

MANSFIELD PLEADS FOR A TRUCE.

Representative Citizens Call Upon Overseer Piper, Requesting a Three Months' Armistice. Zion's Only Terms Unconditional Surrender. Elders Again Arrested.

OF the events which have transpired in the Mansfield affair since the last report was published in these pages, the most important are set forth in the following extract from the report of the meeting held in Central Zion Tabernacle, Lord's Day afternoon, September 30, 1900, giving Overseer Piper's account of Developments in the fight between God and the Devil, the powers of Heaven and the powers of Hell at Mansfield.

The following is the report:

Overseer Piper said: I suppose that you have all read in LEAVES OF HEALING Elder Moot's account of the horrible and outrageous proceedings of last Lord's Day in Mansfield.

I find, however, that he has told it all too mildly. He did not make the picture nearly so black as it ought to have been painted. The picture ought to have been painted blacker than the Mansfield roughs painted the two Elders.

Last Thursday, quite an interesting company of gentlemen called to see me in Chicago.

Some time during the week, I think perhaps it was Tuesday night, I received a telegram from Attorney Douglass, asking whether I would be willing, among other things, to consider a truce.

I did not say yea, or nay. I simply said, "Wire me full particulars of your last telegram."

I did not get any answer until the following day. He said, "Do not be impatient. Things are coming all right."

In a few hours after that I received another telegram, saying, "Details too voluminous. Will you meet a number of

representative Mansfield citizens tomorrow in your office?"

I wired back, "Yes; let them come." (Laughter.)

They came, and Overseer Speicher, Overseer Mason and myself and my stenographer met them in Overseer Speicher's office.

The gentlemen who came were Attorney A. A. Douglass and Attorney James P. Seward. Mr. Seward is the attorney for the Mayor of Mansfield. Another of the gentlemen was Mr. J. E. Brown, a brother of the Mayor. He is President of the Aultman-Taylor Machine Company, the largest industry in Mansfield, and one of the largest in the world, perhaps.

Another gentleman was Colonel B. F. Crawford, President of the National Biscuit Company, and another Mr. Henry C. Hedges, whose family have lived in Mansfield for a great many years; one of the oldest and best-known families in the city.

Mr. Hedges has temporary headquarters in the Auditorium. He is the Chairman of the Speakers' Bureau of the National Committee of the Republican Party.

They came to see whether they could not get us to have mercy on the mob in Mansfield. (Laughter.)

That is what they have been pleading for for more than two months. It was quite amusing the day Elder McClurkin, Evangelist Fisher, Elder McFarlane and myself went down, to see Attorney Seward and Sheriff Pulver and Chief of Police Clark and Special Officer Gruhaugh jump into the car to keep us from getting out after the mob. (Laughter.)

They did not want their mob hurt, so they kept us away. They have guarded that little pet mob of theirs down there very diligently.

They came in, and we went through the usual very polite bows. We talked about the subject which all wise people talk about; we talked about the weather. (Laughter.)

Finally Mr. Brown, the brother of the Mayor, opened the subject and made their proposition. It was a very modest proposition. They simply asked us to be kind enough to keep our men away from Mansfield just three months.

If we would do that for three months—or at least until after election then we could come to Mansfield. They would even give us police escorts. (Laughter.) They would just lead us around from the depot to Zion Tabernacle and from Zion Tabernacle to the hotel, and from the hotel—just anywhere we wanted to go. They would fall all over us in three months.

LEAVES OF HEALING.

I said: "Gentlemen, have you any other proposition to make?" They talked a little further about the same one, and I pressed the question.

I wanted to know what they had up their sleeve, and I pressed the question a number of times. They finally said: "That is the only proposition we have to make."

I said: "Suppose for a moment we should accept that proposition. Suppose we should agree not to send any one for three months, what assurance would we have that we would have protection after that time?"

"Oh, the assurance that we can give you as citizens of Mansfield and the Mayor's word."

I said: "The Mayor not only promised that when he took his office, but swore he would do it, and the Mayor broke his oath of office in turning the mob on our Elders and in his illegally arresting our men. He promised the same thing to Elder Fockler and Evangelist Fisher. He promised protection to me and the other men who went with me the first time we went to Mansfield. We have no confidence in the Mayor's word. How can we have?"

Every now and then one or another of the Mansfield men would say a word.

I had first-class backing. Overseer Speicher would suggest what I did not think of; and what neither of us would think of, Overseer Mason would bring in, and we had quite an interesting little conversation.

As bearing upon what I said to them, I will refer to a certain phase of last Lord's Day's experience.

After Elders Moot and Basinger had been led around in various parts of the city and indignities had been heaped upon them, they were taken into custody by the leaders of the mob, who then pretended to be their rescuers.

