

○ EXTRACT OF BOOK: "The Oldest Profession in Texas - Waco's Red Light District"  
By James Plegant and Sherri Knight  
JACOBS BOOKS 2011 - 8 DEC 2011 - RPU

In the 1800-1900<sup>+</sup> era prostitution was rampant on the American frontier and Texas was a prime example. Activities in several Texas cities illustrate this but until this book appeared none had been written about flagrant prostitution in Waco in the so called "Reservation" area.

This book is important to UPCHURCH HISTORY because our relative Rev. JAMES TONY UPCHURCH beginning in the 1890's became a peace fighter against prostitution in Waco. His work has been previously reported in the Upchurch Bulletin.

In early 2011 author Sherri Knight contacted me and her Biofile reveals that I supplied her considerable information (but got no credit in the book). She was so impressed with Rev J.T.U. that she devoted an entire chapter to him in the book. This chapter has been copied for the Biofile of J.T.U. to 29 OCT 1870 S/O James Courtney U, Head of a line in the Moses U/Courtney U Subclass.

This book accurately portrays what we know of J.T.U. and adds more detail.

It treats only lightly his work later in Dallas and Arlington, TX.

Page 84 reports that E.P. UPCHURCH was a neighbor of a keeper of one of the "houses" and in 1941 defended the keeper in court. We know this person ENNIS PERRY U formerly of Gumer Co, TX. J.T.U. probably did not respect his distant cousin.

CROSSFILE: Δ RR Above & WACO, MCLENNAN CO, TX.  
Books placed in Book File - Geographically - TEXAS

## Chapter 33

# "Cursed with a Curse"

FROM THE beginning of its existence, Waco's red light district had its detractors and critics. Most simply wanted this city blight to cease to exist but gave little thought to the welfare of its inhabitants or what would happen to them once they left. Many believed that these women were lost souls without hope of redemption—but not so to one crusader.

James Toney Upchurch lost his father at the tender age of three years old. His mother could not make a living in their small holding on the banks of the Bosque River not far from Waco. So she looked for relatives willing to take on the youngster for a time while she stabilized her own life. As a result her young son was bounced around between homes for awhile before being sent back to his mother who had finally moved to Waco.

At the age of six, the youngster sold fruit and flowers on the streets of downtown Waco to help the family's finances. He also ran errands for anyone willing to hire him, graduating at the age of ten to hawking newspapers for the *Waco Daily Examiner*. Standing on the street corners, the boy witnessed more of the downside of life than the average child did.

Upchurch remembered that at the age of ten he met his first prostitute while he stood on Washington Street trying to sell his last batch of newspapers. He remembered hearing a female scream and ran toward the sound, falling in with a crowd heading in the same direction. The yelling seemed to increase in volume, painful to hear. Arriving at the scene, the youngster witnessed a beautiful

"Cursed with a Curse"

young woman struggling with two policemen who were dragging her down the street. Although modestly dressed, the disheveled female resisted, which led to her ripped clothes revealing more and more of her with each twisted step.

The harlot screamed expletives at the law officers. Shocked at hearing her explicit language during her rough treatment, Upchurch followed the procession until they arrived at the county jail where the woman was physically thrown into a little dingy cell. The heavy wooden door was slammed with a resounding thud that witnessed its solidity. Only a small iron-barred window at the top of the cell near the ceiling allowed any light to enter. The strong impression of this event never left Upchurch his entire life, even after he became a crusader, fighting to help downtrodden and erring women find new lives for themselves.<sup>1</sup>

The future crusader had little religious instruction to draw upon as a youngster and considered himself an atheist until the age of twenty when he was invited to attend a service at the Morrow Street Methodist Church in Waco. His conversion was a very emotional event that turned this young man not only into a fervent Christian follower but also into one who felt it was his duty to witness and work for the Lord on a daily basis. A bookkeeper by day, Upchurch spent his evenings laboring as an evangelist on the streets. He attended church regularly, while also administering to those unfortunates in jail and visiting the slums of Waco.

Two years later, Upchurch met Maggie May Adams originally from Jackson, Tennessee. She shared his enthusiasm for working to better the lives of those living on the wrong side of town. After their marriage in 1894 they worked together as a couple, turning their attention almost totally toward rescue work in Waco's red light district. Upchurch wrote, "Passing through the scarlet district one morning on my way to church from the poor farm, I chanced to look up at a window, from which an inexpressibly sad face of an erring girl was looking out...that face haunted me."<sup>2</sup> With the help of another couple named Lasinger, the Upchurch pair opened the Peniel Mission and later the Waco Rescue Home, which morphed into the first Berachah Home.

Absorbed in his rescue work, Upchurch was startled when he



was told to appear before the Methodist Church Council. The young man was informed by the tribunal that he had to cease his slum work. While the church was not opposed to administering to the poor and downtrodden, trying to save and reform fallen women was another matter all together. The prevailing view during the Victorian Era, even among churches, was that these women could not be saved from their true nature; i.e., once fallen, always fallen. People had a strong belief in "tainted blood." Surprised that his church was no longer willing to support or, at least, endorse the work he and his wife were doing, the young crusader made the decision to continue his work regardless of the consequences. Using his curb-side pulpit, Upchurch kept preaching against a system that allowed a girl to become a prostitute at age thirteen while she could not legally marry until age fourteen without parental consent.

J. T. Upchurch and his wife, Maggie, were of different minds than their neighbors. He did not blame the women who became prostitutes so much as the social system that created and sustained them. He preached against society's double standard that fined a woman for being a prostitute while the men who frequented the bordellos went unpunished. The reverend's writings noted that a fallen woman was ostracized by society even if she were trying to go back to a more chaste existence. A prostitute, many times, felt she had no alternative or way out of the immoral life she was living.



Reverend and  
Mrs. Upchurch

The crusader was not afraid to expose corruption. He reported in his own published magazine, *The Purity Journal*, that policemen visited bordellos on a regular basis. He implied that they received special favors from the girls. He invited skeptics to go along with the slum workers to see for themselves, writing that such visitors would see officers inside bawdy houses buying drinks, even on Sundays, in open violation of the laws.<sup>3</sup>

Upchurch was brought back by the

church elders and told to end his mission on the edge of Waco's Reservation. When Upchurch stood up and refused to comply with the orders, his membership in the Methodist Church was formally revoked. This cost the mission the financial support they so desperately needed. Undaunted, the couple continued their work, believing that God would provide.<sup>4</sup>

While Upchurch normally stayed away from the political arena, he did take the time to support the Salvation Army's band which had decided to start playing outside of the city council when they were meeting. The band must have been loud and annoying, because Alderman Poage offered a resolution to prohibit music near city hall during their meetings. It was adopted, but Upchurch spoke out against such a ban and managed to get a lot of sympathy for the Salvation Army.<sup>5</sup>

One of his early successes in the red light district was Belle Wilkins, a madam. After her conversion, Belle wanted a new life but had trouble making ends meet financially. She disposed of her furniture, subsisting on one meal a day just to get by. Upchurch stated that other women tried but ended up going back to being harlots, because businesses or families would not hire nor forgive women like Belle. She finally managed to set up a boardinghouse, but others often gave up the struggle and went back into prostitution, unwilling to endure the hardships and the scorn heaped upon them.<sup>6</sup>

Upchurch was preaching one day in the Reservation when he noticed a young woman sitting on a curbstone. She was weeping throughout the preacher's message to the small gathered group. When he finished, Upchurch went over to speak to her. Katie Gullahorn was her name, and she confessed that she was an inmate at Mary Doud's bordello on Washington Street. When asked if she wanted out of the life she was leading, Katie affirmed but added that she had no place to go nor a way to make a living if she did leave. She believed all was hopeless.

Upchurch boldly told the young prostitute that he could find her a place to stay until she could find work. He went with Katie to her room to pack up her things. Noticing her license to be a prostitute along with her health certificate tacked on the wall, he



*The Berachah Home*

removed them, thinking he would throw them away. Instead, he later published them in one of his pamphlets.

The immediate problem entailed finding a home for Katie and one more girl who decided to leave with her. Brother and Sister Booth came to Upchurch's rescue by offering to take the girls into their home located near Edgefield. All went well until word got out in the community that the farmer and his wife were harboring harlots. A mob of forty men went to the Booth residence, surrounding the modest farmhouse. A spokesman shouted into the house, informing the Booths that they were to take those "tainted" women back to the slums in Waco from whence they came. The Booths bravely refused at first, trying to talk some sense into the mob of angry "upstanding" citizens. The answer came swiftly when the mob leader informed the Booths that if they did not immediately take the girls back, the farmer, his wife and the whores would be taken to the creek, tied to a tree and whipped. Badly frightened, the scared couple reluctantly agreed to do as they were told. Both women went back into the profession they had tried so desperately to leave.<sup>7</sup> Katie was listed in the 1900 Waco city directory as being, once again, at 127 Washington.<sup>8</sup>



*Rescue workers in the slums*

Upchurch was soon to learn what the women he was trying to help already knew—society wanted little to do with them. With the lessons learned from the Booth fiasco, the crusader decided he would open a home in town to take in those trying to shed the shackles of prostitution. He named it first the Waco Rescue Home, managed by Dr. C. H. Platt but later changed the name to Berachah (which means "blessing") Home for Erring Girls.<sup>9</sup> The home was listed in the 1898 Waco city directory as—

Berachah Rescue Home – An industrial home for the redemption of erring girls. James T. Upchurch, Prest. [president]; Mrs. Alice Ritchie, Vice-prest [vice-president]; Mrs. Cora Lee Ayars, trest [treasurer]; Wm R. Cadman, secy [secretary].<sup>10</sup>

Interesting is the fact that the location of this rescue home was not given in the directory. Reverend Upchurch's personal residence was listed as 1303 North Seventh Street. The tax records show that he owned his home, and it was his address prior to opening the rescue home. Possibly, the exact location of the mission was not made public because Upchurch did not want a repeat of the Booths' experience of having to face hostile citizens bent on their own mission of ridding the neighborhood of undesirables. If so, keeping the address quiet would have been key to remaining open.

Believing he could reach more people, Upchurch published a small pamphlet named *Cursed with a Curse OR the City Built by Blood* in 1899. In it he roundly chastised the good people of Waco for allowing legal prostitution to exist. He decried those who condemned the scarlet women while being willing to take the money they generated for the city in licenses and taxes. He described the



red light district as "the awful seething, caldron of putrifying corruption known as the 'Waco Reservation.'"<sup>11</sup>

To highlight his points, Upchurch wrote about the visit by Samuel Jones, mayor of Toledo, Ohio, to the Reservation. According to the crusader, Jones opined, "...as I walked along the street, my ears were grated with the solicitation of the lost women as [each] sat in her indecent apparel on the porches of the homes in this city of the living dead."<sup>12</sup> Jones's words hardened Upchurch's resolve. He wrote, "Having provided a home for all the girls who desire to reform, we shall do all in our power to break up the reservation, not by law, but by love."<sup>13</sup>

Reverend Upchurch knew it would take more than finding a temporary home for these women. They needed a way to make a living for there to be any hope that their "redemption" would remain intact. Along with saving their souls, he knew the women who left the Reservation for the rescue home had to learn marketable skills, so that they could go to work, even though there were only a few occupations open to women in the early twentieth century.

Upchurch chalked up both successes and failures. One such failure was Minnie Wells. She was plying her trade out of the back of a big wholesale grocery store in Waco when Reverend Upchurch met the young woman and offered her a way out of her current licentious lifestyle. Minnie agreed but only stayed three days at the rescue home, weeping continuously about her fate while the workers tried to comfort her. In a final interview with Minnie Reverend Upchurch was startled by her resolve. She stated emphatically, "I just can't face the people and ever succeed in being anything or anybody. I have only one thing for which to live and that is for revenge." With that declaration Minnie went on to reveal to the reverend her new goal which was to "wreck the life of every man" she could. Soon after making those statements, Minnie Wells bid the domestic missionary farewell and left the sanctuary of the rescue home. Upchurch learned later that she moved to Honey Grove, Texas, and proceeded to put her plan into effect.<sup>14</sup> In his novel, *Behind the Scarlet Mask*, Upchurch brought up Minnie's story again. He revealed that her plan was to infect men with syphilis

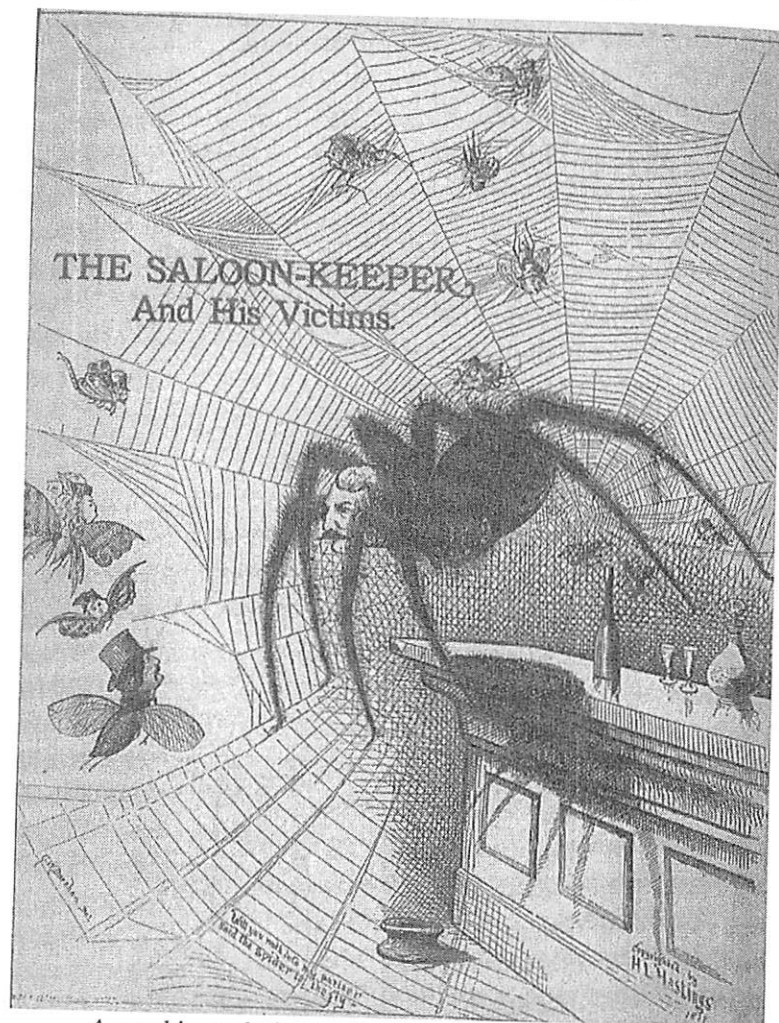
and that she was successful in that endeavor.<sup>15</sup>

Another apparent failure was Nellie Gray. Early in 1900 Reverend Upchurch found Nellie Gray sitting on a curbstone weeping while listening to him preach on the street. After his sermon Reverend Upchurch took the time to go over to her in an effort to provide some comfort. He asked Nellie if she desired to leave the district, to which she replied that she would gladly leave if she just had some place to go.<sup>16</sup>

Within a couple of years Nellie Gray was back in the district, once again plying her evening trade. She was arrested for vagrancy in 1907 and was required to be a witness at an adultery trial in 1908. The man had the last name of Copeland. Nellie refused to testify, stating that it might incriminate her. The prosecuting attorney was so angry he charged her as well, getting a conviction.<sup>17</sup>

The rescue couple touted a success in 1904. Reflecting back, Upchurch stated that when he heard that a new bridge was to be built across the Brazos River, he conducted prayer meetings. One such gathering took place in front of Ella Miller's "mansion of vice." Their goal was for the bridge to be built across the river to Washington Street, as this would force the city to push the scarlet district "back across Barron's branch and would somewhat cripple it on account of destroying its publicity." They believed that their prayers were answered. After the bridge was completed, pressure on the city council forced them to require the bordellos to be moved off First and Washington Streets to North Second Street.<sup>18</sup>

The successes, while uplifting, did not pay the bills. The Upchurches received some contributions but not enough to keep the mission going. Deciding to expand his fundraising efforts, the crusader started traveling. He found a more receptive audience in the Dallas area and made the decision to leave Waco. The couple first moved to Oak Cliff where they worked in the slums of Dallas before receiving inspiration and funding to start another home—this time in the small town of Arlington located between Dallas and Fort Worth. The home formally opened May 14, 1903. The fundraising started reaping rewards, and the operation expanded. Errant girls were sent from all over the state to be guided by the efforts of the Upchurches.<sup>19</sup>



A graphic used often on the back of *The Purity Journal*

The Berachah Home in Arlington did not charge the girls any money, but they had to follow certain rules that included no consumption of pork, coffee, tea, or usage of tobacco. They were not allowed to make telephone calls on Sundays. They had to agree to attend church and remain in the home for at least a year to learn a skill. Those who arrived pregnant had to agree to keep their child, a departure from the prevalent idea of putting illegitimate children up for adoption. Reverend Upchurch fervently believed that children should stay with their mothers. Notations in the

ledgers revealed the names of fathers and why they did not accept responsibility for their actions. The home operated for thirty-two years and helped about 3,000 women. The focus shifted from saving prostitutes to mostly taking in girls who had gotten pregnant out of wedlock. Requests for admittance came from all over Texas and many surrounding states. The home operated at full capacity most of the time, having to turn many girls away.<sup>20</sup>

Reverend Upchurch turned his attention to spreading the word of his work through a magazine he called *The Purity Journal*. He prayed for the ability to be eloquent, knowing his lack of a formal education might prevent him from doing so. He wanted his writings to reach as many people as possible.

While Upchurch made his home in Arlington, his work in Waco continued through the efforts of Mrs. Annie Patillo and P. F. Morgan who wrote regular columns for *The Purity Journal*. Patillo reported in the May 1905 issue that Katie Cleveland, a well-known madam, had reformed and moved away to take care of her deceased sister's children. The conversion was short-lived, as Miss Cleveland was back in business by 1906.<sup>21</sup>

Patillo also reported that she was having difficulty getting workers to go into the Reservation on a regular basis. She was pleased when Otis Tradell and his wife, Janie, called upon her to offer their services. Those who did continue to witness held services on street corners in the Reservation and visited on Sunday afternoons those women being held in jail.<sup>22</sup>

Sister Morgan worked from the Peniel Mission in Waco with her husband. In one of her articles she spoke of walking up North Second Street. She opined that she was appalled that "a number of houses of shame [had] the name of the Madams printed in fancy style on the front doors." She noted that there were five saloons nestled among the bordellos.<sup>23</sup>

Reverend Upchurch traveled extensively, trying to spread his ideas and appeal for donations from the public. In *Behind the Scarlet Mask* he wrote that he discovered that there were precious few outreach homes for scarlet women or unwed mothers. He listed the religious denominations that were willing to work with these unfortunates, including Methodist (three homes) and Catholic



(twenty-five homes). He also wrote that certain denominations did not have any homes—Baptist, Presbyterian, Christian and Episcopal.<sup>24</sup>

Contributions slowed to a trickle during the Great Depression, causing the Berachah Home to eventually close due to lack of funds. Even so, Upchurch was ahead of his time. His belief in the redemption for all, including scarlet women and pregnant unwed girls, provided hope for those wanting to leave their former lives behind. As time passed more and more people realized that his views, though radical for his time, had merit. J. T. Upchurch died in 1950 but certainly left a legacy behind.<sup>25</sup>

## Chapter 34

# Sunset on the Reservation

ALTHOUGH IT was probably inevitable that the urban-designated vice zone would come to an end, few could have predicted the swift demise of the Reservation. The progressive era was slowing down, and war was on the horizon when the city fathers finally decided that the red light district was no longer viable.

Truth be told, neither the good folks at Baylor University nor their Baptist brethren had ever been able to apply enough pressure on the city council or the mayor in the past to convince them that change needed to take place. If the conservative religious citizens did not bring the council to task over the vice district, then who did? Little doubt, it was the federal government.

The nationwide movement may have started with Dr. J. M. Inge. On May 9, 1917, he presented a resolution to the United States Congress. He emphasized the need to protect the country's troops, especially if soldiers were eventually to be sent into the conflict that had enveloped Europe. Though not stated, everyone knew it was only a matter of time before Americans would be fighting on the side of the Allies.

Dr. Inge, in his resolution, pleaded with Congress to take on the evils of prostitution and intoxicating drinks. He urged that the federal government insist that their training camps for soldiers and the area surrounding these installations be free of temptations.<sup>1</sup>

Whether or not Dr. Inge had a major impact on the federal government's policy cannot be measured, because the military was already thinking along the same lines. Word went out to all of the

# ① Recap of Information on the family of Rev James T. U

A. 1910 Census - Tarrant Co, TX ED 158 / 241

JAMES U W 39 (JAMES T U)  
 MAGGIE U WIF 36 b TN (MAGGIE MAY ADAMS)  
 ALLIE M. U DAU 16 (ALLIE MAE U)  
 RUTH U DAU 13  
 JAMES W. U SON 12 (JAMES WESLEY U)  
 WILBUR U SON 8 (ARTHUR WILBUR U)  
 LOUIETA U DAU 2 (LOMETA U)

B. Note - No members of this family have so far been found on 1870 or 1880 Census records for TN or TX

C. From Packet 24 NOV 1981 Dan K. Utley to RPH (with James T. U)

I. James T. U

A. Allie Mae U md Frank Weise, Sr; md (2nd) - - Gilmore

1. Frances Weise 3. Leis Weise 5. Frank Weise, Jr

2. Ruth Weise 4. Eugenia Weise

B. Ruth U md J. B. Brady - no issue

C. James Wesley U md D. Gola - -

1. James U, deceased

2. Dorothy U

D. Arthurүүлһһ U md L Velma - no issue

E. Lometa U md D. Henry Christopher

1. Shirley Christopher; 2. Henry Christopher

D. From "A Short History of The Berachah Home" DEC 1978

James T. U b 29 OCT 1870 (Bozqueville, TX) md Maggie Mae Adams b 5 DEC 1873 (Jackson, TN), dau of James Adams

Lometa U b Arlington, TX. Maggie d 8 APR 1963 (Dallas, TX)

James T. U d Dallas, TX. His wife Annie M. (U) passed

b 1867 d 1917 is buried at the Berachah Cem, Arlington, TX



② From RPA/SSU Family Search to TX - 4-17 APR 1996

on 9 APR 1996 searched the Public Library in Waco, TX for upchurch information - especially for evidence relating to James T. U<sup>↑</sup> who was born OCT 1870 in Boggsville, McLennan Co, TX. Found:

1870 Census - McLennan Co, TX - Family 669 Sheet 11

James U 31 M W

Nancy U 28 F W

These are the only U's in the County in 1870 and are prime prospects to be the parents of James T. U<sup>↑</sup> b OCT 1870

Marriage Records - McLennan Co, TX

Vol I - 1850 - 1870 - No U's

Vol II - 1871 - 1892 - David H. Ellis and 28 JUL 1878  
Nancy Ann U. Official W. R. D.  
Starkton

Vol III - 1892 - 1901

Married Annie M. U and 2 SEP 1891 J. D. Pothillo

Official = C. V. BAILEN

Miss Ida U and 17 OCT 1900 Dudley Gammon

Official = J. W. Cooke, PP

Free IDA  
IRENE U OF  
THE JAMES U, III  
BURWELL U SUB-  
CLAN

③ See Jt 2 JUN 1996 William Lee Pothillo to RPA

JTUP is the Grandchild of the mother "Bill". He reports JTUP

a Dallas, TX and 17 NOV 1892 (Waco, McLennan Co, TX) Maggie Mae Adams b 3 DEC 1893. The mother (Nancy Ann —) of JTUP and for the 2nd time 28 JUL 1878 (Waco, McLennan Co, TX) David H. Ellis. [Note - from this we may assume that James Courtney U, the father of JTUP & before 28 JUL 1878 - RPA]

④ NOTE: A search for the father of JTU b29 OCT 1870 (Bosqueville, TX) remains unproductive. However, note that his father-in-law James Adams has the same name as a James Adams who appeared in the home of Joseph Hamilton and on the 1870 census of Hamilton Co, IL. The 1870 census shows James Adams is born 1863 which means he was born too late to have had a son Maggie Mae Adams who was b 1873. Still, the coincidence is striking - RPA 17 JAN 1996

⑤ See Ltr 22 JUN 1996 William Lee Pattillo to RPA

My Father, Archie William Pattillo, lost his father while he was very young. I still have not been able to learn what happened to him. (He disappeared from Waco some time around 1905-6.). His mother and grandmother were very poor and his uncle Jimmy Upchurch helped them. While living in Waco, James Upchurch was very concerned about girls who were poor and became prostitutes. Years later my Father told me a little about his life in Waco. He and his cousin, Wilbur Upchurch, who was about the same age, would follow Uncle Jimmy into the red light district of Waco to watch Uncle Jimmy exhort the fallen women to repent and give up their lives of sin. Uncle Jimmy would later write a book called "Behind the Scarlet Mask", which we had in our library for many years, but disappeared during one of our moves.

Some years later in 1946 while I was still in the Navy, my Father took me out to cousin Wilbur and Velma Upchurch's spread. As I remember they had quite a nice ranch outside of Dallas. I believe that they were in radio or advertising. Shortly after that Mary and I moved away from Dallas and never saw them again. I have had no other contact with any Upchurch and regret it

Last year in the Spring, we spent some time visiting the genealogical libraries in Arlington and Waco, Texas. It was there that we learned a lot about the Upchurches. I will enclose some of the information that we learned about the Berachah Home and J. T. UPCHURCH. I did find the grave of my grandmother Annie Upchurch Pattillo in the Berachah Home Cemetery. It was rather pathetic. I did not realize that her grave was there while I was going to college there in 1941-42. In fact, at the time, I did not even know her name and that is really pathetic. I would like to learn more about Annie Upchurch Pattillo and her ancestors. Please give me some help about her family.

⑥ See Ltr 1 JUL 1996 William Lee Pattillo to RPA

Anne M. (b)(4) Pattillo was on the 1900 census with her 2nd husband and an indication that she had 2 children living and 4 deceased. [We know that 3 of the 6 were fathered by JTU leaving 3 who I believe 1900 census could have been fathered by JTU or David H. Ellis - her 2nd husband - RPA]



⑦ See Ltr 29 JUL 1996 William Lee Patterson to RRM

JTU had only five children. His wife, Maggie Mae Adams was b 3 DEC 1873 (not 5 DEC 1873) and is probably buried in Dallas, TX

1910 Census - Arlington, Tarrant Co, TX - In the home of JTU we find 3 non-family members:

Ed Nathan - Lodger, Book-keeper M W 28 Single b TX, FAT & MOT b AR - He of the Berwick Home

Kate Collins - Servant F, W 51 md 2 children, 2 living b TX, FAT b PA MOT b SC. Servant.

Kate Vappin, Helper, F, W 29 Single b KY or WA FAT & MOT. Servant.

⑧ See Ltr 1 SEP 1996 William Lee Patterson to RPU

There are a couple of things that are still bothering me about our connection to the James Courtney Upchurch branch of the family. The 1870 Census for McLennan Co., Texas shows a James Upchurch, 31, Farmer, a Nancy Upchurch, 28, wife, and a Cynthia Upchurch, 3, child. Where is Annie Upchurch, who would have been the same age, but is not listed with this family. Are Annie M and Cynthia the same or is this a mistake??? From other census records, the 1880 Listing of Upchurch's in Texas does not list an Annie, Cynthia, Nancy, or James T. or C. Upchurch. When I searched the 1880 Texas US Census Soundex Records, I did not have much luck either. I am enclosing a copy of my search results. The 1900 McLennan Co. Texas Census shows that Nancy was the mother of 6 children and only 2 were living. I wonder what happened to the other four, when and where. If Nancy was married three times and had six children, I wonder if they were all Upchurchs.

⑨ From Notes of RPU 27 MAR 1997 (call to Dorothy (U) Betts, a GP of JTU). She knew JTU well. His middle name Tony. His father was James Courtney who died when JTU was 3 yrs old. From then on JTU lived with his MOT and his nana. She was nee Nancy Nickerson. JTU & 12 SEP 1950. She lived next door to JTU until he moved back to Dallas, TX in his later years. She believed JTU had only one sibling, Annie Menervan, and could shed no light on a possible sibling named Cynthia U.

⑩ From Ltr 29 JUL 1996 William Lee Pattillo & Roy

Note to UPCHURCH File:

14 July 1996

→ William Lee Pattillo & wife Mary Faith Northcutt

This morning we called Sunny (Roy L. Parker, step-son of Archie William PATTILLOS) for his 66 birthday greeting. We discussed some of the pictures that he has of my Father and other family members. He is sorting them and will send copies when he is done.

We discussed our recollections of a visit one Sunday in the Summer of 1946 when we visited the ranch of Wilbur and Velma UPCHURCH on the outskirts of Dallas. Apparently, they were doing quite well financially. They had a nice home and stable with horses and cattle. I do not remember very much about the afternoon. Today, Sunny told me the reason. Apparently, we had a few drinks there with my dad and cousins and then decided to take a horse back ride. The ride ended with my horse running under a low tree and I wound up with a big thorn in the top of my head. That must be the reason I do not remember that afternoon. Sunny remembers them quite well.

Wilbur and Velma were in the business of selling radio advertising and doing quite well. Wilbur told Sunny a story about one day he looked out the window and told Velma, "Hide the booze, here comes Dad"... (the Rev. James T. UPCHURCH). Wilbur and my Father were about the same age and played a lot together when they were kids in Waco and Arlington, Texas.

A few years later when Sunny was with a band playing in Amarillo, Texas, he saw Wilbur and Velma again. They had moved there and owned their own private plane that they flew around the north part of the state, still selling radio advertising. They invited the whole band out to their house and must have had quite a party. The next day the band had to play in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and all of them must have had a hangover. Such was a musician's life in those days.

Neither Sunny nor I ever saw the UPCHURCH's again. They died without having had any children and I have no information about the time or place of death.

Bill Pattillos, Sacramento, CA.

I. Mose U - Head of clan

A. Courtney U

1. James Courtney U

a. Annie M. U

i. Archie William Pattillo

Had a stepson Roy L. Parker "Sunny"  
(I) William Lee Pattillo "Bill"

b. James T. U

i. Arthur William U and Velma Mae —

[Velma Mae U, MRS]

⑪ From Ltr 1 OCT 1996 William Lee Pattillo & Roy

I spent a couple of hours going over the 1880 US Census for Dallas County, Texas, looking for a James T. Upchurch that was listed in the index. I was not able to find anything. I should go back to the Library and search the records for 1880 census for McLennan County and look for David Ellis and family. James C. and Annie should be listed with David and Nancy Ellis if they were still in the area at that time.

- (12) See Ltr 16 APR 1997 Dorothy Neile U Ed. RPU.

JTU turned Dallas, Dallas Co, TX and Margaret Mae Adams "Maggie". Five children are listed. I note: It appears we can settle upon 5 as the total no of children for JTU - RPU] Maggie was born AS ADS

- (13) From Ltr 7 JUN 1997 William Lee Pattillo Ed RPU  
Concerning the middle name of JTU:

Now, with my Saturday Scotch and soda, I will throw off a couple of other thoughts with no particular order, rhyme, or reason. I am ready to go with "Tony or Toney" for James T. Upchurch. If my middle name was "Tony" and I was a minister and a pillar of society in the 1910-20's, I would drop the "Tony" and use the initial "T", particularly in Texas and in that period of time. Even when I was a kid in Dallas, the Italians or "Dagos" were not held in very high regard. How his parents gave him that name will be a mystery for now. Dorothy Betts seems rather certain that his middle name was "Tony" so lets go with it.

- (14) From Upchurch - Bright Newsletter Vol 8 No 2 JUN 1997

"Community News" reported in the Kaufman County Connections, TX volume 13 #4  
Rose Hill - Rev. John Baldwin & Rev. James UPCHURCH closed the revival meeting -  
published in "Tribune" 4 August 1934.

\*\*\*\*\*

- (15) From Texas Death Records

JAMES TOREY U d 12 SEP 1950 (Dallas Co, TX)

[NOTE: will assume this is JAMES TONY U - RPU]

- (16) RPU NOTE 25 FEB 2011

On 8 FEB 2011 I received an email from  
SHERRI KNIGHT re her interest in writing a chapter  
in a book on JTU. I sent her a goodby packet  
on 25 FEB 2011 - see her profile for details



○ From Lt 1 SEP 1996 William Lee Pattillo D RPA  
[Item in ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANICA 1954 ED]

**NAZARENE, CHURCH OF THE**, a religious body based on the theological doctrines of holiness and sanctification as expounded by John Wesley in the 18th century. At mid-20th century, it had approximately 3,000 churches in the United States with a membership of more than 200,000.

Earlier this church was known as the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, a religious body formed in 1907 when the Association of Pentecostal Churches in America (organized in northeastern United States, 1894-96) merged with the Church of the Nazarene (organized in California in 1895). In 1908 the Holiness Church of Christ, organized in Texas in 1904, joined the union; and in 1915 the Pentecostal Mission, which was first organized in Tennessee in 1898 as the Pentecostal Alliance, also joined. The word "Pentecostal" was dropped from the name of the church in 1919 and it became known as the Church of the Nazarene.

Doctrines of the church emphasize sanctification as a work of grace following regeneration. Members believe that the Bible contains all truth necessary for Christian faith and living. The second coming of Christ, the resurrection of the dead, and the final judgment of the Lord are also precepts of the church. The sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper are recognized. (See WESLEY, JOHN and WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.)

**NAZARENES**, an obscure Jewish-Christian sect, existing at the time of Epiphanius (fl. A.D. 370) in Coele-Syria, Decapolis, (Pella) and Basanitis (Cocabe). According to him (*Panarion*, xxix, 7) they dated their settlement in Pella from immediately before the siege in A.D. 70; he characterizes them as neither more nor less than Jews pure and simple, but adds that they recognized the new covenant as well as the old, and believed in the resurrection, and in the one God and His Son Jesus Christ. Recent investigation leads to the conclusion that the Nazarenes of the 4th century are to be identified with the Ebionites (q.v.).

○ Item in It 3 APR 1999 William Lee Pattillo to RPU

His cooperater LINDA GOFF read the microfiche files of the Arlington, TX Journal and found the item below re. nee Annie Minerva U, mother of William Lee Pattillo

Arlington Journal

Friday July 6th 1917 volume XVIII number 37

Front page, second article:

Departed

Monday, June 4th, my only living sister Mrs. Annie Upchurch Pattillo, after nine months of intense suffering slipped away to be with Jesus. By her request we laid her to rest in the quiet Berachah Cemetery. Rev. Sweeney, Dunn, and Haynie officiating.

How blessed is the Christian hope in the evening time we said goodnight and in the morning of the resurrection we shall greet her in the land (one or two words go here I could not read them) and flowers where sadness shall ever come to mar eternity's day.

J.T. Upchurch in Purity Crusader

J.T.U = JAMES TONY U, brother of the deceased.

MAS A.U.P = nee ANNIE MINERVA U

[The putative non-living sister of J.T.U. may be the elusive CYNTHIA U - RPU]

JAMES TONY U

9

Notes of RPA Review of Information Collected  
in OCT 2001 in Waco, TX by Bill & Mary  
Pattillo - In Chronological order. 18 OCT 2001

1. 1874 - <sup>Δ</sup>Nancy [Mrs Nancy Ann (Hickson) (Simpson) U]  
- buys 50 acres in McJannet Co, TX. Note that  
Δ her husband James Courtney U died in  
Δ 1874 so she seems to be living as a  
Δ widow. Perhaps she came into some  
Δ money as a result of his death. one  
- wonders what ever happened to the 50  
Δ acres. Cynthia A.M. U would have been  
Δ age 7 in 1874 and James T. U age 4.
2. 1876 - <sup>Δ</sup>Cynthia A.M. U comes under the Guardianship  
Δ of Mr & Mrs Byron McKee. Nancy gives her  
- permission in writing and is said not to  
- live in McJannet Co, TX (???). One could  
Δ guess that Byron was paid by the State  
Δ to take care of Cynthia or that he wanted  
- her available as a house servant - one  
- wonders how the relationship played out
3. 1878 - <sup>Δ</sup>Nancy, a widow, marries <sup>Δ</sup>David Nathamery  
- Ellis in Waco, McJannet Co, TX. - Ages 36 & 58
4. 1884 - <sup>Δ</sup>David H. Ellis buys Lot #11 Chamberlain Addition  
- - North 7th St in Waco, TX.
5. 1897 - <sup>Δ</sup>Cynthia A.M. U in 1896-1897 Waco, TX Directory as  
Δ Miss Annie U - Cammiser - 1325 N. Seventh St
6. 1897 - <sup>Δ</sup>Cynthia A.M. U as Annie M U marries <sup>Δ</sup>John Noah Pattillo  
- in McJannet Co, TX.
7. 1897 - <sup>Δ</sup>James Tony U in 1896-1897 Waco, TX Directory as "BKPR"  
- at 1303 N 7th Street
8. 1897 - City of Waco, TX takes Lot 14 from James Tony U re unpaid taxes
9. 1899 - <sup>Δ</sup>James Tony U reclaims his lot.



JAMES TONY UPCHURCH

ARTICLES OBTAINED FROM THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE ARCHIVES IN  
KANSAS CITY, MO ON 13 OCT 1997 BY RPU & SSU.

1. Trophies From The Slums. A thesis by K. B. Tovo (She made Rev. J.T.U. & others look bad), pg. 1-32.
2. Lights And Shadows Of Rescue Work. A report on the 14 MAY 1903 Dedication of the Berachah Home in Arlington, TX. pg. 33-60.
3. A selection of pages from the various Berachah Publications. pg. 61-114.
4. Survey Sheet re: 1898 founding of Dallas Church by J.T.U. pg. 115.
5. GLIMPSES. A Profile of J.T.U. pg. 116-117.
6. Letters from Mrs. Richard B. Hartin, Sr. to Nazarene Archives. pg. 118-125.
7. Excerpts from: The Pentecostal Herald - 1915.  
Herald of Holiness - 1921.  
Herald of Holiness - 1950.  
(Obituary of Dr. J. T. Upchurch.  
pg. 126-129.

○ Essence & Disposition of Items Acquired by William Lee Pattillo in WACO, TX in OCT 2001

I. Moses U - Head of Class

#1 Byron McKen  
on 14 JAN 1876 filed  
in McLennan Co, TX

A. Courtney &

1. James Courtney & md (?)  
Nancy Ann (Hickson) Simpson  
[she md (3rd) David H. Ellis]

an application of guardianship for Cynthia Annie Minerva U. Follow-on legal papers attached all placed in Biopile of Cynthia Annie

a. Cynthia Annie Minerva U  
to James Tony U!

Minerva U. This resolves the earlier question about Cynthia U & Annie U being separate people. Byron McKen was referred to as "SLEEPER". This means he was Mayor Paper (#2) showing him as Mayor Protem of Waco, TX 20 JUN 1878 - 20 JUL 1878 put in his Biopile. One attachment to #1 reports Nancy Ann Hickson as not being in McLennan Co, TX. In another dated DEC 1875 Nancy Ann Hickson gives written consent to the guardianship

#3 City of Waco, TX on 7 APR 1897 took over a lot in Waco, TX owned by James Tony U for unpaid 1896 Taxes. On 27 OCT 1899 JTU paid \$16.69 in taxes/fees & reclaimed the lot. Item placed in Biopile of James Tony U

#4 My Record for Nancy Ann Hickson & David H. Ellis placed in their Biopiles

#5 My Record for Cynthia Annie M. U & John Dobb Pattillo in their Biopiles

#6 Nancy Ann Hickson on 24 FEB 1874 buys 50 A in McLennan Co, TX - Item placed in her Biopile.

#7 David H. Ellis on 11 OCT 1884 bought a lot in Waco / Placed in his Biopile

#8 Directory for WACO, TX 1896-1897 - 2 U's Minerva U, Cammaron H 1325 N 4th; James T. U bkpt Charles F. Smith 1303 N. 4th.

6 ... ..

✓

The State of Texas } Known all men by these Presents  
County of McLennan } That whereas The following described  
property, to wit, Lot 14 Blk 2, Chamberlain addition,  
belonging to J. T. Upchurch was on the 7 day of April  
1897 sold by the City of Waco, for the Taxes due thereon to the  
City for the Year 1896. said City becoming the purchaser  
thereof at said sale as is shown by Tax Deed. dated 17<sup>th</sup>  
day of April 1897, and Recorded in the page 509 of  
Book 111 McLennan County Deeds And whereas J. T.  
Upchurch has this day paid to the Assessor and Col-  
lector of Taxes for the City of Waco the sum of sixteen  
+ 69/100 Dollars being the full amount of Taxes, penal-  
ties and costs against said Lot for Year 1896 due to the  
City of Waco. Now therefore the City of Waco in consid-  
eration of payment of said sum hereby, remits, quit-  
claims, and releases unto said J. T. Upchurch all its interests  
in said Lot vested in it by virtue of said Tax. Deed.

Witness its name and seal Officially this the 27<sup>th</sup> day of  
{ Corp Seal } Octo. A D 1899.

attest:  
"R. P. Diekey" City Secretary

City of Waco Texas.  
By C. C. McCulloch  
Mayor.

25 OCT. 1899. UPCHURCH. J. T.  
CITY OF WACO. DEED.  
BOOK 127 p. 47.

LOT 14- BLOCK 21- CHAMBERLAIN ADD.  
J. T. UPCHURCH.



# R. T. DENNIS & CO. FURNITURE AND CARPETS

ON EASY PAYMENTS

[UNI]

WACO 1896-97 DIRECTORY.

[VAU] 301

## UNIVERSAL PROTECTION ASS'N, OF ST.

Louis, Mo.; accident insurance, B. C. Stokes, spcl agt. See front cover line.

Upchurch Annie Miss, canvasser, h. 1325 N. 7th.

Upchurch James T., bkpr Charles F. Smith, r. 1303 N. 7th cor Tennessee.

Upshur Lila (c), servt G. S. Houston, r. same.

Uptmor Bros. (B. Frank and Henry), saloon, 317 Elm, E. Waco.

Uptmor B. Frank (Uptmor Bros.), r. 401 McKeen, E. Waco.

Uptmor Henry (Uptmor Bros.), bds B. F. Uptmor.

Usher George S., sick and accident insurance agt, 514 McKeen, E. Waco, r. same.

Utter Mary C. (wid H. M.), r. rear 1132 Elm, E. Waco.

Vaden Marion L., printer Waco Times, bds Winn House.

Valdez Indelacio T., blksmith F. M. Honea, bds 314 Franklin.

Valentine Alexander (c) Rev., pastor Mt. Olive Baptist church, r. 206 River, E. Waco.

Valeant James, lab, bds 301 S. 11th.

Valentine Robert (c), lab, r. 621 S. 7th.

Valentine Walter, lab, r. sw cor S. 18th, Ross ave.

Value Alice (c), cook Miss Emma Wylie, r. same.

Vance Buford, baggage driver Waco Transfer Co., r. 419 S. 12th.

Vance Janie (c), r. rear 627 N. 4th.

Vance J. Edward, collector, h. 1024 Ross ave.

Vance Maudé Miss, student, h. 1024 Ross ave.

Vandavell Anna L. (c), teacher 1st dist school, r. 509 N. 8th.

Vanderlei Thomas, dairyman, r. sw cor S. 20th, Dutton.

Vanderlei Tjilse, dairyman, r. sw cor S. 20th, Dutton.

Van Duzer Florence (wid Frank), typewriter and bill clk Behrens Dr Co., r. 706 N. 13th.

Van Dyne Laura (wid J. B.), bds 225 N. 8th.

Van Dyne Samuel W., cashier fru depot St. L. S. W. Ry. bds 14th

JAMES TONY U

①

This Packet of Information sent to RPA in a  
27 MAR 1991 Ltr from William Lee Pattullo.

He obtained same on a visit to Arlington, TX  
in recent weeks

[ outlook story, originally printed S██████████ jrl  
][26,9.5,12.3,a10.3]{Bryant,TJB:rim}<  
[body][26,9.5,31,a10.3]{chantay,HAW:slot}<

[body][by]]L:ISA ;B:LACK=  
[st]#{Arlington was one of the few cities  
at the turn of the century to have an  
agency that dealt with the issue of  
unwed mothers. Fewer still were  
homes that required the women to  
keep their babies, but such was the  
case with the Berachah Industrial  
Home for the Redemption and Pro-  
tection of Erring Girls. The follow-  
ing story .MDBR/about the home .MDNM/originally  
appeared in the ██████████ edi-  
tion of the /{Fort Worth Star-  
Telegram./}<

ARLINGTON .MDBR/\_ .MDNM/Few people  
leave flowers at the tiny infant cem-  
etery within Doug Russell Park,  
where the only identification on  
stone markers consists of data such  
as "Infant No. 17" and "Baby."

Vandals are the main visitors to  
this forgotten sanctuary at Cooper  
and Mitchell streets, once part of a  
67-acre spread devoted to the Be-  
rachah Industrial Home for the Re-  
demption and Protection of Erring  
Girls.<

That is why Arlington historian  
Dorothy Rencurrel has been keeping  
the cemetery's historical marker  
under her couch these days. And it is  
why resident Dorothy Betts, 68, has  
just completed research on the haven  
for unwed mothers, soon to be en-  
tered in the University of Texas at  
Arlington's library archives.<

← (817) 861-6097

"It's a bit of history in our area  
that has just died," said Betts, whose  
grandfather, the Rev. J.T. Up-  
church, operated the home from  
1903 to 1935. "It's a shame."<

Betts has revived memories of the  
home and cemetery through inter-  
views with her relatives, most of  
whom lived within walking distance  
of the home for most of their child-  
hoods. Ten buildings that housed  
dormitory rooms, a laundry, chapel,  
handkerchief factory, barn and of-  
fices were on the property, now  
owned by .MDBR/[ .MDNM/the .MDBR/] .MDNM/U .MDBR/T-Arlington.[ .MDNM/niversity of



Texas at Arlington..MDBR/]..MDNM/

The buildings have long been torn down, at one time replaced with an apartment complex that has since been condemned.<

"All the apartments on that property fell down, and I'm not surprised," said Betts, who believes original deeds called for the land to remain dedicated toward religious purposes. The home's name was taken from a Biblical passage referring to the "Valley of Berachah, for there they blessed the Lord."<

Upchurch's children, grandchildren and relatives of his employees recall the minister's fiery Sunday sermons and his strict rules prohibiting caffeine, alcohol, pork and tobacco, as well as dancing, wearing jewelry and swimming with the opposite sex.<

They also remember drinking fresh, foamy milk right after it was taken from the cows; climbing trees; gorging themselves on peaches, plums and berries in the orchard; riding mules; playing ball; and catching crawfish in the creek.<

"We had to wear hose and long-sleeve dresses," said Lois Coleman, 72, of Dallas, one of Upchurch's granddaughters. "I rode a bicycle one time and rolled my hose beneath my knees. When I got home I got talked to because I had my hose rolled down, and my knees were showing."<

She and others recall the endless stream of women who arrived, shamed and often penniless, at the Berachah doors. Few such homes existed at the time, and even fewer shared Berachah's requirement that the women keep their babies.<

The women, mostly in their teens to 20s, were kept busy sewing handkerchiefs, doing chores and attending classes and church, according to the home's records.<

The documents, in UT-Arlington library's special collections, show that in 1923, an average of 129 girls, with ages averaging 17, lived at the site at any one time. The annual operating budget, funded by donations from business leaders in Arlington, Fort Worth and Dallas, was \$33,995 that year.<

The women were required to re"

main at the home for one year. At least 75 percent of those discharged were believed to have continued productive lives, and the remaining 25 percent were either unaccounted for or had "returned to a life of sin," the records say.<

"The only time we saw the girls was at church service, or occasion" ally at Thanksgiving," said Margaret Hartin, 76, of Dallas. Hartin's father, E.G. Nation, worked as a handyman at the home for 30 years.<

Hartin played piano for Sunday school services, where the girls would sit on one side of the chapel and the workers on the other, she said.<

The women, children and workers would attend funerals at the cemetery, which today has about 80 graves, some of which remain unmarked. Many of the babies' deaths were attributed to a measles epidemic in 1914 or 1915.<

Hartin, who donated many Betsey documents to UT-Arlington after discovering them in the former Dallas Church of the Nazarene, said that [MDNM/ys.MDBR/].MDNM/ she is not sure that an epidemic caused the deaths.<

"It was pure lack of care," she said. "They never called a doctor for anything other than delivery of the babies.<

"If you look through those old journals, I remember one where a matron was berating a mother for bringing her child to Fort Worth to be looked at because she said she should have been left to God."<

In one journal, an entry describes a 13-year-old Tulsa girl's situation as "bad . . . has lived in sin with an older man."<

Another entry describes a 21-year-old from Amarillo as, "Betrayed by a married man. Girl's parents are of limited means."<

Upchurch's relatives said the preacher used to retreat to a stone prayer room near the cemetery to pray for the babies and the "women of ill repute" he salvaged from Dallas and Fort Worth's red-light districts.<

The chapel, vandalized for years, has long been torn down. The corner stone remains at the entrance of the cemetery.<

"I can remember my father and

grandfather fasting for 10 days at a time at the prayer chapel at the cemetery," said Eugenia Roach, 70, of Nacogdoches, one of Upchurch's granddaughters.<

"I can remember my father coming home occasionally during the day and drinking a glass of buttermilk and returning to the chapel."<

On Halloween, the children would clamber onto wagons for hayrides and would wind up at the cemetery, telling ghost stories, Roach said.<

During recent years, vandals have favored Halloween as a time to destroy gravestones and kidnap a historical marker designated in 1981 by the Texas Historical Commission, Rencurrel said.<

Rencurrel, a volunteer coordinator for the Texas State Museum of History, said students would steal the marker, then call her and tell her where she could recover it.<

"We would find it on the front lawn of a fraternity house," she said. "The maintenance people would find it on parking lots and between buildings on campus. I've put it back six times."<

She ~~.MDBR/~~said she ~~.MDNM/~~is storing the marker at home until she can have it set in concrete.<

"The Berachah home showed the caring of the city for the unwed mothers and their children," Rencurrel said. "Arlington, as much as we like to think it was all sweet and glory, did have the Ku Klux Klan here, and the Berachah home and prostitutes. It was very definitely a part of the history of Arlington."<

After the home closed during the ~~.MDBR/~~Great ~~.MDNM/~~Depression, Upchurch's daughter Allie Mae and her husband, Frank Wiese, reopened the home as an orphanage for children from broken homes through 1942, records show.<

Later the buildings were permanently closed, and the property changed hands several times before being taken over by UT-Arlington.<

"Sometimes you forget what it was like," said E.G. Nation Jr., 69, who still lives within a mile of the home where his father worked. "They had a team of mules that would go over the bridge at the creek ~~.MDBR/~~~~E.MDNM/~~off Cooper Street ~~.MDBR/~~~~F.MDNM/~~ That's the only thing left

there looks like the old Berachah.



## LOCAL COMMUNITIES

## CONDOLENCE.

Charles Evans Hughes! Oh so impressive  
To have a name like that!

Too classy for a poor Progressive,  
Or lowly Democrat.

Charles Evans Hughes—a haughty,  
gent

Who wears a stern demeanor;  
Whose brow is furrowed with a dent  
Of an intellect that's keener.

Charles Evans Hughes! Oh, whiskers  
grand.

And eyes that are compelling;  
A voice that's deep and rich and  
bland,

With patriotism swelling.

Charles Evans Hughes—ounds quite  
tame,

'Tis sad in retrospect,  
To think that Charlie's classy name  
Didn't win him the election

Charles Evans Hughes! That haughty  
brow

Is now quite meek and humble;  
For Woodrow kicked up quite a row,  
And Charlie took a tumble!

Charles Evans Hughes! 'Twas hard to  
lose;

Cheer up old man, and do not rave;  
Forget you have "The White House  
Blues"

And trot down town and get a shave!  
—Edwin Hill, in Olney Enterprise,  
Olney, Texas.

## MISS ALLIE MAE UPCHURCH TO WED.

We acknowledge receipt of an invitation to attend the marriage of Miss Allie Mae Upchurch to Mr. Frank Eugene Wiese, which will take place in the Bereanah Chapel at half past eight o'clock, on Monday evening, November twentieth.

Miss Allie Mae is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Upchurch of this place and is one of Arlington's most talented and cultured young ladies. She attended the "Arlington High School, later taking a business course to become private secretary to her father who is founder of Bereanah in Texas and also President of the International Rescue Workers' Association. Mr. Wiese is a distinguished young minister with a brilliant future and is pastor of the Nazarene church at Lubbock Texas, where the young couple will be at home after November twenty-fifth.

The Journal joins their many friends in wishing for them all the joys of a happy, prosperous life, with only enough shadows across their path to make the sunshine more bright and pleasing.

## ATTENDED FEDERAL FARM LOAN BOARD HEARING

In addition to Mr. Wm. A. Bowen, who was one of a committee to prepare and file a Brief before the Federal Farm Loan Board at a Hearing in Ft. Worth Wednesday, Messrs. P. B. McNeill, O. C. Waller, Editor of the Dairy department of Farmers' Fire-side Bulletin and chairman of the

## Prominent Tarrant County Man Killed In Interurban Accident.

Paul Wapples Founder and President of Wapples-Platter Grocery Company Killed When His Private Automobile Collided With Interurban Limited.

Yesterday morning (Thursday) November 16th, at 10 a. m., a Fort Worth-Dallas limited Interurban car collided with Paul Wapples' private automobile at the Interurban crossing in front of Mr. Wapples' residence, between Arlington and Fort Worth.

Mr. Wapples was leaving his home for Fort Worth and was occupying a seat in the automobile beside his chauffeur.

Because of a rather sharp curve in the Interurban railroad tracks they were unable to see the approaching Interurban car until it whistled for the crossing. The chauffeur was not able to stop the automobile before he got on the track.

The Interurban collided with the automobile; completely demolishing it.

Mr. Wapples was afterward taken from under the wreckage, dead. No one else was seriously injured.

There were a number of passengers on the Interurban car, which was derailed and plunged heading down the embankment, which is several feet high at this place.

Early visitors at the scene, say it is another modern miracle that more lives were not lost in the accident.

Mr. Wapples is the founder of the Wapples-Platter Grocery Company, which is one of the oldest and largest wholesale grocery establishments in Texas; and has lived as a prominent and progressive citizen of Tarrant county for many years. The entire citizenship mourns the loss of this, one of its most progressive, trustworthy and honored citizens.

## MR. ALVIS KETCHUM, MANAGER BOWMAN LUMBER COMPANY.

The Journal is always glad to note the rise of ambitious and energetic young men, and especially are we happy to mention the appointment of Mr. Alvis Ketchum as manager of the Bowman Lumber Company of this place. Alvis was reared in Arlington and is an honest, energetic and ambitious young man and we predict that the Bowman Lumber company will prosper under his management.

## STATE FAIR OFFICIALS REPORT GREAT SUCCESS.

Dallas, Texas, November 11, 1916. Mr. Wm. A. Bowen, Editor Arlington Journal.

Dear Sir: The State Fair of Texas has drawn to a glorious close. The 1916 exposition will go down in history as the largest, best attended, most interesting and valuable ever held in America. In 16 days more than a million visitors passed through our turnstiles, establishing a mark that will be hard for any other Fair to equal in years to come.

In seeking to determine which of the many contributing causes which enabled this wonderful success to be recorded was the most valuable, no very great amount of research is necessary. The enormous crowds which thronged through our gates daily could have been sent to us through no other medium than the good press of the state, and it is with hearts full of grateful appreciation of the wonderful co-operation given us by the Southwestern publishers that we acknowledge our great debt.

The attempt to adequately express our thanks for this co-operation is fraught with much difficulty but we

## AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.

Messrs. W. A. Potts, H. Stricker, George Stricker and C. G. Hogsett are mourning bruises this week, received last Friday night in an automobile accident. And it is merely good fortune that some one, or all of them were not very badly hurt. They are all partying men and were in Mr. Stricker's car with George driving. Between Grand Prairie and Dalworth they met a party of Dallas "Joy riders," who were not content with half of that fine road out there but crowded George as nearly in the ditch as he could safely drive and then smashed into his car. The occupants were thrown out, being badly bruised and scratched up. The car was practically demolished. None of the occupants of the other car received any injuries and the car was but slightly damaged. The boys have consented to pay Mr. Stricker for damages done his car. The Journal congratulates these good men and George, who is a very careful driver, upon coming out of this accident with such slight injuries.

## LITTLE ANSON KILL BURNED.

Mr. H. H. Kile and little son, Anson, of Route six, paid the Journal a pleasant visit Saturday afternoon. Anson is a clever little fellow and we were sorry to find him nursing a very badly burned hand, which was received Saturday morning, while standing before the fire he became unbalanced and fell one hand striking in a bed of coals. We hope little Anson will soon be over his injury and we should be glad to have him call on us again. Mr. Kile had his name placed on our mailing list and will receive the weekly visit of the Journal.

## THE WORLD WOULD BE BET

If men cared less for wealth and fe  
And less for battle-fields and gl  
If, writ in human hearts, a name  
Seemed better than in song  
story;

If men, instead of nursing pride,  
Would learn to hate it and abhor  
If more relied on love to guide,  
The world would be the better  
it.

If men dealt less in stocks and tan  
And more in bonds and deeds fi  
ternal;

If Love's work had more willing han  
To link this world to the super  
If men stored up Love's oil and wis  
And on bruised hearts would pour  
If "yours" and "mine" would on  
combine.

The world would be the better fo  
it.

If more would act the play of life,  
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;  
If Bickety would sheathe its knife  
Till good becomes more universal;  
If custom, gray with ages grown,  
Had fewer blind men to adore it;  
If talents show in Truth alone,  
The world would be the better for  
it.

If men were wise in little things—  
Affecting less in all their dealings—  
If hearts had fewer rusted strings  
To isolate their kindly feelings;  
If men, when Wrong beats down the  
Right,  
Would strike together and restore  
it;  
If Right made Might in every fight,  
The world would be the better for  
—Author Unknown.

## CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Bible school 9:45. Church service 11:00 a. m. Preaching by A. S. Henry. Christian Endeavor 6:00 p. m. with Presbyterian society.

Report of Bible School for Nov. 12.

Teachers present	8
Officers present	4
Pupils present	56
Visitors present	4
Total present	67
Offering	\$1.50

## MRS. M. A. R. MONZINGO DEAD

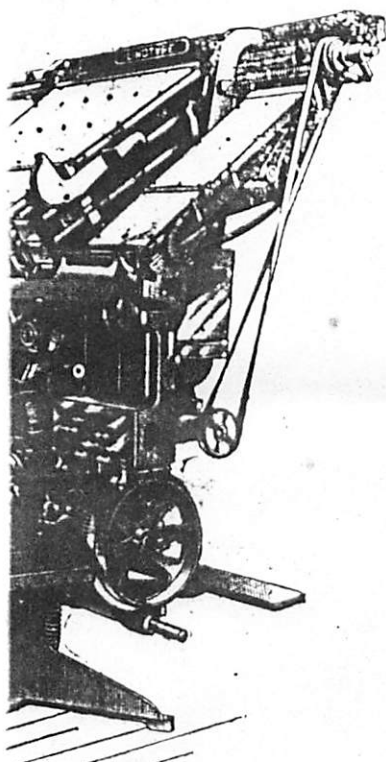
Mrs. Mary Ann Rebecca Monzingo, age 82 years, died at her home in north Arlington at three o'clock Thursday morning of paralysis. Mrs. Monzingo was one of the oldest residents of this vicinity. As the Journal is going to press it is too late this week to give the notice we desire, to this interesting and useful life, of which we will give a sketch next week. Funeral services were held this morning, Rev. Daniel L. Collins of Polys technical officiating. Interment in Arlington cemetery. She is survived by three daughters and a son, Mesdames A. W. Collins, A. L. Houston, W. D. Hughes of this place and Mr. Will Monzingo of Oklahoma. The Journal shows in grief with the entire community.

## DR. McKISSICK GOES TO FT. WORTH

## SENT TO THE —AND OUR READERS.

ad- to which our city and section is entitled.

ed- In line with this spirit the Journal  
cep has just added the latest and complet-  
the est machine in the typesetting line that  
all is made. It is the Model 14 Linotype.  
its This machine permits the operator to  
We sit at his key board and by manipulating  
ay- a lever here, touching a knob there,  
of turning a screw above, pressing a butt-  
ion tor over there he can set four-fifths of  
me all type, including ads and jobs needed  
pen in the work of a newspaper office. This  
it is a marvelous machine, and we invite  
er- any and all of our friends to come in  
sth and see it work. Below we give a pic-  
ture of this Model 14. But to appreci-



ay This great machine will pave the  
it way for the new, fast perfecting press  
rt which the growing circulation of both  
the Journal and the Farmers' Fireside  
Bulletin makes necessary in the near  
st future.

st The Journal and the Farmers' Fire-  
side Bulletin have already placed the  
r postoffice of Arlington several classes  
ahead of what it could have been oth-

## IMPROVEMENTS FOR BERACHAH HOME



MR. J. T. UPCHURCH.

At an informal meeting at the City Hall last Thursday evening, called by J. I. Carter and others, Rev. J. T. Upchurch, Superintendent of the Berachah Home of this place, made an earnest talk in behalf of the work of the Home and outlined a plan to launch a campaign to raise \$130,000 for the erection of much needed buildings and other improvements.

Other speakers delivered short addresses, emphasizing the splendid work accomplished by this institution in behalf of outcast girls and their unfortunate children. Among the speakers of the evening were J. I. Carter, Wm. A. Bowen, Jas. Ditto and I. H. Spradling. The addresses were short but to the point, and counted for the undertaking. The interest was deep, which resulted in the election of a General Campaign committee composed of: Jas. Ditto, Chairman; J. I. Carter, Secretary; Rev. J. B. Berry, Rev. A. C. Gustavus, Rev. S. M. Bennett, Rev. A. C. Henry, D. E. Blackburn, Leshe Coulter, Zach T. Slaughter, Ira G. Dodd, P. B. McNatt, Col. Wm. A. Bowen, R. W. McKnight, Geo. Luttrell, Webb Rose, Wm. Knapp, I. H. Spradling, Emmett E. Rankin, Teague Yates, D. D. Parks, C. A. Hargett, Walter Burton, Mayor R. H. Greer, Frank McKnight, T. L. Bird, S. F. Wine, John M. Moore, J. O. Crowley,



MRS. J. T. UPCHURCH.

J. P. Filson, H. S. McNatt, Henry Watterson, Ed G. Nation, E. P. Brownlee, Sid A. Wiley, E. F. Sewell and W. C. Weeks.

An executive committee was elected and a motion prevailed to launch at once a campaign among the citizens of Arlington and adjoining towns to raise \$5000.00 to erect the infirmary at the home.

This executive committee is composed of the following: James Ditto, chairman; J. I. Carter, secretary; Wm. A. Bowen, I. H. Spradling, Zach T. Slaughter, S. F. Wine and Hugh Wallace, treasurer.

The general committee met again last Tuesday night and named James Ditto, J. I. Carter and Rev. J. T. Upchurch as committee to form a campaign committee made up of fours, and to have the pastors of the four churches put the matter before the ladies' societies of their churches for their co-operation and name a time for these latter to get together for an address on the purposes and plans. Then a publicity campaign will begin. The purposes will be duly set forth—and it is believed the great plans will be easily carried out. It will mean very much to Arlington as well as to one of the greatest christian works of all time.

