

The Moral Leper is Grilled by Sunday at the Big Tabernacle Saturday Evening

Says that Moral Sin is Just the Same as a Man Who is Stricken with Leprosy.

GIVES WARNING TO THE YOUNG

"Billy" Sunday preached last night on "The Moral Leper," taking as his text, "But the Man Was a Leper." The evangelist said:

I have sometimes tried to imagine myself in Damascus on review day, and have seen a man riding on a horse richly caparisoned with trappings of gold and silver, and he himself clothed in garments of the finest fabrics and the most costly, but with a face so sad and melancholy that it would cause the beholder to turn and look a second and third time. And a man unaccustomed to such scenes might have been heard to make a remark like this: "How unequally God seems to divide his favors! There is a man who rides and others walk; he is clothed in costly garments; they are almost naked while he is well fed," and they contrast the difference between the man on the horse and the others. If you only knew the breaking hearts of the people we envy we would pity them from the bottom of our souls.

I was being driven through a suburb of Chicago by a real estate man who wanted to sell me a lot. He was telling me what lived here and who lived there, and what an honor it would be for me and my children to possess a home there. We were driving past a home that must have cost \$100,000 and he said: "That house is owned by Mr. So-and-so. He is one of our multi-millionaires, and he and his wife have been known to live in that house for months and never speak to each other. They each have separate apartments, each has a separate retinue of servants, each a dining room and sleeping apartments, and months come and go by and they never speak to one another." My thoughts hurried back to the little flat in Chicago that we called our home and where we have lived for seventeen years. I had paid rent enough to pay for it. There wasn't much in it; I could load it in two furniture vans, maybe three, and then the piano, but I would not trade the happiness and the joy and the love of that little flat for that palatial home and the sorrow and the things that went with it.

Leprosy and Sin.

"But he was a leper." That disease, peculiar to the Orient, is exceedingly loathsome and as I study its pathology I am not surprised that God used it as a type of sin. A man who is able to understand this disease, its beginning and its progress, might be approached by a man who was thus afflicted and might say to him, "Hurry! Hurry! Show yourself to the priest for the cleansing by the Mosaic law." "Why?" says the man thus addressed, "what is the trouble?" The other man would say, "Do you see the spot on our hand? Hurry and show yourself to the priest." But the man says, "That is only a fever, only a water blister; only a pimple, nothing more. There is no occasion to be alarmed. You are unduly agitated and excited for my welfare." Those sores are only few now, but it spreads and it is first upon the hand, then upon the arm, and from the arm it goes on until it lays hold of every nerve, artery, vein, with its slimy coil, and continues until the rotten disintegration of the parts takes place and they drop off, and then it is too late. But the man who was concerned saw the beginning of that, not only the end, but the beginning. He looked upon you and saw the end, too.

That is the reason why you hurry when you get evidence of the disease. So I say to you, young man, don't you go with that Godless, good-for-nothing gang, that blaspheme and sneer at religion, that bunch of character assassins; they will make of your body a door mat to wipe their feet upon. Don't go with that bunch; I heard you swear, I heard you sneer at religion, stop, or you will become a staggering, stumbling, heavy-eyed, foul-mouthed, down and outer, on your way to hell. I say to you, stop! or you will go reeling down to hell, breaking your wife's heart and wrecking your children's lives. And what have you got to show for it? What have you got to show for it?

A Warning to the Young.

Don't you go, my boy; don't you laugh at that snuffy story with a double meaning. Don't go with that gang. But you say to me, "Mr. Sunday, you are unduly excited for my welfare. I know you sneer at religion, stop, or you will become a staggering, stumbling, heavy-eyed, foul-mouthed, down and outer, on your way to hell. I say to you, stop! or you will go reeling down to hell, breaking your wife's heart and wrecking your children's lives. And what have you got to show for it? What have you got to show for it?"

"Dances Spew from Hell."

