

BILLY SUNDAY STOLE FOUR BASES ONCE ON HIS OWN MR. MACK So Fast That One Sporting Writer of His Day Said He Could Do the Hundred Under 10 Seconds.

Billy Sunday was a fast man in his day. As a professional ball player, the newspaper and sporting writers of the '80s and '90s say he was one of the fastest. He was a wonder when he heard of his stealing four bases on Connie Mack, now famous as the manager of the Athletics. Connie Mack was the catcher of the Washington team in 1889, and Billy was the right fielder for the Pittsburgh Pirates. The two teams were fighting a life and death battle for last place. The Pittsburgh team was a sadly disorganized lot of ball players, but the Washington team was even worse. The teams met in Pittsburgh on August 11. Billy had just been mentioned as manager of the Pittsburgh team, and he was playing his head off. It was a miserable game, the papers say. Pittsburgh won by the score of 15 to 3, and Sunday's play was the only brilliant feature. Ferguson and Sullivan pitched for Washington and Connie Mack was behind the bat. Sunday stealing the four bases on Connie Mack drove out three hits, scored four runs and made four catches in the outfield that did a lot to keep the Washington score down. This feat called forth considerable praise from the press. "Billy Sunday, of the Pittsburghs, is the fastest ball player living," said the Cincinnati Enquirer. "He can cover a hundred yards in a straight-away run in less than 10 seconds. There is no other player in the country who can duplicate this performance of come anywhere near even time. The honor of being the second best man lies between Alva Latham, of the St. Louis Browns, and Billy Hamilton, of the Kansas City team. It is a toss up for a choice between these two players. Both can under favorable circumstances on a good cinder path probably do the hundred in something like 11 seconds."

SPORTING WRITERS DISAGREE. All the sporting writers of the day, however, did not agree with the Enquirer's comment that Billy Sunday could do 100 yards in less than 10 seconds, and we read in the editorial of the Sporting Life of August 14, 1893, a comment by its editor, Francis C. Richter, probably one of the best informed men on athletic records of his time: "Our Cincinnati contemporary," says Mr. Richter, "treats seconds too lightly. There are but small divisions of time, but of immense importance even in fractions of a second. Ten seconds for 100 yards is the best amateur record in the world, and if Mr. Sunday or any other ball player could cover the distance in that time or less he could make more money at professional sprinting than at all playing." Mr. Richter thought a lot of Sunday's ability as a sprinter and frequently, he referred to him as the "Chicago sprinter," being the name from Sunday's home town. Sunday was a great favorite with the fans here. In fact, during the season of 1894 Sunday and Hecker were about the only players on the Pittsburgh team that the fans cared to go to see. "Sunday made the star play of the day," says the Public Ledger of the 11th of August. "He was the only player in the game who was not hit by a ball pitched for him. Sunday also hit the first ball pitched for him and stole second. The next two men were easily retired, but Laroque batted out a single and Sunday scored a very close decision."

NOT ALL GLORY FOR SUNDAY. But it was not all glory for Sunday in his baseball days. The bleachers and the press went after him the same as the records charge Billy up with some games for his club. "In his tenth inning the Phillies scored three runs," says the records say, "and the Pittsburghs, thanks to Sunday's stupid base running—only two, and thus the locals won by the score of 5 to 1." The stupid play that is referred to was a case of "going to sleep" while taking a lead. First base, Smith, of the Pittsburgh team, was on third base and Sunday was in first, with two men out and Philadelphia's heavy artillery at the bat. Sunday took a big lead and then stood there. Under the circumstances, the pitcher was up to Smith to get Sunday, because Sunday was a sure out. Smith was caught and the game was lost and the defeat was charged against Billy Sunday.

As a base runner Sunday was in a class with Grever, of the Boston team, and Hamilton and Fogarty, of the Phillies. He had hit in the game, 1890, the year that he was in the game with the Phillies, was his best year. He had stolen only two bases and had scored only two runs. The Cincinnati Enquirer said that he had run the hundred in less than 11 seconds.