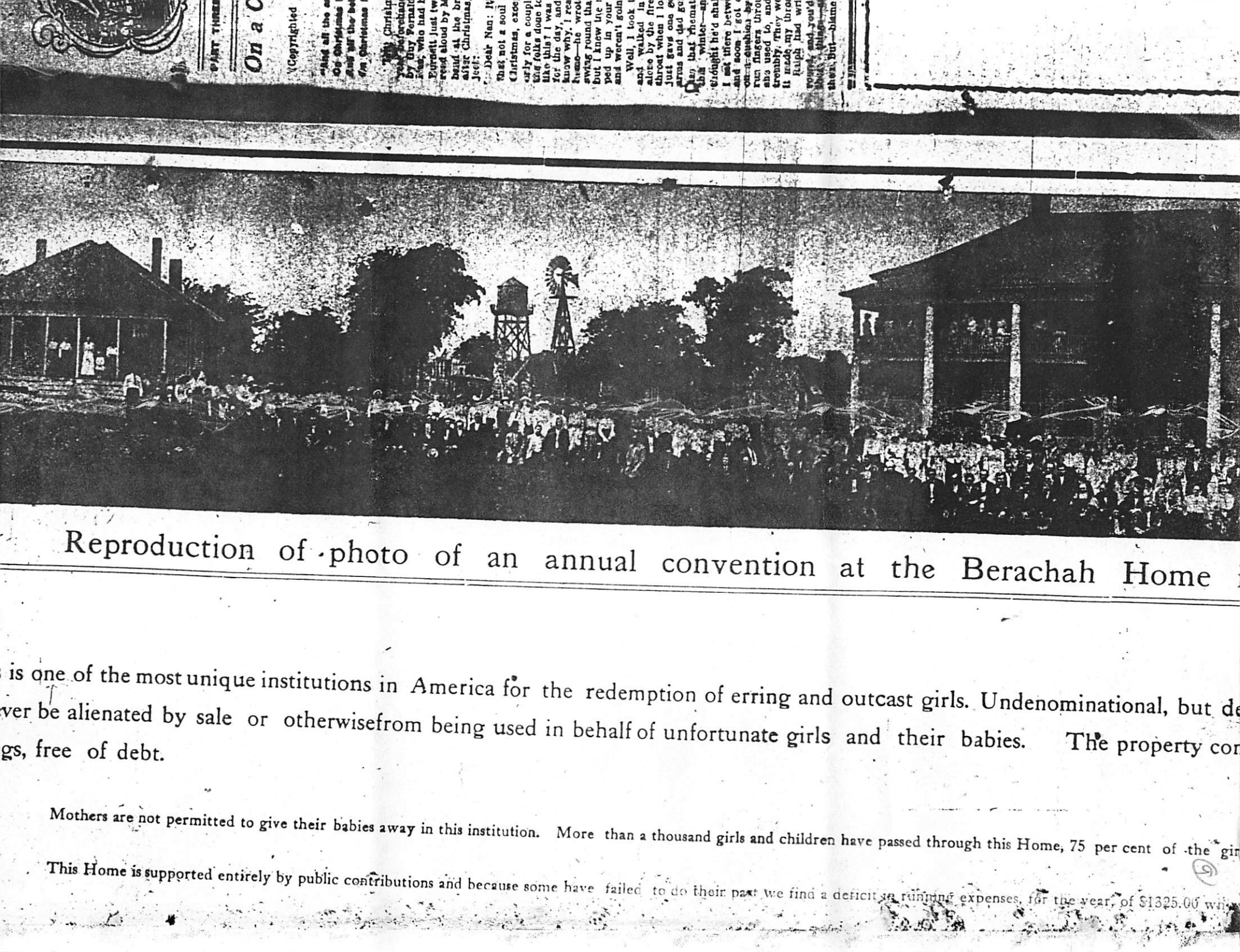
stairs in addition to a large auditorium, with stage, there are two other rooms which may be thrown into the auditorium by folding doors. The building is modern in every respect and is one of the best rural school houses in Texas. We shall be glad to get a good photograph and use it for the benefit of other communities. The

get the promised sketch was not furnished us for this edition. We presume the many pressing duties of the pastor and officials prevented them from getting it to us. We desired to have this, with a picture of Brother Bennett in this issue of the Journal.



**Branch Home Improvement Campaign  
Making Splendid Progress—\$2,500 Sub-  
scribed by Arlington Citizens.**

The  
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spirit  
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Reproduction of photo of an annual convention at the Berachah Home

is one of the most unique institutions in America for the redemption of erring and outcast girls. Undenominational, but de-  
ver be alienated by sale or otherwise from being used in behalf of unfortunate girls and their babies. The property con-  
gs, free of debt.

Mothers are not permitted to give their babies away in this institution. More than a thousand girls and children have passed through this Home, 75 per cent of the girls

This Home is supported entirely by public contributions and because some have failed to do their part we find a deficit in running expenses, for the year, of \$1325.00 with



From: BERACHAH THE LIFE AND WORK OF J.T.  
AND MAGGIE UPCHURCH - DOROTHY UPCHURCH BETTS  
 4 APR 1993

JIMMIE

James Tony Upchurch was born in an humble little farmhouse on the Bosque River on October 29, 1870. The nearest post office was Bosqueville, but a few miles further down the river was the village of Waco, with some six or seven thousand inhabitants.

His mother's parents, Harriet Cole and William Hickson, were married in South Carolina. They later moved to Lowndes County, Alabama where Nancy Hickson was born, on November 26, 1840, the fourth of ten children. Harriet and William Hickson moved their family to Waco in 1849. At the age of nineteen Nancy married John Simpson. After a few months he joined the Confederate Army and was killed without seeing her again. Some years later she married James Courtney Upchurch, whose family had come to America from England. They had two children, Annie Mae and James Tony. When James Tony Upchurch was three years old his father died. After five years of being a widow, Nancy Upchurch married David Hathaway Ellis but was later widowed again. She died August 4, 1924 and was buried in Arlington, Texas.

After their father died, Annie lived with relatives and Jimmie lived with his mother in Waco.

I. William Hickson md Harriet Cole [HARRIET U ? - RPU]

A. Nancy Hickson

md (1st) John Simpson

md (2nd) James Courtney

md (3rd) David Hathaway Ellis

1. Annie Mae U

2. James Tony U

# JAMES TONY U

○ UPCAURCH/HICKSON CONNECTIONS BASED ON INFORMATION IN 19 MAR 1998 LTR DORTNY NELLE U TO RPY-ORIGINALLY PREPARED BY ALLIE MAE U & HER DAU LOIS WIESE

I. William H. Hickson b 1813 (SC) (Farmer) md (SC) Harriet Cole b 1812 (SC) (Blind). This family moved from AL to TX in 1849

A. Eliza Hickson b 1833 (AL) B. John Hickson b 1835 (AL)  
C. William Hickson b 1836 (AL) D. Martha Hickson b 1838 (AL)

E. Nancy Ann Hickson b 26 NOV 1840 (LOUNDES CO, AL) & 4 AUG 1924 (Arlington, Tarrant Co, TX) (Bur - Arlington, Tarrant Co, TX)

md (1st) 1859 (?) John Simpson. He was soon killed in Civil War - [were there children? - RPY]

md (2nd) ( ) James Courtney U

1. James Tony U md Margaret Mae Adams

a. Allie Mae U

i. Lois Wiese

F. Pinkney Hickson b 1843 (AL) G. Thomas Hickson b 1846 (AL)

H. Mary Hickson b 1848 (AL) I. Larkin Hickson b after 1850 (TX)

J. Cary Hickson b after 1850 (TX)

I. James Adams b 1831 (Ireland) came to America as a Stow-Away at age 17 & 22 FEB 1905 (Waco, TX) (Bur - As 1st wife) md (1st) Margaret --, a young widow who had a dau NANCY; md (2nd) (Waco, TX) ---. No issue of this 2nd mng which was an unhappy one James & 1st wife lived in Jackson, TN where all their children were born. They moved to Waco, TX in 1878

A. NANCY -- "AUNT POSS" [stepdaug of James Adams] & age 90+ Dallas, TX md ( ) -- GOODRICH and had son Robert Goodrich, MDE

B. VINA ADAMS [vs MARY ADAMS? - RPY] C. JOHN ADAMS

D. MOLLIE ADAMS E. DEE ADAMS

F. BAXTER ADAMS md ( ) LULU --, A Waco, TX Girl - Groceries

1. Margaret Adams - Never Married

G. MARGARET MAE ADAMS "Maggie" md ( ) James Tony U

Go to: Front Page

Star-Telegram.Com

good news  
travels fast

Updated: Monday, Jun. 9, 1997 at 19:33 CDT

## Arlington historian tries to preserve a poignant bit of cemetery's past

By Lisa Black  
Star-Telegram

Few people leave flowers at the tiny infant cemetery within Doug Russell Park, where the only identification on stone markers consists of data such as Infant No. 17 and Baby.

Vandals are the main visitors to this forgotten sanctuary at Cooper and Mitchell streets, once part of a 67-acre spread devoted to the Berachah Industrial Home for the Redemption and Protection of Erring Girls.

That is why Arlington historian Dorothy Rencurrel has been keeping the cemetery's historical marker under her couch these days. And it is why resident Dorthy Betts, completed research on the haven for unwed mothers, now part of the University of Texas at Arlington's library archive.

"It's a bit of history in our area that has just died," said Betts, whose grandfather, the Rev. J.T. Upchurch, operated the home from 1903 to 1935. "It's a shame."

Betts revived memories of the home and cemetery through interviews with her relatives, most of whom lived within walking distance of the home for most of their childhoods. Ten buildings that housed dormitories, a laundry, chapel, handkerchief factory, barn and offices were on the property, now owned by UT-Arlington.

The buildings were torn down long ago, at one time replaced with an apartment complex that has since been condemned.

"All the apartments on that property fell down, and I'm not surprised," said Betts, who believes original deeds called for the land to remain dedicated to religious purposes. The home's name was taken from a Biblical passage referring to the "Valley of Berachah, for there they blessed the Lord."

Upchurch's descendants and relatives of his employees recall the minister's fiery Sunday sermons and his strict rules prohibiting caffeine, alcohol, pork and tobacco, as well as dancing, wearing jewelry and swimming with the opposite sex.

They also remember drinking fresh, foamy milk right after it was taken from the cows; climbing trees; gorging themselves on peaches, plums and berries in the orchard; riding mules; playing ball; and catching crawfish in the creek.

"We had to wear hose and long-sleeve dresses," said Lois Coleman, 72, of Dallas, one of Upchurch's granddaughters. "I rode a bicycle one time and rolled my hose beneath my knees. When I got home, I got talked to because I had my hose rolled down, and my knees were



showing."

She and others recall the endless stream of women who arrived, shamed and often penniless, at the Berachah doors. Few such homes existed at the time, and even fewer shared Berachah's requirement that the women keep their babies.

The women, mostly in their teens to 20s, were kept busy sewing handkerchiefs, doing chores and attending classes and church, according to the home's records.

The documents, in UT-Arlington library's special collections, show that in 1923, Berachah housed an average of 129 girls, with ages averaging 17. The annual operating budget, funded by business leaders in Arlington, Fort Worth and Dallas, was \$33,995 that year.

The women were required to remain at the home for one year. At least 75 percent of those discharged were believed to have continued productive lives, and the remaining 25 percent were either unaccounted for or had "returned to a life of sin," the records say.

"The only time we saw the girls was at church service, or occasionally at Thanksgiving," said Margaret Hartin of Dallas. Hartin's father, E.G. Nation, worked as a handyman at the home for 30 years.

Hartin played piano for Sunday school services at the home, at which the girls would sit on one side of the chapel and the workers on the other, she said.

The women, children and workers would attend funerals at the cemetery, which today has about 80 graves, some of which remain unmarked. Many of the babies' deaths were attributed to a measles epidemic in 1914 or 1915.

Hartin, who donated many Berachah documents to UT-Arlington after discovering them in the former Dallas Church of the Nazarene, says she is not sure that an epidemic caused the deaths.

"It was pure lack of care," she said. "They never called a doctor for anything other than delivery of the babies.

"If you look through those old journals, I remember one where a matron was berating a mother for bringing her child to Fort Worth to be looked at because she said she should have been left to God."

In one journal, an entry describes a 13-year-old Tulsa girl's situation as "bad . . . has lived in sin with an older man."

Another entry describes a 21-year-old from Amarillo as, "Betrayed by a married man. Girl's parents are of limited means."

Upchurch's relatives said the preacher used to retreat to a stone prayer room near the cemetery to pray for the babies and the "women of ill repute" he salvaged from red-light districts in Dallas and Fort Worth.

The chapel, vandalized for years, was torn down long ago. The cornerstone remains at the entrance of the cemetery.

"I can remember my father and grandfather fasting for 10 days at a time at the prayer chapel at the cemetery," said Eugenia Roach, of Nacogdoches, one of Upchurch's granddaughters.

"I can remember my father coming home occasionally during the day and drinking a glass of buttermilk and returning to the chapel."

On Halloween, the children would clamber onto wagons for hayrides and would wind up at the cemetery, telling ghost stories, Roach said.

During recent years, vandals have favored Halloween as a time to destroy gravestones and kidnap a historical marker designated in 1981 by the Texas Historical Commission, Rencurrel said.

Rencurrel, a volunteer coordinator for the Texas State Museum of History, said students would steal the marker, then call her and tell her where she could recover it.

"We would find it on the front lawn of a fraternity house," she said. "The maintenance people would find it on parking lots and between buildings on campus. I've put it back six times."

She is storing the marker at home until she can have it set in concrete.

"The Berachah home showed the caring of the city for the unwed mothers and their children," Rencurrel said. "Arlington, as much as we like to think it was all sweet and glory, did have the Ku Klux Klan here, and the Berachah home and prostitutes. It was very definitely a part of the history of Arlington."

After the home closed during the Depression, Upchurch's daughter Allie Mae and her husband, Frank Wiese, reopened the home as a haven for children from broken homes through 1942, records show.

Later the buildings were permanently closed, and the property changed hands several times before being taken over by UT-Arlington.

"Sometimes you forget what it was like," said E.G. Nation Jr., 69, who still lives within a mile of the home where his father worked. "They had a team of mules that would go over the bridge at the creek [in what's now Doug Russell Park off Cooper Street.] That's the only thing left there that looks like the old Berachah."

BERACHAH  
THE LIFE AND WORK  
OF  
J. T. AND MAGGIE UPCHURCH

Account Compiled  
by  
Dorthy Upchurch Betts  
April 7, 1993



WORKING

FOR EXTRACTING  
FOR CORRECTION  
FOR ANNOTATION

BERACHAH

THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

J. T. AND MAGGIE UPCHURCH



Account Compiled  
by  
Dorothy Upchurch Betts  
April 7, 1993

BERACHAH - Hebrew word for "blessing"

On the fourth day they assembled in the Valley of Berachah, for there they blessed the Lord, therefore that place has been called the Valley of Berachah to this day.

2 Chronicles 20:26

The information included in this account is from my own memories, from interviews from Lometa Upchurch Christopher, and from 1981 newspaper articles based on interviews with Allie Mae Upchurch Gilmore. Most of all, it is told in J. T. Upchurch's own words as he had written in his monthly editions: The Purity Journal, The Purity Crusader, and The King's Crusader.

D. Betts



James Tony Upchurch  
Born  
October 29, 1870  
in  
Bosqueville, Texas  
Died  
September 12, 1950  
in  
Dallas, Texas

Maggie Mae Upchurch  
Born  
December 5, 1873  
in  
Jackson, Tennessee  
Died  
August 29, 1963  
in  
Dallas, Texas



## BERACHAH

### THE LIFE AND WORK OF J. T. AND MAGGIE UPCHURCH

#### JIMMIE

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+ After their father died, Annie lived with relatives and Jimmie lived with his mother in Waco. He often earned small sums of money running errands, selling fruit, flowers, etc. when he was only about six years old. He started selling newspapers when he was about seven years old. It was during this time in his life that he witnessed the arrest of an outcast girl. It was a terrible incident to him and when he rushed home to tell his mother, she said, "Hush, my dear, that was a bad woman and they are taking her up to preserve order." He did not know what "bad woman" meant, but he knew it must be dreadful, and in spite of it all he felt that in some way the girl had been terribly wronged. She had his childish sympathy. That and other experiences he witnessed as he was growing up caused him to form a tender sympathy for the unfortunates of the city.

Early in his life he began leading a rather raucous existence. By the age of eighteen he was an avowed atheist, not believing in the existence of God, Heaven, Hell or that he ever had a soul. He thought when he died he would vanish like a candle which you extinguish.

One night, as he was planning an upcoming dance, someone invited him to a church revival. He agreed to go, but said, "I'll have more people at the dance than you'll have at church." He did not know it at the time, but his carousing days were almost over. In that little Methodist Chapel in the outskirts of Waco, he found his way to an altar of prayer, yielded his life to God and became a Christian. Sitting in the Chapel that night was a Christian young lady, Miss Maggie Mae Adams.



## MAGGIE

Maggie Mae Adams was born near Jackson, Tennessee on December 5, 1873. Her father was superintendent of the County Farm, sometimes called, "The Poor House", where people were sent who were unable to care for themselves. He later became the warden of the jail. An apartment was furnished for the warden and his family. It was here that Maggie was born the baby of a family of eight children. She enjoyed saying, jokingly, that she was born in jail.

Maggie's father, James Adams, was born in Ireland in 1831. He came to America as a stowaway at the age of seventeen. He married Margaret, a young widow who had a daughter named Nancy. James and Margaret Adams moved their family to Waco, Texas in 1878, where the Adams family was successful in the hotel business. They were members of the Methodist Church in Waco. Margaret died and was buried in Waco in 1897. James died on February 22, 1905 and was buried by the side of his wife in Waco.

At an early age Maggie developed into a tomboy type; climbing fences, trees, on to the top of the barn, and was very fond of riding horseback. Because of her love of riding horses, she was nicknamed "Ride", a name she bore for many years. During a meeting in a Methodist Church in Waco when she was nine years of age, the little Tennessee girl went to the altar and gave her heart and life to Christ. She joined the Methodist church and remained a Methodist until she finally joined the Nazarene church late in life.

## JIMMIE AND MAGGIE

James Tony Upchurch met Maggie Mae Adams in the same little Methodist Meeting House where they both yielded their lives to God and became Christians. Three years after his conversion, they were married on November 17, 1892 in a church ceremony. On the eve of their wedding Jimmie wrote:

"Maggie Dear:

In thinking over and about marriage, it is indeed a voyage over an unknown sea that we are willing to venture upon because of present and anticipated pleasures. I have been much in prayer and feel that you are the one that God has chosen as my companion on this voyage. I hope to ever bear that in mind and to act in harmony with that realization. What our voyage will be, none but God knows. If we keep Him with us it will be a marvelous voyage.

Lovingly,

Jimmie"

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Jimmie"



James and Maggie Upchurch  
November 17, 1892

The young couple moved into a little cottage to begin their home life. Jimmie was a bookkeeper for a wholesale and retail firm. When he had time away from his job he held services in the prison and helped many hardened criminals to new lives. He also went into the slum areas of Waco and to the people at the poorfarm to preach the message of Jesus Christ.

One Sunday after the regular service in the prison, he was returning to church a little late. He took a short cut which caused him to pass through the slums. As he passed one of the houses in the "District", he chanced to glance up. He saw, at the window of the second story, an inexpressibly sad face looking forth from behind a gently flowing lace curtain. There was so much disclosed in that look. The life seemed to be so lonely, so deserted, and so utterly helpless that he felt a strong appeal to go and help the outcast.

During the service that morning, he heard the call to give himself to the task of saving young girls who had fallen in sin and were cut off from society by an unfair social system. That night he had a nightmare concerning the girl he had seen that day. He felt that the dream was a message from God and further convinced him that he should go into the "District" and preach. He told Maggie and she said that she would go with him to do the rescue work.

The couple secured the use of an empty room over a saloon, just on the edge of the "Scarlet District". There they launched on a cause that would bring them rebuffs from society, the church and family.

Maggie, with her first child sitting beside her in an open buggy, would drive a mile to pick up her husband after he had finished his work as bookkeeper. Then they drove to the mission to conduct services that frequently lasted past midnight. The demands became so heavy it was necessary for Jimmie to resign his position as bookkeeper and devote his entire time to the rescue work. Their only income would come from collections taken at their services.

Girls from the "District" would come to the open air services and to the Mission. Some of them would find God in the pardon of their sins. But, when they wanted to leave the district and find a better life, there was no door open to them. The churches even resisted helping them. There was no place to go. Maggie and Jimmie took the girls into their own home. They lived on short rations because of two facts; they had no financial revenue with which to carry on the work, and no charge was ever made for any service rendered the girls or for the benefits they received.



In 1899 the couple moved to Dallas, Texas and established a small mission. When they left Waco, Jimmie left the Methodist church because the members opposed his missionary work with prostitutes, which he had organized in 1894 under the name "Berachah Rescue Society". He established a tabernacle in 1904 that became the First Nazarene Church of Dallas in 1906. Rev. J. T. Upchurch was the first minister of that church.

Rev. Upchurch accepted invitations to speak at different places in interest of rescue work. Maggie, with their small children, always accompanied him. They slept in railway stations and ate when the opportunity arose, as they met these engagements.

In 1903 a unique institution came into existence. The Berachah Rescue Home was formally opened in Arlington, Texas.

#### THE BERACHAH HOME

J. T. Upchurch continued to go into the Red Light District in Dallas preaching to the "erring girls". He believed they were victims of circumstance and thrust into the brothels against their wills. He once wrote, "the unfortunate girls were sold to shame and enslaved by merciless vice lords". He thought it was very unfair that the unwed pregnant girl should be shamed and disgraced, and the man equally responsible would go on with his life, many as successful politicians. No one thought any less of the man. J. T. sympathized with these girls and wanted to reach as many of them as he could.

He began searching the area around Dallas for a spot to build the home. He looked to Arlington because it was close to both Dallas and Ft. Worth. He found a wooded area on Cooper Street, south of Arlington. He knelt upon the ground and felt the presence of God and an unmistakable promise was given that he had found the place. J. T. went to see the owners, James D. Cooper and Mary C. Cooper, obtained from them the price for which it could be purchased. He left, promising to return at a certain time to close the deal. He did not have the money, but he received it from his father-in-law, James Adams in time to keep his word. He paid cash for seven acres. The Deed is dated September 25, 1901. The property was deeded to J. T. Upchurch as "Trustee for the Berachah Rescue Society to be Used Exclusively by said Society in the Conduct of its Work." In 1903 The Home Mission and Rescue Commission Society of Texas was chartered for the purpose of operating the Berachah Home and other rescue ventures in Dallas. The property was transferred to the commission.

A two story white dormitory was built, costing \$3,000., and was opened to receive the girls who were seeking a better life. The dedication of The Berachah Home For the Redemption of Erring Girls was on May 14, 1903 on what came to be known as Rescue Hill.



8  
Back Row: J. T. and Maggie Upchurch  
Middle Row: Wilber, Lometa, and Wesley  
Front Row: Allie Mae and Ruth

After a year, in July, 1904, sixty persons had found shelter and assistance within the walls of the Berachah Home. They had a garden-spot, an orchard,, a good tank of water, and an artesian well.

Three years after the home was opened the Upchurch family moved from Dallas to Arlington, in July, 1906. They arrived in a two-seated surrey, pulled by a horse. Their household goods arrived by T. & P. Freight. They rented a house from a Mr. Weeks on Abram Street. By this time the family had increased. There were four children, Allie Mae, Ruth, Wesley, and Wilber. A fifth child, Lometa was born in 1907. After renting in several locations they settled across the street from The Berachah Home.

Berachah, operating under Home Mission and Rescue Society, was under direct management of a Central Executive Committee with a 21 member Board of Directors, a Business Board, and a Board of Trustees. The home became known as The Berachah Industrial Home because of the handkerchief factory created to give the girls meaningful work and training. The home was originally established for girls from the underground and slums. Maternity cases began asking for admission and were admitted. Soon it developed more into a home for unwed mothers and became known as The Berachah Home for Mother and Child. Many girls who had already had their babies were brought to the home because they were not accepted by society and could not get work.

Girls from all over Texas and from neighboring states came to stay at Berachah during the years of its operation. They were brought by their parents or other family members, their pastors, or by a friend or interested person who wanted to help. The girls found themselves pregnant and deserted by the man who was responsible. The home became a refuge for many heartbroken and desperate girls. They were welcomed to Berachah and paid nothing for their stay.

Berachah was not a place for punishment, and there were no fences. The girls could leave at any time, or stay as long as they desired. They were, however, asked to stay for a year, or if they had a child, until the baby was a year old. The parents signed a contract that they would leave their daughter there for a year and not try to get her to leave. This year gave the girl time to regain her health; physically, spiritually, and mentally. It also gave her time to learn a skill so that she could support her child and, or herself. If she wanted to leave before the year was up, she could. If she left and couldn't make it independently, she could return, if there was room for her. Many of the girls stayed on at the home with their child. Some of them stayed and worked in the home until it closed. Other girls left the home after a rehabilitation time and went on to find jobs or marry and have a successful life.



J. T. and Wesley Upchurch by Office Building



At the end 1917 there were four workers, thirty-six girls and twenty-seven children. During the year one hundred thirteen girls had applied for admission, twenty-five were accepted, and eighty-eight were turned away. Many girls had to be turned away because the home had no more room. Some months as many as ten girls had to be turned away. There was a great need for a larger dormitory.

Although some people opposed the ideals The Berachah Home represented, the home continued to grow. The original plan was for the two-story white building to be a children's building, expecting to build the main building later, which would accommodate one hundred girls. An additional twenty acres of land was purchased from J. D. And Mary Cooper and the larger brick structure was built. The building was called Hamill Hall for Mr. Hamill of Oklahoma, who gave the initial \$10,000. used in its construction. It cost about \$65,000. The main floor contained a matron's room, reception hall, a large parlor, dining room, and kitchen. Upstairs, there were rooms for the girls and a nursery for the young babies. The basement housed a cannery and storeroom. Groceries were bought at wholesale prices and were kept in the storeroom for distribution. Two rooms under the front porch were used for music classes.

Other buildings making up The Berachah Home were: a hospital, laundry, handkerchief factory, school building, tabernacle, barn, office building, and a day nursery where older babies and children were kept during the day while their mothers were at work or in school. (At night the girls cared for their children.) There was also a cemetery on the grounds.

The hospital was managed by a nurse and or a midwife. The local town doctor, Dr. Harvey came to the home when a doctor was needed.

The laundry was operated by the girls. It took care of all the laundry needs for the girls and children in the home.

The handkerchief factory had twelve to fifteen machines and were operated by the girls themselves. The handkerchiefs were sold for a small profit.

The school building was the last building to be built. Before its construction classes were held in the office building. Classes were held for the girls and children from kindergarten to high school. Some of the girls in the home who had previously been teachers taught the classes. Also the Upchurch's daughter, Lometa taught business courses. Mr Kooken, superintendent of schools in Arlington, issued certificates for those finishing grammar school. In 1930 he made it possible for Berachah to graduate high school students for the first time.



J. T. and Wesley Upchurch by Whitehill Auditorium

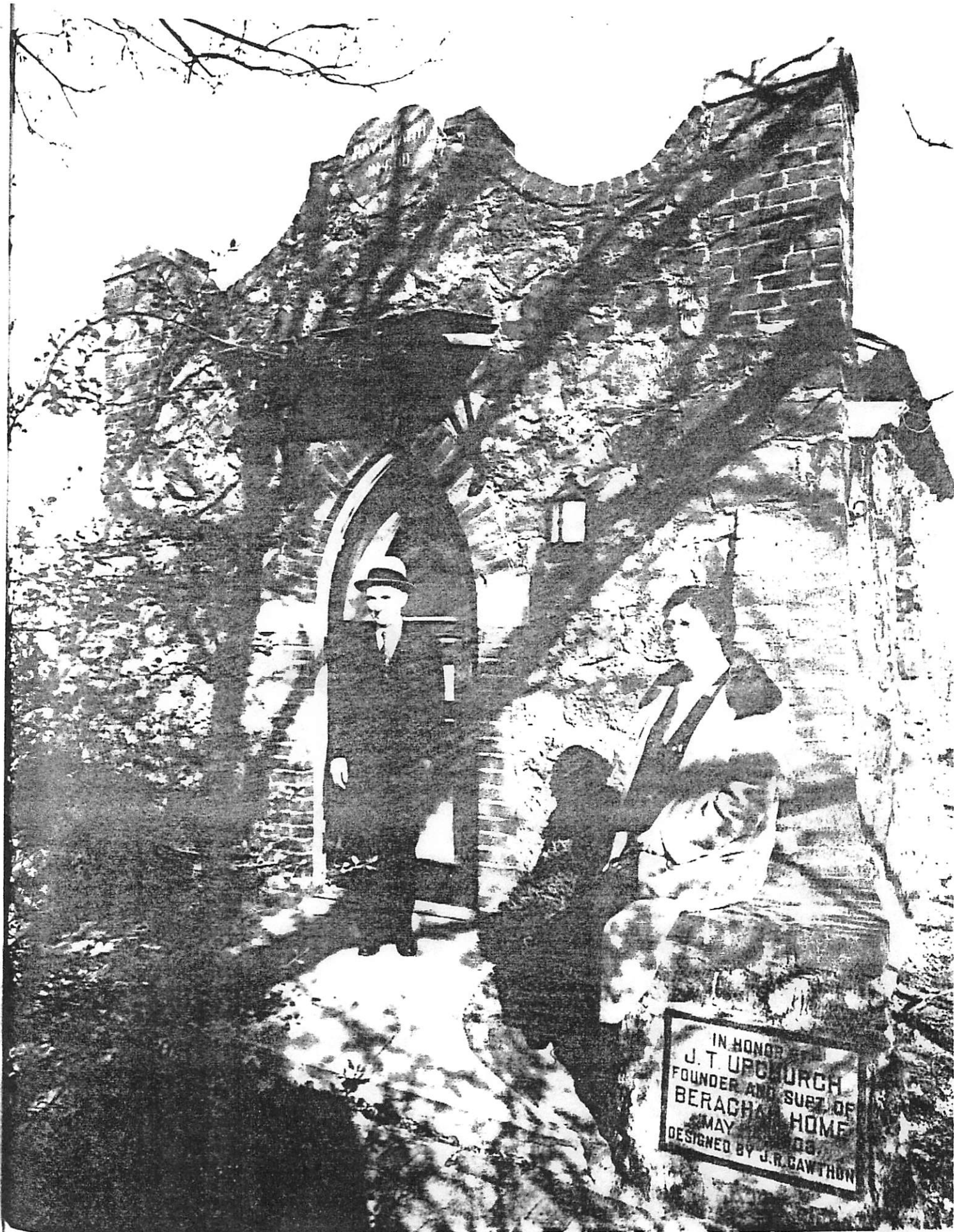
The tabernacle was called Whitehill Memorial Auditorium. It was used for revivals, camp meetings, singing conventions, all day singing days and seasonal programs. When families came to the camp meetings, they actually camped in tents on the shaded grounds behind the tabernacle. When the singing conventions were held, singing groups would come from all over the state. One group would follow the other and sing religious songs until late at night. The Whitehill Memorial Auditorium burned on September 8, 1940.

In addition to the offices, the Office Building had a print shop on the first floor. Upstairs, there was a chapel where regular church services were held on Sundays and Wednesday nights. Everyone was required to attend the services.

North of the main grounds, there was a small cemetery. The first burial in the Berachah Cemetery was a resident of the home, buried in 1904. Stones in the cemetery mark graves of other girls who died in the home, people who worked there, and Annie Mae Pattilos (1867-1917), sister of J. T. Upchurch. Stones for children who died there have only a first name, such as "Wilmer", "Lena", or "Margie". Stillborn babies' stones read simply Infant Number Five, Infant Number Twelve, etc. There is also a monument for two Berachah missionaries who died in India. Miss Susie Singletary, the first matron at Berachah, left the home in 1913 to go to India. She served there as a missionary until her death. She was buried in India October 21, 1915. Miss Pearl Simmons, missionary, was also buried in India. Many of the deaths at the home occurred because of a because of a measles epidemic that broke out in 1914. Fifty tombstones were placed there between 1903 and 1935

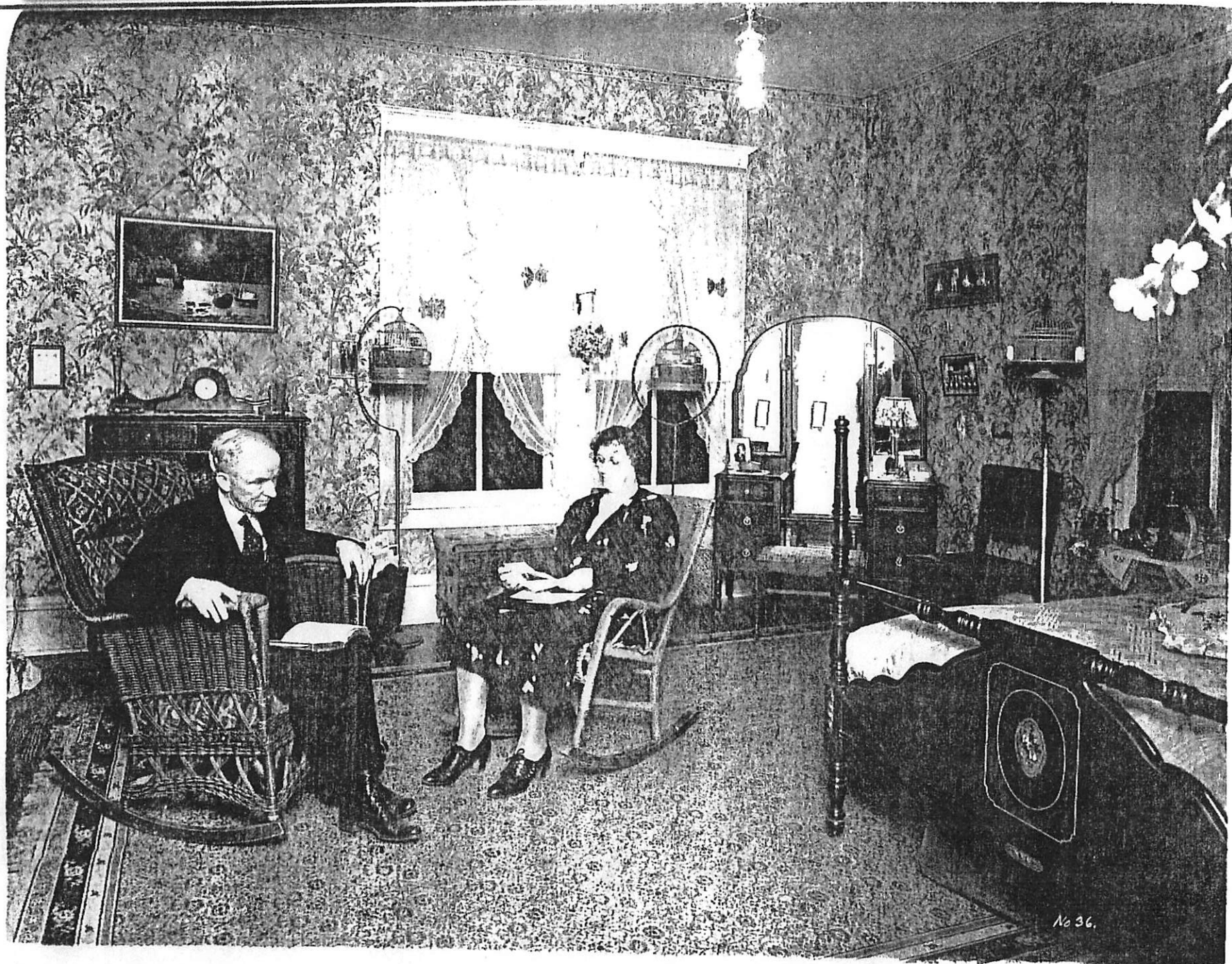
A small stone and brick prayer chapel is located in the cemetery. The chapel was erected by Berachah girls in honor of J. T. Upchurch. It was paid for by contributions from former residents of the home. The site was selected because it was his favorite place to go and pray. He called it his "prayer place". Choir practice was also held in the chapel. The corner stone states "IN HONOR OF J. T. UPCHURCH, FOUNDER AND SUPT. OF BERACHAH HOME, MAY 14, 1903. DESIGNED BY J. R. CAWTHON".

An additional forty acres of land was acquired in January, 1928, costing \$4,011.50. The open land was used for a garden which produced food for the home. There were also dairy cows to supply the home with milk.



J. T. and Maggie Upchurch by Prayer Chapel





J. T. and Maggie Upchurch at home on Sunday Afternoon

Because of Dr. Upchurch's talent for raising money, a 1925 newspaper story reported the home to be debt-free, and holding property valued at \$150,000. A business board administered the contributions he received for the home.

The changing of attitudes toward unwed mothers and The Great Depression, which began in 1929 and continued into the 1930's, caused the free-will offerings to drastically decrease. In 1935 financial difficulties caused the home to close. The closing of Berachah Home was very painful to J. T. and Maggie Upchurch. The home had sheltered many unfortunate young women, up to one hundred at a time. The youngest was an expectant mother of thirteen years of age and the oldest were seldom over twenty. More than one hundred babies were born in the home, and the Upchurch's fight to help the mothers and their babies have a good life endeared them to hundreds.

#### BERACHAH JUNIOR KINGDOM

Later in 1935 the doors were reopened by the Upchurch's oldest daughter, Allie Mae and her husband, Rev. Frank Wiese. They began an orphanage, The Berachah Junior Kingdom, which was for the children of one parent families. In most cases, the children in the home had a parent who had died and the other parent was not able to support the family. The children were not available for adoption.

After the closing of the orphanage in 1942, Dr. Upchurch requested that the Berachah property be given to the Christian and Missionary Alliance organization to be used for a Missionary Training School. The Berachah Business Board, composed of financial and civic leaders of Dallas and Ft. Worth, drew up a contract that the Christian and Missionary Alliance would pay to Dr. and Mrs. Upchurch an annuity of \$150.00 a month for as long as they both lived.

The following statement was on the deed in 1903 when the original twenty-seven acres of property was transferred to the Home Mission and Rescue Commission Society of Texas, and it remained there when the property was given to the Christian and Missionary Alliance: "The land on which the home is situated belongs to the Society in fee simple. By the wording of the deed conveying this land to the present owners, it is consecrated in perpetuity to the kind of work now being done there. The deed stipulates that 'if all or any portion of the property is here after alienated by sale, mortgage, nonuse, abandonment, or otherwise, then all of said property together with all improvements thereon shall be forfeited to the State of Texas to be used for the benefit and in behalf of dependent and delinquent girls of the State.'" The Missionary Alliance hired a lawyer to help them get around the deed restriction. They later sold the property to a Mr. Dealey in Dallas. Mr. Dealey leased the facilities to young seminary students and their families who were unable to afford other accommodations for a short time. Two years later he sold the property, the buildings were razed and apartments were built there.

In 1940 J. T. and Maggie Upchurch moved back to Dallas where he continued sending his message out through his writings in the King's Crusader. An old garage building was transformed into Berachah Child Center. He could not stop - he could not retire. He continued to work with the Berachah Junior Kingdom program of crime prevention and child protection. He was active in a program to place pictures of Christ in prison cells. He continued to write articles for the King's Crusader until he was bedfast with a terminal illness. His last article was dictated on August 29, 1950. Dr. J. T. Upchurch died on September 12, 1950.

The Upchurch's second daughter, Ruth, carried on the work of the Berachah Junior Kingdom and published the King's Crusader until impaired health caused her to resign in October, 1952. Berachah's programs at the time of her retirement were:

CRIME PREVENTION through awakening parents to their responsibilities and education of children to criminal conduct and its results

RECLAMATION by offering assistance to unfortunate girls and women, and to men, women and children in prisons and corrective institutions; and by placing pictures of Christ in the hands of all prisoners

YOUTH TRAINING, especially for Christian service  
FORMATION OF PRAYER TOWER GROUPS

The directors of the Berachah Junior Kingdom met on October 16, 1952 in Dallas, Texas. The resignation of Ruth Upchurch Brady as president was accepted and the corporation was resolved. They also voted to donate all office furniture and proceeds from the liquidation of all stocks and holdings to the Congregational Methodist Bible School, which Dr. and Mrs. Upchurch helped to establish. Two executive directors of the Congregational Methodist Church pledged to carry on as many phases of the Berachah work as possible. Specific phases include: preparing young people for both spiritual and social service; the distribution of Christian literature, including pictures of Christ and vital messages to prisoners; and doing all they could for the youth of America. The carrying out of these ideals, of course, was a continuation of the plans and purposes of Berachah.

Maggie Mae Upchurch lived for thirteen more years before she joined her beloved Jimmie in death. In addition to the hundreds of young people the couple helped, they were parents to five children, Allie Mae, Ruth, Wesley, Wilber, and Lometa. They also had nine grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren. At the time of her death in 1963, Maggie Upchurch had one great-grandchild.

## MY FAMILY

Lometa Upchurch Christopher

My parents extended great efforts to salvage young women who had been trapped by white slavers, or had been betrayed by men who had made love and left. In those days, only disgrace and abandonment by family faced most of them. It was love and encouragement from the workers and staff that brought them back to useful and productive life. Some of them were found by fathers of their children and were married. Others were married to fine men who could appreciate their contributions to a society that had accepted and encouraged them.

The Berachah Home was well established when I was born. As I grew up I had a good relationship with the mothers and children at the home. Some of the women (girls) were very talented and they continued to develop their talents. They helped in many ways to make the home a place for learning and growth. Two, especially, were good at writing and participating in plays that were performed in the large auditorium on the grounds. One was an artist and others took courses in nursing, business, etc. I cherish the opportunity I had to be a part of their lives.

In spite of the seriousness of their efforts, my parents had a good sense of humor. They promoted fun times and encouraged the planning of picnics, parties and outings for the family and all those involved at the home.

Also, in spite of their strict rules for living, I never did feel smothered from rules. I enjoyed school life, playing with classmates, as well as with the children at the home. I carried babies on my hips until I almost became lopsided. I never felt embarrassed at school, and only one time did a student make a snide remark about my father's vocation. She was the mayor's daughter who wore party dresses and high heels to school in high school, and she came to a very bad ending of her life when she died of a disease contracted from one of the employees of the horse race track.

As the only living child of James and Maggie Mae Upchurch, I feel a responsibility to comment on our family life. I was the youngest of their five children, and I'm sure that life for me was much easier than for my brothers and sisters. There was a strong bond between us and our parents and between each other.



We were a musical family. Our mother had a beautiful soprano voice, and sang in duets and quartets with the young women in the home. The younger of my two sisters had a strong soprano voice and also sang in duets and quartets, as well as solos. She also played the piano with skill. The older of my two brothers played the clarinet, and had a rich bass voice. The younger brother played the trumpet with great skill and had a good tenor voice. I came along seven years after that brother, and I enjoyed singing soprano or alto. I played the saxophone with less skill than my siblings, but I did enjoy trying to blend with them. Our older sister played trombone, and we had many happy hours playing and singing together.

We attended the public schools, but my sisters later attended private religious institutions. My brothers attended private military schools. I was the only one to graduate from public schools, with two years in the local college.

My older sister, Allie Mae, married Frank E. Wiese when I was nine years old. They moved to Lubbock where he was a preacher, but they eventually moved back to Arlington to help in the operation of Berachah Home. They became the parents of four daughters, Frances, Ruth, Lois, and Eugenia (Jimmy), and one son Frank E. Wiese Jr., all of whom were reared as part of the Berachah Family. After the closing of the original home, the Wiese family stayed and operated the Berachah Junior Kingdom. Ruth and Eugenia (Jimmy) married ministers and Frances and Lois married business men. Frank Jr. was a volunteer in the army during World War II, and was with general Pershing when he entered Japan to accept the Japanese surrender. 11

My sister, Ruth married Marcus W. Brady in 1927. She was deeply involved in the activities of Berachah Home. She had office responsibilities both in Arlington and in Dallas, Texas, where the operations were moved after the home closed in Arlington.

My older brother, James Wesley, was married to Gola Pummill in 1920. Wesley and his beautiful and talented wife became my best friends. I think I was eleven or twelve years old. They had two precious children, James Wayne and Dorthy Nelle. James married his high school sweetheart. He was a pilot in the Naval Air Corps in World War II, and a flight instructor until he became a victim of Hodgkins disease which took his life and left his wife and four teen-age children. Dorthy Nelle married a young man who was in the Naval Air Corps. He later taught at the University of Texas at Arlington. She was a teacher and administrator in the Arlington public schools. They have two children.

My brother, Wilber and his lovely wife, Velma lived away from Arlington most of the time. They were at home for special occasions and were an important part of the family.

11 NOTE: THE WRITER OBVIOUSLY MEANS GENERAL DOUGLAS McARTHUR - RPU

I married Henry C. Christopher in 1929. He had a life long career with American Hospital and Life Insurance Company. We lived in Dallas and San Antonio most of our married life. We had two children, Shirley Margaret and Henry Coleman. Shirley married a young man who had a career as a counselor at San Antonio College. She was a teacher. They have two children. Henry Coleman's career was in retail sales. He has three children.

We were a very close-knit family, and I cherish growing up with them. I miss them so much.

All in all, I couldn't have asked for a better life. I feel so fortunate to have been blessed with loving and caring parents, a loving family, plus the extended family of girls and their children at The Berachah Home.

## MEMORIES

Lois Wiese Coleman

My home, while growing up, was on Mitchell Street in Arlington, Texas. There was a big yard between our house and the home of our grandparents, J. T. and Maggie Upchurch. It was here that we had watermelon and Nehi drinks on the Fourth of July. In the Fall we had hay rides and weiner roasts.

For Christmas we had a large tree in the Berachah Chapel for all the girls and children. The children all received one toy. There was fruit and candy for all.

I remember helping gather fruit and vegetables from the garden. I also helped peel peaches and prepare other fruits and vegetables for canning.

Munna (our grandmother) had a large cage in the back yard that had squirrels in it. My Papa (Frank Weise) had two cows and some chickens in our barn.

There was a vacant lot on the west side of our house. We played ball there with the children from the Sims family that lived across the street (Cooper Street).

Our Uncle Wilber and Aunt Velma (Upchurch) lived with Munna and Daddy Jim (our grandfather) for a while when he was having vision problems. They stayed there until Uncle Wilber got his sight back.

We went to pick up pecans every year at a native pecan orchard between Arlington and Ft. Worth. Billy Nation (a neighbor whose father worked at the Berachah Home) fell out of a tree and hurt his back. All of the family and a group of the (Berachah) girls would go. It was a great outing.

## REFLECTIONS

Eugenia (Jimmy) Wiese Roach

When I think of J. T. Upchurch (Daddy Jim), I think of the great heritage he left to his family. He didn't accumulate money or possessions, it was his faith in God. He was a man of prayer who also believed in fasting. I can remember him and my Pappa fasting together. At one time they fasted and prayed for a week in the Prayer Chapel; coming home for a rest at which time Pappa would drink a glass of buttermilk and then return to the chapel. We, as a family, fasted on Sunday mornings for breakfast.

Daddy Jim was a strong leader, an enthusiastic, persuasive preacher and decisive individual. You always knew where he stood. He has had a great influence on my life.

We lived next door to Munna and Daddy Jim and between our houses, he set up a croquet game which he played with us. He did like to win! He also enjoyed playing dominoes at which he was very good.

Maggie Upchurch (Munna) was a gracious woman, soft spoken and always kind. I loved and admired her.

We always had Christmas in their home on Christmas day with the tradition of reading the Christmas story from the Bible and then having prayer. A tradition we have in our home today.

I loved my grandparents and they have had a great influence on my life.



## MEMORIES

Frank Wiese

The Whitehill Memorial Auditorium was across Cooper Street from our house. I remember the singing conventions that were held there. I used to help at the concession stand, selling cold drinks and candy. I enjoyed the different singing groups and that type of music is still my favorite.

I had my turn working in the garden. I remember hoeing weeds picking fruit and black berries.

I used to go to the prayer chapel with Daddy Jim (J. T. Upchurch) and my dad (Frank Wiese). Most of the time I would take a nap before it was all over.

After Daddy Jim returned from his trip to the Holy Land, I used to travel with him. While he preached, I would operate the slide projector showing the pictures he made while on his trip.

Later, when the Berachah Junior Kingdom opened, I remember having to get up early to milk the cows before going to school. Every evening we had to milk again, feed the chickens and gather the eggs. We also had to feed the mules and look after all of the animals. We would ride the mules bareback.

We had hayrides and played all kinds of games, such as Capture the Flag. It was especially fun playing games at night. We had Fourth of July parties with several tubs of cold drinks and watermelons that we had grown in our garden.

I played on the Berachah Junior Kingdom softball team. We played teams in Irving and Grand Prairie .

I think our childhood was different than most. We ate all of our meals with all the kids in the home. What a family! Happy times.

## RECOLLECTIONS

Dorothy Upchurch Betts

I was born July 6, 1925 at 701 S. Cooper Street in Arlington, Texas. My parents, Wesley and Gola Upchurch and a four year old brother, James, welcomed my arrival. Our house was only a block away from the Wiese family, Aunt Allie Mae and Uncle Frank and their five children, and my grandparents, J. T. and Maggie Upchurch. Also, the closest building of the Berachah Home to our house (Whitehill Auditorium) was only a block away and across Cooper Street. These family members and the Berachah Home formed the focal point of my early childhood days.

The Wiese family's home was one vacant lot away from Cooper Street on Mitchell Street. A large yard separated their house from our grandparents home. Also, at the back of the yard between the two houses, stood the kitchen and dining room where our grandparents had their meals. A resident of the home prepared and served all of their meals there. Behind the Upchurch house and the kitchen there was a beautifully landscaped rose garden that went back to the creek that ran behind their property.

This is the setting for my earliest memories. I remember asking my mother to go play with "the children" (Frances, Ruth, Lois, Eugenia (Jimmy), and Frank Wiese). They were all older than I was, but to me they were always "the children". There was a long sidewalk in front of the two houses and vacant lots and it made a great place to ride tricycles and skate. We also played baseball and croquet in the yard between the two houses. Our grandfather loved to join the games with us and always gave us much competition. We loved playing hide-and-seek at night. The children would be running and playing and the adults would be sitting in lawn chairs fighting mosquitoes. What fun it was chasing the fireflies and listening to the night sounds.

The tabernacle (Whitehall Auditorium) also brings back many memories. I remember the camp meetings, singing conventions, and revivals that were held there. We always went to all of the meetings and it was so much fun to roll down the small hill in front of the tabernacle after the meetings. I also remember the times my mother packed a picnic lunch and took my brother and me to the wooded area behind the tabernacle. We would have our lunch and play on the grape vines and the sack swing for hours. I thought I was grown when I got big enough to jump up on that sack swing and swing out over the gully.

Holidays were always special times for our family. Sometimes we shared the activities planned for the girls and children in the home, and sometimes we had our own family celebrations in our grandparents home. On the Fourth of July we had picnics with watermelon and cold drinks. The basement of Hamill Hall (the main dormitory at Berachah Home) made a wonderful place for a Halloween party, but you had to be real brave to go.

Thanksgiving always found the family (about twenty) having a delicious dinner in our grandparents dining room, prepared by Miss Minnie (a girl from the home). We had to have extra tables when we were all together, but for a regular Sunday dinner we could all get around the one big table.

On Christmas Eve the family would join the girls and children at Berachah for a Christmas party. There was a large decorated tree in the parlor of Hamill Hall with a present for all the children. My parents always took a present for my brother and me to get from the tree. After we went to bed that night, Santa Claus brought toys to my brother and me at our home. On Christmas morning the family assembled at the Upchurch home. As we were gathered around the beautiful tree, loaded with presents, my grandfather read the Christmas story from the Bible and we had prayer. Then we distributed and unwrapped the presents that were exchanged by all members of the family. Following the gift exchange, we all gathered in the dining room for another delicious dinner. One Christmas was extra special for me because my youngest aunt, Lometa had just given me a cousin. The first cousin younger than I was. After that I would always eat fast so I could go to the house to check on the sleeping baby.

My grandparents (Munna and Papa) were so loving and kind. They loved people, especially their family. They were so good, everyone seemed to want to be good to please them. They took me on the train or in their car to San Antonio to visit my aunt and her family every summer. Those were special times when I had them all to myself. In 1938 they took all of the children in Berachah Junior Kingdom to Carlsbad Caverns. They took me with them and I will always remember that trip.

When I was nine years old, my family moved from the house on Cooper Street to a house on Mitchell Street. There was a garden between our house and my grandparent's house. Then four years later, when I was thirteen years old, we moved once more. This time the move was to West Main Street where I spent my teen years and lived until I married in 1946. My grandparents had moved to Dallas in 1940 and our family holiday celebrations were then held there.

The house on Main Street was a perfect location for a teenager of the time (only one family car). I was in walking distance of down town, where the two movie theaters and Rockyfellow Hambergers were located, Arlington High School and N.T.A.C. (now University of Texas at Arlington).

What wonderful places I lived while growing up, and what a wonderful family I had. I cherish my memories.

JAMES TONY

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① Item Rec'd in Ltr Dan K. Utley to RPA 24 NOV 1981  
(Dan K. Utley = Employee of Texas Historical Commission)

A Short History

of

The Berachah Home

and

Berachah Cemetery  
Arlington, Texas

Prepared For

R. Gene Brooks, Professor  
City and Regional Planning  
University of Texas at Arlington

by

Lynn Manion and Jan Dolph

December 1979

To partially fulfill requirements for  
CIRP 5391: Historic Preservation



# THE BERACHAH HOME AND CEMETERY

On May 14, 1903, the Berachah Industrial Home for for the redemption and protection of erring girls was opened by Reverend J.T. Upchurch on Rescue Hill on South Cooper Street in Arlington, Texas.<sup>1</sup> A year later in 1904 Eunice Williams, a girl who had come to live at the home, was the first to be buried in the eastern section of the property in what later became Berachah Cemetery.<sup>2</sup> Before a more detailed description of the cemetery can be given, it is necessary to more fully outline the history of the Berachah Industrial Home to which the cemetery was connected and the life of the home's founder, Reverend J.T. Upchurch.

J.T. Upchurch was born in Bosqueville, Texas, on October 29, 1870. His wife, Maggie Mae Adams Upchurch, was born in Jackson, Tennessee, on December 5, 1873. The Upchurches lived for a time in Waco, Texas. It was there that the Berachah Rescue Society was organized in 1894 for the said purpose of combatting the social evil of fallen women.<sup>3</sup> The name Berachah was chosen from this Biblical passage:

And on the fourth day they assembled themselves in the Valley of Berachah for there they blessed the Lord. Therefore, the name of the place was called the Valley of Berachah, unto this day.<sup>4</sup>

From Waco, the Upchurches moved to Dallas where they continued their "rescue work" in the Dallas slums.<sup>5</sup> It was in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas also, that J.T.

Upchurch began publishing The Purity Journal, written mostly by the Reverend Upchurch himself to describe to the contributors the work being done by the Rescue Society.<sup>6</sup>

It was in response to "God's command"<sup>7</sup> that J. T. Upchurch and his wife Maggie Mae decided to open The Berachah Industrial Home in Arlington, Texas, on land purchased by James Adams, father of Maggie Mae Upchurch.<sup>8</sup> The original land consisted of twenty-seven acres.

The Berachah Home opened on May 14, 1903.<sup>9</sup> It was originally known as the Berachah Industrial Home because of a handkerchief factory operated there. According to Wesley Upchurch, a son of J.T. and Maggie Mae, the handkerchief factory had twelve to fifteen machines which were operated by the girls themselves.<sup>10</sup>

Although the home opened in 1903, it was not until 1906 that the Upchurches and their children, Allie Mae, Wilbur, Ruth, and Wesley, moved to Arlington from Dallas. At first they rented a house from a Mr. Weeks on Abram Street, then later moved to a house on Mitchell. Their fifth child, Lometa, was born there.

Kate E. Collins was the first matron of the home. Hattye Saylor was the secretary for the home when it opened and stayed on until it closed in 1935. The first child born at the home was Alpha.<sup>11</sup> Many of the girls who came to live at the

home were pregnant, but others simply had no home or relatives and needed to be taken care of. For example, in 1923, the home cared for one hundred and twenty-nine girls whose average average age was seventeen. That year, the home received \$33,995 upon which to operate.<sup>12</sup> At the end of each fiscal year for the Berachah Home, J.T. Upchurch would "contribute" as much as a month's salary from each employee of the home in order to clear the home's financial records for the coming year.<sup>13</sup>

Reverend Upchurch kept very strict rules. Neither the inhabitants nor the staff were permitted to use the telephone on Sundays, to eat pork, drink coffee or tea, or use tobacco. Everyone was required to attend the church on the premises (there was a chapel on the second floor of the building which housed the printing press). Furthermore, the girls who delivered babies at the home were required to keep them, a practice that differed from other homes of its kind.<sup>14</sup> The women who came to live there from all parts of Texas and even from the surrounding states (few had lived in Arlington itself) were kept busy doing gardening, running the printing office where The Purity Journal was published, and operating the handkerchief factory.<sup>15</sup>

Although the home was nonsectarian, J.T. Upchurch was a member of, and according to some accounts, one of the founders of the Nazarene Church which was established at Pilot Point, Texas in 1906.<sup>16</sup>

The Berachah Home was funded by contributions from businessmen in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. J.T. Upchurch had what he called a "business board" which by 1924 had sixty-six members. However, they made few decisions about running the home, their primary functions being to lend their names to the institution and to contribute funds to it.<sup>17</sup>

To the original twenty-seven acres were added forty more acquired from Marcy C. Cooper in 1928 for \$4,001.50.<sup>18</sup> When in full operation there were at least ten buildings on the land. The first building constructed was later known as the Main Building. It was originally used as a dormitory. There was also a printing office with a chapel on the second floor, a laundry building, a hospital building where Dr. Harvey delivered most of the babies, a barn with a house nearby used for the workers, a large auditorium, a school building, a dining room, and a children's building which was located on the other side of the creek. Hammill Hall (so named after a contributor to the home) was a brick building used as a dormitory and a dining room. A private chapel was also constructed near the cemetery for J.T. Upchurch in the spot which he called his prayer place because he often went there to pray. It was paid for by contributions from former residents of the home. A plaque at the entrance read, "Erected by Berachah girls, in honor of J.T. Upchurch, founder and supervisor of the Berachah Home, May 14, 1903".<sup>19</sup>



The Chapel was later torn down by UTA which now owns the property.

None of the Berachah buildings remain standing today. The last structure, the Main Building, was located on South Cooper at Mitchell. According to most recollections it was demolished by UTA in the early 1970s. The remains of the chapel's foundation can still be found on the northern side of the cemetery.

The Berachah Home was closed in May or June of 1935. J.T. Upchurch and his wife moved back to Dallas at that time. The reasons why the home was closed are not clear. Perhaps the closing was because of a duplication of services being provided by a home in Fort Worth, or because of Reverend Upchurch's declining health as he later died in Dallas. Maggie Mae Upchurch lived in Dallas until she died on April 8, 1963.

The property and buildings were reopened later in 1935 by daughter Allie Mae's husband Frank Wiese who began a home for abandoned and orphaned children. The orphanage existed until the buildings were permanently closed in 1942. The property was then sold to the Christian Missionary Alliance. Eventually, the boundaries of what was to become the University of Texas at Arlington were extended and the University of Texas system purchased the property about 1963. Unfortunately, none

of the deeds to the property make any reference to the cemetery.

The first person buried in what came to be known as the Berachah Cemetery was Eunice Williams, a resident of the home who died in 1904. There was one previous burial on the grounds, but the grave was near the barn and not in the place where the cemetery now stands. The second person to be buried was sixteen year old Nora Williams who died from pneumonia and typhoid on February 25, 1905. Both of these markers remain at the cemetery, although many of the other markers have been destroyed by vandals. The cemetery continues to be vandalized despite a cyclone fence that was erected by UTA to mark off the perimeters of the cemetery. According to the latest inventory,<sup>20</sup> seventy-eight markers remain and at least three persons are known to have been buried there without markers. One of those without a marker was the last person known to have been buried in the cemetery.<sup>21</sup> Raleigh Jordan, who died from a ruptured appendix, was buried in 1941. In addition to those already accounted for, there are many markers missing, some destroyed as recently as this year, as indicated by fresh disruptions to the ground. According to some, many of the deaths at the home occurred because of a measles epidemic that broke out in 1914 or 1915.

Most of the markers are flush to the ground, several with only a first name. (It is assumed many of these were

children who died perhaps during the measles epidemic.) Many other markers read only "Infant No. \_\_\_\_". Besides the residents of the home, several workers and relatives of people associated with the home have been buried there.

These include:

- 1) Annie M. Pattilos, sister of J.T. Upchurch, who died in 1917
- 2) Jim Baker, uncle of Mrs. Weddle, who worked at the home (unmarked grave)
- 3) Bill Jones, a drifter who came to live in a little house by the creek. Having had no known relatives, he was buried in the Berachah Cemetery (unmarked grave)
- 4) Mattie B. McBride, Mother of Cap Dewey, a child who died at the home at the age of two. According to Mrs. Hartin, she was buried there when she died several years later because of a request she made to be buried with her son. Mother and son share a marker
- 5) Three of Edward Nation's children (Mr. Nation worked at the Berachah Home for about thirty years.) Their bodies were later removed when Mr. Nation died and were buried along with his at another cemetery in Arlington

There is also a memorial in the cemetery. Although it is now in poor condition, one can still read the inscription: "Pearl Simmons, Missionary from Berachah, Buried in India". And on the opposite side of the stone, "In Memory of Susie Singletary, Matron in Berachah, Buried in India, October 21, 1915". Pearl Simmons was a pregnant girl who came to live

at the home. Upon the death of her child, she went to India to do missionary work.

The Berachah Cemetery is now owned by the University of Texas at Arlington. It is currently in poor condition because of lack of maintenance and also because of ignorance on the part of the residents of Arlington. Unfortunately, most local residents know nothing about the history of the cemetery or the Berachah Home. An appropriate boundary for the cemetery and an historic marker in recognition of this important remnant of turn-of-the-century Arlington are long overdue.



FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup>Joiner, Arista. Arlington, Texas: Birthplace of the Metroplex. Arlington Bicentennial Celebration Committee, 1976.

<sup>2</sup>Purity Journal. Vol. II, No. &, January, 1906.

<sup>3</sup>From a conversation with Margaret Hartin, daughter of Edward Nation, employee of the Berachah Home. Mr. Nation was in charge of the dairy from 1906 until the home closed in 1935. Mrs. Hartin was interviewed at her home in Plano, Texas on November 3, 1979.

<sup>4</sup>The Bible. 2 Chronicles, 20:26, In Hebrew "berachah" means blessed.

<sup>5</sup>See attached photo, Appendix B.

<sup>6</sup>See attached letter, Appendix E.

<sup>7</sup>Op. Cit., Hartin.

<sup>8</sup>From a Deed dated March 21, 1903, recorded in Tarrant County, Texas.

<sup>9</sup>Op. Cit., Joiner, p. 11.

<sup>10</sup>Arlington Citizens Journal, February, 1972. p. 11.

<sup>11</sup>Op. Cit., Hartin.

<sup>12</sup>Texas Writers' Project, Vol. 29, 1941, Fort Worth and Tarrant County Data, p. 11579.

<sup>13</sup>Op. Cit., Hartin who recalled this happened nearly every year and eliminated any carry-over of salaries owed.

<sup>14</sup>Op. Cit., Hartin.

<sup>15</sup>Op. Cit., Citizens Journal.

<sup>16</sup>Op. Cit., Hartin.

<sup>17</sup>Op. Cit., Hartin; also see attached letter, Appendix E.

<sup>18</sup>Op. Cit., Hartin

<sup>19</sup>Cornerstone, now located at the Middleton Tate Johnson Cemetery, Arlington, Texas.

<sup>20</sup>See attached cemetery inventory, Appendix A

<sup>21</sup>Op. Cit., Hartin.

## RIBLIOGRAPHY

Arlington Citizens Journal, February , 1972.

Beracha Cemetery Inventory, Conducted by Lynn Manion and Jan Dolph.  
December 1979.

Chronicles 2, Chapter 20, Verse 26, Holy Bible.

Beracha Home Photographs and Beracha Cemetery Photographs.

Deed Records. Tarrant County Court House, Fort Worth, Texas.

Joyner, Arista. Arlington, Texas: Birthplace of the Metroplex.  
Arlington Bicentennial Celebration Committee, 1976.

Interview With Margaret Hartin, November 3, 1979.

Purity Journal. Volume II, No. 3, January 1906.

Inventory of All Markers Now Standing in the Berachah  
Cemetery on the University of Texas at Arlington Campus,  
Arlington, Texas (December 1979)

(Nec ANNIE M. U)  
 Δ Annie M. Pattilos Jimmie Infant No. 7  
 - (1867-1917)  
 - Reba Beatrice Pearl Carson (1907)  
 Infant No. 20 Infant No. 13 Josephine  
 Infant No. 21 Josephine Infant No. 5  
 Roy Carline Kate Ellen  
 Kenneth Alberta Ruth  
 Maurine Margueriet Sammie  
 Edwin Albert Juanita  
 Harold Homer Alfred  
 Infant No. 14 Reuben Mary-R  
 Charlene Josephine Eunice Williams (1904)  
 Alba Mae Infant No. 12 Mary Hughes (1907)  
 Winfield Infant No. 11 Infant No. 4  
 Infant No. 15 Thomas Ruth  
 Margie Warenta Jessie Weaver (1908)  
 Lena Ruth Baby  
 Bryce Ethel Mae George  
 Wilmer Crayton Velma  
 Infant No. 16 Alma Wells (1907) Maud Trice (1913)  
 Lura Mae Infant No. 10 Mattie B. McBride  
 (1881-1933)  
 James Gene Cap Dewey (1902-1904)  
 Martha Infant No. 9 Dorothy Myrtle Carter  
 (Nov 4, 1890-Feb 9, 1917)  
 Infant No. 17 Frank Memorial to:  
 Elsie Infant No. 8 Pearl Simmons &  
 Susie Singletary  
 (buried in India)



Edward	Twins No. 6	Infant No. 19
Eugene	Nora Williams (1905)	Bobbie
Paul		

Buried in Berachah Cemetery - No Marker

Jim Baker (uncle of Mrs. Waddle)

Bill Jones (handyman at Berachah Home)

Raleigh Jordan (died in 1941 of appendicitus - last person  
to be buried in Berachah Cemetery)

Buried in Berachah Cemetery, Later Moved to Arlington Cemetery

Mrs. Hartin's Brother, and two sisters

Markers Apparently Missing:

Infant No. 1, 2, 3, and 18

JAMES TONY U

XID-393780

LETTERS TO & FROM ROBERT PHILLIP  
UPCHURCH CONCERNING THE REVEREND  
JAMES TONY UPCHURCH

# TEXAS HISTORICAL COMMISSION

①

November 19, 1981

Texas Historical Commission  
1511 Colo Street  
P. O. Box 12276  
Austin, TX 78711

Dear Sirs:

Recently I learned of an article by Myra H. McIlvain about Rev. J. T. Upchurch which appeared in the August 27, 1981 issue of the Citizen Newspapers. This article concerns an Official Texas Historical Marker which details the role of Rev. J. T. Upchurch and his wife in organizing the Berean Rescue Society in Waco, TX in 1894.

