

## CHAPTER 2. TO THE RESCUE! – THE CITY COLONY

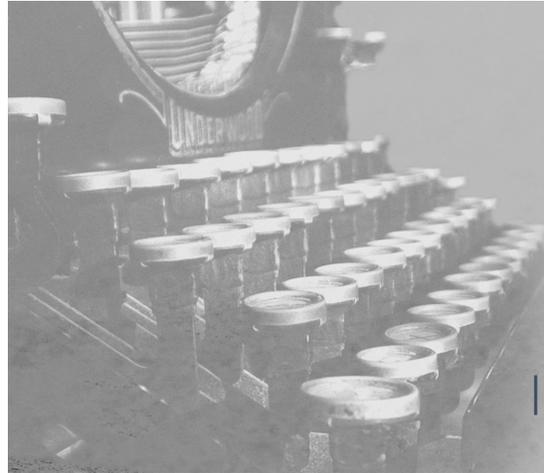
The first section of my Scheme is the establishment of a Receiving House for the Destitute in every great centre of population. We start, let us remember, from the individual, the ragged, hungry, penniless man who confronts us with despairing demands for food, shelter, and work. Now, I have had some two or three years' experience in dealing with this class. I believe, at the present moment, the Salvation Army supplies more food and shelter to the destitute than any other organisation in London, and it is the experience and encouragement which I have gained in the working of these Food and Shelter Depots which has largely encouraged me to propound this scheme.

### SECTION 1. – FOOD AND SHELTER FOR EVERY MAN.

As I rode through Canada and the United States some three years ago, I was greatly impressed with the superabundance of food which I saw at every turn. Oh, how I longed that the poor starving people, and the hungry children of the East of London and of other centres of our destitute populations, should come into the midst of this abundance, but as it appeared impossible for me to take them to it, I secretly resolved that I would endeavour to bring some of it to them. I am thankful to say that I have already been able to do so on a small scale, and hope to accomplish it ere long on a much vaster one.

With this view, the first Cheap Food Depot was opened in the East of London two and a half years ago. This has been followed by others, and we have now three establishments: others are being arranged for.

Since the commencement in 1888, we have supplied over three and a half million meals. Some idea can be formed of the extent to which these Food and Shelter Depots have already struck their roots into the strata of Society which it is proposed to benefit, by the following figures, which give the quantities of food sold during the year at our Food Depots.



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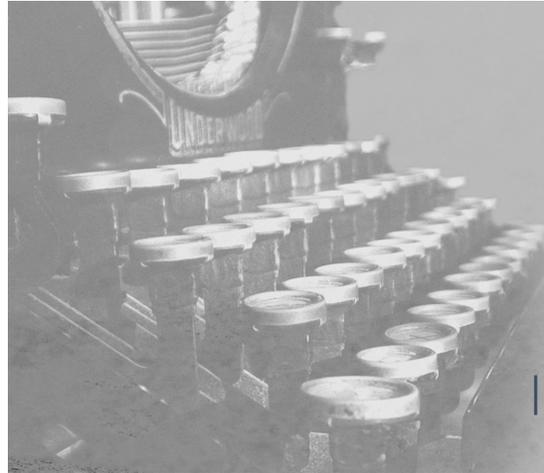
IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

FOOD SOLD IN DEPOTS AND SHELTERS DURING 1889.

Soup 116,400 gallons  
 Bread 192.5 tons 106,964 4 1lb loaves  
 Tea 2.5 tons 46,980 gallons  
 Coffee 15 cwt. 13,949 gallons  
 Cocoa 6 tons 29,229 gallons  
 Sugar 25 tons ..... 300 bags  
 Potatoes 140 tons ..... 2,800 bags  
 Flour 18 tons ..... 180 sacks  
 Peaflour 28.5 tons ..... 288 sacks  
 Oatmeal 3.5 tons ..... 36 sacks  
 Rice 12 tons ..... 120 sacks  
 Beans 12 tons ..... 240 sacks  
 Onions and parsnips 12 tons ..... 240 sacks  
 Jam 9 tons ..... 2,880 jars  
 Marmalade 6 tons ..... 1,920 jars  
 Meat 15 tons  
 Milk 14,300 quarts

This includes returns from three Food Depots and five Shelters. I propose to multiply their number, to develop their usefulness, and to make them the threshold of the whole Scheme. Those who have already visited our Depots will understand exactly what this means. The majority, however, of the readers of these pages have not done so, and for them it is necessary to explain what they are.

At each of our Depots, which can be seen by anybody that cares to take the trouble to visit them, there are two departments, one dealing with food, the other with shelter. Of these both are worked together and minister to the same individuals. Many come for food who do not come for shelter, although most of those who come for shelter also come for food, which is sold on terms to cover, as nearly as possible, the cost



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price and working expenses of the establishment. In this our Food Depots differ from the ordinary soup kitchens.

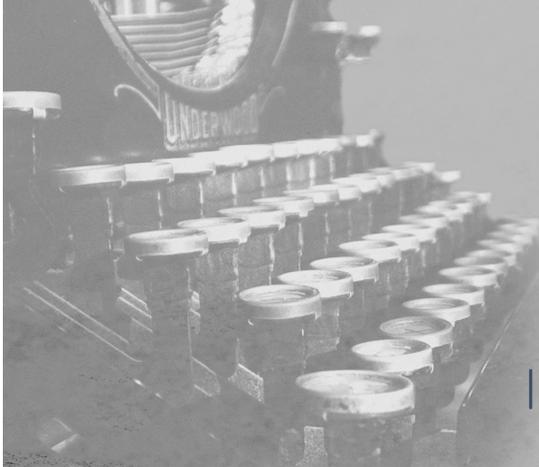
There is no gratuitous distribution of victuals. The following is our Price List: –

WHAT IS SOLD AT THE FOOD DEPOTS.

For a child

Soup	Per Basin	1/4d
Soup	With Bread	1/2d
Coffee or Cocoa	per cup	1/4d
Coffee or Cocoa With Bread and Jam		1/2d
Haricot Beans .. .. .		1/2d
Boiled Jam Pudding .. . . .		1/2d
Boiled Plum Pudding .. .	Each	1d
Rice .. .. .		1/2d
Baked Plum .. .. .		1/2d
Baked Jam Roll .. .. .		1/2d
Meat Pudding and Potatoes .. .		3d
Corned Beef .. .. .		2d
Corned Mutton .. .. .		2d
Coffee	per cup	1/2d; per mug 1d
Cocoa	per cup	1/2d; per mug 1d
Tea	per cup	1/2d; per mug 1d
Bread & Butter, Jam or Marmalade per slice 1/2d		
Soup in own Jugs, 1d per Quart. Ready at 10 a.m.		

A certain discretionary power is vested in the Officers in charge of the Depot, and they can in very urgent cases give relief, but the rule is for the food to be paid for, and the financial results show that working expenses are just about covered.



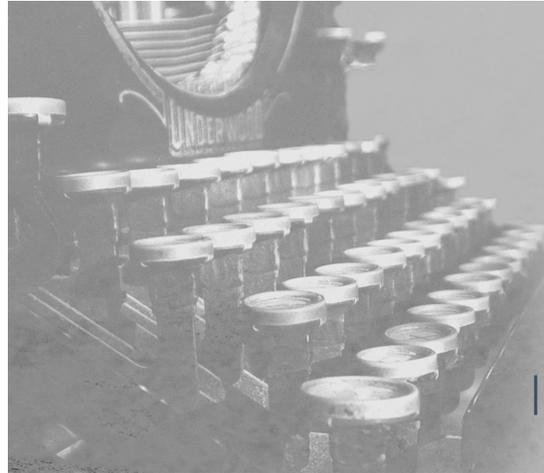
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These Cheap Food Depots I have no doubt have been and are or great service to numbers of hungry starving men, women, and children, at the prices just named, which must be within the reach of all, except the absolutely penniless; but it is the Shelter that I regard as the most useful feature in this part of our undertaking, for if anything is to be done to get hold of those who use the Depot, some more favourable opportunity must be afforded than is offered by the mere coming into the food store to get, perhaps, only a basin of soup. This part of the Scheme I propose to extend very considerably.

Suppose that you are a casual in the streets of London, homeless, friendless, weary with looking for work all day and finding none. Night comes on. Where are you to go? You have perhaps only a few coppers, or it may be, a few shillings, left of the rapidly dwindling store of your little capital. You shrink from sleeping in the open air; you equally shrink from going to the four penny Doss-house where, in the midst of strange and ribald company, you may be robbed of the remnant of the money still in your possession. While at a loss as to what to do, someone who sees you suggests that you should go to our Shelter. You cannot, of course, go to the Casual Ward of the Workhouse as long as you have any money in your possession. You come along to one of our Shelters. On entering you pay four pence, and are free of the establishment for the night. You can come in early or late. The company begins to assemble about five o'clock in the afternoon. In the women's Shelter you find that many come much earlier and sit sewing, reading or chatting in the sparely furnished but well warmed room from the early hours of the afternoon until bedtime.

You come in, and you get a large pot of coffee, tea, or cocoa, and a hunk of bread. You can go into the wash-house, where you can have a wash with plenty of warm water, and soap and towels free. Then after having washed and eaten you can make yourself comfortable. You can write letters to your friends, if you have any friends to write to, or you can read, or you can sit quietly and do nothing. At eight o'clock the Shelter is tolerably full, and then begins what we consider to be the indispensable feature of the whole concern. Two or three hundred men in the men's Shelter, or as many women in the women's Shelter, are collected together, most of them strange to each other, in a large room. They are all wretchedly poor – what are you to do with them? This is what we do with them.

