to the Presbyterian faith, and joined that church in Tipton. My father always took his three children to that Sunday school. One day the superintendent, Edgar Rumsey, complimented my father on what a fine son he had, and said he behaves so well in Sunday school. Before he said that, I was afraid that he had seen me tamp a well chewed paper wad into John Van Sickles ear the Sunday before. John never

said a word at the time of the tamping, but when Sunday school was over and we were out doors, he gave me such a kick in the midriff with his stogy boot, that I walked half "Hammond" for three days. I am now convinced that Edgar Rumsey saw what I did to John the Sunday before, and was only using tact, when he told my father of my good behavior this time. Be that as it may, his words had the proper effect on me. If anyone thought that I was behaving well in Sunday school, there was one fellow that would be good in Sunday school, or his bones would be found bleaching on the battlefield. Then Mr. Rumsey's kind words stirred up a determination within me, that if ever I joined church, the Presbyterians should have that honor.

Rev. Isaac Monfort, one of the most godly preachers that the sun ever shone upon, would come from Cincinnati, once each month and preach over Sunday in the Presbyterian church. Edgar Rumsey presented me to him in this way. "Dr. Monfort, here is one of our best Sunday school scholars." That preacher never dealt much in eulogies. He just laid his soft hand on my head, and as he did it he said, "God bless you, little man." With his kindly eyes beaming on me, he patted me twice and let me go. It seemed like Almighty God had never been quite so near me as then. From that day until right now, Isaac Monfort has been my ideal of a preacher.

Mother, standing by heard all this, and stepping up to Mr. Monfort, asked him if we might not have the privilege of entertaining him in our home on his next monthly visit. He cheerfully accepted the invitation. I was almost in raptures. It seemed like God himself was coming to our house in four weeks. I then and there

made a resolution that I would be good the balance of my days. I just could not keep that resolution. The devil, the stave factory, the Salter boys and everything seemed to be turned against me. "Coon" Salter and I had a fight. "Coon" succeeded in giving me the blackest eye I ever had.

Mother did not allow me to fight. Every time I had a fight, she had a session with me in the wood house, that is if she knew about it. If there were no visible abrasions on me, mother never knew there had been a fight. What was the use to tell her everything? She had enough to do in the house without overworking herself in the wood shed. I loved my mother and was perfectly willing to save her from overtaxing her strength. So I never burdened her with information that would sap up her physical strength.

This time "Coon" had left his mark so plain that a wayfaring man could have seen it. Mother overdid herself again. I tried my best to induce her to consider how hard it was for her to work so hard, but my words had no effect on my mother. So she got tired once more. When I told father about it he said, "I will go with you down to the stave factory, and you will lick 'Coon' or I will lick you and the whole Salter family." I saw at once that was hardly the thing to do, and finally succeeded in getting father to see that perhaps we should let matters stand just as they were. There was nothing in his proposition for me any way. If I could lick "Coon" which was a question in my mind, mother would thrash me for fighting. Mother's word was as good as her bond, so I was in for one licking any how. If I failed, "Coon" would thrash me, father would thrash me and so would

mother. So I asked him to just drop the matter, and he did.

My spiritual perturbation continued intense. I was so afraid that the Devil would get me and carry me to his den. As the time drew near for Dr. Monfort to come to our house for over Sunday, a happy thought struck me. I confided it to my mother. I asked mother if I could sleep with the preacher when he came. She said, "I am sure I do not know. It will be just as he says."

In those days almost every bed in the county had two occupants and sometimes three or more would sleep in the same bed. So it was not a breach of etiquette when the Doctor came for mother to ask him if he objected to her boy sleeping with him. The Doctor said he would be glad to have such a nice bedfellow. So for two nights I slept serenely and sound all the night through. I had two objects in view when I asked this privilege. First—I wanted to be in the company of the good man whom I respected and loved so much. Second—I was absolutely certain that the Devil would have a harder time than the one he had with Job, if he should come and try to get me if I were in bed with Dr. Isaac Monfort. I thought I would rather enjoy seeing the "fur fly." I was not afraid to trust Dr. Monfort to take care of the Devil, but I shrank from a personal encounter.

L. W. Munhall, then a young blacksmith, and other young men came up from Indianapolis and held a meeting in the Presbyterian church, at Tipton. I was so wrought upon that I joined the church, and was more determined than ever to be good. I had no change of heart, and simply knew nothing of heartfelt experience. I should have been taken through and landed on the glory

side then. I did go and ask John Van Sickle to forgive me for giving him that awful licking the other day. That didn't do any good, for John just doubled up his fists and declared I couldn't do it again. Isaac Monfort baptized me by sprinkling, and when I get to heaven and see him, I shall have to say that baptism satisfied me all the days of my life.

SHELBY COUNTY, INDIANA

Father moved back to Shelby County, Indiana, after his failure in Tipton. We had hard times there. I worked quite a great deal for an old man who had a rough exterior, but a kind heart. His name was George Carlisle. I had a fair common school education. Quite a number of the young men of our neighborhood were going to the Central Normal College at Danville, Indiana to prepare themselves for school teaching. I wanted to go, but had no money. At that time I was working for seventy-five cents a day and board. Mr. Carlisle came into our home one day and said, "Maurice, would you like to go to school at Danville and prepare yourself for a teacher? If you would, I will lend you the money." I had never been more surprised in my life. I gladly accepted his offer, and paid every cent back to him as soon as I could. The note I gave him was not worth the paper it was written on. My mother put her name to the note. She had nothing but a two-year-old colt an uncle had given her. She told Mr. Carlisle she would sell that colt and help me pay the note. He said that note was as good as one would be given from a national bank, and it was. Mr. Carlisle always took an interest in my affairs. He lived to be a real old man. When he died, his family sent

for me to preach his funeral. I preached it, though I had to travel over one hundred miles to get to Waldron, Indiana.

I was teaching school at Ball's schoolhouse, Hanover Township, Shelby County, Indiana, when there came into my life the sweetest, prettiest, smartest little Quaker maiden that ever did exist. She was only a little girl, almost a child. Perhaps that fact helped me to convince her that she should have a husband, and that her husband should be myself. Her name was Martha A. Addison. It soon became Martha A. Wines. She has had that name a long time now. I have never changed my thoughts that I had when I first saw her. She is a maiden no more, but she is just as pretty, sweet and smart as she was then, decades ago. To this union was born a little blue eyed baby girl that answers to the name of Mary Frances. She was only a baby such a short time until she became a school girl, then a high school girl, then in college, then in God's Bible School, Cincinnati. Then the wife of Rev. J. W. Short and an elder herself in the Church of the Nazarene. Then the mother of four children, each of whom takes great stock in his Grandad and Grandmother Wines.

I taught twelve terms of school. My wife and I taught together for nine years. She was one of the best primary teachers in Shelby County at that time. I have given an accurate account of my conversion at Gwynneville, Indiana in an article I wrote several years ago, and it is printed in another part of this book. Read it. It is entitled, "Kindling Wood." When wife and I were teaching school at Sulphur Hill, Indiana, sometimes called

Geneva, while watering my horse at the town spring, God for Jesus' sake sanctified me wholly, and unloaded millions of tons of grace upon me and gave me the blessing, and a blessing that I shall never get away from. When I was converted, my sins were all forgiven when "I surrendered all" (my sins).

The last sin that I surrendered was a desire and determination to thrash John D. once more. All my friends said that it was the thing to do, and that I was the one to do it. Instead of the Lord allowing me to thrash him, He made me agree to, and I afterwards did it, and had to go to John and ask his forgiveness. When I was converted I gave back to the Devil all the bad things I had received from him. Jesus was there and God converted me on the spot for His sake.

When I was sanctified, I made the consecration by bringing all the good that I had, and said, "Take it, it is all yours. Friends, time and earthly store, all I know and all I don't know." He did and sanctified me for Jesus' sake. When I was converted my committed sins were forgiven and blotted out. When I was sanctified, the inbred sin, Psalm 51:5, was taken out. The "old man" was crucified and "killed dead."

The next time after I was converted, I went into my schoolroom at Gwynneville, Indiana with an old thirty-five cent Bible under my arm. My mother-in-law gave us this Bible when we went to housekeeping and told us to read it. I never paid any attention to it until I found it that morning when I went to the school. After the bell had rung and the children were in their seats, I told them what had happened, that I was converted and would pray

for them to get converted also. I made them understand that from then on, as long as I was their teacher, there was going to be a red hot religious attachment to that school. Then I drew the thirty-five cent Bible and fired a broadside from the Word and prayed in an awkward way, I suppose, but I did my best and kept it up as long as we taught school.