I am the Historian for the Upchurch family and issue a quarterly publication UPCHURCH BULLETIN. I am anxious to learn more about J. T. Upchurch for publication in the Bulletin. It would be extremely helpful to have his full name and the name of his parents as well as any other details. I would be more than grateful for any information you could supply.

All Upchurches in the U. S. derive their name from Michael Upchurch I who came to Virginia from England in 1649. Many Upchurches found their way to Texas. I have a copy of a diary written by a 90 year old family member who records her recollections of moving from CA to Grimes Co., TX by covered wagon in 1965. Family lore includes a story that an Upchurch was with Sam Houston in TX but I have not yet been able to substantiate this.

I do hope to hear from you and will appreciate your assistance.

Sincerely yours,

Robert Phillip Upchurch  
Editor, UPCHURCH BULLETIN

/s



JAMES TONY 4  
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P.O. BOX 12276  
AUSTIN TEXAS 78711

TELEPHONE  
(512) 475-3092

November 24, 1981

REC'D  
29 NOV 1981

Mr. R. P. Upchurch  
Michael Enterprises  
P. O. Box 35804  
Tucson, Arizona 85740

Dear Mr. Upchurch:

I am writing in reply to your letter of November 19, in which you requested information on the Berachah Home and Cemetery Marker in Tarrant County. Enclosed please find material copied from our files. Since the marker histories are supplied by local historians, you might want to correspond with the Tarrant County Historical Commission for additional material and clearer photographs. The chairman is:

Mr. Duane Gage  
Tarrant County Junior College  
828 Harwood Road  
Hurst, Texas 76053  
Phone: 817/281-7860

I hope the enclosed material will be beneficial. I think you will enjoy reading about Dr. Upchurch and his Home, especially the excerpts from the "Purity Journal". If we can be of further assistance, please let us know.

Sincerely,

Dan K. Utley  
Research Department

*The State Agency for Historic Preservation*

Texas Historical Commission Staff (DKU), 9/28/80.

18" x 28" Official Texas Historical Marker with post  
Tarrant County (Order #6049)

Location: Doug Russell Park, University of Texas at Arlington  
Campus, Arlington

SITE OF\*\*\*  
BERACHAH HOME AND CEMETERY\*

THE BERACHAH RESCUE SOCIETY WAS  
ORGANIZED AT WACO IN 1894 BY THE  
REV. J. T. UPCHURCH (b. 1870) FOR THE  
PROTECTION OF HOMELESS GIRLS AND  
UNWED MOTHERS. NINE YEARS LATER  
HE OPENED THE BERACHAH INDUSTRIAL  
HOME AT THIS SITE. TEN BUILDINGS  
WERE LOCATED HERE, INCLUDING A  
PRINT SHOP FOR PUBLICATION OF THE  
"PURITY JOURNAL". THE CEMETERY,  
WHICH CONTAINS MORE THAN EIGHTY  
GRAVES, WAS FIRST USED IN 1904 FOR  
THE BURIAL OF EUNICE WILLIAMS, ONE  
OF THE RESIDENTS. THE HOME CLOSED  
IN 1935, BUT THE SITE WAS USED  
UNTIL 1942 AS AN ORPHANAGE RUN  
BY UPCHURCH'S DAUGHTER ALLIE MAE  
AND HER HUSBAND FRANK WIESE. \*\*

(1981)\*\*\*

\*1/2 inch lettering to contrast with text  
\*\*1/2 inch lettering  
\*\*\*1/4 inch lettering

APPROVED

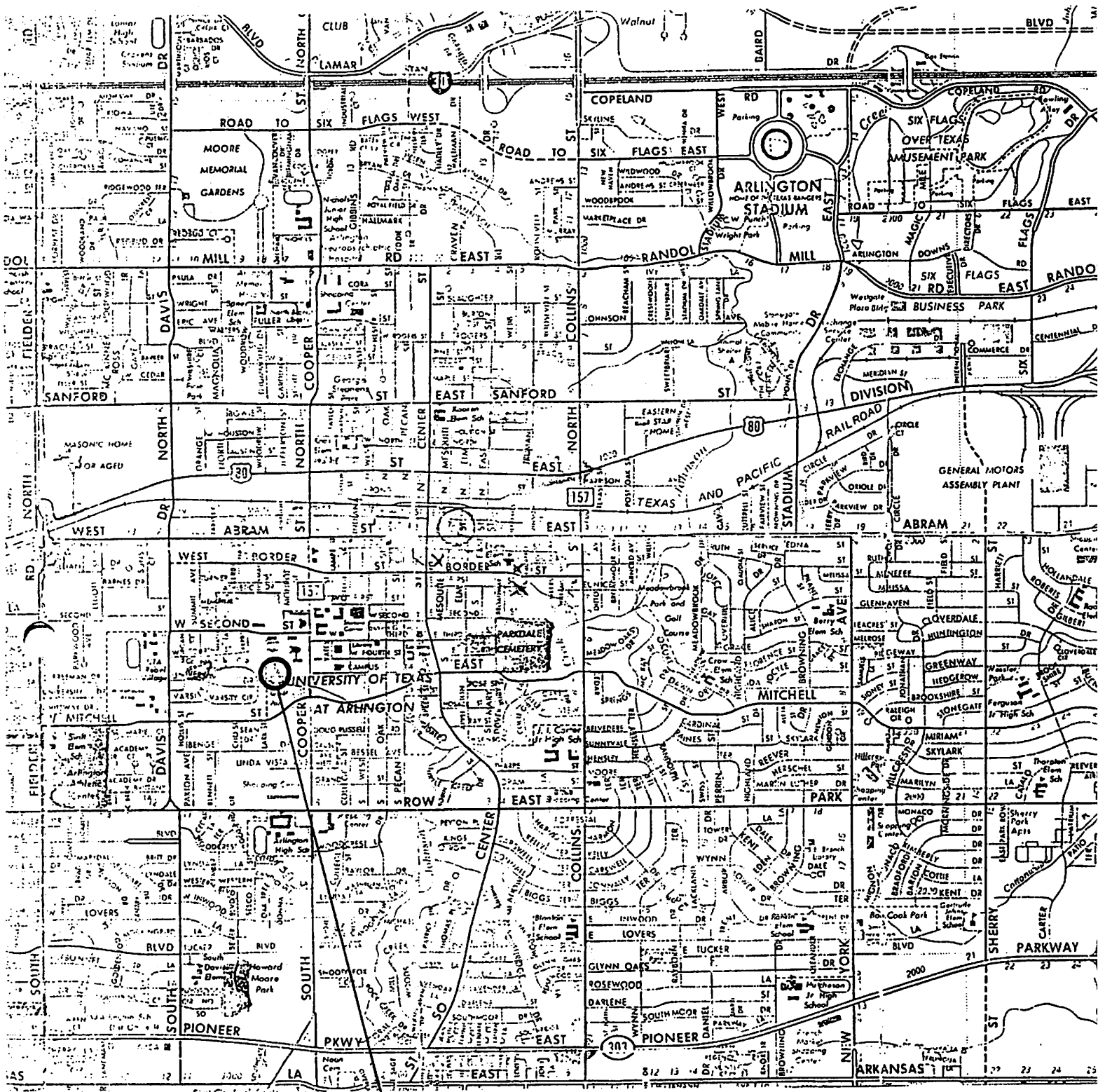
Ernest Hatfield

*by Claude Williams*  
11-14-80





Cornerstone of the Berachah Home. Now located  
in the Middleton Tate Johnson Cemetery



Location of Berachah Cemetery within the City of Arlington, Texas



JTA  
boundary

Davis Hall

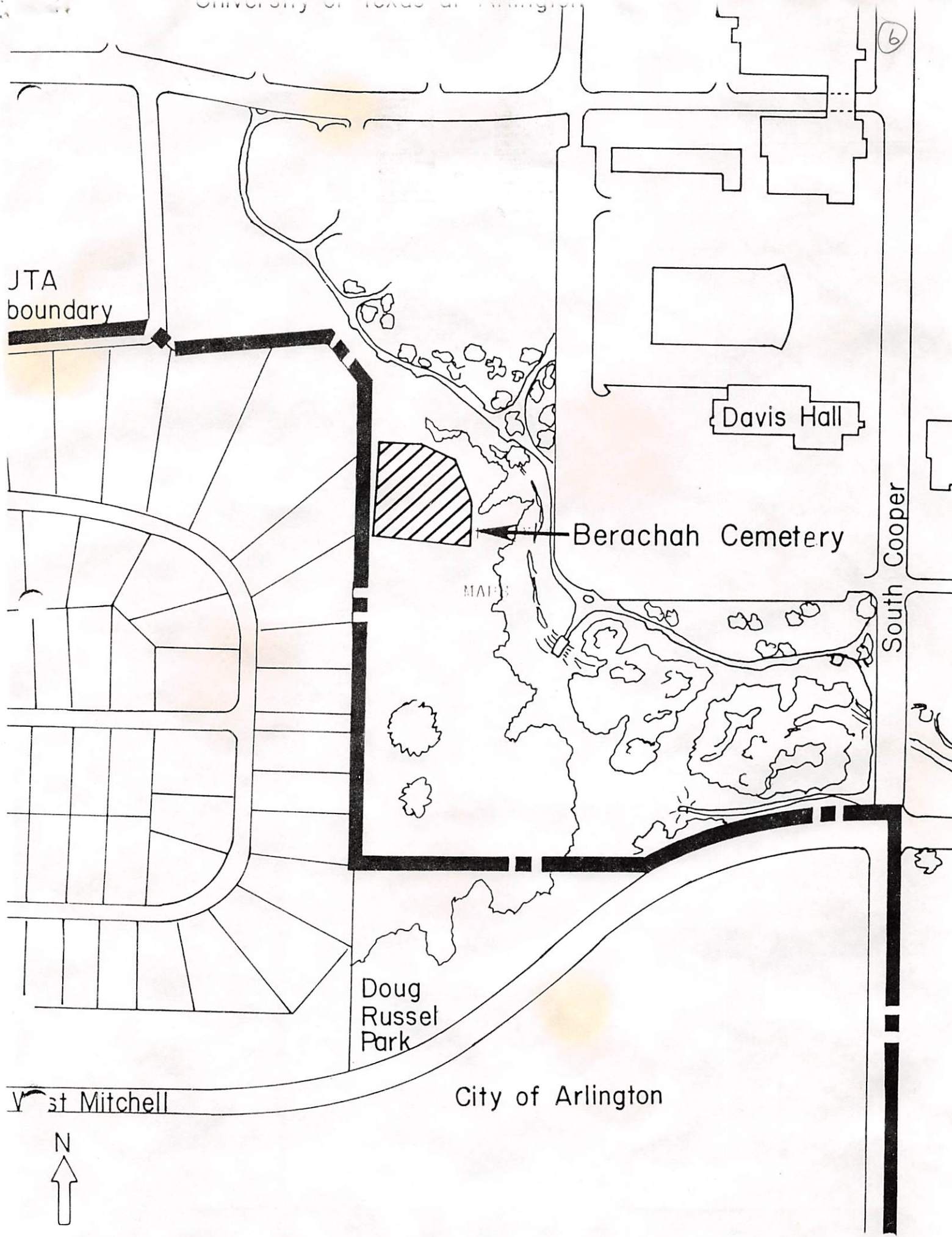
Berachah Cemetery

South Cooper

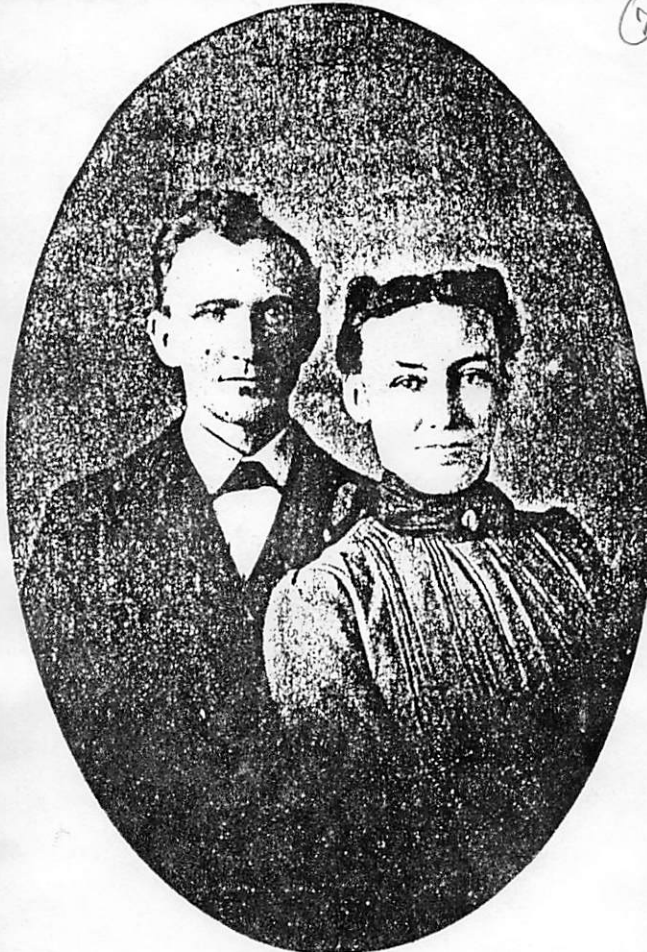
Doug  
Russel  
Park

City of Arlington

St Mitchell







BROTHER AND SISTER UPCHURCH.





A KODAK PICTURE.

MRS. UPCHURCH AND MISS MAUD.  
ON THEIR WAY TO VISIT IN THE LOWER SLUMS.



IN THE LOWEST SLUMS.

A HOME IN AN OLD BROKEN DOWN CAB.



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Board

T. E. Jackson  
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Harry A. Olmsted  
Vice Chairman  
Frank L. McNeny  
Secretary  
Frank E. Austin  
Treasurer

Berachah Rescue Society

(Incorporated)  
J. T. Upchurch, President  
National Headquarters  
301 Southland Life Building  
Dallas, Texas.

9  
Berachah Home  
"For Mother and Child"  
Arlington, Texas

E. R. Stewart  
Field Secretary

March 22,  
1924.

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C. W. Hobson  
A. M. Matson  
J. H. Allison  
F. E. Clarity  
G. H. Clifford  
W. T. Ladd  
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W. W. Woodson  
John W. Bradley  
J. W. Culbertson  
J. T. Harrell  
J. J. Perkins  
W. L. Robertson  
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John McKnight  
George Parr  
J. H. Paul  
F. M. Ryburn

Humphrey's Pure Oil Co.,  
1501 Kirby Bldg.,  
Dallas, Texas.

Gentlemen:

Will you join us in answering the  
appeal of the Berachah Home, as expressed  
in the attached letter?

There is no nobler philanthropy and  
we are sure \$100.00 invested by you in sup-  
porting this home two days is a pleasure you  
will long cherish.

Checks made payable to Frank E. Austin,  
Treasurer, will be greatly appreciated.

Very truly yours,

JTU/am.



State of Texas  
County of Dallas

Before me A. L. Porter, a Notary Public in  
and for said County of Dallas, and State of Texas, on this day per-  
sonally appeared James T. Upchurch, B. M. Huckabee, C. B. Jernigan,  
J. H. Simmons, P. F. Morgan, known to me to be the persons whose  
names are subscribed to the foregoing instrument, dated the 20 day  
of Nov, 1903. and severally acknowledged to me that they, and  
each of them, subscribed to the same purposes and consideration therein

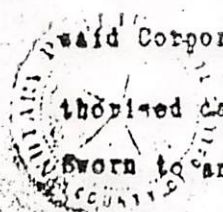


Given under my hand and seal of office, this the 20 day of  
Nov, 1903.

A. L. Porter  
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas.

State of Texas,  
County of Dallas.

Before me A. L. Porter, a Notary Public in  
and for the County of Dallas, State of Texas, on this day personally  
appeared James T. Upchurch, who being by me duly sworn, deposes and  
says: that he is a stock holder of the Corporation known and des-  
ignated as the Home Mission and Rescue Commission of Texas, the Charter  
of said Corporation to be presented forthwith to the Secretary of State  
for filing and recording. That fifty per cent of the capital stock of  
said Corporation has been subscribed, and that ten per cent of its au-  
thorized capital has been paid.



Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 20 day of Nov, 1903

A. L. Porter  
Notary Public, Dallas, Co. Tex.

## D. D. HIGHTOWER

(Billie Williamson)

Dan Hightower, a native of Alvarado, Texas, came to Arlington in 1903. Changes in his business reflected technological progress during his life time, from his first tin and metal shop to becoming the Hightower Plumbing Company specializing in sophisticated air conditioning equipment. He was perhaps the first plumber in Arlington.

He married Mattie Mathers and they had one son, William H. (Bill) Hightower. The family shared interest in sports such as hunting, fishing, horse racing and golf. Mattie started this interest at an early age. She was an excellent horseback rider, and she owned the first 'rubber-tire buggy' in Arlington, which was considered quite "daring."

Two gradsons of Dan and Mattie Hightower live in Midland, Texas. Jack D. and William H. Jr. They are as involved with sports as have been their father and grandparents.

When Arlington started operating its own public library in 1923, separating from being a branch of the Fort Worth library, Dan and Mattie provided space above their plumbing company for this civic venture.

## J. T. UPCHURCH

(Allie Mae Gilmore)

In July 1906 the Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Upchurch and their four children. Allie Mae, Ruth, Wesley, and Wilbur moved to Arlington from Dallas. They arrived in a two seated surrey, pulled by a horse. Their household goods arrived by T. & P. Freight. They found a town built on hot, deep sand, with a few walks in town and around the square made of plank boards.

The Upchurch family rented a house from Mr. Weeks and lived there for several years. It was located next to the big home and beautiful yard of the Weeks family on Abram Street. It was here that another child, Lometa, was born.

J. T. Upchurch was founder and builder of the Berachah Home, located on South Cooper and Benge. The name of the home stood for mother and child and the home was established to make a home for unwed mothers. Here the girls could find friendship and guidance to help them back to a life of usefulness and happiness.

After the Berachah Home was established the Upchurches built a large two story house on Mitchell Street for their family. The five children attended school and finished high school while Mr. Kookan was superintendent.

All five of the children were married. Allie Mae and Frank Wiese had five children; Frances, Ruth, Lois, Eugenia and Frank Wiese, Jr.; Velma and Wilbur Upchurch had no children; Ruth and J. B. Brady had no children; Gola and Wesley Upchurch had two children, James deceased, and Dorothy; and Lometa married Henry Christopher, they have two children, Shirley and Henry Christopher.

Memories of the early 1900's in Arlington include: the beautiful gardens, picking berries, fresh milk and cream, gathering pecans, everyone being a neighbor, very few crimes being committed (locked doors were not necessary), using a wash tub to bathe in, and walking to town and to school.

The Upchurch Family's favorite desserts came at Christmas time.

Ambrosia

Devil's Food Cake

## SHERMAN S. DAVIDSON

(Lee Davidson)

My parents, Sherman S. Davidson and Ella Mae arrived in Arlington in 1906.

Their home was established in a few years at the corner of Elm at Division. My father was a blacksmith by trade, and his shop was in the 20th block of East Main.

The Davidson family were all members of the First Baptist Church.

Their children were, Lola Mae, married E. C. (Shug) McKnight, both deceased. Their children are now living in all parts of the country. Both their son was shot down in an air raid over Paris, France in World War II.

Berta Elizabeth married E. C. Brown, both deceased. Their daughter Joyce is now Mrs. Aaron Cawley. A son, E. C. Brown is a Professor at Wilson University in North Carolina. Jack Brown is with WBAP-TV.

Lee Davidson is married to Margaret Louise Hogan. After returning home from serving over seas during the War, Lee entered the grocery business and operated it until 1962 on East Division. Their son, Donald Lee Grimmer (Margaret's son by a previous marriage) lives in Dallas. Mary Louise is married to Benard Otto.

Ruby married Cecil South of Wilmer, Texas, they had two sons, J. S. South of San Angelo, Texas, and Cecil South of Wilmer.

Pecan Delight Pie

Seven Layer Cookies



JAMES TONY

4

XID-39378

(12)

December 7, 1981

Mrs. Duane Gage  
Tarrant County Junior College  
828 Harwood Road  
Murst, Texas 76053

Dear Mrs. Gage:

I am interested in all aspects of the Upchurch family and publish a quarterly entitled UPCHURCH BULLETIN. Recently I have learned with great interest of the former Berachah Home and Cemetery in your county and of the role played by James T. Upchurch in establishing these entities. The Texas State Historical Commission has been kind enough to supply me with materials from their files including the following:

1. Inscription on the Historical Marker.
2. Copies of 6 pages from the Purity Journal.
3. "A short History of the Berachah Home and Berachah Cemetery - Arlington, Texas" by Lynn Manion and Jan Dolph.

They have referred me to you for more information.

I am anxious to identify the ancestors and descendants of James T. Upchurch and to obtain addresses for any of these who are now living. If you can provide any information whatsoever along this line I will be most grateful. Any additional details on the Home or Cemetery will also be welcome.

Sincerely yours,

Robert Phillip Upchurch, Editor  
UPCHURCH BULLETIN

/s

JAMES TONY

U

XID-39318

**Tarrant County Historical Commission**

% TCJC NE Campus  
828 Harwood Road  
Hurst, Texas 76053

*Tarrant County Junior College District*

(13)

Dec. 14, 1981



REC'D  
20 DEC 1981

TARRANT COUNTY COURT HOUSE  
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Robert Phillip Upchurch  
P O Box 35804  
Tucson, Arizona 85740

Dear Mr. Upchurch:

In response to your inquiry concerning information on James T. Upchurch and descendants, I have no additional information other than that submitted by Jan Dolph and Lynn Marion.

Mrs. C. R. Barnett, 6200 Davis Boulevard, Fort Worth, Texas 76118, has told me that a "home" was established in the Grapevine-Pleasant Glade Community by persons who had earlier been affiliated with the Beracha Home. I suggest you communicate with her.

I would advise you sending her a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Sincerely,

Duane Gage 223.19  
Chairman



29 DEC 1981

MRS C. R. BARNETT  
6200 DAVIS BOULEVARD  
FORT WORTH, TX 76118

Dear Mrs Barnett,

For several years I have been working on the genealogy of the entire Upchurch family and for the past two years have published a quarterly entitled UPCHURCH BULLETIN. Recently I encountered a notice that a Rev James T. Upchurch organized the Berechab's Rescue Society in Waco, TX in 1894. This Society was to take care of orphaned orphans. Recently the Texas Historical Commission placed a marker at the graveyard of the Society.

Your name and address was given to me by Mr Duane Cage, Chairman of the Tarrant County Historical Commission. He indicated that you may know of some people who were associated with the Berechab's Society and who formed another "home" in the Grapevine - Pleasant Glade Community.

I am anxious to have any information whatsoever about Rev James T. Upchurch and his ancestors or descendants. I particularly desire to know the names of his father and grandfather and the address of any living relatives. Your help will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely yours Phil Upchurch  
[ROBERT PHILIP UPCHURCH]

JAMES TONY

U

XID-39378

(15)

REC'D  
21 JAN 1982  
RPA

January 8, 1982

Mr. Robert Phillip Upchurch

Dear Mr. Upchurch,

In answer to your letter of December 29, 1981 concerning Rev. James Upchurch, I shall be glad to give you some of those things with which I was personally aware. Of the genealogies and relatives I fear I can not be very helpful. Our current area telephone directory lists 42 families of Upchurch, the majority with a J in their initials, interesting?

But concerning Rev. Upchurch's work and personality I can remember much. I question seriously the accuracy of the statement that the Barracah Rescue Society was organized in Waco in 1894. Since receiving your letter I have made a number of contacts to verify my belief. The only home of this date in Waco was the Methodist Orphans Home. Authority over this project was granted by the Methodist conference to Rev. Vaughn in 1891. The land was located and bought in 1893, the children's home opened in 1894. In 1908 Brother McClain was administrator followed by Brother Barnett and others etc., etc. This home is still active. Since Brother Upchurch was a Methodist minister he, like all others in the conference, undoubtedly lent a helping hand in this endeavor, but his real interest was in another field. Brother Upchurch did, during this era, found and build the "Barracah" home for girls, but the location was in Arlington, Tarrant County, Texas. Let us look at the reason Brother Upchurch felt there was such a need for this home for girls. Society in America at this turn of the century was totally without understanding or care for the problems rising for unwed mothers. The girl was considered of no value, no intelligence, not fit to be granted any employment but the most menial labor. If she desired to keep and tried to care for her baby, the baby was looked upon as a shame baby who, (so thought the times) could never amount to anything. Adoptions in those days were not popular, and even if the adoptive parents showed love, and care for the child, our cruel, self-righteous society could never let the child forget he was adopted.

Poor friendless, lonely, distraught, homeless, poorly clothed, half starved girls! Where could they turn? The tragedies that ensued were unbelievable. Brother Upchurch felt the teachings of the Bible did not approve of such conduct, that the passionate Jesus could and would forgive if the person would accept Him and begin a new life and continue therein. Yet even with a new life they must have shelter and help and encouragement. Where could that be found? If you will turn to Websters dictionary I think you will find the source of the name for the home in the root word barraca (1) to kneel for a blessing as a camel kneels, hence the word acquired the intonation of blessed, (2) a plain building or shelter. What more fitting name for the home than a word combining the two ideas; a blessed shelter for these very needy ones. "Barracah Home", I cannot positively contend for the proper spelling. I find it varying in this generation but the pronunciation Ba rä 'cäh lives without change in my heart. Brother Upchurch with his wife and family (in my recollection two children-a son and daughter) made provision for and opened their doors and arms to these needy ones.

These mothers were encouraged to keep their little ones and an excellent nursery was provided where the babies were cared for and love and training began in infancy. As they grew a school was established for them within the home offering kindergarten through the lower grades with excellent teachers.

If the mothers needed more education to gain good positions they were helped to obtain it. Some to business college, some to other schools and colleges as needs demanded. As soon as possible jobs were procured. Employers in the area soon realized that Brother Upchurch's girls were excellent and desirable employees.

At the close of the day these girls had a good home to which they could return and find their well kept little ones and friendly companionships from their "new sisters." In the evenings classes were offered these girls in music, art, and other handcrafts. Then at the close of the day came family worship service where prayers were shared and burdens lifted. After a time an excellent young women's choir was organized. They became so proficient that soon many invitations came to sing at various gatherings. As they stood to sing, clothed in their attractive, identical white silk crepe dresses and with the smile of a happy Christian on their faces, what a beautiful and inspiring picture they made. They had found their place in Christ's service.

My father, as did Brother Upchurch, helped with the services and endeavors at the old Union Gospel Mission in downtown Fort Worth, Texas. Brother Upchurch participated in these services as an outreach for his girls. His own son played excellent trumpet and he came also and helped in Sunday afternoon services. Father helped Brother Upchurch all he could and we were very good friends. Sometimes Mother and Daddy would take us to visit the children at the home. As we played awhile we children never looked on it as an institution but as a big, big, family.

Naturally just as in any large family, illness and heartache and sometimes death took its toll, but all stood together. The ones lost in death were laid to rest in the society's graveyard. Recently the Texas Historical Society placed a marker on this hallowed plot located in Arlington, Texas on land originally belonging to the Barracah home and near the site of the old main building. Time brings its changes, and now the campus of the University of Texas at Arlington has encroached to the cemetery's boundaries. When in 1957 the Barracah Home was moved to East Texas (near Corsicana?), the old building was razed, and the grounds are now used as Arlington's "Doug Russell Park."

In the middle 1940's while those trials of war were so seriously affecting each of us, Brother Upchurch was thinking again of service to others. Many of his girls are ready to retire, others are now retired. Those faithful workers who have labored long in the Upchurch printing and publishing house and other businesses in Dallas are also looking toward retirement. Brother Upchurch feels there is a need for a retirement project where older Christians may have activity and fellowship as well as their physical needs supplied. He Has It! A self sustaining farm. A place large enough to be fully adequate, a Barracah Farm. He found his desire in a large excellent tract of land on FM157 between Pleasant Glade and Grapevine. This land bounded on the west by 157 and on the other three perimeters by roads now completely obliterated. Upchurch purchased the land and began operations immediately. A number of small new cottages were built for retirees. The existing larger houses were reserved for the farm managers and their families and other essential employees who would move from Dallas with other departments to the Barracah Farm. He brought all of his activities from the Dallas area. The large front "parlor barn", became the industrial building, the new home of publishing house, print shop with the presses and all other allied machinery. When Brother Upchurch moves, he moves fast. The north portion of farm became business and trade. While the remainder to the south border blossomed over night so to speak. The land needed was broken and seasonal planting begun, while a gentle horse or two stood ready to round up the cows, while there were eggs to gather, chickens to feed, pigs to slop, geese, and ducks on the pond, guineas doing their duty as watchmen, and even an old peacock spreads his tail for beauty. The people who came to Barracah farm were all wonderful people. The majority of them attending for various periods of time, The Assembly of God Church at Pleasant Glade where Rev. Cecil R. Barnett was pastor. The first manager at Barracah Farm that we personally met was a Congregational Methodist Minister with a very large family

(17)

of 12 daughters and one son. At the time of our meeting the son was a prisoner of war, whereabouts unknown. Such anxiety and sorrow for the father and mother, but God still answers prayer. He was found and "Uncle Sam" gave him land near Houston, Texas in the rice belt. Despite the war problem this family was a happy, joyful, active group loved by all of us. The sisters were excellent singers and were a real blessing to our church at Pleasant Glade. Some names I recall of other managers were, Morris, Williams, Hitner, Prince, Gartener, others before we moved.

BARRACAH FARM

was an inspiration and help to the entire area. The land is now a part of Dallas, Fort Worth Airport with its hustle and bustle. If Brother Upchurch and Daddy could step here today, what would they see as life's greatest problem? Regardless of what, they would only find it a challenge and start right in to solve it. God grant us their wisdom and love for humanity. I trust this will answer some of your needs.

Sincerely,

*Edmonia Utley Barnett*

Edmonia Utley Barnett  
(Mrs. Cecil R. Barnett)

*Mrs C. R. Barnett*  
*6000 Davis Blvd*  
*Smuckfield, Texas*  
*76180*



*Michael Enterprise*

*P.O. Box 35804*

*Queen,*

*Arizona*

*85740*

*of Mrs Robert Phillips Upchurch*

RECEIVED UNSEALED  
FORT WORTH, TX 76101

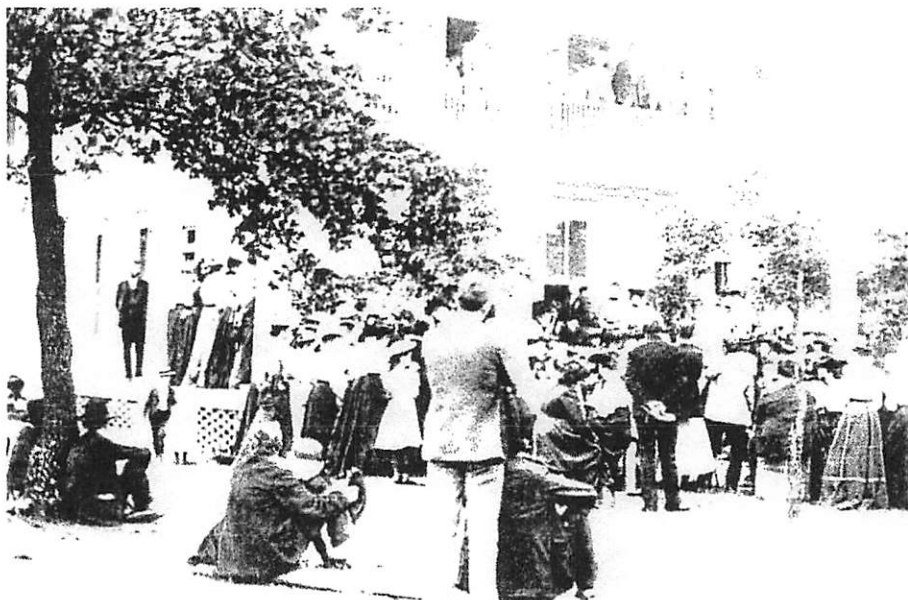
From DA 1581996  
William Lee Rathbone  
D. R. W.

18

George Luttrell and his brother, Moreland, went into the grocery business in 1900. George Luttrell ran the Interurban Station from 1912 to 1922 and served on the city council from 1921 to 1925. His home was on Fairview Street. Photograph courtesy of J. W. Dunlop.

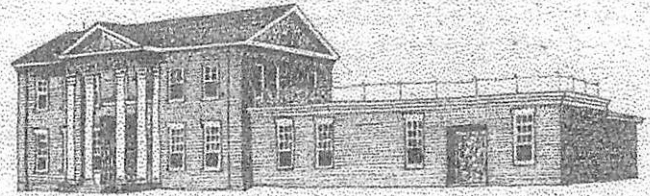
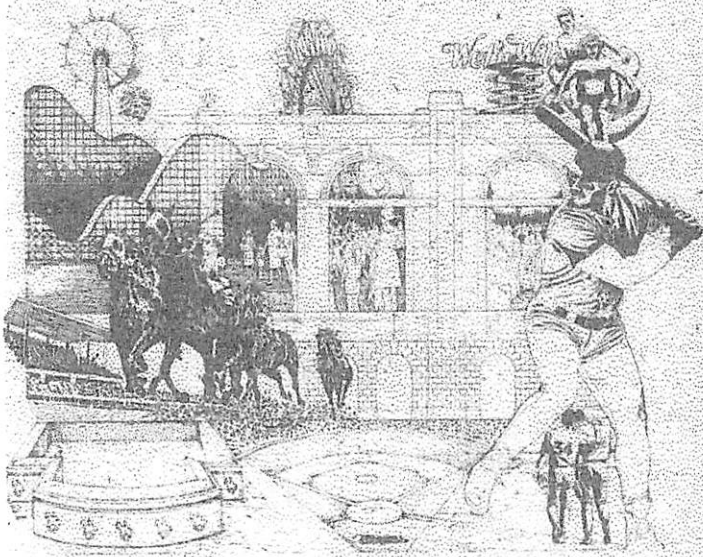


This group came for the opening of the Berachah Home on May 14, 1903. The home subsisted on charitable donations from the community. Photograph courtesy of J. W. Dunlop.



Reverend J. T. Upchurch was the founder and superintendent of the Berachah Industrial Home for the Redemption and Protection of Erring Girls. The building was located at Cooper and Mitchell streets and was replaced in 1965 by an apartment complex. Photograph courtesy of J. W. Dunlop.



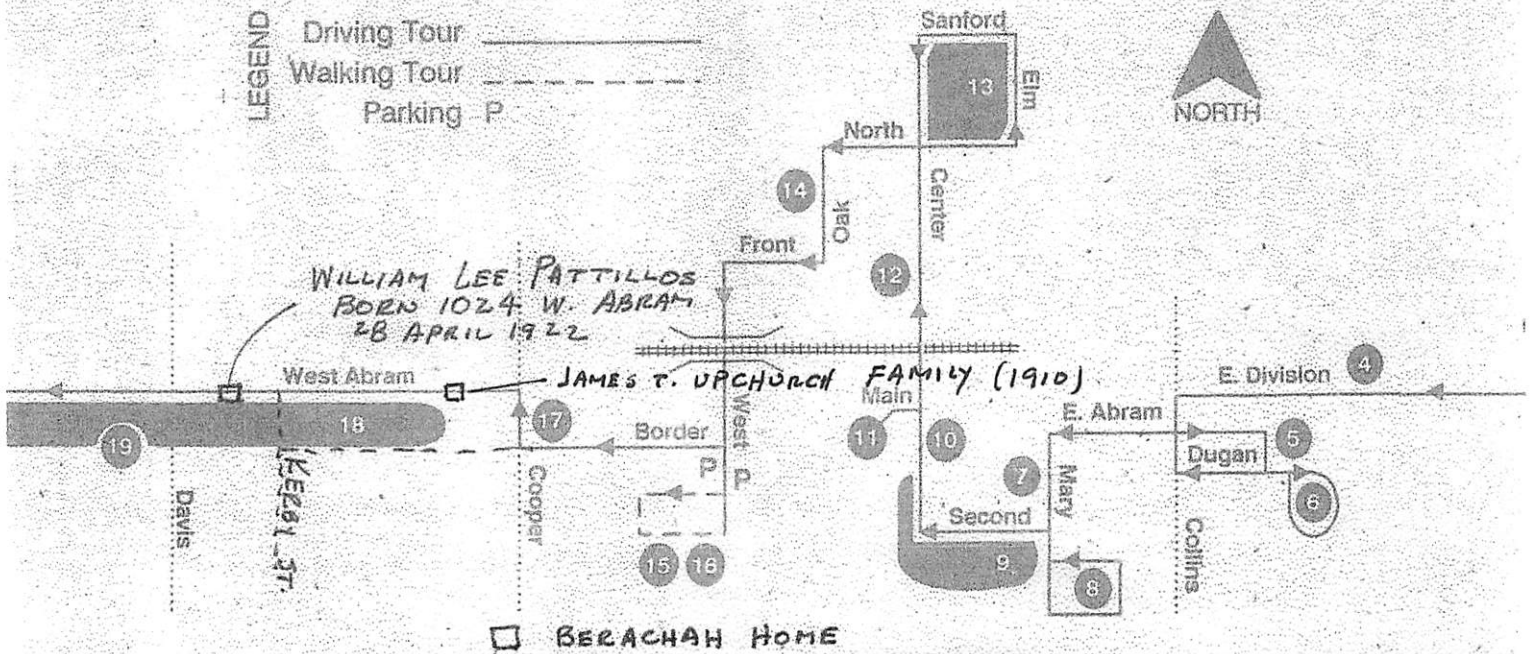


### Eastern Star Home

1201 E. Division St. Built at opposite ends of town, two facilities were designed for retired Masons, their spouses and members of the Eastern Star. The Eastern Star Home, built appropriately on the eastern end of town in 1924, houses a museum of installation gowns covering several decades, which can be seen by appointment only.

From Str 1951 1996 William Lee Pattillos Ed RPH

LEGEND  
Driving Tour ———  
Walking Tour - - - - -  
Parking P



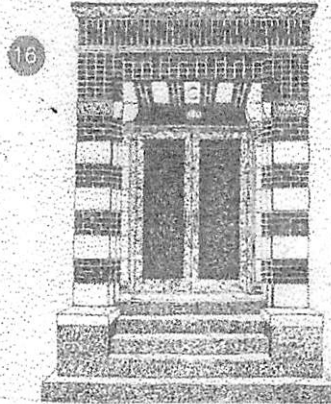
### College/Brazos Halls

100 & 601 W. 2nd., UTA Campus. College Hall was built in 1926 and used as a library. It now houses the Office of the President and the Military Science Department, where historical photos of the college can be viewed by appointment. The building's cornice frieze is similar to the order around the title block (above left). Brazos Hall was built in 1936 as a boys' dorm when the college was a part of the Texas A & M system. This origin accounts for the "A-D" designations over the portals to correspond to the corp companies that were housed there (pictured at right).



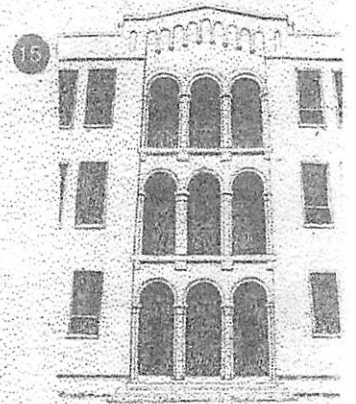
### Old Arlington High School

Proceed west on Border St. to the moderne-style Homemaking Building (1940) at the corner of Cooper St. (above). Turn north on Cooper and pass the Gymnasium (1940) and old Arlington High School Building (1922). All three buildings are used by UTA currently.



### Ransom/Preston Halls

520 & 540 W. 2nd St. on the UTA Campus. Ransom Hall was built in 1919 as the Administration Building of Grubbs Vocational School. It is currently used for journalism, English classes and The Shorthorn, all programs that Professor W. A. Ransom helped develop after arriving in 1919. When new, it was "thoroughly equipped with modern fixtures", including telephones in every room, a motion picture machine and a large flat roof "ideal for outdoor parties". Preston Hall, built in 1927, was the mechanical arts building housing animal husbandry and a slaughter house below the rotunda floor until 1940. Both buildings have Romanesque Revival detailing (pictured above right).





(21)

**UPCHURCH**  
6 EAGLES WAY LANE  
LAKE ST. LOUIS, MO 63367

October 28, 1997

Dr. Stan Ingersol, Archivist  
Church of the Nazarene  
6401 The Paseo  
Kansas City, MO 64131

Dear Dr. Ingersol:

Thank you for taking time to make our visit to the Archives of the Church of the Nazarene on October 13, 1997 enjoyable and productive. The material you identified for us and the copies you allowed us to make provide for a greater understanding of Rev. James Tony Upchurch and his work.

The book "The Rise Of The Church Of The Nazarene" has been very helpful. You suggested that Rev. James T. Upchurch probably was active in the Holiness Church of Christ and that you might send me copies of documents showing his involvement. I would very much appreciate such documents and will gladly pay an normal charges involved.

During the first two weeks of November I hope to write the next UPCHURCH BULLETIN which will be devoted and dedicated to Reverend James T. Upchurch. A copy will be sent for your Archives.

Thank you again for your help.

Sincerely yours,

*Phil Upchurch*

Robert P. UPchurch, Editor  
UPCHURCH BULLETIN & ENGLANDIA

RPU:s

**Stan Ingersol**  
Manager

**NAZARENE ARCHIVES**



Office of the General Secretary  
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
6401 THE PASEO, KANSAS CITY, MO 64131 Phone: (816) 333-7000

JAMES. TONY U

XID-39378  
①

ARTICLES IN TEXAS NEWSPAPERS

RE JTUP

# Slum Kids Champion, Dad Upchurch, Dies

By BETTY RAYNOR

Dr. J. T. (Daddy) Upchurch, 79, who spent more than 50 years of his life preaching, writing and fighting for wayward youngsters, died Tuesday morning at his home, 34 W. Ninth St.

He had never retired from his recent work, and claimed as his "family" hundreds of boys and girls throughout the nation whose lives he had helped to make better.

The slender, white-haired champion of youth formerly operated the Bereanah Home for Girls in Arlington, for 15 years. When the home was closed 12 years ago, he moved to Dallas and directed his energies toward writing and lecturing on the behalf of youth.

He was born in Boone County,

Continued on Page Four

Savings accounts are insured up to \$5,000 at the Mercantile National Bank by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, S.A.D.



DR. J. T. UPCHURCH  
"Dad" to Many Boys

This clipping was among my sister's papers. We did not know who the man was, but thought you might know where he fits in.

I have no use for the information.

G.U.

## Dr. Upchurch

Continued From Page One

and lived in Waco. Dr. Upchurch was married to the former Maggie Mae Adams in Waco in 1902. He began his career of juvenile rehabilitation in Waco.

At the time of his marriage, Dr. Upchurch was a bookkeeper, but shortly afterward he was moved by the unfortunate plight of youngsters in the slums of the city and decided to devote his life to helping them.

He began preaching and lecturing in the slum sections, on street corners and any place where he could get a crowd to listen. He traveled throughout the state preaching and writing and working for legislation to improve the lot of neglected youth, to get at the source of their difficulties before their plight became too tragic.

In 1908, Dr. and Mrs. Upchurch, who had been his partner and companion in his campaigning for young people, opened the Bereanah Home in Arlington.

The home suffered unfortunate and untoward close some 55 at a time. More than 100 babies were born in the home, and Dr. Upchurch's fight to help the babies and their mothers got a good start. He indicated how to hundreds.

He was in 1910 a minister of the First Baptist Church, and was the first minister of the First Nazarene Church in Dallas. He has preached in many churches in the state and abroad.

The Upchurch family has two sons, A. W. Upchurch of Arlington and W. W. Upchurch of Waco, Texas, and three daughters, Mrs. J. H. Elliott of Dallas, Mrs. H. C. Upchurch of Dallas, and Mrs. H. C. Upchurch of Dallas, all of whom are grandmothers and great-grandmothers.

Funeral arrangements are pending with the First Baptist Home, 34 W. Ninth St.



The Arlington  
**CITIZEN-JOURNAL**

Wednesday, January 21, 1981

# Women-Family

*State to honor with historical marker*

## Berachah Industrial Home remembered

By ANNE MARIE BIONDO

C-J Women's Editor

In another time, but in this very town, stood a quaint complex of ten small buildings where young girls scurried about tending to their daily chores of laundry, gardening, typing, sewing and most importantly caring for their illegitimate infants.

Today, all that can be found on the 40 acres once known as the site of the Berachah Industrial Home, For the Redemption of Erring Girls, is a small obscure cemetery with 78 flat, unadorned markers hidden between the



**Allie Mae Upchurch**

tall, unkempt grass and an occasional beer can.

The cemetery, located in the University of Texas at Arlington's Doug Russell Park near Johnson Creek, is currently recognized by a mere cyclone fence surrounding its humble boundaries.

But this month the cemetery will receive an official state historical marker which is intended to "advance the recognition of this important remnant of turn-of-the-century Arlington," according to two UTA graduate students whose research of the Berachah Industrial Home and cemetery was accepted by the Texas Historical Commission.

As students in City and Regional Planning, Lynn Manion and Jan Dolph set out to document the history of this forgotten graveyard known only to vandals whose destruction has begun to take its toll. Upon completing their research, the students — under the guidance of professor R. Gene Brooks — sent their work to the Tarrant County Historical Commission where it was reviewed and forwarded to the state commission for final approval. The Arlington Historical Society has donated \$325 to pay for the marker.

Following is the story of the Berachah Industrial Home and its founder, the Rev. J. T. Upchurch as described in Ms. Manion's and Ms. Dolph's research and supplemented by a conversation with 85-year-old Allie Mae Upchurch, the founder's eldest daughter who currently lives in Dallas.

J. T. UPCHURCH came to Dallas around the turn of the century from Waco where he was driven away by angry fellow Methodist Church members who opposed his missionary work with prostitutes — which he organized in 1894 under the name "Berachah Rescue Society."

With his wife and child, Upchurch settled in the Oak Cliff area and continued his "rescue" work in the slums — or vice districts — trying to redeem the souls of the sinful young women.

Photos reprinted from

1907 Berachah

Home Annual Report



**J. T. and Maggie Mae  
Upchurch**

Though his religious convictions concurred with the attitude of the conservative establishment of the day (i.e., everything from tobacco to dancing was evil), Upchurch ironically sympathized with the "erring girls" as his writings later revealed. He contended these women were often the victims of circumstance thrust into the brothels against their wills rather than believing the commonly-held view that they were lecherous whores responsible for the proliferation of prostitution.

In a letter to the editor of "The Dallas Morning News," on Nov. 1, 1937, Upchurch wrote:

"...I uncovered some of the black atrocities perpetuated upon the unfortunate girls who were sold to shame and enslaved by merciless vice lords.

"I uncovered the sordid facts revealing that many of these girls were lured from respectable homes, debauched, defiled and were held in chains of slavery and forced to sell their very souls for bloody, grimy dollars to jingle in the money tills of corrupt politicians and greedy grafters."

While in Dallas, Upchurch began publishing "The Purity Journal" — a magazine in which he described the work of the Rescue Society to its financial contributors. In it, he persuaded them to be more generous so that he could expand his work and build a permanent facility for the homeless, often pregnant girls.

In "The Purity Journal," Upchurch wrote of desperate girls who flocked to his religious services looking for a way out of the squalid brothels. It was not uncommon for him to take a girl home to be cared for by his wife and daughter, recalled Allie Mae.

"In the paper he told about the girls he'd bring to our home who wanted to get out of the district," Allie Mae said. "He was looking for a place to build an institution. He saw there was a need when the girls would come to his services and leave and had nowhere to go."

After searching the Metroplex for an appropriate spot to erect his home, Upchurch came upon Arlington.

"He went out on train and got off in the middle of Dallas and Fort Worth," explained Allie Mae. "He walked out that way, and when he got to Cooper — it was all trees and forests — and he looked up to the sky through the leaves and said 'Lord if this is the place make it clear to me.' And he knelt down and prayed and told the Lord he didn't want to make any mistakes. So he found the owner of the property and bought it. There he built the first building and he said he never had any problems."

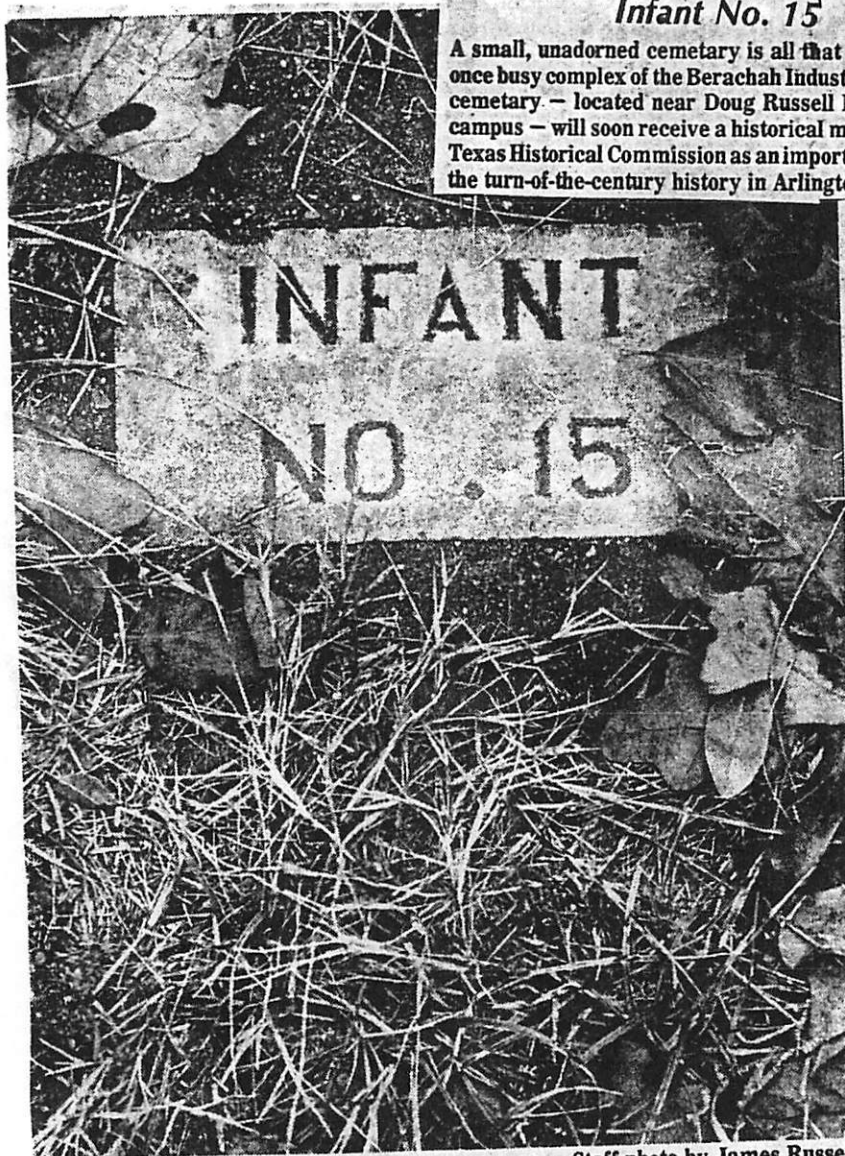
"He thought that location was perfect because he often said Dallas and Fort Worth would grow together," Allie Mae continued. "And it nearly has."

The doors of the Berachah Industrial Home opened on May 14, 1903. During the next 32 years, the home grew to a 10-building complex including a hospital, nursery, dormitory, printing shop, chapel, office building, school house and barn. Homeless girls came from all over Texas and surrounding states to have their babies and learn to care for themselves.

In some respects, the Berachah Home was a forerunner of modern day women's shelters in which residents escaped physical and sexual abuse and received practical job skill training in the home's handkerchief factory or offices.

But what set the Berachah Home apart from other early institutions for unwed mothers was the house rule that all mothers were required to keep their babies — adoption was out of the question.

"He didn't approve of babies being adopted," Allie Mae said. "Papa always said when Moses was taken from his mother, God made the way for them to get back together. He didn't believe it was God's plan for mother and child to be separated."



—Staff photo by James Russell

Due to the stigma attached to single mothers, young women were normally expected to place their babies up for adoption. But at the Berachah Home, the girls were required to keep their infants and make the best possible life for them.

"There was a lot of opposition to this at the time," Allie Mae explained. "People believed the girls should give up their babies — they thought they'd be looked down on, and they weren't doing their families right and couldn't go to church. They had everything against them. But papa's view was that Christian people should stand by them."

According to his daughter, Upchurch also supported state legislation in 1937 which sought to remove the word "illegitimate" from birth certificates of babies born out of wedlock.

"He said no babies were illegitimate, only the parents were," Allie Mae said. "He was concerned that this would follow the children all through their lives."

A bill to amend the legitimacy question was passed in 1937, but the legislature reinstated the qualification in 1939, according to J. L. Howze of the Bureau of Vital Statistics. Finally, in 1977, the legislature removed the requirement that "illegitimate" be included on such birth certificates.

Perhaps because of his own atheistic beginnings, Upchurch was determined to save the souls of the "erring" girls and their infants.

"Papa's father died when he was three years old, and his mother remarried without ever finding out the faith of the man," she said. "So by the time my papa was a teenager, he thought life was like blowing a candle out. He didn't believe in heaven or hell."

"But he was a real jolly person, like an entertainer. When he was in his late teens he was planning to hold a dance. He went to the Methodist Church revival to announce his dance — he told his friends he'd have more people at his dance than there was at the church."

"While he was there, he found out the minister was sleeping on the bench at the church to get to preach in the morning. When papa found that out, he said, 'if a man is that interested other people there must be something to it.' That just broke him all up — that's the night he was converted. So he went to the pastor and asked to join the church," Allie Mae explained.

## Infant No. 15

A small, unadorned cemetery is all that remains of the once busy complex of the Berachah Industrial Home. The cemetery — located near Doug Russell Park on UTA's campus — will soon receive a historical marker from the Texas Historical Commission as an important remnant of the turn-of-the-century history in Arlington.

(3)





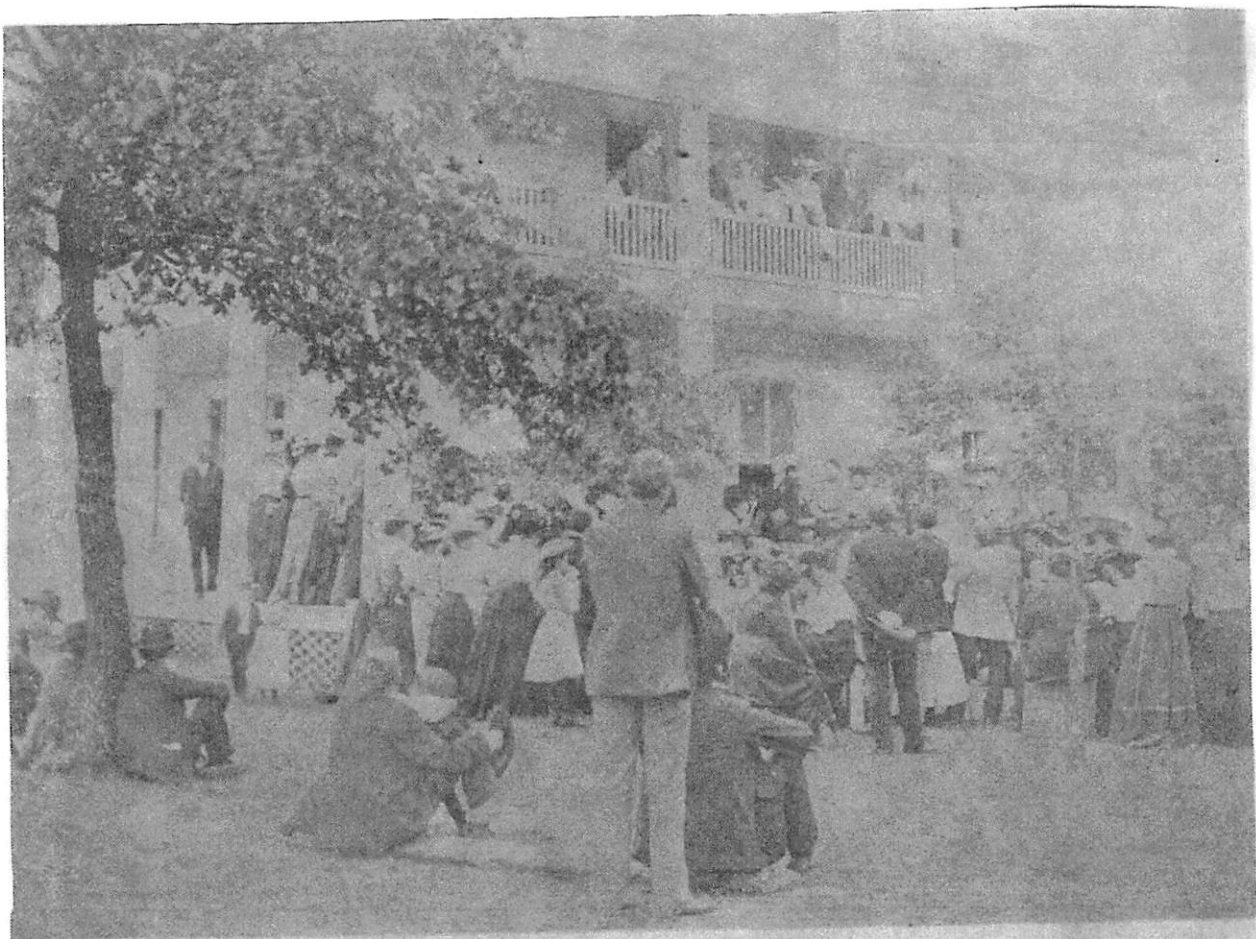
*Burial of an unidentified resident in the now historical cemetery*



*Residents in the class of 1906*



*Docia - one of the Berachah babies*



**May 14, 1903, Dedication of the Berachah Home opening**

Upchurch's first church assignment was to work with young people, she added. But he continued to deliver papers as he had done as a young boy.

It was on one of his deliveries that he first witnessed the treatment of prostitutes by the law, and that experience stayed with him and prompted him to organize the Berachah Rescue Society and later the home.

In an issue of "The Purity Journal," Upchurch wrote a story entitled, "A bit of my Early Experiences:"

"I do believe," he wrote, "that my heart beats honestly and in sympathy with the great class to which I belong — the Common People.

"It was while engaged in selling papers (as a child in Waco) that I saw the first out cast girl I had ever knowingly met."

He described following the sound of shrill and frightened screams only to find a young woman in the grasp of two policemen.

"They thrust her into a little dingy cell with a heavy wooden door and left her there sobbing. I lingered near for a season anxious to sympathize with the poor creature.

"I hurried home to tell my mother all about the terrible incident, when I told her she said, 'Hush, my dear. That was a bad woman and they are taking her up to preserve order.'

"I did not know then what a 'bad woman' was, but I knew it must be some-

See Berachah page 5C

> NOTE: The information on Page 5C has not been provided to RPU



# Unwed mothers found a home

## Historical marker to note group's work

Think of it! Ye who read this, A young and inexperienced girl standing alone in the dark shadows of a strange building. Would the door open? Would she be received? If not, what would she do, bearing as she did the evidences of a sinful life?

The Purity Journal  
September 1904

By BINNIE FISHER  
Star-Telegram Writer

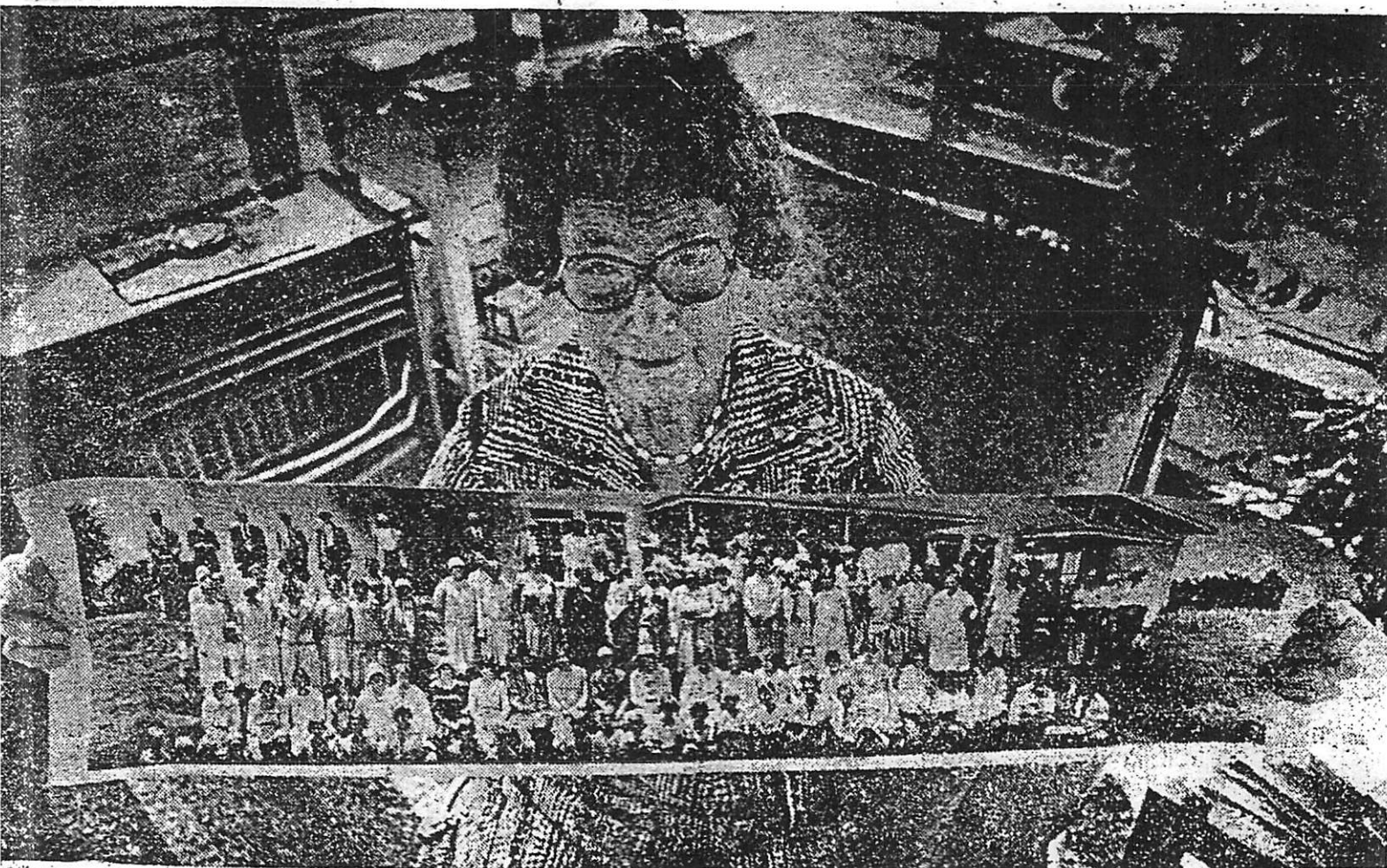
ARLINGTON — Dilly was the young girl's name, and one evidence of her "sinful" life was the child she carried inside her.

