"We're Going to Hell in Car-Lots on Excursion Rates!"

IF YOU WANT TO CURSE THEN CURSE THE DEVIL; DON'T BLASPHEME JESUS

EVENING SERMON

Weighed and Found Wanting

Billy Sunday's sermon last night, in full, follows:

Daniel, fifth chapter, twenty-fifth verse. "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

I think it was Dr. Talmadge who once said that Bible pictures are a good deal like the works of the old masters. They improve with age. DaVinci's "Last Supper," Raphael's "Madonna;" they are worth more today than when they were spread on canvas.

Night was about to come down upon the famous city of Babylon, and the shadows of her 200 towers; and the river Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendor of the setting sun. The gates of brass opened and closed like doors of flame. The hanging gardens were wet and heavy with dew and then began to pour from star-lit flowers a fragrance that went for miles around.

The streets in the square were alight for dance, and for promenade, and for frolic. And the theaters, and the galleries of amusement, they invited the wealth and pomp and the grandeur of the day.

And scenes of moral riot and godless mirth, and outrageous excess for every indulgence ensued, for they had come to the palace that night to do their mightiest deeds of violence. A royal feast had been proclaimed by the king, and rushing up to the gates were chariots, upholstered in precious cloth and drawn by fiery-eyed steeds, held and driven by strong-armed charioteers. The lords and ladies dismounted, and women were gowned in all the splendor and the grandeur of that Syrian age. They opened wide the gates and the guests came in, and the cup bearers were all ready.

Hark, I hear the call of music. I hear the rustle of silks. Their jewels are all ablaze, and lifted up with banners. Cups are filled with wine and they clap their cymbals and let night pass with song. Let palsied be that Babylonian tongue that does not shout, "O, live forever, Belshazzar!"

Bible Is Greatest Book.

My friends, that was no common, lager beer, pretzel, wiener-wurst, blowout; that was a bunch of highrollers that went to that feast.

The signal was given and the ladies and the lords and the mighty men and women swarmed around the banquet table and they poured out the wine. They let it foam and bubble and kiss the rim, and they hoist every man his cup and they drink to the toast, "Oh, Belshazzar, live forever!"

Again, and still again they drain them dry. Away with care. Tear royal dignity to shreds. Pour out more booze and give more light, and step on her and open her wide!

Wider the music. Then comes the obscene songs, and the drunken hiccough, and the slavering lip, and the guffaw, and the idiotic laugh bursting from lips of princesses and kings who reel and stagger with blood-shot eyes.

Somebody has said, "If you love drama, read the Bible, for it is the most dramatic book ever written." It is striking in its situation and startling and furious; graphic in its delineation of character.

Belshazzar was not supreme in rulership of the kingdom at this time. He was associated with his father. While his father was away on a military expedition, the army of the Medes and Persians came up and surrounded the city, shutting his father out, and Belshazzar was the only pebble on the beach at this time. Belshazzar was supreme in command.

There was a time when a higher critic sneeringly said that the character of Daniel was mythical, and yet they have brought tablets of stone written in Daniel's day telling of him. From that day to this, I haven't heard one of them peep and sneer and say that Daniel was not a real, historic character.

On With the Dance.

Belshazzar was puffed up over his newly begotten power, and he proclaimed a feast in the palace. There were seats for a thousand ladies and lords at the banqueting table. A strange conceit seems to have entered Belshazzar's head and he calls for his chief and whispers in his ear. He leaves the banqueting hall and pretty soon they re-enter, carrying in their arms the vessels of gold and silver that his grandfather, Nebuchadnezzar had. These vessels were used in the worship of God and in order to show his hatred of God, Belshazzar orders these vessels filled with Babylonian wine and passed around.

The hilarity grows more and more boisterous. Faster and faster flit the feet of the lewd and nude dancing women as they wriggle and worm their bodies up and down the halls between the tables. Suddenly a hush like death falls over that licentious, drunken crew, and they gaze in silence upon the frieze of the banqueting hall, because the hand of the Lord had written there, and terror seized them. I read in the Bible that Belshazar's countenance was changed, his thoughts troubled him, the joints of his loins and his knees smote one against the other, and old Belshazzar was about all in.

By and by he kind of pulls himself together, because he doesn't want to show the white feather to that crowd. So he calls for the soothsayers, or the astrologists, or the old spiritualists, particular mediums. Enter the Magi—no doubt of their ability to decipher the strange hieroglyphics written upon the banqueting hall and further enrich themselves through the emoluments of their treachery and deceit. But they had never seen writing like that and they couldn't read it and then terror seized that drunken crowd again and Belshazzar sent for his mother, the queen.

Oh, there is many a young fellow has no use for the preacher, has no use for the advice of his father or his mother, but he is going down the line hitting it up with that God-forsaken gang of thugs! He waits until he becomes a drunkard, then he begins to realize that he was the fool.

There is many a little fool sissy, she wouldn't listen to the advice of good friends. She will go on with that, then she begins to realize when she is on the way to become the mother of an illegitimate child that she was the fool, not the one who warned her to flee from the companionship.