CHAPTER VI

MY CALL TO PREACH AND EARLY CHRISTIAN ACTIVITIES

I am real sure that I received a call to preach before I was converted. Perhaps it was merely information from the Lord of some of the great and glorious privileges that would come when I received salvation. I never fought a call to preach. In fact, I never fought anything that came from Him. Sitting on top of a ten rail fence, talking to Rev. Wm. A. Oler of the United Brethren Church, a man I dearly loved, like an electric shock the thought came to me, perhaps you will preach this gospel some day. I felt good to think of it. However when I was saved, and during my hours of conviction, the thought never once entered my head that perhaps I would preach. All my time then was occupied in trying to get rid of the load of sin.

After I was converted, the Radical United Brethren Church put our names upon their records. When we moved to Geneva the second time to teach school (we had taught two terms there four years before), we joined the M. E. Church there which was a point on the Waldron Circuit, Indiana Conference. We were on what was known then as a double circuit. Waldron Circuit and Arlington Circuit had united, making a double circuit with eight preaching points and two preachers. Thomas Ayers was the senior pastor, and James L. Brown, a former sheriff of the County, was the junior pastor.

They were having a great revival at Geneva, and they usually made our house their home. Wife and I taught school all day, and did our own work. I had one hundred and fifty children under my supervision. Fifty or more were in wife's room. We kept the two preachers and considered it a great pleasure and privilege to have them in our home. Now it seems like standing room is at a premium for preachers in these modern times. I don't think it is all the fault of the laity, yet most of the fault is with them. There are a few preachers and evangelists who have presumed on the good laymen and women, but not many. I have known some evangelists and preachers who have been raised in extreme poverty, never having much to eat nor any conveniences about them, to be entertained in modern homes where they would demand almost everything they could think of, and the host would scarcely ever ask to entertain anybody again. I think though, that the laity don't want to put themselves to the trouble of having to wait on guests any more. I don't know whether the Lord will forgive them or not. He might if they would promise to do better.

Brother Ayers or Brown, one or the other, was in the big revival meeting all the time. Each thought the other was to be in the meeting Sunday night and neither of them came. The house was packed to overflowing. No preacher there, nor any person that looked like a preacher. The brethren persuaded me to take the service. We had a wonderful meeting. At our supper table the next evening, Brown said to Ayers, "Guess we better stay away from this meeting all the time."

At the quarterly meeting the next Saturday, they voted me Exhorter's License. I left one appointment to

exhort at a nearby church called England. I had two miles to walk in a pouring rain. When I came to Dudley's Branch, a stream I could usually step across, it was six or eight feet deep. I got across by "cooning" the log that supported the water gate. There was no one at the church, so I "cooned" back and went home. That June the Quarterly Conference gave me a Local Preacher's License.

We taught our last school at Smithland, Indiana. The call to preach was heavy upon both of us. Our reputation had been made as school teachers. We each had the highest license that could be obtained then, and were exempted from further examinations, but God's hand was upon us to preach.

Rev. James A. Sargent, Presiding Elder of the Connersville District, Indiana Conference of the M. E. Church saw us at a Quarterly Meeting on the Arlington Circuit in May 1893. He said, "Where are you going to teach next year?" "We are not going to teach next year." "What are you going to do?" "Preach!" "Where?" "Don't know." "I can give you a place," he said. "Praise the Lord!" came from both of us. He said "It won't pay much, but you can get through." What did we care, for Almighty God was going to honor us by letting us tell lost souls from a pulpit about His grace and power to save. Two weeks afterward, Brother Sargent saw us at Carthage, Indiana. He said, "Brother Wines, next Sunday you go to Morristown in the morning and preach. In the afternoon you go to Fountaintown. The next Sunday go to Noah in the morning and Mt. Pleasant in the afternoon, and keep that up until Conference in September.

Brother Mendell, the pastor at Morristown, had taken quinine for salts, and never did recover from the effects of that mistake. At the last Quarterly Conference, they gave me twenty dollars for two month's work.

I attended my first Annual Conference of the M. E. Church at Connersville, Indiana in September 1893. I was simply infatuated with it. Bishop Warren presided and was a wonderful presiding officer. I wrote about every word of the proceedings and sent them to my wife, who was not there because entertainment could not be found for the women. Bishop Taylor was there. He preached at five o'clock in the morning, and the house would be packed. One thing he said that has never left me was this: "Brethren, there are forty million little black lambs in Africa that are bleating for a good shepherd. Who will be the shepherd?" Many signified that they would go. One thing that impressed me at this, my first Conference, was the fact that many of the preachers, old and young, spoke in a deep sepulchral voice with a "Hark from the tomb," a doleful sound attachment to it that made you want to take the malefactor by the back of the neck and work on him for awhile.

There were some things I promised the Lord I would do and would not do if He called me to preach. One was, that when I preached I would talk in my natural tone of voice. Another, that when I preached a funeral, I would try not to dress like the corpse. That I would not preach long sermons, and that everywhere and all the time I would give the people, "A reason for the hope that was within me," and that I would always be on time. In the thirty-two years of my ministry, I can think of only three

or four times when I have not been on time at my appointments.

MY FIRST CIRCUIT AND OTHERS

On Monday, September 25, 1893 Bishop Henry W. Warren while reading the appointments for Southeast Indiana Conference of the M. E. Church, when he came to the eleventh charge in his list, read, "Glenwood Circuit, J. T. Scull; J. M. Wines, supply." The "supply" meant that I was only a local preacher in the M. E. Church, and could only hold a charge when there were not enough full members to fill all the charges.

The next year in 1894, I was accepted as a member on trial, and when I had finished two years of my trial membership and kept up my course of study, which I did, I was taken into full membership and was ordained a deacon. Then at the end of four years, I was ordained as an elder.

Glenwood Circuit was a double circuit, had eight appointments with two preachers known as the senior and junior preachers. I was thirty-six years old at this time. Rev. John T. Scull was the senior, and I the junior preacher. The senior preacher took all the responsibility of the work. The Junior had just as much preaching and pastoral work to do, but he must do it under the direction of the older man. Rev. John T. Scull was a godly man, and it was the delight of my heart to spend the first year of my ministry with him.

We learned many things on this, our first charge, that we never knew before. One was, that the Lord knows how to help a family through on a microscopic salary. I never worked harder in my life than I did on this, my

first charge, nor have I ever received as small a salary. The people gave us donations, and we always had enough to eat. A few times it seemed like we would go hungry, but we did not. Wife and I said we will ask no one for credit, and trust the Lord for everything. I remember that we used to stay all night at one of our farthest appointments on Sunday night and come home Monday morning. As we passed through a big woods, I would get out and break up the brush from a brush heap until I would fill the bottom of my buggy with wood, pull down the "boot" so no one could see how hard up we were. We would go home, build a fire with that wood, as we had no other, do our own washing and shout the praises of the Lord.

One Sunday night we came home after the services. We had absolutely nothing to eat about the house. There was plenty for the horse. I always saw to it that there was plenty of horse feed. I could hint and almost beg feed for my horse, but could not for myself and wife and little girl. Why? God had promised to care for us if we would preach His everlasting gospel. Why didn't you work at something else till you would get ahead a little? Because God was furnishing us plenty to do in getting lost souls into His salvation. We had no time to leave this work and come down, as Nehemiah said when he was building the walls.

Wife and I went to bed that night, knowing there was not a bite to eat in the house, and never even mentioned the fact to each other. We lay abed a long while the next morning, talking about the souls that we had seen pray through and rejoiced to know that God was using us. I finally said, "Well I guess I will get up and feed

the horse." We both laughed and said, "Praise the Lord." I went down stairs and opened the back door to go out and feed the horse, when I saw on the back step a market basket full to overflowing with all the good things to eat you could think of. Ham, eggs, bread, butter, milk, etc. Wife came hurrying down stairs to see what was the matter with her mate, and found me jumping up and down, running around the basket, shouting, crying and having a good time. She joined in the chorus, and what a time we did have. God knows His business and will attend to it. What He says is, "That it is required of a steward that he be found faithful."

We had eight churches on the Glenwood Circuit. Each preacher preached twice every Sunday and each church had preaching services every other Sunday. Each preacher only got around once a month. On this big circuit there was much pastoral work to do. Many deaths and weddings. The older preacher usually married the folks and preached the funerals. There were exceptions to this rule, but not often, because John T. Scull was a man whom everybody liked.

There was a young married woman, who was the mother of a baby who was about a year old. The mother, only a girl herself, was stricken with T.B. We called it hasty consumption. Her name was Rhoda R. The doctor told one of the family that she had only a short time to live, and that she ought to be told that the end was near. When the father-in-law came, Brother Scull was not at home. He said I would do just as well, but she must be told that she was going to die. Wife and I went to see her. She seemed so cheerful and happy, and told us she was sure she would soon be well. We cried and

prayed with her and she was saved and praised the Lord for it. We could not tell her that she had to die. I found Brother Scull and went with him to her bedside. He told her in such a gentle, kind way, but in spite of that, when she realized that she must die and that soon, she turned her face to the wall and wept so hard. Presently she turned to us and said, "Praise the Lord." She gave her baby away, made her husband and all that were there promise to meet her in heaven. She made a few arrangements in regard to her funeral, smiled on us, had singing and prayer and peacefully went away to be with God.