The door she knocked on was that of the Berachah Industrial Home for the Redemption of Erring Girls. Had it existed in 1981, it would have been called simply a

FROM: FORT WORTH  
STAR TELEGRAM, 22 FEB  
1981 FORT WORTH, TX



REV. J.T. UPCHURCH  
... founder of home



DAUGHTER ALLIE MAE GILMORE . . . "The Lord answered his prayers and gave him leadership"

Star-Telegram/JERRY HOEFER

home for unwed mothers.

The door opened that night, and Dilly was received. Months later, she gave birth to the first child actually born at the home. He was named Alpha.

Many more babies would be born at Berachah in succeeding years, but unlike at other homes of the day, the children would not be offered for adoption. In the eyes of Berachah founder Rev. J.T. Upchurch, adoption was not the answer.

"He thought every child needed his mother," said Upchurch's daughter, Allie Mae Gilmore, who now lives in Dallas. "When Moses was taken from his mother, God saw that she got him back. Papa felt like that was a sign."

The cluster of buildings that was Berachah is gone. All that remains is a weathered little cemetery, unlike any other in Arlington. Nestled among trees in Doug Russell Park at the University of Texas at Arlington, the graveyard is the only testament to Berachah and the work that was done there.

Had it not been for the interest of a UTA professor and two of his students, Upchurch, Berachah and a philosophy that was 50 years ahead of its time might have been lost forever.

At 2 p.m. March 7, the trials and triumphs of Berachah will be commemorated with the dedication of a historical marker at the gate of the cemetery. The acquisition of the marker is the result of a paper

submitted to the Texas Historical Commission by UTA students Jan Dolph and Lynn Manion and Architecture Dean Gene Brooks.

The paper started out as a project involving a number of students. The plan was to survey the UTA campus. In the process, the cemetery was discovered.

"I became interested because of the uniqueness of this cemetery — the markers and the lack of last names," Brooks said. "I had never seen a cemetery with this particular focus."

Buried in the cemetery are young mothers who died in childbirth, stillborn babies, home residents who died during a measles epidemic and a number of home workers and their children.

Ms. Dolph said the original intent was not to get a marker for the cemetery.

"We initially started by trying to find out why the cemetery was there," she said. "Then, it turned out to be a good story that needed to be documented."

In doing research and preparing the paper, the students and their professor learned much about not only the home and cemetery, but also about its founder.

"There's something that goes a lot farther than just the cemetery," Brooks said. "There was Rev. Upchurch and his perception about the women and their lives."

"He was a case of an extreme conservative view meeting a very liberal one."

Brooks explained that while Upchurch was conservative in his religious views, his stand on social issues had a liberal leaning.

He is said to have campaigned once for legislation that would remove the "illegitimate" label from birth certificates of children born to unmarried mothers. His daughter said he often remarked that there was no such thing as an illegitimate child, only illegitimate parents.

Upchurch, preacher, home superintendent, author and publisher of the *Purity Journal*, is described as a man ahead of his time.

His daughter remembers, "From the time he was converted, he wasn't educated, but you'd never know it. He was just that type."

"He got up early in the morning and prayed. I've known him to get up as early as 4. It's been so wonderful to me how the Lord answered his prayers and gave him leadership."

Mrs. Gilmore said that early in his life, her father led a rather raucous existence, carousing and going to dances.

One night, as Upchurch was planning an upcoming dance, someone invited him to a church revival. He agreed to go, but he added, "I'll have more at that dance than you'll have at church."

Upchurch may not have known it at the time, but his carousing days were almost over.

"I don't know what that man preached about, but it was a good message," Mrs. Gilmore said. "It got through to him (Upchurch)."

Upchurch, whose paper route took him into the red light district of Waco, had found peace. He wanted that for others — the women he saw standing in doorways, the children who never knew their fathers and the young girls whose lives were headed in the wrong direction.

He talked to his pastor about trying to get those people to church, but the reply was, "We couldn't invite those people to church."

After a nightmare one night, Mrs. Gilmore said, her father heard a voice saying, "You do it. You go down there and have services."

Upchurch went to the other side of the tracks and started his mission work. With some successes behind him, he and his wife, Maggie Mae, left to start another mission in the slums of Dallas.

During that time, Mrs. Gilmore said, she recalls some financially lean moments.

"I remember our first Christmas there when we didn't have any kind of income. We had grits and eggs for our dinner, and we didn't have any gifts."

"We had a prayer and papa told us it wasn't his desire or his will, and he hoped we would understand that he was following Christ," Mrs. Gilmore said.

Eventually, Upchurch decided that his calling was to build a home for the girls he had seen on the streets of Waco and Dallas — a home that would keep them out of the red light districts forever.

He began looking for a place to build his home. He didn't worry about the money, because his faith told him that would be provided.

When Upchurch finally found a tree-covered plot of land near Cooper Street, the money did come.

"My mother's father just almost worshipped Papa," Mrs. Gilmore said. "He said he'd sell his place and use the money to start with."

The first Berachah building opened May 14, 1903. Nine other structures were eventually erected, including a school, a handkerchief factory, a print shop and chapel and an infirmary.

"A lot of the girls were just in

# Home was a haven for troubled women





Star-Telegram/JERRY HOEFER

# GRAVE MARKER . . . of infant who died during epidemic

trouble," Brooks said. "They were in the family way and unmarried. They needed some refuge. There were some harlots there, but it was primarily a home for girls who had problems."

Upchurch used the pages of his *Purity Journal* not only to preach, but also to tell the stories of some of the girls.

One Berachah girl wrote, "When I first saw Berachah I thought it was the most beautiful place I had ever seen. After being told it was a place where broken hearts and blighted lives were made happy, I rejoiced."

Many girls stayed on at the home after their babies were born. Mrs. Gilmore said some taught in the school, others did mission work and others performed various duties. For instance, Sister Dilly became a midwife in the infirmary.

An annual report, published by the home's printshop in 1907, says, "A number of our Berachah girls have been called to different kinds of Christian work, and it is our intention to stand by them while they not only redeem their past, but become a blessing to thousands of people."

Those who were able to find work outside or who married moved away.

The girls who came to Berachah

paid nothing for their stay. Berachah existed on donations.

"Rev. Upchurch was obviously skillful at raising money for the home," Brooks said.

In an appeal to donors, Upchurch wrote, "As a result of the confidence you have bestowed upon me and my co-workers, the beautiful Berachah Home has arisen in the great State of Texas to stand as the champion of unfortunate but penitent girlhood. We have a mighty foe to confront, but thank God, our Captain is Almighty."

The work at Berachah continued until June of 1935, when the doors were closed. The reasons for the closing are not known, but the paper by the UTA students indicates Upchurch's failing health may have contributed.

The doors were reopened later that year by Mrs. Gilmore and her first husband, Rev. Frank Wiese. They began an orphanage in the buildings, which was operated until 1942.

The Berachah complex was sold to the Christian Missionary Alliance, and eventually sold again to the University of Texas system for its expanding Arlington campus.

With the marker acquired and the history of Berachah preserved forever, Brooks and the students have found something else to

work for. That is preservation of the cemetery itself.

In spite of the chain-link fence the university erected a few years ago, Brooks said, the cemetery has continued to be a target of vandals. Grave stones have been carried away, and one large marker has been broken. It seemed for a time that the only ones who knew about the cemetery were vandals.

"By marking the cemetery, at least there will be more visible public awareness of it and its role and function to this community," he said.

In his later years, Upchurch received an honorary doctorate from Bethany Nazarene College and wrote a novel. The heroine of the book was Violet Verner, a composite of all the Berachah girls he had known.

In the foreword to *Behind the Scarlet Mask* Upchurch wrote, "No claim is made for literary merit. That was not my object. This is the simple story of a life — a life that represents the lives of thousands of others."

"I . . . send this volume forth as a living message to work and work on through time until there shall be no immoral resorts, no outcast girls, nor illegitimate babies in all our fair land."

## Dedication ceremony Saturday

ARLINGTON DAILY NEWS

Page 3

Thursday, March 5, 1981

ARLINGTON, TX

# Cemetery reflects history of girls' home

From the 15 SEP 1996  
William Lee Padillo  
D RPH (13)

A small, long-neglected cemetery — the final resting place mostly for the nameless, hopeless and helpless — will be dedicated with a Texas Historical Society marker during ceremonies at 2 p.m. Saturday at UTA.

The graveyard sits largely unnoticed in a remote, wooded corner of the campus. Physically, it's only a stone's throw from the administration building parking lot, but the sights and sounds of the university and the city somehow fail to penetrate the atmosphere of solitude and loneliness.

In a way, the setting is appropriate. Many of the people buried there had been spurned and forgotten by society.

The site was once called Rescue Hill, and it was there in 1903 that the Rev. J.T. Upchurch opened the Berachah Industrial Home for the Redemption of Erring Girls. Hundreds of young women sought refuge at the home until it closed in 1935. Many bore children there and subsequently went on to lead productive, fulfilling lives. Others, with their children, are there still.



**STORY IN STONE** — This marker is one of many in the Berachah Home cemetery that bears mute witness to the hundreds of small tragedies that occurred during the 32 years the home was run for "erring girls." The cemetery will be dedicated in ceremonies at 2 p.m. Saturday at the site near Doug Russell Park on South Cooper and Mitchell streets.

THE dedication ceremony is the culmination of two years' work by Professor R. Gene Brooks of UTA's City and Regional Planning Program and two of his graduate students, Lynn Manion and Jan Dolph.

Brooks was involved in an "interdisciplinary studio" in the School Architecture and Environmental Design in 1979 when, in the course of going over a plan of the

campus, he became aware of the existence of the cemetery. Intrigued, he decided to have a look. What he found made him want to adopt it as a project.

"There was something special about a cemetery marked like this," Brooks said. "I had never seen one before in my life. Of

course, I haven't been every place in the world, but every place I have been — such as the early cemeteries in Jamestown and others in Virginia — everybody was marked very clearly — dates of birth and death — and everybody had two names."



AT THE Berachah Home, however, a resident's past, along with such things as birthdates and surnames, was something not closely documented

Most cemeteries are, of course, pretty somber places, but the Berachah Cemetery is sadder than most. The majority of the flat stones bear only one name — "Lena," "Lura Mae," "Elsie" — presumably young women who died in childbirth or of other causes and children who died in early infancy.

Sadder still are those that carry not even a given name — stones that simply say "Infant No. 5" or "Twins No. 6" or just "Baby"

Through painstaking research — combining newspaper files and talking to older Arlington residents — Brooks and the two students pieced together the history of the home.

IT WAS called "industrial" because the girls operated a handkerchief factory. There was also a printing press, used to print The Purity Journal, a small newsletter written mostly by Upchurch.

tobacco, pork, coffee or tea, no use of the telephone on Sundays — all in keeping with the founder's ideas of purity. But, there was a difference between the Berachah Home and others.

"Rev. Upchurch was involved in doing something not everybody in the world was doing at that particular time," Brooks said. "He did not want the girls to permit the children to be adopted. He wanted them to keep the children there. That obviously ran counter to the accepted perspective of society at that time.

"UPCHURCH personally was well thought of by the community, but the community apparently took a very qualified view of his work."

The Berachah Home was closed in 1935, perhaps because of Upchurch's declining health and perhaps because of "competition" from the Edna Gladney Home in Fort Worth. It was reopened later in that year by Upchurch's son-in-law, Frank Wiese, who operated an orphanage on the site until 1942.

The property was sold to the Christian Mission

ary Alliance and was bought by The University of Texas System about 1963 after UTA's legislatively authorized boundaries were expanded to include it.

Almost all traces of the Berachah Home are gone now. The last structure — the Main Building — was demolished about 10 years ago when the property on South Cooper and Mitchell became Doug Russell Park.

SO TODAY, a place which once echoed with young laughter is filled again with children at play.

Unhappily, though, the cemetery has not been secluded enough to escape the depredations of modern society.

"It is an embarrassing testament to our value system that the cemetery has been vandalized to the extent that it has," Brooks said. "Every time I go back over there, there seems to be another stone gone."

Brooks hopes that with the recognition of the cemetery by the Texas Historical Society, better times will be ahead. The marker will be unveiled and dedicated by Bennett Smith, a former chairman of the Tarrant County Historical Commission.

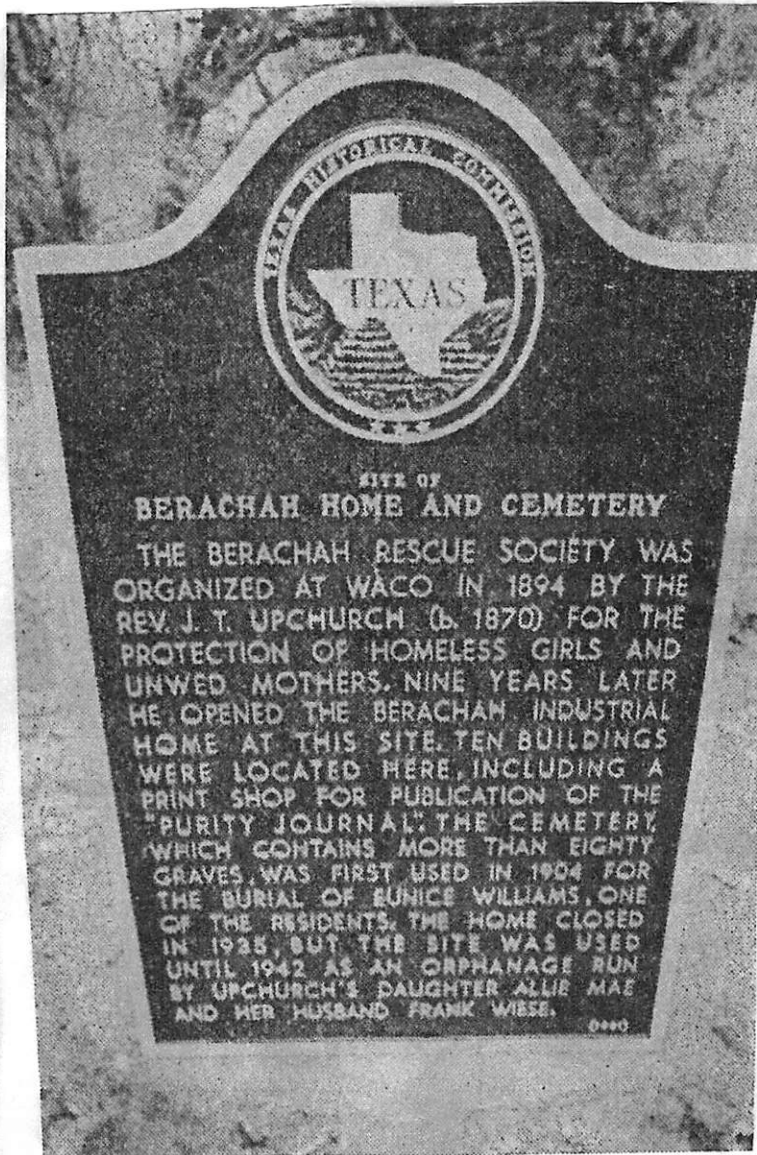
"By marking the cemetery," Brooks said, "at least there will be a public awareness of the Berachah Home and its role and function to this community."



Star-Telegram/JERRY HOEFER

## Historical marker

Gene Brooks and Bennett Smith uncover the new historical marker recently place in Arlington in memory of the Berachah Home and Cemetery. The home was established in 1903 by The Rev. J.T. Upchurch for the protection of homeless girls and unwed mothers.



PAGE 2 CITIZEN NEWSPAPERS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1981

## Early Home For Unwed Mothers

By Myra H. McIlvain  
Texas Historical Com.

In 1894, the Rev. J.T. Upchurch and his wife Maggie Mae Adams Upchurch organized the Berachah Rescue Society in Waco to "combat the social evil of fallen women." Although Rev. Upchurch held conservative theological views, his ideas of social reforms were liberal for the time.

His home, unlike others for unwed mothers, required that children remain with their natural parent. He also believed that there were no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents. The Upchurches moved their "rescue work" to the Dallas slums and then on May 14, 1903, the Berachah Industrial Home opened in Arlington on 27 acres given by Mrs. Upchurch's father.

Rev. Upchurch published "The Purity Journal" which described the work being done at the home, including individual case histories. The residents worked in the home's handkerchief factory, operated the press for the "Purity Journal," and maintained the large gardens and orchards. Rev. Upchurch required all staff and residents to attend church on the premises, refrain from using the phone on Sundays, eating pork or consuming coffee, tea, or tobacco.

At the height of the operation, an additional 40 acres were added and the complex consisted of at least 10 buildings. A cemetery opened in 1904 with the death of one of the residents. The burial ground, all that remains

today of the institution, contains more than 80 graves which include unwed mothers, stillborn babies, children who died in measles epidemics, as well as employees and their children. In 1935 the home closed and the site served until 1942 as an orphanage.

Today the property is part of the University of Texas at Arlington.

The Texas Historical Commission has placed an Official Texas Historical Marker in commemoration of this early home at the cemetery in Doug Russell Park on the University of Texas campus at Arlington. This marker is one of 7,000 in the state administered by the Texas Historical Commission, the official state agency for historic preservation.

The above article rec'd 5 NOV 1981 by RPH in a letter  
undated comment from Lillian Gammorn of  
Uleco, TX. A search of RPH files did not reveal  
a J.T.U. I wrote on 9 NOV 81 to Lillian for more  
info - RPH



# Arlington Metro

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FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

SUNDAY

19 SEP 1993

## Some try to preserve a poignant bit of history

**Vandals roam the forgotten cemetery of a long-closed home where the righteous and the shamed lived and prayed together.**

BY LISA BLACK  
Fort Worth Star-Telegram

ARLINGTON — Few people leave flowers at the tiny infant cemetery within Doug Russell Park, where the only identification on stone markers consists of data such as "Infant No. 17" and "Baby."

Vandals are the main visitors to this forgotten sanctuary at Cooper and Mitchell streets, once part of a 67-acre spread devoted to the Berachah Industrial Home for the Redemption and Protection of Erring Girls.

That is why Arlington historian Dorothy Rencurrel has been keeping the cemetery's historical marker under her couch these days. And it is why resident Dorothy Betts, 68, has just completed research on the haven for unwed mothers, soon to be



Fort Worth Star-Telegram / WILLIS KNIGHT

**Dorothy Betts at an unnamed child's grave at the Berachah Cemetery.**

entered in the University of Texas at Arlington's library archives.

"It's a bit of history in our area that has just died," said Betts, whose grandfather, the Rev. J.T. Upchurch, operated the home from 1903 to 1935. "It's a shame."

Betts has revived memories of the home and cemetery through interviews with her relatives, most of whom lived within walking distance of the home for most of their childhoods. Ten buildings that housed dormitory rooms, a laundry, chapel, handkerchief factory, barn and offices were on the property, now owned by the University of Texas at Arlington.

The buildings have long been torn down, at one time replaced with an apartment complex that has since been condemned.

"All the apartments on that property fell down, and I'm not surprised," said Betts, who believes original deeds called for the land to remain dedicated toward religious purposes. The home's name was taken from a Biblical passage referring to the "Valley of Berachah, for there they blessed the Lord."

Upchurch's children, grandchildren and relatives of his employees recall the minister's fiery Sunday sermons and his strict rules prohibiting caffeine, alcohol, pork and tobacco, as well as dancing, wearing jewelry and swimming with the opposite sex.

They also remember drinking fresh, foamy milk right after it was taken from the cows; climbing trees; gorging themselves on peaches, plums and berries in the orchard; riding mules; playing ball; and

cemetery, which today has about 80 graves, some of which remain unmarked. Many of the babies' deaths were attributed to a measles epidemic in 1914 or 1915.

Hartin, who donated many Berachah documents to UT-Arlington after discovering them in the former Dallas Church of the Nazarene, says she is not sure that an epidemic caused the deaths.

"It was pure lack of care," she said. "They never called a doctor for anything other than delivery of the babies."

"If you look through those old journals, I remember one where a matron was berating a mother for bringing her child to Fort Worth to be looked at because she said she should have been left to God."

In one journal, an entry describes a 13-year-old Tulsa girl's situation as "bad . . . has lived in sin with an older man."



Fort Worth Star-Telegram / WILLIS KNIGHT

**Photos from the Berachah home are in the special collections division at the University of Texas at Arlington library.**

Another entry describes a 21-year-old from Amarillo as, "Betrayed by a married man. Girl's parents are of limited means."

Upchurch's relatives said the preacher used to retreat to a stone prayer room near the cemetery to pray for the babies and the "women of ill repute" he salvaged from Dallas and Fort Worth's red-light districts.

The chapel, vandalized for years, has long been torn down. The cornerstone remains at the entrance of the cemetery.

"I can remember my father and grandfather fasting for 10 days at a time at the prayer chapel at the cemetery," said Eugenia Roach, 70, of Nacogdoches, one of Upchurch's granddaughters.

"I can remember my father coming home occasionally during the day and drinking a glass of buttermilk and returning to the chapel."

On Halloween, the children

would clamber onto wagons for hayrides and would wind up at the cemetery, telling ghost stories, Roach said.

During recent years, vandals have favored Halloween as a time to destroy gravestones and kidnap a historical marker designated in 1981 by the Texas Historical Commission, Rencurrel said.

Rencurrel, a volunteer coordinator for the Texas State Museum of History, said students would steal the marker, then call her and tell her where she could recover it.

"We would find it on the front lawn of a fraternity house," she said. "The maintenance people would find it on parking lots and between buildings on campus. I've put it back six times."

She is storing the marker at home until she can have it set in concrete.

"The Berachah home showed the caring of the city for the unwed mothers and their children," Ren-

currel said. "Arlington, as much as we like to think it was all sweet and glory, did have the Ku Klux Klan here, and the Berachah home and prostitutes. It was very definitely a part of the history of Arlington."

After the home closed during the Depression, Upchurch's daughter Allie Mae and her husband, Frank Wiese, reopened the home as an orphanage for children from broken homes through 1942, records show.

Later the buildings were permanently closed, and the property changed hands several times before being taken over by UT-Arlington.

"Sometimes you forget what it was like," said E.G. Nation Jr., 69, who still lives within a mile of the home where his father worked. "They had a team of mules that would go over the bridge at the creek [off Cooper Street]. That's the only thing left there that looks like the old Berachah."



# Cemetery last of Berachah's buried past

By Amy Norris  
Staff Writer of the  
Arlington Morning News

Pat McCoy wiped the leaves and dirt from the headstones, each of which bore a number and the word, "Infant."

Striding on the manicured grass, Mr. McCoy was a child when he discovered the cemetery of the Berachah Industrial House, which sheltered troubled girls in the early 1900s.

"We were only 7 or 8. It was in the '50s, and I was scared to death when I found it. There were graves of babies, and we weren't familiar with death yet," said Mr. McCoy, who lived behind the cemetery at the time. "It's still strange to me."

The cemetery is now well-kept,

but many of the gravestones are missing. Apartments and college buildings now take the place of what used to be a local piece of history.

For almost a century, the cemetery that was once a part of a complex of buildings known as the Berachah Industrial House has been nestled among thick foliage in Doug Russell Park at the corner of Mitchell and Cooper streets. The graveyard is the only remaining sign of the institution, which was founded in 1904.

Mr. McCoy, 46, remembers it as a part of his own history. Growing up on Varsity Circle, he and his sister Madeleine would scurry through the thick brush that separated the institution from their house. One

Wednesday, July 24, 1996

Arlington Morning News

## ARLINGTON'S BURIED PAST

*A little-known cemetery, hidden by trees and vegetation, is all that remains of Berachah's home for troubled girls*



Arlington Morning News: Brad Loper

Pat McCoy stumbled across the Berachah cemetery as a child. The graveyard, nestled in Doug Russell Park, is the sole remnant of the institution for troubled girls.

day, while looking for crawfish in a nearby pond, Mr. McCoy happened to come across the burial place.

"There was this cemetery and a point of most interest, a tiny chapel," Mr. McCoy said. "All the windows and the door was broken out. It was great for telling ghost stories."

He and his friends would frequently find themselves sitting in the old chapel, trying to scare each other during summer evenings, he said.

The cemetery contains about 50 graves of the women and babies who had lived at the home, which was founded by Rev. J.T. Upchurch.

Originally situated on 27 acres, 40 more acres were added to the institution in 1928. The addition included a handkerchief factory that supported the establishment, according to documents kept in the special collections library at the University of Texas at Arlington.

A health clinic, nursery, schoolhouse and dorm were also built on the property.

No one knows exactly how the interred infants died. But historical documents indicate that many of the girls who came from across Texas and other states were pregnant when they arrived.

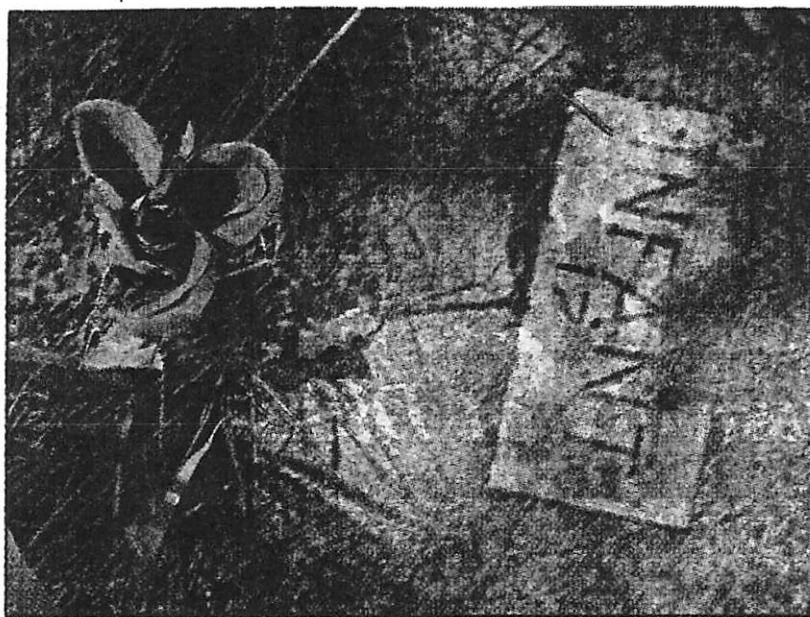
According to ledgers kept at the UT-Arlington library, some girls were sent to the home because they were "straying from morality." About 35-40 girls lived in the dorm at one time, and were able to stay as long as they needed.

The Rev. Upchurch did not believe in separating mother from child, so adoption was not an option. The girls spent their days working in the handkerchief factory and the younger ones went to school in the schoolhouse, according to library documents.

Art Nation, now 72, remembers when his father worked at the institution milking cows and taking care of the property. Mr. Nation said he was born in a house that was located across the street from the Berachah home.

"I never really knew the girls, but I played with the kids there when I was little," Mr. Nation said. "I never really thought about what it was when I was a kid."

Berachah closed in 1935. Another girls' institution in Fort Worth may have led to the Arlington establishment's demise, said Dorothy Rencurrel, chair of the Landmark Preservation Committee of Arlington.



Arlington Morning News: Brad Loper

**The grave marker of Infant 17 is among 50 or so stones commemorating the lives of the women and children who lived at the Berachah Industrial House for troubled girls.**

Later that year, the Rev. Upchurch's daughter used the institution as an orphanage, which only lasted for a few years. UT-Arlington bought the property in 1963 and continues as its current owner. The cemetery is now surrounded by Doug Russell Park and Davis Hall.

For years, the property remained untouched. Mr. McCoy remembers seeing the house where the girls actually lived.

"The house was really a vague memory to me. I can remember asking my dad about it, but people really didn't talk about the home because in the old days, such things weren't mentioned in polite society," Mr. McCoy said.

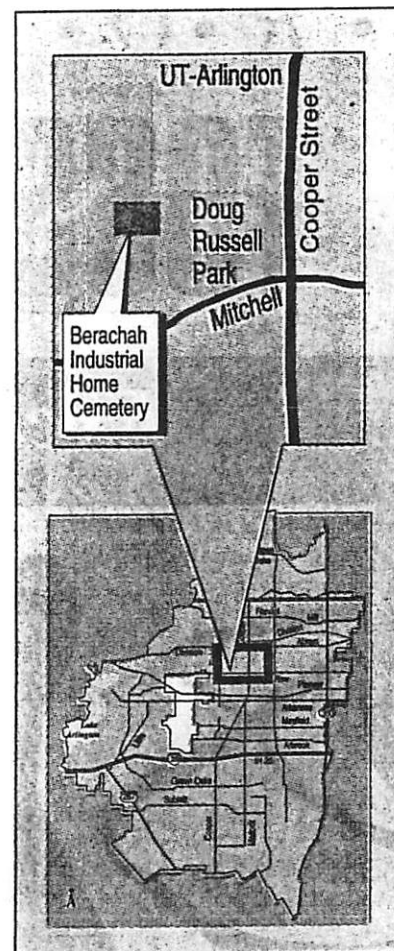
In the 1970s, Ms. Rencurrel helped to establish a monument at the cemetery in order to preserve one of Arlington's little-known artifacts. A fence now surrounds the cemetery, and the university continues to maintain the property.

Many of the gravestones have been stolen or destroyed by vandals during recent years.

"It seems bigger now," Mr. McCoy said. "You couldn't tell where some of these graves were because they were all covered up."

Mr. McCoy said he wonders more now than when he was young why some of the graves were labeled infant, while others bore just the first name of the children who died.

"I don't know if it was because the children didn't have fathers or what," Mr. McCoy said.



Arlington Morning News



**"TROPHIES FROM THE SLUMS":**

**FALLEN WOMEN**

**AND**

**TEXAS RESCUE WORKERS**

**by**

**KATHRYNE BETH TOVO, B.A.**

**THESIS**

**Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of**

**The University of Texas at Austin**

**in Partial Fulfillment**

**of the Requirements**

**for the Degree of**

**MASTER OF ARTS**

**THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN**

**August 1993**

century reformers continued this portrayal of "fallen" women as victims who lacked sexual desires and exercised virtually no control over their situations.

Moral reformers also used the "fallen" woman as a symbol of negative forces propelling social transformation. "Fallen" women aided reformers' goal to reinstitute earlier sexual codes, particularly among women: in tales about prostitutes or unwed mothers, as the next chapter will demonstrate, middle-class authors redrew fading boundaries between acceptable and inappropriate sexual behavior. The literary presentation of these subjects reflected and, in turn, influenced services rescue workers provided to "fallen" women via slum missions and rescue homes. Literary artifacts of *Berachah* and *Rest Cottage* thus offer important insight not only into reformers' motivations and ideological stances, but into the complicated power relationships that existed between rescue workers and those individuals classified as "fallen" women.

Historian Peggy Pascoe, author of an analysis of several rescue homes, points out that moral reformers erroneously assumed women of all classes, races and cultures wanted to acquire Victorian gender values "and would do so if placed in favorable circumstances."<sup>20</sup> She explains:

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<sup>20</sup>Pascoe, xxi.

Schooled in the assumptions of Victorian women's culture, Protestant women believed that all women shared values of purity and piety that could form a bridge between the most privileged and the most desperate of their sex.<sup>21</sup>

The Texas purity crusade proceeded from a similar ideological framework. J. T. Upchurch, 24, and his 21-year-old wife Maggie Mae began their crusade to close down the red-light district in Waco, Texas, and to "save, cleanse and heal" the women who worked there in 1895.<sup>22</sup> Most municipalities tolerated prostitution, gambling and other "vices" during this period. Texas civil statutes permitted individual towns and cities to regulate "bawdy houses" and to confine these prostitution operations to a designated section of town called the "vice district."<sup>23</sup> Police officers collected fines from prostitutes and brothels, but rarely made arrests. Even municipalities that adopted anti-prostitution legislation tended to enforce it lightly; Fort Worth's city council passed such an

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<sup>21</sup>Ibid., 75.

<sup>22</sup>J. T. Upchurch, Lights and Shadows of Rescue Work, ([Arlington]: Berachah Printing Co., [c. 1903]), 4. [Photocopy]. Berachah Home Collection, Special Collections, The University of Texas at Arlington, Arlington, Texas.

<sup>23</sup>Article 4689, Revised Civil Statutes of the State of Texas 1911, Texas: Austin Printing Company, 1911, 254.

ordinance in 1873 but adopted a policy of benign neglect for several decades.<sup>24</sup>

Reformers, angered by the indifferent attitudes of governmental and law enforcement officials, mobilized forces in Waco, Dallas, Fort Worth and several smaller Texas cities. The Upchurches became managers of a Waco rescue home in about 1897 which closed soon after because of financial difficulties.<sup>25</sup> The family moved between Dallas and Waco for the next few years, conducting rescue services and sending willing recruits to a Fort Worth rescue home operated by Delia Collins.

The Upchurches opened the Berachah home in 1903, and Arlington residents soon referred to the few buildings on South Cooper Street as "Rescue Hill."<sup>26</sup> Upchurch told the crowd at the opening day celebration in 1903 of his plan to erect another dormitory, a maternity cottage, a hospital and an industrial building as soon as the Berachah Society raised enough funds. He met all of these goals; Berachah grew from 10 to 21

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<sup>24</sup>Richard F. Selcer, "Fort Worth and the Fraternity of Strange Women," Southwestern Historical Quarterly 96:1 (July 1992): 55-86.

<sup>25</sup>J. T. Upchurch, Traps for Girls and Those Who Set Them: An Address To Men Only (Arlington: The Purity Publishing Co., 1908), 64 and 84. The Center for American History, The University of Texas at Austin, Austin, Texas.

<sup>26</sup>Arlington Journal, 14 May 1903. Berachah Home Collection, Special Collections, The University of Texas at Arlington, Arlington, Texas.



buildings between 1920 and its last day in 1934, and the complex included a women's dormitory, a contagious disease hospital, an industrial building, a maternity hospital and a workers' home when it closed.<sup>27</sup>

The Berachah Society maintained at least one "slum mission" in Dallas in the early years after the home opened. Workers stationed in Dallas held religious services, distributed anti-vice literature and tried to persuade prostitutes and other "fallen" women to enter the Arlington home. J. T. Upchurch's originally intended to lead women to religious salvation in the slum shelters, and then to take them to the Berachah Home to learn practical job skills.<sup>28</sup> This idea never proved workable, however, and the Dallas shelter closed in 1905.<sup>29</sup>

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<sup>27</sup>"Mr. E. M. Dealy, of the Dallas News, Visits Berachah," The Purity Crusader, January 1921, 17:10, 4. Reprint of E.M. Dealy, "Girls Get a New Outlook Here: Berachah Home at Arlington Is Consecrated to Rescue Work," The Dallas News, 9 December 1921. Berachah Home Collection, Special Collections, The University of Texas at Arlington, Arlington, Texas.

<sup>28</sup>Lights and Shadows, 17. Berachah reformers were also in contact with a Waco shelter that targeted prostitutes and prison inmates. Mrs. Annie M. Pattilo, "Report From Waco," The Purity Journal, November 1904, 14. See The Pentecostal Advocate 1907-09 for scattered reports from the Texas Prison Mission And Home for the Friendless, which seems to have changed its name to the Home of the Good Shepherd about 1910 when it expanded to include shelter for women who had been widowed or deserted, "Annual Report of the Home of the Good Shepherd," The Pentecostal Advocate, 27 January 1910, 7.

<sup>29</sup>The Purity Journal, April 1905, 3.

Rescue workers at Berachah and Rest Cottage were both associated with the Church of the Nazarene, an evangelical denomination that grew out of the holiness movement. An attempt to unite Berachah and Rest Cottage in 1905 failed, but the homes swapped workers and residents at several points and generally enjoyed a congenial relationship.<sup>30</sup> The homes relied on different sources of funding; Berachah was interdenominational and received financial support from numerous religious congregations and secular groups, while the Church of the Nazarene acted as primary sponsor of Rest Cottage.

Berachah and Rest Cottage had standards of admission with regard to religion, race and ethnicity that conformed with nationwide practices. Neither home turned women away on the basis of religion, but the emphasis on evangelical beliefs probably reduced the applicant pool to some degree. Several Catholic women entered both homes, and Berachah workers offered admission to at least one Jewish woman.<sup>31</sup> However,

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<sup>30</sup>J. T. Upchurch, "Report of the Home Mission and Rescue Commission of Texas," in Holiness Association of Texas Year Book 1905-6, by the Holiness Association of Texas (Greenville, Texas: Holiness Advocate Publishing Co., 1905), 40. Berachah Rescue Society Collection, Nazarene Historical Archives, Kansas City, Missouri.

<sup>31</sup>For one example of a Catholic applicant to Berachah, see entry for 29 January 1926; see Jewish girl's application for entry on 13 January 1925. The Berachah Society Ledger, 1924-1926. Berachah Home Collection, Special Collection, The University of Texas at Arlington, Arlington, Texas.

published literature suggests that most women at either home who entered with a religious foundation came from Protestant backgrounds.<sup>32</sup> The percentage of entrants who identified themselves as religious is impossible to determine, but a survey taken one month at Pilot Point showed that 18 of the 22 women in the home at the time had been raised in Christian households.<sup>33</sup>

Both homes admitted a racially homogeneous group of women, judging from publications and extant photographs. Neither home ever publicly acknowledged a policy to deny African-American, Asian or Hispanic women, but most rescue homes of the period discriminated on the basis of race and ethnicity.<sup>34</sup> Some larger cities did have rescue homes that

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<sup>32</sup>Reformers at either home seldom referred to a woman's religion unless she was Catholic, and these instances are rare.

<sup>33</sup>"Rescue Work," The Holiness Evangel, 23 June 1909, 7.

<sup>34</sup>Pilot Point may have admitted a more diverse group in later years. Texas laws until at least 1911 required segregation of prisoners by race, which probably influenced policies of private institutions. See Article 6211, Revised Civil Statutes, 941. For information regarding early practices at rescue homes see Henrietta Additon, City Planning For Girls (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1928), 125 and 143. This report on social service resources in Philadelphia specifies that the Florence Crittenton Home and the Hebrew Sheltering Home admitted "pregnant white women." The report also cites a need for homes for black women. See also Marion D. Shutter, Report of the Vice Commission of Minneapolis, (Minneapolis: Henry Hall Press, 1911), 35-36. This report notes that while special homes catered to Jewish women, none existed for African-Americans. The commission offered the following explanation: "It must be remembered that rescue homes and kindred institutions are primarily intended only for those who *desire* to reform, and this number is unhappily not large."

## CHAPTER THREE

### Molding the Tabula Rasa: The Berachah Home and Pilot Point Rest Cottage

Religious dogmatism permeated every aspect of life at Berachah and Rest Cottage. The staffs at both homes attempted to do more than convince women not to repeat past sins; workers strove to transform residents into Christian soldiers whose religious faith and difficult experience would inspire "conversions" among others once they left the home. J. T. Upchurch frequently referred to the Berachah Home as a "human repair shop and training school."<sup>1</sup> A visitor to the home echoed his sentiment: "Women who leave the home are "turned out self-respecting and self-reliant, fitted to become useful members of society."<sup>2</sup>

Rescue homes attempted to shape residents' wills into proper forms through work, religion and discipline. Writers elaborated on changes that took place in a woman's habits,

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<sup>1</sup>W. M. Nelson and H. B. Wallin, ed. Official Minutes Third District Assembly of the Dallas District Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Held at Peniel, Tx. Sept 13, 1911. 32. Rest Cottage Collection, Nazarene Historical Archives, Kansas City, Missouri.

<sup>2</sup>"Mr. E. M. Dealy, of the Dallas News, Visits Berachah," The Purity Crusader, January 1921, 17:10, 4. Reprint of E. M. Dealy, "Girls Get a New Outlook Here. Berachah Home at Arlington Is Consecrated to Rescue Work." The Dallas News, 9 December 1921. Berachah Home Collection, Special Collections, The University of Arlington, Arlington, Texas.



Workers at the Berachah Home made more provisions for practical training, as Upchurch's inclusion of the word "industrial" in the original name illustrates. "We soon learned girls could not 'come back' without definite and continuous aid," wrote one of the founders. "More than a kind word, a bit of alms, and a hand shake is needed to lift a girl from the quagmires of sin to a safe footing on the Rock of Ages." The emphasis on industrial education, a product of the period's broader trends, also reflected Upchurch's firsthand knowledge of the economic hardships that plagued single mothers. As a child, he was placed in a foster home after his father's death until his mother obtained a job as a servant.<sup>11</sup> "Living with mother in a servant's room and beholding the slights and treatment she received and bore patiently while struggling for an honest support *caused me to have a deep sympathy for all the honest working girls and women in the country,*" he reflected in 1912.<sup>12</sup>

Upchurch's "sympathy" translated into a firm commitment to train women to fend for themselves. The home's 1907 report stipulated that entrants were "expected to

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<sup>11</sup>Upchurch's sister remained in foster care until his mother remarried about five years later. See J. T. Upchurch, Traps for Girls and Those Who Set Them: An Address To Men Only (Arlington: The Purity Publishing Co., 1908), 70. The Center for American History, The University of Texas at Austin, Austin, Texas.

<sup>12</sup>Ibid, 69.

names the two residents who handled the preparation. "The entire work of printing and binding this booklet was executed in the Berachah Home Printing Office by Misses Kate McCollum and Mamie Lonergan," the credit line reads.<sup>15</sup> Berachah's publications spread rescue work messages, and women who worked at the printing plant thus contributed to the larger religious goals of the home as well. By giving residents a stake in the home's publications, Upchurch enhanced the possibility that they would come to adopt Berachah's religious mission as their own. When this occurred (and it assuredly did), even women who did not enter rescue work became emissaries who told others about the home and perhaps even supported it with donations. Upchurch wanted to operate the entire industrial segment of the home on a profit-sharing basis; it is unclear if he ever realized this goal, but he organized a stock company in 1905 so that residents could own shares in the printing business.<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>15</sup>J. T. Upchurch, Bravest of the Brave. Or A Mother's Influence (Arlington, Texas: J. T. Upchurch, 1910), foreword. Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

<sup>16</sup>The Purity Journal, January 1905, 10; March 1905, 10. For Upchurch's statement about his plan to institute widespread profit-sharing operations see J. T. Upchurch, Lights and Shadows of Rescue Work ([Arlington]: Berachah Printing Co., [c. 1903]), 9. [Photocopy]. Berachah Home Collection, Special Collections, The University of Texas at Arlington, Arlington, Texas.

residents at different stages of doctrinal acceptance. They measured women's spiritual progress against others in the home and constructed a hierarchy of "sinfulness" that affected how residents and workers perceived certain "fallen" women.

Personnel at Berachah drew clear lines of distinction between women who came to the home. Upchurch proclaimed that women who had "lost their virtue" needed moral reform, but required less than prostitutes. He constructed a four-stage hierarchy that consisted of -- in descending order -- seduced women, mistresses, brothel workers and streetwalkers. Upchurch's arrangement resembled the actual caste system that prevailed in the slums; women who worked in brothels generally received more money and commanded more respect within the red light community than those who solicited men on the streets or out of one-room houses called "cribs."<sup>45</sup> Upchurch's description, however, argued that women at each level had suffered different amounts of degradation. "Degradation" in his usage did not translate precisely to "sinfulness," but he did claim women who had reached the most advanced stage of degradation as streetwalkers proved to be the most difficult to "rescue." "She has by this time become

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<sup>45</sup>See Richard F. Selcer, "Fort Worth and the Fraternity of Strange Women," Southwestern Historical Quarterly 96:1 (July 1992): 57.

thoroughly abandoned and is no longer an ordinary prostitute, but a full-fledged criminal . . . ." he explained.<sup>46</sup>

Living arrangements at Berachah reflected these distinctions. Prostitutes and women with drug dependencies or venereal diseases -- those "in a hopeless condition, from a human standpoint" -- lived in the Refuge Cottage, a separate building constructed in about 1904.<sup>47</sup> The Purity Journal offered the following justification:

It has ever been our intention to do this part of the work, and all along we have done some of it, but do not think best to put the girls who are diseased right in the same room with the healthy girls, so we are going to erect a small cottage near the Berachah Home and give more attention to the hopeless, helpless cases.<sup>48</sup>

These residents also endangered the spiritual growth of women who came to the home because of "one sad misstep," Upchurch declared. He determined that the two groups should be kept apart to minimize the sinful influence of what he considered to be the most degraded group of women.<sup>49</sup>

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<sup>46</sup>Upchurch, Traps, 44.

<sup>47</sup>"The Refuge," The Purity Journal, November 1904, 14. Annual Report, 25.

<sup>48</sup>"The Refuge," 14.

<sup>49</sup>"Journey Through Berachahland," 4.



them, in some instances, to endure lifelong economic and social hardships. Many rescue workers spent their adult lives in vice district missions or rescue homes, which offered little privacy and low salaries. Some allegedly faced social condemnation through their association with sinful outcasts.<sup>92</sup> "I had been taught that a fallen girl was a disgrace to herself and everybody else, and I did not know there was [such] a place as the slums," Singletary wrote after she began work at Berachah. "Of course, I knew there were houses of ill-fame, but I had never visited a place like that, and would have thought I was disgraced for life if I had."<sup>93</sup> The religious congregation Upchurch and his wife attended allegedly asked the couple to leave soon after they began rescue work in Waco, Texas. On the day Berachah Home opened in 1903, he called Maggie Mae to the stage. "This precious girl gave up all and has followed me through public ridicule, social ostracism, Church expulsion," he told the crowd.<sup>94</sup>

Poverty plagued the Upchurch family for several years, according to Upchurch's account. "We have had some privations but hardly sufficient to mention, such as nights spent in railroad depots, or tramping through the streets without where

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<sup>92</sup>See Hartin, to Cooley, 9 July 1984.

<sup>93</sup>Susie Singletary, "My Call to the Work," The Purity Journal, March 1905, 14.

<sup>94</sup>Upchurch, Lights and Shadows, 5.

to lay our heads . . . ." he later wrote.<sup>95</sup> Allie Mae Wiese Gilmore, one of the couple's daughters, told a reporter the family ate eggs and grits and did not exchange presents the Christmas after the rescue mission moved to Dallas. "We had a prayer and papa told us it wasn't his desire or his will and he hoped we would understand that he was following Christ," Gilmore recalled.<sup>96</sup>

The family's financial state did not make dramatic improvements once Berachah opened. This institution, unlike many other rescue homes in the country, was not self-supporting nor was it sponsored by a particular religious denomination. Its dependence on donations from individuals and various Texas congregations created a financially unstable environment at times; one year everyone in the home took a vow and ate only one meal a day until the financial state improved almost six weeks later.<sup>97</sup> When fire destroyed the Upchurches' house and belongings in 1911, religious groups collected money to replace the items. "Brother Upchurch

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<sup>95</sup>Ibid., 6.

<sup>96</sup>Binnie Fisher, "Unwed Mothers Found a Home," Fort Worth Star-Telegram, 22 February 1981, 1 and 10. Berachah Home Collection, Special Collections, The University of Texas at Arlington, Arlington, Texas.

<sup>97</sup>"Journey through Berachahland," 4. See also J. T. Upchurch, "A Letter From Brother Upchurch," The Pentecostal Advocate, 26 March 1908, 6.

carried his insurance with the Bank of Heaven," one writer explained.<sup>98</sup>

Other staff also received little financial compensation for their efforts. The Berachah Society had an informal agreement with all workers to settle outside bills before salaries. Hartin, whose father worked for the home for 31 years, explained that the staff always cancelled part of their annual pay so Berachah could begin the year clear of debt. "I don't know that my father ever got his entire salary in any given year," she said.<sup>99</sup> When the annual budget report of 1930 recommended that the Upchurches' joint salary be raised to \$3,600, Secretary Hattie V. Saylor pointed out that the couple had paid \$1,899.67 of the previous year's \$2,869.20 salary back into the home.<sup>100</sup>

Rescue workers at other homes received equally meager salaries. Rest Cottage employees reportedly received only "bare expenses."<sup>101</sup> Upchurch characterized the life of a rescue worker in the following manner:

If any one enters this field they must die to worldly ease and pleasures, to social and religious ostracism, and

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<sup>98</sup>Editor, "Brother Upchurch's Home Destroyed," The Pentecostal Advocate, 23 March 1911, 8.

<sup>99</sup>Hartin, to Cooley, 9 July 1984.

<sup>100</sup>"Berachah Financial Report and Budget," (Texas, 1930). Berachah Home Collection, Special Collections, The University of Texas at Arlington, Arlington, Texas.

<sup>101</sup>The Purity Journal, May 1905, 11.

## CONCLUSION

Berachah officials closed their doors and found homes and employment for the 45 remaining residents in 1934.<sup>1</sup> By the 1920s, most states had outlawed vice districts; community sentiment regarding "white slavery" had waned, and rescue homes had come to be regarded as outdated and repressive institutions.<sup>2</sup> J. T. Upchurch renewed an early interest in prison reform after the home closed, and wrote a bizarre trio of books in later years about gaining financial success through prayer -- an ironic choice for a man who never garnered material riches.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>"Reorganizing of Berachah Home Aim," Fort Worth Star-Telegram, 24 January 1934, B-4. Berachah Home Collection, Special Collections, The University of Texas at Arlington, Arlington, Texas.

<sup>2</sup>Regarding the decline of rescue homes see Peggy Pascoe, Relations of Rescue. The Search for Female Moral Authority in the American West, 1874- 1939 (New York: Oxford University Press, 1990), 202. For information about decreasing fears of white slavery see Barbara Meil Hobson, Uneasy Virtue: The Politics of Prostitution and the American Reform Tradition (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1987), 157. Mark Thomas Connelly concludes that these changes were results of "the triumph of a secular and more technical approach to social problems, which supplanted the moralistic approach, The Response to Prostitution in the Progressive Era (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1980), 153. He also notes that many Americans involved in the social purity movement rechanneled their energy into the war effort in 1917. See his chapter "Antiprostitution, Purity and War," 136-150.

<sup>3</sup>Obituary, Herald of Holiness, 22(810), 6 November 1950. See Secret of the Gold Door. Third of Three Treasure Caverns of the Lost Estate (American Junior Colony, 1931). The Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. and Secret of the Silver Door. Second of the Three Treasure Caverns of the Lost Estate (American Junior Colony, 1931). The Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. No copies of the first of this trilogy, Secret of the Iron Door, are known to exist.



The Berachah property housed a Bible Institute and a children's home that Upchurch's daughter, Allie Mae, and son-in-law, Frank Wiese, ran from 1935 and 1942, but they could not obtain enough financial support to make it a stable venture.<sup>4</sup> The Christian Missionary Alliance later purchased and resold the property to the University of Texas at Arlington, and builders tore down the buildings in 1970 to make room for apartments.

Rest Cottage survived several difficult financial periods and remained open until 1975 because its officials adapted to the changing ideological climate.<sup>5</sup> Rest Cottage workers became more protective of women's privacy and less occupied with public avowals concerning redemption. As religious historian Robert Stanley Ingersol points out, Rest Cottage's and Berachah's early practice of publishing marriage announcements and women's testimonials displayed "a candor

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<sup>4</sup>The Berachah Bible Institute, Bulletin of the Berachah Bible Institute for the Year 1936-37. Berachah Home Collection, Special Collections, The University of Texas at Arlington, Arlington, Texas. See also Rev. Wiese, Arlington, Texas, to Dr. J. Warren Jones, Kansas City, Missouri, TLS, 4 January 1941, Berachah Rescue Society Collection, Nazarene Historical Archives, Kansas City, Missouri; Robert Stanley Ingersol, "Burden of Dissent: Mary Lee Cagle and The Southern Holiness Movement" (Ph.D. diss., Duke University, 1989), 225.

<sup>5</sup>A severe draught caused financial problems in 1910, and the home almost closed in 1912 because of financial difficulties. See J. P. and Minnie Roberts, "Gleanings From Rest Cottage," The Pentecostal Advocate, 29 September, 1910; J. P. Roberts and wife, "Notes from Rest Cottage," The Pentecostal Messenger, 1 March 1912, 7.

that would mortify descendents."<sup>6</sup> The Church of the Nazarene asked rescue workers in 1919 to cease putting redeemed women "on public exhibition in rescue services to their public humiliation and shame."<sup>7</sup> By the mid-1960s, Rest Cottage had implemented a policy designed to allow women to reenter their community without anyone -- even acquaintances in similar circumstances -- knowing that they had been to a rescue home: workers allowed no woman to enter the home who might know one of the other residents.<sup>8</sup>

Rest Cottage's adoption policy also aided its longevity because young pregnant women returned to families and communities without any tangible signs of their "fall." Upchurch could not change public opinion regarding out-of-wedlock pregnancies and would not, as far as the evidence shows, change policies. The stigma attached to unwed mothers proved difficult to eradicate; even the tag of "illegitimate," which Upchurch apparently fought successfully to have

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<sup>6</sup>"When they married, their names and faces, along with their testimonies, graced the pages of the rescue press without thought of embarrassment (and a candor that would mortify descendants)." Ingersol, 226.

<sup>7</sup>Carrie Sloan, chairman, "Report of Committee on Rescue Work," in Proceedings of the Fifth General Assembly of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene (Kansas City, Miss.: Nazarene Publishing House, 1919), 109. Berachah Rescue Society Collection, The Nazarene Historical Archives, Kansas City, Missouri.

<sup>8</sup>Dean Wessels, "Report on Rest Cottage," 1967, Rest Cottage Collection, The Nazarene Historical Archives, Kansas City, Missouri.

removed in 1937, was reinstated in 1939. And single motherhood remained -- indeed, remains -- an unwise choice in a society plagued by social and economic inequities.

The need for places to care for pregnant women did not abate, but rescue homes evolved into maternity homes as more liberated sexual attitudes penetrated middle-class culture by the 1920s.<sup>9</sup> "By the 1920s and 1930s, rumbles of discontent that had been audible in American society as early as the inception of rescue home programs had become a thunderous challenge to the Victorian equation of women with moral purity," Pascoe explains. Professionalization of the field of social work also contributed to the demise of rescue work. Homes that toned down the "rescue" emphasis and continued to provide practical services, such as Rest Cottage, survived the changes. But the idealistic, passionless vision of women and sexuality that Berachah and similar institutions tried to impose conflicted too greatly with social practices to find much welcome among the general public. Later generations of religious reformers have retained some basic beliefs of the moral reform movement, but they have had to adopt different methods in their crusades to regulate sexual behavior.

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<sup>9</sup>See Pascoe, 192-196; John D'Emilio and Estelle B. Freedman, Intimate Matters: A History Of Sexuality in America (New York: Harper & Row Publishers, 1988), 222-274.

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## **VITA**

Kathryne Beth Tovo was born in Smithtown, New York, on June 20, 1969, the daughter of Doris Eleanor Riker and Ernest Ermo Tovo. After graduating from Smithtown High School, St. James, New York, in 1987, she entered the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She studied at The London School of Economics in the fall of 1989 and participated in the American Foundations program sponsored by the Reynolda House Museum and Wake Forest University in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, during the summer of 1991. In 1991, she received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Journalism with Honors from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and entered The Graduate School of The University of Texas.

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34

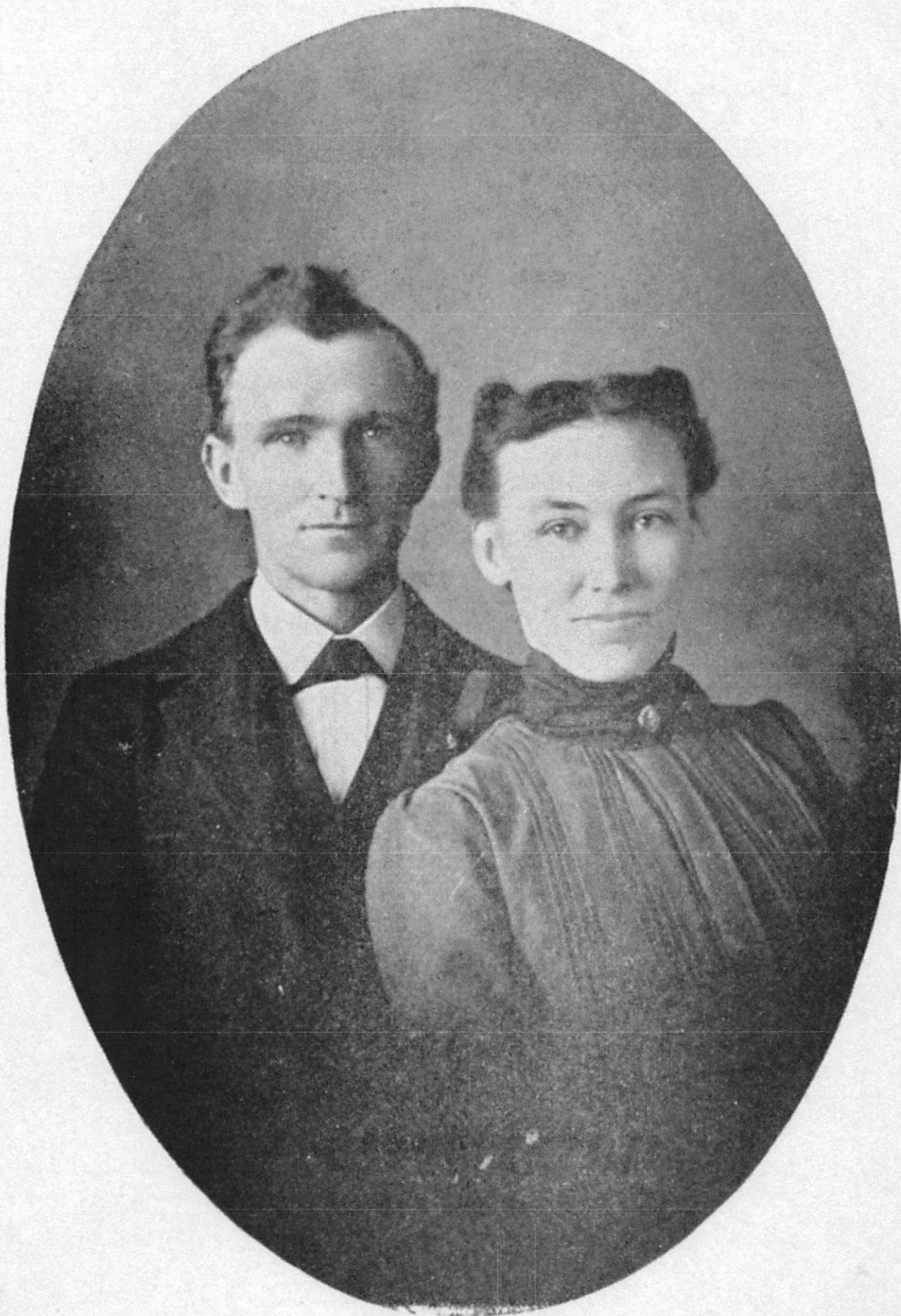
LIGHTS  
AND  
SHADOWS  
OF  
RESCUE WORK.

---

UPCHURCH.

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PRICE, POSTPAID 10¢



Rev. J. T. Upchurch, and Wife,  
Founders of the Berachah Rescue Work.

# PREFACE.

The dedication service conducted at the Home Thursday, May 14th, was stenographically reported by Miss Hattie Saylor. The feeling was so intense, breaks were made in the discourse, so the report had to be revised and corrected.

We are glad to be able to furnish some half-tones of the Home. Also a cut of the rented house in which Brother and Sister Upchurch labored in Waco. It shows some of the girls and workers who were with them there.

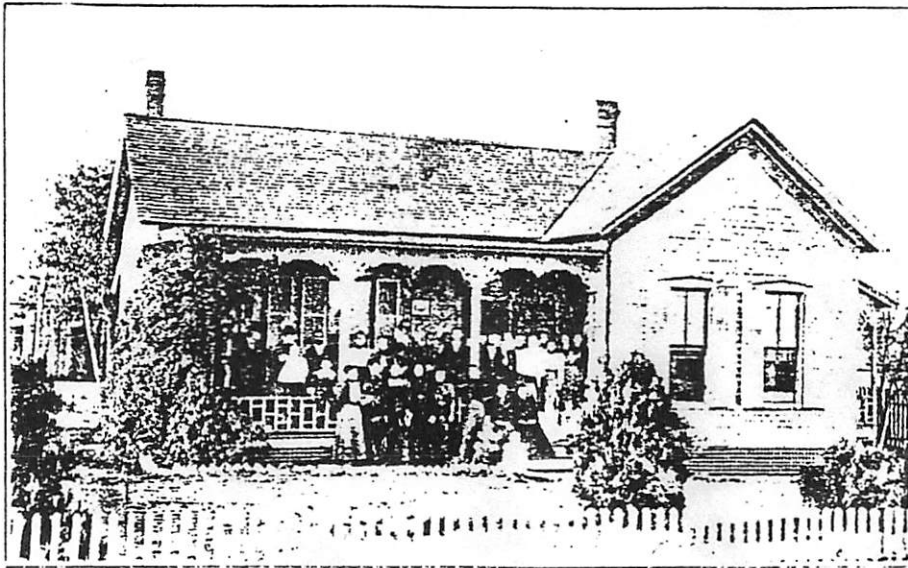
As a number of persons have desired to secure a picture of Brother and Sister Upchurch, we are pleased to furnish a very good half-tone of them in this pamphlet.

Wishing God's blessing upon all who fully trust and obey Him, we are,

In His name,

BERACHAH PRINTING CO.





Berachah Home at Waco, showing some of the girls and workers.

### DEDICATION SERVICE.

Dedication of the first building of the Berachah Industrial Home for the Redemption and Protection of Erring Girls, Thursday, May 14, 1903, at 3:00 p. m.

Services were opened by singing "Rescue The Perishing," which was followed with prayer by Rev. Charlie Brown of Cleburne, and all joined in singing "He's the One."

Prayer by Sister Jernigan and also by Sister Upchurch and Father Adams, after which the Oak Cliff Tabernacle choir sang "Tell the Sweet Gospel Story." The Superintendent, Brother Upchurch, stepped forward and read a lesson from the seventh chapter of Luke and one from the eighth chapter of John, then delivered the following address on

"Light and Shadows of Rescue Work."

Beloved: The two lessons which we have just read from the inspired Word of God, portrays to us the mind of the God-man, Christ Jesus, concerning erring womanhood. Some writers tell us the lesson read from John is not in the original, but it sounds so much like the Bible that we are willing to accept it as the teachings of our Lord. During all the centuries which have come and gone since the gracious words fell from the lips of Jesus, the Christ, "Neither do I condemn thee. go and

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

sin no more," man has not practiced His teachings, but has held a flaming sword above the head of erring womanhood, forbidding her to even make an attempt to "go and sin no more."

Until a few years ago it was not generally believed that a fallen woman could be redeemed to a life of purity, but it is now becoming an established fact that the grace of God can restore fallen womanhood as easily as it can restore fallen manhood. It is my purpose to briefly state some of the lights and shadows connected with our struggles in erecting a single standard of purity in this State. While we appreciate having you present with us, this little company of about four or five hundred persons is only a small proportion of the congregation we are addressing, for we expect the sun and the printing press to carry this address to fully a hundred thousand people.

This beautiful building around which we are assembled is a very small part of the work accomplished during the past eight years, for the sentiment created and preventive work accomplished occupies a much higher place. We are told in the Word of God to whom much is forgiven the same loveth much. I presume that is why I love God so much, there was so much forgiven. I feel that I am barely more than a boy today, but I am old in experience, for I live a rapid and an intense life, with every fiber of my being I live for God. I became a Christian thirteen years ago, and for thirteen years have been living a fiery Christian life.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

### IT WAS LOVE THAT WON ME.

It was love that found me, and made me what I am, and I believe that love is the only thing that can win and warm the cold world's heart. The rescue work was started through an act of love. I am told that one stormy night while the wind was whirling the snow flakes through the air and around the street corners, that a bareheaded man was rushing down a back street in New York City, in his shirt sleeves, with a desperate determination to end his life in the East River. As he turned a corner he ran against a man coming in the opposite direction, who caught him in his arms and said, "My man what are you doing out a night like this in your shirt sleeves, here, take my overcoat, I am nearly home." The overcoat was thrust around the shoulders of the bewildered man and the donor hurried away. The would-be suicide stopped a moment in a doorway, dropped his head in his hands and said: "If any man loves me enough to give me his coat a night like this, Jerry McAuley will not die tonight." He was afterwards converted, and we are told opened the first rescue mission in all the world. It was love that won Jerry McAuley. It was love that afterwards directed his life. It was love that piled flowers around his lifeless clay until the casket was hid from view.

### IT IS LOVE

that has bound up every broken heart, brought joy into every desolate life and will win its way into the de-

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

serted homes and most loathsome dens, and transform them into a place of beauty. Love is the one absolute essential for a person who would be engaged in rescue work. Five years after I was converted, a year and a half of which was devoted to prison work, God laid it upon my heart to enter the slums and tell the prodigal girls that a Father loved them still. I was only twenty-four years of age, with bright business prospects before me, and God had given me a sweet wife who had never seen inside of a saloon, and reasoning from a human standpoint, it seemed that it could not be the voice of God calling me to such a field of labor, but after days of prayer the burden became so heavy that I was persuaded, not withstanding my age and surroundings,

### GOD HAD CHOSEN ME

as the instrument in His hands, to burn through public sentiment, break down prejudice and erect a single standard of purity: and as a minor work, erect and equip an industrial home where fallen girlhood could be restored to a life of usefulness.

