

RAIN CUTS SIZE OF SUNDAY'S CROWDS

Evening Congregation Smaller Than Usual by About Four Thousand.

ONLY 1,080 WALK TRAIL

More Soldiers and Sailors Attend Than on Any Night of Campaign.

The Rev. William Ashley Sunday would never admit there could be such a thing as too much cold water, but the disposition of the weather man to sprinkle the Tabernacle almost too freely yesterday cut down the size of congregations and considerably reduced the number of trail walkers.

About 4,000 persons glanced at the gripping heavens last night and decided to visit Billy on a fairer evening. Where the Tabernacle had been crowding them in to its capacity of more than 20,000 there were less than 10,000 present last night, and the census of trail litterers showed just 736, 1,080 for the day, the smallest total but one of any day of the summons to contrition.

More sailors and soldiers attended than on any night of the campaign so far. Among the first to find the trail were eighteen lads from the cruiser Olympia, and as Billy saw them coming he raised a high shout: "Hurrah for God and His cause!"

Prominent also in the Tabernacle throng were delegations from business houses and factories. Employers have been requesting their workmen and workwomen to hear Sunday and the requests have borne fruit.

Appeal to Patriotism.

In the opening prayer a direct appeal to the patriotism of American men was made by the Rev. George H. Hickley, district superintendent of the Philadelphia Methodist conference.

The sermon of last night, which was from a text taken from Mark, and in which Billy compared the keepers of the present day to the Gadarene hog raisers who felt that the preaching of Jesus was interfering seriously with their business in swine, offered an opportunity to swat the runners with a parable lifted straight from the New Testament, an opportunity which delighted Billy and gave his work a special pungency.

"Our Lord had just got back from the country of the Gadarenes," he began. "While there he had healed the wild man who had been filled with legion of demons. But the people of the country were sore because 2,000 hogs had been let in the saving of a man, and they weren't keen to have any more work done for them at that price. I can see some of those old hog raisers wringing their hands and declaring that the whole country was going to be ruined unless the man who had sent their swine galloping into the sea could be persuaded to depart from that coast and not to cast out more devils in their pig worshipping land."

"What did it matter if men were being robbed of their manhood, if homes were unhappy, if women and children were forced to live in misery and want? Nothing had ever hurt the hog trade, which was a big thing among the Gadarenes. Didn't it give employment to a lot of men? Destroy this blessed hog business and down goes everything they said. So they wiped their weeping eyes on their old hogskin coat sleeves, threw up their hands imploringly, like a brewer before election, and besought Jesus to turn his back on them as quickly as possible, for the longer he tarried the more hogs took a header into the sea. 'Isn't that just like the booze business at this time?' isn't it a great business? Doesn't it give employ-

ment to a multitude of folks? Don't lawyers and sheriff and jail keepers and contractors who supply penitentiaries get a rich living from the streams of dollars that flow their way? Don't it bring men to town to trade? Don't it promote sociability and good feeling among the people? Don't the license fees support the schools and make a lot of public improvements?"

Taken at Their Word.

"You would have heard just this kind of talk about the hog business in old Gadara when Jesus Christ was on the job. And Jesus took them at their word. How many little children in Gadara who were at the point of death might have been saved if it had not been for their old hog raising fathers getting Jesus out of the country? The man who is in the business of damning other people's children has no right counting his own are lost. The cure that is turned loose on others is sure to return to him who sent it."

Billy told the story of the timid woman who plucked at the sleeve of Jesus' coat as a great crowd swept him along, the story of the faith that saved her child. She didn't know anything about theology, but she had a lot of faith, that woman, said Billy, and she ventured to touch the Christ. "It was a last desperate resolve she took, but it was the best day's work she ever did, just as venturing on Jesus that church himself for ten years, but that he hadn't been able to get past the doorkeeper."

Ice in the Pulpit.

"You can't get up a sweat in an ice-box," said Billy, "and you can't get up a sweat in church if there is a cake of ice in the pulpit. If you want to avoid criticism in this world say nothing, be nothing, do nothing. That will make you a fair cipher—nothing surrounded by less."

He paid his respects to Christian Science, which, he preached, "has some good in it and much nonsense." He couldn't see with a spyglass a better religion than the old gospel, and he didn't intend to permit "Jesus Christ" to be stripped of his divinity without giving a fight to the God forsaken bunch who were trying to do the stripping.

He insisted upon the democracy of religion. "The blood pumps through the veins of President Wilson exactly as it pumps through yours," he said, "exactly through the veins of a millionaire as it does through the veins of a hobo."

Gives Gospel Talk.

At 10:20 A. M. Billy made a brief gospel talk before 300 guests at Mrs. Samuel Thorne in her home at 514 Fifth avenue. In the company were Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. H. P. Davidson, Mrs. George A. Crocker, Mrs. John E. Parsons, Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. Louis L. Deland, Mrs. Elliott P. Shepard and Mrs. Cass Gilbert. Billy did not preach in his most familiar vein, that is to say, he omitted slang and extra strenuities, but the audience, most of whom were women, seemed keenly interested in his personality. The sermon was an exhortation to serve God in every possible way.