We had a revival on during the whole year of 1893 and 1894. Brother Scull, Mrs. Wines and I held revivals in all of the eight churches. During the fall and winter months I was with them in meetings. We almost always had seekers at every service.

The Devil put this in my head that I, by myself, could get no one to seek salvation at the altar if there were no other preachers along. In March 1894 the Columbia church wanted their meeting. I only could be spared from other meetings at that time. At the end of one week I came to Glenwood to report to my senior. There had been fifteen seekers at the altar, all of whom had claimed salvation. Every one of them joined the church. At the end of the year, we reckoned up and found that our clothes had all worn out. Old Brother M. had died after having been married a short time to Aunt L. She gave me his sixty dollar, broadcloth, Prince Albert wedding coat, but I wore my trousers for one year. In a moment of exuberance the night before the donation, these pants like the veil of the temple, were rent almost from top to bottom, or from hip to heel.

It was on this circuit that a dear sister said to me, "Brother Wines, I want to give you a bag of potatoes. I can't sell them and the hogs won't eat them, so I have decided to give them to you." Such things as this tested our consecration. I never had a thing given to me in my life when the donor wanted me to have it, but what I was glad to get it and thankful for it, but when it came because it could not be sold, or because a hog refused to have it, that put a different phase to the question. However, I took the potatoes and prayed to Jesus while doing it, asking Him if He would not let that humiliation be enough for a long time. They paid me \$350.00 for that year's work, and gave us a fine donation of wearing material at the end of the year.

Many nice things were given us during the years. Mrs. Wines preached almost as much as I did on the circuit during the year. She received four dollars and fifty cents in cold cash for her ministry. At the close of the year, I had paid six dollars a month house rent, kept a horse, and only owed five dollars that I had subscribed on the new church at New Salem. As I was loading our goods to move to Brookville, Indiana a young man came to me and asked me to "say" the ceremony at his wedding a few nights ahead. This I did and he gave me a five dollar bill for it, which I immediately sent to the treasurer of the New Salem church. So we left our first charge free from debt, and with the glory of God upon us, happy in Jesus alone.

WORK IN SOUTHEAST INDIANA—BROOKVILLE CIRCUIT

The second Conference that I attended was held at Shelbyville, Indiana September 26 to October 1, 1894.

John F. Hurst was the presiding Bishop. This year the Southeast Indiana Conference voted to unite with the Indiana Conference, which they did in 1895. I was appointed to the Brookville Circuit by Bishop Hurst at this Conference.

I was pastor of the Brookville, or as it was sometimes called, "The Shoe String Circuit," for three years. It ran up and down the West Fork, and the main line of White Water River for about twenty-five miles. It also reached up into the hills on either side. There were seven preaching points on this charge. Each church had a preaching service every two weeks. This compelled the pastor to preach three times every Sunday and one week night, every two weeks.

They raised the salary from \$400.00 to \$500.00 the first year I came, and paid \$465.00 of it. After the first year there, the salary was raised to \$600.00 and more than paid each year. The membership in 1893 was 265 and it soon reached 405. We had victory all the time. Souls came to the altar and prayed through. It was a hard circuit to serve, the biggest and poorest in many ways of any in the conference.

My wife preached almost as much as I did on the circuit. She received no compensation, and broke down her health here by overwork. We always opposed church suppers, festivals and all commercialism in the church. We were awfully hard up. In fact we always have been since we entered the ministry, and I suppose we always will be, but we have never compromised nor sacrificed a principle yet. I never announced a Ladies' Aid Society meeting in my life, nor took a cent of money from them, nor have I ever received anything for my ministerial

work except that which has been given me as a free will offering.

Our second quarterly meeting was close at hand the first year we were there. We had only one steward at one of the churches. She was a nice young lady. They paid nothing the first quarter. When I announced the second quarterly meeting, she called me to one side and said, "So far we have paid nothing on your salary, but we will. Strawberries will soon be ripe, then we always have a big strawberry festival and pay up all that we owe our preacher." I said, "Sister, you will never pay me with any money gotten in that way. I will go to conference barefooted, before I will take money gotten in that way, and my bare feet will testify against you." She saw that I meant it, and went to work in the right way to get it. Every cent was paid in full at the end of the year.

We had many exciting experiences during the three years I was pastor of the Brookville circuit. More than once, have wife and I gotten all we had in our buggy up on the seat. Then we would perch ourselves on the back of the seat and trust to our faithful horse, Old George, to get us across swollen streams, and he never failed us, though he had to swim often times and draw a floating buggy safely to the shore.

We never thought much about what kind of a risk we were taking, but when we would get to Elm Grove or whatever church we were going to, the folks would throw up their hands and ask, "How did you get here?" When we told them, they would say as Sam Lewis said once, "Why, Brother Wines, didn't you know that the river at that point is past fording, and has been since noon?"

"Well," I said, "we are here." Somehow God has a wonderful way of taking care of His own.

One dark, rainy night, long after these days, as one of my official members and I were coming home from a night service, his lines got crossed and he pulled his horse too near the bank, when all at once, horse, men, buggy and all went over. It seemed to me that the bank was a hundred feet high. When we landed I was on the under-side. Brother Dam shouted from somewhere to know if I was killed. I said, "No, I am all right." Then he made the welkin ring with his shouts and praises to the Lord. When I got the debris off of me enough to consider the surroundings, I found that we had not fallen a hundred feet, but far enough to have broken the wheels of the buggy and several other injuries were found to the harness, buggy and ourselves, but no permanent damage was done. Had we gone over on the other side of the road, we would have fallen over a rocky precipice thirty or forty feet high, and landed in Tanner's Creek, which was many feet deep at that particular point. We walked most of the four or five miles home and assisted the horse to drag the broken buggy with us.

When I got into the parsonage, Mrs. Wines roused up a little and said, "You are in all right, are you?" I said, "Yes." "You came near getting killed, didn't you?" I said, "Yes." She expressed her appreciation of having a husband with a pat or two on my face and said goodnight and slept soundly until morning.

In the morning she told me this. She had gone to bed and gone to sleep immediately. She was awakened by a dream she had. In it she saw Brother Dam and myself accompanied by the horse and buggy going over a terrible

cliff. She got out of her bed, kneeled down at its side and prayed a long time until she was relieved somewhat. She went to bed and dreamed the same thing. Out she got and prayed until the heavens opened, and she had the assurance that we would not be hurt. We praised the Lord and gave Him honor and glory for His deliverance at that time, and many, many other times.

I could write page after page here of the wonderful way in which a beneficent, munificent, all powerful and loving God is able to, and does take care of His own.

For sixteen years I fought (the Devil), bled and almost died for the "Faith of our Fathers." All these years, God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, was with me and by my side, and with me still, is one of the gamest, most indefatigable, pugnacious warriors for the cause and against the Devil that man ever had to work with. Hop-toads and half grown mice almost annihilate her, but to meet the Devil, cross swords and scrap with him is, and always has been the delight of her soul.

Sixteen years of good hard service we gave the Methodist Church on the following charges: Glenwood 1893, Brookville circuit 1894-1897, Everton 1897-1899, Glenwood 1899-1900, Whiteland 1900-1904, Guilford and Homestead 1904-1906, North Madison 1906-1907, conference evangelist 1907-1909.

When the conference met in Washington, Indiana in September 1909 I sent my parchments in asking the conference to cancel them and return, as I desired to join the Church of the Nazarene. This they did, and wrote on the back of the parchment, "Honorably dismissed at his own request," and was signed by Bishop McDowell, who was the presiding officer at that conference.

CHAPTER VII

WORK IN NAZARENE CHURCH

Wife and I held a meeting in the First Church of the Nazarene, Indianapolis, Indiana. Many souls were reclaimed, converted and sanctified. At the close of this meeting we were called to the pastorate of that church. We accepted this call.

All during our sixteen years of ministry in the M. E. Church, God had signally and wonderfully blessed in the salvation of souls. During our four years pastorate at Whiteland, Indiana we had with us Evangelist Bud Robinson, Will Huff, George McLaughlin, J. T. Hatfield, D. F. Brooks and many others held meetings for us. The last year we were there, we held our own special meetings with the help of some consecrated laymen. Dr. Homer Hall of Franklin, Indiana, State Chairman of Prohibition, a wonderful physician and Christian gentleman, set my broken bones after an awful accident, and preached for me while I was getting well. Charles Barnett, a wonderful business man of Indianapolis, helped us in preaching, praying and pulling the glory down. He also paid bills for us and the church until he and his good wife almost broke our hearts by their kindness and love.