One of them is named Mike Weil, and the other Bill Sylvester; one of them is a saloonkeeper. He is a gambler. He comes to Mansfield and starts up a saloon and runs a gambling house in connection, and finally disappears. No more is seen of him perhaps for a year or so. Then he comes back again.

These men, after heaping indignities upon these two Elders, led them from one street to another, pretending that they were going to lead them to a place of safety. One of the places at which they stopped was the home of Mr. Leiby.

There they demanded that Elder Moot get down on his knees and pray. One eye had already been struck so that it was swollen practically shut.

Elder Moot got down on his knees and prayed. That was perfectly right. Get on your knees and pray anywhere and at any time and at every time you have an opportunity. One eye was swollen shut and he started to pray with his other eye open.

I am going to use the language addressed to our Elder, although it is exceedingly harsh. Mike Weil slapped him across the face and said, "G—d—you, you can't pray that way; shut the other eye."

These two men, on Monday, hired a rig and drove up and

down the streets of Mansfield, bowing to the right and to the left—the heroes of the hour, and Mayor Brown knows it, and saw them, and never made any effort to stop it. He even laughed at it.

Voices—"Shame!"

Overseer Piper—Shame does not half express it. Shame is a feeble word.

No effort was made to arrest. But there are, nevertheless, people of God in Mansfield. That action was so horrible that a revulsion of public sentiment set in, and the people began to say that the thing must stop.

Seward and some more of them saw that the people were going to say that it must stop, and so they thought they would come to see whether they could not beg us off.

Beg us off? After fighting for more than two months, after at least six men have been horribly outraged—call it off then? No, not if we all have to die! (Amen. Applause.)

If we were fools enough to call it off at all, we would have called it off in the start.

We will not call it off. I said to Attorney Seward, knowing as I did the facts about Bill Sylvester and Mike Weil: "Go home and arrest those two men, the leaders, and put them in prison, and then I will begin to talk to you about making terms."

He would not do it. I knew that I could promise him anything; that we would not only stay away three months, but forever, and that I would be perfectly safe in making the proposition. If Attorney Seward and Mayor Brown are not in collusion with these leaders of the mob, will they kindly explain why they have made no efforts to bring them to justice?

Secretism is at the bottom of the whole thing. Mayor Brown has vowed, as they vowed in Paul's day, that he will neither eat nor sleep until he has accomplished his purpose. He has not had a Sunday for more than two months, and I have been told on good authority that he has lost fifty pounds in weight.

I have been enjoying my Sundays to a very large degree, and I am not getting thin over it. (Laughter.)

Then I turned to these men and said: "Have you no further proposition to make?"

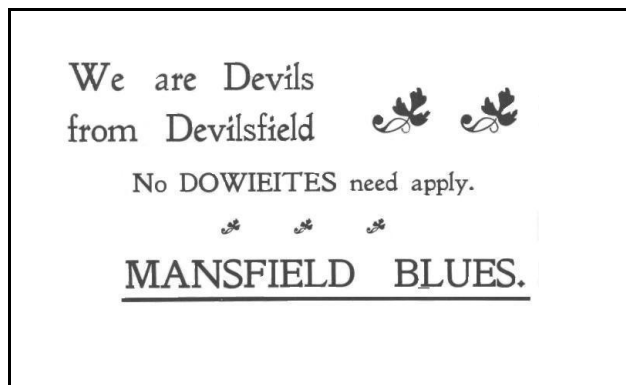
"No."

"Then I have this to say: that when you go home and arrest and put into prison for the fullest possible time at least one hundred of the leaders of the various mobs, and in addition to that convict Mayor Brown of malfeasance in office, I will begin to talk business with you." (Applause.) They left the office, and Attorney Seward went out and wired back to Mansfield, "Conference unproductive of good." (Laughter.)

I have some little trophies here to show you. There is a button which a good many are wearing in Mansfield; some of them openly, and some secretly. It is entitled "Mansfield Blues," with two paint brushes on it. Then here is a card that they have circulated; I do not know how largely. The one side



is blank, and the other reads:



There is no danger of our applying for membership in that Lodge, is there?

Elder Walton, Elder Voliva, Deacon Fogwill, Evangelist Moody, Evangelist Loblaw and Elder Richert are all knocking at the gates of Mansfield today. (Applause.)

Overseer Piper then read the following telegram:

“CRESTLINE. OHIO, September 30, 1900.

“REV. W. H. PIPER,

“Zion Home, Chicago, Illinois.

“Walton and I arrived at Mansfield.

“He was arrested on sight and put on train with Loblaw and Moody.

I followed instructions.

“Moody and Loblaw arrested by conductor; handcuffed and put in jail here.

“Wire instructions concerning them.