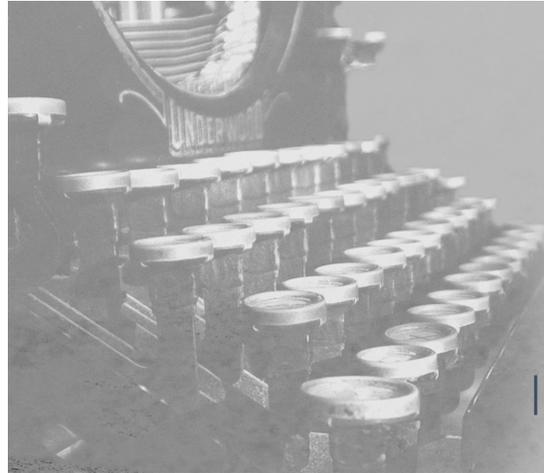


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We hold a rousing Salvation meeting. The Officer in charge of the Depot, assisted by detachments from the Training Homes, conducts a jovial free-and-easy social evening. The girls have their banjos and their tambourines, and for a couple of hours you have as lively a meeting as you will find in London. There is prayer, short and to the point; there are addresses, some delivered by the leaders of the meeting, but the most of them the testimonies of those who have been saved at previous meetings, and who, rising in their seats, tell their companions their experiences. Strange experiences they often are of those who have been down in the very bottomless depths of sin and vice and misery, but who have found at last firm footing on which to stand, and who are, as they say in all sincerity, "as happy as the day is long." There is a joviality and a genuine good feeling at some of these meetings which is refreshing to the soul. There are all sorts and conditions of men; casuals, gaol birds, Out-of-Works, who have come there for the first time, and who find men who last week or last month were even as they themselves are now – still poor but rejoicing in a sense of brotherhood and a consciousness of their being no longer outcasts and forlorn in this wide world. There are men who have at last seen revive before them a hope of escaping from that dreadful vortex, into which their sins and misfortunes had drawn them, and being restored to those comforts that they had feared so long were gone for ever; nay, of rising to live a true and Godly life. These tell their mates how this has come about, and urge all who hear them to try for themselves and see whether it is not a good and happy thing to be soundly saved. In the intervals of testimony – and these testimonies, as every one will bear me witness who has ever attended any of our meetings, are not long, sanctimonious lackadaisical speeches, but simple confessions of individual experience – there are bursts of hearty melody. The conductor of the meeting will start up a verse or two of a hymn illustrative of the experiences mentioned by the last speaker, or one of the girls from the Training Home will sing a solo, accompanying herself on her instrument, while all join in a rattling and rollicking chorus.

There is no compulsion upon anyone of our dossers to take part in this meeting; they do not need to come in until it is over; but as a simple matter of fact they do come in. Any night between eight and ten o'clock you will find these people sitting there, listening to the exhortations and taking part in the singing, many of them, no doubt, unsympathetic enough, but nevertheless preferring to be present with the music and the warmth, mildly stirred, if only by curiosity, as the various testimonies are delivered.



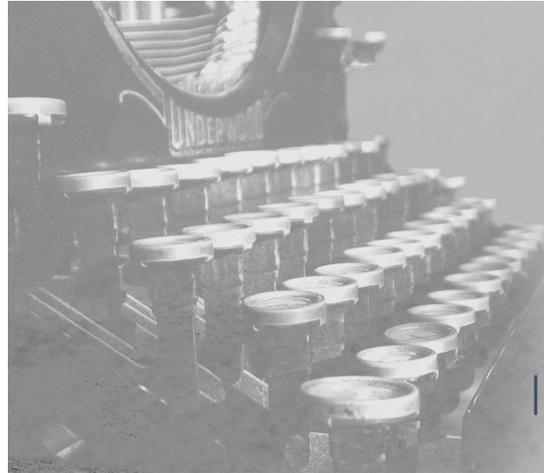
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Sometimes these testimonies are enough to rouse the most cynical of observers. We had at one of our shelters the captain of an ocean steamer, who had sunk to the depths of destitution through strong drink. He came in there one night utterly desperate and was taken in hand by our people – and with us taking in hand is no mere phrase, for at the close of our meetings our officers go from seat to seat, and if they see anyone who shows signs of being affected by the speeches or the singing, at once sit down beside him and begin to labour with him for the salvation of his soul. By this means they are able to get hold of the men and to know exactly where the difficulty lies, what the trouble is, and if they do nothing else, at least succeed in convincing them that there is someone who cares for their soul and would do what he could to lend them a helping hand.

The captain of whom I was speaking was got hold of in this way. He was deeply impressed, and was induced to abandon once and for all his habits of intemperance. From that meeting he went an altered man. He regained his position in the merchant service, and twelve months afterwards astonished us all by appearing in the uniform of a captain of a large ocean steamer, to testify to those who were there how low he had been, how utterly he had lost all hold on Society and all hope of the future, when, fortunately led to the Shelter, he found friends, counsel, and salvation, and from that time had never rested until he had regained the position which he had forfeited by his intemperance.

The meeting over, the singing girls go back to the Training Home, and the men prepare for bed. Our sleeping arrangements are somewhat primitive; we do not provide feather beds, and when you go into our dormitories, you will be surprised to find the floor covered by what look like an endless array of packing cases. These are our beds, and each of them forms a cubicle. There is a mattress laid on the floor, and over the mattress a leather apron, which is all the bedclothes that we find it possible to provide. The men undress, each by the side of his packing box, and go to sleep under their leather covering. The dormitory is warmed with hot water pipes to a temperature of 60 degrees, and there has never been any complaint of lack of warmth on the part of those who use the Shelter. The leather can be kept perfectly clean, and the mattresses, covered with American cloth, are carefully inspected every day, so that no



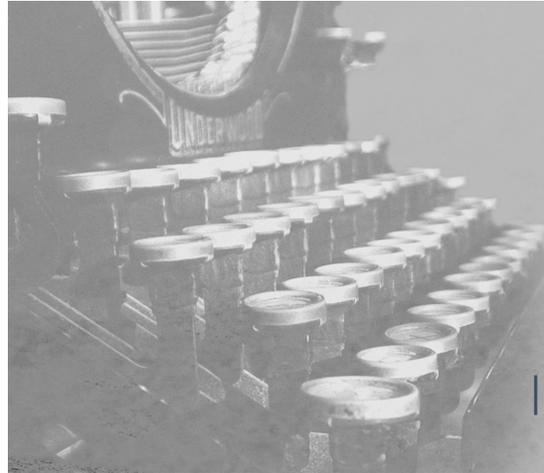
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stray specimen of vermin may be left in the place. The men turn in about ten o'clock and sleep until six. We have never any disturbances of any kind in the Shelters. We have provided accommodation now for several thousand of the most helplessly broken-down men in London, criminals many of them, mendicants, tramps, those who are among the filth and offscouring of all things; but such is the influence that is established by the meeting and the moral ascendancy of our officers themselves, that we have never had a fight on the premises, and very seldom do we ever hear an oath or an obscene word. Sometimes there has been trouble outside the Shelter, when men insisted upon coming in drunk or were otherwise violent; but once let them come to the Shelter, and get into the swing of the concern, and we have no trouble with them. In the morning they get up and have their breakfast and, after a short service, go off their various ways. We find that we can do this, that is to say, we can provide coffee and bread for breakfast and for supper, and a shake-down on the floor in the packing-boxes I have described in a warm dormitory for fourpence a head.

I propose to develop these Shelters, so as to afford every man a locker, in which he could store any little valuables that he may possess. I would also allow him the use of a boiler in the washhouse with a hot drying oven, so that he could wash his shirt overnight and have it returned to him dry in the morning. Only those who have had practical experience of the difficulty of seeking for work in London can appreciate the advantages of the opportunity to get your shirt washed in this way – if you have one. In Trafalgar Square, in 1887, there were few things that scandalised the public more than the spectacle of the poor people camped in the Square, washing their shirts in the early morning at the fountains. If you talk to any men who have been on the road for a lengthened period they will tell you that nothing hurts their self-respect more or stands more fatally in the way of their getting a job than the impossibility of getting their little things done up and clean.

In our poor man's "Home" everyone could at least keep himself clean and have a clean shirt to his back, in a plain way, no doubt; but still not less effective than if he were to be put up at one of the West End hotels, and would be able to secure anyway the necessaries of life while being passed on to something far better. This is the first step.



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### SOME SHELTER TROPHIES.

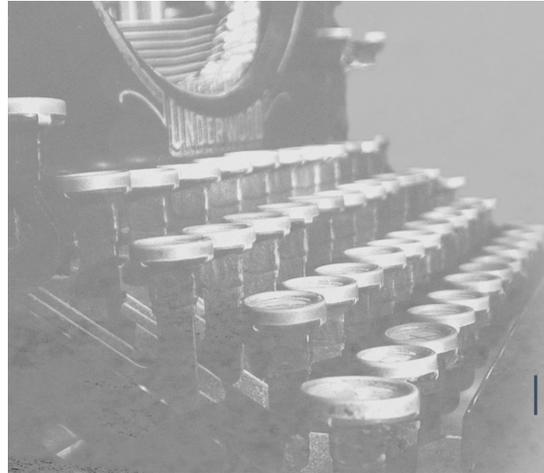
Of the practical results which have followed our methods of dealing with the outcasts who take shelter with us we have many striking examples. Here are a few, each of them a transcript of a life experience relating to men who are now active, industrious members of the community upon which but for the agency of these Depots they would have been preying to this day.

A.S. – Born in Glasgow, 1825. Saved at Clerkenwell, May 19, 1889.

Poor parents raised in a Glasgow Slum. Was thrown on the streets at seven years of age, became the companion and associate of thieves, and drifted into crime. The following are his terms of imprisonment:

14 days, 30 days, 30 days. 60 days, 60 days (three times in succession), 4 months, 6 months (twice), 9 months, 18 months, 2 years, 6 years, 7 years (twice), 14 years; 40 years 3 months and 6 days in the aggregate. Was flogged for violent conduct in gaol 8 times.