Eight years have come and gone, the fight has been hard and the shadows have been deep, the way has been rugged, the enemy has been fierce, and I can understand now why the Lord did not call an older person to the work. He would have perished ere the end was reached. It seemed to me that the undertaking was gigantic, people said it was impossible, but God declared, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst



(41)

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

see the glory of God." It is so. An occasional ray of light in the salvation of some unfortunate girl, who afterwards lived and died in the triumphs of a Christian faith, has for the time being driven back the dense shadows.

While others have mocked and sneered there is one who has stood by my side through all these eight years of fearful conflict.

### COME HERE WIFE.

(He calls his wife, who takes her stand by his side.) This precious girl gave up all and has followed me through public ridicule, social ostracism, Church expulsion. (Feeling was so intense that when Sister Upchurch was introduced many persons sobbed aloud, and the stenographer lost the thread of the discourse.)

While the fight has been indeed hard we thank God that we believe the fingers of light are shooting athwart the darkened sky, telling of a better day. We are fighting for God and humanity, and we intend to fight it out in the slums, we are going to fight it out in the social world, and when the time comes, we are going to fight it out in the legislature. We can afford to fight and wait for we are in a righteous cause and the God of the upper skies is with us, therefore wicked men and devils may fear and tremble.

I have been told that my father in the flesh tramped, barefooted through the snow, leaving a trail of blood, for his country. What he afforded for his country, I can

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

afford for God and humanity. We have had some privations but hardly sufficient to mention, such as nights spent in railroad depots, or tramping through the streets without where to lay our heads, weeks in which wife and I lived on grits and eggs, with a deep, burning determination to die rather than surrender.

### YES, VICTORY IS COMING.

Public sentiment is being created and dark prejudices are giving way, for which we praise God.

When I began to plan, eight years ago, I could not get the people to listen to me. There were a few people slightly interested in the work, but the subject was so difficult they knew not how it ought to be handled. One night, while holding a service in the slums, in a little back street, surrounded by drunken men and women, I knelt in prayer, and, with my face in the dust, God rolled before me, in panoramic view, the Home He desired erected. It consisted of five buildings, and, as I saw them, they were situated in a beautiful grove. It seemed so plain that I thought He purposed building it right away. I prayed and wept in His presence for the means.

Several of us met to devise means by which the building could be erected. Among the number was Mrs. Helen M. Stoddard, State President of the W. C. T. U., who, during a recent spell of illness, while in Houston, had seen, in a vision, almost identically the same institution as I beheld in the slums. Before meeting that

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

night I knelt in prayer, with my Bible in my hand. It opened and my fingers rested on these words: "Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field; and afterwards build thine house." With the words came a vivid realization of the tremendous undertaking which lay stretching out before us. To-day, with uplifted hands, I thank God for the preparation in the field, for the sentiment which has been created, and the friends made to the work.

This building has been largely erected with funds given through self-denial.

### SOME OF THE MONEY SEEMED TO BE BLOOD COVERED,

given from the heart throbs of hard labor. We thank God and the people for every penny and every prayer given in behalf of this institution. Many touching incidents could be related in connection with the offerings which have gone toward erecting this building. Therefore, I have found it very necessary to be prayerful and careful in all expenditures. Some may think that the finishing and furnishings are a little too nice; but, inasmuch as it was built in honor of Christ, we don't know a single thing that He would change about the whole building, unless it was to make it better.

It would probably be of interest to you to know how we came to locate the Home in Arlington, and on this particular spot. After our call to the work, in Waco, we had a number of girls truly converted in the slums

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

of that city, and as there was not any door opened to them, we rented a house and did what we could for them; but found that the work demanded a place properly equipped.

While engaged in a service in the slums, a vision, as before mentioned, passed before my mind. So we started over the State to raise money to erect the Home which we believed would be located at Waco, the central city of Texas; but one day, while riding through the town of Arlington, a strong impression came over me to move the location here. It came the second and third time, on different trips.

We were afterward offered land in Denton, if we would locate the Home there. Something prevented us from doing so, and one day I came to Arlington, alone, looking for a location; came to this spot, knelt upon the ground and felt the presence of God, and an unmistakable promise was given me that this was the place. I went to see the owner, obtained from him the price for which it could be purchased, and went away, promising to return at a certain time to close the trade. we did not have the money, but received it in time to keep our word and pay cash for seven acres. After the deed was given us, I came out and consecrated it to God and thanked Him for the land. Then, when the building was completed, I came out one evening and entered by the back door and made my way to the dormitory, where I knelt in silent prayer as twilight gathered over the earth.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

### I THANKED GOD FOR EVERY DOLLAR,

every nail, every plank, and all the material placed in the building. I begged Him to be present and meet the first girl who should cross the threshold and be here to receive all who should come during the months and years to follow. It seemed that I heard a step, but I knew I was alone. I felt that the King of Glory had come down that afternoon and felt the divine touch upon my head, and the answer came back: "Ainen, I will do it."

This building which we dedicate to-day is intended for the Children's Building. Just below this, we expect some time to erect the main building, which will easily accommodate one hundred girls. Just beyond that will be another building similar to this one, which will be a maternity hospital. Down near the bridge we expect to erect the industrial building, and just southeast will be the hospital. There are thirteen acres of land just back of us which we desire to purchase, where we expect to plant a vineyard, an orchard, and a variety of berries. We ought to have at least forty acres of land with the institution. We expect, if God spares our lives during the next five years, to see all these buildings erected. The Industrial Institution will be operated on the stock owning, profit sharing basis, and a premium will ever be placed upon piety and industry among the inmates. Love is to be the ruling power in all the work. We consider God absolute owner, and we, His servants, in



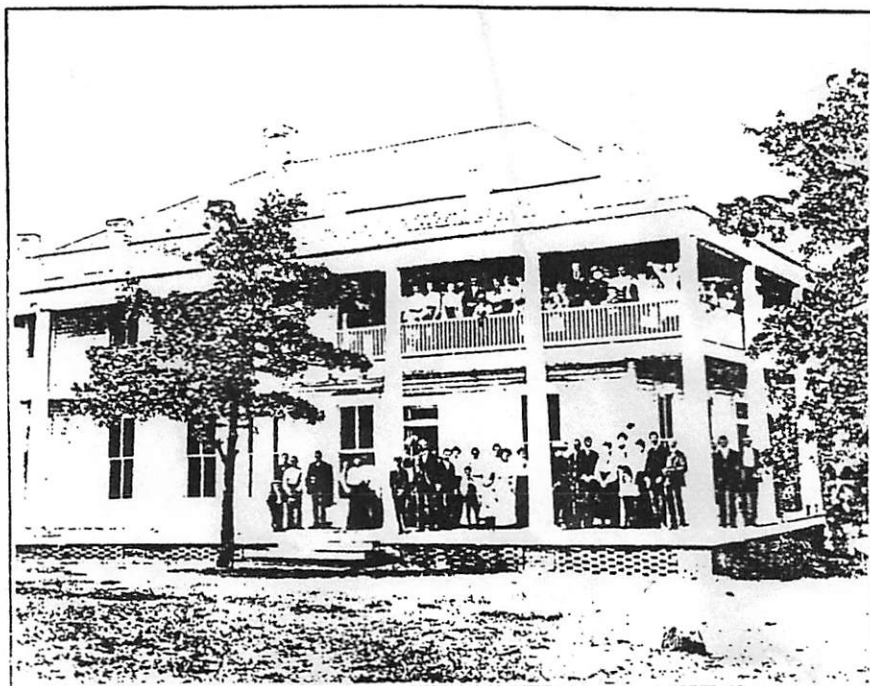
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

the name of Jesus and by the power of the Holy Spirit. You see this is comparatively the beginning of a mighty work which we believe God intends to establish.

THE ROAD AHEAD OF US MAY BE LONG AND  
TEDIOUS,

but we are assured that at the end is waiting a crown of glory. It would not be so difficult were it not for the fact that we have a double standard of purity, one for men, another for women. We men have a higher standard than you women—not in our personal lives, but in our demands upon you. If a man is keeping company with a woman and finds she is impure in her life, he will quit, so far as his intention to matrimony is concerned; but you women fall in love with a man and it doesn't make any difference what you learn about his morals, you continue keeping his company and will marry him with the idea that you can reform him. Thus, you see, our standard is higher than yours.

Young ladies, listen to me to-day. If I were a young man and were to hear you use bad language, drink whisky and smoke tobacco, I would not care to be seen upon the streets in your company. Then, I wish to ask, what right have you to keep company with a young man who does these things? If I were you, I would compel him to be clean or keep out of my company. I wish to appeal to you mothers, wives, sisters and daughters to join me in raising



Berachah Home at Arlington, showing side view.



OLLIE.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.  
"GAMBLING ON THE SABBATH DAY."

It was the Lord's day, and so mightily did the Spirit of the Lord seem to rest upon her that passing carriages stopped. A car came rolling up the street and stopped while the motorman and passengers listened in breathless stillness to the plaintive notes of the pathetic song.

Her shining face and ringing testimony has thrilled many hearts. After standing true to the principle of virtue for more than four years, she married an honest, industrious young man, who was devoted to her. Humanly speaking, her marriage was all that could be desired; but with the spiritual eye we see that it was a sad mistake: for God had designed to make of her a chosen vessel to bear the message of salvation to a lost race.

A few months after marrying she sickened and died, and her body lies silently sleeping in the lap of Mother Earth, while her sweet face looks out upon you from the opposite page, telling the story that her lips loved so well to speak.

I could spend the time indefinitely relating incident after incident, many of them strangely pathetic; but I will confine myself, for the next few minutes, to the Home as an institution. There has been, and I presume there will continue to be, an anxiety on the part of the people as to whether this work can be made successful. Of course, you understand, in a certain sense, it is largely an experiment. While, during the eight

#### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

years we have devoted to it, many valuable lessons have been learned, yet the stupendous problem confronts us regarding what to do with

#### THE OUTCAST.

Perplexing questions are ever arising to be answered; but we have faith in God and believe that He is going to make us more than a match for all of the intricate difficulties to be overcome. So far as I know, this is the only Home of the kind in the world, and if I had a hundred thousand dollars, I would immediately place it in the various departments of this institution. Some time we expect to have that much; but at present we are compelled to operate on smaller means.

It has always been my idea that a separation from past associates must follow the desire to change one's life. It will be difficult for a drunkard to be saved and kept from the use of alcohol while living in a saloon, or a girl to be saved and kept from an evil life while remaining in the Scarlet District. Therefore, this Home has been placed away from the city; away from the saloons, and away from the old life, where no kind of excitement except religious excitement will be present to disturb or attract the mind.

Of course, there are difficulties to be confronted in getting girls to leave a life of reckless excitement and unrestrained actions, to go to a place of quietness and discipline. The main difficulty is, that they are not sure of our good intention; for the deepest motive





Berachah Home at Arlington, showing front with workers and visitors.

(52)

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

prompting a life of sinful pleasure

#### IS SELFISHNESS,

and the devil persuades them that we have some selfish motive in view which prompts the interest we manifest in them. This is only overcome by patient, earnest effort. It is our purpose to only bring girls in this Home who are soundly converted, and are desirous of learning some work from which they can derive an honest support; but for the time being this building will have to be used as a shelter, until we are able to open our shelters in Dallas and Fort Worth. The shelters in these cities will be open day and night, and located near or in the Scarlet District. They will be in charge of consecrated women, who count not their lives dearly, but are willing to lose them in the service of Christ the Lord. This is work in which we indeed fish for souls. Now and then one is drawn forth from the

#### SEATHING, BOILING SEA

of social corruption. Therefore, great patience, strength and faith in God are absolutely essential. The people at large have such a faint conception of this work that it makes it difficult to keep them interested sufficiently to give it the support it deserves.

If any one enters this field they must die to worldly ease and pleasures, to social and religious ostracism, and be willing to die by inches without even being thanked for their interest, much less being financially remun-

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

rated. If you really desire to be a martyr to truth and righteousness, and receive a crown of glory, then I would advise you to enter the Rescue Work. I am in this work because I believe, with all my heart, God called and commissioned me to it. If I knew that every woman in the slums was living a life of sin voluntarily, and desired to stay there, I would go to them and plead with them to change their mind and give God a chance to redeem them from the awful life of pollution. But when I know that at least ninety per cent of them are not there as a matter of choice, I feel like hastening with flying footsteps to tell them to flee to the

### CITY OF REFUGE.

They are bound. They are wounded. They are abandoned. Many of them are dazed by the fearful hurricane of sin and shame through which they have been swept, and are all but hopeless in their sad condition.

A girl said to me recently, while conversing with her in the slums: "I hate men, I hate men. I hate them; I wish I could never have to see another man." Another ground her heel against the floor and said, as she gritted her teeth: "I hate men; they have wrecked my life, blighted my hopes, and I intend to have revenge. It is my purpose to wreck every man's life I can. I hate them." And yet these girls meet the men who frequent their haunts with smiles and pretend to enjoy their company. It is an empty lie. It is a mark of Satan, the defiler and destroyer of the human race. How terrible are the works of

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

## THE BLACK PRINCE,

deceiving, lying, debauching and damning souls in the fearful vortex of an angry, unsatisfied HELL.

This work will go; for there are persons present to-day who have faced death in order to take girls out of dens of iniquity. I see an old gentleman who, while seeking a girl one night, ran up against a cocked revolver, and he was ordered to go no further, while the cold steel was pressed against his breast. He pushed on in the name of Jesus and rescued the girl. There is a lady here who had a pistol placed to her temple by an infuriated woman, who swore that if she did not let the girl alone whom she was after, her brains would be scattered over the carriage in which she was sitting; but the humble woman conquered in the name of Christ, and the girl was taken away.

There are numbers of persons present from whom we would be delighted to hear thrilling incidents of Rescue work; but our time is limited, so we will only introduce two or three.

(Among the number introduced were Mother Collins, Father Adams and Sister Jernigan, each of whom made a short but touching address, which we regret the stenographer failed to get, especially that of Sister Jernigan.)

The service was closed with prayer, in which the Home was solemnly dedicated to the redemption and protection of erring girls, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

(55)

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

**WOULD YOU?**

If you knew your child was roaming  
In the paths of sin and shame,  
Would you wait your neighbor's going  
There to lisp the Saviour's name?  
Would you sit by idly waiting  
Eager that some one else go:  
Hold with tightened clasp your purse strings  
Anxious that the fallen know—

Of the Saviour, and embracing  
Him, come back to paths of right?  
But your life is far too busy,  
Some might go whose work is light.  
If you knew your once pure daughter  
Lived in some vile awful den,  
Would you wait your pastor's telling  
Of the wondrous story then?

Would you rest at ease then—knowing  
That your girl had gone so low—  
Hoping that perhaps some Christian  
Would their arms about her throw,  
Lead her back to God and Heaven,  
Back to purity and right,  
Back once more to noble girlhood  
In the way of life and light.



**LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.**

No! your parent love would conquer  
Every obstacle o'er come,  
Search through the haunts of evil  
'Till you brought that dear one home.  
But if in this, unsuccessful  
Would you not thank some kind friend,  
That would guide this lost one safely  
Back to home and mother send?

Then does not His love constrain you  
To seek some poor mother's child,  
Bring them back to home once happy  
From the desert lone and wild?  
Look around, and all about you:  
At your door one needs a friend,  
Go, and by your prayers and money  
Help some other one to send.

V. E. R.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

### A WORD OF THANKS.

While we believe the best way to express appreciation of a favor or gift to any work is by the use made of it, yet we feel that it is just and right to make public acknowledgement of all means placed in our hands for the advancement of the special work committed to our care; therefore we wish to express our heartfelt appreciation for the favors shown us during all the years of our labor in the slums.

#### FIRST.

We wish to thank our kind Heavenly Father for His love and patience in bearing with us through our weak, blundering life, and the blessings He has bestowed upon us and the work.

#### SECOND.

We believe so far as this particular work is concerned, that the human instrumentalities who deserve to be mentioned first, are the railroad companies of this state.

Listen: With the possibility of being severely censured by the Christian people of Texas, I am going to honestly and candidly say a few things as a slight expression of the gratitude I feel for favors shown myself and wife in behalf of the work we are doing for Texas girlhood.

Before the church responded to our appeal. Before the preachers responded to our appeal. Before the Holi-

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

ness people responded to our appeal and long before we were much known in the State, the railroad officials and employees gave us substantial assistance which made it possible for us to go forward with the blessed enterprise we had on foot.

During a number of years the railroads of Texas have, almost without an exception, responded to every appeal we have made and granted favors which have often brought tears of gratitude to our eyes.

This has always been given, when properly presented, without the slightest hesitancy or possible chance of remuneration.

This, to my mind, is remarkable, when we consider the open enmity people manifest toward the railroad companies. If a person stumps their toe, bruises their finger, or meets with some other slight mishap on a train or around the depot, the railway company is promptly sued for damages.

If an old razor-back hog or a consumptive calf is killed by a train, it is instantaneously changed into a thorough bred and must be paid for accordingly.

While the railroads have their faults and many of the employees are loose in their private morals, yet as a class, the railroad people are the quickest to respond to any legitimate call for uplifting humanity or advancing civilization that it has been our privilege to meet.

A prominent railroad man said recently: "Mr. Upchurch, I am not a Christian, but I know you are in a

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF RESCUE WORK.

noble work, and if you were to only keep a girl out of the slums one week it would be impossible to measure the good you would accomplish." This is true, but we thank God some are being taken out and kept out.

I would to God the Churches were as strict with their members on some lines, as the railroads are with their employees.

The next time you have any dealings with railroad men, from the section boss up, treat them like you thought they were honest gentlemen and see with what courtesy you will be met. Try this one time.

I have written thus long as this is the first time I have thanked them in print, and God being my judge, this is entirely for past favors and not in anticipation of any future kindness.

### THIRD.

We desire to thank all others who have helped either in word, deed, or with money. The Texas Holiness Advocate of Greenville comes next to the railroads in unselfish assistance to this cause.

It would be impossible to name all whom we wish to thank, but we trust you will accept our sincere thanks for all you have done.

In the name of Jesus,

J. T. UPCHURCH.

Miss A. S. Coughlin



2923 TROOST AVE., BOX 527  
KANSAS CITY 10, MISSOURIOffice of  
S. T. LUDWIG  
GENERAL CHURCH SECRETARY

Dear Pastor:

This fortieth year of our denominational history we are trying to assemble significant historical facts that will become part of the permanent record of the Church of the Nazarene.

The General Church in cooperation with the Department of Education is requesting information that will become increasingly valuable as the years pass.

We are asking the class in Nazarene Church History of the NAZARENE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY to assist in compiling this data. Your prompt cooperation will be greatly appreciated. A self-addressed envelope is enclosed for your convenience. Thank you!

Faithfully yours,

*S. T. Ludwig*

## HISTORICAL QUESTIONNAIRE FROM THE LOCAL CHURCH

1. Church Dallas First District Dallas  
City Dallas State Texas
2. Founded 1898 Name of Founder J.T. Upchurch Charter Members ?
3. Pastors who have served L.T. Corlett Date 1928-1934  
F.D. Simpson Date 1934-1936  
L.P. Mathews Date 1936-1937  
J.T. Moore Date 1937-41  
AM Milton Smith Date 1941-46  
C.W. Strickland Date 1946-1948
4. Do you expect to build soon? No Estimated cost
5. If any of your people have pictures of early church leaders, old publications, original letters, etc., which could be used as part of the permanent historical files of the church, we would be grateful to receive them and give full credit to the donors.

JAMES TONY U

XID-39378

(11b)

Among the profiles given in GLIMPSES was one  
on JAMES TONY U ↑ (on pages 63 & 64)

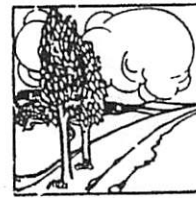


## GLIMPSES

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*Some personal glimpses of holiness preachers whom I have known, and with whom I have labored in evangelism, who have answered to their names in the Roll Call of the Skies.*  
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by

← JOHN LAKIN BRASHER, D.D.



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JAMES T. UPCHURCH. What can I say of this flaming sacrificial soul and of his faithful wife and co-laborer who for over fifty years gave their lives for erring girls and women and for the preservation of innocent childhood from the paths of sin and the dangers and pitfalls of life? Saved from serious skepticism in young manhood, sanctified when it meant persecution and ostracism, married to a noble young woman, and together they were called into the ministry. A poet by nature and intrigued by the beautiful, his call was to the outcast, the broken and lost in sin. But into the work they plunged, and in Dallas and Fort Worth and Arlington, Tex., they labored and prayed and bared their hearts to the most savage strokes of Satan and his cohorts. How I loved him and how he loved me!

Brother Upchurch's messages were fiery ones against sin and for right and justice toward the fallen, against organized crime and evil of all kinds, while at the same time manifesting the compassion of God for broken humanity. Hundreds of girls and women and innocent children, saved and redeemed through their service for God, will call Brother and Sister Upchurch blessed in the day of all days. What

a fine family of noble sons and daughters they raised for God! He was a man small of stature, weighing from 120 to 130 pounds, but a braver heart never beat in the breast of any soldier than in his bosom.

He has been working for the rescue of a girl when the lights would be shot out and what was almost hell on earth would be turned loose. But trusting in the God who had called him, undaunted he pursued his work while madams cursed, and guns blazed, and hell poured out against him its hate and challenge.

The brave are always kind, and his natural and moral bravery was always accompanied by love as deep as his great soul. All the qualities of goodness, gentleness, courage and greatness met full complement in the heart and life of his faithful wife who shared his hardships and mothered the outcasts and shepherded the children. When the unfinished eleventh chapter of Hebrews is one day completed, the names of James T. Upchurch and wife will surely be found in that company who "stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Hero and heroine number one, with hearts as big as humanity's woes and need!

(118)

*Mrs. Richard B. Hartin, Sr.*  
10214 Plano Road  
Dallas, Texas 75238

June 20, 1984

Mr. Steven D. Cooley  
Director of Archives  
Church of the Nazarene  
6401 The Paseo  
Kansas City, Missouri 64131

Dear Mr. Cooley:

I realize it has been over a month since I received your letter asking about information about the Berachah Home in Arlington.

My father, Edward G. Nation, worked for the home from January 19, 1906 until it closed in 1937. Our entire family attended church at their chapel, as did many of the neighbors in the area. It was not officially a Church of the Nazarene, but Rev. Frank Wiese, the pastor much of the time, was a minister in the church. Dr. James T. Upchurch, who founded the home, was also a minister in the Church of the Nazarene.

I understand that the University of Texas at Arlington has sent to you what pictures and material I had given to them from time to time. Yesterday I took to them many of the records (babies born, etc.) as well as copies of the Purity Journal. I asked them to copy what they would like to have and send them on to you.

The Purity Journals are especially valuable because of their pictures of many of the early ministers in the Church of the Nazarene. Our May meeting (celebrating the founding of the home) was always the high point of the year. Such men as H. C. Morrison (president of Asbury College), Uncle Bud Robinson, Billy Sunday were the speakers.

I talked to someone in the office of First Church of the Nazarene in Oak Cliff (Dallas) this morning, and she said they had many slides of pictures that had been collected for their anniversary. She also said there was a member of the congregation who had many pictures of the early days of the church.

I am inclosing some things that I have put together. Perhaps all of these have been included in previous information.

The Berachah Home always started the new year clear of debt. This was done by having the workers cancel all salaries owed to them. I don't know that my father ever got his entire salary in any given year.

Dr. Upchurch was a very positive person--assuring us that God meant His best for His children. On the other hand, Rev. Wiese said one Sunday morning that he loved brown shoes and because he did he couldn't wear them. Another Sunday he started by saying that he wanted to preach on heaven so badly but that God just wouldn't let him--he had to preach on hell. We had more than our share of hell-fire sermons from him. Fortunately, Dr. Upchurch's sermons helped to balance them out.

My parents lived in the home with Dr. and Mrs. Upchurch at the time I was born. In addition to their own family Miss Hattie Saylor, their secretary, also lived there. They had a separate building that housed the kitchen and dining room.

If I can be of further help. let me know.

Sincerely,

*Margaret L. Martin*

Mrs. Richard B. Martin, Sr.

Incl.



James Tony Upchurch  
Born October 29, 1870  
Bosque Co., Texas

Maggie Mae Adams Upchurch  
Born December 5, 1873  
Jackson, Tennessee

The Berachah Rescue Society was organized in Waco, Texas in 1894 for the purpose of combatting the social evil of "fallen" women.

The word "Berachah" means "blessing" in Hebrew.  
2 Chronicles 20:26: And on the fourth day they assembled themselves in the valley of Berachah; for there they blessed the Lord; therefore, the name of the place was called The Valley of Berachah, unto this day.

The Upchurches moved from Waco to Dallas and on May 14, 1903 founded the Berachah Industrial Home in Arlington. The original land consisted of 27 acres (bought from James Adams, Mrs. Upchurch's father, who had bought it from James D. Cooper.)

In January 1928 they acquired 40 acres from Marcy C. Cooper for \$4,011.50.

In 1932 the audit of the books evaluated the total assets at \$197,042.47

The home was originally known as the Berachah Industrial Home because of a handkerchief factory operated by the home. Later the "Industrial" part was dropped from the name.

The first child born at the home was named Alpha.

In July 1906 the Upchurch family (consisting of Allie Mae, Wilbur, Ruth, and Wesley) moved to Arlington from Dallas. They rented a house from Mr. Weeks on Abrams Street until they moved to a home on Mitchell Street. A fifth child, Lometa, was born there.

The Upchurch home was similar to the old plantation homes. The house did not have a kitchen. There was a separate building with a kitchen, dining room, and upstairs bed rooms. They shared their home (which was a large two-story house) with Miss Hattie Saylor, who was the bookkeeper for the home from the very beginning until its closing. Also other people lived there from time to time. Ed Nation, my father, lived there before he married and until after I was born. I was born in their home.

Albert Minsky Ferry was one of the first people associated with Dr. Upchurch while he was still in Dallas. He was in charge of the printing office until the home closed and did the printing of the Crusader.

Mrs. Kate E. Collins was the first matron of the home.

Miss Susie Singletary was the second matron. She went to India as a missionary and lived only a short time there and is buried in India.

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Albert Minsky Ferry was one of the first people associated with Dr. Upchurch while he was still in Dallas. He was in charge of the printing office and continued in that capacity until the home closed.

Miss Hattie Valerie Saylor was the secretary for the home from the beginning. She was still the secretary when it closed.

Mrs. Kate E. Collins was the first matron of the home.

Miss Susie Singletary was the second matron. She went to India as a missionary and died soon after arrival and is buried in India.

Dr. Upchurch was one of the founders of the Church of the Nazarene. Mrs. Upchurch remained a member of the Methodist Church for many years but later joined the Church of the Nazarene.

Ruth, Wesley, and Lometa were all members of the Methodist Church.

Some of the people who worked at the home (many times cancelling the salary owed to them at the end of the year so they could start the new year free of debt) are:

Albert Minsky Ferry  
Edward Greene Nation  
Mr. Roper  
Miss Hattye Valeria Saylor  
Clark Weddle

My father was in charge of the dairy, and Mr. Roper was in charge of the garden and orchard. Mr. Weddle worked on the place at odd jobs.

All of the work inside was done by the girls in the home. Some of them worked in the printing office, some in the kitchen, others in the laundry, some taking care of the babies, others caring for the older children; in later years they had a school and had Ola B. Ryan as a teacher.

Many of the girls stayed on past their year and became workers at the home. Some of them stayed as long as fifteen years. Their children went to the public schools in Arlington. Most of these girls are now dead. I visited one of them in the nursing home for two years before she died and still keep in touch with her son, who has just retired after forty years in an oil company in an important job.

I asked Lometa Upchurch Christopher if her father ever wrote an autobiography, and she said he didn't. She also said she had had some of the Crusaders at one time but that she had moved so much she had disposed of what she had. Dr. Ingle said he does not have any more but that he did take some of the ones he had to Bethany. So you might check with them to see if they might have some of the missing copies.

The only thing I remember Dr. Upchurch saying about his youth was that he could roll and light a cigarette while galloping on a horse. Lometa said his father was killed during the Civil War. I knew his mother when I was young. We called her Grandma Ellis. She lived next to them in Arlington.

Mrs. Upchurch was the youngest child in two sets of children. Her half sister was the mother of a Methodist minister by the name of Goodrich. He has died but his son is now a bishop in the Methodist Church. Mrs. Upchurch remained in the Methodist Church for many years. Wesley, Ruth, and Lometa were also members of the Methodist Church.

Church was held upstairs over the printing office and was called the chapel. Neighbors also attended the church. My husband, who was a neighbor of the Upchurchs, attended the church. It was not an organized Nazarene Church, but Dr. Upchurch and Rev. Frank Wiese were both ordained ministers in the Nazarene Church.

In October of 1937 the home was closed as a home for girls and operated as a children's home (under the direction of Rev. and Mrs. Frank Wiese) for several years.

The property was sold to the Christian Missionary Alliance denomination for a monthly sum to Mrs. Upchurch, who was in a nursing home, as long as she lived. It was stipulated that the property was not to be sold as long as she lived.

Some members of the denomination hired lawyers who helped them sell the property while Mrs. Upchurch was still living. They sold it for a small portion of what it was worth at the time of her death.

The property is some of the prime property in Arlington today. Apartments were built on a part of it. The University of Texas at Arlington owns the part where there was an auditorium, a cemetery, a barn, a house, the printing office, and a large park.

Mrs. Richard B. Martin, Sr.  
10214 Plano Road  
Dallas, Texas 75238  
348-5145

July 9, 1984

Mr. Steven D. Cooley  
Director of Archives  
6401 The Paseo  
Kansas City, Mo 64131

Dear Mr. Cooley,

I will give you some additional information about the Berachah Home at Arlington, Texas.

Dr. Upchurch did not allow pork to be eaten by anyone connected with the home. He also did not allow coffee or tea. On the 4th of July my Daddy would go to Fort Worth and get soft drinks donated, and there was always a big picnic with all the cold drinks we wanted.

I don't recall that they ever had a doctor with any of the girls or babies except for the birth of the babies. In one of the early Crusaders the matron writes about how terrible it was that one of the girls took her blind baby to a doctor in Fort Worth instead of trusting God to heal it.

Dr. Upchurch himself died from heart failure that probably could have been helped with medicine. Mrs. Upchurch lived to be 89 years old, but her mind was gone for the last ten years of her life from arteriosclerosis and she was in a nursing home.

No one was allowed to use the phone on Sunday. And yet they thought nothing of sending my father on foot to get the doctor when one of the girls was in labor.

All of the mail was censored--outgoing and incoming. The girls were required to stay for one year after the birth of their babies. Sometimes they would run away and they would go looking for them. Occasionally they never heard from them again. It was required that the mothers keep their babies.

The girls all had chores to do. Most of them breast fed their babies and were free to leave their chores to go to the nursery to feed the babies. The mothers had the care of the children after supper.



There was a Business Board made up of outstanding business men in Ft. Worth and Dallas who more or less set policy. They were such men as president of Magnolia Oil Co., president of Santa Fe Railroad, etc. Among the things at the college is a letter head listing the members of the board. Every Christmas the Business Board would give \$5.00 for each mother, child, worker, and worker's child. That was always the best gift I received at Christmas time. My Daddy would go to Cedar Hill and get a tall Christmas tree. The gifts would be tied to the tree. It was always an exciting time.

At Thanksgiving time all the workers gathered with the girls for Thanksgiving dinner--after which the kids played baseball. We lived directly across the street from the main building at the home.

My father was in charge of the dairy and the orchard--as well as doing many odd jobs. Most of the workers lived within three blocks of the home. We had access to all the milk we could use, as well as vegetables and fruits from the garden. Although my Daddy's salary was never large, we always had plenty of food.

There were many of the girls who stayed at the home for years and worked there. Three of them stayed until their boys were in their teens. The children all attended the public schools in Arlington.

One of the women who worked there died just two years ago. She was in a nursing home for 3 years, and I visited her several times a week. She and my mother were real good friends. Her son was a very close friend of my oldest brother, Bill, who was killed in Belgium during the Battle of the Bulge.

Mrs. Norwood, who was matron at Bethany Nazarene College, was the matron most of the time in my growing up years.

I am planning to go to Arlington Wednesday, and I'll check on the things there and see if I can get you some more information.

If I think of anything else of interest, I'll send it on.

Sincerely,

*Mary Ann Martin*

Mrs. Richard B. Martin, Sr.

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Dr. M. A. Benson	

## EDITORIAL

Rev. H. C. Morrison.

(Continued from page 1.)

years gone responded to the call of their chiefs and fought in many a bloody fray in the valleys and mountains of the old country.

The spirit of battle and human strife was bred in his bones, and through many years in the Kentucky mountains his ancestors had been ready to fight any foe on almost any pretext. George was a stalwart, alert man, ready with club or gun for anybody who interfered with what he called "my rights." Notwithstanding all this, he had many excellent traits of character. He had inherited his fighting qualities just as naturally as he had inherited his auburn hair, and he had never sought to get rid of either.

As our new preacher approached the front porch, the woman with a squeaky voice reached out a lean hand, a sort of claw, and gave him a quick, hard grip, with a quizzical look and dry grin. "Say I wooda' come out to the gate, but Ize pow'ful weak sence I fell down stars and lit' on my head, and that's been neely two year ago. Doctor said I orter got well afore this, but doctors don't know half the time what they're talking about. Come right in the house; Sara is looking fer you, and George is gone up on the mountain to kill a mess of young squirrel fer supper. Yes, sence I fell down stars on my head I haint nothing like as strong as I wuz. I never wuz smart to hurt, but sence I fell on my head that day I aint got much strength nor much sence uther."

"Sara will be mighty glad ter see you. She's the best Christian woman I ever seed. It aint no Sunday-go-to-meeting matter with her; it is just a over-day business with Sara. George aint such a bad man—that's Sara's husband. You will see him treckly. He's the one that's gone after the squirrels, and he'll git em too. George is one of these kind that aint gits what he goes arter, and he haint such a bad man. If them fellers would let him alone he'd let them alone, but when ever they fool with George they gits all that's coming to 'em. Before I fell down stars I

used to take a big intrust in evering goin' on in this part of the mountains, but sence I got my hed hurt, I kin'na forgits, and things gits so mixed up I can't remember nothing like I used to. 'So you're the new preacher! Well, Sara will be mighty glad ter see you, and George, he shore loves Sara and he entertains the preachers kase of Sara, his wife, bein' the leadin' member of the Methodists in this part of the mountains."

The young preacher made himself as agreeable as possible while the old sister chatted away about George, Sara, and the time "she fell down stars." As the sun went down, Gordon came out of the bushes down the mountain side with a half dozen squirrels. He was a tall, raw-boned man and erect as an Indian. He lived a hard life of privation, toil, and civil war. He was a man about 40 years of age; at his side there trotted a marvelously handsome lad. He was about seven years of age, straight as an arrow, with sturdy, little sun-burned limbs and bare, brown feet. His head was large and covered with a shock of beautiful auburn curls. His eyes sparkled with delight to meet the interesting stranger who had come to spend the night. He sympathized with his father in all his toil and strife in the mountains, and loved devotedly his mother at whose knee he had learned to pray, and in whose faith and devotion he believed implicitly. He was a friend to everybody who was a friend to his mother; therefore, he had the most kindly feeling, mingled with awe and reverence, toward the Lord Jesus.

The reader will note that this sun-brown, bare-footed lad of the mountains, imbibing something of his mother's devotion and something of his father's tenacious courage, had in him some of the elements that go into the making of great character.

(To be Continued.)

### UP IN THE PANHANDLE.

For many years Rev. J. T. Upchurch, who founded, and for some years has conducted the Rescue Home at Arlington, Texas, has urged me to make a run with him into Texas, holding a number of short meetings, representing his work at Arlington and the promotion of full salvation.

On the evening of October 19, I got away from Kentucky and had two days and nights good rest on the train, after the strenuous work of the great revival at Asbury College. I went via Memphis, Little Rock, out through Oklahoma and struck into the Panhandle, changed cars at Amarillo, Texas, and ran north about 100 miles to Canadian. This is the county seat, a beautiful and thrifty little city in the center of the white-faced cattle and the red-hog country.

This has been one of the most successful farming years in the history of the Panhandle. Wheat, corn, oats, alfalfa, kaffir corn and other grains adapted to this region have flourished here; the cattle are fat and the red hogs immense. Wagons, with four horses hitched abreast were bringing in the wheat, and the atmosphere was full of health and thrift.

The three days' convention was held in the Christian Church. Bro. Wilson, the pastor, showed us every courtesy. This writer preached twice each day and Bro. Upchurch lectured each afternoon on the rescue work. The attendance was good; many people came from other points, some of them so far away as 75 miles. The Lord was gracious and a number were at the altar and some were blessed. The Lord's people were greatly refreshed.

Bro. Hirtzel has a holiness mission in Canadian, supported by a faithful band of devout and earnest people. It was worth a long journey to preach to the heart-hungry and grateful people who gathered here.

I was most kindly entertained by Bro. and Sister Liske. The people of the Christian Church in which we preached were as cordial and kind to us as a devout congregation of

old-time Methodists could have been. Oh, no, the doctrine of full salvation is not out of doors by any means.

Bro. Upchurch, after almost a quarter of a century of rescue work, has a wonderful story to tell of hundreds of poor, deluded and lost girls, who have been rescued from the depths of sin and brought back to Christ, hope and happiness. We doubt if in all the world there are two people more consecrated to the work, and better prepared for it, than Bro. and Sister Upchurch.

From Canadian, we went to Plainview, Texas, a fine little city of some five or six thousand people, out on the broad plains of Northwest Texas. It is in a great alfalfa country; much of the fertile land is irrigated by immense wells. Water is found only a few feet below the surface, and is lifted out in an immense stream larger than any ordinary stovepipe. Many cereals grow here, and the country is the home of white-faced cattle and the immense red hogs. On one great ranch near the town where we were there were more than 1,000 head of large hogs fattening for the market.

The cause of holiness has suffered much in Plainview. There was once a full salvation school at this place, but it went down carrying heavy financial loss and many heartaches with it. Then a peculiar type of teaching got in among some good-meaning people in this place which certainly has not helped the cause. In spite of it all a number of hearts have remained faithful.

We were in Plainview six days; the first three days we held our meetings in the Methodist Church, and the closing days in the Nazarene Church. Bro. Phillips, the pastor, and his people gave us a most hearty welcome. Extra seats were brought in and we had gracious meetings. The house was packed, the altar filled and some were saved. Bro. Upchurch is much beloved in this town and country. He held some fine meetings and the people responded liberally to the support of his work. Among other things, they made up a car-load of potatoes, apples and feed for his cows. Quite a number of persons came to these meetings from other points.

Sister Upchurch, her daughter and Mrs. Collins, who are unusually good singers, led the music and the people joined in with a wonderful spirit of praise and gladness. We shall never forget the good people of Plainview.

We ran from this place up to Amarillo, the Queen of the Panhandle. It is a little city of about 15,000 population, and is one of the cleanest, freshest, most progressive little cities we ever saw. It is a great center of trade for all the country round.

We only had one service in Amarillo. I preached at night in a large Baptist Church, handsome enough for any city. We had a large and receptive audience, who gave us a warm hand of fellowship and sent us happy on our way to New Mexico.

(Continued.)

### ASBURY COLLEGE FARM.

#### PART X.

We are much encouraged with the responses that are coming in on the Asbury College Farm proposition. We believe most firmly in the success of this enterprise. We ought to close a trade for this farm by March 1; that will be in time to plant corn, potatoes and sow oats. We will need \$10,000 in cash and pledges in order to take the responsibility of buying the farm.

The financial burden of this college cannot be carried by any one man without help, and the farm proposition is the most practical method of helping this great work that we can think of. We are standing for the great essential truths of the Word of God, the truths which save men from sin and prepare them for service and fit them for heaven. Help this great work; and help NOW.

Up to the present cash and subscriptions amount to \$3,003.78. We are glad to report

with us twice. Professor Lynn, a beautiful Scotch boy who was saved in Portland, Ore., a few years ago, through the prayers of a few faithful Nazarenes. They prayed him out of the Devil's den into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Professor Lynn is a beautiful singer.

As to the finance of the convention, it came easily. The people gave with an eye single to the glory of God. All expenses were met, everybody happy, and nobody burdened. God was glorified and the Devil defeated, and the glory of God was on the multitudes. It will be interesting to know that we sent in a list of fifty-nine subscriptions for the dear old HERALD OF HOLINESS. At the rate we are going now we will receive anywhere from twenty-five hundred to three thousand before this chain of conventions is ended.

After preaching on Sunday in the afternoon to a packed house, this reporter jumped in a Ford car and ran across the country to Cincinnati and reached the First Church of the Nazarene at 8:30. What a crowd we had! The house was packed to overflowing. We preached nearly an hour hard as we could fly, gave an altar call, and twelve grown men and women lined up at the altar, and prayed through with the shout of victory. After closing the great service, the reporter went home with Brother Sherman, our pastor in Cincinnati. They have a beautiful hall there on the first floor that will seat several hundred people comfortably. Brother Sherman had a band of some forty-five of as fine people as ever walked the earth. He has a splendid orchestra of splendid musicians. They simply make the welkin ring with their music. It will be interesting to the readers to know that we had a good supper at 12 o'clock at night, then had a good night's rest. Monday we visited God's Revivalist School on the Mount of Blessings, preached at the Bible School at night, the great auditorium was packed to overflowing, and God gave us fifteen souls at the altar. We were up on Tuesday morning and preached from 7:15 to 8 o'clock. We boarded the train at 9, and reached Indianapolis at 12 o'clock on Tuesday ready to open the great convention in Indianapolis. A thousand blessings on the HERALD OF HOLINESS readers. Grace and peace be multiplied.

Reporter.

#### INDIANA MISSIONARY CONVENTIONS

Sister Stella B. Crooks, Field Secretary of the General Board of Foreign Missions, and Sister Lula Schmelzenbach, our pioneer missionary from Africa, will hold missionary meetings on the Indiana District at the places and dates mentioned below. Both of these workers have a real burden for the work of missions and they have a great message. Our people who have the privilege of hearing them will agree with us that it is not only a treat but a real blessing. Sister Schmelzenbach has spent many years in Africa and is soon to return and this will be the last opportunity to hear her, at least for many years. Please note the date they are to be in and near your community and plan to be present. Following are the dates:

January 7.....Elkhart	January 24.....Elwood
January 9.....Pl. Wayne	January 25.....Stringtown
January 10.....Auburn	January 26.....Richmond
January 11.....Huntington	January 27.....Connersville
January 12.....Gaston	January 28.....Shelbyville
January 13.....Redkey	January 29.....Morristown
January 14.....Bluffton	January 30.....Fortville
January 15.....Muncie	January 31.....Frankfort
January 16.....Parker	February 1.....Flackville
January 17.....Winchester	February 2.....Indianapolis, So. Side
January 18.....Modoc	February 3.....Indianapolis, Bay St.
January 19.....Newcastle	February 4.....Indianapolis, First
January 20.....Anderson	

#### A TIMELY SUGGESTION

Since we left Miami, Fla., we have not owned our own furniture and when we came here it seemed that we were up against a problem. But we suggested that it might be possible that some of our members had some things that they were not using which we might be able to secure, or get donated to the parsonage. I believe our folks were really surprised at what they did do. But it was done and we soon had a house fitted up and from now on the church will own some parsonage furniture. And that is as it should be. If our people would only be thoughtful along these lines every church could own its parsonage and the principal part of the furnishings. It could be done a little at a time and save great trouble, expense and loss to our pastors. The owning of our parsonages and furnishings has become a necessity in the Church of the Nazarene.—C. H. Lancaster, Pastor, Greeley, Colo.

#### THE BERACHAH HOME

Arlington, Texas

Because some Nazarenes misunderstand the object of the Berachah Home and its relationship to the holiness movement, I have requested space to set

## General Superintendents' Fund

We beg to submit herewith a statement showing the actual condition of the General Superintendents' Fund October 1, 1920. The statement gives the membership of the various Districts, also shows the appropriation and the amount received and the deficit. This appropriation is based on the action taken by the General Assembly, by which the churches were asked to pay 35 cents a member a year toward support of the General Superintendents.

We call your special attention to the fact that only two Districts, namely, the Iowa and New Mexico Districts, paid their appropriation in full. The deficit, which amounts to over \$4,000, means that our General Superintendents will not be able to get more than half the amount that it was intended they should receive. This naturally works a real hardship on our General Superintendents and we sincerely trust that the District Superintendents and pastors will carefully look over the statement and if at all possible make some arrangement to make up the deficit and forward as soon as possible to E. G. ANDERSON, Treasurer, 2109 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

District	Membership	Apportionment	Amt. Received	Deficit
Alabama	629	\$ 220.15	\$ 144.01	\$ 76.14
Alberga	276	96.60	11.60	85.00
Arkansas	818	286.30	142.90	143.40
British Isles	480	168.00	36.26	131.74
Chicago Central	1,860	651.00	595.45	55.55
Colorado	646	226.10	204.00	22.10
Dakota-Montana	394	137.90	68.35	69.55
Dallas	1,392	487.20	252.81	234.39
Eastern Oklahoma	1,220	427.00	234.55	192.45
Florida	113	39.55	5.00	34.55
Georgia	305	106.75	28.65	78.10
Hamlin	670	234.50	165.93	68.57
Idaho-Oregon	840	294.00	99.45	194.55
Indiana	2,206	772.10	721.35	50.75
Iowa	774	270.90	278.35	.....
Kansas	1,326	464.10	444.38	19.72
Kentucky	627	219.45	.....	219.45
Little Rock	690	241.50	140.64	100.86
Louisiana	257	89.95	57.00	32.95
Manitoba-Saskatchewan	86	30.10	.....	30.10
Michigan	874	305.90	239.51	66.39
Mississippi	284	99.40	39.65	59.75
Missouri	1,026	359.10	188.80	170.30
Nebraska	604	211.40	193.40	18.00
New England	2,225	778.75	670.00	108.75
New Mexico	225	78.75	80.18	.....
New York	960	336.00	245.72	90.28
Northwest	793	277.55	197.13	80.42
North Pacific	975	341.25	219.24	122.01
Ohio	1,060	371.00	313.30	57.70
Pittsburgh	1,123	393.05	272.00	121.05
San Antonio	1,388	485.80	183.91	301.89
San Francisco	500	175.00	110.00	65.00
Southern California	2,920	1,022.00	665.43	356.57
South Dakota	127	44.45	26.50	17.95
Tennessee	2,268	793.80	365.73	428.07
Washington-Philadelphia	601	210.35	66.42	143.93
Western Oklahoma	1,461	511.35	441.46	69.89
	35,023	\$12,258.05	\$8,149.06	\$4,117.87

Total Apportionment .....\$12,258.05  
Total Amount Received From Districts..... 8,149.06

Total Deficit .....\$ 4,108.99

Total Amount Deficit .....\$ 4,117.87  
Total Amount Overpaid by Iowa and New Mexico..... 8.88

Total Deficit .....\$ 4,108.99

forth the facts before the readers of the HERALD OF HOLINESS. With these facts in hand you can better determine whether to give it your sympathy and support or not.

As to its history, will say, before the Nazarene church was formed, the Berachah work was established and opened the first holiness institution in the Southwest. There being no holiness church of any considerable membership, it had of necessity to be operated on independent or interdenominational lines.

Berachah Home was opened in a rented house in Waco, Texas, and a battle royal waged against the vice lords of the United States, the results of which are in the archives of heaven. From its earliest incipency the central theme of Berachah has been holiness unto the Lord, and her heart cry is that this glorious truth may burn and flash amid all her enterprises as the one absolute necessity and ultimate aim to be accomplished.

Her holy desire is to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of every individual on earth in the work of redeeming our little unfortunate sisters of Amer-

ica, and she believes this can be more extensively accomplished by her along general lines than through the channels of any one denomination.

The superintendent, together with a number of others who are directing the work of Berachah, are Nazarenes who feel they must be true to all the nation-wide interests supporting them and to every sacred trust committed to their care, regardless of the individual or church from whom that trust comes.

Because of the high class work of Berachah, and because the home is within the bounds of the Dallas District Assembly, this Assembly adopts this home as the institution through which it will do rescue work on the District. This does not in any way obligate members of the Assembly to co-operate in building an interdenominational institution, but does enable them to do holiness rescue work without the usual financial burden connected with such an undertaking.

As a result of this relationship between the Dallas District Assembly and the Berachah Home, the home, without being unfaithful to its other rela-





### PROPOSED CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE, HILLSBORO, TEXAS

The Church of the Nazarene was organized at Hillsboro, Texas, about nine years ago. Many have been the struggles of this church. It can truthfully be said that this work has come up through "great tribulations." But in spite of the trials through which the church has passed, God is giving victory. He is opening up the way to put up a beautiful building within two blocks of the courthouse in which to worship Him instead of the wooden tabernacle which has been used all these years. Pray for us.

I. L. FLYNN, Pastor.

tionship has, during the past year, opened doors for Nazarene preachers to preach holiness to multitudes they would never have gotten before, and has paid in cash more than \$3,000 to Nazarene preachers, evangelists and workers, besides \$50 to Nazarene home missions, \$150 to foreign missions, \$50 to the Board of Education, sent students to Nazarene schools, and helped to circulate Nazarene literature. All of this was over and above the spiritual blessings carried into Nazarene churches, assistance given and tithes paid by Berachah Nazarenes to the Dallas church.

Once more I say this was accomplished without betraying our trust to interdenominational work.

Berachah owes no financial obligations, for her property is free from debt, and she is now boldly launching an extension plan which, if successful, will enable her to secure equipment for the most thorough and extensive work in behalf of lost girls in America.

She covets your love and prayers to help keep her humble, holy, and fearless in her dangerous but blessed work.

J. T. UPCHURCH, Supt.

### BRITISH ISLES DISTRICT

Our God is marching on. The District is taking on new life that is permeated with a vision for the future that is exhilarating and full of hope. The word "revival" is spoken with an emphasis that speaks of faith in the power of God to do a new thing in the midst of the holy people. The ministrations of all the preachers are such as to encourage the congregations to not only "expect great things from God," but "to attempt great things for God." The altars of our churches are now visited by seekers as they have not been since before the war. The attendances are upward, and this is true throughout the District. To God be the glory.

Recent changes in the personnel of our workers should be noted. Rev. J. D. Lewis, from Wales, is now pastor at Paisley. Pastor Jack, recently of Ardrossan, is now at Parkhead, and he has been succeeded by Pastor Robert Purvis, a member of Parkhead church.

Parkhead church is enjoying the ministry of Brother Jack. Since he began his work in the early part of October a renewed interest is manifested in all departments of the work. In that time quite a number have sought and found the Lord. The first Saturday and Sabbath in December will ever remain memorable days in the history of the mother church. We reported how on the second Sabbath of June \$560 was raised for the extinction of the debt. Since then \$200 more has been raised. The bond, etc., were paid on November 11th, and exactly on the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of the edifice. Glorious thanksgiving services were held. On the Saturday evening the saints gathered with shining faces and their hearts full of joy. Members and pastors were present from Ardrossan, Paisley,

Blantyre, Uddingston, and Perth; the pastors from Gildersome and Morley in England were also present. After the preliminaries, Brother Robert Bolton, the senior official, gave a short resume of the events that led to the formation of the "first holiness church in Scotland." He was followed by Brother Andrew Robertson, our bookkeeper and treasurer since the inception of the church, who gave a wonderful statement of our finances covering over fourteen years. The great moment in the service had now arrived, viz., the burning of the papers. The District Superintendent called Sister Stevenson, the wife of Brother Stevenson, who together had done so much to help in the liquidation of the debt, to the front. The congregation sat and looked on in breathless silence. Mrs. Stevenson held a lighted taper which she put to one of the papers held by the District Superintendent. As it burned and the flames lit up the faces of those around, the congregation arose spontaneously, and sang with glad hearts, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Again and again they sang

"For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is forever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure."

while eight of the original officials (brethren who were officials when the church was opened) came and presented other papers which were also consumed by fire. The ashes fell into a jardiniere. These the District Superintendent covered with a paper, and then invited the people to bury the ashes with an offering. The choir sang, the people marched from all parts of the church, and gave an offering amounting to £23-1-6. The time that followed was spent in praise and testimony and was a blessed and heavenly foretaste of glory. Sabbath day was a continuation of Saturday evening. Brother Roach, of Gildersome; Brother Hynd, of Morley; Brother Jack, of Parkhead, and the District Superintendent, were the preachers. There were three decisions in the evening. These were perhaps the most remarkable services ever held in Parkhead church.

Prior to the above services the preachers of the District met with the District Superintendent in a "council of war." Questions relating to the work were discussed in a spirit that betokened the experience of perfect love. The reports of the brethren indicated that the spirit of revival was prevalent on the District. The vision of all for the future was to strengthen our present churches and extend the work by the help of God. Brother Will O. Jones was announced as coming to the British Isles for a prolonged stay. All were glad. The brethren in their prayers prayed with the breath of victory through faith in Jesus Christ. It was a most helpful meeting.

The District Superintendent desires to thank all the friends in the States who have been and are generously supporting our fund for new work. Plans are now under way for extension. We shall need

not only your monetary support, but also your prayers. Pray much that in this old land of theological lore and learning the gospel of holiness may have its triumphs and victories in spite of the old and insufficient platitude of "imputed holiness."

Our visits to the churches have been "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Large congregations have been present, and souls have sought the Lord. We preached one night in the city of Leeds. Here we have a few friends who are looking forward to the opening of our work there. This we trust to do soon.

GEORGE SHARPE, Supt.

### CHINA FAMINE FUND

We wish to express our sincere appreciation for the prompt response that has been given to our recent appeals for the China Famine fund. We submit herewith a report of all money received up to December 20th.

We have just learned that twenty million people will die of starvation within the next six months unless relief is sent. What will you do to help them? Any amount contributed will be appreciated. Send it to E. G. Anderson, Treasurer, 2109 Troost avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

#### RECEIPTS

Oakland, Calif., church.....	\$ 278.34
Nampa, Idaho, church.....	183.99
Enterprise, Ore., church.....	132.45
Olivet Student Missionary Band, Olivet, Ill.....	125.00
Leslie F. Gay, Los Angeles, Calif.....	119.97
Pasadena, Calif., church.....	73.00
San Antonio, Texas, church.....	72.80
Mrs. M. G. Myers, Marion, Ohio.....	54.64
Berkeley, Calif., church.....	54.00
Corning, Calif., church.....	51.12
Mrs. P. A. Hood, Nampa, Idaho.....	50.00
Oskaloosa, Iowa, church.....	47.00
H. T. Wilson, Lincoln, Neb.....	43.50
South Portland, Me., church.....	35.00
G. E. Waddle, Dallas, Texas.....	32.06
P. L. Smith, Peoria, Ariz.....	30.00
Rosedale, Kas., church.....	30.00
Flower Memorial Church, St. Louis, Mo.....	20.00
Mrs. R. J. Hamill, Grandfield, Okla.....	20.00
Farmington, Iowa, church.....	16.20
M. Sherbert, Johnson, Vt.....	15.00
C. H. Willis, Mt. Dora, N. M.....	10.00
William Horst, Richmond Hill, N. Y.....	10.00
Mrs. R. E. Parker, Alhambra, Calif.....	10.00
F. M. Fink, Hastings, Neb.....	10.00
Ida M. Webber, Middleboro, Mass.....	10.00
George A. Mitsche, Woodbine, Kas.....	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Miller.....	10.00
John Fields and family, Marshall, Mo.....	8.00
Oskaloosa, Iowa, church.....	7.00
Francis Fullerton, Huntington, W. Va.....	7.00
Mrs. W. W. Sieber, Hunter, Mo.....	5.00
Mary C. Woodburn, Southampton, Mass.....	5.00
Mrs. Sherman Clark, Healy, Kas.....	5.00
William A. Ashook, Tallula, Ill.....	5.00
Mrs. Rena Schroder, Eustis, Neb.....	5.00
Ruth R. Manning, Peabody, Mass.....	5.00
Mrs. P. L. Johnson, Elk City, Kas.....	5.00
Mary E. Kerby, Garland, Kas.....	5.00
Lula Leitholt, Braymer, Mo.....	5.00
W. B. Lindsey and wife, Mountain Home, Ark.....	5.00
Alma Koertge, Holland, Mich.....	5.00
Mrs. Maud Weymiller, Brawley, Calif.....	5.00
Mrs. M. Young, Phoenix, Ariz.....	5.00
C. B. Adams, Cove, Ark.....	4.50
S. B. Rhoads, Colorado Springs, Colo.....	3.00
O. S. Sphar, Decatur, Ind.....	2.50
G. Keene, Lansdale, Pa.....	2.00
Josephine Brasel, St. Peter, Ill.....	2.00
Lillie Latimore, Caddo, Okla.....	2.00
W. E. Fowler, Sadler, Texas.....	1.00
Mrs. Emma E. Bennett, Minneapolis, Minn.....	1.00
Lizzie Clark, Leoma, Tenn.....	1.00

\$1,660.07

Previously reported ..... \$3,253.72

Total amount received..... \$4,913.79

Amount reported in last week's report as offering from Brooklyn, N. Y. church but should have been reported as follows:

East Rockaway church.....	\$ 37.00
Bedford, N. Y., church.....	14.00
John Wesley Church, Brooklyn.....	37.53
Atlantic Avenue Church, Brooklyn.....	13.74
Utica Avenue Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	73.87
S. N. Fitkin.....	30.00
Danbury church.....	10.00
New Berlin, N. Y., church.....	11.00

Total ..... \$220.54

"I am sending \$1.50 for which send me the HERALD OF HOLINESS. I think it is the best paper on earth."—M. L. Norris, Kentucky.



dice; the church was built up in the faith. A nice love offering was given to the pastor; also the church board, by unanimous vote, gave him a five-dollar-per-week increase in salary. We are now building some new Sunday-school rooms.—Schauner Vance, Pastor.

## DEATHS

DR. J. T. UPCHURCH was born October 29, 1870, and died September 12, 1950, at his home in Dallas, Texas. Converted at the age of twenty, he spent a long and fruitful life in the service of Christ and others. He was an outstanding holiness leader, and served for a time as president of the National Holiness Association. In this capacity, he was associated with some of the greatest holiness preachers in America. He became a member of the Church of the Nazarene early in the church's history. Through his efforts, a tabernacle was started in Dallas in 1904, which became First Church of the Nazarene in 1908. He was a charter member, and a loyal supporter of this church which he organized.

In the field of social service, Dr. Upchurch was one of the most colorful figures in the Southwest. It was in this field that he did his most outstanding work. He founded the Berachah Home for girls at Arlington, Texas, and served as its superintendent for thirty-five years. With this work, he edited a paper, "The King's Messenger," and

was active in the prevention of crime and vice. His later years were spent in prison reform work. During the presidency of Dr. J. B. Chapman, Peniel University conferred on Dr. Upchurch the honorary degree, "Doctor of Social Science."

While bedfast for many months, he continued his work until a few days before his death. He died as he lived—triumphant in Christ. He is survived by his widow, two sons, three daughters, nine grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. Funeral services were conducted at First Church of the Nazarene, Dallas, with the pastor, Rev. W. C. Allshouse, in charge. He was assisted by Dr. L. N. Stuckey, Methodist minister, and Rev. Marvin Sheffield, superintendent of the Congregational Methodist Church. The message was delivered by a lifelong friend, Dr. Robert E. Goodrich, retired Methodist minister.

MRS. LILLIE A. STEWART BAMFORD was born September 10, 1855, in Vermont, and died August 7, 1950, at the home of a son-in-law, W. O. Ball, near Hale Center, Texas. United in marriage to Mr. Stewart, she was the mother of six children. Mr. Stewart and four children preceded her in death. In 1910 she was married to Charley Bamford, now deceased. She is survived by a son, Arthur H., and a daughter, Mrs. Flossie Lyle. Coming to Plainview, Texas, in 1915, she was a long-time, active member and a consecrated deaconess in the Church of the Nazarene. She lived a holy life, always thoughtful of others, and kept the faith. Funeral service was held in the home church at Plainview, conducted by Rev. W. R. McClure, a former pastor; interment was in the Center Plains Cemetery.

MISS PHOEBE CATHRON was born October 19, 1871, and died February 1, 1950, at Union City, Tennessee. In 1903 she was sanctified at the camp meeting at Beebe, Arkansas. She was a consistent Christian and member of the Church of the Nazarene for years, an inspiration to all who knew her. She is survived by a sister, Mrs. Berdie Deming.

HUGH CATHRON, a brother of Miss Phoebe Cathron and Mrs. Berdie Deming, died at Union City, Tennessee, on September 16, 1950. For many years he was associated with the Pentecostal Mission of Nashville, under the ministry of Rev. J. O. McClurkin; in later years he was a member of the Church of the Nazarene in Union City.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

NOTICE—East Texas church desires to locate a minister of music and young people's worker. Write to "Herald of Holiness," Box 527, Kansas City 10, Missouri, stating qualifications and experience.

BORN—to Rev. and Mrs. Ralph L. Young of Winchester, Tennessee, a son, John Keith, on September 12.

—to Rev. and Mrs. Charles O. Slusher of Bethany, Oklahoma, a daughter, Karen Janette, on September 23.

—to Song Evangelist E. Bruce Wade and wife of Dallas, Texas, a son, Bennette Floyd, on September 25.

—to Mr. and Mrs. John Y. Jones, Jr., of Olivet Nazarene College, Kankakee, Illinois, a daughter, Deborah Lynn, on October 1.

—to Earl G. and Maxine Blystone of Kansas City, Missouri, a son, Bradley Earl, on October 3.

—to Rev. and Mrs. David K. Ehrlich of Fort Wayne, Indiana, a daughter, Karen Jean, on October 15.

—to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leo Carden of Poteau, Oklahoma, a son, Carl Robert, on October 16.

—to Rev. and Mrs. W. Raymond McClung of Houston, Texas, a son, Gilbert Raymond, on October 24.

WEDDING BELLS—Rev. S. Frederick Bertolet, evangelist of Reading, and Miss Grace Sweigert of Collingdale, Pennsylvania, were united in marriage on September 2, in Cressona, Pennsylvania, with Rev. F. D. Ketner, uncle of the bride, officiating.

SPECIAL PRAYER IS REQUESTED by a lady in Oregon, near seventy years of age, that God may undertake in a real estate transaction, that she may have a home;

by a lady in Illinois, that God may continue to work in bringing about a complete reconciliation with a friend, and also for an unspoken request; by a Nazarene brother in Jerusalem, that God may undertake for some special requests—a brother who needs healing for nerve trouble, a young brother who needs God's help for eye and nervous troubles, a young lady who needs help both spiritually and physically, and a brother, age sixty, that God may touch his body afflicted with a heart ailment;

by a lady in Illinois for a young mother afflicted with a disease for which doctors say there is no cure—she is a Christian and desires prayer that she may be healed and spared to her small children.

## DIRECTORIES

### GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS

Hardy C. Powers:  
Office, 2923 Troost Ave., P.O. Box 527, Kansas City 10, Mo.  
Africa ..... Summer and Fall

Orval J. Nease:  
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Office, 2923 Troost Ave., P.O. Box 527, Kansas City 10, Mo.  
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A Brand-New Volume

# SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH JESUS, Vol. 5

Here is the fifth volume in this series of program suggestions for young people's meetings.

It is divided into six units: Education, Evangelism, Missions, Service, Special Days, and Miscellaneous. Also there is supplementary material such as poems and illustrations and suggestions for posters with which to publicize the services.

The material in this volume, as well as in the four previous numbers, has been compiled by the Young People's Departments of the Free Methodist church, the Wesleyan Methodist church, and the Church of the Nazarene.

The General N.Y.P.S. suggests that this material be used to supplement the programs offered in the "Young People's Journal."

There should be at least one copy in every local N.Y.P.S.

128 pages bound in an attractive paper cover.

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61

The Berachah Mission Periodicals, 1904-1906, 1915-1940  
Description of the Periodicals

The periodicals of this microfilm project reflect and promote the work of the Berachah Rescue Society, an incorporation in the state of Texas, and its institution, the Berachah Home. In the words of J. T. Upchurch, who served as director of the home and editor of the periodicals, The Purity Journal, was devoted to "the protection of the Home, the Destruction of the Saloon, the Abolition of the Traffic in Girls, and the Extension of the Kingdom of God." The journal and the society focused on support of the Berachah Home which served as a home for unwed mothers. A concern for the elimination of vice districts in the major cities of Texas represents another frequent subject of the papers.