So, the mother came in and she said to him, "So, King, live forever. Let not your thoughts worry and trouble you. There is a young man in your kingdom, and of Hebrew extraction. He is a Jew, and in him dwells the spirit of the Gods, he can read those strange hieroglyphics for you."

So on his mother's request, Belshazzar sent for Daniel.

I can imagine when he saw Daniel enter the room, he said, "How are you, old top? I am in an awful hole. Do you see that writing up there on the wall? It's got my goat. I've got a bunch of fourflushers and I have been a fool to buy their meal tickets for all these years. They can't help me out of this. They are nothing but a bunch of false alarms, excess baggage. I tell you what I will do, if you will tell me what that is up there, I will put a gold ring on your finger and a chain around your neck and you can ride in the chariot behind me."

Handwriting On Wall.

And Daniel spurns his proffered gifts. He said, "Have you forgotten how when your grandfather, Nebuchadnezzar, walked out and swelled his chest and blew rings above his head from a twenty-five-cent cigar, didn't God Almighty knock him down, and he fell on his hands and knees and crawled there for seven years. He ate grass like a cow, and the frosts, and the rain beat upon his body. His body was covered with hair. Haven't you got sense enough to learn from an example that you can't put God out of business? Keep your gifts!"

Daniel read the strange writing, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting. Your kingdom is divided and given to another: This is your finish. The clock has begun to strike twelve. Sir, this is your windup!"

He called for the royal robe, for he wanted to make good his promise. He put it around Daniel, put the ring on his finger, and the chain around his neck, then the hilarity increased.

Hark, I hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, of the feet of soldiers! What has happened? While old Belshazzar and his band were hittin' it up, Cyrus and his army came up. The City of Babylon was built with the Euphrates River running through the middle of it; around the city was a wall. Cyrus came up with his army and besieged the city.

He dug a great ditch down in the reservoir from which they used to get their drinking water. He separated his army. He put half where the water came up and the other half at the exit. They broke this ditch and turned the river out of its channel, off yonder into that reservoir. As soon as the water became narrow enough they started to walk under the wall, and they knelt in the bed of the river.

Isaiah prophesied 140 years before the event that three of those gates would be left open, and that night in their drunken revelry, Belshazzar forgot to have those gates shut up, and they rushed through these gates, rushed into the banqueting hall; they turned it into a slaughter house, and blood flowed instead of wine. That night was Belshazzar, the King of the Chaldeans, slain, the night of his licentiousness.

God Will Be Judge.

Daniel said, "You are weighed in the balances, and are found wanting."

Whose balances? God's! Not mine or yours. Not your own estimation of yourself, not the public opinion. You may be a great man so far as the public opinion is concerned, while you may be a mutt so far as God Almighty is concerned.

Man may applaud you, and God turn his back on you. God doesn't pay the same deference to men that the world does. Therefore, every man and woman is going to be weighed in God's balances, not public opinion. Public opinion is not competent to judge.

You assault any old and long entrenched evil, and you must prepare to have yourself become the object of the venom of the gang or the clique who feed and fatten upon that.

You assault the whiskey business. Every brewer and every distiller and his gang, and the politicians who are holding offices because of the vote of that dirty, stinking bunch, will all jump on your back.

You assault anything that is cursing this old world, and they will be after you.

Dr. Jenner said that 98 people out of 100 used to die from smallpox. I'd rather have smallpox than typhoid fever or pneumonia. You give smallpox another name and it won't bother you. Dr. Jenner said, "I can vaccinate people." He reduced the mortality, so that now only four out of 100 die today. Yet they expelled him from society. Who was right? Public opinion that condemned him, or Dr. Jenner?

Bacon could look down and see laws that would take the place of laws that were then operating. He had to spend ten years in prison. Who was right? Bacon was right.

Galileo said, "The world moves." On his knees he was compelled to retract his statement, and as he arose he said, "It moves notwithstanding it." Who was right? Galileo, or public opinion that condemned him?

Christopher Columbus said, "I can sail West and get East."

They said, "You are nuts; you are dippy," and if Ferdinand and Isabella hadn't hocked their jewels to get money enough to send him, it probably wouldn't have been found yet. But who was right, old Columbus or public opinion that condemned him?

Some people set great store by their morality, their culture and their refinement. Well, if you only knew how little these weighed before God! They don't bring you salvation.

Somebody says, "Can we tell?" Surely we can. Yes sir, I am going to take the Ten Commandments, the moral law, as the basis for what I have to say this afternoon. I believe that God Almighty wrote the Ten Commandments on tablets of stone and handed the stones to Moses. I don't believe that Moses wrote them. I believe that God wrote them and gave them to Moses.

Stands on Ten Commandments.

