Billy Sunday Starts Big Drive to Rout the Devil From the National Capital

BIG CROWD AT TABERNACLE TO HEAR BILLY SUNDAY TALK

(Continued from First Page.)

by the renowned Homer Rodeheaver, carried out the song service. At 10:38 John Joy Edson introduced Mr. Rodeheaver to his choir. "Rhody" offered a short prayer, and then led the choir and audience in singing "America," accompanied by his famous trombone.

First to Arrive.

Mrs. Saxe, head of the people's work department; Miss Kinney, head of the children's work department, and Miss Miller, of the women's work department, were the first of the Sunday party to arrive. They were followed shortly thereafter by Mr. Rodeheaver and Chief Pianist Brewster.

Above the rostrum, somewhat resembling a huge aeroplane propeller, was the Billy Sunday augophone—the latest thing in acoustics. This augophone was a huge solid wheel grooved from the center in six directions to throw the evangelist's voice as near as possible into the ears of the audience.

The rostrum was draped with an American flag and a service flag of one star for the evangelist's son, George Sunday, motor truck driver extraordinary.

BIG THRONG SINGS AS BILLY ARRIVES AT UNION STATION

While 1,000 persons sang "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," cheered, waved handkerchiefs, and cheered some more, Billy Sunday and Ma Sunday stepped off the Pennsylvania Limited at 8:23 o'clock last night in Union Station.

The first person to greet the evangelist was his son, George Sunday, now a lieutenant in the aviation section of the signal corps.

"Hello, boy!" Billy called out when he saw the olive-drab uniform, and father and son rushed into each other's arms for a great, big hug. And then Ma came down the train steps, and there was a regular family reunion with members of the Sunday party, the executive committee and newspaper men looking on.

"Hello, Everybody!"

"Hello, folks; Hello, everybody!" was Billy's greeting to the reception committee. He shook hands on every side, calling out cheery greetings in his wonderful voice, smiling the magnetic smile that has become famous the country over.

A cheer went up from the crowd in the east end of the station, where Major Pullman had roped off a section in order to keep people back. The flashlight "shot" of a Times photographer as he snapped a group picture of the Sunday family was the signal for the singing to begin, and as Billy walked through the station toward the east entrance, he waved his hat and shouted greetings to the people who had waited two hours and a half to see him.

Billy's wonderful intuitive sense asserted itself the moment he stepped from his train. He seemed to know everybody in the reception party.

"Hello, Cooper! Hello, Letts! Hello, Chance!" he called in quick succession. He greeted Mrs. George Sunday, his daughter-in-law with a hug and a kiss, and demanded, "Where's Rody?"

Major Pullman, Byron S. Adams, Dr. James L. Gordon, Rev. George A. Miller, John C. Letts, and members of the Sunday party, personal workers of the campaign were in the group that greeted Billy when he stepped from his train.

From the Business Office Viewpoint

Great Britain's Experience

—Proves That Advertising Lowers the Living Cost, As This Series of Letters From British Business Houses Will Show:

No. 1

Catesby Ltd., London

Advertising does not mean the purchaser has to pay a higher price. There are several causes why he hasn't, but one cogent fact will suffice to convince the thoughtful person why he can get Catesby's Cork Lino for less because of advertising. Pattern "No. 10" (any number will suffice) is shown to over fifty thousand applicants in a given period through our advertising and colored sheets. The resulting demand is such that instead of the intricate cork-lino machinery stopping for change of pattern when only a few rolls have been printed, the machinery runs on without expensive change until hundreds of rolls of "No. 10" have been printed. The economic saving not only pays for the advertising but leaves a margin allowing the home customer a lower price than is otherwise possible. That's all.

James P. Hunt.

E. C. ROGERS, Business Manager, THE WASHINGTON TIMES

Here's Sunday's First Sermon in Washington Delivered This Morning

In the nineteenth chapter of Acts, the second verse, we find these words, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

The personality and the divinity and the attributes of the Holy Spirit afford one of the most interesting, inspiring, instructive, and at the same time mysterious studies in all the Scriptures.