W. M. ("Buff"). – Born in Deptford, 1864, saved at Clerkenwell, March 31st, 1889. His father was an old Navy man, and earned a decent living as manager. Was sober, respectable, and trustworthy. Mother was a disreputable drunken slattern: a curse and disgrace to husband and family. The home was broken up, and little Buff was given over to the evil influences of his depraved mother. His 7th birthday present from his admiring parent was a "quarten o'gin." He got some education at the One Tun Alley Ragged School, but when nine years old was caught apple stealing, and sent to the industrial School at Ilford for 7 years. Discharged at the end of his term, he drifted to the streets, the casual wards, and Metropolitan gaols, every one of whose interiors he is familiar with. He became a ringleader of a gang that infested London; a thorough mendicant and ne'er-do-well; a pest to society. Naturally he is a born leader, and one of those spirits that command a following; consequently, when he got Salvation, the major part of his following came after him to the Shelter, and eventually to God. His character since conversion has been altogether satisfactory, and he is now an Orderly at Whitechapel, and to all appearances a "true lad."



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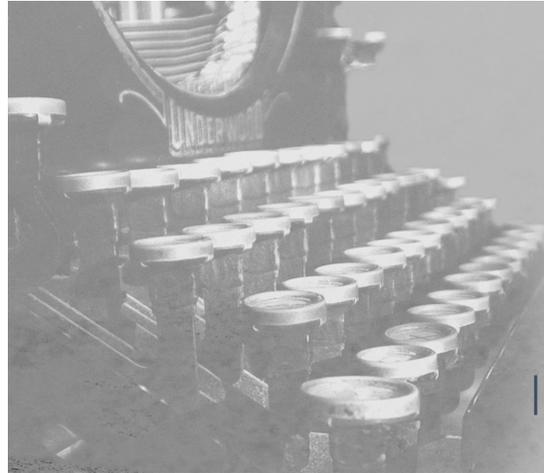
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C. W. ("Frisco"). – Born in San Francisco, 1862. Saved April 24th, 1889. Taken away from home at the age of eight years, and made his way to Texas. Here he took up life amongst the Ranches as a Cowboy, and varied it with occasional trips to sea, developing into a typical brass and rowdy. He had 2 years for mutiny at sea, 4 years for mule stealing, 5 years for cattle stealing and has altogether been in gaol for thirteen years and eleven months. He came over to England, got mixed up with thieves and casuals here, and did several short terms of imprisonment. He was met on his release at Millbank by an old chum (Buff) and the Shelter Captain; came to Shelter, got saved, and has stood firm.

H. A. – Born at Deptford, 1850. Saved at Clerkenwell, January 12th, 1889. Lost mother in early life, step-mother difficulty supervening, and a propensity to misappropriation of small things developed into thieving. He followed the sea, became a hard drinker, a foul-mouthed blasphemer, and a blatant spouter of infidelity. He drifted about for years, ashore and afloat, and eventually reached the Shelter stranded. Here he sought God, and has done well. This summer he had charge of a gang of haymakers sent into the country, and stood the ordeal satisfactorily. He seems honest in his profession, and strives patiently to follow after God. He is at the workshops.

H. S. – Born at A --, in Scotland.

Like most Scotch lads although parents were in poor circumstances he managed to get a good education. Early in life he took to newspaper work, and picked up the details of the journalistic profession in several prominent papers in N.B. Eventually he got a position on a provincial newspaper, and having put in a course at Glasgow University, graduated B.A. there. After this he was on the staff of a Welsh paper. He married a decent girl, and had several little ones, but giving way to drink, lost position, wife, family, and friends. At times he would struggle up and recover himself, and appears generally to have been able to secure a position, but again and again his besetment overcame him, and each time he would drift lower and lower. For a time he was engaged in secretarial work on a prominent London Charity, but fell repeatedly, and at length was dismissed. He came to us an utter outcast, was sent to Shelter and Workshop got saved, and is now in a good situation. He gives every



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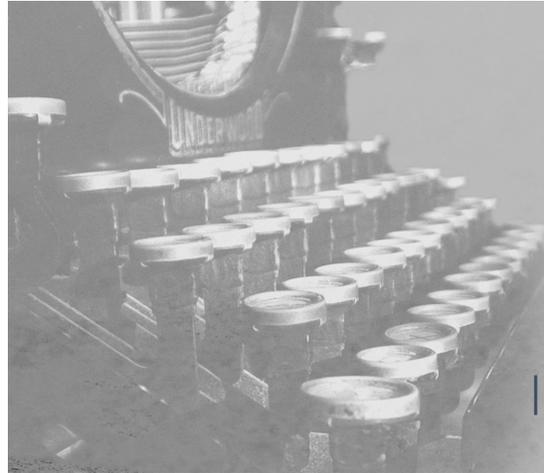
promise, and those best able to judge seem very sanguine that at last a real good work has been accomplished in him.

F. D. – Was born in London, and brought up to the iron trade.

Held several good situations, losing one after another, from drink and irregularity. On one occasion, with #20 in his pocket, he started for Manchester, got drunk there, was locked up and fined five shillings, and fifteen shillings costs; this he paid, and as he was leaving the Court, a gentleman stopped him, saying that he knew his father, and inviting him to his house; however, with #10 in his pocket, he was too independent, and he declined; but the gentleman gave him his address, and left him. A few days squandered his cash, and clothes soon followed, all disappearing for drink, and then without a coin he presented himself at the address given to him, at ten o'clock at night. It turned out to be his uncle, who gave him #2 to go back to London, but this too disappeared for liquor. He tramped back to London utterly destitute. Several nights were passed on the Embankment, and on one occasion a gentleman gave him a ticket for the Shelter; this, however, he sold for 2d. and had a pint of beer, and stopped out all night. But it set him thinking, and he determined next day to raise 4d. and see what a Shelter was like. He came to Whitechapel, became a regular customer, eight months ago got saved, and is now doing well.

F. H. – Was born at Birmingham, 1858.

Saved at Whitechapel, March 26th, 1890. Father died in his infancy, mother marrying again. The stepfather was a drunken navvy, and used to knock the mother about, and the lad was left to the streets. At 12 years of age he left home, and tramped to Liverpool, begging his way, and sleeping on the roadsides. In Liverpool he lived about the Docks for some days, sleeping where he could. Police found him and returned him to Birmingham; his reception being an unmerciful thrashing from the drunken stepfather. He got several jobs as errand- boy, remarkable for his secret pilferings, and two years later left with fifty shillings stolen money, and reached Middlesbrough by road. Got work in a nail factory stayed nine months, then stole nine shillings from fellow-lodger, and again took the road. He reached Birmingham, and finding a warrant out for him, joined the Navy. He was in the Impregnable training-



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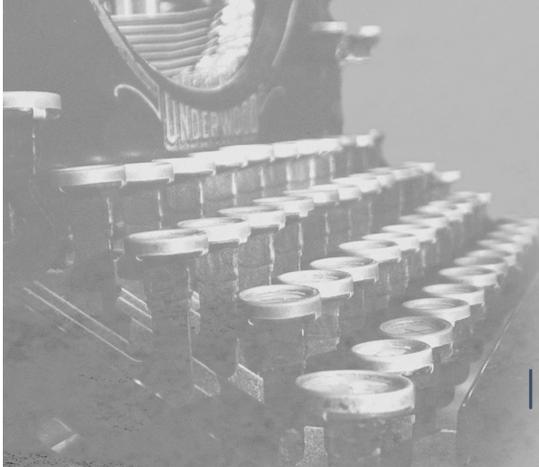
ship three years behaved himself, only getting "one dozen," and was transferred with character marked "good" to the Iron Duke in the China seas; soon got drinking, and was locked up and imprisoned for riotous conduct in almost every port in the stations. He broke ship, and deserted several times, and was a thorough specimen of a bad British tar. He saw gaol in Signapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Shanghai, Canton, and other places. In five years returned home, and, after furlough, joined the Belle Isle in the Irish station. Whisky here again got hold of him, and excess ruined his constitution. On his leave he had married, and on his discharge joined his wife in Birmingham. For some time he worked as sweeper in the market, but two years ago deserted his wife and family, and came to London, settled down to a loafer's life, lived on the streets with Casual Wards for his home. Eventually came to Whitechapel Shelter, and got saved. He is now a trustworthy, reliable lad; has become reconciled to wife, who came to London to see him, and he bids fair to be a useful man.

J. W. S. – Born in Plymouth.

His parents are respectable people. He is clever at his business, and has held good situations. Two years ago he came to London, fell into evil courses, and took to drink. Lost situation after situation, and kept on drinking; lost everything, and came to the streets. He found out Westminster Shelter, and eventually got saved; his parents were communicated with, and help and clothes forthcoming; with Salvation came hope and energy; he got a situation at Lewisham (7d. per hour) at his trade. Four months standing, and is a promising Soldier as well as a respectable mechanic.

J. T. – Born in Ireland.

Well educated (commercially); clerk and accountant. Early in life joined the Queen's Army, and by good conduct worked his way up. Was orderly-room clerk and paymaster's assistant in his regiment. He led a steady life whilst in the service, and at the expiration of his term passed into the Reserve with a "very good" character. He was a long time unemployed, and this appears to have reduced him to despair, and so to drink. He sank to the lowest ebb, and came to Westminster in a deplorable condition; coatless, hatless, shirtless, dirty altogether, a fearful specimen of what a man of good parentage can be brought to. After being at Shelter some time, he got



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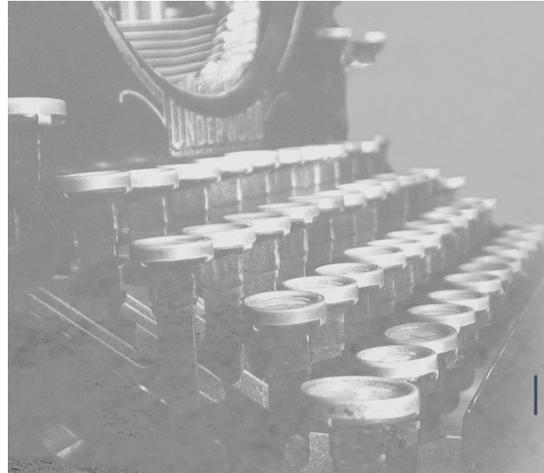
saved, was passed to Workshops, and gave great satisfaction. At present he is doing clerical work and gives satisfaction as a workman: a good influence in the place.