It was an interesting race between Hamilton and Sunday for the base-stealing record. But Hamilton was a better runner and on the bases more and won with six clean "swipes" to spare. WANTS BOND TAX REPEALED City Solicitor Recommends That Provision Be Made to Legislature. The recommendation that the Legislature repeal or modify the statutes imposing a State tax of four mills on Philadelphia's municipal bonds has been made by the Subcommitttee on Legislation by City Solicitor Ryan. The tax has on city bonds aggregated \$27,643. Ryan pointed out that the contemplated increase of the city's debt by the proposed bond issue and other permanent improvements will greatly increase the tax the city must pay on its bonds out of current revenues. He further called attention to the fact that every dollar of Philadelphia's revenue is expended to finance the operation of the city. A modification of the statutes exempting municipal institutions from the tax upon bonds held by them is advocated. Although the savings institutions are exempt from the State tax, the city must pay the tax on its bonds even though they are held by institutions coming under the exemption provision. It is estimated that the institutions hold about \$1,000,000 of city bonds, on which the city pays an annual charge of between \$50,000 and \$60,000.

"LIE," IS SUNDAY'S REPLY TO EXCUSE

Continued from Page One. he hammered that one thing he seems to hate most—the "boom" business. "You tell me you do not expect to become a drunkard, that you never intend to drink so much that you will become an outcast to your friends and your home. Well, again I say you are a fool. No man ever intended to become a drunkard. Every drunkard started out to be simply a moderate drinker. The fellow who tells me he can leave it alone when he wants to, lies. It is a lie. If you can, why don't you leave it alone?" "My boy, hear me, I have walked along the shores of time and have seen them strewn with the wrecks of those who have dethrowed in from the seas of lust and passion, and are fit only for danger signals to warn the coming race."

WARNS YOUNG GIRLS, TOO. His eyes flaming, perspiration pouring from his head, face and body, his arms whirling in the air, jumping back and forth across the platform, pounding the pulpit until the force of his blows could be heard in the rear of the tabernacle, "Billy" hit at every form of moral evil. And he did not forget to warn the young girls to beware of any young man who could not prove that he never drank and never went with company that he would not want his mother to know he was with. "Young girl," he called, "don't you go with that Godless, God-forsaken, sneering young man that walks the streets smoking cigarettes. He would not walk the streets with you if you smoked cigarettes. But you say you will marry him and reform him; he would not marry you to reform you. Don't go to that dance. Don't you know that it is the most damnable, low-down institution on the face of God's earth, that it causes more ruin than anything this side of hell? Don't you go with that young man; don't you go to that dance. "That is why we have so many whip-poorwill widows around the country; they married some of these mutts to reform them, and instead of doing that the undertaker got them. Don't go with that young fellow for a joy ride at midnight. If a young fellow came up and asked my girl to take her joyriding at midnight, I would knock him off the face of the earth. I tell you, if automobiles and cigarettes could talk, there would be something doing."

THREE VITAL QUESTIONS. "Girls, when some young fellow comes up to you and asks you the greatest question that you will ever be asked or called upon to answer, next to the salvation of your own soul, what will you say? 'Oh, this is so sudden.' That is all a bluff; you have been waiting for it all the time. "But, girls, never mind now, get down to facts. When he asks you that greatest question, the most important one that any girl is ever asked, next to the salvation of her soul, just say: 'Sit down and let me ask you three questions. I want to ask you these three questions and if I am satisfied with your answers it will determine my answer to your question. 'Did you believe me to be virtuous when you came here to ask me to be your wife?' 'Oh, yes.' 'I believed you were a good girl.' That is the reason I came here. Violets dipped in dew would be as cow fodder compared to you.' The second question: 'Have you as a young man lived as you demand of me as a girl? I should like to know.' The third question: 'If I, as a girl, had lived and done as you, as a young man, and you knew it, would you ask me to marry you?' They will line up, and nine times out of 10 they will take the count. You can line them up, and I know what I am talking about, and I defy any man on God's earth to successfully contradict me. I have the goods. The average young man is more particular about the company he keeps than the average girl. I'll tell you. If he meets somebody on the street whom he doesn't want to meet, he will duck into the drug store that way and avoid the publicity of meeting her, for fear she might smile or give an indication that she had seen him somewhere and sometimes before that. Let me tell you, girls, that the best of companies with young men whose character would make a black mark on a piece of anthracite."