When the Holy Spirit came at Pentecost, he came as a rushing mighty wind, and he hovered over each of the expectant Pentecostal worshipers. When Jesus was baptized of John in the River Jordan; out from the blue expanse of heaven came what looked like a snowflake. As it came nearer the earth, it assumed the form of a dove and we are told that whirring of wings was heard and that the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove hovered over the dripping locks of the Son of God as he stood on the banks of the Jordan.

Two Such Probabilities.

There have been but two such visible manifestations of the Spirit, and the probabilities are that this side of the grave neither your eyes nor mine shall ever behold such scenes; neither shall our ears ever be privileged to hear such a sound again.

You cannot dissect, you cannot weigh, you cannot analyze the Holy Spirit as a chemist would some substance in his laboratory, but we can all feel his power and we can all enjoy the orchard fruits of his planting, for I read that the fruits of the spirit are love, joy, long suffering, gentleness, brotherly love; against such there is no law.

Jesus Christ was a distinct being. He was born, crucified, died, buried, ascended into glory. The Holy Spirit is a personality—as much of a personality as God, Christ, you, I, anything or anybody.

"Howbeit, he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak and he shall show you things to come."

Always In Future Tense.

Speaking of the Holy Spirit as a personality, not an influence, therefore we are born of the Spirit, he is our advocate. Jesus always thinks of the Spirit in the future tense. He said, "It is a good thing for you that I go away. If I go not away the Comforter will not come"—the future tense—"but when I am gone, I will send him unto you from the Father," and I read, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God," as if men and women can and do grieve the spirit of God by the wrong atmosphere in their lives, by the wrong atmosphere in their homes, by the crowd they keep company with. Why, an angel from Heaven couldn't come down and stay here two weeks and train with the crowd that some of you go with and call good and then get back to Heaven without having a bath in lysol and carbolic acid and formaldehyde.

Therefore, we grieve the Spirit by the wrong use of our lips; we grieve the Spirit by the things we stoop to do. Oh, there are multitudes of men and women who will do things in private that they wouldn't do in public—it would mean their disgrace! There is many a man who wouldn't keep somebody on the side, who wouldn't stagger and reel home into the arms of his wife, but he will stoop to do the mean, contemptible, dirty, scurrilous, derogatory, underhanded, vilifying, little things that show that he is led by the flesh and not by the Spirit, although he may have been baptized, sprinkled and immersed every fifteen minutes, knows the catechism from A to Z, and has been confirmed every half hour! There are multitudes of them!

Proves Personality.

The fact that you can grieve the Holy Spirit proves, from inference at least, his personality. You can't grieve an influence, so the Holy Spirit is more than an influence or the Bible would not tell me to be careful and not grieve the Spirit. I can't grieve an influence, so the Holy Spirit is a personality and that proves his sensitiveness, too. So the Holy Spirit must be capable of being grieved by the something you do, and the places you go, and the things you say, or the Bible would not warn us to be careful.

I have been told that a dove has been known to tremble when the single feather of a vulture's wing has been held in front of it. I don't know whether that is true or not, but I know that the Spirit of God is so sensitive to the slightest evidence of sin in your life that it trembles when He sees you stopping to do the things that He knows there is but one inevitable outcome for, and that is eternal damnation in hell for the impenitent.

No Fog Over Eyes.

There is no fog or mist over the eyes and the mind of the Holy Spirit, my friends, about eternal damnation for the impenitent if he does not turn from his sin and yield to Jesus Christ. And this sensitiveness presents to me the Father and his love, too. Where there is no love you cannot grieve. It is analagous to the feelings of a mother whose heart breaks because her boy, by some act, has put a stain upon the family escutcheon that nothing can ever erase—because that girl, by her good-for-nothing coquettish ways, and her godless wayward life, and the miserable bunch she goes with, she will soon, sir, present to the world the mute evidence of illicit affection, and by her you help to feed the red light of some great city. Or the man who swore to be true to you as long as the sky and waves were blue and has turned from that marriage vow and broken it as if it were made of spider webs, until he has made the name synonymous with everything that is low down, groveling, and infamous in the world. "Grieve not the Spirit of God!"

So important is the office work of the Spirit that I read, "Wherefore I say unto you, all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be given unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men, neither in this world nor in the world to come," but I'd like to know where any bunch gets any Scriptural authority for future probation; if you don't settle it before the undertaker pumps you full of embalming fluid, you are all in, take it from me.