I accepted the pastorate of the First Church of the Nazarene in Indianapolis in March 1909. I acted as supply pastor until September 1909. When my parchments were cancelled by the M. E. Church, I was ac-

cepted by the Nazarenes and taken in as an elder by Dr. Bresee at Canton, Ill. Dr. Bresee said when he took us in that he had nothing to offer us only what Garibaldi had to offer his Italian soldiers. "You can go out under the stars, wade swamps, bear reproach, suffer, bleed and perhaps die," but praise the Lord the old warrior said, "I can promise you victory."

Our First Church at that time had of this world's goods, one "mourners" bench, as strong and as well built a piece of church furniture as I ever saw. In addition to this we had one hundred song books. We had a little Congregational church at the corner of Highland Avenue and East Market Street, which we rented for twenty dollars per month. The collections not otherwise marked were to be for the pastor's salary. I think my offering for my first Sunday was \$6.17. We were allowed to finish up our slate for meetings, one of us to be at the church each Sunday. Mrs. Wines served them Sunday about, I one Sunday and she the next. Her offerings were more than mine. In a short time the offering came along so well that a fixed salary was voted us.

Some three hundred and fifty souls were at the altar the last year we served Whiteland. About all of them were sanctified. I was called back three years afterward for a funeral. Only a few claimed full salvation. We felt that we must try to find a church home where our hard earned victories would be conserved. Hence our change to the Church of the Nazarene. Some of our best friends urged us to stay for the benefit of the funds we would get on retirement from that church. We had no trouble in the M. E. Church and always preached holiness. I was expostulated with by one of my presiding

elders and urged not to preach it. I told him the M. E. Church made me promise to preach it before they would admit me in the church, and now you urge me not to preach it. I added, the only difference I can see between us is this. I meant what I said, and you didn't mean what you required me to say.

All the brethren living, who urged us to stay in, are enjoying their funds as superannuates. I preferred to go out under the stars where I am now, and have never regretted the change.

In 1910 our Assembly was held in Chicago. We were called back to First Church, Indianapolis. The Lord wonderfully blessed us there. We bought the little church the first year, and had a constant revival all the time we were there.

The district assembly of the Chicago-Central District was held at Marshalltown, Iowa in September 1911. I was elected district superintendent. Immediately after the election a motion was made to divide the district.

The states of Iowa, the Dakotas, Wisconsin and the western half of Illinois were formed into the Iowa District. Rev. T. H. Agnew, the retiring district superintendent, was elected superintendent of the new district.

I had the Chicago-Central District, which included the eastern half of Illinois, all of Indiana and Michigan. I served this great district for two years. We had great victories and many churches were added to the district in the two years.

Mrs. Wines was elected to the pastorate of First Church, Indianapolis that year. We had both been recalled. When I was elected district superintendent, she was again elected as pastor, served one year and would

not accept a recall. Rev. C. W. Ruth was called to First Church and accepted.

The Assembly of 1912 was held in completed basement of First Church, Chicago. I was re-elected district superintendent. We had a great year on the district this year. I traveled almost twelve thousand miles, saw hundreds converted and sanctified, slept on straw many times, fought dogs, fleas, flies, bedbugs and the Devil to a finish. Came down to Olivet, Illinois in September 1913 with a report of self sacrificing preachers, laity, and a substantial increase on all lines. Rev. L. Milton Williams was elected district superintendent. He asked me to help him get started on the district, which I did.

In December 1913 I received a call to the pastorate at Marshalltown, Iowa. In 1914 was recalled to Marshalltown. Mrs. Wines was called and accepted the pastorate of our Woodlawn church in Chicago. In 1915 I was recalled to the Marshalltown church. I only stayed a few weeks and went to Chicago.

In the holidays of 1915 I went down to Middletown, Ohio to pastor the new church there for three Sundays. They urged me to stay with them awhile. I did and they called me back, but I would not accept.

Brother Short who was pastor in Dayton, Ohio was elected district superintendent of the Pittsburgh District. He urged me to preach one Sunday for the Dayton church on my way to Chicago. I did and they called me for pastor. I accepted in June 1916. Mrs. Wines resigned the Woodlawn church, and she and I had one of the most delightful and successful pastorates at Dayton of our entire ministry. We were recalled in 1917 and 1918.

In September 1918 I accepted a call to be the Dean of Men at our Northwest Nazarene College at Nampa, Idaho. I soon took the field for the college work, and had thrilling experiences in almost every state west of the Mississippi and in Canada.

In 1919 wife and I accepted a call to our church in Ontario, Oregon. Here we had one of the greatest years of our lives. Scores and scores were saved, and a strong and powerful church was established. Praise the Lord. Our work at Ontario was wonderfully helped by the pastor, Rev. S. L. Flowers, who preceded us. He had changed the location of the church, and relieved the financial conditions by his own splendid example in giving and his ability to get others to give. In June 1920 we left Ontario, Oregon. We did not accept their call for another year.

We returned to dear old Indiana by the way of Utah, California and almost everywhere. We held a revival service in our Fifth Street Mission in Los Angeles.

In September 1920 accepted a call as pastor to the church at Mitchell, Indiana.

In 1921, we were called to the pastorate at Connersville, Indiana. Had a good year, and were recalled at the Assembly in September. However, we refused to accept, but were appointed supply until Brother Davis was secured as pastor.

Mrs. Wines' failing health because of inward goitre, made it impossible for either of us to do much work, until she had it removed at the hospital in Rochester, Minn. She had been wonderfully healed of an inward cancer, also of T. B., but this time it was to glorify God that she had the operation. They could not cut her deep enough,

nor "gas" her dead enough to stop her lips from praising God. When they brought her into the room after the operation with rigid form, glassy eyes and unmovable lips (as nearly dead as I was), I could hear her faintly articulating, "Jesus, precious Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus." It seemed like the whole hospital force came in from time to time to see the wonderful woman who was so mightily helped by her God.

From 1923 to the present writing 1926, we have been in the evangelistic work, and I have been selected by the Advisory Board as Assistant Superintendent of the Indiana District. I have no trouble working for the district superintendent, Rev. J. W. Short, who is my son-in-law.

ELUCIDATION

When one writes a history of his own life and gets ready to close, there are so many things which come to him that he has left out, that he feels like throwing all in the waste basket.

I cannot express my appreciation of my wife and daughter in their helpfulness to me on all lines. I never could sing. When wife was along I was all right in schoolhouses and country churches where no one could pitch a tune. Wife could not always be along, so many a time I have taken my little daughter along to lead the singing. No drum major ever did a better job of directing music than she did at the age of fourteen or fifteen. She is just as efficient now in the large assemblies, churches and campmeetings, as she was then in the little churches and schoolhouses in leading the singing and singing solos.

She always was extremely religious, but about 1904 at Greenwood, Indiana in a campmeeting, she was gloriously saved and later sanctified. She was a junior in college, but she gave up her work in the college and entered God's Bible School in Cincinnati, and has been actively engaged in God's work ever since. She married Rev. J. W. Short and when not actively engaged in preaching and singing, she has been rearing as fine a family of boys and girls for God and holiness as ever the sun shone on.

I must give this incident on one of our charges, poor and big it was. The Ladies' Aid Society made it especially hard for me. They wanted to exist. I refused to announce their meetings, and preached a strong sermon against church entertainments. They tried to get Mrs. Wines to join them. When she got through with them, they understood where she stood. They told her they would see to it that I would not get any salary from that church that year. She told them she would hold evangelistic meetings elsewhere, and see that I didn't starve, and that I would preach just the same for them. They said we owe our janitor back pay and we must have entertainments to pay him. Mrs. Wines said I will pay him also, and she did out of some money we had on hand.

In spite of all this, in a day or so afterward when I came home, Mrs. Wines and daughter said, "Look over at the church." The Ladies' Aiders were working like bees. I said, "Mattie, you and daughter pray while I go over there." They said they were fixing for a big entertainment in the lower part of our big old fashioned church, which had a large auditorium above, with Sunday school and class rooms below. They told me that they owned the lower part of the church, as the trustees had given it

to them. I said it was not theirs to give, and that I was pastor there until conference met in September, and there would be no entertainment there before that time.

Thy flew out to see the trustees. Two belonged to the church, but were not saved. One was as raw a sinner as I ever saw. The raw one said, "Go to it, women, I will stand by you." One of them was a foreigner. He said, "You women let that preacher alone. He knows what he is doing. I am on his side." The other, an old man, a charter member of the church, said to them, "Women, for more than fifty years I have belonged to that church. I have no salvation, but I am squarely with the pastor. If he says no entertainments, I say no entertainments."