That is why we have so many whippersnappers around the country; they married some of those nuts to reform them, and instead of doing that the unfortunates got them. If you, young girl, don't go to that dance; if you could, you would. My boy, hear me, I have walked along the shores of time and have seen them strewn with the wrecks of those who have drifted in from the seas of lust and passion, and are fit only for danger stands to warn the coming race. You can't leave it alone, or if you can, the time will come when it will get you. Take it from me; 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.

Some Pointed Questions.

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 answer 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 believe you to be virtuous. That's the reason I came here. Violet 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, that I should have lived?" The third question: "If I, as a girl, had lived and done as you, as a young man, and you know it, would you ask me to marry you?"

say? "Oh, this is so sudden." That is all a bluff; you have been waiting for it all the time.

Will Take the Count.

They will line up and nine times out of ten 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 first open doorway and avoid the publicity of meeting her, for fear she might smile or give him an indication that she had seen him somewhere and sometime before that. Yet our so-called best girls keep company with young men whose character would make a black mark on a piece of anthracite. Their characters are foul and rotten and damnable. I like to see a girl who has a good head choose risk because it is right, never minding the criticism. Choose the good and be careful of her conduct, careful of good company and good conduct and keep company with a good young fellow. Don't go with a fellow whose reputation is bad. Everybody knows it is bad, and if you never meet him you will lose your reputation as well as though your virtue is intact, and they might as well take you to the graveyard and bury you when your reputation is gone. If a man, like that asks you to go with him, say to him if he will live the way you want him to you will go with him. If you would take a stand like that there wouldn't be so many wrecks. If our women and girls would take higher stands and say, "No, no, we will not keep company with you unless you live the way you want you to," there would be better men.

Infected Disease.

Leprosy is an infectious disease like typhoid fever, smallpox or diphtheria, and goes through a community like an epidemic; when one leper comes in contact with the clean, he becomes infected. And so it is with sin. Sin begins in so-called innocent flirtation. The old, God-forsaken scoundrel of a libertine, who looks upon every woman as legitimate prey for his lust, will contaminate a community; the drunkard staggering and mauling and mauling his way down to perdition will debauch a town.

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 saloon keeper, 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 bear-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 tonight 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 little solid top of the table.

Two Kinds of Leprosy.

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, the biggest lawyer in Douglas county, the biggest politician in the congressional district or in the state. I don't care a rap if you carry the political vote, and if you can change the vote 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." He was a great politician, but "He was a leper." What difference would it make? I'll tell you, I was never more interested in my life than in reading the story of an old confederate colonel who was a stickler for martial discipline. One day he had a trifling case of insubordination. He ordered his men to halt, and he had the offender shot. They dug the grave and he gave the command to march, and they had stopped just three minutes by the clock. At the close of the war they made him chief of police of a southern city, and he was so vile and corruptible that the people arose and ordered his dismissal. Then a great earthquake swept over the city and the people rushed from their homes and thousands of people crowded the streets and there was great excitement.

When "Ash-hopper" Failed.

Some asked, "Where is the colonel?" and they said, "You will find him in one of two or three places." So they searched and found him in a den of infamy. He was so drunk that he didn't realize the danger he was in. They led him out, but put him on a snow-white horse, put his spurs on his boots and his regiments on the mare; they planned a star on his breast and put a cockade on his head and said to him: "Colonel, I command you as mayor of the city to quell the riot. You have supreme authority." He rode out among the people to quell them, spurring the white side of the horse until the crimson flowed out, and he rode in and out among the surging mass of humanity.

He rode out among the people with a command here—torrents of obscenity

and in twenty-five minutes a stillness of death reigned in City Square, so greatly did they fear him, so wonderful his power over men. He then rode out, dismounted, took off his cockade, tore the star from his breast and threw it down, and three of his regiments, took off his sword, then he staggered back to the

home of infamy, where three months later he died, away from his wife, away from virtue, away from morality, his name synonymous with all that is vile. What difference did it make that he had power over men when you might sum up his life in my text, "But he was a leper." What difference did it make?

I pity that boy or girl from the depth of my soul, who, if you ask, are you willing to be a Christian, will answer: "Mr. Sunday, I would like to be, but if I tell that at home my father will abuse me, my mother will sneer at me. If I were I would have no encouragement to stand and fight the battle." I pity from the depths of my soul that boy or that girl that has a mother like that. With a woman like that in a home a step-mother would be a God-send if she had religion.