Men ought to be masters of their own business. Of course, a lot of you men know a lot more about how to preach than I; that's the reason I am preaching and you're not. Every man ought to be master of his own business. I can go downtown tomorrow morning and I can engage your merchant in conversation and he will explain to me many things that I don't know about business—the principle that is necessary to pursue in order to carry on business successfully. I will thank him for his information and all that he knows about his business. Every merchant has got to watch the day book and the ledger; he's got to watch that his store doesn't become overstocked with goods; he's got to watch the buying and selling prices; he's got to know who he can trust and who he can't trust. There are a thousand and one things that come to the average merchant to tax his patience, until the man who can stand in the busy mart of trade with decency and honesty, I have a big admiration for him.

Billy and Ma, snapped by The Times photographer last night just as they were about to step into an automobile to take them to their home.

I can engage your auctioneer in conversation. He can tell by the amount of money I am willing to pay for that automobile or piece of jewelry whether I know anything about the intrinsic value or whether he can string me.

I can go down town and engage an electrician in conversation. He can tell pretty quickly whether I know anything about electricity.

I can engage your lawyer in conversation. He will tell quickly whether I know anything about the organization and constitution of laws and the codes and the ordinances.

I can engage your physician in conversation; he can tell mighty quickly whether I know anything about obstetrics, or therapeutics or medicine, and all that.

The Apostle Paul was on his third missionary journey. Paul was a stoop-shouldered, dim-eyed, wrinkled-browed, whitehaired gospel veteran. He had been on the firing line for Jesus Christ and he became bullet meat for all that the forces of hell and damnation and blasphemy can hurl against the cross of the Son of God, and he made the gospel-ignorant dip their colors to the cross of Jesus Christ.

On Third Journey.

He was on his third missionary journey. My friend, Russell Calvert, of Philadelphia, says that he imagines that man Paul talking with the inn keeper and the company of men over in one corner, gesticulating and going through incantations like an Indian medicine man and making gyrations like a Dutch windmill, and Paul said: "Who is that bunch over there?" or words to that effect. He replied: "Members of the church." "Well, sir; that's a bum steer," he said. "Nothing doin'. Members of the church don't talk like that."

He walked over to the crowd pretty soon, and he came back and said, "Paul, I had it right." Paul walked over there and listened to the conversation and he said, "What would you call that guy?" He said, "John the Baptist."

Paul said, "Did you receive the Holy Ghost?" They said, "We haven't so much as heard whether there will be any or not." Then Paul asked, "Under what were you baptized?" and they said, "John's baptism." "Oh, I see now."

Behind the Times.

The diciples had gone through that country preaching about Jesus, preaching "Repent, repent, repent." "Oh," Paul says, "you're behind the times. This Jesus that they preached about has been born; he has been crucified, Jews and Gentiles have spit in his face, they nailed him to the cross, they put him in the grave; but he burst the bonds of death. He rose in conquering majesty, to stoop to death no more."

Then Paul breathed upon him and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." He said, "You've got something more coming to you."

So it is my purpose this afternoon to briefly show what the Holy Spirit wants to do with us—in the first place, he will come to reveal God by the physical touch of man through creation. It's not difficult for you and me to imagine God. We speak of him as the Father, we who believe in Jesus Christ as an issue. I do not believe in your doctrine of the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man, unless he has been born again by faith in Jesus Christ—it is an infernal lie.

Both Creatures of God.

You are a creature of God; so is a cow eating grass in pasture; you are a creature of God—you are not a child of God unless you've been born again in repentance and faith in Jesus Christ. I don't believe in your doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man unless you are a Christian—don't believe in it. I believe a man is born not by good works or philanthropy or charity, but by the faith and repentance, faith in Jesus Christ, and if he isn't, he will go to hell whether he lives in a mansion or in a stale beer joint.

Now we speak of him as the Creator; we are the objects of his creative genius and of his power. We speak of him under the simile of a judge who will reward the righteous and punish the wicked, and although we are made in the image of God, although nobody has seen God at any time, there must be a medium of communication, there must be a darkened glass that will soften the rays of the heavenly bedazzlements. As Moses had to veil himself when he came from the Mount so the people could look upon him, so there must be, my friends, something that will bind celestials to terrestrials in this world. As the moon reflects the glory of the sun, so we are reflecting, my friends, the power of God.