There is no good citizenship where the Ten Commandments are not kept; no safe political movements, no social reforms that are abiding that are not modeled on the Ten Commandments. I take my stand on the Ten Commandments and when this old world is burned up, I will have a foundation as enduring as God Almighty Himself, for I believe God wrote them on ten tablets of stone. Any man who doesn't live in harmony with the Ten Commandments deserves to be in the penitentiary.

"Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." A man's god is the thing that he thinks more of than he does of God. It may be money. Money is the God of many. Many a fellow sacrifices his conscience, his morality, his virtue, and his obedience, to God for that. Money is as truly a god for some people as if they prayed to $10 gold pieces.

Oh, we are making money in America by bucketfuls, but we are going to hell in car-lots on excursion rates! Oh, the magic of money! Oh! the rush for money! Oh, the counting of money! Oh, the hoarding of money! Oh, the envy of money! Oh the jealousy of money! Oh, the lying for money! Oh, the stealing for money! Oh, the contentions after money! Oh, the oppressions for money! Oh, the murder for money! The adultery for money! The gambling for money! Selfishness for money! Oh, the loneliness of the man that has lost all but his money! Oh, the loneliness of the man who has nothing but money! The fellow that has no money is poor; the fellow that has nothing but money is poorer still.

A friend of mine, a preacher, had a friend who had been poor in his youth. He worked hard, listened to the jingle of money, resolved to have more, entered the insatiable scramble for wealth. He became rich, he cut on God, he cut on his family comforts, cut on the Sabbath for rest, he worked seven days.

He broke down with the dew of youth yet on his brow. He became uneasy about his money. He was afraid of his bank, wouldnt trust it. He was afraid of his boys and his wife, and his pastor, so he kept his money in a big oaken chest. He grew sick. He was suspicious of everybody but the doctor.

The doctor came to see him one day, and he handed him a key and said, "Doctor, take the key and open my chest, and pile up everything that is in there. Go get my double-barrel gun."

Take Account of Stock.

His purple-lipped jaw fell. This man of means, this coiner of cash and this musician of the mint, this minion of Moloch, this master of misfits and this misfit of the money mill, this rasping, grasping, skinflint of a miser raised his shotgun and said to the doctor, "You leave this room."

The doctor said, "Don't shoot. I don't want your money or stocks and bonds, hold on Jim, don't shoot, don't shoot!"

So, he took his watch in his hand and backed out of the door and closed it. The doctor stood there holding his watch in his hand, and in fifteen minutes he walked in. There the man sat, with his gold, and stocks and bonds piled around him, his double-barreled shotgun in his hand and he was gone. He hadn't taken one blank check with him to check back on his earthly account.

It is a good thing to have money, and the things that money will buy, but it is a good thing to sit down once in a while and check up and take an inventory and be dead sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy. Check up on it!

So, money is the god of some folks. With some of the people it is society. They do things because society demands it, and if they didn't they'd lose their social cast and position. Society is your God and you have to do it. If you don't believe it, you just try it, my friends, and see what will happen. You go contrary to social usages, and see how quick you will be ostracized.

There are men here today, if you die they wouldn't need to preach your funeral sermon. Just put a whisky bottle on your coffin. Oh, that is the story of your life. Booze has been your god!

There are other men, if you die they wouldn't need to preach a funeral sermon. Get your stocks and bonds and pile them on your coffin. That is the whole stoy of your life. There are others, if you die, you wouldn't need to preach the funeral sermon. Go down and get some red and white chips and put them on their coffin. That's the story of their life. All it is is to get something from the other fellow without giving an equivalent in money or work.

There are others, if they die, put their body in their coffin, lead in the victims of their lust and you will see their god. Sir, all they have lived for is the gratification of their desires.

There are some women, if you'd die today, go to your home, get your jewels and fine clothes, get all you have, that is all you have lived for. Just a fashionable frame on which to hang your fashionable clothes, that is your god!

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

Some people think that that is of no consequence and they break that commandment every day. There is not in this universe, in my opinion, a greater cause for amazement than God's forbearance and patience with the blasphemer. Oh, profanity comes either from a depraved heart or shows that a blasphemer has the scorn and contempt of God.

Swearing Foolish Habit.

When a man swears, he has tagged himself. There is no street car, no factory, no shop, no camp, no college, no place that seems to be free from the plague. The motorman swears at the motor. The engineer damns the engine. The fireman cusses the fires. Boys swear at their lessons. Ball players cuss the umpire. Merchants cuss the clerks. Employes swear at the boss. The boss swears at them. The fisherman cusses his hooks. The traveling man damns because his train is late, or his meals are late, or no water in the pitcher. Sailors swear at the ropes, swear at the wind. Farmers damn the cattle and cuss the hogs. Editors swear at the reporters and reporters damn editors. Policemen swear at the crossing. Oh, my, what a foolish habit it is!

I will tell you—can you show me where profanity ever helps anybody? Did the stone you stumbled over get out of your way when you cussed? Did the wind stop blowing because you cussed it for blowing your hat off? Does your wife love you more after you have given her a cussing? Does your employe work harder for you, after you have damned him for half an hour? No!