While the women went to see the trustees, I went in the parsonage to find wife and daughter sitting flat on the floor, wiping tears from their eyes on their aprons, laughing, shouting and making the welkin ring and shouting, "Victory, victory." I said, "They have gone to see the trustees, but I will never resign." Mattie got up and said, "Never, never." With her arms around my neck, she said, "I will keep you going with my offerings." Mary Frances jumped up and with her arms around my neck said, "I am going to stay with my dad. I will lead the singing, play the organ, sing solos and preach with my dad." We all went round and round. Sometimes I was on the floor and sometimes in the air. Sometimes both feet were on the floor, and we were going round and round. I suppose we came as near dancing at that time as we ever did.

I saw the Ladies' Aid, crestfallen, leaving the church. I stepped out on the veranda of our nice, new parsonage to see if they were taking what they thought they owned

of it with them. One of the leaders shook both her hands at me in a defiant way and said, "Not one cent of salary will you get this year." I said, "We will have no entertainments."

The first six months I served that charge I received ten dollars on my salary at that point. Daughter, true to her promise, went with me to every special meeting that winter, and in addition to her playing and singing, she preached. She thought at first she would preach turn-about with me, but she could not do that. However, she did a lot of it. My subject was almost always holiness. Mary Frances had one theme and one alone. She always and all the time stuck to her subject, which was hell. So we sowed the old circuit good and deep with holiness and hell. We had great revivals and many were saved and sanctified.

I remember we drove one night fourteen miles to my farthest appointment. We had a good service, but no invitation to spend the night. So we drove fourteen miles back to our parsonage home. Daughter said she would sit in the buggy until I put the horse in his stall and fed him. When I offered to help her out, she said, "Pop, I am so cold I don't believe I can get out." I just took her in my arms and carried her in the house, and in a short time we were thawed out and ready for the battle the next night.

A short time after the Ladies' Aiders got so mad at me, I visited our old charter member trustee. Wife and I prayed and urged him in every way to get back to the Lord. He would tremble, cry and shake, but did not yield. He had broad acres in the valley down there, and had many hired men and sons who worked for him. He

had an immense store-house where he dispensed to them food of all kinds, fresh beef, pork, sugar, coffee, cereals and everything almost to eat. When we left that day he gave me a nice new twenty dollar bill and said that I was not to count it on quarterage, and that we were equal sharers with the boys and hands in the store-house. "Get what you need and want," he said. I never went there to get a thing, but he had a son who saw that we got our part.

At the end of six months a sanctified local preacher came home from college. Thomas Miller was his name. Hundreds of men were working on the Big Four Railroad near our church. Young Miller urged them to come to our church. Mattie came home and preached most of the time at our great revival. Scores were saved and sanctified. The glory of God was upon us.

At the second quarterly meeting the salary was over-paid. At the end of the year we received a great deal over the apportionment on salary and everything. We were sent back next year and had victory, and no action in the Aid Society.

I am right now on the eve of my sixty-ninth birthday, praising God for salvation which holds forever.

CHAPTER VIII

SELECTIONS FROM WRITINGS

KINDLING WOOD

Grandfather used to put the smallest kind of fagots on the coals and in a little while would have a rousing fire roaring in the old-fashioned fireplace. Smoke and flame were chasing each other out of the chimney, white light and heat glowed and satisfied us in the room.

Grandfather said: "You must have kindling wood before you can do anything on any line." I have just been thinking of the fagots that start things going. Just a tilted tea kettle lid struck the fertile spot of Jimmy Watts' brain, and we stand with hats off in awe and wonder today looking at the accomplishments of steam.

Benjamin Franklin used a little kindling wood when he saw the lightning's flash. Then with kite, silken string and a bottle he wooed it down to where he could shake hands, say "How do you do," and be friendly with it. Today it is in field, factory, counting room, kitchen and everywhere, anxiously waiting to do our every task.

While these men in using the little kindling wood thoughts that have come to them, have blessed mankind in a wonderful way along industrial lines, greater by far is he who stirs the soul to great spiritual achievements.

I think just now of three pieces of kindling wood that were laid on my heart, that the Holy Ghost fanned into a flame that burned the shackles off and set me free.

First, an old-fashioned, leather-lunged preacher, who first drew my attention to himself because he was an awful murderer. He was a manifold, multitudinous murderer, and if he is living I fear he is still carrying on this terrible vocation. So far as I know, he was not a pre-natal murderer, nor a post-natal murderer, if that is the correct way of putting it; but he was a bloodthirsty, revengeful and seemingly a premeditated murderer of our good old English language.

When I had seen him decapitate, pistol wound, run through, cannonade and dynamite a few hundred verbs, adjectives, nouns, pronouns, prepositions and other parts of speech, I began to get used to the slaughter and their blood ceased to frighten me. Then I could listen to what he was saying. Underneath that rough exterior and crude speech there was the story of an experience that made me most wonderfully hungry for salvation.

The second fagot was the love of a little blue-eyed, darling girl, who would put her little arms around my neck, kiss my eyes, nose, mouth, cheek and chin, declaring all the time that she was going to grow up to be just like papa, even to the growing of a mustache. I thought if she should succeed in realizing her desire and really grow up to be like papa, what kind of a heathen would she be anyway? So the second piece of kindling was ignited.

The third fagot was this: Wife got salvation. I had always argued that she didn't need it, as she was better than those who claimed it anyway; but in spite of my philosophy she got converted. At first I was glad, because she wouldn't talk back when I had a fussing spell. Then I got sad and mad because of the company that she

kept—folks who wouldn't do much but be religious and act awful by shouting, crying and testifying in meeting

One night as I went home from the store, I stopped in the little old hall where the prayermeeting was held, to get Mattie and go home with her. The meeting was at floodtide. Somebody had been converted, and wife was leading the shouting. I never was so humiliated in all my life. We were disgraced. The reputation of the family was dragged in the dust. I could never more look people in the face. No one knows how badly I felt. When we got away from the crowd a little, I told Mattie all this and wound up my remarks by saying: "If you want to disgrace the family in this way and make a fool of yourself, you may, but I never will."

She never did anything more sweetly in her life, when in answer, she said: "Well, papa, I will just keep on making a fool of myself." She never compromised, never excused a thing that was wrong in me, nor any of my sins, always spoke against them energetically and emphatically. Yet withal she showed that she still tenderly loved me.

I couldn't stand it. The burden got heavier and heavier. I went to the mourners' bench. I confessed and cried for mercy, but didn't get through. I made the murderer go home with me. As soon as we got in the house I called for prayers. I lay on my face, side and back, prayed and cried. The Devil had me by the hair of the head and was dragging me into hell; he had me right on the edge of the pit. I smelled the sulphur; I felt the flames. He set his teeth and was fixing his muscles so that with one mighty effort he could fling me into the awful abyss. Just at that moment a nail-pierced

hand took him by the throat and threw him out of my sight.

I can hear his disappointed shrieks and chattering teeth yet as he went back to his place. Jesus then came and walked around on the outside and inside of me for awhile. He blew with His own breath on the embers of my heart where the kindling wood had been laid. It sprang up into a flame, it grew in volume and strength until it burned up my sins and carnality. And praise God, today the fire still burns.

SHE

She smiled and I saw her. I was sitting across the room from her in that old United Brethren church in the country. She never saw me nor even knew that I existed, but that smile and sweet face kept me awake until twelve o'clock that night. Three days afterward when we were introduced, she smiled again; that smile settled my destiny. Our lives were so linked together that we were one, so much so that our desires and thoughts were almost the same. She was the power house, the guide, the leader. She got converted and prayed the heavens open so that I saw the Son of God who came down and converted my soul.

She got sanctified; so did I. I said one day, "Wife, I am forced to preach the gospel." She said, "So am I." She preaches better than anyone I ever saw or heard and I have heard the best.

One day an irate member of my official board hit me

in the face. With streaming eyes and sorrowful heart I said, "Wife, it's no use, I guess I will give up." She laid her cheek against mine and patted the other with her hand and said: "*Never.*" Immediately my ankle bones received strength, my hair grew several feet and I could have pulled down the pillars of Gaza and run off with the gate.

When certain lewd fellows of the baser sort decorated me with the inside of eggs in Gibson county, she scraped, and scrubbed, and sang, "I Am Going Through" until I got a real blessing out of it. I thought I saw a gray hair coming in her head the other day and a wrinkle near the corner of her eye. But when I got my real vision I saw no gray hair, no wrinkle. She is more beautiful than ever. Nobody ever knew her but to love her. Nobody ever could love her as I do.

The doctors told us the other day she must undergo a heroic operation or die. She smiled and said: "Ready for service, ready to die." I said, "Oh no, no Lord. You can't spare her from your work here surely. You can not. And I—oh it breaks my heart to think of it." Won't all the readers of this pray that she may be spared a long time for His work and for me?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

BROTHER IT

Brother Will B. It was not a bad man before he was converted and sanctified. He was always moral and upright. Many of his nearest relatives said he was better

than any of the gang he joined before he professed anything at all. Be that as it may, Brother It went to the mourners' bench twice in the Sixth Street Mission and claimed the two works of grace.