Holy Spirit's Work.

I do not find God coming in physical contact—no, that's the work of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is the Father's voice seeking to win and woo you from the paths of sin to those of righteousness and of truth. He is the aurora that shines to illuminate the pathway that God wants you to walk in, and he is the Father's voice that makes you open your ears and makes you responsive to the influences that would bring you on your knees. He is the kiss, and the incense that sweetens the atmosphere and perfumes your life; he is the love that woos with a smile; he is the aurora, I say, that shines to help you.

I do not find God working with his hands like you work with your hands or I work with mine. When God wanted to build the universe what did he do? Oh, he spake and the Holy Spirit separated the land from the sea and he put the mountains out on the frontiers of the universe until they looked like sentinels on picket duty, tossing their old snow-covered heads 14,000 feet in the air like flocks of sheep feeding on the hillsides of the skies. He changed the heaven into a marching, choral society when the evening stars sang together in the twilight of the centuries. "He sendeth forth thy spirit and they are renewed," and "Thou reneweth the face of the earth," I read, and "The earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Perhaps that is what Jesus meant when he said, "If ye had faith so much as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." Therefore, when God wills, the Holy Spirit does an act, accomplishes material phenomena.

Sun Awaited High Ball.

When Joshua fought the battle, he saw that the sun would go down and it would be dark before he could finish the conflict. He said, "Lord, it's taking me longer than I figured out, and if you've got some way just to prolong this day and keep the sun from behind the western hills, I'll lick this bunch to a frazzle and I'll send your name ringing down through the ages." And God reached up and grabbed the sun and said, "You stay there and don't move an inch until Joshua gives you the high ball."

He accomplished material phenomena in this old world. Samson, with the spirit of God on him, could take the jawbone of an ass and flay a thousand Philistines. Samson alone, without the spirit of God, was as weak as a new-born babe, and the church of God today, with all her wealth, with her vested choir, her pipe organs and her numbers, without Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost, becomes four walls with a roof over her and a pipe organ built up in the corner and a preacher doing stunts twe times one day out of seven.

Who is the spirit of God? There is no force on earth or in hell that can stand the onward march of the church of Jesus Christ and his truth.

Best Way To Get It.

The best way to grasp Scriptural truth is to compare Scripture with Scripture. The greatest danger, as I see it today, is egotistical self-content. A lot of people don't give a whoop whether anybody goes to hell, or where they go, so long as they themselves are saved. Egotistical self-contentment is one of the curses of the world and of the church. A man will not walk to a precipice and leap over with two good eyes and a good head; no captain would put to sea without the chart of the pilot and the compass, for it is by the trembling of that tiny needle that she can leave the harbor at New York and enter the habor of Liverpool and never deviate two miles unless driven by a storm.

Will Walk Too Far.

Oh, death lurks in the poisoned cup as well as it gleams upon the point of the poinard or glistens upon the barrel of the gun. Satan plumes himself into a dove of light and he sharpens his fangs and injects his venom. The flowers fade and the sun becomes as blood, and it is in this guise that the devil does his most effective work. If we could see the devil as he is, he would be in the hospital before February 1st. That's the trouble today, he's got you. He leads you astray and puts a ring in your nose, and he's got you now.

The danger is that the tired traveler will walk too far out on the beach and the incoming tide will engulf him. The trouble is that past sins will not be dragged out and confessed and forsaken.

A man said to me, "Bill, I have never been a drunkard." Good! Thank God you have never known what it was to have the fangs of intemperance grip and tear at your heart; thank God your wife and children have never known what it was to have a husband and a father stagger, and reel, and jabber, and mutter, and sputter, and spew, and vomit into their presence to curse, and damn, and beat them; thank God that that damnable, rotten, hellish, vile, corrupt business has never clutched you by the throat to choke out every spark of life and leave you an abandoned derelict out upon the high seas of passion; thank God that you have never known what it is! Thank God you have never been tempted to forge a note; thank God you have always been able to earn a livable salary and put hard coal under the sidewalk and hand the landlord his rent when he punched the doorbell on the first of the month.

Thank God you have never known all that!

How He'll Do It.