SCORES LIQUOR IN THE HOME. "So with the boy. He will sit at your table and drink beer, and I want to tell you if you are low down enough to serve beer and wine in your home; when you serve it you are as low down as the saloonkeeper, and I don't care whether you do it for society or for anything else. If you serve liquor or drink you are as low down as the saloonkeeper in my opinion. So the boy who had not grit enough to turn down his glass at the banquet and refuse to drink is now a bleary-eyed, staggering, vermin-covered drunkard, reeling to hell. He couldn't stand the sneers of the crowd; many a fellow started out to play cards for beans and ended by he would stake his soul for a show-down. "The hole in the gambling table is not very big; it is about big enough to shove a dollar through, but it is big enough to shove your wife through; big enough to shove your happiness through; your home through; your salary, your character; just big enough to shove everything that is dear to you in this world through the hole. Listen to me. Bad as it is to be afflicted with physical leprosy, moral leprosy is 10,000 times worse. I don't care if you are the richest man in the town, or the biggest taxpayer in Philadelphia County, the biggest politician in the congressional district or in the State. I don't care a rap if you carry the political whip, and if you can change the vote from Democratic to Republican in the convention, if after your worldly career is closed my text would make you a fitting epitaph for your tombstone and obituary notice in the papers, then what difference would it make what you had done—'He was a leper.' What difference would it make?"

HIT TRAIL LAST NIGHT. Again last night Sunday asked men and women to turn from their lives of sin and wickedness. In response 174 persons marched forward through the sawdust trails in the big tabernacle at 18th and Vine streets and declared for God. It was an inspiring sight as those converts came forward. Bravely some of them "hit the trail," smiling and jubilant in their joy of the new life. Others shed many a tear of regret over their lives of sin and suffering in the past. As they came forward they were encouraged by the music of good, old revival hymns. "We're Marching to Zion" was started by the great choir of 1800 voices as soon as "Billy" extended his invitation. As the converts marched forward they joined in the singing, and the audience made the big tabernacle quiver with the melody. Time and again, as men and women of prominence stepped up to the platform and took Sunday's hand and were escorted by his assistants to the "glory row," their friends applauded loudly. Many persons shed happy tears as they saw wayward sons and daughters and careless, worldly husbands declare their intentions of becoming Christians. As the line grew and the seats in the front of the building filled with converts the tune was changed to "Just as I Am, Without One Flea," and there was another rush for the evangelist. A STIRRING SERMON. He had preached a stirring sermon on "Scoring Certain Reforms." When he stopped and prayed and then urged the

men and women to offer their souls to God, perspiration was pouring from his face, his hair was matted, and it seemed to the audience he must drop from exhaustion. But "Billy" was not weak. He was strong in anticipation of the converts he was to greet. He stepped to the front of the platform, walked down on the steps and smiled and offered words of encouragement to the men and women who grasped his hand and professed a new belief. The first person to hit the trail last night was a young man. He reached Sunday with trembling lips, and grasped his hand as though in a death grip. His name, he said, was Hunter Wharton, and he gave his address as 270 Oxford street. The next in line was a brawny, khaki-clad Marine—one of the men who had helped to plant the Stars and Stripes in Vera Cruz. Next came a man, who gave his name and address as John J. McConnell, of 25 South 24th street. "I have been going through the world wildly," he declared, "but now I have found peace and will trot square with God."