The Unclean Life.

Unclean! Suppose every young man in Omaha who has a moral leper was impelled and compelled by some uncontrollable impulse over which he had no power to make public revelations of his sin! Down the street he comes in his auto and you speak to him from the curbstone and he will say: "Unclean! Unclean!" Yonder he comes walking down the street. Suppose that to every man woman he meets he is impelled and compelled to make public revelations of the fact that he is a leper. Suppose every young woman is impelled and compelled to make public revelations of the fact that she is living a life of sin. Somebody else pays for her clothes and her board.

Suppose that some young man who lives a good life calls upon her and rings the doorbell and she comes down and says: "Unclean! Unclean! Keep away; do not come near lest you be contaminated." There are lots of moral lepers that are apparently clean. Oh, yes! They live in the best homes and lots of so-called best girls receive them and keep company with them. They open the door to the moral leper and he comes and sits with your daughter, and many of you know that they are moral lepers. And many a fool girl will marry a biped like that.

These are the things we are up against nowadays—that so-called "Modesty."

Leprosy is an infectious disease; it is the germ of sin. If there is evil in you the evil will dwell in you. When we do wrong we inspire others and your lives scatter disease when you come in contact with others. If there is sin in the father, there will be sin in the boy; if there is sin in the mother, there will be sin in the daughter; if there is sin in the sister, there will be sin in the sister; by your influence you will spread it. If you live the wrong way you are dragging somebody else to perdition with you as you go, and kindred ties will facilitate it.

Street Flirtations.

Supposing all your hearts were open. Supposing we had glass doors to our hearts, and we could walk down the street and look in and see where you have been, and with whom you have been and what you have been doing. A great many of you would want statistics and heavy tapestry to cover them. Suppose I could put a screen behind me, pull a string or push a button and produce on that screen a view of the hearts of the people. I would say, "Here is Mr. A's life as it is and here is what he really is. Here is where he has been. Here is how much he has drunk. Here is how much he has lost last year at horse races." But these are the things that society does not take note of. Society takes no note of flirtation on the street. It waits until the girl has lost her virtue and then slams the door in her face. It takes no note of that young man drinking at a banquet table; it waits until he becomes a blither-eyed drunkard and then it will slam the door in his face. It takes no note of card-playing for some dinky little cream-pitching or a pair of silk hose; it waits until you become a gambler and then it slams the door in your face. God says, "Look out in the beginning for that thing." Society takes no note of the beginning; it waits until it becomes vice, and then it organizes civic righteousness clubs. Get back to the beginning and do your work there.

Naaman and the Prophet.

The servant of Naaman entered the hut of the prophet Elisha and found him sitting on a high stool writing with a quill on papyrus. The servant bowed low and said, "The great and mighty Naaman, captain of the hosts of the king of Syria, awaits thee. Unfortunately he is a leper and cannot enter your august presence. He has heard of the miracle and hopes to become the recipient of your power." The old prophet of God tells him: "Tell him to dip seven times in the Jordan—beat it, beat it." The servant came out to Naaman, who was sitting on his horse. "Well, is he at home?" "He's at home, but he's a queer duck." Naaman thought the sores and said: "I came out and put the sores and say instead, 'Matter is nonexistent; it is an illusion of your mind, my dear fellow. Why didn't you phone me from Damascus and I would have given you absent treatment.' Poor old cuss sitting away—'matter nonexistent—just imagine you have leprosy.'"

Naaman was wroth, like many a fellow

today. God reveals to the sinner the plan of salvation and instead of thanking God for salvation and doing what God wants them to do, they damn God and everybody else for bothering them.

Confounding the Devil.

I once read of a preacher who used to quarrel with his wife. That was before he became a preacher; one can quarrel with his wife after he becomes a preacher. Abe and his wife used to fight because Abe was a Methodist. Abe said to his wife: "See here, all they do down

ADVANCE AGENT FOR "BILLY" SUNDAY LEAVES TODAY.