J. S. – Born in London, of decent parentage.

From a child he exhibited thieving propensities; soon got into the hands of the police, and was in and out of gaol continually. He led the life of a confirmed tramp, and roved all over the United Kingdom. He has been in penal servitude three times, and his last term was for seven years, with police supervision. After his release he married a respectable girl, and tried to reform, but circumstances were against him; character he had none, a gaol career only to recommend him, and so he and his wife eventually drifted to destitution. They came to the Shelter, and asked advice; they were received, and he made application to the sitting Magistrate at Clerkenwell as to a situation, and what he ought to do. The Magistrate helped him, and thanked the Salvation Army for its efforts in behalf of him and such as he, and asked us to look after the applicant. A little work was given him, and after a time a good situation procured. To-day they have a good time; he is steadily employed, and both are serving God, holding the respect and confidence of neighbours, etc.

E. G.

Came to England in the service of a family of position, and afterwards was butler and upper servant in several houses of the nobility. His health broke down, and for a long time he was altogether unfit for work. He had saved a considerable sum of money, but the cost of doctors and the necessaries of a sick man soon played havoc with his little store, and he became reduced to penury and absolute want. For some time he was in the Workhouse, and, being discharged, he was advised to go to the Shelter. He was low in health as well as in circumstances, and broken in spirit, almost despairing. He was lovingly advised to cast his care upon God, and eventually he was converted. After some time work was obtained as porter in a City warehouse. Assiduity and faithfulness in a year raised him to the position of traveller. Today he prospers in body and soul, retaining the respect and confidence of all associated with him.



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We might multiply these records, but those given show the kind of results attained.

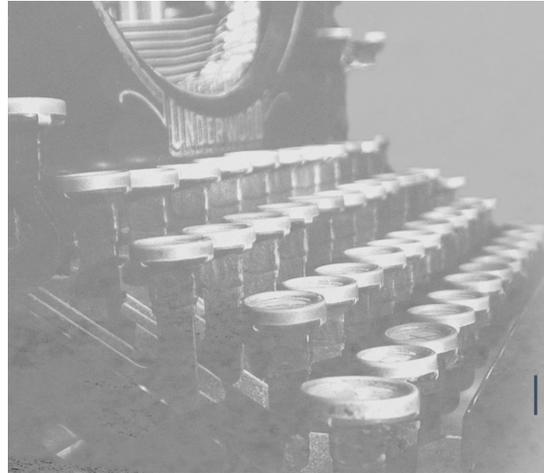
There's no reason to think that influences which have been blessed of God to the salvation of these poor fellows will not be equally efficacious if applied on a wider scale and over a vaster area. The thing to be noted in all these cases is that it was not the mere feeding which effected the result; it was the combination of the feeding with the personal labour for the individual soul. Still, if we had not fed them, we should never have come near enough to gain any hold upon their hearts. If we had merely fed them, they would have gone away next day to resume, with increased energy, the predatory and vagrant life which they had been leading. But when our feeding and Shelter Depots brought them to close quarters, our officers were literally able to put their arms round their necks and plead with them as brethren who had gone astray. We told them that their sins and sorrows had not shut them out from the love of the Everlasting Father, who had sent us to them to help them with all the power of our strong Organisation, of the Divine authority of which we never feel so sure as when it is going forth to seek and to save the lost.

### **SECTION 2. – WORK FOR THE OUT-OF-WORKS. – THE FACTORY.**

The foregoing, it will be said, is all very well for your outcast when he has got fourpence in his pocket, but what if he has not got his fourpence? What if you are confronted with a crowd of hungry desperate wretches, without even a penny in their pouch, demanding food and shelter? This objection is natural enough, and has been duly considered from the first.

I propose to establish in connection with every Food and Shelter Depot a Workshop or Labour Yard, in which any person who comes destitute and starving will be supplied with sufficient work to enable him to earn the fourpence needed for his bed and board. This is a fundamental feature of the Scheme, and one which I think will commend it to all those who are anxious to benefit the poor by enabling them to help themselves without the demoralising intervention of charitable relief.

Let us take our stand for a moment at the door of one of our Shelters. There comes along a grimy, ragged, footsore tramp, his feet bursting out from the sides of his



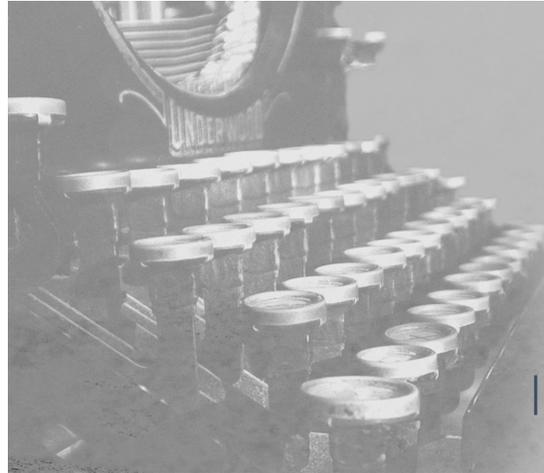
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## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

shoes, his clothes all rags, with filthy shirt and towelled hair. He has been, he tells you, on the tramp for the last three weeks, seeking work and finding none, slept last night on the Embankment, and wants to know if you can give him a bite and a sup, and shelter for the night. Has he any money? Not he; he probably spent the last penny he begged or earned in a pipe of tobacco, with which to dull the cravings of his hungry stomach. What are you to do with this man?

Remember this is no fancy sketch – it is a typical case. There are hundreds and thousands of such applicants. Any one who is at all familiar with life in London and our other large towns, will recognize that gaunt figure standing there asking for bread and shelter or for work by which he can obtain both. What can we do with him? Before him Society stands paralysed, quieting its conscience every now and then by an occasional dole of bread and soup, varied with the semi-criminal treatment of the Casual Ward, until the manhood is crushed out of the man and you have in your hands a reckless, despairing, spirit-broken creature, with not even an aspiration to rise above his miserable circumstances, covered with vermin and filth, sinking ever lower and lower, until at last he is hurried out of sight in the rough shell which carries him to a pauper's grave.

I propose to take that man, put a strong arm round him, and extricate him from the mire in which he is all but suffocated. As a first step we will say to him, "You are hungry, here is food; you are homeless, here is a shelter for your head; but remember you must work for your rations. This is not charity; it is work for the workless, help for those who cannot help themselves. There is the labour shed, go and earn your fourpence, and then come in out of the cold and the wet into the warm shelter; here is your mug of coffee and your great chunk of bread, and after you have finished these there is a meeting going on in full swing with its joyful music and hearty human intercourse. There are those who pray for you and with you, and will make you feel yourself a brother among men. There is your shake-down on the floor, where you will have your warm, quiet bed, undisturbed by the ribaldry and curses with which you have been familiar too long. There is the wash-house, where you can have a thorough wash-up at last, after all these days of unwashedness. There is plenty of soap and warm water and clean towels; there, too, you can wash your shirt and have it dried while you sleep. In the morning when you get up there will be breakfast for you, and



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## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

your shirt will be dry and clean. Then when you are washed and rested, and are no longer faint with hunger, you can go and seek a job, or go back to the Labour shop until something better turns up."

But where and how?

Now let me introduce you to our Labour Yard. Here is no pretence of charity beyond the charity which gives a man remunerative labour. It is not our business to pay men wages. What we propose is to enable those, male or female, who are destitute, to earn their rations and do enough work to pay for their lodging until they are able to go out into the world and earn wages for themselves. There is no compulsion upon any one to resort to our shelter, but if a penniless man wants food he must, as a rule, do work sufficient to pay for what he has of that and of other accommodation. I say as a rule because, of course, our Officers will be allowed to make exceptions in extreme cases, but the rule will be first work then eat. And that amount of work will be exacted rigorously. It is that which distinguishes this Scheme from mere charitable relief.

I do not wish to have any hand in establishing a new centre of demoralisation. I do not want my customers to be pauperised by being treated to anything which they do not earn. To develop self-respect in the man, to make him feel that at last he has got his foot planted on the first rung of the ladder which leads upwards, is vitally important, and this cannot be done unless the bargain between him and me is strictly carried out. So much coffee, so much bread, so much shelter, so much warmth and light from me, but so much labour in return from him.

What labour? it is asked. For answer to this question I would like to take you down to our Industrial Workshops in Whitechapel. There you will see the Scheme in experimental operation. What we are doing there we propose to do everywhere up to the extent of the necessity, and there is no reason why we should fail elsewhere if we can succeed there.

Our Industrial Factory at Whitechapel was established this Spring. We opened it on a very small scale. It has developed until we have nearly ninety men at work. Some of these are skilled workmen who are engaged in carpentry. The particular job they have

## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

now in hand is the making of benches for the Salvation Army. Others are engaged in mat-making, some are cobblers, others painters, and so forth. This trial effort has, so far, answered admirably. No one who is taken on comes for a permanency. So long as he is willing to work for his rations he is supplied with materials and provided with skilled superintendents. The hours of work are eight per day. Here are the rules and regulations under which the work is carried on at present:

### THE SALVATION ARMY SOCIAL REFORM WING.

Temporary Headquarters –

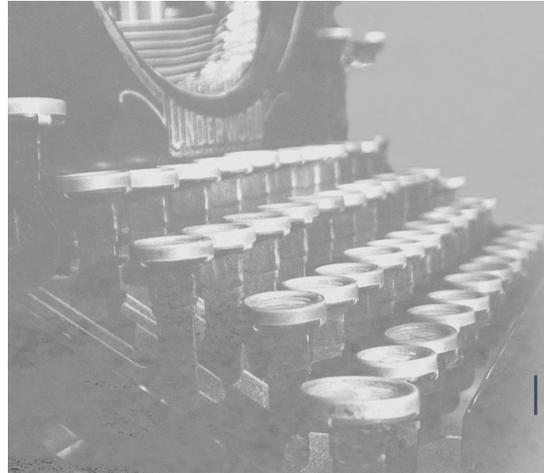
36, UPPER THAMES STREET, LONDON, E.C, CITY INDUSTRIAL WORKSHOPS.