Did the blood stop flowing after you cussed the knife for cutting your fingers? No! Some of you don't deliberately intend to do it. Some of you are kind-hearted. You don't realize how it cuts into the hearts of people to have you cuss. You have a mother, haven't you? Yes. You have a wife, or sister, or daughter that you fondly love and cherish. Suppose you heard some man villify her name. Wouldn't your blood boil, if you heard somebody damn your mother, or sister, or wife? Don't you suppose the blood of a Christian boils when he hears you damn and cuss his best friend?

When you damn and cuss God, you are damning the best friend you have got. All the evil that comes to you, comes from the devil. If you want to cuss anyobdy, cuss the devil, don't cuss God. All the trouble comes from the devil. God wants to do good. A man is mighty low down if he'd cuss his mother. Better than your mother, your wife and children, is God. A man must be low down when he turns around and cusses God who wants to keep him out of hell.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

Sabbath Made For Man.

To the Jews it was the seventh day, commemorating the old creation. One of the best evidences of the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the fact that Peter, James, John and Paul changed from keeping its seventh day to keeping the first day of the week. Without rebellion, from that day to this, we have kept the first day, because Jesus Christ arose, and we have kept the first day commemorating the Christian era. They kept the seventh day commemorating the old Jewish era. But that is past. We are keeping the first day of the week and God is honoring every Christian who has kept it from that day to this.

Oh, how much Sabbath breaking there is done in this country! The Sabbath is made for man, and man ought to have the Sabbath day. Your suit of clothes was made for you, or your shoes, your house. The Sabbath was made for man. Man ought to have it, and if society doesn't allow him to have it—and the man who is obliged to work all the time as a slave, and for any class to be compelled to work seven days in a week is an outrage!

We have always been in danger of losing the Sabbath. We have a lot of godless, good-for-nothing tyrants in this country that have no use for God, nor God's law, and they would rub the statutes from our books. Oh, if the hands of noble men and women were not banded together to fight to maintain the Sabbath, sir, nothing in the universe would save it from being eliminated from our statute books and torn to shreds.

The Sabbath gives men a permit once a week to come out of the office and shop and grind, gives a leave of absence, says to the miner, "Blow out your lamp and come up out of the mine." "Stop counting money and weighing it." Says to the banker, "Lock your bankbooks and go away." Says to the lawyer, "Stop pleading." Says to the physician, "Drop your scalpel." Sabbath was made for man, it is a gift, a present from God to man. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

We have got a class coming to this country that are injurious. They bring their damnable heresies; they bring their damnable continental customs with them, sir, they don't come to America to become Americans. They haven't got an American hair in their heads nor an American thought in their old brains. Every drop of blood in their rotten veins, sir, beats to the music of Sabbath desecration. Many of them come to our shores with tags on them, telling of their destination. They don't come to build American homes, they don't come to learn our language. They come and settle in our cities and they become carbuncles on the neck of our body politic. They come here to undermine honest labor, they come to flaunt their damnable, hellish, red flag of anarchy. I say, rip the tags off and send the dirty shunks back wher they came from.

Raps Anarchists.

And out of this class, came the black-hearted, white-livered, white-eyed scoundrels who murdered the police in the Haymarket riots of Chicago. Out of this God-forsaken mob of cutthroats, came the people who cheered to the echo, the speaker who stood on the street corner and said, "I am in favor of dynamiting every bank, and scattering 'em on the street." From that mob came the anarchist who went to Italy and murdered King Humbert of Italy. From that gang came the black-hearted anarchist that shot William McKinley at Buffalo.

And out of that dirty gang came the Personal Liberty League which is nothing under heaven but a form of anarchy. They say, "This republic is our hunting ground, and the Ameriacn Sabbath is the day we are after." Whoever would destroy our Sabbath undermines this republic.

If they don't like our laws, there are ships sailing to Europe. Let them climb on, and we will climb up on the Statue of Liberty and we will wave the flag while they sail out of the land. We will sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

The late United States Senator Hoard, of Massachusetts, said: "I am in favor of all nations of the world buying an island and letting all people in these nations, who don't believe in the laws governing those nations, go live on that island and have a government of their own."

An Irishman who heard of it said, "I am in favor of buying the island, all right. But, by golly," he said, "I am in favor of taking the damn scoundrels on board ships and taking them out on ships into the middle of the ocean and dump them overboard and let them hunt their own island."

I tell you another thing. With our theaters turned loose on the Sabbath, saloons open, amusement parks—Oh, sir, you put a red flag on a track and the engineer will flatten every wheel before he will run by it, although there may be nothing but a ten-penny nail on the rail! It means danger to him. Flash a red light in front of him, and he will stop that train, all right.

And God Almighty stands, he waves the danger signals and we shut our eyes. We have stopped our ears and we are rushing like stampeding cattle on down towards hell. There has been a fearful letting down in this country in the past twenty-five years. God Almighty never repealed the law. When you give up the Sabbath, then the church, thent he home or nation. That land or nation or individual is undermining God's favor when they sneer or blaspheme at the Sabbath day.