Workers were scarce at the Sixth Street Mission. Brother Holdon was the leader. He was steady as a clock and always in his place. When Brother It came in he was welcomed with fervor by all the hard-worked holiness crowd.

Brother It had a splendid pair of lungs. He could sing loud, not well, but he was noisy about it. His prayers were noted for the amount of racket and noise attached to them. His testimonies were exhortations, disjointed and rambling, but full of red faced vehemence.

The majority of the mission folks voted for and elected him for their leader at the next annual election. Good Brother Holdon readily gave up his position and worked as hard in the ranks as he had at the head.

The great expectations of the Sixth Street folks were not realized under the new leader.

The holiness work made about the same progress. A few blunders were made under Brother It's regime that never would have occurred under Brother Holdon. So at the next election Brother Holdon was elected almost unanimously as leader again.

Everybody looked the next Sunday for the smiling face of Brother It, but they looked in vain as he has never been in the Sixth Street Mission since.

A few Sundays afterward Brother It was seen on the front seat in the Holiness Hallelujah Association Hall. Now Brother It had a fine trade and got splendid wages. He gave as liberally as he shouted. So the H. H. A's.

said a few weeks afterward: "Let us elect Brother It our leader;" and all agreed.

Brother It took charge and for two years the Association did not do as well as in previous years. At the end of two years they elected Brother Makegood leader. Brother It took a much needed rest, but when he returned to the city, his face was seldom seen in the Association hall.

A few years before this Brother Bustit had started an independent, tieless, sockless, buttonless hook and eye church.

After Brother It returned from his vacation, he was often seen in Brother Bustit's church. Brother Bustit had gotten his church into disrepute because of having entered into some questionable deals with the solons of the city. He had also gone back on some of the fundamental principles of his church. He had ceased to preach holiness.

It was rumored that one person had discovered socks on their leader's feet. A brother had gone so far as to appear in the congregation with a four-in-hand tie on and received no rebuke from the head of the church. All this encouraged Brother Kicker to cut the hooks and eyes off his coat and have buttons in their place.

When Brother It appeared in the church, Brother Bustit immediately secured his services as city superintendent and general evangelist for the work.

A great campaign was instituted. The best holiness evangelists in the country were secured. The crowds that go to big meetings came, went to the altar and got through as they had been doing for the past generation.

Flaming reports went out over the country. The city

of "Whoopem Up" had never seen nor heard of such an awakening. Brother It smiled and beamed on the people when the articles came out signed by the evangelists, but somehow the work didn't stand, and when the special meetings began at the "Skin Them Quick" Mission, all hands were there to seek and find again. Brothers It and Bustit looked out on empty pews at the next regular service. It looked inquiringly at Bustit. Bustit glared at It, and with one long, bony index finger pointed to the door and said one word—"Get." It got.

Brother It has now reached the end of his arduous labors it seems. He attended a few meetings at the "Skin Them Quick" Mission, but having received no recognition whatever he is now "serving the Lord at home" he says.

But he and his wife are really very busy scraping the sealing wax off their vials of wrath getting ready to empty the contents on the heads of the steady-going, never swerving holiness crowd of the city of "Whoopem Up."

THE YOUNGEST LIVING EVANGELIST

Martha Short, daughter of Rev. James W. Short, a Nazarene preacher and evangelist of Indianapolis, Ind. is undoubtedly the youngest living evangelist. She inherits her preaching ability honestly however. Doubtless her inheritance and her constant attendance at church service has more to do with her evangelistic propensities than does a divine call.

Martha began attending the means of grace at the age

of three weeks and has been a constant attendant ever since.

Her father, mother, grandfather and grandmother are all preachers. She attended the General Assembly last October in Nashville, Tenn. where she was baptized by our beloved leader, Dr. Bresee. She patted him on the hand and smiled on him in appreciation of the sacred rite and said, "Papa, papa."

Martha is a little more than sixteen months old now. Her vocabulary is very limited when it comes to the English language, but she is well up in the vernacular of babyhood.

Her nearest and closest friends outside of her immediate relatives, are a rag dog and two dolls. She has a small trunk that can be used for many purposes.

On the account of the sickness of her mother Martha has been denied the privilege of enjoying a good red hot meeting for some time. The other day she decided to have one of her own.

She placed her trunk, dog and dolls before her, got a song book, opened it and sang loud and lustily for awhile, then with great reverence fell on her knees, placed her elbows on the trunk, covered her eyes with her hands and in baby language, prayed awhile.

This was followed by an old fashioned, fiery, red-hot, flat-footed sermon and invitation to seekers to come forward to the altar.

As no response was made, she went out and literally dragged the whole congregation to the altar, which was the opposite side of the trunk. After much hard altar work, the seekers, which consisted of the dog and two dolls, got through good.

The midget evangelist then had a season of handkerchief waving and general rejoicing, which ended the service for that time. Her parents and grandparents are praying that if it be God's will she may be a real and not a play evangelist.

JANE

Raw-boned, angular, uneducated, simple-minded and poor—everybody in the little hamlet knew her; when the name Jane was spoken all knew the one referred to.

That little Indiana village was noted for its ungodliness.

The only really pious person there was Jane. She knew nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Dancing, drinking, cursing, lodge going and all manner of evil had right of way there. Jane was not even caught in the snares of the town gossips. She was never known to say an evil thing of any one. Three matters and three alone claimed her entire attention:

First, she claimed right of way to testify to the power of Jesus' blood to save from sin, and always presented herself as an example, going into the minutest details, telling of how she knelt at the mourners' bench and "hol-lered." She told it at quiltings, last day of school, hog killings, over the wash tub. Everywhere she went her testimony went with her, and the Lord was glorified because He had definitely saved Jane.

The second matter for consideration was her obligations to "Bethel meeting house." That was the Baptist church where she was converted and where she held her

membership. It was three and one-half miles from her home, but every "meetin' day," which was once a month, Jane could be seen bright and early with her Sunday clothes on walking to meeting. More than one kind-hearted farmer who had more faith in Jane than in the God she served, seeing her pass on a stormy or exceedingly hot day (for Jane always went, her salvation being in no way regulated by the thermometer or the condition of the weather), would hastily hook his horse to a buggy and drive Jane to her destination.

Of course this meant he would have to submit to the testimony that Jane would give. Yet he would go.

I was unsaved when I first knew Jane. I have heard her story many times. It always impressed me and I never knew anyone that was not perfectly respectful while she told her experience and seemed to desire such an experience himself.

The third great interest for Jane's consideration was the care and comfort of her mother. "Mam," she called her. "Mam" was an invalid, old, feeble and cross. The frequent invectives, mutterings, thundering and volcanic eruptions of "Mam" were totally wasted on Jane.

She was always kind, good and smiling when considering Mam's comfort. She would wash all day and care for Mam all night, get up next morning and start on her long walk to Bethel "meetin' house" with a cheery "Good morning," and "Praise the Lord" for everyone she met.

One day while washing she broke the point of a needle off in her finger. For lack of proper attention and care it became necessary to have the finger amputated. Jane agreed to the operation, for she must have a well hand to wash and care for Mam.

When preparation was made for the administration of the anesthetic and she was told to take her place on the table, she said, "No doctor; this old heart of mine is none too good anyhow and if I take your sleepin' medicine I may never wake up, and then who would wash and care for Mam?"

She said, "Let me go off in that room there a little while, doctor, won't you?"

They agreed to this. In twenty minutes she came back with a radiant face and said, "Doctors, cut the finger off; my Jesus has definitely promised to help me through."

Then with her eyes fixed on Mam, her face bearing a halo of light and her faith set on the mighty God, she neither trembled nor groaned while the operation was performed.

When the revival broke out in the village Jane said, "Jesus is just doing what He promised me He would do." Scores were swept into the Kingdom and many testified that Jane's godly life and testimony had brought conviction to their souls.

"Mam" died one day, and Jane's life work seemed to be ended. She was always poor and frail in body, and after Mam's death she lingered a few months. One day her sister heard her laughing. She hastened to her bedside and said, "What do you want, Jane?" Jane said, "Nothing, only there is Jesus and the angels. I must go." And leaving on her poor emaciated face a smile that even death could not take off, she took her flight with her crown, to be with Him forever. Her body lies in the little cemetery at Bethel meetin' house, but the influence of her testimony and life lives on and on.