OBJECTS. – These workshops are open for the relief of the unemployed and destitute, the object being to make it unnecessary for the homeless or workless to be compelled to go to the Workhouse or Casual Ward, food and shelter being provided for them in exchange for work done by them, until they can procure work for themselves, or it can be found for them elsewhere.

PLAN OF OPERATION. – All those applying for assistance will be placed in what is termed the first class. They must be willing to do any kind of work allotted to them. While they remain in the first class, they shall be entitled to three meals a day, and shelter for the night, and will be expected in return to cheerfully perform the work allotted to them.

Promotions will be made from this first-class to the second-class of all those considered eligible by the Labour Directors. They will, in addition to the food and shelter above mentioned, receive sums of money up to 5s. at the end of the week, for the purpose of assisting them to provide themselves with tools, to get work outside.

REGULATIONS. – No smoking, drinking, bad language, or conduct calculated to demoralize will be permitted on the factory premises. No one under the influence of drink will be admitted. Any one refusing to work, or guilty of bad conduct, will be required to leave the premises.



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### HOURS OF WORK.

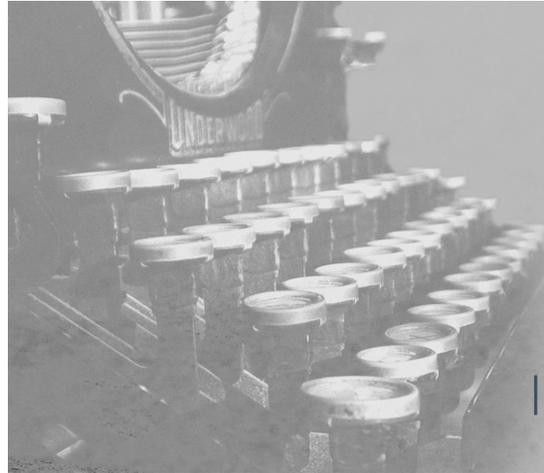
7 a.m. to 8.30 a.m.; 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 2 p.m. to 5.30 p.m, Doors will be closed 5 minutes after 7, 9, and 2 p.m. Food Checks will be given to all as they pass out at each meal time. Meals and Shelter provided at 272, Whitechapel Road.

Our practical experience shows that we can provide work by which a man can earn his rations. We shall be careful not to sell the goods so manufactured at less than the market prices. In firewood, for instance, we have endeavoured to be rather above the average than below it. As stated elsewhere, we are firmly opposed to injuring one class of workmen while helping another.

Attempts on somewhat similar lines to those now being described have hitherto excited the liveliest feelings of jealousy on the part of the Trade Unions, and representatives of labour. They rightly consider it unfair that labour partly paid for out of the Rates and Taxes, or by Charitable Contributions, should be put upon the market at less than market value, and so compete unjustly with the production of those who have in the first instance to furnish an important quota of the funds by which these Criminal or Pauper workers are supported. No such jealousy can justly exist in relation to our Scheme, seeing that we are endeavouring to raise the standard of labour and are pledged to a war to the death against sweating in every shape and form.

But, it will be asked, how do these Out-of-Works conduct themselves when you get them into the Factory? Upon this point I have a very satisfactory report to render. Many, no doubt, are below par, under-fed, and suffering from ill health, or the consequence of their intemperance. Many also are old men, who have been crowded out of the labour market by their younger generation. But, without making too many allowances on these grounds, I may fairly say that these men have shown themselves not only anxious and willing, but able to work. Our Factory Superintendent reports:

Of loss or time there has practically been none since the opening, June 29th. Each man during his stay, with hardly an exception, has presented himself punctually at opening time and worked more or less assiduously the whole of the labour hours. The



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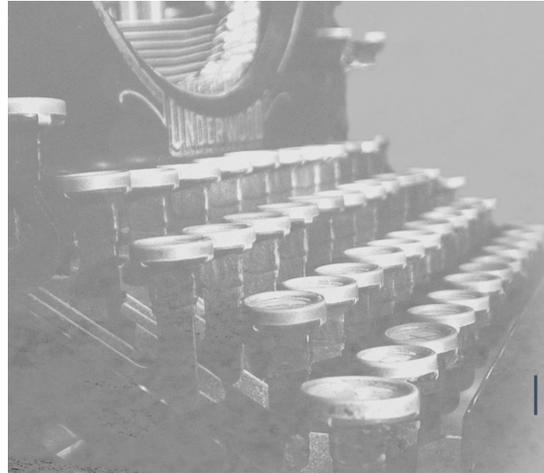
## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

morals of the men have been good, in not more than three instances has there been an overt act of disobedience, insubordination, or mischief. The men, as a whole, are uniformly civil, willing, and satisfied; they are all fairly industrious, some, and that not a few, are assiduous and energetic. The Foremen have had no serious complaints to make or delinquencies to report.

On the 15th of August I had a return made of the names and trades and mode of employment of the men at work. Of the forty in the shops at that moment, eight were carpenters, twelve labourers, two tailors, two sailors, three clerks, two engineers, while among the rest was a shoemaker, two grocers, a cooper, a sailmaker, a musician, a painter, and a stonemason. Nineteen of these were employed in sawing, cutting and tying up firewood, six were making mats, seven making sacks, and the rest were employed in various odd jobs. Among them was a Russian carpenter who could not speak a word of English. The whole place is a hive of industry which fills the hearts of those who go to see it with hope that something is about to be done to solve the difficulty of the unemployed.

Although our Factories will be permanent institutions they will not be anything more than temporary resting-places to those who avail themselves of their advantages. They are harbours of refuge into which the storm-tossed workman may run and re-fit, so that he may again push out to the ordinary sea of labour and earn his living. The establishment of these Industrial Factories seems to be one of the most obvious duties of those who would effectually deal with the Social Problem. They are as indispensable a link in the chain of deliverance as the Shelters, but they are only a link and not a stopping-place. And we do not propose that they should be regarded as anything but stepping-stones to better things.

These Shops will also be of service for men and women temporarily unemployed who have families, and who possess some sort of a home. In numerous instances, if by any means these unfortunates could find bread and rent for a few weeks, they would tide over their difficulties, and an untold amount of misery would be averted, In such cases Work would be supplied at their own homes where preferred, especially for the women and children, and such remuneration would be aimed at as would supply the immediate necessities of the hour. To those who have rent to pay and families to



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## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

support something beyond rations would be indispensable.

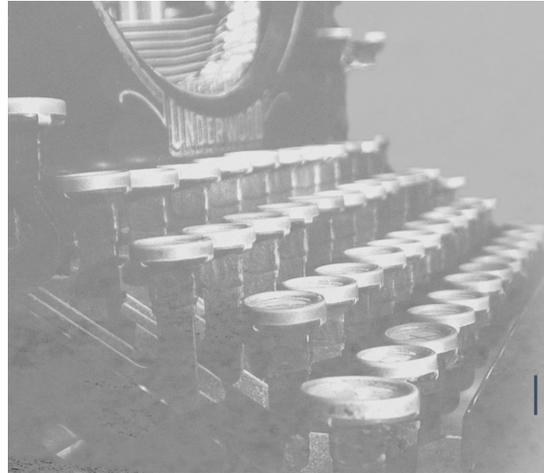
The Labour Shops will enable us to work out our Anti-Sweating experiments. For instance, we propose at once to commence manufacturing match boxes, for which we shall aim at giving nearly treble the amount at present paid to the poor starving creatures engaged in this work.

In all these workshops our success will depend upon the extent to which we are able to establish and maintain in the minds of the workers sound moral sentiments and to cultivate a spirit of hopefulness and aspiration. We shall continually seek to impress upon them the fact that while we desire to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and provide shelter for the shelterless, we are still more anxious to bring about that regeneration of heart and life which is essential to their future happiness and well-being.

But no compulsion will for a moment be allowed with respect to religion. The man who professes to love and serve God will be helped because of such profession, and the man who does not will be helped in the hope that he will, sooner or later, in gratitude to God, do the same; but there will be no melancholy misery-making for any. There is no sanctimonious long face in the Army. We talk freely about Salvation, because it is to us the very light and joy of our existence. We are happy, and we wish others to share our joy. We know by our own experience that life is a very different thing when we have found the peace of God, and are working together with Him for the salvation of the world, instead of toiling for the realisation of worldly ambition or the amassing of earthly gain.

### **SECTION 3. – THE REGIMENTATION OF THE UNEMPLOYED.**

When we have got the homeless, penniless tramp washed, and housed, and fed at the Shelter, and have secured him the means of earning his fourpence by chopping firewood, or making mats or cobbling the shoes of his fellow-labourers at the Factory, we have next to seriously address ourselves to the problem of how to help him to get back into the regular ranks of industry. The Shelter and the Factory are but stepping-stones, which have this advantage, they give us time to look round and to see what there is in a man and what we can make of him.



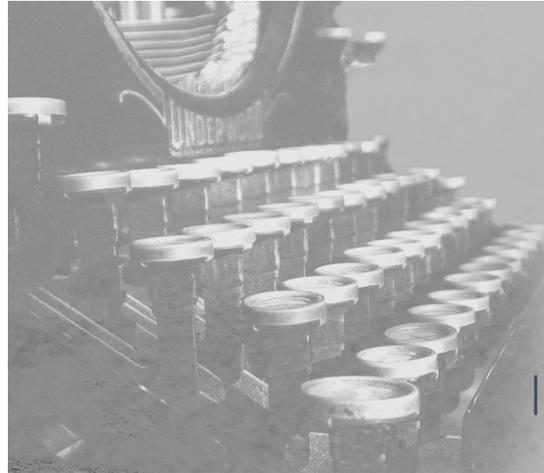
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## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

The first and most obvious thing to do is to ascertain whether there is any demand in the regular market for the labour which is thus thrown upon our hands. In order to ascertain this I have already established a Labour Bureau, the operations of which I shall at once largely extend, at which employers can register their needs, and workmen can register their names and the kind of work they can do.