Religion Teaches Respect.

If winter should continue two years, we'd starve to death. And so, God sends us spring, summer, autumn and winter with the regular time of a clock. You show me a man that breaks the Sabbath, I will show you a man that will break every other day. The man who has the most respect for God's law, will have the most respect for man's law.

And Macaulay said, "If the Sabbath had not been observed as the day of rest in England, they would have been 350 years behind in their civilization.

Blackstone said, "Corruption of morals always follows the profanation of the Sabbath day."

Adam Smith said, "As a political institution, the Sabbath is of inestimable value."

Justice MacLain said, "If there is no Sabbath, there will be no morals, and without morals there can be no free institutions in America. A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content, health and joys for tomorrow." But, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

My subject this afternoon is, "Safety First for America."

"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The young man or woman who is ashamed of his father or mother because they do not look beautiful, is a fool. If your mother thought more of herself and less of you, she might be fairer and fresher than she is today, for she was once as good looking as you imagine yourself today. And you might be proud to have your friends meet her.

She made her old dress over and cut it on a new bias, because she couldn't afford to buy a new one. She is wearing her winter hat, summer and winter, and those wrinkles in her face are all seals of love for you, my girl.

If your father doesn't appear as well as you'd like to have him, don't get worried. You blush. Well, the old man earned the money to build the house. But remember, will you, my boy, remember that that bent form, remember those hard hands, remember those bronzed cheeks, remember they tell of his kindness, unselfishness, sacrifices made, to educate you and give you home and give you a good start in the world, so that when he was gone, you wouldn't have to work as hard as he did. He will give you fifty years the start.

And when you look upon your father's white hair, or his wrinkled face, and see his slow step and you take his quivering, faltering hand, be proud of him. Those are love marks, those are jewels in his crown of love for you.

A young man came up to me one time in Woodstock, Ill., and said, "Thank you for one thing you said this afternoon. I am the only child. My mother washes for a living. I am working for a living and have saved $450. After hearing you, I have written my mother a letter. I went down and drew out half of my money."

Respect the Aged.

I read the letter, and the tears trickled down my cheeks. I said, to him, "I can see success written all over you in capital letters."

It said something like this, "Mother, I am ashamed the way I have treated you. Give up your washboard, I have earnings enough to take care of you. I am enclosing you a check for $225 which represents half of what I have saved."

"Honor your father and your mother." I will tell you, when Garfield was inaugurated President, after he'd taken the oath of office and before he started to deliver his address, he turned and threw his arms around a little frail woman that sat behind him. It was his mother. Did you think any less of him because he kissed the one that had made it possible for him to live in the White House.

I preached in Canton, Ohio, and for a week every day, I went five times a day past McKinley's old home; past Judge Day's home; past the home of United States Senator Pomerene who lives up there on the same street. They asked me to deliver the memorial address, which I did.

When the Spanish-American war was resting heavily upon the shoulders of McKinley, his mother lay very sick in the old home in Canton, Ohio. He then had a private wire from her bedside into the White House, and they kept him posted every few minutes day and night. He didn't want to leave unless it was absolutely necessary.

The Pennsylvania Railroad had a train with the best engine and crew for the run, sitting there in the depot, not knowing what minute they might have to leave.

She kept saying, "Why don't William come?"

By and by the doctor said, "She is getting worse, you'd better tell him to come."

Honor Father and Mother.

It flashed over the wire, and he sent back that message which has become embalmed in the hearts of the American people. "Tell mother I will be there."

He jumped on the special train, and they rushed him to Canton. My friend, the mayor, had cleared the streets, stopped all traffic. They had the keen, thoroughbreds hitched to the rubber-tired carriage standing in front of the depot. When the train stopped he leaped into it, and down the street they went on the dead run. The sparks flew from their hoofs as they struck the pavement. They turned the corner by the County Court House and east into Market street. He leaped out and was soon in his mother's arms. She kissed him and she said to him, "William, I knew you'd come if you only knew how sick your mother was."

Did you think any less of him because he did If you do, you are some low-down thing. I wouldn't spit on you.

"Honor your father and your mother."

"Thou shalt not kill."

You say, "We are all right there. Bill, we never murdered anybody." There are ways of killing without sticking your dagger into somebody's heart. There is many a husband killing his wife because she has learned that he is false to the mariage vow. There is many a wife killing her husband because he has learned that she is living a double life.

Many a boy is sending his father and mother to a premature grave because they have learned that he is going down the line and is forming bad habits. "Honor thy father and mother."

A fellow came to me one time, and I said to him: "Why don't you give your heart to God?" He said: "Bill, I don't believe the way you do. I believe that everybody will be saved. What would happen to me if I'd die now?"

I said: "If half of what I've heard about you were true, if you died now, you'd be in hell before midnight, and it is now ten minutes past nine."

I preached in a town in Illinois one time, and a woman came down the aisle. I heard the rustle of her silks. She came up, scintillating with jewels. She said: "Mr. Sunday, you are going to preach to men only Sunday afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She said: "Do you say anything about men being false to their wives?"