But are you willing that man should see you as God sees you? "Man looketh on the outward show but God looketh on the heart." Now then, how is the Lord going to convict the world? He is going to do it through those who live, believe and preach the truth.

There are three classes in the church, as I have sized it up impartially after twenty-one years. Listen! First there are people in the church who personally want to be saved. They don't give a rap whether anybody else is saved or not, they are absolutely indifferent to it. That's one class. Then there is a second class—they have a little concern; they think the work is to be done by human wisdom and discretion. They have a great deal to say about the latent power in the church. There is no such thing as power, express or implied—I mean latent power. Power is as distinct from the individual as that current is from that light. What are these lights without the current? Nothing but glass bulbs waiting for the scrap heap. What is man, the individual, without the spirit of God? Nothing but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. That's all it is in the universe. Without the Spirit of God, she degenerates into a third rate amusement bureau with religion left out.

Have Learned Lesson.

Then the third class—they have learned this lesson, "it is not by might nor by power but by My spirit," saith the Lord God of hosts. From the third class came the prophets; from the third class came Gideon, who put to flight the Midianites; from the third class came Moses, who beat back the waters of the Red Sea; from the third class came Daniel, who shut the lion's mouth by the power of God; from the third class came every man and every woman who has ever been used of God to light up the dark, rotten, festering spots of this Sabbath-breaking, whiskey-soaked, gambling-cursed old world that's going to hell so fast she's breaking the speed limit.

Now, I am no pessimist; I am an optimist of the optimists. I believe, sir, that a brighter day has never dawned in history, my friends, than now. I believe, sir, that no church door should ever swing open, I believe no sermon should ever be preached, no songs sung nor prayer prayed that hasn't for its only purpose the glorifying of God and the bringing of some poor wanderer down at the foot of the cross of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

We've got our churches, we've got our preachers. Why, at Pentecost one sermon brought three thousand to their knees; now it takes about three thousand of the average sermons to bring one old weazel-eyed, red-nosed, whiskey-soaked blasphemer to his knees. Some sermons wouldn't have found Jesus Christ with a search warrant.

We've Got 'Em All.

Now, we've got our churches; we've got our josh-houses; we've got our tabernacles. Oh, we've got the wisdom of the Orientals; we've got the vim, vigor, tobasco sauce and pepperino, and the push, and the go, and the wealth of the twentieth century. I tell you, I believe no people on earth are better paid, are better fed, are better clothed, are better housed, are more happy and prosperous than those that live beneath the Stars and Stripes in America.

A lady came in from Iowa. She roached her eyebrows and drew in her diaphragm (she was a kind of a cold storage proposition).

She said, "What the church needs is organization." I said, "Forget it. We are organized to death. We've got so much machinery in the average church you can hear it squeak when you start in. We haven't got oil enough for the Holy Ghost to grease one axle of God's chariot—that's what's the matter with us today, we've got the Y. M. C. A., and we've got the Y. W. C. A., we've got the Y. P. S. C. E., we've got the B. Y. P. U., we've got the C. E., we've got the W. F. N. H., we've got the J. E. L., and the J. e. l. l. y. s. It gets a man bughouse."

Drop into an average young people's meeting and the leader says in a weak, negative, falsetto, apologetic, sissified sort of mannerism, "This is a splendid topic this evening. I have been so busy I haven't had time for preparation." It's superfluous to say that it wouldn't take the bunch long to find he's all in. "I hope you will feel free to take part." Somebody gets up and reads a poem from the Christian Endeavor Herald and then along comes someone and says, "Let's sing No. 32" and they sing, "Oh, to be Nothing, Nothing; Only to Sit at His Feet."

Two-thirds of them are like x in algebra. Someone says, "Let's sing No. 84." They all get up and sing, "Throw out the Life Line Throw out the Life Line," when they haven't got strength enough to put up a clothes line. Then a long pause and I hear the organ pealing that prelude and then, "Let us arise and repeat our benediction and be adjourned." "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another."

Yes, and God's got a hard job on his hand!

Did you ever hear anything like that in this city. You will hear it. What's the matter? Oh nothing, we are just dead—that's all; we're just dead. We don't need an evangelist so much as we need an undertaker. Just dead!

Here are Billy, Ma, and George Sunday, snapped last night just after their arrival in the Capital.