"God does not ask you to do something impossible and then damn you if you don't," he said. "God gives everybody a chance. Not a man ever sat in the electric chair who had not his chance to do right if he had desired. New York has the greatest opportunity to serve God that it has ever had since old Peter Stuyvesant had his cabbage patch where the St. Regis now stands."

At 2 P. M. he preached in the Tabernacle before a congregation unusually large for an afternoon, probably 10,000 persons, half of whom made a delegation of women from Flatbush and other districts of Brooklyn. They heard him exhortate the bench warmers of the church and compare the characters of Martha and Mary, whose names are mentioned in the eleventh chapter of John. As Billy puts it, he is "strong for Martha, but wouldn't give a plugged nickel for Mary."

"Mary," said Billy, "was one of the Unedea biscuit, peanut butter, gelatine and pimento kind of women, while Martha was a beefsteak, baked potatoes, apple pie and cheese, coffee and whipped cream sort of woman. You can take your pick, but I speak for Martha. The churches have a lot of Marthas and a lot of Marys, and the Marys are the bench warmers."

He appealed to the women to search their own hearts, not bothering about what their husbands thought of religion. "Go down and meet Jesus," he cried, "and then you won't have to talk yourself black in the face to get that old

whiskey soaked husband of yours to come to Him."

He thanked the women of the Sabbath Alliance for their presence at the service.

"When the Sabbath goes the home goes, then the nation," said Billy. "I hope the legislators will never pick on the statute books a law that would lower the Sabbath."

Billy told a story of a negro who hankered to join a fashionable church, but who couldn't get in because the congregation kept thinking up ways to bar him. The minister suggested to him that he take the matter to the Lord in prayer. After three or four days the minister asked the colored brother if he had mentioned the matter to the Lord and if the Lord had given advice.

"Yes, He did," said the perturbed one. "He said he had been trying to get into that church himself for ten years, but that he hadn't been able to get past the doorkeeper."

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Certain announcements of special interest were made. To-day at each service, 2 P. M. and 7:30 P. M., the evangelist will preach a special sermon to mothers. To-morrow night will be Y. W. C. A. night at the Tabernacle and 6,000 members of the association will attend from Manhattan, the Bronx and Brooklyn. They will wear their colors and carry banners to distinguish the nine branches represented. And in the singing they will have a special prominence as, led by Edebeaver, they sing

"Hail of Old New York!" the song of the metropolitan Y. W. C. A., and "Hymn of the Lights," the anthem of the national body. On May 16 a large delegation of ministers and laymen will attend from Washington to study Billy's methods. He will open a campaign in the capital in January next.

There is an extensive programme of meetings for the Sunday party to-day. Meetings are scheduled to be held at the Wadleigh High School at 10:30 and 11:15 A. M.; at the Brick Church, Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street, from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. for business women; at the Tabernacle at 3 P. M., the Bible class; at the West End Presbyterian Church, 3:30 P. M., for boys and girls; at Carnegie Hall 8 P. M., mass meeting of Sunday schools, and at Flower Hospital 8 P. M., with the cooperation of the Rockefeller Institute Hospital.

Jilted Girl Sues for \$50,000.

Miss Marion M. Murphy, 20 years old, of 130 West Eighty-fourth street, in a suit for \$50,000 damages alleging breach of promise, filed her motion, Mrs. Margaret Murphy, in the Supreme Court yesterday, accuses Gordon E. Law, 113 West Fifty-seventh street, of making her wait from March last year to March this year for the marriage. And then, according to the petition, he absolutely refused.

He renewed his invitation to the trail, saying he had a few minutes to spare to welcome all persons who wished to signify by a handclasp that they will live hereafter for Jesus instead of the devil, and in response to the invitation 324 persons, fewer than on the previous afternoon, formed in double column and met him where he stood in the stairway opening at the front of his preaching platform. Rain pattered heavily upon the roof as the trail walkers moved forward.

The collections, taken solely to pay the expenses of the revival campaign, have not yet approached the hopes of the evangelistic committee. New York has responded lavishly in the matter of attendance, big crowds, but the purse-strings have been held tighter than was expected. On Wednesday the collections amounted to \$1,254.22, which was less by \$410 than the amount collected on Wednesday of the preceding week.

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EDDYSTONE HORROR CLOUDS SOCIALISTS

Radicals in Plant Had Voiced Disapproval of Ammunition Industry.