I said: "Yes, ma'am, I make a few remarks along that line."

She said: "Do you make it plain?"

I said: "When I am through you needn't appoint a committee to find out what I am talking about."

She said: "Mr. Sunday, it is not egotism. I have $5,000 a year for pin money. I have unlimited accounts at Marshall Field, at Peacock's and at Spaulding, the jewelers. I can go buy anything I want, he will pay for it. But, Mr. Sunday, a woman's heart craves something besides jewels, fine clothes and a retinue of servants. I wish you'd make it plain."

Flays Adulterers.

I said: "Sister, I will begin to talk about 2:30. You go home, get down on your knees, lock the door, and pray, while I knock down, skin, and drag out, and if God ever gave liberty to mortal man he did to me.

"Thou shalt not kill." He wasn't shooting her, but she was going to a premature grave.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Oh, this is no time or place to speak of it! I know of no sin against which God Almighty rails more. Oh, that sin caused God to drown the world with a flood; that sin caused God to blot Sodom and Gomorrah from the earth; that sin caused God to blot Pompeii and Herculaneum from the earth!

Many a husband will turn away from a wife and a wife from a husband. I think the most good-for-nothing, God-forsaken, mountebank, the marplot, and triple extract of infamy, rot and degeneration is the man who is false to his marriage vows or the woman who is false to hers.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

"Thou shalt not steal."

The man is a thief who takes that for which he does not give an adequate return, either, in property or money or in work. A man is a thief when he sells under false representations. A man is a thief when he says "That is all wool," when it is half cotton.

He is a thief when he says, "That was imported," when it was made in Cleveland, or Pittsburg or Chicago.

An employer is a thief, if he takes advantage of the necessities of the poor and pays his employe starvation wages and makes him live below the hunger line. A laborer is a thief, if he soldiers and doesn't give honest work to his employer for the wages he pays him, then he is a darn thief!

A gambler who bets and wins is a thief. If he bets and loses he is a fool. So, every gambler is either a fool or a thief, or both.

If a church runs a lottery, that church is a dirty, low thief. As a rule the man who steals a million stands a better show to keep out of the penitentiary than the fellow who steals a hundred thousand.

So true has that become that a friend of mine suggested that we take that commandment, and make it read, "Thou shalt not steal on a small scale."

On Slanderers.

Here's what I believe. You can call this republicanism, you can call it democracy, you can call it whatever you please, here's what I believe. I believe that the man who sticks a gun under my nose on the public highway and demands my money, or my life measured by every rule and standard of honesty, he is no more a thief than that man or combination of men who secure control of a nation's food or fuel supply, or some other necessity and indispensable commodity and then put the price of that commodity up so high that the workingman can't afford to buy it, and then give him the alternative of paying the price for it or starving or freezing to death. He is a darn thief.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

"Safety First for America."

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

You say, "Bill, I have never been in court." Somebody tells something derogatory about another and you don't stop to find out whether what they said was true or not. You begin to tell it around the street to others and you say, "Have you heard the latest? Oh, it is rich and rare and racy."

"Have you heard the story about Mrs. Jones?"

"No, I haven't."

"Poor soul, I feel so sorry for her"—you are an old liar. If you felt sorry, you'd keep your old mouth shut. That it what you'd do.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against they neighbor."

Don't you know some of the darn lies that you told about me before I came to town? You know there are multitudes of people that are past masters and adepts at criticizing others.

Like a young lady. A friend asked her, "Can you sew?"

She said, "No, but I can rip up beautifully."

A Spanish proverb said, "If our faults were written on our foreheads, we'd all go around with our hats over our eyes."

What are your neighbor's shortcomings to you? Your faults you think hidden, perhaps may stand out as plain as the scandal you are talking about, and your trifling faults may seem just as black and set people talking behind your back.

Ambuscade may be legitimate in warfare, but in dealing with your neighbor's faults is cowardly. Leave your ambuscade and come into the open, don't try and divert attention from your rotten life by throwing mud at somebody else. The Spanish proverb says, "Whosoever spits against the winds spits in his own face." In other words you will get it where Queen Elizabeth wore the ruff.

One of the besetting sins of nearly every community is gossip.

One man or woman to set on fire this hellish thing, can keep a whole neighborhood in an uproar.

Believe Only Truth.

Oh, gossips set husbands to quarreling with their wives; wives with their husbands. They will make men suspicious of their wives and wives suspicious of their husbands. I have more respect for the poor old hag going to hell under the gas light of the city, an outcast, than I have for this member of so-called respectable society who under the cover of that damnable business will assassinate the character of others. A breath of scandal sweeping the community, murdering the reputation of men and women and causing tears of anguish.

Shun the tale bearer, the tattler, the gossiper; shun these buzzing pests of society!

An old philosopher was right when he said, "Those who listen to slander would, if I had my way, be hanged; the tattlers by their tongues and the listeners by their ears."