Early in 1937 the journal, the society, and the institution undergo a significant redefinition of purpose. On February 1937 the corporate name became the Berachah Junior Kingdom, and the April 1937 journal became the first issue under the title King's Crusader. The Home came to be known as the Berachah Child Institute. This new program focused on the care of children from broken homes and the "Crusade for Child Protection-Crime Prevention."

J. T. Upchurch, director of the Berachah ministry, was one of several strong leaders in the Western Council of the Holiness Church of Christ which united with the Church of the Nazarene at Pilot Point, Texas in 1908. The early relationship between Upchurch's work at Berachah and other activities of the Holiness Church of Christ and the Holiness Association of Texas figure prominently in the paper.

By the 1920's the Berachah ministries were largely funded by civic and business organizations in Dallas and Fort Worth, but with the significant proportion of its income still coming from small private donations. This development seems to be accompanied by a more nondenominational religious understanding of its work. Nevertheless, the Berachah ministry maintained a conservative Methodist/holiness understanding of its religious character. This is reflected in the increased attention given to local Methodist assemblies and the use of Methodist writers and evangelists. Rev. H. C. Morrison, of Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky, was always a favorite at Berachah.

Nevertheless ties to the Church of the Nazarene continued to be very significant. In 1927-28 F. E. Wiese, an assistant of J. T. Upchurch, was elected district superintendent of the Dallas District in the Church of the Nazarene. J. T. Upchurch himself remained an ordained elder in the Church of the Nazarene on the Dallas District until his death in 1950. A great number of prominent Nazarene ministers had articles appear in the Berachah paper. These included C. W. Ruth, Bud Robinson, D. Shelby Corlett, Stephen S. White, J. D. Scott, W. A. Eckel, Ora Lovelace, A. S. London, and J. G. Morrison. A few of these Nazarene writers published a lengthy series of articles and papers. As late as the early 1940's Rev. Upchurch corresponded with C. Warren Jones, General Secretary of the Church of the Nazarene, regarding the possibility of turning the work over to the denomination.

Other records, photographs, and publications of the Berachah ministry can be found among the collections of the Church of the Nazarene Archives and in the archives at the University of Texas at Arlington.



# THE PURITY JOURNAL.

KEEP THY-SELF PURE.

VOLUME I. NUMBER 1 JULY 1904. STATION A. DALLAS. TEXAS.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

SOME WITNESSES FROM GOD, FOR SALVATION, HEALING  
AND RESTORATION.

A STORY OF SIN, CRIME, SHAME, AND SUFFERING.

DELIVERED BY THE HOLY SPIRIT THROUGH FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST  
THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

**"Sing Praises to the Lord,  
Declare Among the People  
His Doings."**

Marvelous indeed are the works of our God, and we are exhorted again and again in His Word to make them known among the people.

But no eloquence of tongue, no multiplication of words can ever tell one half the glorious work of His Hands.

His Arm is not shortened that it cannot save. His Ear is not heavy that it cannot hear; therefore we take great joy in telling the people with tongue, pen, and press that our Lord is the Wonderful God.

With eagerness we accept every new invention which helps us to declare to the people the Power of God to Save, Cleanse, and Heal.

The Photographer and Engraver are now helping us to tell the sweet Gospel Story once again.

The picture of these two little children will enter a multitude of homes, upon the



Sadie and Lulu.

wings of a sanctified press, and relate the beautiful story of Christian Love and Heroism.

The mother, whose happy, pleasant face looks out at you from the next page, also tells her sad experience with Satan the Defiler; and glorious deliverance by Jesus, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

It also affords us pleasure to present a half tone of Sister Jernigan, who so heroically battled against sin and disease in rescuing these three from death and hell.

The story will be told o'er and o'er, ever inspiring others to deeds of kindness among the lost of earth's race.

One, writing about this incident says: "This true story of the redemption of Sister Lily, is of more thrilling interest than a romance of fiction. It shows that Christian heroism is not dead, but the Christ, who healed the leper, is really risen from the dead."

Go, little Message of Truth, and tell the sin smitten and disease stricken every where.

that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

Through His Blood we are cleansed,

With His stripes we are healed.

Let Sister Jernigan tell the story of seeking and helping Sister Lilly to *The Home*.



Mrs. Jonnie Jernigan.

#### THE HARVEST OF SIN.

While visiting a poor, unfortunate girl in Greenville, who was sick, I was told of another girl of the same character who was sick near by. I at once visited her in her home, if you could call it a home. She lived in a little shanty of two rooms with another woman. The windows were out and rags took their place. I was greeted with the foulest odor at the door that I ever met in a human habitation. The rooms were fairly reeking with filth. She lay on a cot covered with a tattered bed quilt, while her head rested on a pillow made of course ducking stuffed with a little cotton. The floor was so foul that I badly soiled my dress as I knelt by her bed-side in prayer for her.

On her face was a look of despair, as she lay dying by inches of a nameless disease. By her side stood two little ragged and dirty children, who looked as though they had never had a bath nor seen a comb.

#### THE MAN OF SORROWS.

This scene broke my heart, and I told her the story of the Man of Sorrows, who had not a place to lay His head, but was a friend of publicans and sinners, and could save the vilest of them, and told her He wanted to save her, too. I went home promising to return soon. I called the City Physician, over the 'phone, who had been attending her, and asked him about her. He advised me to let such characters alone, as there was great danger of my contracting the disease by waiting on her and dressing her. He also told me that there was no earthly hope of her recovery, as her disease had such a hold on her.

#### BOUND TO DIE.

He further stated that every time she was dressed all her clothing must be burned that came off her, and that

this would incur needless expense as she was bound to die. But God had laid her on my heart, and I continued to visit, wash, and dress her, and point her to the Christ of Calvary, who could save her soul. I scrubbed the floor, washed and dressed the little children, and with the aid of some other good sisters, kept their needs supplied, and secured clothing for the children.

#### WONDERFULLY CONVERTED.

For six weeks I continued my visits to her, until at last she gave her heart to God, and was wonderfully converted. In the meantime the City Physician was changed and another doctor took his place. I wanted to get the children in the Orphans' Home at Peniel, but was afraid of carrying this disease there, so I called on the new doctor and asked him to please examine the children and let me know. He did so, and on his return he called at my home and advised me to let the woman alone, as there was no hope of her recovery, and further said it was a piece of folly for me to wear my life out on such characters as she: "And besides all this, you are in great danger of catching the disease in dressing her."

#### TAKEN TO THE HOME.

But God had laid her on my heart, and I could not give her up. I wanted to take her to the Rescue Home at Arlington, but *The Home* was not yet opened. At last *The Home* was opened; but some friends who had visited Lilly with me, and who had rendered me much assistance, thought she was not a fit subject for *The Home*, she was so badly diseased. A kind friend volunteered to raise money to pay the expenses of the trip to Arlington, and we began to dress Lilly and get her ready to go. I visited her with some clothing, and noticing she had no shoes, asked her what number she wore, as I wanted to get her some. I shall never forget the look on her face as she said: "I have had no new shoes for so long that I have forgotten the number I wear." This broke my heart, to know that for years she had worn only old cast-off shoes.

#### SWOONED ON THE WAY.

We took her to the train, and went to Dallas; from there we took the trolley car to Arlington. She was so weak that she swooned away three times on the trip. When we reached *The Home*, and were seated in the nice parlor, I shall never forget the look of amazement that came over her face as she looked around at the nicely papered wall and lovely pictures in the room as she threw herself back in the rocker and turned to me and said: "I never saw such a nice home as this before; this must be Heaven." I replied: "Yes, Lilly, this is a nice, new home that God has prepared for such poor, homeless girls as you."

#### I THANK GOD FOR IT.

She heaved a sigh of relief and said: "I thank God for it; I did not expect to find it as nice as this. I wish all the poor girls in Texas could only know that it was built for them. I did not know that Jesus was so good to poor, lost girls as this."

#### BRO. UPCHURCH TELLS OF HER HEALING.

When we were informed that the first girl to be admitted to *The Home*, was so badly diseased, and was merely

being brought there to die, we at first objected; on account of the effect it would have on the other girls, but remembering that we had requested God to be there and receive her, and had received an answer in the affirmative, we cast it all upon Him and took her in. We did not know, at that time, of the persistent effort Sister Jernigan had put forth in her behalf, but we felt sure that God was pleased with her coming. When Mother Collins requested that we pray for Lilly we did so, and God heard immediately. It was marvelous to see the great change take place.

#### HEALED WITHOUT DRUGS.

After reading Sister Jernigan's statement you can look at the picture of Sister Lilly, which we take pleasure in giving, and see for your self the work God has accomplished.

Without drugs, or knives, or a doctor's help; God has most graciously healed her, and she is a true and faithful Christian in *The Home* today.

It has been over a year since she came to *The Home*, and during all that time, so far as we know, she has not taken any drugs. She was recently attacked with a bad case of sore eyes, but God quickly healed her.

#### SADIE AND LULU.

The children were first taken to the Orphanage at Peniel, where they were tenderly cared for by Sister Lilly and her workers.

One day, while visiting *The Home* at Arlington, I sat and watched the patient, toiling form of Sister Lilly. Calling Mother Collins and Miss Elizabeth, I requested to know of them, if she seemed to care anything for her children. They replied that she did not say much about them, but had been trying to get some little token of love to send them. I thought of the real object of our work; how God had said in Isaiah, the 58th chapter: "And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundation of many generations, and thou shalt be called The Repairer of the Breech, The Restorer of Paths to dwell in."

#### MOTHER AND CHILDREN UNITED.

With a desire to repair the breech between the mother and children, I boarded the train and went to Peniel to see if the management of the Orphanage would let us have the babies. They took the matter under advisement, and a

few days afterward the children were brought by Sister Lilly to Arlington. They were taken to *The Home*, and the change in them was so great that the mother did not recognize them. On being informed that they were her babies, she gave a cry, threw up her hands and fell backwards.

Mother and children are now joyfully united.

This is what our *Purity Workers* and the *Berachah Industrial Home* is doing. Is it not worthy of your sympathy and support?

#### TRAFFIC IN GIRLS.

Owing to the recent statement that one hundred thousand dollars had been raised to lure girls into haunts of shame, at St. Louis during the World's Fair, we have endeavored to do as the Master bade us; to "Cry aloud and spare not."

During the past few months we have tried to make the Pen and Press mightier than the sword, and have written articles on the "White Slave" trying in our feeble way to set forth the dangers and snares that are set to trap our innocent girls, and wreck them for time and eternity.

We are glad that we are able to furnish a clipping from the Christian Herald of June 22nd, which verifies our statement regarding the organized, systematized, and legalized traffic in girls.

"From every side we hear gratifying reports of the good work done in connection with the Exposition Travelers' Aid Committee. It is evident that

the evil designs of wicked men have received a check, that vice, recently so unblushing in its blazen cupidity and shocking effrontery, is hiding its head for a time. Parents are on their guard, and young women arriving at the beautiful city are armed against danger by knowledge, and meet friends in the agents of the Travelers' Aid Committee as soon as they step off the train. Though much has been done, there is much to do, and to relax vigilance now would be a blunder, especially as this is the vacation season, when girls are at liberty to go on a trip in search of recreation, or when they wish to add to their stock of money by some extra work."

Love conquers all. Perfect love casteth out fear.



Sister Lilly Malone.



## THE LAST CALL.

*"Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and compel them to come in."*

This was the closing invitation to the great supper as recorded in the 14th chapter of the Gospel of our Lord by St. Luke.

We believe it was intended to teach us that God will make His last call for guests, at His Son's Wedding Supper, to come from the Highways and Hedges. We also believe He is doing that now. The great purity movement which is sweeping over the earth is going largely to the highways and hedges and compelling them to come in by sweeping away their every excuse.

God is an economist and does not waste anything. He teaches all through His word that we are to follow His example.

When He fed the five thousand He had the disciples gather up the fragments. He also instructs us to redeem the time because the days are evil. He operates upon such enormous proportions that it often seems to us wasteful.

### THE INVITATION.

During the plagues of Egypt it appeared that a tremendous amount of animal life was squandered, but it is not so, He made it accomplish its purpose. Multiplied millions of beautiful flowers bloom and die in lonely, secluded dells where none but the eye of God beholds. They are not wasted, but are fulfilling the Divine Plan. All, all for the good of mankind. Man is His masterpiece. Fallen though he is, yet God loves him still. The Spirit and the Bride are busily searching for him and pressing home the invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready."

### GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.

Through the deep darkness of earth's long, gloomy night he has been sought and invited to "come," but has excused himself until the last call comes ringing from the skies, "Go out quickly into the streets, lanes and slums of the city and compel them to come in that my house may be filled."

Gather up the fragments of slumdom, wash them in the Blood, give them a robe and bid them enter into the marriage nuptials.

### WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Watchman what of the night?

It is far spent, the day is at hand. The Son is coming. Fear not, O land; rejoice and be glad for the Lord will do great things.

Put ye in the sickle; for the harvest is ripe. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision, for the day of the Lord is near. Get you down for the press is full, the fats overflow. Many have been born and reared in the slums who have never heard the gospel. Go quickly and preach it to them by voice and pen.

## JESUS IS COMING: ARE YOU READY?

Jesus is coming, are you ready?

We have no time to get up a discussion between the Post and Pre-Millennialist. We are too busy obeying the Last Call. If the Pre's are right we shall be safe if we keep our lamps trimmed and burning, with oil in the vessels. If the Post's are correct we are on the victory side in watching, for the old book says: "Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

It is not so much a question whether we can or cannot fall from grace as to whether we have any grace to fall from. Are you in grace, is grace in you? Ah, beloved we need to be filled and kept filled with the grace of God, then go forth weeping, scattering precious seed by the wayside.

### LABORERS ARE SO FEW.

The shades of an eternal night are fast gathering about the souls of poor lost men and women who shall soon hear their last call to repentance. Wake them up! they are dying and know it not. It is the eleventh hour, go into the vineyard and work, the Master will pay thee what is right.

Laborers are so few and the harvest is so white, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth laborers in to His field.

## VISITING THE HOME.

Saturday afternoon, July 9th, Miss Maud Chapman and the writer boarded the T. & P. train for Arlington where we spent two nights and one day visiting the girls in the Berachah Home. We were delighted with the Home, and also its inmates.

On arriving we were first met by several girls who bade us welcome; next came the matron with a shining face and sweet smile, which made us feel at home. After quite a pleasant chat with Sister Susie and girls, we assembled in the room of a sick girl where we read Mat. 8, followed by a number of quotations from God's word, also several prayers, which were real spiritual and enjoyed by all. After bidding all good-night we retired and was soon wrapt in peaceful slumber.

Sunday afternoon about four o'clock we gathered in the parlor, for the regular Sabbath evening service. We read Ps. I, followed by testimony and prayers; four of the girls were brightly saved and one sanctified. The glad Hallelujahs were heard ringing till ten o'clock at night. We could say with the Psalmist "Truly the Lord is doing great things for us whereof we are glad."

God was with us in great power while at the Home, and I believe He did some work which will stand the test.

I am praising God for the privilege of visiting the Home. Beloved, you may say a woman who has once fallen, can never be redeemed; if you could see some of our girls and see their faces light up with a Heavenly

glow when God forgives their sins; and could hear their ringing testimony you would be thoroughly convinced that Jesus could do what he came into the world to do—"Seek and save that which was lost." Beloved, God is in this work; so realizing this to be a fact, we are determined by the help of God to press the work forward and do all we can to "Rescue the Perishing." We do not need your opposition, but we do need your co-operation and prayers. So beloved, we ask you in the name of Jesus to uphold us with your prayers.

I am yours in the fight till Jesus comes.

EMMA BURSON,  
Dallas, Texas.

### A WORD TO THE CHILDREN.

Children, how do you like our paper? Don't you think it is nice? The young man who runs the printing office for me and who printed this issue of The Journal never worked in a printing office but just one-half day in his life except what he has done in this office. When he strikes something he can't understand he gets down on his knees and asks God to help him. This paper is not perfect by any means, but we think it does very well for inexperienced hands.

We expect by the help of the Lord to improve it from time to time and we want you to help us.

It is our desire to print four additional pages for the August number which will be exclusively for you children. These four pages will be a supplement, but will be separate from The Journal.

They will contain articles of interest to you, and some letters from children, also a picture of little Ira De Jernett and the Holiness University.

You write me a letter for the August number. Don't have it very long and be sure to just write on one side of the paper.

Some children have written me nice compositions on Christian Education, but I have been so busy that I have not had a chance to answer their letters yet. Think I shall acknowledge receipt of them in the August Journal.

I have offered to pay the child \$10 who will write me the best composition on Christian Education. Write me for particulars. Be sure to keep a close watch for the Children's Supplement to the August Journal.

In Trinity Church yard, New York City, rests the remains of a girl who was persuaded to elope from school with a handsome young man who betrayed her confidence and wrecked her life. Mrs. Stoddard visited the cemetery some years ago on a rainy day, and found fresh flowers on her grave. She tells us that the story of Charlotte Temple's life is every word true, and it matters not when you visit her grave either in summer or winter you will always find fresh flowers there. Send us Fifty Cents for the book "Charlotte Temple" and if you are not entirely satisfied with the investment you may return it to us and get your money back.

### THE WANDERER'S STORY.

Written for The Journal.

Oft I dreamed in early childhood,  
Years not very long ago,  
When I lived at home with mother  
Not as now, midst scenes of woe.

Early scenes they crowd upon me,  
Golden days, was it a dream?  
Of the clouds now gather o'er me,  
Life, it is a changing scene.

If I ne'er had touched the wine cup  
Pure my life would still remain,  
Ah! that cup is full of sorrow  
It has made me near insane.

Mother's song if I could hear it  
As she sang that lullaby,  
No such music could you join me,  
Always falling when you try.

If she could but smile upon me  
As she did when I was pure,  
I would call them angel visits,  
Ah! these dreams I can't endure.

If I could but reach my homeland,  
Sit once more by mother's side,  
Wine, no more should e'er allure me,  
Virtue should my footsteps guide.

Ah! dear child, come back to virtue,  
Jesus Christ will save to-day,  
The old home may be all broken,  
Dear old mother laid away.

You can never travel backward,  
Childhood days will not remain,  
Yet our Saviour waits to save you,  
As of old, he's just the same.

When on earth a wanderer sought him,  
Washed his feet with falling tears,  
Quick he spoke, her sins forgiven,  
Sins of many passing years.

Though you feel your hopes are blasted,  
Come to him without delay,  
He is ready, he will save you,  
Come! he'll save you now to-day.

Rev. J. W. Tamblyn,  
Alexandria, Va.

The per cent of illegitimate births from various countries, as stated by Mulhall, is as follows: Austria, 12.9; Denmark, 11.2; Sweden, 10.2; Scotland, 8.9; Norway, 8.05; Germany, 8.04; France, 7.02; Belgium, 7.0; United States, 7.0; Italy, 6.8; Spain and Portugal, 5.5; Canada, 5.0; Switzerland, 4.6; Holland, 3.5; Russia, 3.1; Ireland, 2.3; Greece, 1.6.

Drink causes 14 per cent of the insanity.

## GLEANINGS.

Gathered by Miss Hattie Saylor.

No man can afford to ignore God.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.

Every man has a religious duty and responsibility whether he believes so or not.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.

A noble deed is a step toward heaven.

Life is a short day, but it is a working day.

The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won.

Whoever has a good work to do must let the devil's tongue run as it pleases.

A useless life is an early death.

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

He whose sermon is a good life will never preach too long.

A good man's work never dies.

The evil that men do live after them.

Good deeds act and re-act on the doer of them; so do the evil.

Life, however short, is made shorter by a waste of time.

It is possible to live the broadest life in the narrow way.

Just where you are take the things of life as tools, and use them for God's glory.

God is to our soul what the sunshine is to the wheat field or the dew drops are to the flower.

Life should be a constant vision of God's presence.

We are too much prone to forget God's benefits.

We have excellent memories for all our trials, sorrows and losses; but fail to recall our blessings.

Count your blessings,  
Name them one by one;  
Count your many blessings,  
See what God has done.

It seems that the very abundance of God's favor and their ever unbroken flow tends to make us all the more forgetful of the Giver of them all.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

AMEN.

## CURIOUS FACTS.

In London there is one licensed drinking place to every 436 inhabitants.

East St. Louis has a saloon for every 142 inhabitants.

In the United States alone, during 1903, there were 1,696,745,301 gallons of liquor consumed.

The desire to know the number of people living on earth is an old one; John Bartholomew, F. R. G. S., Edinburgh, estimates the world's population at 1,440,655,000 souls.

The average duration of human life is about 33 years. One-quarter of the people on earth die before the age of 6, one-half before age 16, and only about one person of each 100 born, lives to age 65.

Deaths are calculated at 67 per minute, 97,790 per day, and 35,639,835 per year.

Births are calculated at 70 per minute, 100,800 per day, and 36,792,000 per year.

The total church membership in the United States is 28,090,630.

Australia has more churches per capita than any other country. She has 210 churches to every 100,000 persons. England has 144, Russia about 55.

According to the statistics July 11, 1898, the total number of Sunday School teachers and pupils in the world was 24,919,313.

Ninety per cent of the minor crimes that comes before the magistrate have their inception in drink.

Last year's court record shows that under the head of "intoxication" there were 20,000 cases out of a total of 105,000 cases.

The sum of \$1,200,000,000 is spent for intoxicants in the United States.

Two millions of London's inhabitants never go to church.

Twenty thousand young children, daily and nightly, stand in the streets of London offering various articles for sale.

There are nearly 270 different religions in the United States.

The number of theological students has been reduced one-third at Princeton, at Andover it has been reduced from 100 to 15, and formerly a Yale class of 300 would graduate 60 ministers, but last year it turned out only four.

The number of Catholics among Americans is 19,500,000. They are ministered to by one cardinal, 17 archbishops, 81 bishops, 5 apostolic curates, and 12,500 priests in nearly 15,000 churches.

One-third of the college graduates now are women.



## A COMMON ENEMY.

It ought to be the purpose and plan for the human race to unite in meeting and overcoming any common enemy. In a few instances it is, but alas the greatest enemy is fought single-handed or is let entirely alone.

This writer can remember when the Indians were in Texas and frequently committed bold depredations, especially along the border. A ranch would be attacked, the owners murdered, the buildings plundered and burned and the stock driven off.

As the lurid flames from the burning buildings would light up the darkened sky a general alarm would be given and in a remarkably short time, considering the scarcity of people, a determined band of men would be on the trail of the retreating red skins. No question was asked whether you were a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, or a Sanctificationist. They did not stop to see whether you were black, white or yellow, just so you were the friend to the settler and the opponent to the Indian, the common enemy.

The idea was to protect the home and punish any who dared molest it. In the Christian warfare it is different. We must know whether a man believes in water baptism a certain way, or what denominational crowd he runs with. We stop to investigate his color. If he happens to be black in the face that is enough, he is dropped and must go by himself. This ought not to be; the color of a man's face is not always an index to the color of his heart.

## A FOE TO THE SOCIAL EVIL.

The Purity Journal is called and commissioned to operate in an unoccupied field and its mission is to ail classes as found in the masses. It does not ask the color of a man's face, but it does wish to know something of his heart. It expects to antagonize every enemy, but especially will it be the deadly foe to the Social Evil which it deems to be the great common enemy of the American home of to-day.

It wishes to enlist an army in the Purity Crusade, which shall stand for a higher civilization and a purer home life. While pistol-toten parsons are fighting over water baptism and ecclesiastical dogmas, our children are going to hell through the brothel and the saloon in platoons.

## A RACE OF SLAVES.

We are becoming a race of slaves, to a horde of petty habits. The customs and laws of fashion are binding us down in stocks which dwarf the body and dishonor the mind.

Arouse ye foemen! and let us unite in a deadly conflict with the open brothel. A home was entered last night and a fair girl was dragged into a haunt of shame where she was robbed of her virtue and made the tool of designing devils to wreck our boyhood.

Shall we sit idly by while such crimes are being per-

petrated under our very church spires? God forbid. Come, sign the Purity Pledge, and let us begin the battle now.

Every man, woman and child can unite in this mighty conflict against the Powers of Darkness regardless of your denominational affiliations.

## ARE YOU A FRIEND TO OUR HOMES?

The question we wish answered, are you a friend to our homes, and are you living a life that will bless and not curse them? If not, will you begin to-day? If so, sign the pledge and let us enroll your name on our register.

Did you ask what benefit would be derived from such an act?

First—I believe it will please God for us to take such a united stand. He is the giver of every good gift and the lover of every kind act.

Second—You will help to wage a warfare against the most powerful instrument the devil is using in the destruction of our homes in this age.

Third—You will assist in educating the rising generation by helping to publish and circulate literature on the "Social Evil." The dollar you pay for membership will be spent along this line.

Fourth—Your Certificate of Membership will entitle you to a 20 per cent discount on all the papers, books and bibles handled by our Publication Department.

## SIGN THE PURITY PLEDGE.

We are not in the work for what we can make, but for the good we can do and we wish the Purity League to be mutually beneficial to all of its members.

You will find on the back page the Purity Pledge and also a copy of the certificate issued to each member. It will have the seal of the Home Mission and Rescue Commission of Texas, and will be printed on good parchment paper, a proper size to fold and carry in the pocket or frame and hang on the wall.

## THE REAL CHRISTIAN.

We have bought the State agency for The Real Christian, a remarkable book, written by Rev. S. P. Jacobs. It is scholarly, unique, Scriptural, inspiring, comprehensive and well-balanced.

Rev. S. P. Jacobs is a Christian scholar of high rank. He has deep insight into the things of the Kingdom of Christ. He is optimistic and triumphant in faith. Bro. Jacobs deserves the "well done" of Christendom. He has given us a book that will be a blessing to the world, and will live when the author is in Heaven. An immense amount of reading and study has evidently been put into it. No one should be without "The Real Christian."

Price, in cloth \$1.00; in paper, 50c.

Order at once.

## THE PURITY JOURNAL.

A Monthly Periodical Devoted to the Protection of the Home, the Destruction of the Saloon, the Abolition of the Traffic in Girls, and the Extension of the Kingdom of God.

Edited by J. T. Upchurch.

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### SALUTATORY.

PRESERVE ME, O GOD: FOR IN THEE DO I PUT MY TRUST.

As we launch this publication we feel the deep need of offering the prayer with which we open this salutatory.

The Christ has said by His spirit: "If any man will live Godly in Christ Jesus, he shall suffer persecution." and again, "If they have hated me they will hate you also."

As we stand upon the Watchtower of Observation we see ahead of us toil, fasting, watching, turmoil, strife, hatred, envy, mobs, separation, privations, prison, and physical death awaiting the pilgrim who will follow in the steps of Him who said: "I came to send a sword."

If we follow Him, He will lead us through the Wilderness of Temptation, the Ministry of Suffering, the Judgment Hall of Public Opinion, up the Hillside of Howling Mobs, on to the Cross of Self-Crucifixion and into the Tomb of the Loss of All Things from which we shall burst forth with a shout of victory, knowing, "When Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, we shall appear with Him in Glory."

Our task is not altogether a pleasant one, for we shall have to be a pioneer and make The Journal, under God, a swift witness against many open sins which are now unrebuked.

Our natural disposition is to shrink from publicity and hide away in the quiet of a home life, but we have started out to follow Him, and must go all the way.

Reading our Commission, we are ordered to "Cry aloud and spare not," and if, "Thy brother offend thee, rebuke him, if he repent, forgive him."

It also instructs us to "Feed the Sheep," and to go forth among the wolves. We must be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. Bold as lions, meek as lambs.

The world, the flesh, and the devil are our mortal enemies and will endeavor to destroy us, therefore we make it a personal prayer and cry, "Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust." Amen.

## Laconisms.

"Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are."

"The things which we have seen and heard declare we unto you."

The publication of *The Purity Journal* is not of instantaneous inspiration but is the result of long and earnest thought.

It has often been upon our mind in the midnight hour.

We have thought of and plead our incompetency as we faced the mighty responsibility of editing such a journal.

And in the very first issue we have had to meet and overcome some stubborn difficulties. We have executed the press work on an eight by twelve job press and the paper was cut too uneven to be able to get a good register.

The Editor has been called away repeatedly and has not been able to devote the time to arranging the matter and giving his personal attention to editing the articles that he would liked to have done.

In spite of these facts we are indeed thankful to the good Lord for being able to do as well as we have. If the first issue had been perfect there would be no room for improvement.

We wish to go forward improving as we go. We know God has given us a message for the people, and *The Journal* is the vehicle upon which it is to be borne to multiplied thousands. Our motto is: "Nothing is too good for Jesus and His work" therefore we shall endeavor to use the best of everything we can get in the extension of His Kingdom.

God desires that all lawlessness shall be put down. He does not condemn one sin and condone another, but will send swift and awful punishment to all unrepentant sinners.

He does not teach that the brothel and saloon are necessary evils, but declares that we must put away all iniquity. The saloon is rapidly going out of Texas and the brothel must and shall follow in its wake.

Our friends declare we have undertaken a tremendously large task. It is true.

Some of them say we are too small and weak for the work. True again, but that is in our favor.

For God has said: "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not; I will help thee."

"But God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise: and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." "And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things that are."

The object in this; "That no flesh should glory in His presence."

The Lord abhors the brothel for he declares of the "Scarlet Woman:" "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

"For she hath cast down many wounded; yea many strong men have been slain by her."

He hath tender sympathy for the unfortunate creature who hath sinned and is penitent. He will forgive her sins and take her into His fold.

But He has declared that He will be a swift and terrible witness against the adulterers and adulteresses.

The brothels in Texas must be closed. They are an open sore to society, a stench in the nostrils of God and a disgrace to civilization.

*The Purity Journal* turns to face the rugged mountain of social corruption and expects by the grace of God to strike the brothel and the saloon some of the hottest, hardest blows they have yet received.

Not in its own strength, but in the strength of Jehovah who has said: "I will make thee a new-sharp threshing instrument having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small."

The abominable thing called "fascination" is creeping into the very best social and religious circles causing persons to become madly and insanely infatuated with each other, carrying gloom into the home and despair into thousands of lives.

The devil has so thoroughly convinced the public that these things ought not to be uncovered until thousands of people go on silently ignoring the stupendous sin because they fear a scandal.

*The Journal* knows no fear and has no pets either among individuals or classes.

Sin is sin and he that covereth his sin shall not prosper.

The Purity Teaching is to confess and forsake your sin that you may obtain mercy.

For long years we have wondered if it is the proper thing for a fallen woman to tell her past experience after she gets saved.

We have come to this conclusion, that God is no respecter of persons and if it is good for a redeemed drunkard, or gambler, or horse-thief to tell their experiences in sin, to show what the grace of God has accomplished, then it is right and proper for a redeemed woman to tell her experience on all proper occasions.

I know that polite society differs with me in this but God's word says: "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

It is our purpose from time to time to present our readers with pictures and experiences of some of the girls who have been redeemed. This is not done with any desire for notoriety, but to honor Him who hath saved us with His own blood.

We fully expect the highest endorsement of every good man, woman or child. The other class will oppose us. So be it, God is for us.

To the extent that we make *The Purity Journal* go, will the Rescue and Preventive Work be established.

While it is true that a great many persons will read this paper who have been reading our articles in the *Advocate*, it is also true that hundreds and thousands will read it who have never seen the *Advocate*.

Therefore it may be necessary for us to repeat some things occasionally which we write to the *Advocate*. This will only be done when in our judgment we believe it expedient.

There will be plenty of matter to fill both papers if we can only find the time to gather it.

Although we cannot obtain very much help from other publications because so little is written upon the subjects we shall discuss, yet we can gather a great deal of information by the help of our workers.

We are preparing a letter now which we expect to mail out soon and which we believe will start the ball to rolling in regard to the city slums.

There are a number of important steps to be taken in order to avoid taking advantage of anyone or misrepresenting either individuals or corporations.

While we know we have a most delicately difficult subject to handle, yet it must be handled fearlessly; regardless of popular sentiment.

One of the most essential things necessary from a human standpoint is a good strong backing and we believe we are rapidly getting this.

Nearly ten years ago when we began this work without money or influence it was predicted that we were making a sad mistake and would close with an ignominious failure, therefore it is gratifying indeed to see the interest that is being manifested.

Our announcement to begin publishing *The Purity Journal* has brought words of commendation from persons in various states and we are able to send the first issue to several hundred paid up subscribers.

Nearly One Hundred and Fifty cash subscribers were received in one day. We have received orders from ministers for One Thousand copies of the first edition to be sold in meetings.

These facts are mentioned with the deepest sense of gratitude to God, who alone has made it possible for us to do this.

While penning these lines another order comes through the mail for One Hundred copies, and so we feel encouraged to believe that we are in Divine order.

The first two hundred copies that come from the press will be placed in God's store-house as a tithe, to be distributed free, equally between the State prisoners and in the city slums. We feel that Bro. Russell is doing a good work among the prisons of this State and we take pleasure in presenting him with 100 copies in the name of Jesus who said: "I was in prison and ye visited me."

The one hundred copies which are to be circulated in the slums will be distributed this month in Dallas, Ft. Worth and Waco.

We have decided not to send out any sample copies as you will see elsewhere.

This is a departure from the regular rule, but we have a definite purpose in doing so.

Any one purchasing one or more copies from us and feel that they have not received what they expected may return them and get their money.

This applies to all transactions you may have with any department of the Rescue Work with which we are connected. Any book or Bible purchased from our Book Department which proves to be unsatisfactory, may be returned in good order and your money will be refunded.

If we can't do business from a high Christian standard, then we won't do any business.

Every dollar we receive either as a donation or from industry, goes right into God's work.

The bulk of the work in the printing office is done by girls who have been unfortunate and are being assisted back to a life of honorable employment.

We are finding that it is absolutely necessary for us to provide employment for them by which they can earn an honest and independent living.

The picture of the Berachah Industrial Home which appears on another page is a fair reproduction of the Purity Home located nearly midway between Dallas and Ft. Worth, where a number of redeemed girls are now being cared for. The Editor is superintendent of The Home, but does not receive one cent as compensation for his services, all the work he does being gratuitous, therefore he feels perfectly free to keep the needs of The Home before the people.

It is our purpose to give The Home a page in *The Journal* each month to record daily happenings and also to report amount of money received for its maintenance.

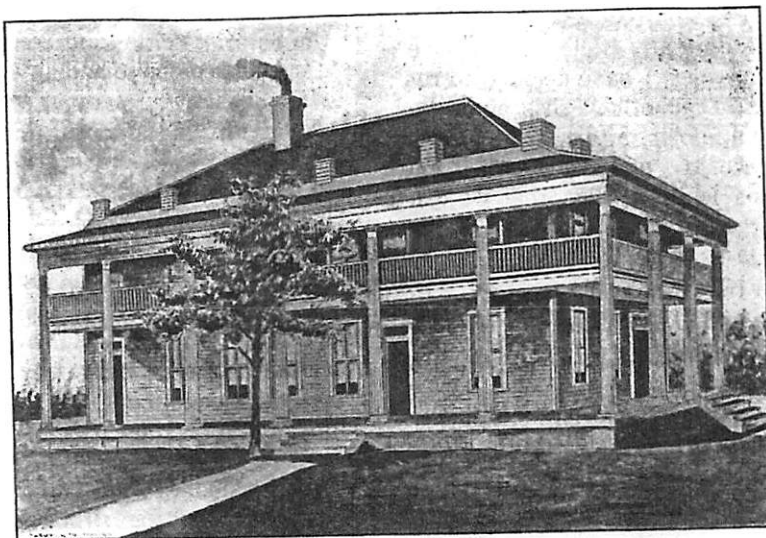
The City Slum and Shelter Work will also receive space in our columns for its reports.

These Laconisms have been written by a tired hand and a weary brain, but in spite of it all we have written what we have seen, and the things which are.

Whatever in this paper is beneficial has been produced in answer to prayer.

Prayer moves the Arm that moves the world.

BELOVED, PRAY FOR US.



BERACHAH INDUSTRIAL HOME.

## BERACHAH HOME.

We take pleasure in giving our readers a fair half-tone of the first building of the Berachah Industrial Home for the Redemption of Erring Girls.

This building was erected by free will offerings of the people and has been open one year and two months.

During which time about sixty persons have found shelter and assistance within its walls.

The Home is under the direction of the Home Mission and Rescue Commission of Texas, which was chartered last year under the laws of the State.

This building was erected at a cost of about \$3,000, and is probably worth, as it stands with the land and other improvements, about \$6,000, six thousand dollars.

It is one of six buildings which, when finished will constitute the Berachah Home.

We have a nice garden-spot, a fine orchard of several hundred trees, a good tank of water, and an artesian well.

Most of these improvements have been made this year. It will be two years before our orchard will produce much fruit.

No debts of any character are allowed to be contracted. We close for want of space.

## HOME RECEIPTS.

## JUNE.

Mrs. Laura J. Bell, 1.00; Bro. Stripling, 1.00; G. W. T. Hall and wife, 1.00; Mollie E. Thomas, 2.00; B. F. Neely collected 8.00; B. W. Huckabee, 25c; Mrs. Bell Mayfield, 25c; Mr. and Mrs. Tirie Ashford, 20.00; J. M. Kendall, 1.00; B. W. Huckabee collected 33.66; Mrs. Zue Miller collected 7.10; Mrs. E. W. Wright, 1.00; cash 20c;

Mrs. A. F. Dickenson, 1.00; Mrs. Geo. Hair, 20c; W. H. McCracken, 5.00; Mrs. Carr, 25c; Mrs. H. W. Richardson, 1.00; Myrtle Dodge, 3.00; W. H. Machine, 2.00; Rev. T. A. Goode and wife, 2.00; Mrs. Laura Hall, 25c; Tracts sold 25c; W. M. Verrable, 25c; H. Barnett, 2.50; L. Barnett, 1.00; Mary Barnett, 1.00; Emma Barnett, 1.00; Sister Miller, 25c; B. W. Huckabee, 25c; Miss F. J. Burson, 2.50; Total \$102.16.

## HOME EXPENDITURES.

## JUNE.

Traveling expenses for workers to and from the Home, and girls brought to the Home	18.05
Assistance given girls not in the Home	10.75
Postage	2.85
Incidentals, stationery, etc.	1.35
Telephone	1.75
Page in Holiness Advocate	9.40
Groceries and supplies	39.41
Printing	12.35
Rent on office	3.00
Screens for office	2.15

## LABOR.

This includes screening the building, money allowed the Matron for two months, extra help in the Home on account of sickness, and help in the office during absence of Superintendent	\$121.16
	<u>\$222.22</u>

## SUMMARY.

June 1st Cash on hand	\$109.25
" received	102.16
	<u>\$211.41</u>
" spent	222.22
" overdrawn	\$10.71



## THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Hattie V. Saylor.

Having just finished reading an article on the above subject, written by Ada C. Sweet, I have decided to reproduce some of the truths, that other girls may be benefitted and helped on to a nobler, higher life; for we must ever remember that we are never too poor, too ugly, too dull, too sick, too friendless, but that we can be useful to some one.

### TRAIN YOUR GIRLS PROPERLY.

For her own sake, and for the good of every one else, every American girl should be trained carefully in some special work upon which she can rely for support.

In the European countries special provision is made and great care is taken to secure some measure of financial independence and comfort for the daughter. In our own country no such system prevails.

### HOME, A WOMAN'S PLACE.

I know that to glorify the common office of life is the grandest part of woman's work in this world; the home life should be her ideal, but when man falls so far short of his calling and the responsibility which God has placed upon him, and we American girls are forced to take our place in the public world, I believe we ought to be so trained that we will fill such a place with honor and dignity, and such respect should be shown us as is due to our sex.

Every American boy who is "worth his salt" is self-supporting, or expects to be. He has been prepared for an independent existence. That is his idea.

### THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Not so with the American girl. Nine times out of ten she is dreaming of quite another mode of life, her idea being drawn from the novels she has devoured since she was ten years of age. A mental diet of weak novels, strong novels, novels of the sword, novels of the tea-cup, novels of silliness, novels of purpose, unrelieved by any other reading and interspersed with the theatre, which is an illumined and decorated gateway to ruin—this is what gives girls that mental indigestion which too often corresponds to the condition of their stomachs from over-eating of chocolate creams.

### OUR DREAMING GIRLS.

To such dreaming girls, immersed in romance and confectionery, it comes with a rude shock to be told that their duty is to prepare themselves to earn their own bread systematically throughout life, whether they are to marry Alphonso or Leander, or Thaddeus, or go through life alone.

### SHOP GIRLS.

This applies as much to girls at work in the shop, the factory, and the office as it does to those who sit listlessly at home with nothing to do and with no heart for real work. Do you wonder that so many fall by the way-side, and choose a life of sin, when same is pictured to them, by a handsome, oily-tongued scoundrel, as a

life of ease and pleasure with all that their hearts could wish?

Among the hundreds of thousands of girls at work in the countless cities and towns of our vast country, few indeed who have had any special training for any work. Brought up without any high ideal of independence or usefulness, most girls are unwillingly forced out into a busy working world, which hardly seems to need another raw recruit from the countless army of the uninstructed.

### A NEW IDEAL.

It has always been said that woman was dependent upon man, as the ivy which twins itself around the sturdy oak, but the men have fallen so low that the day has come when woman has to be as independent as the elm, which strikes its roots into the ground, gets a firm hold and draws from the earth its own life and substance.

What our girls of today need is a high ideal—shall I say a new ideal—of womanhood.

### THE HOME THE CRYSTAL OF SOCIETY.

To be pretty, to be daintily dressed, to be courted, flattered and coddled is the dream of most girls. They have no conception of the home or hearthstone, as it has never been instilled into their minds that the hearthstone has ever been the cornerstone of the family and of society; that the home is the crystal of society, and domestic love and duty are the best security for all that is most dear to us on earth.

Womanly beauty and charm will grow of itself when character has been formed on lines of eternal truth, self-reliance and graciousness. Girls should be taught that actions, words, looks, steps form the alphabet by which you may spell character, and that character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.

### BEAUTY WITHOUT VIRTUE IS LIKE A FLOWER WITHOUT PERFUME.

"Gladstone said: "To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman"—Though we are forced out to face the stern realities of life we must not forget our place and ever remember the high office for which God created us, to be a helpmeet to man. Some one has said, "She that is born a beauty is half married"—but we should not forget that beauty without virtue is like flower without perfume. When a girl ceases to blush she has lost her greatest charm.

Every girl should be helped at home and in school, before she is far in her teens, to become an expert in all the work which centers in the home, she should be taught to do one thing and to do it well, and never to step over one duty to perform another, but to take them as they come.

### LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

No matter what her wage-earning occupation may be, or no matter what riches she may seem to have in reality or in prospect, every girl should be practically prepared to be the wife of a poor man. This does not sound romantic, but it is really dictated by every heart of romance; namely, belief in marrying for love, and

for love alone. "Love in a cottage" is a reality; but when a peevish woman serves burned steak every day, when unkempt children clamor and everything is topsyturvy, then love flies away and never comes back, and to our helpless, dreaming girl how hard the reality seems.

Work is the blessing of blessings if we are properly instructed in it and if we choose wisely what we are able to do.

#### THE DARKEST TRAGEDIES OF LIFE.

There are brainless women all around us; there's no denying it. Many a mother, who has had a hard childhood, tries to be good to her children and ruins them. They say: "I don't want my girls to have to work as I have;" so they teach them nothing. The darkest tragedies of life grow out of ignorance, helplessness, and dependence of woman. I do not believe in bringing woman on an equal footing with men; as I believe equalities of sexes means for the woman to step down.

Courage, training in work, independence of character and self reliance—these with high ideals of womanhood for inspiration, are what every girl needs.

#### THE DANGER SIGNALS.

The American girl has often more individual character and strength of mind than any other girl in the world, and if we could get instilled into her heart and mind the true principals of religion, we could usher her out into the business world with no fear for her future, but as the poor, silly mothers have encouraged their daughters in their desire for dress and worldly attraction, we must "Cry aloud and spare not." Shutting the eyes to the danger signals does not clear the track.

I know men are debased, but I blame the women, to a great extent, for the looseness which has begun to show itself between the sexes. No girl ever permitted a man to hold her hand expecting him to stop at that.

#### A HELPING HAND TO THE FALLEN.

Girls! we must not, in this progressive age, forget that nature meant to make woman as its masterpiece, and we must form a higher ideal of life than to just make a brilliant match. Great, indeed, is the task assigned to woman—who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern enterprises; but, to rear and form the character of those who make the laws, leads the armies, and governs the enterprises.

If we have not what we like, let's like what we have, and let us live to make some pale face brighter, and let's stretch out a helping hand to the fallen, and

"Count that day whose low decending sun,

Views from our hand no worthy action done."

We should live for others, not for ourselves, and learn to say "No." Spurgeon says it will be of more use to us than to be able to read Latin.

#### A MARK, BUT NOT A STAIN.

There are many poor, fallen girls who need a helping hand, and one of our missions, in this life, is to lift up the fallen and rescue the perishing. When a person is down in the world, an ounce of help is better than a

pound of preaching, and the milk of human kindness should be condensed, not watered.

Girls, our lives ought to be as pure as snow-fields, where our foot-steps will leave a mark, but not a stain.

#### BE KIND.

Most persons set out in life full of enthusiasm and with high ambitions, but they soon encounter the cold indifference of the world and are quite apt to grow discouraged.

We must all give to this world the best we have, and the best will come back to us. It is not the worst thing in the world to fail: the worst thing is not to try. We should learn as if we were to live forever, and live as if we were to die to-morrow. We should be what we wish others to become.

Life is not so short but that there is time for courtesy. We are so prone, when we are placed in a position which requires leadership, or authority, to quickly point out the bad results, and to accept good results without remark. In many cases this arises from mere thoughtlessness on the part of those having authority, who all too easily forget the days when encouragement was a moving power with themselves. If they could be made to realize how a little judicious praise stimulates the flagging powers of the worker, they might be willing to give that which cost them nothing, but makes the one on which it is bestowed rich indeed. A little cheer is worth a lot of criticisms. Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy. What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for each other?

We should keep in mind that an ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is better than a pound of explanation after you have said it.

If you are out to seek trouble you will surely find it, but you should never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you, and don't try to bear to-morrow's burdens today: that's cheating time—sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

—[H. V. S.]

#### NO SAMPLE COPIES.

This office does not send out any sample copies, so if you get *The Purity Journal*, rest assured some friend has sent it to you.

All papers will be discontinued when subscription expires, unless renewed.

Our intention is to publish the very best paper possible for the money. We do a strictly cash business, paying cash for paper, for labor, for office rent and etc., hence we are unable to send *The Journal* or books out on credit. Every order coming into this office should be accompanied with the cash. Bible for it: "Owe no man anything." It is better for you and better for us.

#### BOOK DEPARTMENT.

In our Book Department we are carrying a nice line of good books, Bibles and Red Letter Testaments.

The Pentecostal Publishing Co., of Louisville, Ky., have opened a Texas branch office with us and we will be pleased to have any of the Herald Family call on us when passing through Dallas.

Our office is on the Oak Cliff car line, 139 Jefferson St., next door to the Holiness Tabernacle.

## BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

In the early part of the American war, one dark Sunday morning, in the dead of winter, there died at the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, a young woman over whose head only two and twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of an enviable share of beauty; had been, as she herself said, "flattered and sought for the charms of her face;" but alas! upon her fair brow had long been written that pitiable word—*Unfortunate!* Once the pride of respectable parentage, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the "same old story over again," which has been the life history of thousands. Highly educated and accomplished in manner, she might have shone in the best of society. But the evil hour that proved her ruin was but the door from childhood; and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a heart-broken outcast.

Among her personal effects was found, in manuscript, the "Beautiful Snow," which was immediately carried to Elmer B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary tastes, who was at that time editor of the National Union. In the columns of that paper on the morning following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not yet received burial. The attention of Thomas Buchanan Read, one of the first American poets, was soon directed to the newly published lines, who was so taken with their stirring pathos, that he immediately followed the corpse to its final resting place.

Such are the plain facts concerning her whose "Beautiful Snow" will be long regarded as one of the brightest gems in American literature:—

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,  
Filling the sky and earth below,  
Over the housetops, over the street,  
Over the heads of the people you meet;  
Dancing—Flirting—Skimming along.  
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong;  
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,  
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;  
Beautiful snow from heaven above,  
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,  
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,  
Whirling about in maddening fun;  
Chasing—Laughing—Hurrying by  
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye;  
And the dogs with a bark and a bound  
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around;  
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,  
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,  
Hailing each other with humor and song;  
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by,  
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;  
Ringing—Swinging—Dashing they go,  
Over the crest of the beautiful snow;  
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,  
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,  
Fell like a snowflake from heaven to hell;  
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street,  
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;  
Pleading—Cursing—Dreading to die,  
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
Merciful God! have I fallen so low!  
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;  
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—  
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!  
Fathers—Mothers—Sisters—all,  
God and myself I have lost by my fall;  
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,  
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;  
For all that is on or above me I know,  
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow,  
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!  
How strange it should be when the night comes again;  
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,  
Fainting—Freezing—Dying alone,  
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,  
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,  
Gone mad in the joy of snow coming down;  
To be and to die in my terrible woe,  
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,  
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low  
To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,  
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.  
Groaning—Bleeding—Dying for thee,  
The Crucified hung on the cursed tree!  
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear  
"Is there mercy for me? Will he hear my weak prayer?"  
O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,  
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Circumstances may be beyond our control, but it is always within our power to determine how we shall face them.

Fully 2500 persons commit suicide in Russia every year.

## THE SCARLET WOMAN.

We often speak of the "Social Evil" in a polite way as if it were a necessary sin which must be winked at and yet tolerated.

The sentiment prevails throughout this country, which claims to be Christian, that the scarlet woman is an essential fixture to civilization. And so thoroughly has this virus of hell entwined itself through the social fiber of our public life, that open high-handed prostitution is permitted to stalk boldly up and down some of the leading thoroughfares of our most important cities.

Officers who have taken a solemn oath to protect public morals and enforce the laws of the land, so far forget their oath of office as to permit themselves to spend nights in the home of fallen women.

### OFFICERS VIOLATE THE LAW.

It is not an uncommon thing to find a sheriff, deputy sheriff or constable who keep their mistresses in the shady part of the city. This writer can call the name of more than one public officer who is living in reckless disregard of the 7th command of God and constantly breaking the state law on adultery and fornication.

What think you of a deputy sheriff who arrests a man to-day for stealing a loaf of bread while he knows that he himself spent the night in the arms of a lewd woman? And yet such things are occurring.

It is useless to appeal to the law for there are so many technicalities through which they slip. But thank God there is a tribunal to which we can appeal and that is the public conscience, which, when fully aroused will sweep this fearful iniquity from existence.

### DOWN WITH THE BROTHEL.

This writer has seen and heard so many of the horrors of the haunts of shame that he cannot keep silent much longer. Already his fingers are grasping the covers to Texas' social corruption that it may be snatched aside to let the public gaze into the fearful pollution connected with the traffic in girls.

By the help of the Lord and the good people we have provided a home for unfortunate women on a small scale and what we have done privately the state ought to do publicly. Make ample provision for the outcasts to be cared for, then enforce the law and close the brothel. This ought to be done. This must be done.

Down with the saloon,  
Down with the brothel.

## TO OUR MANY FRIENDS.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:

We send forth this first issue of *The Purity Journal* feeling confident that it will do much and lasting good by God's help. There is no work of greater importance than with the young folks and children. A price is set on your girls. Merchandise is being made of your boys. The evil is rapidly spreading. You cannot imagine the vastness of the Social Evil. After years of close study

and experience among the fallen we find that a great majority of our young people have fallen. In some places where we have labored to find from the very best authority we can get that fully three-fourths of our young people have already lost virtue. This is a neglected field of work in a great sense and something must be done. Our boys and girls must be warned and encouraged to live better lives. Our young men can live just as pure as young women. We expect to make this paper one of the best and most helpful periodicals that your children can read, and we hope, by God's help, to be instrumental in rescuing hundreds and preventing thousands from falling. The paper can't go, nor we can't succeed in this work without co-operation. Will you not join us in the fight? Will you not subscribe for the paper for one year now and by so doing help in the time of need? We have sent you this copy, believing it will do you good and be appreciated. If you do not do any more, won't you please send in 25 cents for the Journal for three months and see how you like it by that time. This copy costs money, time and postage, and if nothing more, won't you send in 10 cents for this copy and write Bro. Upchurch a letter telling him how you like it. If every one will do this it will encourage us much and it will help us to put the paper in the hands of some who are without the gospel. Wife and I will try to write for the Journal every issue and will do all we can to make it the very thing you need. Pray for us and write us an encouraging word. We need it. If you think the paper is not what it ought to be tell us and help us make it better. May God bless you all.

Your Brother and Sister, in the fight against the Saloon and Dawdy House,

P. F. MORGAN AND WIFE.

Station A, Dallas, Texas.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

It is our intention that *The Purity Journal* shall be clean on every line, hence we shall not advertise anything in its columns which we cannot personally recommend.

The management of a publication ought to be responsible for its advertisements the same as for its reading matter.

When you see anything advertised in *The Journal* you may rest assured we have a contract with the firm advertising, which will enable us to guarantee the goods and treatment promised.

If *The Journal* can not operate upon strictly Christian principals then it must stay out of the field.

There are nearly 20,000 known medicinal remedies. Only one medical student in twelve holds a degree in arts.

There is one physician to each 600 inhabitants in the United States.

### PURITY LEAGUE PLEDGE.

Recognizing as I do, the greatest evil of this hour to be social and sexual corruption, and realizing the urgent need of immediate and strenuous action, in order to save our boy-hood and our girl-hood from shame and ruin,

I therefore solemnly and prayerfully pledge myself:—

First:—To lead a chaste life and encourage others to do the same.

Second:—To protest, by precept and example, against young women keeping company with men of lecherous habits, and to use whatever influence I may possess against all institutions and habits of society which have a tendency to blight or destroy the virtue of our womanhood or our manhood.

Third:—To diffuse information and circulate literature bearing upon this question, and agree to contribute not less than one dollar per year, (payable quarterly or annually in advance) for the support of the work.

Fourth:—To recognize and bid God-speed any member of the Purity League with whom I meet, assist them in need, comfort them in sorrow and encourage them in the work. Write for particulars.

### CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

#### FROM THE PURITY LEAGUE.

By virtue of the fact that M..... of his own free will and accord, has signed the following PURITY PLEDGE we, therefore, take pleasure in recognizing h..... as a member of the PURITY LEAGUE, so long as ..... keeps this PLEDGE inviolate or of ..... own accord withdraws

We affectionately recommend h..... to the confidence and fellowship of PURITY LEAGUERS everywhere.

WITNESS MY HAND AND SEAL THIS  
THE 20TH DAY OF JUNE A. D. 1904.

J. T. UPCHURCH.  
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

### BRO. AND SISTER MORGAN.

It gives us pleasure to present our readers with this splendid half tone of Brother and Sister Morgan, who are now associated with us in the Rescue Work.

They have a great many friends in Texas and the Territories, who will be delighted to receive this picture.

Brother and Sister Morgan are all round rescue workers and have had several years experience in the work.

The line to which they are now giving their special attention is securing members for the Purity League and circulating literature on rescue and Preventive Work.

Brother Morgan has been appointed state organizer of Purity Leagues, by the Rescue Commission, but does not receive any regular or stipulated salary. Any favors



Rev. P. F. Morgan and Wife.

shown him and his wife will be appreciated by us. You will find a letter from them on another page.

### WANTED.

A live, energetic boy or girl in every community to sell the *Purity Journal*. It will go. Write for particulars.

We wish a representative for the *Purity Journal* at all the camp-meetings. You can earn enough to pay your expenses to and from the camp if you are wide-awake and energetic. Write, J. T. UPCHURCH, Station A, Dallas, Tex., for particulars.

We wish to make the *Purity Journal* one of the liveliest, hottest publications in the great southwest. Will you help us by sending us newspaper clippings about rescue work, the prohibition movement or anything which will show up the diabolical devices of Satan and his imps.

In sending clippings, be sure and give the name of the paper and the date of the issue from which you take the clipping.



# THE PURITY JOURNAL.

KEEP THY-SELF PURE.

VOLUME I, NUMBER 3.

SEPTEMBER 1904, STATION A, DALLAS, TEXAS.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

## SURELY THIS IS A PEOPLE ROBBED AND SPOILED.

THE DIABOLICAL WORK OF SATAN THE DEFILER IS TO WRECK,  
RUIN. AND DAMN.

### Christ Came to Destroy the Works of the Devil.

'But Ye are all Forgers of  
, Ye are all Physicians of  
Value.'

OH THAT YE WOULD ALTO-  
GETHER HOLD YOUR PEACE!  
) IT SHOULD BE YOUR WIS-  
DOM."

*She had suffered many  
injuries of many physicians, and  
nothing bettered, but rather  
worse."*

These startling words  
taken from the Sacred Scrip-  
tures tell the sad story of hun-  
dreds of thousands of lives  
throughout the universe.

Many, in ignorance, go down  
to Egypt among the false  
pharaohs for help, but they  
perish even as they go.

This young woman whose  
tortured face looks forth so  
sadly from this page has suf-  
fered more than human tongue  
or gifted pen can de-  
scribe.

Robbed and deserted by a  
false friend she turned trust-  
ingly to her father who had al-



SISTER DILLY AND ALPHA.

ways been kind to her, and he  
in turn sought the physician  
whose wretched, erroneous ad-  
vice sent her fleeing from  
home and came very near land-  
ing her in a brothel for life.

Escaping from the clutches  
of the wicked ones in Fort  
Worth she fled to Waco seek-  
ing a place to hide her shame  
and cover her past sin. She  
was sent from there to Arling-  
ton where she arrived one  
night about eleven o'clock and  
was driven out to the Home.  
The buggy returned to town,  
leaving her standing upon the  
porch in the dark.

Think of it! Ye who read  
this. A young and inexper-  
ienced girl standing alone in  
the dark shadows of a strange  
building. Would the door  
open? Would she be received?

If not, what would she do,  
bearing as she did the eviden-  
ces of a sinful life?

She knocked at the door.  
The matron came with a light,  
and thanks be to God for the

teaching of His Word, the door was opened to the friendless girl.

#### WAS SHE FRIENDLESS?

The man to whom she had given her heart in confiding love had basely deserted her, after leading her to commit a terrible crime against her parents, society, herself, and an unborn babe.

Her parents, through the deceptive teachings of false professors of religion, had sent her away from her home to find a shelter among strangers and informed her that she could never return to them, unless she committed an additional and greater crime of deserting her babe. She was indeed friendless.

The Matron told her she could remain until the Superintendent came out. Under the teaching of God's Word she soon learned that instead of covering sin she must confess and forsake it.

God heard her cry and forgave all her past sins when she had promised to live for Him and His glory all the rest of her life.

#### RELIEVED BY PRAYER.

This was the first maternity case admitted into the Berachah Home, and little Alpha, as his name implies, was the first baby born there.

When we were informed that such a case had been admitted into the Home, wife interrogated them and learned that it would endanger the life of both mother and child to send them away, so she was permitted to remain with the understanding that if she had a doctor her father would have to pay the doctor's bill.

As stated in her written testimony on the third page, she suffered terribly while sick and for about three days and nights the doctor remained by her bed, but unable to give relief; we went out to the Home and prayed for her, while we were praying she became easy and dropped off into a peaceful slumber.

The doctor went away. We returned to Oak Cliff, and about seven or eight o'clock that evening the baby was born with very little suffering.

#### WORKING IN THE SLUMS.

Sister Dilly has been so faithful and true that last winter we appointed her house-keeper for Miss Elizabeth and Miss Etta at the Shelter in the Dallas Slums.

She would do the house work and her and Alpha would stay there all alone while the girls were out visiting during the day.

After returning to the Home she and the baby both were attacked with a severe case of sore eyes, but God healed them in answer to prayer.

She longs to return to her home, but her parents re-

fuse for her to come unless she leaves the baby behind, which she declines to do.

This testimony is given as a warning to other girls and we pray it will have the desired effect.

Girls you can not afford to permit any man to take liberties with you even if you are engaged to be married.

Some men will work for months and years to ruin a girl's life and then laugh at her for being such a fool.

#### THE CONTRAST.

Look at the contrast. In the August *Journal* we published the experience of a girl who was almost reared in the slums. In this issue we give one who did not even know there were such things as slums. But both fell. Both suffered. Both experiences are given for the glory of God and to show that Satan is going through the city's crowded streets and into the quiet country homes to wreck, ruin, and damn the girls of our land.

Owing to the abominable double standard of purity now existing for men and women, it takes grace and courage for a girl to permit her picture and experience to be published to the world.

#### A DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING.

The Editor of this paper is being severely criticised for the stand he takes in the matter of girls relating their experience to the public, but he has convictions which have been received during years of toil and suffering in their behalf.

Of course it is a dangerous undertaking, for this publicity touches many other lives besides the girls themselves. The Lord is blessing our labor and the only thing that can harm us is a failure on our part to do the entire will of God. By His help we shall fearlessly walk in all the light that shines upon our path, trusting the Lord to care for us and provide for all the girls and children He entrusts to our protection.

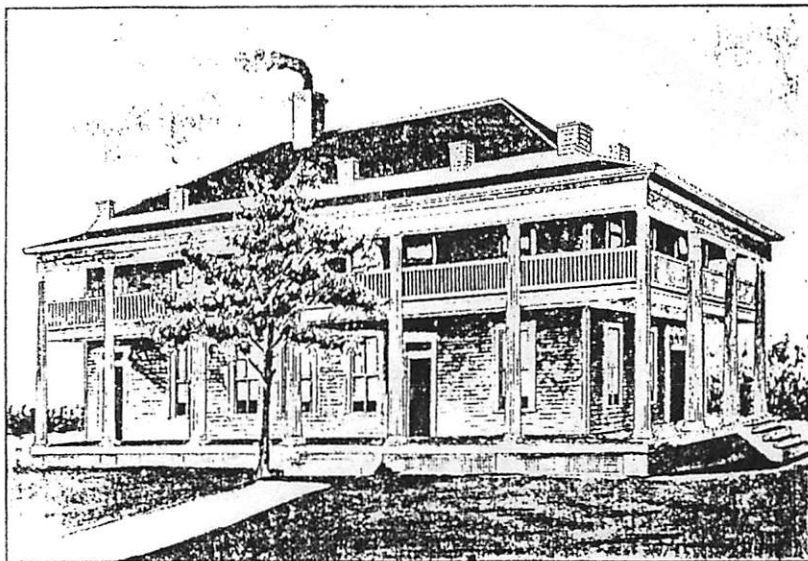
#### SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

After reading Sister Dilly's written testimony on the next page, go into a place of secret prayer and ask God to bless and protect the unfallen girls of our land.

Then pray for those who are already down that we may have grace to reach and save them on Bible lines. Do not forget to pray for Sister Dilly, Alpha, and the other girls in the Home.

In facing the scorns and cruel criticisms of a cold, heartless world to keep some other girl from the snares of the fowler, and that she may offer a tribute of love and praise to her Lord, who has redeemed her from sin and shame, it can be said of Sister Dilly:

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."



BERACHAH INDUSTRIAL HOME.

### BERACHAH HOME.

We take pleasure in giving our readers a fair half-tone of the first building of the Berachah Industrial Home for the Redemption of Erring Girls.

This building was erected by free will offerings of the people and has been open one year and two months.

During which time about sixty persons have found shelter and assistance within its walls.

The Home is under the direction of the Home Mission and Rescue Commission of Texas, which was chartered last year under the laws of the State.

This building was erected at a cost of about \$3,000, and is probably worth, as it stands with the land and other improvements, about \$6,000, six thousand dollars.

It is one of six buildings which, when finished will constitute the Berachah Home.

We have a nice garden-spot, a fine orchard of several hundred trees, a good tank of water, and an artesian well.

Most of these improvements have been made this year. It will be two years before our orchard will produce much fruit.

No debts of any character are allowed to be contracted. We close for want of space.

## THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Hattie V. Saylor.

Having just finished reading an article on the above subject, written by Ada C. Sweet, I have decided to reproduce some of the truths, that other girls may be benefitted and helped on to a nobler, higher life; for we must ever remember that we are never too poor, too ugly, too dull, too sick, too friendless, but that we can be useful to some one.

## TRAIN YOUR GIRLS PROPERLY.

For her own sake, and for the good of every one else, every American girl should be trained carefully in some special work upon which she can rely for support.

In the European countries special provision is made and great care is taken to secure some measure of financial independence and comfort for the daughter. In our own country no such system prevails.

## HOME, A WOMAN'S PLACE.

I know that to glorify the common office of life is the grandest part of woman's work in this world; the home life should be her ideal, but when man falls so far

life of ease and pleasure with all that their hearts could wish?

Among the hundreds of thousands of girls at work in the countless cities and towns of our vast country, few indeed who have had any special training for any work. Brought up without any high ideal of independence or usefulness, most girls are unwillingly forced out into a busy working world, which hardly seems to need another raw recruit from the countless army of the uninstructed.