Rev. J. W. Welsh

at your church is read the prayer," Abe's wife said: "It isn't the church, it's the life we lead." And the devil said to Abe: "You run this ranch; give me a blowing up; let her understand W.C. runs this thing." But the Lord said "Abe, you are a preacher and your wife has more religion in her little finger than you have in your old carcass. You are a preacher. Be a man." So he went out to the ash-hoppers. Did you ever see one of those ash-hoppers? It is a thing you build with four sides, small at the bottom and with an angle of forty-five degrees, and you will fill it with licks and ashes, and pour water on the ashes and the water percolates through the ashes and makes lye, and they make soap out of it. A lot of folks can make "lye" with-out ashes or soap. They used to make that kind of soap when I was a boy. So Abe fought the old ash-hopper and said: "Elisha, forgive me. You have more religion in your little finger than I have in my whole body." He went back to the house and threw his arms around the old woman and kissed her. And when the devil comes around to Abe he says: "Ash-hopper! ash-hopper! ash-hopper! On my knees behind the ash-hopper I fought the battle and beat the devil."

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BIG DEMAND FOR EXHIBIT SPACE AT MADISON FAIR

MADISON, Neb., Sept. 11.—(Special.)—A large force of men and teams have been busy all week putting the finishing touches on the race track and buildings for the county fair, which opens next Tuesday. There is every indication of the biggest fair in the history of the association. Requests from horse, cattle and hog breeders are so numerous that the regular stable room is now entirely exhausted and additional room is being provided. Show stuff will be given the preference and sale animals will take the temporary quarters. The poultry, farm produce, culinary, fancy work, art and school departments promise to surpass former years, and superintendents in charge have requested additional room for display purposes. Running races and motorcycle races will be a special feature. A fast game of ball will be played each day. Battle Creek, Newman Grove, Madison and Cornlea, contesting. These teams are among the strongest amateur teams in this section of the state. Dr. Condra of the Nebraska State university will exhibit his moving pictures. The Madison Commercial Club band, led by Rev. Father Muench, will provide music. A special prize of \$5 will be divided

among the three rural school districts sending in the largest delegation in proportion to the school population. Any one residing in the district is eligible to be counted and credited to the district in which they live. The money will be divided as follows: First prize, \$12; second prize, \$8; third prize, \$5.

Notes from Beatrice.

BEATRICE, Neb., Sept. 11.—(Special.)—The Nebraska Gas and Electric company will begin rebuilding and extending its lines in Glenwood, West and South Beatrice and North Ninth street in a few days. Miss Laura Mayer, who was appointed stenographer for the Supreme Court commission at Lincoln, Friday, is a daughter of Mayor and Mrs. J. W. Mayer of this city. Frank Bartos, sr., father of former Senator Frank Bartos of Saline county,

died at his home at Wilber, aged 81 years. P. C. Crocker, a stock raiser of Filley, Friday purchased one of the Duroc-Jersey prize male hogs at the state fair for his herd. The animal is 2 years old and weighs 1,000 pounds. County Treasurer Andrew Anderson is issuing about 500 distress warrants to enforce the payment of delinquent personal taxes. Ed C. Wille, a farmer living six miles north of Beatrice, was called to North Bend, Ind., today by the death of his mother, Mrs. Minnie Wille, a pioneer of that state. She was 72 years of age. The body of Mrs. John Osbaugh, a former Beatrice resident, who died September 6 at Billings, Mont., was brought here Friday for interment. Mrs. Osbaugh resided in this city until 1866, when she located at Billings with her husband.

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To those who are desirous of learning the new dances for the Ak-Sar-Ben Ball, Mr. Chambers wishes to announce that he will give instructions at the academy at any time before the opening of the academy, which is on Monday, September 20th. Call Douglas 1871 for appointment.

Among the new dances to be taught by Mr. Chambers are three standardized dances, viz.: the National One-Step, the Waltz Walk and the A. N. A. Fox Trot. Among the new novelty dances to be given are the Jitney Jog, the Du Surka and the El-Camino.

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