At present there is no labour exchange in existence in this country. The columns of the daily newspaper are the only substitute for this much needed register. It is one of the many painful consequences arising from the overgrowth of cities. In a village where everybody knows everybody else this necessity does not exist. If a farmer wants a couple of extra men for mowing or some more women for binding at harvest time, he runs over in his mind the names of every available person in the parish. Even in a small town there is little difficulty in knowing who wants employment. But in the cities this knowledge is not available; hence we constantly hear of persons who would be very glad to employ labour for odd jobs in an occasional stress of work while at the same time hundreds of persons are starving for want of work at another end of the town. To meet this evil the laws of Supply and Demand have created the Sweating Middlemen, who farm out the unfortunates and charge so heavy a commission for their share that the poor wretches who do the work receive hardly enough to keep body and soul together. I propose to change all this by establishing Registers which will enable us to lay our hands at a moment's notice upon all the unemployed men in a district in any particular trade. In this way we should become the universal intermediary between those who have no employment and those who want workmen.

In this we do not propose to supersede or interfere with the regular Trade Unions. Where Unions exist we should place ourselves in every case in communication with their officials. But the most helpless mass of misery is to be found among the unorganised labourers who have no Union, and who are, therefore, the natural prey of the middleman. Take, for instance, one of the most wretched classes of the community, the poor fellows who perambulate the streets as Sandwich Men. These are farmed out by certain firms. If you wish to send fifty or a hundred men through London carrying boards announcing the excellence of your goods, you go to an advertising firm who will undertake to supply you with as many sandwich men as you

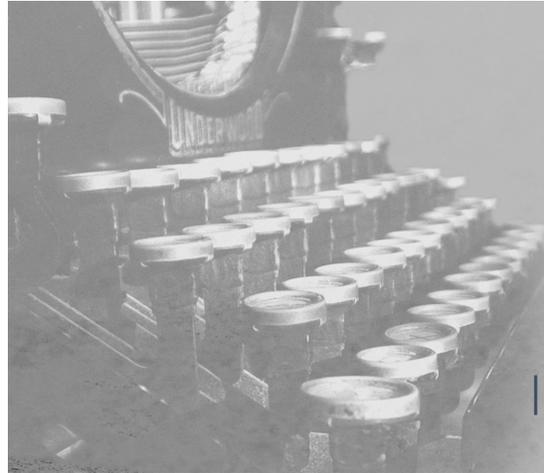


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## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

want for two shillings or half a crown a day. The men are forthcoming, your goods are advertised, you pay your money, but how much of that goes to the men? About one shilling, or one shilling and threepence; the rest goes to the middleman. I propose to supersede this middleman by forming a Co-operative Association of Sandwich Men. At every Shelter there would be a Sandwich Brigade ready in any numbers when wanted. The cost of registration and organisation, which the men would gladly pay, need not certainly amount to more than a penny in the shilling.

All that is needed is to establish a trustworthy and disinterested centre round which the unemployed can group themselves, and which will form the nucleus of a great Co-operative Self-helping Association. The advantages of such a Bureau are obvious. But in this, also, I do not speak from theory. I have behind me the experience of seven months of labour both in England and Australia. In London we have a registration office in Upper Thames Street, where the unemployed come every morning in droves to register their names and to see whether they can obtain situations. In Australia, I see, it was stated in the House of Assembly that our Officers had been instrumental in finding situations for no less than one hundred and thirty-two "Out-of- Works" in a few days. Here, in London, we have succeeded in obtaining employment for a great number, although, of course, it is beyond our power to help all those who apply. We have sent hay-makers down to the country and there is every reason to believe that when our Organisation is better known, and in more extended operation, we shall have a great labour exchange between town and country, so that when there is scarcity in one place and congestion in another, there will be information immediately sent, so that the surplus labour can be drafted into those districts where labour is wanted. For instance, in the harvest seasons, with changeable weather, it is quite a common occurrence for the crops to be seriously damaged for want of labourers, while at the same time there will be thousands wandering about in the big towns and cities seeking work, but finding no one to hire them. Extend this system all over the world, and make it not only applicable to the transfer of workers between the towns and the provinces, but between Country and Country, and it is impossible to exaggerate the enormous advantages which would result. The officer in charge of our experimental Labour Bureau sends me the following notes as to what has already been done through the agency of the Upper Thames Street office:



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IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

SALVATION ARMY SOCIAL REFORM WING. LABOUR BUREAU.

Bureau opened June 16th, 1890. The following are particulars of transactions up to September 26th, 1890: –

Applications for employment –

Men .. .. 2462

Women .. 208

----- 2670

=====

Applications from Employers for

Men .. 128

Women .. 59

----- 187

=====

Sent to Work--

Men..... 301

Women..... 68

---- 369

=====

Permanent Situations..... 146

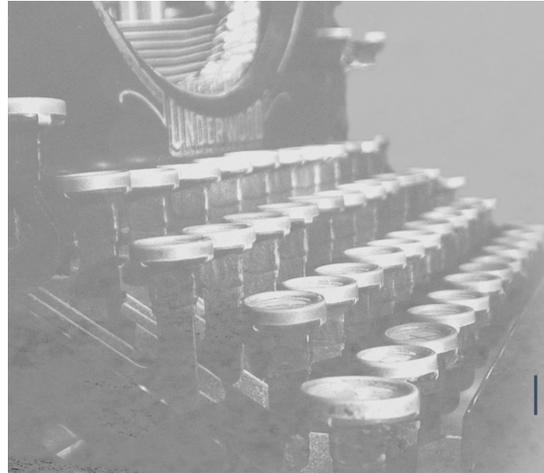
Temporary Employment,

Boardmen, Cleaners, &c., &c..... 223

Sent to Workshop in Hanbury Street .. .. 165

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**SECTION 4. – THE HOUSEHOLD SALVAGE BRIGADE.**

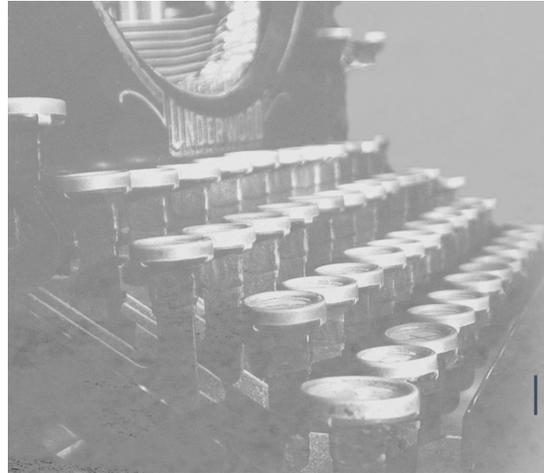


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## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

It is obvious that the moment you begin to find work for the unemployed labour of the community, no matter what you do by way of the registration and bringing together of those who want work and those who want workers, there will still remain a vast residuum of unemployed, and it will be the duty of those who undertake to deal with the question to devise means for securing them employment. Many things are possible when there is a directing intelligence at headquarters and discipline in the rank and file, which would be utterly impossible when everyone is left to go where he pleases, when ten men are running for one man's job, and when no one can be depended upon to be in the way at the time he is wanted. When my Scheme is carried out, there will be in every populous centre a Captain of Industry, an Officer specially charged with the regimentation of unorganised labour, who would be continually on the alert, thinking how best to utilise the waste human material in his district. It is contrary to all previous experience to suppose that the addition of so much trained intelligence will not operate beneficially in securing the disposal of a commodity which is at present a drug in the market.

Robertson, of Brighton, used frequently to remark that every truth was built up of two apparent contradictory propositions. In the same way I may say that the solution of every social difficulty is to be found in the discovery of two corresponding difficulties. It is like the puzzle maps of children. When you are putting one together, you suddenly come upon some awkward piece that will not fit in anywhere, but you do not in disgust and despair break your piece into fragments or throw it away. On the contrary, you keep it by you, knowing that before long you will discover a number of other pieces which it will be impossible to fit in until you fix your unmanageable, unshapely piece in the centre. Now, in the work of piecing together the fragments which lie scattered around the base of our social system we must not despair because we have in the unorganised, untrained labourers that which seems hopelessly out of fit with everything around. There must be something corresponding to it which is equally useless until he can be brought to bear upon it. In other words, having got one difficulty in the case of the Out-of-Works, we must cast about to find another difficulty to pair off against it, and then out of two difficulties will arise the solution of the problem.

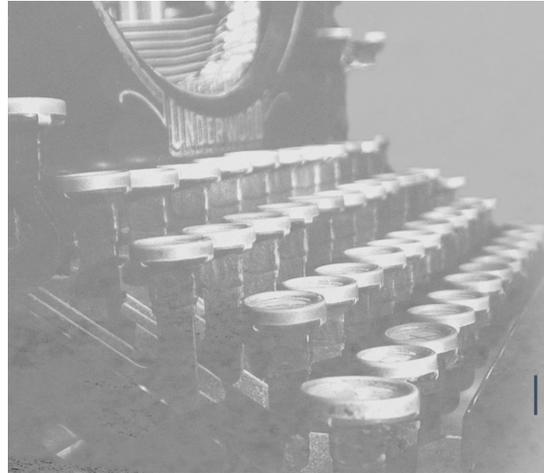


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## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

We shall not have far to seek before we discover in every town and in every country the corresponding element to our unemployed labourer. We have waste labour on the one hand; we have waste commodities on the other. About wasteland I shall speak in the next chapter; I am concerned now solely with waste commodities. Herein we have a means of immediately employing a large number of men under conditions which will enable us to permanently provide for many of those whose hard lot we are now considering.