## A NEW IDEAL.

It has always been said that woman was dependent upon man, as the ivy which twines itself around the sturdy oak, but the men have fallen so low that the day has come when woman has to be as independent as the elm, which strikes its roots into the ground, gets a firm hold and draws from the earth its own life and substance.

What our girls of today need is a high ideal—shall I say a new ideal—of womanhood.

## THE HOME THE CRYSTAL OF SOCIETY.

To be pretty, to be daintily dressed, to be courted, flattered and coddled is the dream of most girls. They have no conception of the home or hearthstone, as it has never been instilled into their minds that the hearthstone has ever been the cornerstone of the family and of society; that the home is the crystal of society, and domestic love and duty are the best security for all that is most dear to us on earth.

Womanly beauty and charm will grow of itself when character has been formed on lines of eternal truth, self-reliance and graciousness. Girls should be taught that actions, words, looks, steps form the alphabet by which you may spell character, and that character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.

## BEAUTY WITHOUT VIRTUE IS LIKE A FLOWER WITHOUT PERFUME.

"Gladstone said: 'To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman'—Though we are forced out to face the stern realities of life we must not forget our place and ever remember the high office for which God created us, to be a helpmeet to man. Some one has said, 'She that is born a beauty is half married'—but we should not forget that beauty without virtue is like flower without perfume. When a girl ceases to blush she has lost her greatest charm.

Every girl should be helped at home and in school, before she is far in her teens, to become an expert in all the work which centers in the home, she should be



ANNIVERSARY NUMBER.

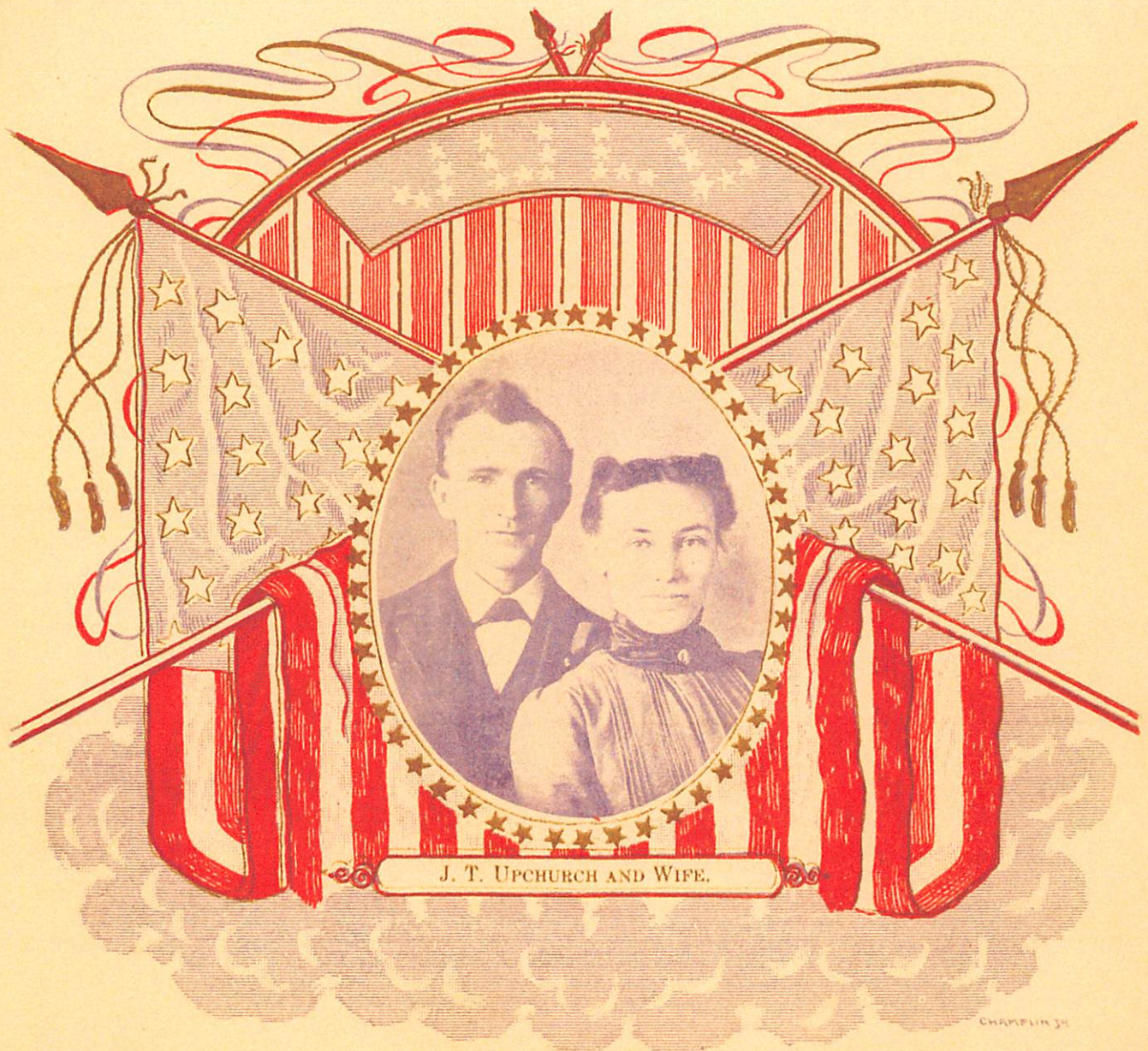
# THE PURITY JOURNAL.

KEEP THY-SELF PURE.

VOLUME II. NUMBER 1.

JULY, 1905, STATION A, DALLAS, TEXAS.

PRICE TEN CENTS.





## HOW I BECAME A RESCUE WORKER.

### And Some of My Thrilling Experiences for Ten Years.

THE EDITOR

(Continued from last month.)

As Dr. Godbey took his hand from my shoulder the Lord put an arrow in my heart and for two years there was such a wistful longing for the experience about which he had spoken.

I did not understand the theology and could not split hairs over terms, but I was hungry in my soul.

Dead people and sick people do not have good, strong appetites, therefore I concluded that I must have been in a healthy, spiritual condition for I was HUNGRY.

During the following summer, while in Massachusetts, I read the "Circuit Rider" which intensified the hunger of my soul for an experience which would give me a pure heart filled with perfect love to God and man.

With all of the earnestness of my spirit I used what grace I had to bring sinners to Christ.

After two years I attended the Waco Camp-meeting where a large number of people were gathered who professed the experience of holiness. As I listened to their joyful songs, led by Dr. E. T. Rinehart, their burning testimonies, and looked upon their shining faces I felt that I just must have the blessing.

One night Brother H. C. Morrison preached a powerful, Spirit indited sermon which went searching, sifting through my heart. He said that regenerated people had something they needed to *get rid of*.

What did he mean? I was longing for a *blessing*, while *he* said something had to be *destroyed*. At the close of the service, in rather a confused state of mind, I sought Brother Appell and requested him to explain: which he did by showing me from the Bible that the carnal mind must be destroyed before the Spirit could come in with all His blessed fullness.

My soul seemed to leap with joy as he told me of God's willingness to do the work. It seemed that I was very near the blessed experience. On the following day while at my desk working upon the books, (for I was a book keeper,) the Holy Spirit began speaking to me with great power telling me I could have it now.

Drawing a pocket Testament from my pocket I opened to the words: "What things soever ye desire when ye pray believe ye receive them and ye shall have them." The desire was in my heart, the prayer was upon my lips, and the faith in my soul. The promise was claimed and a peaceful calm came into my spirit.

About three hours later a young man, who was a member of the Baptist Church, entered the office and during the conversation which followed he asked me

what I thought about the Holiness Meeting.

Laying my pen aside, closing the books with deliberation and turning upon my stool I looked him straight in the face and said: "I am sanctified." The words had scarcely left my lips when God sent the mighty Baptism of the Holy Ghost into my soul and the blessed Comforter whispered: "Ye are every whit made whole." Glory to God as I write these words the fire burns upon the altar of my heart.

I was walking in the light and God had kept His word in having the Blood of Christ cleanse me from all sin. 1 John 1: 7.

"Long my heart had panted  
For a draught from some cool spring.  
Which I felt would quench the burning  
Of the thirst I felt within."

Now I can sing:—

"Hallelujah! I have found Him  
Whom my soul so long had craved:  
Jesus satisfies my longing,  
Through His blood I now am saved."

Service became easier. I found myself with a deeper, sweeter joy seeking the lost, and they listened with intense interest to the fiery messages which poured from my lips, telling them the story of the Cross.

Sinners were converted, believers were sanctified, and yet there was a reaching out after others.

My young wife made the consecration and received the blessing out at the camp-ground the same afternoon I received it in my office and we were indeed one.

#### Called To The Rescue Work.

I feel thankful, indeed, to my precious mother and step-father who taught me common honesty and instilled into my heart a powerful dislike for shams and hypocrisy, and notwithstanding I was reared in an infidel home I was taught and lived what the world called a moral life, and knew nothing, by practice, of the saloons, gambling hells, or haunts of shame, but held aloof from them as though they were infected with some deadly plague.

How strange that God should call me, when scarcely twenty-four years of age, to labor among that class of people.

One beautiful morning on the Lord's Day after our regular service in the prison and poor-house we were returning to our church and being a little late we took a short cut which caused us to drive through the slums. Passing a three-story brick right in the heart of the "reservation" we chanced to glance up and saw at the window of the second story an inexpressably sad face looking forth from behind a gently flowing lace curtain. It was only a glance, but there was so much disclosed in that look.

The life seemed, from its very environments, to be so lonely, so deserted, and so utterly helpless that I felt the appeal for help burning into my very soul.

In the service that morning I heard the call go

rumbling through my being: "Go to the outcast."

What does it mean? Will I not lose my position? Why don't the church do the work? What will my wife say? Why don't God call an older person? How can the girls be reached as they are not allowed to attend church? Over and over these questions went sweeping through my mind. Brother Lastinger who was sitting near me placed a small paper in my hands which described the death scene of a redeemed girl who went sweeping through the gates of death shouting victory in the name of Jesus.

It was settled, I would go. My wife was informed of my decision and said she would stand by me.

Brother and Sister Lastinger also agreed that we four should open a mission in the slums and carry the church to the girls.

It was our purpose that the Holy Spirit should be kept in the lead. We fasted, we prayed together and one night the faith came for us to make the start.

Our finances at that time were very limited and we would be compelled to go by faith. We would do what we could and trust God for the balance. Brother Lastinger and I were both doing office work which took about twelve hours of our time each week day and the only time we could spare to look for a hall for our mission was at the noon hour.

But by appointment we met and went to an old building which was deserted except in the corner on the ground floor was a low beer dive. This building was in the edge of the scarlet district and was the property of some church members.

On the second floor we found a room just over the saloon about twenty feet square. Cob-webs were on the walls and the floor was covered with dust about a fourth of an inch deep and as we knelt in the dirt to pray, the Holy Spirit seemed to whisper to each of us: "This is the place."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NATIONAL PURITY CONFERENCE.

La Crosse, Wis., October 17-19, 1905.

### Purpose.

The purpose of this Conference is to give careful consideration to, and an opportunity for the thorough discussion of the present situation in our Country as pertains to the cause of purity and the evils against which we are fighting, and to decide upon and formulate definite working plans for an aggressive, united, forward movement. It is hoped that such unity and co-operation among Purity workers and organizations will result as to make our combined efforts at once effective in a national sense. In this respect it is the most important gathering of Purity workers ever held in this country.

### Program.

The program will contain discussions of all impor-

tant questions confronting the Purity worker and will be especially strong in suggestions relative to the position which government should take as to the Social Evil and in helpful direction to those who are striving to promote a higher standard of purity. Those who are endeavoring to rid their home towns of these evils as well as those who desire to exert the most influence in individual lives for purity will here receive just the help they need. The question so frequently asked: "What can we do?" and "How can we do it?" will be fully answered by the most competent workers. Complete programs will be published early and mailed to all who request them.

### Speakers.

Many of our most eminent reformers, philanthropist and Christian workers who are especially interested in the Purity movement have already accepted invitations to address the Conference. It is expected that fully forty leading workers from all sections of our country will speak.

### Invitation.

A general invitation is heartily extended to Christian people who desire to see the traffic in girls overthrown and who are laboring to promote a higher standard of purity, to devote their best efforts to the interest of this Conference, to attend its sessions and participate in its deliberations. Pastors, local superintendents of Purity, rescue workers, mission workers, writers, and all others, including parents, who are directly interested are strongly urged to attend.

### The Northwest.

While this is a National gathering the fact that it is to be held in La Crosse, Wis., should arouse special interest in the Conference throughout the Northwest. It brings to our very door an opportunity to personally meet those eminent in the cause and to participate in a Conference championing "the greatest reform this world will ever see" and the like of which may never be held in this section of our country again.

### Railroad Rates.

Throughout the lines of the Western Passenger Association will be granted a rate of a fare and one-third on the Certificate plan, provided 100 or more are present who have paid full fare coming. Those living outside this territory should write us as to rates. For full information regarding rates, speakers or other matters pertaining to the Conference, address B. S. Steadwell, La Crosse, Wis.

### COMMITTEE.

B. S. Steadwell, Chairman, La Crosse, Wisconsin.  
Pres., Northwestern Purity Association.  
Elizabeth B. Grannis, 5 East 12th St., New York City.  
Pres., National Christian League for Purity.  
O. Edward Janney, 837 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md.  
Pres., American Purity Alliance.  
J. B. Caldwell, 81 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.  
Pres., National Purity Association.

The Purity Journal, One Year \$1.00

(86)

## CITY MISSION DIRECTORY

For the Benefit of those wishing to attend services in the Missions we publish a list of cards, giving address and time of services of Missions in several Cities.

This list is published free, and is open to any Mission. It is our purpose to only advertise clean works, and if any of our Readers will notify us of any impropriety on the part of the management of any Mission announced here, same will be investigated and if not corrected will be dropped from the Directory.

### Holiness Tabernacle.

Headquarters for our Rescue Work.  
Station A, Dallas, Texas.

J. T. Upchurch, Pastor.

Services every Tuesday Nights and Lord's Day as follows:-  
Preaching, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.  
Bible School, 3 p. m.

### Berachah Mission.

586 Elm Street, Dallas, Texas.

Chas. E. Rose, Superintendent.

Services every Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday nights

### Peniel Mission.

North side of Public Square.  
Waco, Texas.

J. H. Appell, Superintendent.

Services, Tuesday and Friday nights,  
Lord's Day, Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.  
Sunday School, 3 p. m.

### Wesley Mission.

126 1-2 Main Street, Denison, Texas.

Rev. D. Tasker and Wife, Superintendent.  
Services every night.

### Rescue Mission Association.

Hull, 507 East Eighteenth Street, Kansas City, Mo.  
Services, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday nights.

### FULL GOSPEL MISSION.

207 East Fifteenth Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

Services every night except Monday night.

Rev. J. O. Hockett, Superintendent.

Old 'phone, 2611.

New 'phone 1572.

### HOLINESS MISSION.

(Auspices Holiness Church of Christ.)

Mrs. Jennie Jernigan, Superintendent.

Hall at 241 1-2 Lee Street in Greenville, Texas.

Preaching every night.

Report cases of distress to the

Superintendent, old 'phone 455.

The Purity Journal. One Year. \$1.00.

SEE OFFER ON PAGE 24.

## HOME DIRECTORY.

Any erring girl wishing to change her life and live for God will find friends and help by calling on or writing to any of the following homes.  
The same rule applies to this directory as to the Mission Directory.

### BERACHAH HOME.

Miss Susie Singletary, Matron.  
All day services each Tuesday.  
Headquarters at Station A, Dallas, Texas.  
J. T. Upchurch, Superintendent.

### BERACHAH HOME.

2719 Lawton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.  
Mrs. J. P. Duncan, Manager.  
Mrs. L. Combs, Superintendent.  
All day services each Tuesday.

### THE TINLEY HOME.

403 Bancroft Street, Omaha, Nebraska.  
Mrs Martha A. Lee, Superintendent.

### REST COTTAGE.

2737 Wabash Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.  
Miss Lue Miller, Matron.

### COLORADO HOLINESS ASSOCIATION HOME.

3718 Gilpin Street, Denver, Colorado.  
Mrs. Fannie E. Suddarth, Matron.  
Rev. J. H. Woodroof, Superintendent.

### FLORENCE CRITTENTON HOME AND MISSION.

(For women only.)

1010 West Jefferson Street,  
Louisville, Kentucky.  
Mrs. D. H. Claxton, Superintendent.  
Services every day for the girls.  
Ladies Prayer Meeting each Friday 2 p. m.

Those are all the Homes which have sent in their cards, but others will come from time to time. Pray that each of these Homes may be kept clean.

### FROM BALL ROOM TO HELL.

A book giving many startling facts about dancing, by T. A. Faulkner, ex-dancing master. This is unquestionably the strongest and most convincing book published against the awful danger of the ball room.

Highly recommended by ministers of all denominations.  
Send for a number to distribute, they will do good, and positively break up dancing schools.

Price 25c Each, Postpaid. Address Box 60.

4-2 Pentecostal Publishing Company, Louisville, Ky.

## REMEMBER!

We desire our friends to remember that we have in stock a fine line of Bibles, books etc.

Send all orders to THE JOURNAL office and help us push the work along. Send for catalogue.

SEPT. 1924 21:6

THE PURITY CRUSADER

3

## A Bit of My Early Experience

By J. T. Upchurch

**W**HY do I write? I can not tell. Some strange power seems to impel me to do so. For many years I have known that great influences are exerted by the pen.

So deeply was I impressed of this fact that I stood one day on the sidewalk, with arms folded across my breast, as a brass band passed slowly by, softly playing a funeral march.

It was closely followed by a funeral car, bearing the remains of the gifted, talented, but sadly misguided iconoclastic writer, W. C. Brann.

As it solemnly moved along I lifted my heart in earnest prayer, "O God, let the mantle of W. C. Brann's genius for writing fall on me, and I pledge Thee it shall only be used to bless humanity and glorify Thy Name."

I felt it. I meant it.

It has not been mine to be blessed with anything like a finished education.

My life has known far more of poverty than anything else, therefore the opportunities for research have been limited indeed, but I do believe that my heart beats honestly and in sympathy with the great class to which I belong—the Common People.

It is not my purpose to attempt a literary production, but in simple language to humbly relate part of the story of my life.

The motive which prompts me may be that ever present and burning desire to write, but I rather think I am prompted by a deep inclination to honor God in relating His tender mercy and loving watchfulness over me for the past thirty years, during which time He has graciously kept me while I was passing through perils and privations in interest of the Rescue Work.

I am a native of Texas, and was born in an humble, little farmhouse on the beautiful Bosque.

Our nearest post-office was Bosqueville; but a few miles farther on was the village of Waco, with some six or seven thousand inhabitants which made it, in those days, a great city.

When I was about three years of age I was very sick, during which time my father died. Then came that treatment which is so often accorded to a fatherless child. After being taken from place to place I finally found myself living with my mother in Waco.

I often earned small sums of money running errands; selling fruit, flowers, etc., though only about six years old.

From the time I was nearly seven until I was ten years of age I sold newspapers, chiefly the *Waco Daily Examiner*, and as a newsboy met with many experiences which made lasting impressions upon my childish mind.

### The First Outcast.

It was while engaged in selling papers

## Truths Worth While

By J. T. Upchurch

If I can get God to speak folks will change their minds.

If we are all right in the now and now, the sweet by and by will take care of itself.

Get a man deeply convicted and he is going to seek relief. What we need is conviction on the people.

When people don't want to go with a red-hot child of God and work with him there is something wrong in their lives.

I just know that one child of God and the Holy Ghost is more than a match for the old Devil and his whole dirty outfit.

I say, that all you and I have to do is to look down the road a little way and we will see that the way of the transgressor is hard.

that I saw the first outcast girl I had ever knowingly met.

One beautiful afternoon some of us newsboys were standing on the street corner near the public square when a wild scream suddenly cut the air, like blades of steel, causing the creeping blood to chill with the cadence of despair.

Again and again the screams were heard.

A crowd began to rapidly collect at the mouth of Bridge Street from whence the mad cries came. We, too, ran in that direction. Being fleet of foot I quickly

reached the spot, and beheld a most beautiful young woman furiously struggling in the grasp of two strong policemen.

Her face was distorted, her neat fitting dress was torn in several places. Scream after scream, keen and penetrating, peeled forth: while oaths, black and awful, fell from her thin, delicate lips.

The crowd surged about them.

The officers made their way slowly in the direction of the old calaboose which they finally reached and the woman was thrust into a little dingy cell with a heavy wooden door and a small iron-barred window through which all the light was furnished.

The ponderous door was closed with a bang and the crowd dispersed, leaving the woman sobbing and sighing in her lonely cell.

I lingered near for a season anxious to sympathize with the poor creature, but the shades of night began to wrap their dark folds about the earth and I hurried home to tell my mother all about the terrible incident.

When I had told her, she said: "Hush my dear, that was a bad woman, and they are taking her up to preserve order."

I did not know then what a "bad woman" was, but I knew it must be something dreadful.

In spite of it all I felt somehow that that girl had in some way been terribly wronged, and she had my childish sympathy.

Although more than four decades have passed since I witnessed that scene yet ever and anon in my vivid imagination I can hear those wild cries and see that beautiful but distorted face, and am made to realize that the sin of unchastity, which takes humanity's fairest flowers and converts them into "bad women" is indeed a cruel monster.

After that, other incidents came and I was often thrown among the unfortunates of the city, but in my heart there was always the tenderest sympathy for this class of people.

Through many and varied experiences I passed, all of which seemed combined to make me a skeptic.

Cigarette smoking, novel reading, theater going, dancing, and inconsistent Church members all contributed their share to make an unbeliever out of me.

No wonder that I found myself at the age of eighteen an avowed atheist, not believing in the existence of God, Heaven.

Continued on page 5

# I'LL TELL YOU HOW IT IS

**I**LL TELL you how it is," said a little gray-haired man, with a calm-looking countenance, as he sat on a bench under a tree, near a cottage, with several people around him, who appeared to listen with respect and attention to every word that fell from his lips: "I'll tell you how it is; there is no such thing as being happy long together in this world without a good hope of the better. When the sun shines, and we have our health, and our barrel of meal and our cruse of oil are full, and we have many friends, we get on tolerably well. But how is it when things are otherwise—when the sky is overcast, when our health and strength fail us, when our cruse and barrel are empty, and our friends walk away from us and leave us to ourselves? We are all quick enough then to see the hollowness of the world, and ready enough to cry unto the Lord in our trouble that He may deliver us out of our distresses."

As I stood in the low, shadowy lane, I could catch a glimpse, now and then, of the assembled group through the thick bowery screen of hazel trees that separated us. There were, at least, a dozen people together, several of them old men; but the little, calm-faced, gray-headed man seemed to be above the rest, both in condition and knowledge. He was evidently a man of piety, who had mingled much with mankind, and kept his eyes and his ears open in passing on his pilgrimage. It struck me as not unlikely that he was then paying a visit to his native village, and that the friends around him had assembled to enjoy his company. At first I had some scruples of conscience in playing the part of a listener; but was soon convinced that, in doing so, I was benefiting myself without injuring any one. Many people have a manner of conversation peculiar to themselves, and this was the case with the little gray-headed man, for almost all his observations were commenced with the words,

## From Friendly Appeals.

"I'll tell you how it is." Some people have a sweet, persuasive way with them, and it was so with him; I could have listened to him by the hour.

"I'll tell you how it is," said he, in reply to a remark that there were many unhappy couples in the village, and the squire and his wife among them; "I'll tell you how it is that there is so little affection in wedded life. Where one couple go to the altar in a sober-minded, God-fearing spirit, ten couples go there in a thoughtless, laughing, joking spirit. Now it is no joke to do that which death alone can undo. If husbands, instead of telling their wives that it is their duty, to obey them; and the wives, instead of telling their husbands it is their duty to support them, would love one another, bear with one another, pray for one another, and try to help one another on the way to Heaven; the wrangling and jangling, the bitterness and altercation of married life would cease. The husband and wife that fear God, and love one another, can never be altogether unhappy."

Many of the inhabitants of the village and been called away. Some of them had died in their "full strength, being wholly at ease and quite;" while others had departed in the bitterness of their souls, with no heart-sustaining consolation, no cheering hope, through the Redeemer, of a glorious immortality. "I'll tell you how it is," said the little man, as he rested on his stick—reminding me of good old Father Jacob, leaning on his staff in years gone by—"we are not sufficiently in earnest in divine things, indeed we are not, and thus we rob ourselves of much peace and of much joy. We are not apt in our every-day concerns to take the shell instead of the kernel, the cup instead of the water, and the shadow instead of the substance. We do not do this in our common affairs, why should we do it in holy things? And yet

many go to God's house, and read God's holy word, with no more concern for their souls than if they had none. Church-going and Bible-reading are good things; but we are dying creatures and they will not give us life; we are lost sinners, and they will not save us. We should strive to enter in at the strait gate: we should follow hard after eternal things, showing how highly we estimate the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. If we were more in earnest than we are, we should often rejoice when we now despond, and shed tears of joy rather than these of sorrow."

As the party continued their conversation, one of them lamented that the son and daughter of the wheelwright had turned out so sadly as they had done. "I'll tell you how it is," said he of the gray head: "the poor children are, perhaps, as much to be pitied as they are to be blamed. If young people have a bad example set them by their parents, can we wonder that they should follow it? The boy that steals a penny without punishment by-and-by will steal a pound. The girl who is allowed to wear trinkets and finery when under the mother's eye, is not likely to throw them aside when she has none to control her. Fond parents too often laugh at those things in their children at one time, which force them to weep at another. If they let their little ones tear off the wing of the butterfly, spin the cockchafer, sture the frog to death, and torment the cat, is it cause of wonder that they should grow up to be cruel? If they allow them to neglect their Creator in the days of their youth, ought they to be surprised that they do not fear God in their after years? Parents will do well to remember that if the heart of a child is not weeded like a garden, it will abound with thistles and thorns."

*Concluded next month*

## A bit of my early experience

*Continued from page 3*

Hell or that I ever had a soul, but thinking when I died I would vanish like a light which you extinguish.

There had been much sorrow and sadness in my life, and I often thought that no one cared for me, but thank God one night I met and formed the acquaintance of the Man of Sorrows who was acquainted with grief, and my life became changed from that very moment.

I was no longer a blatant infidel, but an earnest, active Christian.

My first call was to the prison work, where I labored for nearly two years with some marked evidences of success.

In Christian union meetings I would hear a good deal of talk about city mission work and I desired to take it up, but it was not until I was most blessedly sanctified that God gave me a call to the mission and slum work.



### Called To Rescue Work.

I feel thankful, indeed, to my precious mother and step-father who taught me common honesty and instilled into

my heart a powerful dislike for shams and hypocrisy, and notwithstanding I was reared in an infidel home I was taught and lived what the world called a moral life, and knew nothing, by practice, of the saloons, gambling hells, or haunts of shame, but held aloof from them as though they were infected with some deadly plague.

How strange that God should call me, when scarcely twenty-four years of age, to labor among that class of people.

One beautiful morning on the Lord's Day after our regular service in the prison and poor-house we were returning to our church and being a little late we took a

*Continued on page 7*



# A Letter to former Berachah Girls

Mrs. Nettie Norwood, Matron Berachah Home

*Continued from June*

**I**N response to your request I come to you again with a letter thanking those of you who have written me in reply to my letters. I wish so much that there could be a time when all of you could come in home at one time, and we could have a regular family reunion. This seems to be impossible, but it does not keep us from appreciating you as you come one by one.

Emma and George have a new baby boy, named him for his daddy. Mary Stevens nursed Emma and baby. They are still living in Dallas.

Mildred has been to Tyler on a visit to see her people. It is just about a month now until she leaves for China, D. V.

Ima has her a new car, and she has written to us that she is going to drive over and see us before Mildred goes away.

Bro. Ed and family, with Minnie, drove through to California. Minnie says she is so homesick for Texas, and is looking forward to the time to return. Miss Ruth said Bro. Ed was beginning to look natural again. His health has been very bad for sometime before they left. This is his first vacation in several years. I think Mrs. Lillian and children are enjoying their new experience of the West.

H. B., my youngest son, and I have been sleeping at Bro. Ed's house since they have been away. H. B. works for Mr. Perrett and also boards there. It has been so nice for us to be together again after our years of separation, that is part of the night, as sometimes I go at nine-thirty and again it is two o'clock.

Fanny visited relatives in Dallas the past week. June is spending her vacation out in the country.

Lila is visiting her mother, and took little Lois Wiese with her.

Bro. and Sister Wiese, Fanny, Zelma, and Ethel are attending the Peniel Camp at this writing.

Stella, Luvena, Dale, Inez, and Birdie went to Stella's home town and helped in a meeting. They report a wonderful time.

Stella, Luvena, and Birdie went to Waco for the camp-meeting, and report God's blessings upon them while there. They say it is the best camp-meeting they had attended for years.

Icy has begun to realize some of her day dreams in regard to her hospital work. She and Miss Hattie have just about furnished it. There are from five to ten cases all the time. We have room now for the sick babies to be taken there and cared for. She has two nurses working under her. Both have had two years training, and they have no children, which makes it

very convenient as we do not keep nurses with children as roomers in the Hospital.

We had twelve girls with their children rooming in the basement of the new Children's Building, but on account of the mechanics beginning work upon the building the girls have made a dormitory of the school room at the Industrial Building. Lorain and Mary S. are matrons of this dormitory now. They have named it the Industrial Dormitory.

There is one addition to our Work that is proving a wonderful help, that is: in each building they have organized a family altar. Both dormitories have their devotions immediately after rising in the morning. Hospital and Children's Home at night.

I wonder, in my heart, how many of you children are keeping true to God, and visiting the secret place of prayer? Read your Bibles, and remember Berachah is still praying for you.

## A Splendid All-day Meeting

*By Mrs. F. E. Wiese*

**B**ERACHAH always looks forward to the All-day Meetings which come on every second Thursday of each month. We never know what all the good surprises are in store until the day is over.

This month the day was filled with good things. The first service opened as usual at nine thirty o'clock, and after a good, lively song and prayer service all were given a chance to tell their experience—not what it was years ago but what the Lord was doing now.

About ten thirty Bro. Wiese asked the three young ladies who went with us to the Peniel Camp to give a report of the meeting, and to tell of their impressions; this being their first trip there. They spoke in such a way that the ones listening felt almost like they had been there, and each one of us who did go expressed a desire to go next year.

Sister Richards, who is home on her furlough from China, brought us the message for the eleven o'clock service. She told some of her experiences and work in China, and we rejoiced with her for the encouraging report.

A little after twelve the service was dismissed, and everybody went home to enjoy a good dinner.

The afternoon service opened at two thirty with song and prayer service. Bro. Cox, of Cedar Hill, drove over and brought Bro. C. K. Spell with him for we had been expecting him to bring us the message. Bro. Spell preached from the text found in Ephesians 5:17-33, and his message was, indeed, an inspiration to all.

At the conclusion of the service the congregation sang "I feel like traveling on." A table was placed out in front of the pulpit, and two of the young ladies carried bundles and small packages and laid them on the table until it was covered. When the singing ceased Bro. Wiese asked Miss Mildred to come forward. As she stood beside the table he told her this would doubtless be the last All-day Meeting she would be with us before she left for China. By this time nearly all were crying. As an expression of our love and devotion the Berachah Family and friends had given her this little shower. He reviewed the last few years, how Miss Mildred had felt the call, and the days of preparation it had taken, and how God, in His own way, had made it possible for her to go this fall.

## Childhood Recollections of My Parents

*Continued from page 2*

anything I have done in the Master's vineyard, for with such devout Christian parents as I have one could only be expected to live right.

As I view their lives, and see the need of just such consecrated men and women I can not keep from praying to be kept close to the One who has made it all possible, and if He sees best to let their mantle fall on me.

## A bit of my early experience

*Continued from page 5*

short cut which caused us to drive through the slums. Passing a three-story brick right in the heart of the "reservation" we chanced to glance up and saw at the window of the second story an inexpressibly sad face looking forth from behind a gently flowing lace curtain. It was only a glance, but there was so much disclosed in that look.

The life seemed, from its very environment, to be so lonely, so deserted, and so utterly helpless that I felt the appeal for help burning into my very soul.

In the service that morning I heard the call go rumbling through my being: "Go to the outcast."

What does it mean? Will I not lose my position? Why don't the Church do the work? What will my wife say? Why don't God call an older person? How can the girls be reached as they are not allowed to attend church? Over and over these questions went sweeping through my mind. Bro. Lastinger who was sitting near me placed a small paper in my hands which described the death scene of a redeemed girl who went sweeping through the gates of death shouting victory in the name of Jesus.

It was settled, I would go. My wife was informed of my decision and said she would stand by me.

## Berachah Anniversary

ONE of the most remarkable Anniversaries in the history of Berachah was held on these sacred grounds May the tenth to the fifteenth. It was a history making event which marks an epoch in the progress and advancement of this work. The Anniversary and Holiness Reunion were held at the same time, and there were fully five hundred visitors, coming from as far west as California, as far north as Kansas, and as far east as Kentucky. Car loads of people were here from Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

Some twenty denominations were represented, and fully one hundred preachers attended the meeting. Dr. H. C. Morrison, and Rev. Bud Robinson were both at their best. Bro. John J. Douglas thrilled the people with his choir of Spirit-filled singers. The Collier Band raised the people to their feet with music and song. Mr. James V. Reed, composer and pianist, gave a number of selections on the piano and sang a beautiful song, of his own composition, which he had just written but had not published. Misses Ruth Upchurch and Eva Spell were pianists for the Convention.

### MISSIONARY DAY AT THE CONVENTION

Thursday was Missionary Day, and a wonderful day it was. Rev. F. E. Wiese had charge of the 6:30 a. m. prayer service which was an hour of inspiration. The regular service began at nine o'clock. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Harry Wiese, of China; Miss Rudolph, of India; Rev. Abels, of Japan; Mrs. Fitz, of China; and Rev. Bud Robinson delivered one of his characteristic sermons. The afternoon service began at two o'clock, and the opening address was by Mrs. Harry Wiese, of China, after which the Berachah Choir rendered one of the most beautiful missionary songs I have ever heard, "Lo, the Harvest Fields." Rev. J. D. Scott, representing Latin American, delivered a gripping missionary message replete with soul-stirring incidents. He exhibited trophies brought by missionaries from the cannibal tribe known as the Head Hunters. After the address, Miss Upchurch gave an illustrated song, "The Ninety and Nine," illustrated by Miss Birdie Cagle in a colored crayon drawing of the Shepherd who found the lost sheep in the nick of time just as an eagle was swooping down upon it. It was also illustrated by a living picture representing the sheep fold presented by Mr. Albert M. Ferry, Misses Stella Hammit, and Josephine Way. Nature came to the occasion with a crash of thunder from clouds that covered the sky. The Shepherd discovered an absent sheep, but his wife and daughter begged him to let it go rather than face the wild storm, but as the song

rang forth "sick and helpless, and ready to die" he tore loose and disappeared in the storm-riven night to return later with the little live lamb hugged to his breast as the singers voice rose clear and strong, "rejoice, the Lord brings back his own." As Bro. Robinson, Bro. Hunt, and others looked upon the scene, they began to weep and cried aloud: "That's me, that's me." Bro. Douglas made an altar call. Five persons came to the altar and prayed through to victory in about five minutes, after which Rev. Joseph E. Bates, representing China, delivered a powerful address which was followed by a cash offering of over \$200.00 to defray expenses of missionaries who were in attendance. No one present will ever forget the wonderful missionary Day in Berachah. Dr. Morrison preached one of his great sermons that night and a number of souls prayed through to victory.

Friday was Berachah Day. Rev. E. C. DeJernett, of Peniel, began the early morning prayer service about six o'clock. There were some forty or fifty present at this service. At nine o'clock, the report of Berachah was given and the business session conducted. The Convention also received a report of the special Committee, recommending another Convention to be held in Arlington next year. This was unanimously adopted, and an executive committee was elected to arrange for the Convention.

Members of this Committee are: Rev. W. H. Vance, pastor Southern Methodist Church, at Beaumont, Texas; Rev. R. E. Fletcher, pastor Free Methodist Church, at Rockwall; Rev. P. L. Pierce, pastor of the Nazarene Church, at Dallas; Mr. A. P. Hunt, a layman of Coolidge, Texas; Mr. J. M. Thompson, Southern Methodist layman, Waco; and Mr. J. A. Williams, a layman of the Methodist Church, at Dallas; and J. T. Upchurch, representing the interdenominational work. This committee held a meeting, elected officers, and formulated plans for the Convention next year. They recommended a membership with an annual fee of \$1.00 which was adopted by the Convention, and although, at this time, more than half the visitors had returned home, there were more than two hundred united and pledged themselves for the greatest Convention next year ever held in this part of the country.

Saturday and Sunday were great days, and the Convention closed Sunday night with a powerful sermon by Dr. Morrison. Among the preachers present were three district superintendents of the Nazarene Church, and one district superintendent of the Free Methodist Church.

Rev. J. B. McBride, of California; and C. W. Ruth, of Indiana; national evangelists dropped in on the Convention. Dr. H. C. Morrison, Rev. Bud Robinson, Rev. Paul Reese, are engaged for the Convention next year with Profs. Jno. J. Douglas, B. F. Sutton, of Illinois; Lawson

Brown, of Texas; as song directors. We want every lover of true holiness to unite in making the Convention one of the most wonderful ever held in the South. Send your name and address, with \$1.00, to Miss Hattie V. Saylor, Arlington, Texas, that your name may be enrolled in behalf of this great cause. All who join before January the first, will be entered as charter members. Let us do our best to extend the kingdom of God and hasten the coming of Christ.

## The Holiness Convention and Berachah Anniversary

By BUD ROBINSON

EDITOR'S NOTE—In his own quaint and original way Bro. Robinson gives us his views of the Convention, and we are glad to have this article from his consecrated pen. He writes with love instead of ink.

Greetings to the Readers of THE CRUSADER and the Great Berachah Family.

WE HAVE just closed one of the greatest conventions in the Whitehill Tabernacle, in the Berachah Home, that has been held in the Southwest in the last twenty years. Dr. H. C. Morrison was the main preacher, Bro. Johnnie Douglas had charge of the music, of course he was ably assisted by the great Berachah Band and the Berachah Quartet.

We had people from Louisiana to California, and from Texas to Indiana.

I think Dr. Morrison did the greatest preaching that I have ever heard him do.

The great Missionary Rally was held on Thursday. We had many splendid missionaries from the foreign field. We had with us Bro. and Sister Wiese, from China; Miss Rudolph, from India; and also Mrs. Hatfield, from India; Rev. J. E. Bates, from China; Rev. J. D. Scott, from Central and South America; and Bro. Fred Abel, from Japan. There were more interesting features connected with this missionary rally than I have ever seen before. While Miss Ruth Upchurch sang "The Ninety and Nine" Miss Birdie Cagle drew the Good Shepherd in search of His sheep and finding and reaching down for the lost one, this was very impressive, at that time Bro. Ferry was robed like an Eastern shepherd with some of the young ladies rigged up in Eastern costumes and they were looking for the lost sheep, and just at the right moment Bro. Ferry came out of one of the rooms with a little lamb in his arms and they had a great rejoicing over finding the sheep that was lost. This was the most impressive thing that I have ever beheld. We had a fine missionary offering. I

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(91)

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REFERENCE IS MADE TO THE BOOK: BEHIND THE  
SCARLET MASK BY DR. J. T. WPCWORTH

" THIS FINE, CLEAN, CHASTEY-TOLD STORY WILL NOT  
ONLY ENTERTAIN BUT WILL AID CHILDREN IN THE  
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\* NOTE - SSU WROTE THIS AS 1993 BUT 1933 IS THE  
PROBABLE CORRECT YEAR - RPH

## Adversaries

IT has been truthfully said, "If you want enemies, excel others; if friends, let others excel you." Paul doubtless recognized this truth many years ago as he discussed with his fellow laborers his plans for furthering the Kingdom of his beloved Lord, for he revealed to them his decision to remain at Ephesus until after Pentecost saying, "For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, AND there are many adversaries." He did not say "but there are foes" which would have meant a possible defeat. "AND there are many adversaries," which means that I must needs tarry until I am strong enough to meet them victoriously. He was determined to excel to the honor and glory of his divine Redeemer, and therefore was eagerly looking forward to his triumphant entry into the great and effectual door that was opened unto him.

Recently, while thinking along the line of success or failure, accomplishment, or defeat, my mind was directed to the thought that you and I are doubtless our own worst foes, for 'tis true, no enemy can hurt us but by our own hands. Even Satan could not hurt us if our own corruption betrayed us not. Afflictions would not be so painful to us without our own impatience: Temptations can bring no harm to us without our own yieldance. Death could not hurt us without the sting of our own sins, and sins could not destroy us without our own impenitence.

The person who earnestly stives to be a true and loyal follower of the lowly Nazarene, honestly separating himself from the beggarly things of life to ascend to the lofty heights of soul and mind, there to partake of the rich things provided by his Creator, must ever meet the conflicts of Satan. Satan hates everything that God loves and consequently seeks to defeat every soul that struggles to be pure and clean in his life and conduct. This bitter adversary uses every known weapon to the accomplished purpose and enlists every imp from the bottomless pit, if necessary, to help him. He will make of our dearest and closest friends bitter enemies who seek to destroy our influence and good works. The more outstanding is the individual to the gaze of the public, the greater target he becomes to receive the darts of the envious, jealous, or revengeful foe.

Someone has said: "A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs of ancient times, in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and a moral heroism worth a lifetime of softness and security—Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent and makes the idle industrious."

Is it not true that he who has never known any adversary or adversity is but half acquired with others or with himself?

## Associate Editor's Page

Constant success shows us but one side of the world; for as it surrounds us with friends, who tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom only we can learn our defects.

God gave this important message to Moses, "Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Beware of Him and obey His voice, and do all that I shall speak; then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies and an adversary unto thine adversaries, and I will cut them off."

The Lord is the same yesterday, today, and forever, and is no respecter of persons. What He promised to Moses thousands of years ago, He promises to you and me today. There lies within me the choice of obedience or disobedience which means that my enemies will be either subdued, completely destroyed, or increased in strength. He tells me that He even makes the wrath of men to praise Him, and no weapon that is formed against us shall prosper if we keep our faith, hope, and trust in Him and obediently follow in the directed path.

## Foreward

MANY years ago a great preacher requested Dr. Upchurch, because of his extensive experience in work in behalf of erring and outcast girls, to write a book in story form, founded upon facts, to expose some of the horrors of the Social System. He thought often of complying with the request, but hesitated for two reasons. First: He felt his inability to attempt so important an undertaking. Second: He did not, at that time, believe he should produce a work of fiction, and to tell the plain, unvarnished truth, might expose the children and near relatives of outcast girls to needless disgrace and suffering.

As the years came and went, more than a quarter of a century passed by, leaving upon his mind and heart the powerful imprint of tragedies enacted in the place he designated as the "Desert of Death," the vice districts. He decided to write the book.

Dr. Upchurch made no claim for special literary merit in this book; that was not his objective. It is the simple story of a life—a life that represents the lives of thousands of others.

Violet Verner portrays one of a multitude of unfortunates with whom the author had come in contact in America's Legalized Scarlet Mills.

The author's very soul cried out against the inhuman Social System that has wrought so much ruin to the young life of America, until he felt to longer refrain from attempting to set forth some of the facts in book form would be a crime against coming generations.

The work combines facts and fancies in a sincere endeavor to awaken the public mind to a possible solution of the awful problem. He lived to see the old "Vice Districts" as they once

flourished, pass away, but the Scarlet System continues its infernal destruction of childhood and womanhood under a new regime.

We have, from time to time, given small bits of the contents of the book under discussion, "Behind the Scarlet Mask," in the CRUSADER, but I have felt recently impressed to run the entire story for the benefit of the interested readers of "our" little magazine. I believe you will enjoy this continued story and with the consent of the author and editor, the story is starting in this issue, to be continued to the end.

We sincerely trust that much good may be accomplished in the

publishing of this story through the pages of the CRUSADER—that some young people may be saved from going astray, parents may be aroused to protect more carefully their boys and girls by helping to clean up the awful social conditions of our fair land, so that the scarlet thread will not be wound around so many innocent babies. May the story go forth to work to the end that Pure Womanhood and Noble Manhood shall be influenced to join the ranks of those who are struggling to overthrow the present wickedness and replace it with a Social System of Purity directed and protected by a God-fearing, home-loving, child-preserving citizenship.

# BEHIND THE SCARLET MASK

J. T. UPCHURCH

## CHAPTER I

### THE LONE HIGHWAYMAN

THE stillness of the mountain pass was broken by the clatter of a horse's iron shod feet beating on the rocks of the lonely trail leading from the fastness of the great, solemn mountain peaks to the more open road of the Overland Mail.

Emerging from behind a rugged boulder, that some mighty convulsion of other ages had hurled into the canyon, a horseman, with striking personality, rode, with easy grace, along the rough way of the obscure trail.

Coming to a small cliff-bound glade where the grass was green and luxuriant beside a crystal stream, the rider slipped lightly from the saddle, flung the bridle reins on the ground and, addressing the intelligent animal as if it were a human being, said: "There, Thunderbolt, help yourself to a good bait of grass. We have two hours to wait before our job confronts us."

The bit was slipped from the noble animal's mouth and it at once began to graze, while its master strolled a short distance, threw himself on the grass, and was soon lost in a deep reverie.

The lone traveler had the appearance of a man who had enjoyed some of the benefits of civilization. His compact, athletic form was clothed with a tailor-made corduroy suit, his feet were encased in English riding boots. On his hands were close-fitting, untanned kid gloves, the dark brown hair was covered with a soft felt hat that sat jauntily on a well poised head. His handsome face was partially concealed by a scarlet mask from behind which his eyes gleamed like stars. A curly brown mustache adorned his lip and from time to time a peculiar smile played about his mouth.

Aside from the scarlet mask and a brace of revolvers that hung from his hips, he might easily have been taken for an eastern business man on a vacation in the mountains.

Judging from the expression of that part of his face that was visible his reverie must have taken him over experiences rough and dark, for his muscles contracted, then expanded. He recovered with a bitter laugh, glanced at his watch, gave a start, drew a silver whistle from his pocket and blew a sharp call which brought the powerful blooded bay to his side.

He adjusted the bridle, sprang easily into the saddle with the remark: "Thunderbolt, I was thinking of the past and became so absorbed that the two hours slipped by before I knew it. We must move on now."

The stage coach, drawn by six big mules, bearing the overland mail and a dozen passengers lumbered along the rough highway, turned a sharp curve and was confronted by a man standing in the road. In either hand was a gleaming revolver leveled at the stage driver. From the lips of the stranger came the ringing command: "Halt! Hands up! All out, lively now!"

The driver threw on his brakes, drew up his team, fastened the lines to the brake and raised his hands above his head. The passenger by his side reached for his gun, but a bullet from the revolver of the highwayman cut so close to his temple that he changed his mind and lifted his hands high above his head. A woman screamed as the passengers began to scramble from the coach.

Lined up by the side of the road, they were ordered, one by one, to step to an indicated spot and deposit their money and valuables on the ground, after which one of their number was instructed to tie the hands of the others behind their backs; he then was likewise bound by the highwayman, who proceeded to thoroughly search them, their baggage and the mail. They were then released and commanded to sit on the ground.

The highwayman drew near, threw himself upon the ground and said pleasantly: "Sorry to detain you people, but the north-bound coach is due shortly and, as I am to ask the passengers on it for a contribution, I do not think it best for you to leave before they arrive. You might inform some of the Rangers of the Forest and cause me some little inconvenience."

The hold-up man proved himself a charming conversationalist, had traveled extensively, was informed on current topics, a good story teller; he soon had the entire company laughing and talking as freely as if they were being entertained on the lawn of a friend. He related stories that were laughable, and told incidents of thrilling adventure that were enjoyed by his captives. He looked his auditors straight in the face while addressing them. His eyes at times gleamed from behind the scarlet mask that concealed a portion of his face.

"Please pardon me now as I have a little business with the



passengers of the northbound coach which I hear coming." He spoke as pleasantly and as courteously as an usher in a city church. "Just keep your seats and be as comfortable as possible, for I hope to let you go soon." With this he arose and intercepted the approaching coach that swept around the sharp curve. When he had again secured his "offering" as he termed it, the passengers of the two coaches were commanded to introduce themselves, and then return to their respective coaches. Each passenger was returned sufficient funds to pay board for one day and the drivers ordered to move on.

As the coaches took their departure in opposite directions the highwayman removed his soft hat, made a low bow, laughed pleasantly behind his scarlet mask, and mockingly said, "I thank you for your liberal contribution to a most worthy cause and trust we shall meet again. Farewell."

The passengers looked back as the coaches rumbled round the curves taking them away from the scene of the robbery and they saw the lone highwayman standing, with his arms folded across his chest, facing the East. They waved at him, but he stood like a statue until they were out of sight.

"That was the coolest and most daring individual I ever met," said one of the travelers.

"It was almost a pleasure to be robbed by such a man," added another. The travelers agreed they would never forget the experience and the daring road-agent.

The lone highwayman stood, statue like, until the coaches disappeared, then again drew the whistle from his pocket, blew a low call and when his horse approached placed his "collection" in a sack attached to the saddle on his beautiful thoroughbred. "Thunderbolt, old boy, we have made a good collection today, secured valuable information for the Empire and must be many miles from here ere midnight overtakes us."

A day later the blooded bay was quietly grazing in a secluded dell while his master, near by, was looking over some letters he had taken from the mail pouches. One letter held his attention with absorbing interest. He read it over several times, made a careful copy of it, wrote a few lines on the back, replaced it in the envelope which he resealed and placed carefully in an inside pocket. The other mail was burned and all the valuables hid in a niche in the rocks on the side of the mountain cliff for safe keeping.

Some days later a postal employee in a distant city was surprised as he ran across a letter marked, "Opened by mistake by the Lone Highwayman."

The daily newspapers from coast to coast, with flaring headlines and striking pictures, heralded the news of the daring holdup of the two stage coaches by the Lone Highwayman. The papers announced that one coach filled with passengers was held on the main highway for two hours waiting for the other to appear. It was declared to be the boldest and most daring holdup in the history of the country.

Large rewards were offered for the capture and conviction of the bold bandit. The Lone Highwayman, seated in a luxuriantly furnished room in the Congress Hotel in Chicago, read with profound interest the accounts in the daily papers.

## CHAPTER II VIOLET VERNER

"O H, Violet, come here, we are going out back of the barn to have target practice, and I want you to do some special

tricks with your rifle for a friend of mine!"

The speaker was a boy of seventeen, a manly young fellow with eyes of gray that looked frankly into the faces of those he met. He was standing beneath the wide-spreading boughs of an ancient live-oak, looking earnestly toward a cottage almost hidden from view among the trees.

His call and expectancy were rewarded by the appearance of a vision of loveliness. Coming toward him from behind a bower of roses, Violet Verner, with a bright, winsome smile on her face, drew near and looked at the boy with her deep blue eyes in a way that caused his heart to leap and beat with a delightful thrill.

Claude Clifton and Violet Verner were acknowledged sweethearts. Claude never missed an opportunity of being near the one who had completely won him at first sight, for never did he forget the bright October afternoon he had ridden on horseback to the Verner home to call on Will Verner, the girl's brother, whom he had known at school.

After that day the young people met many times. From the first meeting Violet took it for granted that Claude was for her and accepted his boyish attentions as a matter of fact. Two years had swiftly flown since that chance meeting on that bright October afternoon, years that were filled with great happiness to those two young people. Never had there been any kind of misunderstanding or a cross word between them. Neither had there been any love-making in actual words. But they unmistakably were devoted to each other.

In response to his call Violet with a tiny silver-mounted rifle in her hand, asked: "Where is your friend? You haven't any friend with you, you are just joking with me."

"No, I'm not," said Claude, "he will be out back of the barn in a few minutes with some other young folks. I have been telling him how you can shoot and he wants to meet you. He is a fine shot, but I told him you could beat him."

Chatting pleasantly, the young couple strolled through the flower garden, along by the orchard, and through a gate to the meadow where a target was suspended from the limb of a great live-oak tree.

"What is your friend's name?" asked Violet.

"Richard Wheeler," replied Claude. "His father is Senator Wheeler, he is quite wealthy, and Richard is here attending the university. Here he comes now. Isn't he a handsome fellow?"

A young man rode up, threw the reins over his horse's head and slipped from his saddle to the ground. He was tall and as straight as an Indian, with hair and eyes as black.

Unobserved by the young people, a shadowy form peered from behind a tree with a satanic grin on his face—it was the Chief Shade, Lust.

As the couple paused Claude said, "Violet, may I present my friend, Richard Wheeler?"

Violet stepped forward and extending her hand said: "I am glad to meet any of Claude's friends, Mr. Wheeler, and he tells us you are to favor us with some shooting."

Richard Wheeler laughed good humoredly and replied: "I am afraid Claude is fooling us both, for that is exactly what he told me you would do."

Richard Wheeler was twenty years of age, the pampered only son of a wealthy father, whose wife had died years before. He

Oklahoma City, as does the other grand-daughter, Beverly Bird. Four grand-children survive.

There are four great grandchildren.

Mother Jackson's father died when she was five years of age, leaving her mother a widow with two boys and two girls and two negroes.

Two years after she married James F. Jackson, the young couple moved to Gainesville, Texas and four years later to Bellevue where they resided for twenty years. Her husband established the first dry goods store in Ryan, Oklahoma in 1906. Fourteen years later they came to Oklahoma City and continued their happy union until her husband departed this life five years ago.

Mother Jackson, while living in Bellevue, sought and obtained the experience of entire sanctification and later united with the Church of the Nazarene. As a deaconess in this church she was ever active in performing deeds of Christian service. Possibly her outstanding contribution to her Lord was that given to the prisoners in the jail where for eighteen years she held religious services and mothered many wayward sons of other mothers.

Mother Jackson was a giver, exemplifying the teachings and practice of the Master who said "It is more blessed to give than it is to receive."

First when but a child she gave her heart to Jesus, then she gave her hand and life in marriage to James F. Jackson. She gave her service to her church and to the world at large. She gave her mother's love and her mother's care to her household.

When she was unable to give money, she gave love and expressed it in acts of thoughtfulness and in deeds of kindness. From the date we first met her and her husband in Bellevue some forty years ago they were loyal friends and liberal supporters of Berachah in its work of salvaging broken lives.

Mother Jackson had a fall down the steps in her residence some few weeks ago which terminated in her departure from this life, Tuesday, May 24, 1938.

She leaves to her only surviving brother, Raymus Graves, her two daughters and their husbands, her six grandchildren, and four great grandchildren, the rich heritage and benediction of a beautiful life of trust and obedience. She leaves to her friends the happy memory of a sweet fellowship. She leaves to all the blessing and glory of a life well spent in the vineyard of her Lord.

May she rest in peace while waiting to hear the sound of the trumpet, and the voice of the Son of God, the King Eternal, calling for the reuniting of her spirit, soul, and body, and up there some glad beautiful day, all who are redeemed from sin shall join in a grand reunion.

May each of us have a part in that glorious occasion.

## Behind the Scarlet Mask

(Continued from page eight.)

He was called away again, this time for another year, to be told on his return that Violet had gone astray and had left the country.

She was gone and his heart was grieved because he felt she had deceived him, at one time, in leading him to believe she cared for him more than anyone else, and now she was gone. He could hardly believe it, but the boys told him it was undoubtedly

true. With deep grief in his heart, intensified because he had been converted and viewed it from a Christian standpoint, he went away to engage in religious work, and never heard of Violet Verrier directly for many years.

Had he known the real facts in her life no power could have stayed him from seeking and finding the disconsolate girl who so longed for him and needed his help.

Not until he faced a very tragic scene, years later, did he learn who the traitor was that had basely betrayed the one girl in all the world he loved, and loved devotedly.

Such are the tragedies of life. In the far away Phillippine Islands he labored for his God, and for his country, all unmindful of the tragic scenes in the life of his boyhood sweetheart.

*To be continued*

## Doing Too Much

MRS. CHARLES M. SHELDON

The Savior came to the door of my heart,  
I knew He stood knocking there,  
But I was more than busy that day with people, and many a care  
For His lost ones out in the world of sin,  
And I hadn't time to let Him in,  
So I let Him go away, thinking perhaps when He came again  
I should have leisure to let Him in.

It was not long ere He came as before,  
In love and majesty standing there;  
But life was so full of honor and fame  
Working for Him in His dear name;  
And I had just that one hour for rest,  
In order that I might do my best:  
So I thought, dear Savior Thou can'st see  
I have not time to sit down with Thee!

But there came a day when my feet would not go  
Upon errands of mercy to and fro;  
And my hands were still and my heart was sad,  
And I longed for my Savior to make me glad.  
Then all the past came back to me:  
Of the many times He had come to see  
If I needed Him to help me bear  
The burden, but turned away when I didn't care.

Oh, my heart was heavy and my heart was sore  
And I cried, "Dear Lord, I will open the door  
For Thou has made my heart to see  
How empty is all that I do without Thee  
To fill my life and go with me  
To the end of the journey and there to be  
Where I shall have time to sit down with Thee.

## Scottsville Camp Meeting

Scottsville, Texas — July 28th. to August 7th.  
Workers Rev. I. C. Mathis, Rev. Jack and Ruby Carter.  
Preachers, evangelists and wives entertained free.  
Miss Jewel Pittman, Secretary.

thought the world belonged to him if he wanted it. His association in the town and at school had not been the best, and as a result of it he had lax notions regarding the moral life a young man was expected to live.

He boasted of his "love affairs" and posed as a "lady's man." Like many other young men he thought it was a girl's business to take care of herself and if he could by any means obtain special privileges from a young woman he was a "lucky dog"—that and nothing more. Silly, foolish mothers thought he was a splendid companion for their daughters because of his wealth and social position. This added to his vanity.

Other boys and girls soon gathered, and Claude opened the practice by scoring hits on a swinging target, four times in six shots. Richard made a score of eight out of ten. By request of Claude, Violet turned her back to the target, used a mirror and made a score of nine out of ten shots. She then turned her rifle upside down and struck a match that was pinned to a plank ten steps away. Claude placed six candles on a plank which he laid on a barrel fifteen paces distant, lighted the candles, gave Violet a six-shooter, and she extinguished five of the candles in six shots. He threw a tin can in the air, and she shot it twice with the revolver before it struck the ground. Richard and others did some fine shooting, but all acknowledged that Violet was the best shot.

After Richard and the others had gone, Claude and Violet went for a gallop on a pair of spirited ponies. Violet could ride almost as well as she could shoot. Her father was United States Marshal, and took great pride in teaching his two children, Violet and William, to ride and shoot. They had come from the state of Virginia to Texas while the children were small.

Claude was an excellent horseman for a youth of his age. He often rode his chestnut sorrel at break-neck speed with out bridle. Standing beside his intelligent pony he would grasp the mane with one hand, slap the horse with the other, run along beside him and spring lightly upon his bare back as he went at full speed down the road. He would drop his hat on the ground, circle his horse and come by on the run, then bend low and pick up his hat as the horse dashed by.

As they returned home from their afternoon gallop Violet insisted that Claude run in for "just a little bit awhile," as she called it. She led the way into the parlor, threw the shutters open, sat down at the piano and laughingly asked: "What will you have?" Before an answer could be given she ran her fingers over the keys and softly sang:

"Remember well and bear in mind,  
A constant friend is hard to find;  
But when you find one kind and true,  
Change not the old one for the new."

Then she turned her face towards him and sang:

"Robins, bring back my Claudie to me."

The 'phone rang and she ran to answer it. Returning she said, "It was Papa and he will be kept at the court-house until late to-night, and as brother is away mother and I will be here all alone, so won't you come over and stay with us awhile?"

Claude was delighted and he hastened to accept the invitation.

Claude's people were very poor and he was so bashful and diffident that he did not understand how Violet could choose him and his company in preference to the well-to-do young men of

the community. If anyone had asked Violet that question she would have tossed her pretty head and said: "Claude is so different from the other boys."

During the two years they had known each other Claude had walked to school with her, danced with her, attended parties in her company, taken horse-back rides with her, and they had played games together, but never once had he offered any kind of advances. Never had he told her of his love, but she knew he loved her and felt that at the proper time he would say so. In other words she was just satisfied he was hers, and she was his. He never went with other girls, and she did not care for the other boys. Thus, their youthful lives glided by with no special thought for the morrow.

Notwithstanding the Verners made him welcome in their handsomely furnished home he always felt backward and embarrassed.

At the close of a very delightful evening for Claude, Mr. Verner returned and thanked Claude for "running over and staying with the folks." He was a handsome man with brown eyes and dark brown curly hair and mustache and was so congenial that he numbered his friends by the thousands. The people had confidence in Marshal Bill Verner.

A few days later Claude came over to tell Violet he was going away for a few days. "Father has a business deal in another part of the State, and wants me to accompany him. I don't believe we will be gone long," he said.

Thus they parted, Claude never thinking to ask if he might write, for he expected to be gone only a few days. Twelve months rolled by before he returned to Waco, and then he found some changes had taken place. On several occasions he had written letters to Violet, but not being satisfied with them, tore them up, and none was ever sent. He wrote to his mother, but from sheer bashfulness never mentioned Violet in his letters.

Violet frequently visited Mrs. Clifton, thinking she would get some indirect word that way, only to be sadly disappointed.

Jim Patterson, a fine young man, began visiting the Verners through friendship, and often went horseback riding with Violet. He was engaged to another young lady and merely went with Violet to pass the time while his sweetheart was away and she knew he was coming for no other purpose.

They were quite friendly and exchanged rings. Violet, carelessly, wore his ring on the engagement finger, and when Claude returned he was informed that Jim Patterson had "cut him out" and was engaged to Violet.

Violet was provoked at Claude for not writing to her, and thought she would tease him for his neglect. He came to see her, but was so awkward and diffident, through his uncontrollable bashfulness, and the thought that she had engaged herself to Jim Patterson, that he left the impression on her mind that he no longer cared for her, an impression he would not have made for his life.

One night at a party he asked her whose ring she was wearing, and she, to tease him, said: "Jim Patterson's." He noticed she had it on her engagement finger, so that settled his fate, though he cursed himself a thousand times in after years for his stupidity and backwardness. He knew later how wrong he had been to let anyone come between them without a plain statement from her own lips that she no longer cared for him.

(Continued on page twelve.)

## The Story of Berachah

Fifty years ago, the eleventh of this month, an atheistic young man entered a Methodist Chapel in the City of Waco, Texas, to attend a religious service, conducted by a minister in whom the young man had not the least confidence, as to his honesty or to his piety. At the close of the service the minister gave an invitation to those wishing to be prayed for to come forward. The young man went and humbly knelt at a little mourner's bench. There he met the Stranger from Galilee, and left that Chapel that night a redeemed young man whose life was then and there dedicated to the service of the Christ.

In the congregation that night was a young lady who afterwards walked down the aisle of that same little chapel, leaning upon the arm of that young man and, in the presence of an audience that packed the chapel and filled the yard; and, with bowed heads stood at the hymeneal altar while a white haired minister solemnly said: "I pronounce you husband and wife in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

There in that little chapel that night Berachah was born, for it was this young couple who later heard the cry of distress and entered America's Den of Horrors to rescue girlish victims of vice from the thralldom of sin. In the Name of the Christ, and by the power of the Holy Spirit, a most remarkable service was rendered. For some three and a half years the lives of this young couple were virtually buried in the underworld where the hyenas of hell, and the vultures of vice, literally gnawed the quivering flesh and sucked the life blood from the hearts of helpless girls who had been lured from good homes and sold to shame in the most disreputable district that ever defiled God's footstool.

It was while engaged in rescuing girls from the depths of sin in this degraded district that the discovery was made that there was a systematized, organized, legalized traffic in girls in this country. Yes, legalized! The blackest blight and the most terrible curse that could be conceived of had fastened its death grip upon society. Through the system of graft and political intrigue the traffic in girls, known later as the "White Slave Traffic," had obtained legal protection under the infamous "License system." A diabolical system that required the issuance of a LICENSE to every operator of an immoral resort. Yes sir, Hell had triumphed in instituting a legalized protectorate for its shambles of shame while committing the most fiendish atrocities against unprotected girlhood. Yes, the citizens of the great State of Texas had elected a legislature that had granted to the City of Waco a charter that authorized the city to license and regulate the operation of bawdy houses. Don't you feel

like vomiting when you think of it? Intelligent people, licensing a hoodlum to butcher character, to assassinate virtue, and to damn souls in hell! Can you comprehend it?