CHESTER, Pa., April 26.—Some of the inspectors employed by the Russian Government at the plant of the Eddystone Ammunition Corporation, where 129 lives were lost by an explosion on April 10, were radical Socialists and had voiced their disapproval of the ammunition industry, according to testimony produced at the inquest to-day into the disaster. While conflicting views as to the cause of the explosion were expressed by the various witnesses, many incidents pointing to attempts to wreck the plant were detailed. Witnesses told of finding matches wrapped in waste under oil pans, a blackened match head among broken powder pellets and pieces of steel in the black powder of the shrapnel shells. Joseph Dydra, a Russian inspector,

testifying through an interpreter, told of finding the pieces of steel on numerous occasions in the shells when he was testing the amount of powder with a gauge. Nicholas Klekner, one of the chief inspectors for the Russian Government, who expressed the view that the explosion had been accidental, admitted he had been a Socialist and that some of the inspectors under him held radical views.

Officials of the company and Dr. Francis D. Patterson of the State Bureau of Industrial Hygiene and Engineering, expressed the view that the explosion could be traced only to a sinister origin. A copy of a telegram sent to a Russian radical newspaper in New York on the day of the explosion by James Waskoff, an inspector, which read: "Explosion occurred. Our crowd safe," was introduced into the testimony by C. J. Brod, a detective, who said that all trace of Waskoff had been lost. A deputy fire marshal, however, testified that he had interviewed Waskoff in New York and was satisfied he was not involved in the catastrophe.

Mrs. Maude Fell Wiedner of Wondryn, formerly an inspector in the fuse department, said she was told by Julia Bryan, a girl employee, that the plant would be blown up the Saturday before the day the explosion occurred. Mrs. Wiedner said this was the first intimation she had received of a plot and that she had not reported for work since.

Capt. Walter M. Wilhelm, vice-pres-

dent and general manager of the corporation, who was among the witnesses who expressed the belief that the explosion was caused through malice, declared that the concern's investigation had also brought out the fact that match heads had been found in shells at other munition plants.

MOONEY TO GET NEW TRIAL. Was Sentenced to Death for Price Bomb Explosion.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 26.—Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who presided at the trial of Thomas J. Mooney, convicted of murder in connection with a bomb explosion here last July, directed U. S. Webb, Attorney-General, to confess error in the case and ask the State Supreme Court to grant Mooney a new trial. Mooney was sentenced to death.

Hearings of charges of attempted subornation of perjury against Frank C. Oxman, principal witness for the prosecution, have been in progress several days. Judge Griffin took this action in view of the doubt he said had been cast upon the reliability of Oxman's testimony.

A demonstration in front of the United States Embassy by Russian patriots in Petrograd to protest against Mooney's execution was broken up by the Russian police this week.

THE STORY OF The Sun.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY

(Now on Sale at All News-stands) Begins the Publication of an Extraordinarily Interesting Contribution Entitled "The Story of The Sun" (THE NEW YORK SUN)

WE might well call it "The History of the Sun," or "The Romance of The Sun," or "A Condensed Biography of New York Journalists Since the Beginning of Small Things," or "The History of New York Journalism Covering Three-Quarters of a Century," or "A Look Backward at the High Lights and Big Wigs of New York in Antebellum Days." It could appear under any one of these titles, as it covers all of them in flashlight and snapshot in "The Story of The Sun."

THE SUN was founded in 1833, and was the pioneer one-cent paper of the world that stuck. All earlier efforts at one-cent journalism were of short life. Among those who failed where young Ben Day succeeded was none other than the great Horace Greeley. But Ben Day, the young printer from New England, did much more than pioneer a new idea in journalism; he gave us a new journalism.

"THE Story of The Sun" shows Ben Day expanding from the boy printer—and he was little more than a boy when he founded The Sun—to the keen journalist with whetted native wit and broadened vision. It tells of the struggles and final triumphs in journalism of three contemporaries of Ben Day who were destined to leave their footprints big on the sands of time. They were James Gordon Bennett, Sr., the founder of the New York Herald; A. S. Abell, the founder of the Baltimore Sun, and Horace Greeley, the founder of the New York Tribune.

THESE three newspapers came after The Sun had pioneered the way. "The Story of The Sun" graphically pictures the simple beginning of Ben Day's tiny newspaper of only four pages, scarcely bigger in dimensions than the page of a standard magazine—a newspaper which was destined to become in prestige and power one of the three or four greatest in the world.

AS THE STORY UNFOLDS WE REACH THE PERIOD OF MR. DANA'S ADMINISTRATION, AND IT WAS THE HAND OF CHARLES A. DANA THAT WROTE GENIUS ALL OVER THE PAGES OF THE SUN, AND SENT IT EVERYWHERE INTO THE HOMES OF CULTURE AND INTELLECTUALITY

NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWS-STANDS

The May Number of Munsey's Magazine, containing "The Story of The Sun," can now be had from all newsdealers. If your newsdealer has sold his supply he can order the magazine for you. "The Story of The Sun," so full of information, so full of interest, so luminous of the evolution of American journalism, and New York journalism in particular, and written by a Sun man, a brilliant and delightful writer, is a story you cannot afford to miss. Ask your newsdealer for the May Munsey, containing this story. The price is ten cents. And outside and beyond "The Story of The Sun" this issue of Munsey's Magazine is jammed full of good things very worth while reading.

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