I propose to establish in every large town what I may call "A Household Salvage Brigade," a civil force of organised collectors, who will patrol the whole town as regularly as the policeman, who will have their appointed beats, and each of whom will be trusted with the task of collecting the waste of the houses in their circuit. In small towns and villages this is already done, and it will be noticed that most of the suggestions which I have put forth in this book are based upon the central principle, which is that of restoring; to the over-grown, and, therefore, uninformed masses of population in our towns the same intelligence and co-operation as to the mutual wants of each and all, that prevails in your small town or village. The latter is the manageable unit, because its dimensions and its needs have not out-grown the range of the individual intelligence and ability of those who dwell therein. Our troubles in large towns arise chiefly from the fact that the massing of population has caused the physical bulk of Society to outgrow its intelligence. It is as if a human being had suddenly developed fresh limbs which were not connected by any nervous system with the gray matter of his brain. Such a thing is impossible in the human being, but, unfortunately, it is only too possible in human society. In the human body no member can suffer without an instantaneous telegram being despatched, as it were, to the seat of intelligence; the foot or the finger cries out when it suffers, and the whole body suffers with it. So, in a small community, every one, rich and poor, is more or less cognizant of the sufferings of the community. In a large town, where people have ceased to be neighbourly, there is only a congested mass of population settled down on a certain small area without any human ties connecting them together. Here, it is perfectly possible, and it frequently happens, that men actually die of starvation within a few doors of those who, if they had been informed of the actual condition of the sufferer that lay within earshot of their comfortable drawing-rooms, would have been eager to minister the needed relief. What we have to do, therefore, is to grow a new



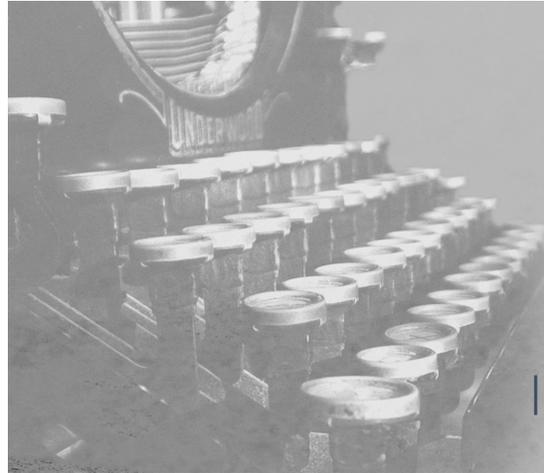
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## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

nervous system for the body politic, to create a swift, almost automatic, means of communication between the community as a whole and the meanest of its members, so as to restore to the city what the village possesses.

I do not say that the plan, which I have suggested, is the only plan or the best plan conceivable. All that I claim for it is that it is the only plan which I can conceive as practicable at the present moment, and that, as a matter of fact, it holds the field alone, for no one, so far as I have been able to discover, even proposes to reconstitute the connection between what I have called the gray matter of the brain of the municipal community and all the individual units which make up the body politic.

Carrying out the same idea I come to the problem of the waste commodities of the towns, and we will take this as an earnest of the working out of the general principle. In the villages there is very little waste. The sewage is applied directly to the land, and so becomes a source of wealth instead of being emptied into great subterranean reservoirs, to generate poisonous gases, which by a most ingenious arrangement, are then poured forth into the very heart of our dwellings, as is the case in the great cities. Neither is there any waste of broken victuals. The villager has his pig or his poultry, or if he has not a pig his neighbour has one, and the collection of broken victuals is conducted as regularly as the delivery of the post. And as it is with broken victuals, so it is with rags and bones, and old iron, and all the debris of a household. When I was a boy one of the most familiar figures in the streets of a country town was the man, who, with his small hand-barrow or donkey-cart, made a regular patrol through all the streets once a week, collecting rags, bones, and all other waste materials, buying the same from the juveniles who collected them in specie, not of Her Majesty's current coin, but of common sweetmeats, known as "claggum" or "taffy." When the tootling of his familiar horn was heard the children would bring out their stores, and trade as best they could with the itinerant merchant, with the result that the closets which in our towns to-day have become the receptacles of all kinds of, disused lumber were kept then swept and garnished. Now, what I want to know is why can we not establish on a scale commensurate with our extended needs the rag-and-bone industry in all our great towns? That there is sufficient to pay for the collection is, I think, indisputable. If it paid in a small North-country town or Midland village, why would it not pay much better in an area where the houses stand more closely together, and where luxurious



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## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

living and thriftless habits have so increased that there must be proportionately far more breakage, more waste, and, therefore, more collectable matter than in the rural districts? In looking over the waste of London it has occurred to me that in the debris of our households there is sufficient food, it utilised, to feed many of the starving poor, and to employ some thousands of them in its collection, and, in addition, largely to assist the general scheme. What I propose would be to go to work on something like the following plan:

London would be divided into districts, beginning with that portion of it most likely to furnish the largest supplies of what would be worth collection. Two men, or a man and a boy, would be told of for this purpose to this district.

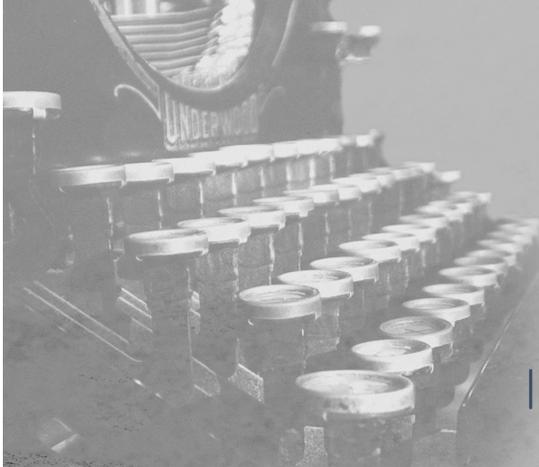
Households would be requested to allow a receptacle to be placed in some convenient spot in which the servants could deposit the waste food, and a sack of some description would also be supplied for the paper, rags, &c.

The whole would be collected, say once or twice a week, or more frequently, according to the season and circumstances, and transferred to depots as central as possible to the different districts.

At present much of this waste is thrown into the dust-bin, there to fester and breed disease. Then there are old newspapers, ragged books, old bottles, tins, canisters, etc. We all know what a number of articles there are which are not quite bad enough to be thrown into the dust heap, and yet are no good to us. We put them on one side, hoping that something may turn up, and as that something very seldom does turn up, there they remain.

Crippled musical instruments, for instance, old toys, broken-down perambulators, old clothes, all the things, in short, for which we have no more need, and for which there is no market within our reach, but which we feel it would be a sin and a shame to destroy.

When I get my Household Salvage Brigade properly organised, beginning, as I said, in some district where we should be likely to meet with most material, our uniformed



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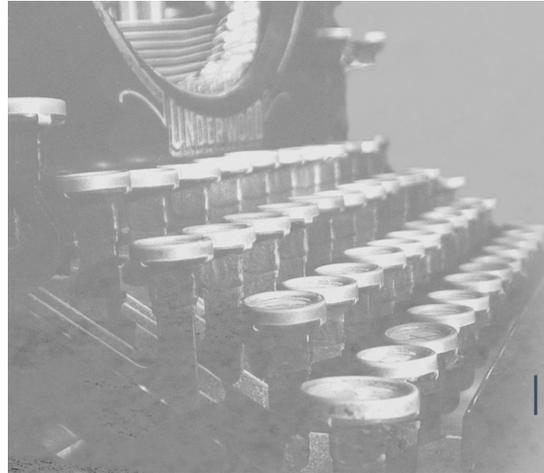
## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

collectors would call every other day or twice a week with their hand barrow or pony cart. As these men would be under strict discipline, and numbered, the householder would have a security against any abuse of which such regular callers might otherwise be the occasion.

At present the rag and bone man who drives a more or less precarious livelihood by intermittent visits, is looked upon askance by prudent housewives. They fear in many cases he takes the refuse in order to have the opportunity of finding something which may be worth while "picking up," and should he be impudent or negligent there is no authority to whom they can appeal. Under our Brigade, each district would have its numbered officer, who would himself be subordinate to a superior officer, to whom any complaints could be made, and whose duty it would be to see that the officers under his command punctually performed their rounds and discharged their duties without offence.

Here let me disclaim any intention of interfering with the Little Sisters of the Poor, or any other persons, who collect the broken victuals of hotels and other establishments for charitable purposes. My object is not to poach on my neighbour's domains, nor shall I ever be a party to any contentious quarrels for the control of this or that source of supply. All that is already utilised I regard as outside my sphere. The unoccupied wilderness of waste is a wide enough area for the operations of our Brigade. But it will be found in practice that there are no competing agencies. While the broken victuals of certain large hotels are regularly collected, the things before enumerated, and a number of others, are untouched because not sought after.

Of the immense extent to which Food is wasted few people have any notion except those who have made actual experiments. Some years ago, Lady Wolseley established a system of collection from house to house in Mayfair, in order to secure materials for a charitable kitchen which, in concert with Baroness Burdett-Coutts, she had started at Westminster. The amount of the food which she gathered was enormous. Sometimes legs of mutton from which only one or two slices had been cut were thrown into the tub, where they waited for the arrival of the cart on its rounds. It is by no means an excessive estimate to assume that the waste of the kitchens of the West End would provide a sufficient sustenance for all the Out-of-Works who will be



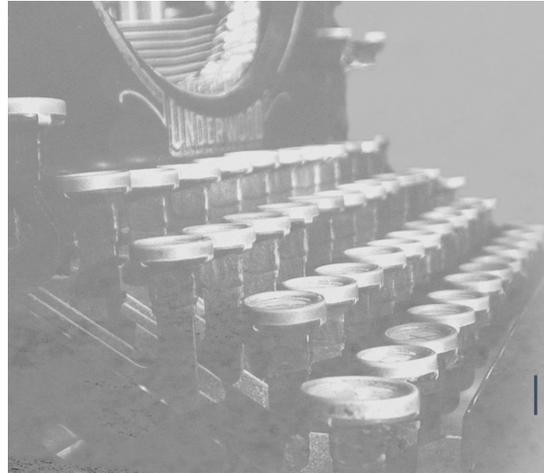
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## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

employed in our labour sheds at the industrial centres. All that it needs is collection, prompt, systematic, by disciplined men who can be relied upon to discharge their task with punctuality and civility, and whose failure in this duty can be directly brought to the attention of the controlling authority.