GOD'S POWER

Riding in a street car from a service held in one of our Nazarene churches, my attention was called to the contented, sweet, peaceful Christian expression that rested upon the happy faces of a man and his wife who sat near by. I was half wondering if I had helped them by the message I had delivered, when the pastor of the church asked me if I had noticed that couple. When I had assured him that I had, he told me this: "That man is a coal miner and has been the toughest of the tough ones around here. Three years ago he and his wife there were divorced. She went to a neighboring state while he remained here. He continued to get tougher and tougher until he was regarded as one of the worst characters around here. About four weeks ago he came to our Nazarene church and when the altar call was made, he came forward and was blessedly saved. A few nights afterward he was gloriously sanctified. He immediately went before the membership committee seeking membership in our church. He was told to get right with his wife and then come in. He wrote her what the Lord had done for him and that he wanted her to come back and live with him; but she wrote back that she was done with him forever. He hurried to Indiana and went to her sister's home where she was living. When he came into the room where she was she attempted to get out at another door, but he caught her arm with one hand and began to read from the Bible, which he held in the other; then dropping on his knees, he began to pray, asking the Lord to give him back his home and wife once more. She listened and agreed to go with him to church that night. When she

heard him pray and testify in the meeting she began to have some confidence in his salvation. She came back to Illinois with him and upon our arrival here he brought her to our church. The first night she came to the altar and was converted. The next night she was sanctified, and tomorrow he will get a marriage license again, and tomorrow night," said Brother Herrell, "I will perform the rite of marriage for the second time and pronounce them husband and wife in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and say, 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' Then they will both join our church and we believe they will be good members. Don't you?"

THE BAPTISM OF JASON

When I was sent as pastor to North Madison, Indiana in 1907-08, I found on the circuit at West Madison a zealous advocate for holiness and full salvation in Rev. A. J. Merrell, a local preacher in our M. E. church. He had served the Union cause in the war of the sixties.

He lost his eyesight in his country's service, for which Uncle Sam paid him forty dollars per month. He came to us from the Baptist church, and while he was in full accord with the M. E. doctrine of full salvation, he still maintained that it was necessary and essential "to go down into the water and come up out of it." Brother Merrell was a great help to the Lord's cause in West Madison. He was led about by a little dog attached to a string.

Many were converted and led into the experience of

holiness by his going into the homes where he would sing, pray, exhort and call for seekers.

Jason Jones was converted and sanctified among many others. I call him Jason Jones because I do not remember his real name. Jason was such a clear case and so enthusiastic in the Lord's work that in a short time he was exhorting and preaching over the town. His spiritual father was very much pleased with Jason's success, but was disappointed in one thing about him, that was that Jason was totally indifferent to the question of water baptism. Jason did such effective work about Madison and the results were so good that he determined to widen his field of usefulness. This he did by opening a mission just across the Ohio River at Milton, Kentucky. It seemed, however, that the Lord had departed from him. He simply could not cultivate this field, pray, preach, sing, testify and exhort as best he could, no results followed. Christmas morning 1907 at Madison, Indiana was cold, dark and dreary. Jason Jones very early in the morning pushed the prow of his "John boat" into the mush ice of the Ohio River, and rowed hurriedly to the Indiana side. He hastened to his blind friend's home in West Madison, and there he poured out his soul to the good man; told of his lack of success and declared he could not tell what was the matter.

The blind man arose, with his back to the red hot stove and his face toward Jason, and said, with great emphasis: "I know what is the matter. You have refused to obey the gospel; you have never been down into the water and come up out of it. Why don't you get baptized?"

The enthusiasm and gesticulations of his friend fired

Jason to do anything to assure success in Kentucky. So he said, "I am ready. Who will administer the rite and say the ceremony?" "I will," shouted the preacher, "right now before you change your mind."

Without any special preparation and no concern about the cold weather, they hastened to the shipyard, half a mile away. There, far out in the icy Ohio, where the water was good and deep, Jason was immersed.

The moment he came up he began to shout and praise the Lord, breaking loose from the preacher, with rapid strides he soon reached the shore, making as much noise as he could praising the Lord, he hastened toward the Merrell home, leaving the helpless blind man far out in the mad rushing river, almost frozen without chart or compass, dog or string.

His chattering teeth, shaking limbs and numb body all told him he would soon be overcome by the chilly currents and all would be over.

What could he do? Like Peter of old, in his great dilemma, he cried: "Lord, save me." As quickly as the prayer was breathed the answer came: "Follow the shouting."

Far up the ways he could hear faintly now: "Glory to God! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!"

At once he set out after the noise, and in a short time they were both praising the Lord again around the red hot stove.

MY TWO LAYMEN

Layman Number One met me at the train when I first arrived, gave me a hearty hand-shake and said: "You are an older man than I expected to see." At the

dinner table he assured me that the church never could get over the departure of their former pastor, who had just left for another field.

After the first service, he said: "Our former pastor once preached from that text. I wish you could have heard him. Say, he could give you some points on that subject, and, by the way, you don't sing loud enough for anyone to hear you. Brother C. was a wonderful singer, and could lead better than anyone in the church."

When the offering was taken, Number One refused to even give the basket a friendly look, but was assiduously thumbing his song book. One day in a moment of forgetfulness, he told me that the people "seem to love you." Then immediately added, "Strange, as it may seem."

When I took a special offering for missions, he gave twenty-five cents and said: "You are always tormenting us for money. Brother C. would not have done that."

Layman Number One never was happy over anything. He found fault with everybody and everything. When he died and the last spadeful of dirt was thrown on his grave, there was a deep, inaudible amen from all who were present.

Layman Number Two was at the church when I first entered it. "Well, well," he said, "I have often heard of you, and now my eyes behold you. Welcome, pastor, welcome. I am so glad to see you."

After service he said: "We loved our former pastor, and we love you. I have often heard sermons preached from the text you used this morning, but Brother, you seemed to get more out of that Scripture to feed my soul than any preacher I ever heard." He said: "You seem

to enjoy the singing, we must have you give us a good solo soon. We know you can do it."

When the offering was taken, Layman Number Two smiled and gave a little nod to the usher as he passed by. He put in the basket a fat envelope and some green paper money along with it as an offering.

When I announced one day that I would take a special offering, he jumped up and shouted Amen! I had struck his shouting nerve.

When I said, "Who will start this subscription with ten dollars?" he shouted out, "I will start it with twenty dollars."

You could find him praying with the sick and doing the Master's work "in season and out of season." I do not remember of even going to his house but what I found him reading his Bible. I saw him at a distance yesterday, he waved his hand and said: "Hallelujah, Brother Wines, I am happy on the way."

CONNERSVILLE, IND.

THE FACTORY-MADE PREACHER

Blond, debonair, blue-eyed, silken mustached, musical-voiced, Latin diplomaed he dropped into our town. He could chase the golf links equal to a bloodhound. He could swing Indian clubs in a way that would make a Comanche Chief ashamed of himself. Hoyle on games was his masterpiece of learning. All controverted points on link, field or diamond were referred to him. The de-

cision was quickly and decisively made and was always correct.

He came from a place in the northwest territory of the United States, where a great corporation had made millions of dollars turning out reapers from their factory. They had done so well making reapers that they thought they could make almost anything so they built right near their reaper factory a preacher factory. They didn't call it a factory but it was.

They filled and varnished, and made their preachers ball-bearing and as smooth running as their reapers. Now as their reapers were soulless, godless, mechanical contraptions, so were their preachers.

The above mentioned piece of machinery came to our little town and took charge of the church of his denomination. I was pastor of the only other church in the town. I preached holiness and insisted on old-fashioned, John Wesley, Bible salvation. He preached science; told his flock about crinoids, trilobites, and constellations. One of my officials told me that we were sure to lose out and would have to quit because the young man was sweeping everything before him. Especially were we going to lose all our young people as he could umpire a ball game or play shortstop with equal alacrity. It was hinted by this official member that I should go out to the diamond and at least "fan" if I did nothing else.

I said: "No, brother, the Lord has called me to His work here and that is neither to 'fan' nor umpire and if I have time for that I will put it in on extra pastoral work." So I felt led of the Lord to preach on the old Bible subject of hell every Sunday night that summer.

One day while the "factory product" was umpiring a

game of baseball I was called over the 'phone to visit one of his members who was sick. After a long season of prayer and agony for his lost soul, he was gloriously saved. We saw the victorious boys of our town pass the house as they went shouting home with the "factory preacher" in their midst making as much noise as any of them (he couldn't stand any noise in the church, though), and while we could not hear the shouts above we knew the angels were rejoicing over the salvation of our regenerated brother. We could not find room in our church for the Sunday night congregations that summer. God honored His Word and many were saved. The "factory man" preached to handfuls and finally resigned and quit. We are still preaching holiness and the Lord is blessing us. What has become of him I do not know.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

HOW THE PREACHER GOT HIS SHOES

My first appointment in the M. E. Church was junior pastor on the "Pinchville" Circuit, Indiana Conference. The salary was microscopic, but wife and I had promised the Lord we would do almost anyway if He would only find us a place to preach. He did both. When we went on the circuit there were two things we promised the Lord we would not do. One was, we would not make any debts. The other, complain of our meager support. The Lord held filling and fiber, warp and woof of our clothing together almost equal to the way He cared for the journeying Israelites. My shoes did not fare so well. They

were partly worn when I started on the year's work, and before it was ended, the Irishman who wielded the wax end and glue, had patched every available spot and declared he could not and would not "patch a patch" and for me to bring them no more.