Oh, life will give organization, but organization won't give life. That's what I'm talking about. Then the Holy Spirit is needed to bring God in spiritual touch with man, to make man feel that he needs a Saviour. How do you feel that you need a doctor when you are sick—the fireman when there's a fire in your house?

The Holy Spirit is needed. It is the microscope that magnifies one drop of the Saviour's blood into an ocean of redemption. The Holy Spirit! He is the joint representative of the Trinity in the world today. I think God has not left himself without witnesses; the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show himself strong in behalf of them whose hearts aspire toward him. How the eyes of God run to and fro throughout the earth!

Picked Up Luther.

And he picked up Martin Luther, that German monk who was crawling on his knees up the steps of Pilate at Rome. He hurled him as a mighty thunderbolt against the ecclesiastic errors of his day until under God Almighty Martin Luther kindled upon the hilltops of Germany the light of reformation which illuminates the world today.

You can bet if Martin Luther were living in this city today, he would be sitting right down there and saying, "Go to it, Bill! Go to it, Bill, and give it to them!"

The eyes of the Lord ran to and fro until he found Wesley and Whitfield and that movement which crystallized into the Methodist Church, which marshaled so many millions of Christians, was the blessing of God on earth in the brave days of old.

Eyes Running To and Fro.

The eyes of the Lord are running to and fro today. You remember reading about the blowing up of Hell Gate? The Government gave the contract for the work to General Newton. He sunk his cofferdam, he started tunnels, undermined, laid giant powder, nitroglycerin and dynamite, he made the electric connections and ran the wires off to his home in Brooklyn Heights and then the Government came and they put everybody back in boats (all the people who had assembled in advantageous places to watch it) and General Newton, two miles away, called his little daughter, Mary, two years old, took her on his lap and said, "Honey, put your thumb against that black button and push it when I tell you."

He sat there with a receiver to his ear and when the signal came, "General, we are ready," he said, "Honey, push the button," and she put her tiny thumb against the button and pushed. Two miles away there was a muffled roar and the water shot into the air like a typhoon, and rocks shot into the air and they fell like the autumnal leaves in the November blasts. Helplessness itself was that little girl, but backed by the brain and the genius of her illustrious father she was all powerful.

Hell Can't Do It.

Helplessness itself are you and I, but by the power of the spirit of God there is not enough force in hell to pull one hair out of your head unless God gives the power. God is looking for men and women who are willing to go down in the marshes of sin and from their slimy suction rescue the perishing, care for the dying.

Then, in the last place, the Holy Spirit is needed to bring God in spiritual touch with man that man may realize he is the representative of God in the world. Did you ever realize, my friends, that you and I represent God? I heard Dr. Fink, who returned from China, tell how the Chinese troops had surrounded the British legation and all the foreigners, and the embassies with their wives had taken refuge in the British embassy, and from it flew the flags of all nations. They were giving themselves up to the fate of massacre which they felt inevitably awaited them. The Chinese had succeeded in planting a battery on an eminence that commanded the British legation, and with fear and dread they awaited the dawning of the day which they believed meant murder for every man, outrage for every woman and a life worse than death, and at midnight as they strained their eyes and their ears, some of the Germans clambered upon the ramparts and with their hands behind their ears, they listened and away in the distance they heard the "Watch on the Rhine," and they cheered and cheered and cheered.

Heard "Marseillaise."

Then the French clambered up and looking and listening, they heard the "Marseillaise," and they cheered and cheered and cheered. Up came the British, and looking out in the darkness and bending their ear, they caught the strains of "God Save the Queen;" they heard and they cheered and cheered and cheered.

The Americans said, "Has Uncle Sam forgotten us? Has he left us to the mercy of the blood-thirsty Chinamen, to outrage the women? Are we forgotten?" And as they listened away in the distance they caught the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." They heard the rap-a-tap-tap of the machine gun; they heard the deep bass cough of the Maxim gun and the shells crashed through the walls of the forbidden city and the troops of Uncle Sam led the way and the breezes of the Orient kissed the Stars and Stripes. Men and women fainted; others wept for joy. What was it?

Lives Were In Danger.