Another young man, one who said he was a backslider, followed McConnell, and close behind him came a teacher who led a girl of 18. Great tears were pouring from her big, black eyes. "On and on the converts came. Their clothing and their words told they came from every walk of life. Some were poor, some were rich, some were students, some were business and professional men and women. Most of them were men, probably because of the terrific storm that made it dangerous for a woman to be on the streets last night. When Sunday had finished his sermon, he stood on a chair and waved his arms: He looked like a mighty leader calling his army about him to fight. "I sound the charge now, he shouted, and then they came forward with a rush. NEW "ISMS" DENOUNCED. Almost all the new "isms" came in for their share of denunciation last night. While the wind howled about the tabernacle, the doors slammed and the terrific fall of rain beat upon the broad roof, "Billy" hurled his verbal thrusts at all who had turned from the old-time religion. Even above the din of the furious storm, his voice sounded out like a clarion call. Again he attacked the saloon and the brothel. Again he rounded the preacher who was afraid to preach "hell." From the devil came all the new ideas on living and the new beliefs of religion, "Billy" said. "Immigrants who turn the American Sabbath into a feast of stale beer and pretzels and manufacturers of the faddol, tommyrot aesthetic religions and trial marriages are all tools of the devil," he shouted.

HITS AT "TRIAL MARRIAGE." "They see a girl who is pretty and good-looking," he sneered at the trial-marriage crowd. "They say, 'Come on, sis, let's try it six months, and if things don't go right we can play quits.' Arrh!" he snarled, "thank God such an infamous, God-forsaken, licentious, hell-born doctrine will never exist so long as man preaches God's word and woman hears it."

Sunday assured the good immigrants that, so far as he is concerned, they are all welcome to this country to help make it great. "I'll be the first to stand at Ellis Island and welcome the man or woman who wants to come here and assimilate our ways, but so help me God, I would not yield to any clause, even though they come half a million a year, who turn our Sabbath into a Continental Sabbath with their dirty, disgusting beer feasts. They can't put the Bible out of our schools and put their vile, hecious dances in its place. Let them keep their hands off our schools. If they don't like our ways, let them stay out." "Turning to the latest 'isms,'" "Billy" sneered. "New thought! All this fascinating, sugar-coated mixture and ethical culture and higher criticism! You've got it in the Bible, and there's nothing new under the sun. Whether you call it new, or whatever you call it, it's the same old devil."

MINISTERS NOT SPARED. With one of his deft gestures, he directed the attention of the audience to the ministers. "I don't believe you can remember when you heard a sermon on hell," he said. "They convey the impression that everything's going to be sweet and lovely and cultured and esthetic in the next world. It's a lie!" he stamped. "Well, you'll hear about hell while I'm here." "Let's get away from all this sickening, sweet, namby-pamby, useless, silly, hell-born, devil-begotten rubbish. Let's get back to Christ! Let's get back to the Pentecost! Back to the apostolic belief, back to the belief of our forefathers, back to God's kingdom! Oh, Philadelphians, God's got to come first and all other things can trail." Suddenly the tension snapped. He rushed to the edge of the platform, shoved his head far forward and shook his finger. "The trouble with you is," he roared, "you've got too many preachers breaking their necks to please a few society dames."

SCORES CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. "Damnable heresies keeping people out of the kingdom of Heaven!" "Isms and clams!" "Eddyism, labeled Christian Science!" "Millennial Dawnlism," where all you have to do is to conceal your son as Jesus and he'll—these Sunday banded as he had bombarded nothing else in this city. The isms and clams, he shouted, are the devil's most insidious, most powerful weapon. Against them the nation has to fight; against all who deny that Jesus Christ is the son of God. "Whoever said Jesus Christ is not the son of God," he exploded, "lies, lies, lies! The Bible says it and I say it. There is no other way to keep out of hell, save by the shed blood of Christ!" He smashed Christian Science—"Eddyism," he insisted on calling it—just as hard as he could. "Oh," he cried, "if Mother Eddy rises from the dead before the great resurrection, I'll eat a polecat for supper and wash it down with a quart of whisky!" He charged that "Millennial Dawnlism," in its advertisements, became the International Bible Study Association, and that association was "only another heresy calling people away from Jesus Christ." "We've gotten away from the old faiths of the old seers," he stormed. "Nobody seems to be afraid of God in our day. The true vision of God seems to have faded. And your humanitarianism is exhausted. Your spiritual senses are dulled. The doctrine of atonement of man's only hope of Heaven seems too crude." He sneered. "Too crude."