When we should have been praying for souls we had to pray for shoes. The Lord answered and sent us two dollars and twenty-five cents. Good Brother G. who had a store at Centville, a point on the circuit, gave the preachers a discount of ten per cent. I hastened to his store and asked "for a pair of number eight shoes for two dollars and twenty-five cents." He showed me a pair for three fifty, "about as cheap a shoe as a preacher should wear," he said. I insisted on a pair for two twenty-five, not telling him why. He turned the soles of the shoes up and looking at them said: "Why, I declare, one of these shoes is an eight and the other a nine." He began fixing the shoes to put them in the box; stopped, scratched his head and said: "I was going to say." Then said: "No I won't say it," and put the shoes in the box. I surmised what was in his mind and urged him to say his say. "Well," said he, "I will. If you can wear an eight and a nine they are yours for two twenty-five." Before the words were out of his mouth the money was in his hand.

Although my shoes were not mates, no one was the wiser. The Lord wonderfully blessed in the work and we got through the year without going in debt or complaining of our lot.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FALLING FEATHERS

When we were sent as pastor in charge of the Shoestring Circuit, Indiana Conference, M. E. Church, a careful inventory of our possessions revealed the fact that we owned a few household goods, a horse and buggy and full salvation.

The people were inclined to give much advice and criticism to the "circuit rider."

Almost every household had a number of carefully prepared suggestions ready for my consideration and acceptance when I made my regular visits.

I remember one time an old sister broke the rule of the circuit by an expression of commendation of the pastor.

It was an awful thing to do, and had it been found out that a member of the Shoestring Circuit, at that particular point, had said a kind thing to the "circuit rider" there would possibly have been charges preferred. The thing she said was this: "Well, I thank the Lord that the bishop and presiding elder have at least sent us a good looking preacher."

Now this might not have had much of an effect on most of preachers perhaps, but it helped me out wonderfully.

When a person is starving to death a crumb of any sort or from any source is a great help.

When I afterward took a good survey of myself in the mirror and had carefully considered every feature, including a well groomed mustache and pompadour roaches to the hair, I immediately identified myself with her side of the question, and regardless of the skepticism

of some as to her mental abilities, I set her down at once as a woman of sense and intelligence.

There lived on this circuit, up a dark hollow, in a little old dilapidated log cabin, with his wife and a number of children intermingled with dogs and dirt, a man whom we shall call "old John."

He had an unsavory reputation. It was said that chicken roosts, corn cribs, and smoke houses all paid toll to "old John."

I spoke one day of making a pastoral call at the home of old John, but was urged not to do so, as I would get cussed, dog bit, and be driven away.

One crisp winter day I made the call. Old John wasn't at home when I arrived. However, I was greeted by hounds, hogs, geese, chickens, children and a hearty "Come in" by John's wife, in response to my knock at the tumble down door.

I responded to the password given by her with such alacrity that I almost wrecked the side of their humble abode. My actions were accelerated by the inspiration given me by a little yellow fice dog owned by old John, who with a great lack of decorum had unceremoniously set his white teeth in my leg.

Shaking the canine loose, I viewed the situation; John's wife was sitting by the old-fashioned fireplace nursing her baby. Removing a corn-cob pipe from her mouth, she with an accuracy that was worthy of a better cause, shot a gill or such a matter of saliva over the lidless pot, in which the dinner was cooking, and hit the bullseye on the back log beyond. She greeted me kindly and said: "Set down. Set down."

The dirtiest baby I ever saw left off its luncheon and

refused the proffered receptacle, which was as dirty as itself. It cooed, reached out its little hands, kicked and hollered to get to me.

The mother, with a grin that displayed her "hit and miss" teeth, said: "She thinks you are her Pap."

Just then old John came in and I got her conception of myself. Short of stature, greasy as a soap barrel, nose shaped like a capital R, one flange of which was larger than the other, complexion the same as a well cured ham of meat, eyes that might have been borrowed from his outside porkers, a gray beard that straggled all over his face in patchwork style, which had a saffron effect below his nose and in the neighborhood of his chin, which bespoke the fact that he "chawed" as well as smoked. His legs were akimbo. His feet were not mates, as one was encased in a boot and the other enjoyed a shoe. I viewed the situation, thought of the comparison, prayed with old John and family and left.

MILKED DRY AND STRIPPED

When John Claus was appointed to the Waldo Circuit in the largest conference in Methodism, at that time, he went with buoyant hopes and a light heart. Such a record had never been made on old Waldo Circuit as Wilbur South the pastor had reported for that year. The people had given Brother South and his family a wonderful farewell, a new buggy, new suit for pastor. Also for his wife a fine suit. The children all came in as sharers of these good material things.

The bishop and presiding elders took note of what South had done. He had made a good record on financial lines. All benevolences were far ahead of any previous year. Two of the churches had been raised on their foundations and money secured for three coats of paint and all necessary improvements.

There had been no great revival on the charge like in olden times but "sane and safe" methods had been used in almost doubling the membership.

Wilbur South was immediately booked for promotion and was given Fairlight Circuit, one of, if not the best, circuits in the conference. John Claus, an old timer Boanerges preacher who would rather pray all night with a seeker for pardon or purity than to eat the best yellow legged fry that old shouting Aunt Jane Reech ever prepared for a hungry preacher (and hundreds of fowls had entered the ministry from her table. She was known all up and down White Water as the Champion Chicken Fryer of the Bentville Circuit) was appointed to the Waldo Circuit.

John Claus had barely kept soul and body together on the Bentville Circuit and said to his self-sacrificing and loyal Christian wife: "Now, Dear, I can work better in my five protracted meetings this winter and in getting souls to God knowing that you and the children are nicely located in a good parsonage and my salary and the gifts of the people will keep shoes and clothing on us and food in the house for all and we will not have to pray for anything but souls this winter.

His good wife said, "Amen! In His name the slain of the Lord shall be many. Praise the Lord."

Brother Claus hurried to his new appointment with a

happy heart. He went ahead of the family and wrote three of the principal members of Waldo that he would be there on Saturday at a certain time. When he arrived at Waldo on the train that got in just about dark, Sister Ketlinger's little girl Gertie was there in a pouring down rain to show him where to find the parsonage.

The storm continued in vehemence. The little girl had to go to the store for her mother and told Brother Claus how to find the parsonage. Five squares he walked through a drenching rain to the wonderful, wonderful parsonage that Wilbur South reported as being the best on the district. He found a small unpretentious little building with quite enough battered up furniture in it to keep house with after a fashion.

He took meals with the widow and went to the church next day and what he learned there he found out was true at each of the five points on the circuit. The church building was not completed. Every available cent of money that could be raked or scraped together had been used. Outstanding bills to the amount of several hundreds of dollars were over due. It had all been provided for in this way: School children, women and men who never could pay had signed notes to make up the amount and more than enough to pay the entire indebtedness.

The notes were not worth the paper they were written on. When Brother Claus took leave of Brother South at the close of the conference Brother South called attention to the elegant suit of clothes he had on and imparted the news that old Uncle Billey Sourbeer who was one of his converts had given him that elegant outfit and said he, "What he has done for me he will surely do for you."

It was very easy for Brother Claus to drop in on old

Uncle Billy shortly after his arrival upon the charge. The old gentleman received him rather gruffly but told him to take a "cheer" and "set" awhile. Brother Claus said, "How is the spiritual condition of the church, Brother Sourbeer?" "All paid for I guess." "No, no," said Brother Claus. "I mean the spiritual condition. How is your own spiritual condition? Have you been converted?" "I don't know just what you mean by spiritual condition and being converted but I *can* say on that line that the mortgage is still on the 40 acres. The old woman is wearing darned socks and me patched underwear—all because of that tarnal Wilbur South being here! What's that you say? The Lord converts? Well, there I can say that Wilbur South *inverts*. Anyway, he got us so on our heads that our pockets were upside down and the money all rolled out and— Oh well. Yes! Yes! Yes! Pray for us now and all the time but don't expect too much of us until we can get some decent clothes to wear to church."

Everywhere he went he found that his predecessor had in the parlance of the world "passed him the buck." When Brother E. E. Edmonds, the jovial presiding elder, came along in a few weeks afterward, for the first quarterly meeting, rotund, jovial, jolly, beaming, Dr. E. E. Edmonds said beamingly: "Well, Brother Claus, I suppose the larder is full and you have clothes and shoes to give away." Then good old pious God-fearing John Claus rose up in his own strength, if not in the strength of Israel's God and said: "Dr. Edmonds, this cow is milked dry, stripped and there isn't a prospect of a calf in forty years."

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