Well, United States Minister Cox, of Des Moines, Iowa, our ambassador, his wife and two daughters—their lives were in danger. He represented eighty millions, then, of the bravest men and women that ever walked God Almighty's dirt, and sir, the United States Government would have emptied the Treasury of her reserve, she would have sent every battleship to the bottom of the China Sea, she would have dyed the soil of China red with the blood of a million men but that she would have avenged the insult and the death to her ambassador.

And I say to the forces of evil in this city that have fed and fattened and gormandized, outraged, ruined men and women and children, impoverished, sent them shrieking and screaming down into hell; and all the good-for-nothing, Godforsaken, iniquitous, rapacious, mendacious, buffoons, mountebanks, poltroons, sexual and moral perverts that have cursed and damned this whole earth, "Come on; come on!"

His Life Threatened.

My life has been threatened from one end of this land to the other by that good-for-nothing, Godforsaken, whiskey-soaked gang, the worst gang of thugs this side of hell.

They have insulted my wife and my children. They have hired men to trail me up and down the country and go aside to the owners of the newspapers. They can't find a decent paper in America that will publish their dirty, rotten sewage until one of them went to one of the leading editors and offered him a sum that would stagger me, if he would fight me and fight the meeting. He said to him, "You ought to go to hell."

He is a church member at that.

They have lied about me. In a convention in a central Western State, two friends of mine were in where they were having their conference. They said, "We have been trailing Sunday for twenty years; we can't get anything on him. The only thing we can do is to start a systematic campaign of villification. We will say he is sacrilegious and crude and vulgar and we will try to get the ministers not to call him and if they do, we will try and get them to oppose him," and they set aside money to do this very thing up and down the land today. That's their game all over the country.

I have put them out of nearly two hundred million dollars worth of business in the last few years. I ask no quarter from the dirty bunch and I give them none. None whatever!

Doesn't Want Money.

Now then, let me tell you something. I don't want your money, I want you. They say, "Oh, he works for money." I haven't got a dollar today that the people of this country didn't give me. I don't ask people for one cent for my services. It is nobody's business but the man who gives it whether he gives anything or not. So I have never asked for it.

I was offered a cold million dollars if I would appear before the movies and let them take my picture and put them on the film. I said, "You can't do it for a hundred million." Not that I have anything against the movies, I haven't; but you couldn't put my mug on the movies for a hundred million dollars.

I was offered three thousand dollars to talk for twenty-four minutes into a talking machine for them to make records. Not that I have anything against it, but I said, "No, sir, I will not commercialize God's words or God's cause."

Are You Ready?

Can it be that we fail to realize His help and the need of it in this world? Hold on! Don't you ask Him to help you when you preach, to help you to live, to help you to be right in this old world; don't you yearn for His indwelling motor? Oh, are there any so blind as to not see the benefits of the Holy Ghost? Are you ready to surrender?

You say, "My, it's a little thing to go to war because we threw some tea overboard in the Boston harbor!" Great God, we didn't go to war over the tea; we said to the East India Company, "You can't tax us without representation." We went to war for the principle.

"Oh," you say, "it was a mighty little thing for God to drive Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden because they ate the fruit." God didn't give a rap about the fruit; it was the principle—whether God should bow to man or man should bow to God, and God will never take his hat off to anybody.

When Jonathan Edwards was twenty-three years of age he made this entry in his diary: "If I knew it were given to but one young man to live an earnest, thoroughly, fully surrendered life to Jesus Christ, I, Jonathan Edwards, would live every hour as though I were that one favored young man."

Story of the Monk.

I heard of a monk who violated every rule of a monastery and he was sentenced by his superior to be buried alive, standing erect and they dug his grave nine feet deep. They placed him in there hands and feet bound. They piled dirt about him until it reached his waist and they said, "Now will you surrender and submit to our authority" He cried, "I will not." They piled the dirt about him until it reached his shoulders and it was with great difficulty he could breathe. The superior monk, leaning over, said: "Now, will you yield and submit to our authority?" Defiantly he spat back the words, like a rattlesnake injecting venom: "I will not."