W. G. VOLIVA.”

It is a fight, as Overseer Speicher says, between the Church of the Living God and the Church of the living Devil. Who will win?

Voices—“God.”

Overseer Piper—Evangelists Loblaw and Moody are in jail in Crestline. I will not answer. They will get out. They will not keep them.

Evangelists Moody and Loblaw are both British subjects. (Applause.)

If Mayor Brown and Sheriff Pulver, Governor Dash and President McKinley wish to bring international complications into this fight, let them go ahead. (Applause.)

Great Britain will take better care of her subjects on American soil than America takes care of her subjects on her own soil. (Applause.)

That is the situation as it stands.

If Zion cannot stand it, then let Zion go to pieces. (Amen.)

Will she stand?

Voices—“Yes.”

Overseer Piper—Yes, Zion will live to tell the story of God when these miserable wretches who lead the mob and those who have one brief moment of authority are in their graves. (Amen.)

I simply say to Attorney Seward and Mayor Brown that there is a God sitting in the heavens and a judgment day coming.

Upon reaching the jail in Crestline, Evangelist Loblaw wrote to Overseer Piper, detailing his experience at Mansfield and explaining the cause of his arrest.

The following is Evangelist Loblaw’s letter:

CRESTLINE, OHIO, September 30, 1900.

DEAR OVERSEER:—Here we are in prison, and rather enjoying it. We have just gotten a good fire going; it was very cold here for awhile.

I had received no word from you and did not meet Evangelist Moody at Galion.

He went on to Mansfield; was sent on to Crestline by the Mansfield officials, and found me at breakfast.

At 11 o’clock Lord’s Day morning we started back to Mansfield, according to the telegraphic instructions which we had received from you.

When we arrived at Mansfield, we were promptly arrested and taken to jail. We were guarded there for a while and then taken back to the depot and forcibly placed upon a train. It was the same train on which Elders Walton and Voliva came into the city. They were also put upon that train by the officials.

Evangelist Moody and I refused to pay our fare from Mansfield to Crestline, as we were put on board the train against our will.

A detective of the railroad, who was on the train, arrested us for refusing to pay our fare, and when we reached Crestline, handcuffed us and marched us side by side to prison.

The Marshal of Crestline has been very kind to us, providing us with a good dinner.

We are not at all troubled about our imprisonment, but rejoice to be counted worthy to suffer for our Lord Jesus Christ. 2 Corinthians 4:8-11.

Our love to all in Zion. Tell them we glory in the fight. Pray for us.

We love you, Overseer, and believe that you are doing your best in the fight.

We expect to have a hearing tomorrow.

Yours in Christ,

MARK H. LOBLAW.

On the Lord’s Day, Elder Fred J. Richert and Deacon S. P. Fogwill also went to Mansfield, being driven into the city from Crestline, Ohio, in a

LEAVES OF HEALING.

conveyance belonging to a Zion family.

They were successful in getting in, went to the Vonhoff Hotel and registered. They had supper, were shown to a room, and in the evening retired.

After a time it was discovered that they were officers of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion. Mayor Brown and the Chief of Police went to the Hotel and demanded their arrest. The landlord awakened them and turned them over to the officials, who took them to the train and sent them out of the city. They also stopped at Crestline, Ohio, where the other four officers of the Church were.

On Monday Elders Walton and Voliva again went to Mansfield by train. Police officers met them and prevented their landing. They went on to Wooster, Ohio, where they remained until the next train back, when they again made an attempt to enter. They were again forced back upon the train and went back to Crestline.

On the same day, Deacon Fogwill and Elder Richert went to Mansfield by another train. They succeeded in getting into the city, but were arrested at once and kept in the railway station, guarded by the police, until the next train going back to Crestline, when they also were forced on board the train and sent out of the city.

Evangelists Loblaw and Moody also made an attempt to enter the city and were forced out,

Mayor Brown has fifteen special officers sworn in to guard all the approaches to Mansfield and arrest and send out Elders of the Christian Catholic Church.

Every one of these arrests and forcible deportations was absolutely illegal, unjustifiable and cowardly. The so-called authorities of Mansfield restrained and prevented Christian ministers of spotless character from attending to their duties as officers of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion.

On Sunday evening Evangelists Loblaw and Moody were taken before the Acting Mayor of Crestline and gave bonds for their appearance on Monday morning in the sum of \$10 each. They were then let go to their hotel. On Monday morning their case was heard by the Acting Mayor, who dismissed them at once, saying that the charge of attempting to defraud the railroad was ridiculous when the

defendants were on the train against their will.

On Wednesday Elders Walton, Voliva and Richert, Evangelists Moody and Loblaw and Deacon Fogwill were directed return to Chicago.