Any fool knows that when a person is given a license to operate any kind of business, his business is legalized, and he must have a commodity to place on the market if he succeeds. The LEGAL STAMP on his business legitimizes it and makes the Commonwealth a party to its operation. Thus you can readily see that Texas had gone in partnership with Vice for the destruction of girlhood. As the merchant must have goods to offer his customers, so must the bawdy houses have girls to offer to their customers. This being true the bawdy house keepers sent panderers and white slavers forth to secure girls to offer upon the altars of LUST.

When a girl was decoyed from home and inveigled or dragged into the legalized, police protected, district of vice she was forced by the City of Waco to secure and pay for a personal license authorizing her to sell her body to the hyenas of hell. Stop! Wait a minute! That statement may nauseate you, it may horrify you, but permit me to declare that that statement does not cover the horror of the situation, which was discovered by this young couple in their investigation of commercialized vice. No, not at all.

Through the operation of this license system the police department were empowered to force any girl into the district whom they suspected of moral impurity, and compel her to pay the city for a license to sell her soul. In addition to that horrifying declaration, you must listen to another fact that was far more fiendish. Each girl residing in this State guarded, police protected, district of death was compelled to undergo a PRETENDED medical examination at a cost of TWO DOLLARS every two weeks, for which she received a health certificate from the city health physician. This certificate was the girl's stock in trade to offer protection to the Baylor University Boys, The Texas Christian University Boys, and all the other boys that might be induced to purchase the wares of this legalized district. God save the mark!

It was all a dirty deal to every one affected.

Satan himself could not have conceived of a more fiendish deception.

Had the City health physician made the most thorough scientific examination of the girl's body, which he never even attempted, he merely wrote her out a certificate of health, collected his two dollars and went on his way rejoicing over the easy graft, while the poor girl had to sell her body to earn another two dollars to pay him the next time he came. The certificate he gave her was not worth the paper it was written

on, so far as any health guarantee was concerned. May I repeat? Had he given her a thorough examination, and presented her with an honest certificate of health, it would have been worthless, for within fifteen minutes after the doctor left, the girl might have contracted a nameless disease and have given it to two or three hundred men and boys before the physician's next visit. I trust you can grasp the horror of the situation. The State of Texas, through a charter granted the City of Waco, was guaranteeing health to men and boys in this State, who would visit and debauch the girls in the States bawdy houses. The deluded men and boys plunged into vice thinking they were protected from disease only to awaken to the soul-twisting fact that they had been deceived and betrayed in contracting the most terrible of diseases known to the medical profession. Thousands of them did it, as was evidenced by the draft of soldiers for the world war.

Into this District of Death this young couple had plunged in an effort to save some of the lost girls from utter ruin. One night while conducting an open air service in an alley in this district of vice amid the ruined lives, shattered ideals, broken hearts; and desecrated souls, this young couple was crushed with the utter hopelessness of the situation, and in the presence of this hopeless condition, they were impressed to build a home for the redemption of these girls. Some eight years was spent pleading with the public in behalf of lost girlhood, then the Berachah Home slowly arose with its arms of love and mercy extended to mother's betrayed, deserted, outcast girls. Hundreds of them flocked to the shelter of this noble institution that gave them shelter and sympathetic assistance in regaining a place in life.

Through the efforts of Berachah the legalized license system, which had given protection to the vice lords in this infamous business, was abolished and a large contribution was made towards closing the vice districts of America. With these districts closed, the old regime passed away, and Berachah turned to the care of children from broken homes, which resulted in establishing the Berachah Child Institute. While the Berachah Child Institute is rendering a magnificent service, it is tremendously handicapped for the lack of sufficient funds to provide for all the children who apply for admission in the Institute, we believe that in addition to the service rendered by the Institute, something should be done towards PREVENTING the condition that produces so many broken homes and leaving so many children to be cared for by the public.

Therefore, Berachah now comes, under the leadership of its founders, with a Child Protection — Crime Prevention Program which it hopes, with your assistance, will

save thousands of boys and girls from becoming the victims of commercialized vice and syndicated crime.

Oh, Brother! Oh Sister! Will you turn a deaf ear to this appeal, and refuse or fail to help Berachah in this crusade against vice and for the protection of childhood?

No, you will not fail. It is my faith in you that inspires me to appeal to you for your cooperation. We need your spiritual support. We need your moral support. We need your financial support. May we hear from you? Address all communications to Berachah Junior Kingdom, Box 4038, Dallas, Texas.

## Immodest Women

In the mighty mountain ranges of earth, there is always one peak in every range that stands out in silent grandeur lifting its hoary head high above all the other peaks. This also applies to the human family and especially to men of renown. Each age produces characters who walk alone and yet are not alone even though they seem to dwell in solitary places.

An address I once heard on "The Loneliness of Genius" impressed me with the thought that it also applies to the loneliness of leadership. Many remarkable men have been produced in our age and especially in America where initiative is allowed to bring

imprint upon this generation that will abide throughout eternity. As editor and publisher of the Pentecostal Herald for the past fifty-two years, he has wielded an influence around the world. As President of Asbury College, he has imparted to theological students, and to missionaries in training in that school, many profound truths supported by a Godly life and matchless leadership, that helped them shape their course as they went forth from Asbury College to proclaim the everlasting Gospel of the Son of God to the four corners of the earth. Many of these ministers and missionaries have been outstanding in the fields where they labored. Possibly the best known graduate of Asbury College is Dr. E. Stanley Jones whose ministry and books have reached and impressed millions of people. Dr. Morrison's richest contribution to the world is the simple powerful Gospel of full Salvation he has preached. He believes and proclaims to the uttermost part of the earth that Jesus, the Christ, came to save men from all sin in this present world. Declining to consider accepting any political, ecclesiastical or monetary position in life, he has remained a faithful preacher of the Word of God.

Although Dr. Morrison has gone beyond the fourscore milepost, he continues rendering a vigorous and impressive service.

Whatever subject he discusses is supported with facts. In his great weekly paper, the "Pentecostal Herald" issued under the date of February 14 is a timely editorial comment which is worthy of reading and rereading again. He says:

*Traveling up and down the land one's attention is constantly attracted to a class of very fashionably, and often immodestly dressed women. About the railroad station, on the train, in the hotels, restaurants, stores and places of all public gatherings one sees and hears them with surprise and regret. They dress loud, talk loud, laugh loud, fling their feet and hands about in a most daring and immodest manner. They seem to have no thought of discretion or reverence. They have abandoned themselves to pleasure seeking and their ideas of pleasure, it seems, are found in reckless extravagance and a sort of brazen insolence rushing from place to place in search of entertainment and excitement. Those of us who have been reared among and associated with modest women, find ourselves in a state of astonishment and indignation as we see this passing throng of God-forgetting, foolish creatures as they go laughing to their doom.*

Dr. Morrison has served Berachah as Chairman of our National Ministerial



Dr. H. C. Morrison

out the latent powers of each individual.

I have been thinking this morning of one of the most outstanding heroic characters of our age, a man who is tender hearted, but bold and courageous, with convictions that are deep and firmly fixed. The man I refer to is Dr. H. C. Morrison, that grand old soldier of the Cross, who has led an

Board and is one of our most cherished friends.

## Lost! One Hundred Thousand and Children

*Who Will Help Find Them?*

Were you ever lost?

Have you ever lost anything? To lose any article, however insignificant it may be, disturbs us more or less.

Isn't it a strange sensation to feel that you are lost in the woods, or on the plains, or in the mountains, or on the sea? Or, stranger still, to be lost in a great city, amid multitudes of people who can not understand your language. I was lost in Paris, France, once and know just exactly how it feels.

Probably a more desperate situation to be caught in, is to be lost AND NOT KNOW IT.

When I was a small boy my little sister, three years older than I, and I were lost in a forest that was infested with poisonous reptiles and with wild animals, including the dreaded cougar or panther. The scream of the panther, when you are unarmed and lost in the woods, is not a very pleasant sound. We had wandered far from home in search of some cattle that had gone astray. About nine o'clock at night we met an old negro man returning to his cabin, and he went with us to our home several miles distant. When we arrived we found the immediate neighborhood in a state of excitement, with searching parties forming to go in search of the lost children.

In later years a powerful conviction came upon me that I was lost in the forest of sin. Out in its black depths, I met a Stranger who led me to a place of Safety where I was redeemed, and joined the searching party to seek other lost ones.

Some months ago while in the City of Austin, information was given me that we have in the State of Texas one hundred thousand children who do not attend either public or private schools in this State. The revelation of this amazing fact was to me almost unbelievable, but the figures stare us in the face revealing that it is an actuality. The 1937 and 1938 School Census show that Texas has a total scholastic population of 1,587,544. The total enrollment in the public schools is 1,355,401 while 132,144 children are enrolled in the various private schools leaving one hundred thousand children unaccounted for. Can you grasp it? Do you comprehend it? One hundred thousand children between the ages of seven and seventeen years living in a State with a compulsory educational status upon its books, and yet these children are being deprived of school privileges, not only that, they have dropped from existence, so far as the records show. They are lost to the



# The King's Crusader (99)

SUCCESSOR TO PURITY CRUSADER

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NUMBER 8

## A BIRTHDAY GIFT

In a few days we will commemorate the birthday of the Lord Jesus Christ—God's wonderful Gift of love to a lost and ruined world. After nineteen centuries have passed and gone the world He came to redeem is in mad turmoil and strife. Men are killing each other without knowing what it is all about. Skeptics are ready to exclaim, "His coming was in vain. He failed in His mission." This is not true. He has not failed. Men have failed to obey His instructions. Every prophecy and each groan of the earth indicates His speedy return to the world. He is the King Eternal and is destined to reign until all His enemies are subdued or swept from the face of the earth. Self appointed dictators may strut their conceit for a brief spell but their doom is written in letters of living fire. Men damn their own souls by their ungodly conduct, and hell moves beneath to meet them at their coming. The finest birthday gift the world can present to The Christ this Christmas would be to cease from strife and live at peace with each other. The next best thing is to bring joy to some forgotten person or neglected child. Let Berachah be your representative in disbursing Christmas cheer to those you are unable to call upon personally. He said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

### MAKE A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO CHRIST



# THE KING'S CRUSADER

J. T. UPCHURCH, S. S. D., *Editor*  
RUTH UPCHURCH BRADY, *Associate Editor*  
MRS. WIESE, *Contributing Editor*

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This paper is published for the good of humanity. Should any condition arise at any time compelling its discontinuance it is understood that all subscribers will donate to the Berachah Junior Kingdom their unexpired subscriptions.

"WHEN THEY SAW THE STAR, THEY  
REJOICED WITH EXCEEDING GREAT  
JOY."

The wise men came from afar, guided by a gleaming star; seeking for a King to be, the Star of Hope through Eternity.

Through desert sand, and o'er mountains grand;  
across the wind-swept plain, into valleys low, where  
gentle breezes blow, the caravan pressed its wondrous  
way to a manger where an Infant lay.

From their most priceless treasures the wise men  
gave their gifts so full and free to, this Babe of Love  
that came from above, the Savior of mankind to be.

The King, the wise men found, with swaddling  
clothes wrapped around, has triumphed over death,  
hell and the grave, and is coming soon to claim His

own and to established His royal throne. The King  
of Kings is He whose glory will last through all  
ETERNITY.

As the Star of Destiny again guides us to the  
Christmas hour, may we bring our richest gifts of  
love and joy and gladness to pour in profusion at  
His scared feet, remembering His gracious words:  
"Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these ye  
have done it unto me."

HUSH, my dear, lie still; listen to the wind blowing  
cold and chill across the plain and o'er the hill.  
No, Santa Claus will not come to you tonight, because  
your home is broken and there is no one who  
cares for you. Your very name has been blotted  
from the registry and your place of existence is unknown  
to the authorities. Hush! Please stop your crying;  
I know you are cold and hungry and I wish somebody  
did care—that somebody with a heart of gold might  
open the door on this Christmas eve and invite you to  
enter through its portals into the light of love where  
you might find a chance to become a noble man or a  
beautiful woman and an honor to your country. Yes,  
I know, the State records at Austin disclose that there  
are ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND of you FORGOTTEN  
CHIDREN in Texas whom Santa Claus may be compelled  
to overlook this Christmas because he does not have  
your address.

Hush! My dear, stop your crying, I was mistaken,  
somebody does care. See! Yonder comes One across  
the hills who is so deeply interested in your welfare.  
He has forgotten that His feet have been pierced  
with nails as He presses along the rock-strewn  
pathway in search of you. He will find you, my  
dear, because He is inaugurating one of the most  
extensive child hunts in the history of America. It  
may be that the people who call themselves Christians  
and claim to be His disciples are too busy, or  
careless, or indifferent to join Him just now, but  
He will not give up until He does AROUSE THEM  
INTO ACTION in your behalf. That will be the  
finest Santa Claus that can possibly come to you.

Are you one of the careless indifferent professors

of religion, too busy to heed the plaintive cry of a neglected baby or a forgotten child? If you are in that condition, it might be well to remember the words of Jesus when He said: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment."



Thank God there are some who do care, some who are helping the Berachah Child Institute at Arlington to provide a home for a few of these little lost but not forgotten lambs from the Shepherd's fold. \$25.00 provides a home for a group of these children one day in Berachah. Why not take one of the holidays, or your birthday, or a special day in memory of a loved one, to provide for these children in Berachah that came from broken homes and need a bit of your loving sympathy expressed to them.

As we behold Christmas coming down the road, loaded with good cheer and happiness, our eyes pierce the shadows just beyond and catch the radiant glow of a laughing bouncing baby in the act of springing into our arms. It is the infant 1941. With glad joyful hearts we will greet this Infant and present to it one of the most beautiful, progressive, well-developed programs Berachah has ever offered to the public.



Under supervision of the Berachah Business Board, we are expecting to make 1941 one of the most interesting and helpful years of service we have ever experienced.



BELOVED, PRAY FOR US.

## A Summer Afternoon Tragedy

A Girl,  
A Scream,  
Two Officers  
A Newsboy  
And - - !

A wild piercing scream shattered the stillness of an autumn afternoon. Then another, and another, rang forth in blood-curdling intensity. Two newsboys ran across the public square of a frontier town and squeezed through a postling throng that was surging round a couple of officers who held in their grasp a delicate but fiercely wrought up maiden of some eighteen or nineteen years.

The girl fought the officers while screams and profanity poured in torrential like streams from her pallid lips. One of the newsboys pressed his way closer to the agonized girl and saw that she was an attractive creature had not her face been distorted and her garments disarranged by the fierce struggle with the officers.

Slowly but surely the trio made its way across the square and down a street to the city jail where the girl was thrust into a cell and left to sob her grief out in solitary confinement.

The newsboy tarried on the sidewalk near the prison cell where he could hear the moans and sobs of the wretched girl. That evening he related the incident to his widowed mother and asked her why the officers had arrested that lovely girl and placed her in prison. It was the first woman the lad had ever heard utter profanity. His mother told him that the girl was a bad girl and had to be locked up to preserve the peace.

Some years later that newsboy learned the true facts in the case and the immediate cause of that poor girl's arrest. Yes, she was a bad girl, but what made her bad? Why did those officers follow in the foot-steps of the Pharisees of the long ago who overlooked bringing the man in the case to be condemned by the

Master? Why drag the woman to prison and let the man go free? Was he not as guilty, if not guiltier than the girl? The lad was to learn in later life that, that was one of the strange maladies of a twisted social system that stones the woman and lets the man go unpunished. It so disturbed him that he dedicated his life to the cause of unfortunate girlhood. He accepted the challenge and answered the screams of distress emanating from the sin-polluted lips of the unprotected girl of the street, the soiled dove of society.

Into the depths of the valley of slaughter, where vice held full sway, and hell held high carnival at the midnight hour, the young man and his wife buried their lives in an effort to ease the pain and relieve the grief of the penitent wayward girl who longed to escape the thralldom of vice.

During those years of sacrificial service in the City of the Living Dead, that young couple learned that there was an organized, systematized, and, God save the mark, a LEGALIZED traffic in girls in this free American country. You talk about blood-curdling scenes, and soul-twisting experiences! Well, they had them as they faced tragedy after tragedy, until sleepless nights of unrelenting horror forced them forth with a message of warning to the girlhood of the land.

Nearly eight years were spent in delivering to boys and girls, mothers and fathers, these startling facts of the horrors of the underworld that aroused the public to the boiling point, and so awakened human interest that many a girl, yea, hundreds of them were kept from the tempter's snare and avoided becoming the victims of commercialized vice. As a by-product of their untiring efforts, the Berachah Home at Arlington, Texas arose phantom-like in response to the wails, cries, and tears of unfortunate girls who plead for a chance to recover from the entanglements of sin and shame.

When the doors of that noble institution swung open, hundreds of lost girls flocked to its portals to find love, kindness, sympathetic understanding and friends who helped them gather the broken threads out of life's wastebasket, and with them to weave a new

life of hope and love and Christian service.

Berachah Home was known far and near as a "Star of Hope" that gleamed in the inky midnight sky of girls who had lost the way in life. Hundreds and hundreds of little helpless unwed mothers—wanderers of the waste land—found their way back to respectable lives and to the establishment of a happy home. Even today, while I type this message, I can recall many of these redeemed girls who are filling honorable places in the Church, in the business world, and others who are queens in homes of happiness.

Tears moisten my eyes as I recall some of the bitter struggles through which Mrs. Upchurch and I passed while endeavoring to establish the Berachah Home. The strain of those years told on her, and she is almost a helpless invalid today, but with the same dauntless courage, and unswerving devotion, she remains at her post to bear the burdens of a lost world upon her heart. She has never forgotten, and never will forget, how she turned away from a life of pleasure, that appeals to so many, and, facing the scorn of an unsympathetic public, placed her arms of love about the soiled girls of the street and brought them back to God, and to mother, and to happiness. Not for all the wealth of the world, nor for all the honor men could bestow, would she erase from memory those glad but tearful months and years of service to her Lord in behalf of broken young lives and helpless little children born out of wedlock.

In later years other institutions sprang up to offer care for the unwed mother and her nameless babe, so we have again turned our attention to PREVENTIVE work.

We have learned through many years of bitter experiences that it is a thousand times more important to SAVE a boy or girl from plunging into vice than it is to rescue them after they are already ensnared. Regardless of how successful the RESCUE may be, it is an incontrovertible fact that the scars of sin, and the memories of the past, can never be fully overcome. Therefore our present prayer is: "Oh, God, help us to protect the boys and girls of our country from falling into the snare of the vice lords."

After many months of wrestling over the ghastly startling fact of an organized standing army of criminals in this country that is collecting a toll of hundreds of thousands of our bravest boys and sweetest girls, and selling them into the shambles of shame, and into the service of crime, we dared to again take up the fight against Commercialized Vice and Syndicated Crime.

When the information was furnished us by the Federal Government that notwithstanding all the efforts of the Government, the State and local officers, the Churches, all social agencies and clubs, that CRIME IS INCREASING, it staggered our minds even to think that we could do anything about it. And yet, we knew that our years of experience in dealing with vice and its products had given us certain qualifications that necessitated some action on our part. Then we believed that God spoke and ordered us to undertake the fight against organized crime. When God

speaks, it is the last word on the subject so far as we are concerned.

As the result of days of fasting and nights of prayer, a redemptive program slowly shaped itself in our minds and we launched the Child Protection—Crime Prevention Crusade which seems to offer a solution to the organized crime problem in our State.

After a careful painstaking audit of Berachah accounts, including its resources and liabilities, by Prince-Harris and Company, certified public accountants of Dallas, our Business Board, by unanimous action, at a meeting held in the Director's Room of the Republic National Bank in Dallas, elected a special committee with authority to adopt a program for Berachah's future service.

This special committee, after due deliberation, approved a plan of procedure which is designated:

## BERACHAH'S PROGRESSIVE PROGRAM

Directed by J. T. Upchurch

Under Supervision of the

BERACHAH BUSINESS BOARD

### FIRST:

To sponsor the Berachah Child Institute for the care of Children from Broken Homes.

### SECOND:

To DIRECT a Child Protection—Crime Prevention Crusade in interest of all children, and more especially those children in the State who are being deprived of SCHOOL and CHURCH privileges.

### THIRD:

To promote Child Protection—Crime Prevention Legislation. More particularly to secure the passage of a bill to provide for the establishing and maintaining of CRIME PREVENTION THROUGH EDUCATION CLINICS in our Public Schools, and in Neglected Districts, to teach children that CRIME NEVER PAYS. A bill that will compel the law-breakers to pay for the maintenance of said CRIME PREVENTION CLINICS.

ALL DEVOUT AND PATRIOTIC CITIZENS are invited to participate in this RIGHT-EOUS CRUSADE.

Address Berachah, Box 4038, Dallas, Texas for further information.

## WORKERS TOGETHER

Just because it happened to be my lot to acquire information about the vice and crime condition of this country does not indicate that I am any more interested in, or responsible for, bettering these conditions than you.

Indeed, are we not all indebted to God, and to each other, for the things worth while that have come our way?

My experience in dealing with crime and criminals leads me to believe that most criminals are the victims of heredity, or environment, and many of them of both. That is one of the main reasons that prompts me to make an effort to give the neglected child more consideration than we are doing at present.

Many, many times in the years that are gone young girls, soiled by sin, have come to us with their shame and grief and, may I say, ignorance of what it was all about, pleading for protection, and for a chance to make good, that they might prove their ability to yet be something in life. As we have watched these brave young souls struggle upward in the face of the handicap that held them back, and have heard so many of them wail out of the depths of their hearts "Oh, if I could only recall the past, and blot out that portion that is so black with shame, how happy I would be."

"Blotting out the past," that was the "rub." It simple could not be done. When a child is brought into the world by illegitimate parentage, the brand of the parent's sin is indelibly stamped upon the child and cannot be effaced.

As I watched these fine young lives bravely struggle and strive to break the bands of the past, my soul has cried out: "Oh, God, help me do something to stop this wanton destruction of girlhood," and that is another reason why I am devoting my life, my all to the Child Protection—Crime Prevention Crusade, and that is the impelling force that urges me to plead for your fullest cooperation.

When I remember that the Christ came to save us FROM our sins, and not IN our sins, I am persuaded that He wants us to "Protect little children FROM Crime's Cruel Clutches."

It takes a lot of Grace, and a good deal of money, to do this work as it should be done. Almost every morning I arise between two and three o'clock to plead with God for "Grace" to stand at my post and to keep on keeping on, until the job is done.

Many days, when from sixteen to twenty hours have been consumed in active service, I come to the shades of night, a bit weary, and much perplexed about how we will pay the bills that keep so insistently piling up for postage, printing, traveling and living expenses, office help and for the care of those who come to us for assistance; and that is another reason why I am up so early each day that I may re-

new my strength by waiting on the Lord.

This Thanksgiving morning I was on the job at two o'clock—it is now five thirty as I pen these lines, and after reading six chapters in my Bible, I knelt by my chair to pray for you and for the childhood of this country. In the chair before which I knelt was a beautiful picture of The Christ whose tender eyes and calm sympathetic expression inspired me to trust Him for Grace and strength and to supply the funds with which to meet the obligations.

As I looked at His picture and recalled how He has so wonderfully provided for us in the past, I am sure He will see us through to the last step of the way.

In a fuller deeper sense I realize I am a worker with Him, and with you, in this beautiful service of Child Protection and Crime Prevention.

Yesterday it was my privilege to mail to Governor O'Daniel a copy of the revised Crime Prevention Bill we hope to present to the incoming legislature for enactment. Next week I plan to mail a copy to each of the one hundred and eighty one State Senators and Representatives.

Others are requesting copies of this Bill. The postage on each copy is six cents, in addition to the expense of printing and mailing them. This, however, is only a minor item compared to the other financial obligations to be met.

Will you permit me to inform you that during the forty-five years Mrs. Upchurch and I have been engaged in this work, we have never had a regular or guaranteed salary. Except for short periods only, have we received a regular salary and we have never had a guaranteed salary since, under God, we founded the Berachah Society. In fact we have always insisted that other obligations must be met first, and then if there was any left over, we have received our compensation.

May I further inform you that in some way God has provided for us and our needs have all been met. But as we have no surplus upon which to draw for operating expenses, it is a daily trust, a constant battle for supplies.

Isn't it wonderful, to be a worker together with the Eternal King? You and I, in our individual places, rendering that part of the service to which we are best adapted, realizing that the King knows and understands how to reward each of us according as we perform our part.

Let us then continue to be "Workers together with Him" until the task is finished.

May Grace, mercy, and peace abide with you evermore.

Yours in His glad service,

*J. T. Upchurch.*



# A Soldier Falls In Battle

By Christine Collins Mapes.

*"I Have Fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."*

## THE LAST BATTLE

Courageous, heroic youth responds to the call when duty points the way to sacrificial service for the common good of mankind. There is a romance and a glamour that surrounds enlistment, but when the training ground is reached, when luxuries have disappeared, when days are filled with weary miles of marching and nights are spent wherever the commander orders tents pitched, only the soldier who has purposed in his heart that he will make the supreme sacrifice if necessary, to defeat the purpose of the enemy, will rally to his superior's command and throw himself in the breach, unreservedly, for the good and glory of the cause for which he is fighting.

There are soldiers many, but good soldiers are few.

On September 9, 1940, a good soldier fell, at the front of the battle, not while merely marching or pitching camp, but with sword in hand and full armour on. He died as he had lived, in action. Rev. Johnnie J. Douglas, a commissioned officer in God's army fought his last battle and went to his promotion, as he had always wished to, from the battle's front.

Brother Douglas had been called by the Church of the Nazarene at Centralia, Washington, for a revival engagement, but after holding only a few services, fell ill in the pulpit, developed acute Bright's Disease and in a few days had gone to his reward. Prayer was made night and day by the good people of the Church at Centralia for Brother Douglas' recovery, but it seemed that the Divine plan was that he should lay his armour down and He answered the call. Mrs. Douglas and the children said goodbye to a faithful and loving husband and father and laid him to rest in Centralia, where loving hands had done all that was humanly possible to do for him, both before and after his decease, then turned their faces southward.

## A MEMORIAL SERVICE

Berachah always had a very warm spot in Brother Douglas' heart. Ever so often through the years he came to assist in Anniversary and Camp meetings here, always one of the most loved and valued preachers and singers ever to come upon the grounds. It seemed fitting, therefore, inasmuch as none of his relatives and



many friends in this part of the country were permitted to attend his funeral, that on the arrival of his family in Texas, a memorial service be held for him.

On Sunday afternoon, September 22, the Berachah Chapel was filled to overflowing with friends and loved ones who had come, some of them several hundred miles, to do honor to his memory. Brother Upchurch, who was in charge of this service, had arranged it with the help of Brother Johnnie's own brother, Averill Douglas, who for sometime has been connected with the Berachah Child Institute. This was not a doleful, sordid service, but a service one would expect honoring one who died so heroically—a time of laying tribute and laurels on a good soldier's bier, with notes of praise for the Commander who had led him on to final victory.

Reverends H. D. Burson and J. E. Morre, pastors of Dallas Central and First Church of the Nazarene, respectively, Rev. James McGraw, pastor of First Church of the Nazarene of Ft.

Worth, Rev. J. E. Wells, pastor of the Church of the Nazarene at Waxahachie, Rev. F. E. Wiese, Superintendent of Berachah Child Institute, and Rev. J. T. Upchurch, founder of Berachah, took part in the service. Mrs. Douglas' sister, Mrs. Ruth Lanier, of Monroe, Louisiana, and Misses Esther and Paula Warnick, of the Berachah Child Institute staff, sang, and Mrs. Ruth Brady of Dallas, who had many times played for Brother Douglas in his meetings here at Berachah, played for this service.

God was in the service. A number in the audience spoke of Brother Johnnie's inspirational life. Brother Wiese and Brother Moore told of their school days and experiences in Peniel University, interwoven around Brother Johnnie. In loving tribute to his memory a substantial love offering was given to Sister Douglas and the children at the close of the service.

## A WINNING FIGHT

Rev. Johnnie J. Douglas was born in Western, Collin County, Texas, October 11, 1890. His parents, L. D. and Lettie Susan Douglas, were among the early holiness people of Texas. Early in life, at the age of 19 months, he suffered an affliction that left him handicapped physically for life, and many of our readers have

heard him tell of his mother's importuning God for his restoration to health and of her submission to God's will—to be willing to see her boy go through life handicapped, if so be that in and through this affliction God's name might be glorified and her boy landed safely in Heaven. And surely her prayer was answered. Brother Johnnie's marvelous fight and triumph over his handicap has inspired hundreds of people, and the sunny smile he faced the world with continually will not soon be forgotten by his many friends and admirers.

He leaves a wife and two children, a son Johnnie, Jr., and a daughter Sammie, three sisters and six brothers, not to mourn his loss but to emulate his achievements and say with the one of old:

"Let me die the death of the righteous,  
And let my last end be like his."

### A MAN WHO DIED WITHOUT FINDING OUT HE HAD A HANDICAP

*By Fletcher Galloway*

SELF-PITY is a soul-shriveling sin. Optimistic courage in the face of great odds is a rare virtue. I just came to day from the funeral of a man, a Nazarene preacher, who was the living impersonation of that rare virtue. Many will immediately recognize the man about whom I am writing, however this is not meant as mere eulogy but a sermon in practical Christianity.

The one about whom I am writing had a life-long handicap—at least that is what everyone else thought, for his legs were just tiny, useless sticks folded under his body. The virtue was that he never did find out that he had a handicap. The only time I ever saw him insulted was once when he was a boy,—swinging his stump of a body along the street, walking with his hands, and a man stopped and offered to give him some money. He said, "I thank you sir, if you will understand that I am not a beggar. I can make my own way as well as you can."

As a boy he swam, wrestled and played ball and asked no odds except to have someone else do his running. He could outdo any boy of the community in almost any kind of athletic stunt. To reach the top of the bell tower of the school required a difficult climb up a steep ladder a distance of about three stories. A few of the boys were courageous enough to make it, but he not only climbed to the top but got out on the roof and stood on his hands and stuck his little spindly legs up in the air.

With such a handicap most people would have been grim and morose but this chap was always bubbling over with life and fun. He had a contagious laugh. He could tell a story or give a reading or mimic a person or animal so effectively that he was always the center of the crowd wherever he went. He spread sunshine. If he discovered that someone was sick he would go and sing for him. He would go to jail services and street meetings. Even while he was in school he was not satisfied just to attend the church services at home. He wanted to get out every week-end and sing or preach in some nearby community. He wanted to be a soul winner and he worked at the job. He did not need or use his alibi.

Here is a part of the record of this remarkable life. He largely worked his own way through college. He married, and supported a beautiful family. He became known throughout the church as a successful singer, evangelist and pastor. He won several

thousand souls for Christ. He was always known as a hard worker everywhere he went. Quite a record is it not for a man who had to drag just half a body through this world? What an example to shame us all when we are tempted to self-pity. Christ furnished the grace and he furnished the courageous manhood.

It gives me pleasure to pass on the beautiful sentiment given in the Herald of Holiness, as expressed by Reverend Fletcher Galloway, in his appreciation of my departed brother. They met years ago in Peniel University, where later I also had the exalted privilege of knowing him.

—R. Averill Douglas.

### THE KING'S CRUSADER

One of the easiest things in the world is to tangle life's problems until life itself becomes a burden and disappointment. A letter recently received from a person in a distant land presents the story of a tangled life that is both pathetic and ludicrous.

A smile may play around your lips as you note the contradictory elements composing an unfolded life story, part of which may grip your heart strings and chain them to their full length in sympathy.

While we laugh at the pitiful but comic entanglements of other pilgrims, what about our own pilgrimage through this mysterious maze called life?

Have you actually made the run thus far without committing a single foolhardy act? If so, you are to be congratulated. A sincere soul analyses his conduct and not infrequently accuses himself of making blunders that are not blunders, and becomes so confused in determining values that he does not know how to distinguish the wise from the foolish acts of his life.

In my own experience, I have sometimes found that efforts I thought had failed were in reality the most intelligent and profitable deeds I had performed.

What am I trying to say? That confusion so confuses confusion we are liable to get so confused as to become discouraged and stop trying just when success is pounding at our doors.

Life is composed of stops and starts, of toiling and resting, of hastening and pausing. An active soul pines under restraint and frequently spoils his opportunities by failing to quietly wait for the development of his plans.

Dumb, dull, are not the type of words we like to have applied to us by others; but when we bump into some silly experience and find we have made fools of ourselves, it is then we awaken to realize that we are downright dumb.

The person who permits even a series of ridiculous blunders to deter him from pressing on to success will not achieve his goal.

Just remember when the storms are beating the fiercest, and temptation is assailing the keenest, you have an understanding Friend who passed through all of those painful experiences, and is able and willing to help you, with your problems.

Never mind how many times you have miserably failed, nor how often you have broken down in your plans and purposes, just try one more time for this last effort may be to you the one

(Continued on page eleven.)

## GOOD HOMES



F. LINCICOME

Home, when it is what it ought to be, is the most competent picture of Heaven to be found on earth. But it takes more than brick and mortar to make a home. Brick and lumber may make a house, but not a home. A house is no more a home than a hut is a hell.

The home is the ultimate basis of society. Our homes are just so many streams pouring themselves into the current of social, political and religious life.

The Home is vital. It is vital to our social progress. If the family goes to pieces there is nothing to take its place in the Preservation of our social gains. No way to prepare our boys and girls for lives of usefulness.

The Home is vital to Christianity for as the home goes, so goes the Church; and as the Church goes, so goes the nation; and as the nation goes, so goes Civilization.

There is a lot of talk at present as to whether Civilization is going up or down, and one man's guess is about as good as the other.

But whether Civilization does go up or down is not in the hands of education, nor legislators. It is in the hands of those who stand at the head of our homes. What our Nation will be fifty years hence will depend largely upon the kind of fathers and mothers we have today, and the kind of homes they make, for no nation is weaker or stronger than its family life. Give us a christian father and mother in every home and the Crime Problems will be reduced to a minimum. For it is a known fact that 9-10 of the crimes are committed by those who were brought up in non-christian homes, or without any homes whatever.

The Crime Problem can not be solved by more

jails and more police and better equipped squad cars. Nor can it be solved by more high salaried school teachers teaching the pernicious doctrine of evolution to the youth of our generation; nor can it be solved by more bellowing modernistic preachers standing back of the pulpits who have taken the Deity out of Christ, the blood out of the Atonement, and the Inspiration out of the Bible. It can only be solved by more old fashioned fathers and mothers, who have old fashion religion - the Bible kind.

But I am to tell you what it takes to constitute a good home. A good home has two things in it, namely; home authority and home example. Home authority and home example go together - and the world is going to ruin for a lack of both.

One of the blackest clouds hanging over our nation today is the fact that home authority is so fast breaking down. Everywhere the children are getting beyond the parents. Its bad for the parents, but worse for the children. It is a common thing to see a little twelve-year-old girl stand up and argue the case with mother, and about nine times out of ten, win in the argument. One mother who had succeeded in bringing up seven noble sons to man-hood, and put them out on the world to be an asset rather than a liability, was asked how she did it. She replied: "I did it by prayer and with the use of a good hickory."

Many a boy and a girl could have been saved from the reformatories of this land by the use of that splendid combination. Prayer and hickory are the two best instruments on earth in bringing up a family. Some times you can put it over with a switch when prayer won't even make a dent. I am convinced of one thing, that neither the law or the gospel can make a nation great without home authority. We can no more build a great civilization with out the Bible in the school and authority in the home than we can build sky scrapers on shifting sand.

With authority goes example. It is said by Abraham that he would command his children after him. The two outstanding words in this verse is the word *command*, standing for authority; and the word, *after*, standing for example.

Children who have a father like this are very fortunate indeed. A father who teaches his children what is right by precept, and also teaches them by example. We teach far more effectually by example than by precept. The world's greatest books says "Bring up a child in the way it should go," and the most effectual way for parents to do that is for them to go that way themselves.

Your fathers can't expect your boys to pray if you cuss; nor to tell the truth if you lie; nor to stay sober if you get drunk.

God pity the mother who can't say to her son, "Son, be like your father."

The greatest menace to the boyhood and girlhood

of this country is not the dance halls, nor booze joints, nor gambling dens, *but rather the scarcity of real fathers and real mothers.* You note I did not say wives, I said mothers. God knows we have plenty of wives, and some of them change their names so often we hardly know what to call them the next time we meet them. The sad thing about this generation is that it is producing a type of women utterly unfit for motherhood. As I look out on this beer-drinking, cigarette smoking, round dancing, immodest dressing outfit that, must be the mothers of tomorrow, I ask myself more than once who will give us our great sons for the coming generation?

The great need of our day and generation is for more old fashion, home-staying, bread-making, Bible reading, Church going, sanctified mothers in Israel. I would not give one of such for a trainload of the present day round-dancing, show-gadding, card-playing, beer-drinking, cigarette-smoking, novel-reading, gum-chewing, fudge-eating, bobbed-haired, painted-faced; low necked, short-skirted, sleeveless-waisted girls that can't turn a flap-jack without scattering batter all over the kitchen.

The foregoing article, contributed to the Crusader by our good friend and brother Lincicome, of Gary, Indiana, is an excerpt from a booklet he has written on "The Enemies of the Home." Mrs. Upchurch and I have been in his home and can testify that his home is an embodiment of the booklet of which this article is a part.

### THE FIRST REPLY

Some four weeks ago, twenty-one letters were mailed from our office to various consecrated mothers and daughters, inviting them to unite with Berachah in promoting the Child Protection—Crime Prevention Crusade through intercessory prayer. The first reply was received the following day from a mother of five children. This mother has been interested in Berachah ever since she was a little girl, and since she has grown into womanhood with a lovely family of her own, her inspiring letters and financial support have been a source of comfort, cheer, and encouragement to the Berachah Family, and has helped us over the hill with the load.

You will probably catch a glint of sunshine from the radiance of her faith and courage in mastering the issues of life.

Among other things, she says:

"Dear Brother and Sister Upchurch:

I felt rather honored to know I was the first to respond to your appeal for prayer members. I'm sure, of the twenty-one letters you sent out, none of those who received them had more to see after than I do. They might have as much, yet somehow I managed to have the pleasure of being the first to reply.

I think so often of a statement you made once in the Crusader:

"If you want anything done, never call on an idle person to do it; get someone who is busy." Since then, I have observed that most of God's work is carried on by those who are the busiest; so after all, maybe if I didn't have heavy burdens to bear, I would be unconcerned about the burdens of others.

Joining the Prayer Circle has really been an inspiration to me to pray. I always remembered you dear ones when I prayed, but as we so often do, I'd sometimes neglect to pray, but now I feel obligated to the circle and I remember that I promised to pray, so I will be more prompt than I was before. Too bad we neglect such an important phase of our Christian life. I have so many duties to perform, I keep putting off my prayer until sometimes I am entirely cheated out of it. I believe this is one thing the enemy works the hardest on. Always when I take time to pray in the morning everything goes well all day, but when I fail to pray, most surely everything goes wrong."

The writer, who penned those lines, has a very responsible position to fill in life. She is the wife of an active business man, and has a family of five lovely children, one of whom is afflicted with an incurable malady. In addition to her home cares and responsibilities, she keeps up her church work and meets her neighborhood obligations. Her little message quoted above is so practical and applicable to the experiences of others, I thought you would enjoy reading it.

I am happy to announce that I have one hundred and fifty members in our Inner Circle of Intercession. These are devoted Christians who know how to reach the throne of God in supplication.

If you are a Christian mother or daughter, we will be happy to have you send in your name and let us enroll you as a member of the Inner Circle. The only obligation you assume is to pray for the success of Berachah's Child Protection—Crime Prevention Crusade as opportunity is afforded you to do so. Address Dr. J. T. Upchurch, Box 4038, Dallas, Texas.

### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

As we come to this joyous festive season, let us fix our eyes on that Divine Person, who, by His miraculous entrance into the human race, has made this Christmas day possible. Hundreds of years before He came, the Prophet had announced the very place of His birth. And when the fullness of time was come, by a strange sequence of events, His parents made the tedious journey to Bethlehem. And there the Virgin "Brought forth her first-born Son and laid Him in a manger. When this Child grew up, He spent His life among the people, healing their sicknesses, binding up their broken hearts, and scattering gladness wherever He went. And, as a recompense, cruel hands nailed Him to a Roman cross, and those whom He had never wronged "pierced His hands and feet." "But He was wounded for our transgressions and by His stripes we are healed." So His death was not in vain.

Nay, through His death He destroyed him that had the power of death. Therefore, as we are seeking to make others happy by our gifts, let us remember how happy we have been made by "God's unspeakable gift."

## List of Personal Gifts that will Brighten Christmas For the Berachah Children

### BOYS

Books  
Knives  
Tops  
Marbles  
Games  
Ties  
Socks - Sizes 7 to 11  
Shirts - 4 years to size 15 neck  
Handkerchiefs  
Gloves  
House Shoes - All sizes  
Bath Robes - All sizes  
Hair Oil  
Belts - Sizes 24 to 30  
Cover Alls - Sizes 6 to 10 years  
Shorts-Sizes 12 years to 16 years  
Shirts-Sizes 12 years to 16 years  
Pajamas-Sizes 10 years to 16 years  
Fruit  
Candy  
Nuts

### GIRLS

Books  
Dolls  
Dishes  
Doll Furniture  
House Shoes - Sizes 12 to 7  
House Coats - Sizes 12 to 16 years  
Slips 12 years to size 34  
Panties 4 years to 16 years  
Socks  
Hose Sizes 9 to 10  
Sweaters All sizes  
Skirts Size 24 to 28  
Gloves 6 - 6 1-2 - 7  
Hoods or Caps All sizes  
Stationary  
Files - Cutex  
Face Powder  
Lotions  
Toilet Water  
Cold Creams  
Bobby Pins  
Candy  
Nuts  
Fruit.

## Home List

Radio for Junior Boys Cottage  
Radio for Older Boys Cottage  
Towels  
Pillow Cases  
Sheets - 63x99  
Bed Spreads for Single Beds  
2 alike or 4 alike  
Study Lamps  
Pictures attractive to Children  
Dresser Scarfs

One Electric Iron  
One Year's Subscription to Child Life  
One Year's Subscription to Better  
Homes and Gardens  
Quilts  
Blankets  
Curtains or Material  
3 Bed Room Heaters (Medium size)  
3 Bed Room Heaters (Small size).  
A Kitchen Shower.

### A VIRTUOUS WOMAN

A man, who had the most extensive personal acquaintance with women of any man, who ever lived, propounded this question: "Who can find a virtuous woman?"

This man, Solomon, born of a woman whose dereliction with King David almost wrecked a nation, inherited certain physical weaknesses that finally brought about his ruin. It is said of him that his love of many strange women, who were not of

the household of God, turned his heart away from the Lord to serve idols.

The record reveals that Solomon took a marrying spell, and married seven hundred of the choice women of the nations about him. Not being satisfied with his matrimonial ventures, he acquired three hundred concubine mistresses.

God told him he could have only ONE WIFE, and he must keep himself unto her, and her alone, as long as they both shall live. The other nine



(109)

hundred and ninety-nine women were sordid creatures in the sight of God.

Are you amazed to hear this much defiled son of a wayward woman exclaim: "Who can find a virtuous woman?"

Even Solomon, with all of his dereliction, placed a value on the "virtuous woman" for he declared: "Her price is above rubies."

Virtue carries with it a certain element that commands the respect of others.

Virtue is always modest.

The paint of the harlot, and the careless exposure of person of the demimonds, are not the garments of virtue.

Women who permit the fashion formers of fallen France to enter their dressing rooms to dictate to them the attire they shall wear, are liable to find themselves arrayed in the gaudy sex appeal garb of the prostitute instead of the modest garments of Virtue.

When women expose their bare limbs to men, or dress in a manner to excite sex appeal, they place themselves out of line with the conduct of virtuous women and are subject to insults.

The attire of the harlot has no place in the wardrobe of purity.

A virtuous woman is always a modest woman, her price is far above rubies. Thank God there are many virtuous women all about us whose lives are a blessing and benediction to the world.

Poor Solomon fell for the allurements of the gaudy attired princess of neighboring kingdoms because his female associates were not virtuous women.

## THE KING'S CRUSADER—

(Continued from page seven.)

that assures success.

I have said that, in order to say this; it has seemed for some time that all our efforts to succeed have fallen short of the mark, until the further we go the worse it gets.

One thing after another has occurred to discourage our efforts and when we had to skip an issue of The Crusader it looked as if that were the end. But there is no place to give up; there is no place to quit, for we are reminded that if we are to receive the Crown of Life we must be faithful until death. So here we come with another issue and a burning desire to make the Crusader one of the most sizzling hot publications against commercialized vice that can be produced.

If my nerve doesn't fail me, and the Grace of God is not withholden, you may expect The Crusader to come forth boiling over with indignation against the accursed wickedness of this age.

It seems to me that when a minister or public servant declares in public that he never speaks on modern evils such as tobacco using, booze drinking, immodest attire, and clownish make up, he has lost his nerve or has no vision.

One thing sure if we don't knock the devil out, he will knock us out, so let us keep pounding away and "On with the Crusade," and with "The Crusader."

## "The Christian's Hope"

By Mrs. C. L. Rogers

In these days of toil and worry  
And when cares so crush us down,  
When we look for rays of sunshine,  
But instead receive a frown,  
There is one whose eye is watching,  
Knows each heart and hears each sigh,  
He's the one who brings deliverance,  
He will help us if we try.

Oh, sometimes my heart grows heavy,  
And it seems the path grows dim,  
But my burdens grow much lighter,  
When I go and talk to him,  
Jesus is the one who helps us,  
Arm of man, can little aid,  
But he's strong, the mighty Savior,  
All earth's sins on him were laid,  
Yet he did not sigh and murmur,  
Not one protest did he make,  
Though he suffered just as we do,  
Still he bore it for our sake.

We're so prone to sit and wonder,  
Just why this or that is done,  
When we should be down a praying,  
For more grace to overcome,  
We can never understand all,  
Though the way is straight and plain,  
Yet there's something of salvation,  
That no mortal can explain,  
Jesus said to Nicodemas,  
"You can't see the wind I know,"  
"Yet you're sure the wind is real,"  
Just because you feel it blow.

So it is with our salvation,  
You must have it in your soul,  
And not take someone's opinion,  
If you mean to reach the goal.  
Some folk's goal is to be exalted,  
Praised and pampered on this earth,  
But my goal is to reach Heaven,  
Through Jesus blood and the New Birth.

Let the world go on in fury,  
Seeking pleasure, finding woe,  
But I'm bound for that tomorrow,  
Where no tears will ever flow,  
Jesus is our King-Eternal,  
God himself, our Father dear,  
If we're true and never falter,  
We shall soon be leaving here.  
The world's eternity is sorrow,  
Our's is peace and joy and love,  
Give me not an earthly mansion,  
But a home in Heaven above.

## Passing of John P. Yarbrough

### A PICTURESQUE CHARACTER OF THE OLD WEST

One evening a cowboy rode into his headquarters and found a strange horse in the corral and a strange saddle in the shed. When he entered the house, he saw a strange man who was somewhat non communicative regarding from whence he came and whither he was going. He had heard the call of the west, and had roamed out into the wide open spaces to become one of those picturesque characters, a Texas cowboy, around whose illustrious heads circles of glory linger. Without doubt the cowboy is one of the most dramatic romantic figures of our western civilization.

This man was John Pearl Yarbrough, who became one of the best all around cowmen in the Southwest. Just before coming to the Panhandle, he had lead to the hymeneal altar, Miss Sally Monroe Estes, a maiden who was to help him write history on the frontier.

The country was rough and these Westerners seemed to partake of its ruggedness. Their living accomodations were not very luxurious, but what they possessed was shared freely with anybody who chanced to come their way; the doors of the ranchman were never locked, and the cubbard was never bare, in the days of the old west.

Many remarkable songs, with which they quieted the restless herd, have been written by and about the cowboy—that reckless, rollicking, romatic dare-devil of the cattle ranges. The very nature of their work case-hardened them to danger. They were as brave a group of men as ever sat in a saddle, or listened to the mournful howl of the coyote, while preparing the evening meal at a camp fire beside the cattle trail, after a day of hard work in the round-up.

His bride called him "the kid." He called her "Rosie," because she was the flower he had chosen to brighten his life. They rode the range together amid the sunshine and rain and by frugal living, acquired a ranch of their own where increasing herds grazed upon the luxurious grass and were bedded down at night under the stars where all is well until the snarl of a wolf, or the snap of a twig, may send them off in a wild stampede. Only a cowboy knows the danger of a stampede of a drove of cattle, maddened with fright and rushing away in the darkness of the night, plunging over obstacles and sweeping everything before them. Mindful of the danger, the cowboy must ride past the foremost speeding beast at a breakneck speed to turn the leader, and to mill the herd. One misstep of his charging steed, and he would be hurled to death and his body mangled beneath the cloven hoofs of the mad stampeding herd.

John Yarbrough loved horses; he loved cattle, but he never made them his goal or allowed them to become his God. It was said of him by a life long friend, Elmore Dodson, a noted ranchman, that he was one of the best and most fearless riders that ever straddled an outlaw bronc. John Yarbrough was a typical frontiersman, minus three items that characterize ordinary cow punchers—liquor, tobacco, and profanity. Those who were most intimately associated with him declare they never heard a profane word, nor a smutty yarn, pass his lips. He gained for himself the

reputation of a man whose word was his bond and whose life was an example that any lad might well follow. After a hard day's work, he came home on Wednesday. The next morning, he was taken to the hospital from where twenty-four hours later, he took his last long ride and swept over the Great Divide.

John Yarbrough became a Christian in early life and was never known to ask, if it would pay, but is it right? And when the answer was in the affirmative, he never hesitated. A truer friend I have never had. For several years our youngest son spent his summers with the Yarbroughs on their ranch. As their home was never blessed with any children of their own, Wilbur, became like a son to them which made the tie between us a bit closer. In addition to his service as a member of the Berachah Board of Directors, he has given hundreds and hundreds of dollars to help the little girls and children for whom Berachah cared. He is survived by two brothers, Bud Yarbrough of Bluff Dale and Tom Yarbrough of Morgan Mills, three sisters, Mrs. Oscar Fears of Morgan Mills, Mrs. Tom Williams of Morgan Mills, and Mrs. Gibbs of Dallas, and a score of nephews and nieces. His little wife is left to carry on alone, but in her own words "It will not be long" until she will join her cowboy husband in the land of the sweet-bye and bye where they will again ride together over the plains of the Gloryland and recount their experiences on the Texas frontier while they watched it grow into a beautiful empire, where the long horn cattle gave way to the white faced herefords, and from which the buffalo, the deer, and the antelope have largely disappeared except those that are on the ranches protected by the laws of the State. He had started a small drove of buffalo on his ranch. The last time I was in his home, we rode out on the range in search of those buffalo and found them grazing with the other cattle. Our good friend is gone, and although we mourn our loss, our mourning is not without hope, because we fully expect to clasp his hand once more in the Land of Endless Day. The funeral was held in the Church of the Nazarene in Dodsonville, Texas—no, it was not a funeral—it was the commemorating of the home going of one of God's noblemen. Bro. Akin, the pastor of the church, and his old friend and pard, Elmore Dodson, paid a glowing tribute to his memory, and I spoke of the Grace of God that made of him an overcomer—a man who was loved, respected, and cherished by those who knew him best. The church was crowded and many stood during the service. Among those present were ranchmen and former cowboys who had ridden the rough trail with their departed friend.

May he rest in peace until the Voice of the Son of God calls us all forth to our eternal reward, and may the comfort and companionship of the Holy Spirit sustain and strengthen his companion who is quietly, confidently, and expectantly awaiting the summons to come over and join her cow-boy lover on the plains of eternal light.

The next in order to miss him most is his nephew Fred Yarbrough who for years has been closely associated with him on the ranch. They were brothers indeed.



## THE ASSASSINS OF BRENNER PASS

Out of its private stall glided an instrument of man's creation and sped smoothly over ribbons of steel beyond the limits of the city into a panorama of beauty and grandeur so magnificent that an attempted description would almost bankrupt the English language. On and on speeds this steel armoured monster, making its way under the shadows of the majestic Alps, wrapped in snow crowned glory, reminding one of a deadly reptile on a mission of destruction; and, indeed, it is that very thing, for within those coaches is a man of Destiny. Bold, daring, devilish; he is on his way to keep tryst with another demon clothed upon with human flesh. What does he care about the glory and grandeur surrounding him. He is a destroyer of humanity and a wrecker of happiness. These two men, both of whom arose from the common walks of life to hurl themselves against the peace and prosperity of the world, meet in fiendish counsel at Brenner Pass.

The one who rode the steel armoured coach was the heartless butcher who slaughtered the Etheopians without mercy. He is a product of Facism. The man he met was equally as cruel and possibly a bit more cunning. He too is an assassin who has left behind him a trail of blood, smeared with wrecked homes, destroyed property and shattered lives - the product of Nazism.

These two assassins came together at Brenner Pass to counsel one with the other under a refuge of lies, in an effort to bind the bonds of death and Hell more firmly about the nations of the earth. Each of these men has publically announced a purpose to rule the world. At present they are joined in a league of death, but at the proper moment, they will cross swords, one with the other, to see which shall be the world ruler. These black-hearted assassins have showered death upon defenceless women and children, and have wrought needless ruin and suffering. They have absolutely no regard for anything but the preservation of their own worthless hides. They are Dictators. One of these assassins is charged with the murder of the only friend he ever possessed, because that friend was becoming too popular with the public. When these men met in consultation, could the world at large hope for any better agreement between them than that their machines of death would be turned to a more far-reaching carnage of assassination, the brutality of which would be sufficient to send a shudder through Hell? These two demon-possessed men have no hesitancy in carrying out their diabolical purpose of conquering the world, and to consummate their evil design according to their own plans and purposes. The published declaration of one of these representative fiends incarnate had the

unmitigated gall to insult the American Government by offering it a bribe to join the satanic triple axis in the destruction of all who oppose the onward sweep of the death dealing devices they are producing. We know that we Americans have fallen far below the ideals of our forebears in many things, but we thank God we have not descended to the depths of greed that would induce our Government to consider for one second, the suggestion of this triumvirate of Hell. Some things are far worse than death, because there is a death that kills beyond the tomb - a death so terrible that it impelled the Savior of mankind to propound an all-powerful question when He asked: "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" In this age which is gripped in a vice of commercialism, we had better pause long enough to answer this question before plunging deeper into the chaos produced by Crime & Company as directed by the Assassins of Brenner Pass.

I wonder if the blood-thirsty, seared souls of these mad men of the mountain pass realized the horror their compact of crime would bring to their own miserable beings?

No, they did not, because the cruelty of their hearts had strangled to death the true sense of values, and their eyes were blinded to everything except the false glory of world conquest.

Had they not been so absorbed with their own wicked plots and plans, they might have seen a Man in Black, sitting in that consultation coach, with a sardonic sneer upon his face which indicated a certain degree of time limit to these arch fiends, and of his approval of their "League with death and covenant with hell."

Had their eyes not been so blinded with the Lust for Power, these wicked conspirators against the peace and happiness of mankind, might have beheld a white clad figure calmly sitting upon a rugged rock just above the steel armored coach in which they plotted, quietly checking the flight of Time and marking the moment of disaster that was bearing down upon them.

How puny and insignificant is fallen man when contrasted with the forces pitted against him. Even while those wicked Assassins of Brenner Pass were concocting destruction for their fellow beings, the dread monster, Death, was creeping through their veins, and his chilly hand was toying with their heart-strings.

Poor, deluded, defiled Mussolini and Hitler will not be in hell five minutes before they discover the folly of their mad, misguided ambition that made of them the Assassins of Brenner Pass.

LET COURAGE BE UNDAUNTED.

# B. C. I. NEWS

*A Message from the Berachah Child Institute.*

VOLUME II

ALLIE MAE WIESE, Editor

NUMBER 5

## GREETINGS

### Merry Christmas:

Now doesn't that sound queer? Seems such a short time since we told about Christmas in Berachah, and here it is time to be planning for another one. Well, we are not purposely rushing ourselves into the Christmas Season, but the time seems to have caught the spirit of the day, and has jumped one of the fastest airplanes and ushered us right up to the threshold.

How we are to keep pace with it all is enough to make our heads swim. History has been rapidly made this past year. Sudden changes have taken place in Nations - States and cities. Nay! We dare not stop there. What home has not felt the necessity of making serious adjustments arising from unexpected change?

Individual lives have met issues which required quick discussions. In my imagination I can see a company of people, young and old, who set their greatest values on eternal things, and they have met these turning points with fixed eyes on the Master, expecting Him to lead them aright. They are climbing upward, making life brighter for others to follow in their steps.

There are thousands of other individuals who, tempted by Evil Spirits, made wrong choices which resulted in blinded vision. They cannot see the harm in evil. Neither can they value the good in the right. They are groping in the darkness, feeling their way for something to give peace and satisfaction.

Let the prayer of our hearts be that we may be instrumental in guiding one soul through the darkness of sin to find the Christ Child.

We think of Him at Christmas as the beautiful, heavenly gift there in the manger. But when He opened His eyes to look upon the form of man, it was for the purpose of guiding him to the Heavenly Home.

Can we not all love Him, and worship Him on this, His birthday, by seeking some one who does not know Him and getting them acquainted with the lovely Christ? If each Christian could win just one, what a Christmas it would be. Presenting living lives to the Christ Child for love and service, may our lips, hands and feet represent Him during this sacred season, and as He looks down upon this bruised world, may He find us doing only those things that He can smile upon.

He will help us to love those who are unlovable and perhaps have persecuted us; He will lead us to minister to the helpless, to cheer the faint, to lead the blind, to lift burdens too heavy for others to carry alone. What an anticipated joy to represent such a Christ. "Yes, Master, count on us for the errands thou dost want run - for the deeds thou seest must be performed. We are thine and thou can't use us in any way Thou wilt."

This is one Christmas that Berachah does not feel like asking for gifts - We want to give out. Do we have needs? Yes, they have multiplied beyond number. But, oh, the great need of

our nation is not gifts but LOVE. A love that can reach the heart throb of humanity and take it to the heart of God. He wants the love of every man, woman and child.

Our friends have been so good to us this year, Words of encouragement have been like rain to the thirsty land as we labored on, watching and caring for His little ones committed to us. Your gifts and offerings have made it possible for an average of forty-five children to be protected during the past twelve months. What will the Christian influence of these few months mean upon these children's lives? Echo answers back—they have had a chance to know there are two lives to live, and opportunity is being given them to choose between the right life and the wrong life. Many of them are choosing the path which leads to Life Everlasting.

We are so proud of these boys and girls that all of us have a right to rejoice over the development they are making. The older ones are a source of pleasure as we see them begin to live out in their lives truths that have been taught them.

The younger ones are still children - one never knows one minute what they will do the next. There isn't a question in their minds but that we are right in every new point and they try to imitate us.

A big promotion came this past month, which brought happiness to our family.

Have you ever had an experience of buying shoes for children, and before those shoes were worn out, the child's foot had outgrown the shoes? You remember how you would examine it, coax the child to believe that maybe he could wear it, just a wee bit longer. In spite of the coaxing, the child would frown, squirm and sometimes limp about trying to get foot and shoe to make proper adjustment?

Well, believe it or not, for two months or more there was a squirming and an irritation in our junior cottages. The older juniors were irritable and cross. They wanted things beyond the reason of that age group. A few talks were given, but discipline problems increased. As we studied the situation, we decided there were some, though not quite old enough in years, who had outgrown their cottage. In order to give them more room for development it meant a move. Arrangements were soon made to enlarge the older boys and girls groups and promotion day was welcomed. Ray and Nathan have moved all their valuables and are now two happy fine boys. They are with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas and the big boys. They have been placed on the schedule for farm work. To hear them talk, the cows, mules, barns all belong too them. It is now their responsibility and as they expand, stretch and reach out, we find there is nothing pinching and everything is peaceful in the cottage they left.

Clara Beth, Helen and Kathleen were three fine girls who had grown so fast in thoughts, ideals and desires until there was a considerable misfit in the junior cottage. To see them pack their things and re-arrange them in rooms at the older girls cottage was

too interesting for words. Will they ever be more grown up than that day? Why they almost put the older girls to shame with the system, energy and enthusiasm they displayed. They are keeping house on a larger scale, helping to cook and everything now depends on them, and they have plenty of room to expand and develop mentally and physically. They like Miss Ola B. too and they have become her pals.

Now that we are all adjusted again, things are moving along grandly. Even Nathan and James have shoes large enough for them. No easy task to keep them fitted either. Feet will grow and sometimes too fast for our pocket books.

Did you know Bro. Wiese has been gone from us nearly a month? He has been out in California holding an evangelistic meeting. My, we surely have missed him, but he is to be in before you read our newspaper, and we are not ashamed to see him come either for there are no evil reports to give at all. We have all done our work and we have kept congenial and happy. We always believed he loved us, but now we know it. While he was away he sent every child and worker a card, addressed and a message to each one personally. My, that was a thrill.

When we compared cards and greetings, we found that each one was so different. You never can guess who and what it is all about. Shall I tell it? They may fuss a little to know I've let you in on their secret. Bettye Jane is one of our older girls, and she has a boy friend. We all know who he is, and how exciting it gets at times. Anyway, her card had a picture of two friendly donkeys and Bro. Wiese said one was Bettye Jane, and the other N.W. and he said it would be a great place to "spark" out there. Why we all just "yelled."

Mrs. Upton got some new shades for the junior boy's cottage, and we are making new curtains for some of the rooms. The kitchen and breakfast room already have their windows dressed up. Mrs. Mapes made the pretty new curtains and put them up. You know it is red and white, even the dishes are red. The boys like red.

Mrs. Imboden was away three weeks on account of the illness of her mother. We sure did miss her. Mrs. Scott, our secretary, was kind to assist me in caring for this group during Mrs. Imboden's absence.

Mrs. Douglas has been on the sick list for several days. She is on the road to recovery, and it will be great to see her on the job again.

It has been our privilege to entertain several visiting friends this past month. We just love to have you visit us.

We have lots to do before Christmas, and not many days left to accomplish it all. We can't afford to not play Santa Claus to the children, and see that each one is remembered with some gifts, toys or clothes. This task is too big if you do not take it upon yourselves to help be Santa Claus too. The most gracious way you have assisted in the past has brought joy to all of us. For your convenience, there will be a list of things suggested that the children would enjoy, and some of the things the Home needs. You may

check it over and anything you or your friends may send will be deeply appreciated.

Reluctantly we have to say good-bye for another month. This closes up another year and when you hear us again, the holidays will be over. Again we want to thank you for your love, prayers and gifts. God has seen all you have done in His name and we commit you to Him for the eternal reward. All our big family join, one and all to wish you "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

(At Church yesterday, they came to me with sunlit faces to tell me they had joined the group of older girls. They were overflowing with joy and happiness.—Editor).

## HOW LIGHTS CAME TO BE USED ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE

*By Alice C. Hoffman.*

Long, long ago when the Christmas tree first began to be used nobody thought of putting candles or lights upon it the way we do today. They did not even put gifts and ornaments on those early Christmas trees. The plain evergreen tree was used in the Christmas celebration because its greenness spoke of the fact that Jesus gives everlasting life.

It was Martin Luther who first put candles on the Christmas tree. He was walking home under the clear sky one Christmas eve when his heart was filled with wonder at the pretty stars that twinkled like diamonds. When he reached home he wanted to tell about the pretty stars in the Christmas sky, but could not find words to describe them properly. At last he thought of a way, he put some lighted candles on the Christmas tree and said, "There, that is like the Christmas sky!" Soon other people took up the idea of placing candles on the Christmas trees, and that is where we get our idea of stringing the tree with electric lights. When you see the lights twinkle and gleam on your tree, think of them as representing the lovely stars in the Christmas sky.—Selected.

## WILL GREAT BRITAIN PERISH?

Not in the present conflict.

She is being punished but will not be destroyed.

Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler, and the Mikado will vanish from the picture, and with them will go the tottering, crumbling world empire they sought to create; while the principles for which Great Britain contends will live on and on forever.

Insofar as Britain is right, she shall survive, for RIGHT can not perish.

The Union Jack stands for freedom and religious liberty, may it and the Stars and Stripes continue to wave over land, air, and sea.

No, He might figure as the Beast, but is not the Anti-Christ. Neither is Hitler the Anti-Christ.

Is Mussolini The Anti-Christ?



## The Story of the Birth of Christ

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judaea: for thus it is written by the prophet.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him. When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt:

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

*(All the above is from the New Testament, word for word as written there.)*

## The Whisper of God

*William Burton McCalferty*

When the leaves of the forest are falling,  
And the corn and the grasses are sere,  
I can hear a sweet voice gently calling  
To me in the fall of the year.

There are words that are audible to me,  
In the signs of the eventide breeze;  
There's a voice in the rustling corn blades  
And the murmur of autumnal trees.

I can hear it in each tiny leaflet  
That falls on the rain-moistened sod;

I list, and the spirit within me  
Responds to the whisper of God.