"BILLY" SUNDAY'S SERMONS WILL BE FOUND IN FULL ON PAGE 6. MAY QUIZ PRESIDENT. Speaker Clark Admits Right, But Deprecates Taste of Interrogator. WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—The next time President Wilson addresses the House he may be quizzed by the member or Senator, in the opinion of Speaker Clark this afternoon. Representative Smith, of Michigan, asked the Speaker whether it would be proper to question the Chief Executive when he reads any message. Clark said the member has the right, but the President can refuse to be interrogated. "Would it be in order to address the Speaker while the President was speaking?" asked Representative Moore, of Pennsylvania. "Yes," said the Speaker, "but it would be exercising wretched taste."

Store Opens 8:30 A. M. WANAMAKER'S Store Closes 5:30 P. M.

Notice of Two Great Sales at Wanamaker's Tomorrow



Sweeping Clearaway Sale in the Men's Wear Store

Thousands upon thousands of shirts, neckties, pajamas and all such good things at an average of half the regular prices. We know of some men who never buy anything to put in their chiffoniers except in the Wanamaker Half-Yearly Sales of men's furnishings. Then they stock up—stock up for six months or more. For those men and all other men who want to save there are great reductions here tomorrow.

- 65c to \$1.85 for shirts—Thousands and thousands of shirts, including nearly every kind of cotton, mercerized, madras, percale and some silk shirts. Nearly every sort of pajamas a man wants can be found in this collection.
- 25c and 50c for suspenders—Just half price.
- \$3.50 and \$5 for silk knitted reefers—A good variety of styles to choose from.
- \$8.50, \$13.50 and \$30 for splendid big steamer rugs—Wonderful choice among these.
- \$2.50 a piece for a few blazers—The price is only a fraction of the value.
- \$2.35 for blanket bathrobes—A considerable assortment.
- \$7.50 for Terry cloth bathrobes—Be early to get your choice of these.
- 50c each for a few hundred of our regulation nightshirts.
- 50c, 75c and \$1 for fine imported silk and linen handkerchiefs—Many of them in very rich decorative effects.

This Sale always brings a busy three days' response. Men who want the best of the savings will naturally be earliest tomorrow morning. (Main Floor, Market, and Subway Gallery, Market)

Winter Sale of Shoes 20,000 Pair

Men's and women's shoes, part specially purchased and part reduced from stock. All Wanamaker standard shoes made for this Winter's selling. Prices average a third less; in many cases a half. By all odds the greatest shoe-buying opportunity presented this Winter. A full range of sizes and widths to start with and some rare bargains for first-comers.

- 6000 Pair of Women's Shoes at \$3.65. Patent leather button, plain toes, Cuban-Louis heels, fawn, gray or black cloth tops; overgaiter effects. Dull leather button, plain toes, Cuban-Louis heels, fawn, gray or black cloth tops. Patent and dull leather button with black cloth tops, tipped toes and regular Cuban heels; same with plain toes.
- 2000 Pair of Women's Shoes at \$2. Button shoes in this Winter's styles; mostly patent leather, but some dull leather; several styles of heels. Mostly with the well-liked black cloth tops.
- 2500 Pair of Men's Shoes at \$4. These shoes are from one of the best factories in the world and are in great demand at their regular price. Patent leather button with dull leather tops, with fancy cloth tops, with tan cloth tops, some with plain toes. Patent leather lace with dull leather tops. Black calfskin lace. Black kidskin lace and Blucher lace. Tan calfskin lace and Blucher lace. Black kidskin lace with cork sole and lined with brown kidskin.
- 300 Pair of Men's Shoes at \$3. Factory-hurt and sample shoes, the latter in size 7-B.
- 1000 Pair of Men's Shoes at \$2.85. Black calfskin lace made over a smart last. Black kidskin Blucher lace made over the U. S. Army last, with wide toes and broad, low heels. (Main Floor and Subway Gallery, Market)

JOHN WANAMAKER