Of the utilisation of much of the food which is to be so collected I shall speak hereafter, when I come to describe the second great division of my scheme, namely the Farm Colony. Much of the food collected by the Household Salvage Brigade would not be available for human consumption. In this the greatest care would be exercised, and the remainder would be dispatched, if possible, by barges down the river to the Farm Colony, where we shall meet it hereafter.

But food is only one of the materials which we should handle. At our Whitechapel Factory there is one shoemaker whom we picked off the streets destitute and miserable. He is now saved, and happy, and cobbles away at the shoe leather of his mates. That shoemaker, I foresee, is but the pioneer of a whole army of shoemakers constantly at work in repairing the cast-off boots and shoes of London. Already in some provincial towns a great business is done by the conversion of old shoes into new. They call the men so employed translators. Boots and shoes, as every wearer of them knows, do not go to pieces all at once or in all parts at once. The sole often wears out utterly, while the upper leather is quite good, or the upper leather bursts while the sole remains practically in a salvable condition; but your individual pair of shoes and boots are no good to you when any section of them is hopelessly gone to the bad. But give our trained artist in leather and his army of assistants a couple of thousand pairs of boots and shoes, and it will go ill with him if out of the couple of thousand pairs of wrecks he cannot construct five hundred pairs, which, if not quite good, will be immeasurably better than the apologies for boots which cover the feet of many a poor tramp, to say nothing of the thousands of poor children who are at the present moment attending our public schools. In some towns they have already established a Boot and Shoe Fund in order to provide the little ones who come to school with shoes warranted not to let in water between the schoolhouse and home. When you remember the 43,000 children who are reported by the School Board to attend the schools of London alone unfed and starving, do you not think there are many thousands to whom we could easily dispose, with advantage, the resurrected



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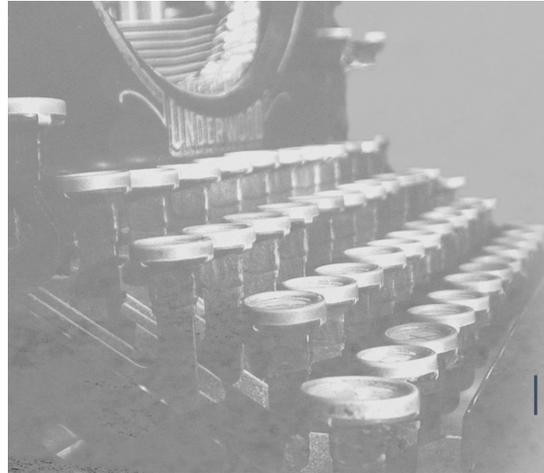
shoes of our Boot Factory?

This, however, is only one branch of industry. Take old umbrellas. We all know the itinerant umbrella mender, whose appearance in the neighbourhood of the farmhouse leads the good wife to look after her poultry and to see well to it that the watchdog is on the premises. But that gentleman is almost the only agency by which old umbrellas can be rescued from the dust heap. Side by side with our Boot Factory we shall have a great umbrella works. The ironwork of one umbrella will be fitted to the stick of another, and even from those that are too hopelessly gone for any further use as umbrellas we shall find plenty of use for their steels and whalebone.

So I might go on. Bottles are a fertile source of minor domestic worry. When you buy a bottle you have to pay a penny for it; but when you have emptied it you cannot get a penny back; no, nor even a farthing. You throw your empty bottle either into the dust heap, or let it lie about. But if we could collect all the waste bottles of London every day, it would go hardly with us if we could not turn a very pretty penny by washing them, sorting them, and sending them out on a new lease of life. The washing of old bottles alone will keep a considerable number of people going.

I can imagine the objection which will be raised by some shortsighted people, that by giving the old, second-hand material a new lease of life it will be said that we shall diminish the demand for new material, and so curtail work and wages at one end while we are endeavouring to piece on something at the other. This objection reminds me of a remark of a North Country pilot who, when speaking of the dulness in the shipbuilding industry, said that nothing would do any good but a series of heavy storms, which would send a goodly number of ocean-going steamers to the bottom, to replace which, this political economist thought, the yards would once more be filled with orders. This, however, is not the way in which work is supplied. Economy is a great auxiliary to trade, inasmuch as the money saved is expended on other products of industry.

There is one material that is continually increasing in quantity, which is the despair of the life of the householder and of the Local Sanitary Authority. I refer to the tins in which provisions are supplied. Nowadays everything comes to us in tins. We have



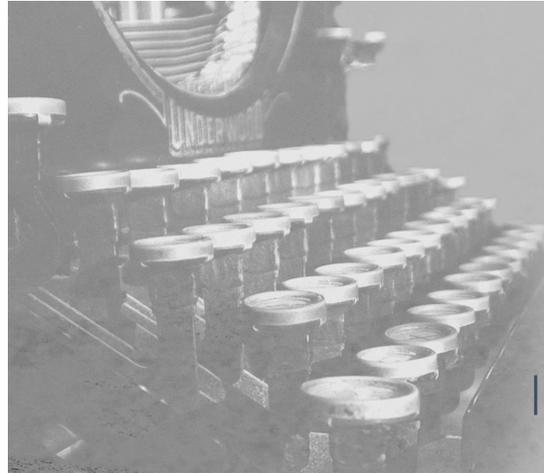
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IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

coffee tins, meat tins, salmon tins, and tins ad nauseam. Tin is becoming more and more the universal envelope of the rations of man. But when you have extracted the contents of the tin what can you do with it? Huge mountains of empty tins lie about every dustyard, for as yet no man has discovered a means of utilising them when in great masses. Their market price is about four or five shillings a ton, but they are so light that it would take half a dozen trucks to hold a ton. They formerly burnt them for the sake of the solder, but now, by a new process, they are jointed without solder. The problem of the utilisation of the tins is one to which we would have to address ourselves, and I am by no means desponding as to the result.

I see in the old tins of London at least one means of establishing an industry which is at present almost monopolised by our neighbours. Most of the toys which are sold in France on New Year's Day are almost entirely made of sardine tins collected in the French capital. The toy market of England is at present far from being overstocked, for there are multitudes of children who have no toys worth speaking of with which to amuse themselves. In these empty tins I see a means of employing a large number of people in turning out cheap toys which will add a new joy to the households of the poor – the poor to whom every farthing is important, not the rich the rich can always get toys– but the children of the poor, who live in one room and have nothing to look out upon but the slum or the street. These desolate little things need our toys, and if supplied cheap enough they will take them in sufficient quantities to make it worthwhile to manufacture them.

A whole book might be written concerning the utilisation of the waste of London. But I am not going to write one. I hope before long to do something much better than write a book, namely, to establish an organisation to utilise the waste, and then if I describe what is being done it will be much better than by now explaining what I propose to do. But there is one more waste material to which it is necessary to allude. I refer to old newspapers and magazines, and books. Newspapers accumulate in our houses until we sometimes burn them in sheer disgust. Magazines and old books lumber our shelves until we hardly know where to turn to put a new volume. My Brigade will relieve the householder from these difficulties, and thereby become a great distributing agency of cheap literature. After the magazine has done its duty in the middle class household it can be passed on to the reading-rooms, workhouses, and



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## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

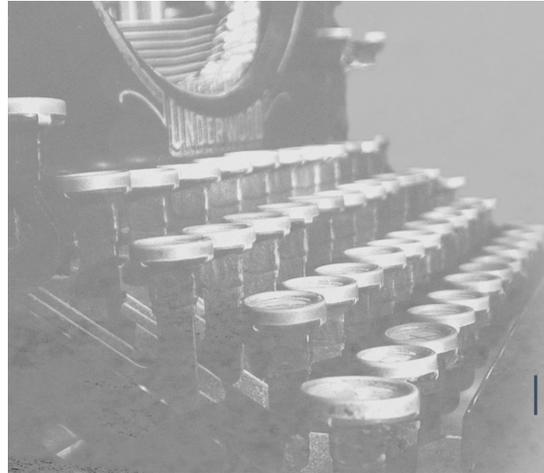
hospitals. Every publication issued from the Press that is of the slightest use to men and women will, by our Scheme, acquire a double share of usefulness. It will be read first by its owner, and then by many people who would never otherwise see it.

We shall establish an immense second-hand book shop. All the best books that come into our hands will be exposed for sale, not merely at our central depots, but on the barrows of our peripatetic colporteurs, who will go from street to street with literature which, I trust, will be somewhat superior to the ordinary pabulum supplied to the poor. After we have sold all we could, and given away all that is needed to public institutions, the remainder will be carried down to our great Paper Mill, of which we shall speak later, in connection with our Farm Colony.

The Household Salvage Brigade will constitute an agency capable of being utilised to any extent for the distribution of parcels newspapers, &c. When once you have your reliable man who will call at every house with the regularity of a postman, and go his beat with the punctuality of a policeman, you can do great things with him. I do not need to elaborate this point. It will be a universal Corps of Commissionaires, created for the service of the public and in the interests of the poor, which will bring us into direct relations with every family in London, and will therefore constitute an unequalled medium for the distribution of advertisements and the collection of information.

It does not require a very fertile imagination to see that when such a house-to-house visitation is regularly established, it will develop in all directions; and working, as it would, in connection with our Anti-sweating Shops and Industrial Colony, would probably soon become the medium for negotiating sundry household repairs, from a broken window to a damaged stocking. If a porter were wanted to move furniture, or a woman wanted to do charing, or some one to clean windows or any other odd job, the ubiquitous Servant of All who called for the waste, either verbally or by postcard, would receive the order, and whoever was wanted would appear at the time desired without any further trouble on the part of the householder.

One word as to the cost. There are five hundred thousand houses in the Metropolitan Police district. To supply every house with a tub and a sack for the reception of waste



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IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT

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would involve an initial expenditure which could not possibly be less than one shilling a house. So huge is London, and so enormous the numbers with which we shall have to deal, that this simple preliminary would require a cost of #25,000. Of course I do not propose to begin on anything like such a vast scale. That sum, which is only one of the many expenditures involved, will serve to illustrate the extent of the operations which the Household Salvage Brigade will necessitate. The enterprise is therefore beyond the reach of any but a great and powerful organisation, commanding capital and able to secure loyalty, discipline, and willing service.