They piled the dirt about him until only his eyes and nose protruded. They said to him, "Three shovels full more and you are dead. This is the last chance. Do you yield? Will you submit to our authority?" and he faintly gasped back, "Yes, I will yield, I will yield." If Christ must live and reign in me, I must die; like him, crucified must be, so dead that no desire can rise to pass for good or great or wise in any but my Saviour's eyes. Let me live. When I am dead, then, Lord, to me issue life. My time, my strength, my all to thee I give; nothing for self shall henceforth be, dear Lord. I give myself to thee for time and for eternity. Let me live, let me live!"

PICKED DETAIL ON DUTY.

The flower of Washington's Police Department was on duty today at the Tabernacle. Forty men formed the foot detail; eight the bicycle detail and two mounted men from the Ninth precinct were also on duty. The men were commanded by Captain Hartley, Acting Capt. J. A. Duvall and Lieut. E. W. Brown.

In an order sent out last night Major Pullman advised the captains of the various precincts that they send their best men.

PEACE IN SIX MONTHS OR THREE YEARS MORE OF WAR

Developments of the last week, culminating yesterday in the restatement of allied war aims by Lloyd George, were interpreted today by a neutral north European minister as meaning:

Peace within the next six months, or

Continuation of the war with undiminished vigor for three years or more.

United States officials saw in the statement by Lloyd George a long step toward pace, but refused to be quoted, pending any official interpretation by the President of the restatement of war aims.

Developments of Week.

The Times announced last Sunday that the Kaiser had agreed to give Chancellor Hertling the power to conduct international negotiations, and pointed out the significance of this action as a stride toward peace. Here are the other developments of the week:

Chancellor appeals to Russian delegates to forward Germany's peace plea to the allies.

Count Czernin, Austrian foreign minister, sets forth terms on which Germany is willing to end war.

Hertling appeals to the Reichstag to sponsor new "feeler" addressed to the allies.

Bolsheviki refuse to accept humiliating peace. Allies consider recognition of provisional Russian government.

Germans revise terms, offering to "police" small nations whose fate is in dispute.

Bulgaria and Turkey outline peace terms to Russia.

After cable conference with all allies, Lloyd George sets forth war aims of the allies in definite terms.

LLOYD GEORGE HAS EXPRESSED CREED OF ALL DEMOCRACY

By DAVID LAWRENCE.

(Continued from First Page.)

mistake which allied newspapers have made in the past by attacking a personality instead of a system. Attacks on the Kaiser heretofore have only served to rally the German people just as foreign criticism of an American President would tend to solidify popular support of him. But changes in the German constitution, together with franchise reform would greatly diminish the power of Emperor William, and sooner or later bring about the downfall of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

Follows Wilson Principles.

In a general way Lloyd George has followed the principles laid down by President Wilson heretofore, but the British premier has developed the situation much further by giving an explicit statement on territorial questions, something which Mr. Wilson in the very nature of America's position could not with propriety discuss in detail. Yet whatever inferences or doubts may have been raised by the President's general statements have now been clearly expressed by the British leader and the allies have given to the world formula for peace that is equitable and just. Its acceptance depends upon the sincerity of Germany and her readiness to stop fighting before drastic measures of trade discrimination by the allies lead to her own economic strangulation no matter what the military outcome of the war.

Confidential exchanges between President Wilson and the British government during the past week have developed unity in the peace offensive launched by the entente. The speech of Lloyd George contains the most advanced and liberal terms the allies have yet proclaimed. Except for the insistence on the return to France of Alsace-Loraine and the emphasis on a change in the German constitution, there is nothing which the Germans themselves would consider insuperable obstacles to peace.

Unquestionably, however, as President Wilson stated in his reply to the Vatican, peace can be negotiated, terms can be agreed upon around a council table and equitable arrangements made provided the governments concerned trust each other.

No Conference Now.

The present imperial German government is not trusted by Great Britain, France, or the United States. Its word cannot be taken. And even if a better personnel occupied the high ministerial posts, until there is a fundamental change in the German constitution making the government responsible to the people, none of the civilized nations can feel certain that the peace of the world will not again be disturbed by the whims or ambitions of autocracy.

The allies want security—something that will permit them to abolish conscription and the burdens of taxation that would otherwise be required for protective armament. Allies want the next generation to grow up without having to keep abreast of German schemes for military domination so that the attention of all peoples may be turned toward the enjoyment of the great benefits to civilization that flow not from the pursuits of war, but the occupations of peace.