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

There is only one worse than the slanderer. That is the man or woman who will listen to the slanderer without protest. The receiver of stolen goods is as guilty before the law as the fellow that stole the goods. When you sit and listen without protest, you are as blackhearted as the one that told you. And the fence is as guilty as the thief.

I believe that story false that ought not to be true. Did you ever play the game of gossip when you were a kid? We used to line up on the road; one would whisper to one and that one next to that, and on down and the one to whom it was told last would get up and repeat it. Then it would be compared with the original and after a story or a sentence had filtered through the minds of twenty or thirty people you'd be dumbfounded to discover that there'd be little or no resemblance to the original. When a story starts it is like a snow ball.

Hear as little as possible that is to the prejudice of others; believe nothing true—well, until you are absolutely forced to do it. Always moderate what you hear about others and remember this, that there are two sides to everything and if you'd hear the other side, you'd have a different opinion than what you have by hearing one. There are two sides to everything on earth.

"Thou shalt not covet."

Must Stand Test.

The law covers the desire for a thing as well as the stealing of the thing and one of the meanest traits of character, I think, is covetousness.

We live in a testing world. Before Uncle Sam will accept a battleship she's got to stand the test of speed, at forced draft for some hours. Before he will accept a cannon she's got to be tried. We have got to stand physical examinations, mental examinations, all through. Oh, most of the divorces and the wreckage which follows comes from coveting! Oh, that fellow wants that other fellow's wife! That woman wants that other woman's husband. So on it goes. It comes from coveting. "Thou shalt not covet."

Cardinal Gibons in an article not long ago, said, "Divorce is becoming so prevalent that marriage is becoming a little better than a system of free love."

People are too much bent on pleasure nowadays. The divorce evil is called from the false, loose interpretations of the gospel. Every one of the gospels are opposed to it.

There are times when separation is justifiable; there are times when separation would be necessary, I think, and even commendable, but remarriage is the radical evil, and the remarriage is sought by ninety out of a hundred. And wherever somebody is mentioned in the divorce proceedings, that man or woman turns around and marries the corespondent thus named. Covetousness! That is one of the causes of evil today and the wreckage of our homes.

One reason why divorce is on the increase is the attitude people take toward divorced persons. The family is a social unit, and the social life is a reflection of the family life and I know what the family life is by what the social life is, for the social life simply reflects what the family life is.

Now, then, if by some miracle every unhappy married couple could be caused to disregard their children and their claims, I think, tens of thousands of applications for divorce would be filed—and if the present ratio, my friends, of the increase of crime and desertion and drunkenness and divorce continues, the American home is going to sound the depths of hell.

Yonder in Virginia, a young man had everything that an indulgent father could give him. In school he changed books for wine, cards and cigarettes. He married a beautiful girl. He shot her in his automobile. He died in the electric chair in Richmond, leaving a father in a desolate home, with the harrowing memories tearing at his heart. And over the life of his baby are clouds woven from the world's misfortune. He sent another woman to wander in painted shame outside of life's Eden of puri-

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"PINCH HITTER" RECEIVES CALL; QUITS SUNDAY

Dr. Isaac Ward Will Become Pastor of Boston Church.

Dr. Isaac Ward, assistant to Billy Sunday, has resigned from the Sunday organization to become pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Boston—the largest church of this denomination in New England. Dr. Ward's connection with the Sunday party will end with the close of the Washington campaign.

DR. ISAAC WARD.

Billy's "Pinch Hitter."

Dr. Ward is the most efficient member of the Sunday party. He is director of religious work among men in the shops and factories; he regulates the "trail hitting" processions at the Tabernacle; he solves the multitudes of problems that arise among those who come to "the front" and he is official instructor of the ushers, doormen, secretaries and personal workers at the Tabernacle.

He is the evangelist's "pinch hitter" and substitutes for Billy on the Tabernacle platform when Billy is kept from the big wooden building through illness or for any other cause. Dr. Ward preached for Billy at four services last week and he "pinch hitted" for him in Atlanta, Detroit and Syracuse.

Dr. Ward is a powerful preacher. He appeals particularly to men and his work throughout the country in the three years he has been associated with the Sunday organization has been remarkable. In the Detroit campaign alone, Dr. Ward spoke each day to approximately 55,000 workmen. He is conceded to have done more than possibly any other preacher in the country to bring capital and labor in closer touch with each other. He has preached to more than 1,000,000 men.

There is an interesting story in connection with Dr. Ward's unanimous call to the Boston church. When he was working with the Sunday party in Boston he preached in the First Church and frequently he was in the company of Dr. Tufts, its pastor. The latter repeatedly urged Dr. Ward to take charge of a pastorate.

Not long ago Dr. Tufts dropped dead after having officiated at a wedding ceremony in his church. The congregation knew nothing of Dr. Tuft's suggestions to Dr. Ward. But when it came time to select Dr. Tuft's successor the call came to Dr. Ward unanimously to take up the work. The First Church has about 800 members and is doing a big work in Boston.

Built $85,000 Church.

Dr. Ward was pastor of the Fourth Dutch Reformed Church in Philadelphia during the Sunday campaign in that city. His "pep" attracted the attention of Billy Sunday and Dr. Ward was induced to give up the pastorate and join the Sunday forces. Dr. Ward went to Philadelphia from Rutgers Theological Seminary where, during his student days, he established at New Brunswick, N. J., a neighborhood settlement, work which has since become a feature of religious work in that city.

When he went to the Fourth Church it was run down and was about ready for sale. Through Dr. Ward's efforts there was built an $85,000 church and the Fourth Church has since become the most influential in the Roxborough section of Philadelphia.

Dr. Ward is one of the most popular members of the Sunday party. He's the "right hand" of the evangelist and is active just now in the conduct of the business affairs of the campaign here.

ALL PACIFISTS ARE TRAITORS, BILLY ASSERTS

"If You're Not Out-and-Out for Your Country You're Against It.

Billy Sunday took a slam at the pacifist in his serman yesterday afternoon at the Tabernacle. All pacifists are pro-Germans, in the evangelist's opinion, and he declared he has no time for any of them.

"Don't come to me and say you're a pacifist," shouted Billy to an audience of several hundred persons. "If you do——"

Billy clenched his firsts, drew back his right arm and then, bang! he let 'er fly directly in the face of his hearers.

"If you're not out-and-out for your country," said Billy, "you're against it. And you're nothing but a pro-German."

The soldiers in the Tabernacle cheered and the cheering was taken up by the rest of the crowd.

Rotten German Kultur.

Billy went at the Kaiser again. He declared him to be fighting against Christianity on the side of Mohammedanism and trying hard to "cram his rotten German Kultur down our throats."

"But he will soon find out," shouted Billy, "that we can fight as well as pray. He's fooled the world long enough with his bunk about the war being a great economic battle. That's piffle! Durn his stinking hide, and the rest of the bunch over there, too—Von Bernstorff and the whole outfit."

The evangelist declared there are men in Washington today who would shake the hand of the former German ambassador.

"I'd like to punch his head," said Billy. "And you can put me down strong as pledging never to buy anything that's 'made in Germany.' Not so long as I've got good sense."

Billy's sermon was on "Personal Work," the last of a series on this subject. He declared he couldn't for the life of him see why we preachers "have got to wear ourselves out and get into our coffins twenty years before our time trying to make people be decent."

Making Home Runs.

The evangelist declared that enthusiasm is needed just as much in religion as at a baseball game.

"When a man makes a home run," he said, "we carry him off the field on our shoulders. He's a hero. Yet when a prodigal son accepts Christ and makes a home run in his battle against sin, we carry him out of our prayer meetings and put him on ice to cool off."

In Billy's opinion, a woman can drink champagne all night and dance the tango until 2 o'clock in the morning, and "people will say she's clever."

"Yet," he added, "you let this same woman pray and talk religion and everybody will say she's crazy."

God has no quarrel with sinners, Billy declared. The quarrel is with sin. He emphasized his mission in Washington is to "make it easier to do right and harder to do wrong."

Emphasizing the value of personal work, Billy declared that the average boy with a book tied on the end of a piece of string knows more practical things about angling than the expert who got all of his knowledge from Isaak Walton's books on "Angling."

Rody sang, Brewster played and Miss Grace Saxe directed the aftermeeting Bible study class.

Tabernacle Schedule Includes Billy Twice For Today's Salvage

Billy Sunday will preach at 2 o'clock this afternoon at the Tabernacle and again at 7:30 o'clock this evening. The meetings will be for everybody. There will be no meetings for "men only" at the Tabernacle except on Sunday afternoons.

Tonight will be "Students' night" and the special guests will be boys and girls of the higher schools and colleges.

This afternoon Billy will preach a special sermon on "Mothers." Those attending the service are urged to wear a white flower or a bit of white ribbon "in honor of mother."

Miss Alice M. Gamlin will have a meeting for boys and girls in the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Thirteenth and Fairmount northwest, at 3:15 p. m.

Employes in government buildings in the southwest district will be addressed by Mrs. William Asher at 4:45 p. m. in Epiphany Chapel, Twelfth and C streets southwest. Tonight at 8 o'clock Mrs. Asher will talk at a meeting for women workers in the homes at the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Grace Saxe will have her Friday Morning Bible Class at 11 o'clock today in Epiphany Episcopal Church, 1317 G street northwest. She will conduct a class on the Tabernacle platform at 3 o'clock and another at 5 o'clock for public school teachers.

Women's noonday luncheon meetings, First Congregational Church, Tenth and G streets northwest, 11 a. m. to 2 p. m., direction Miss Frances Miller.

FEW FOLKS HAVE GRAY HAIR NOW

Well-Known Local Druggist Says Everybody Is Using Old-Time Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture improved by the addition of other ingredients by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite to impart color and a youthful appearance to the hair. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.—Adv.