

Office of  
WILBUR GLENN VOLIVA, GENERAL OVERSEER  
OF THE CHRISTIAN CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC  
CHURCH IN ZION  
Administration Building  
Zion City, Illinois

March 16, 1918.

To The Editor, "Chicago Journal,"  
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

I have asked Mr. Croft to hand to you a copy of "THE THEOCRAT" dated March 9, 1918, also a copy of "THE THEOCRAT" dated March 16, 1918. I ask you to give these two numbers of "THE THEOCRAT" a very careful reading.

On Thursday night, March 14, "Billy" Sunday delivered his (?) celebrated sermon on "The Home." In the Chicago papers of March 15, there appeared reports of this sermon. I now quote and call your particular attention to the following paragraph.

From "Billy" Sunday's address on "The Home," delivered in Chicago, Thursday night, March 14, and reported as follows:

"The longer I live and the more I visit up and down the land and see the joys and sorrows, the successes and failures, of men and women, the more I become convinced that the home is one of the greatest problems we have."

Now, Mr. Editor, you can plainly see that "Billy" Sunday stole the above paragraph almost word for word from George R. Stuart's sermon.

Please read carefully the following, quoted from "Billy" Sunday's address on "The Home," delivered in Chicago, Thursday evening, March 14, and printed in the Chicago newspapers Friday morning, March 15:

"You walk up and ask ten different men for a definition of home and you get ten different definitions. To one it is love of hearth. To another it is plenty on the table. To another it is plenty to wear. To another it is warmth. To another it is comfort. To another it is intelligence. To another it is devotion. To another it is a regretful goodbye and greetings with a smile and a kiss when you return. To another it is want looking out of a cheerless fire, and it is hunger in an empty tray, and the damp air shivering with curses; no Bible; no Sabbath wave rolling over the threshold; the children are robbers in embryo; obscene songs their lullaby; every face is a picture of squalor and of want. It is the vestibule of the pit and it is a furnace forging chain."

I have a deep conviction, Mr. Editor, that what I have printed in "THE THEOCRAT" and the above sections ought to be enough to convince everybody that "Billy" Sunday steals right and left and by the wholesale.

The Chicago newspapers, in printing "Billy" Sunday's so-called sermons, are printing addresses delivered twenty-five, thirty years ago by Talmage and others.

I ask, how can the ministers and professed Christians and honest newspaper men continue to support a man, living in the Twentieth Century, who will be guilty of such shameless literary thefts of other men's productions, palming them off on the public as his own? Trusting that you will give this matter the attention that it deserves, I am

Respectfully,  
WILBUR GLENN VOLIVA.

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# Some Red-Hot Shots For LITERARY THIEVES

BY DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE



"Billy" Sunday is the most brazen literary thief of modern times.

— Wilbur Glenn Voliva.

"A literary man always knows when he is stealing. Whether found out or not, the process is belittling and a man is through it blasted for this world and damaged for the next one.

"The ass in the fable wanted to die because he was beaten so much, but after death they changed his hide into a drum-head, and thus he was beaten more than ever. So the Plagiarist is so vile a cheat that there is not much chance for him, living or dead.

"What every minister needs is a fresh message that day from the Lord. He sends none of us out so mentally poor that we have nothing to furnish but a cold hash of other people's sermons.

"Do you know why 'quotation' marks are made up of four commas, two at the head of the paragraph adopted and two at the close of it? Those four commas mean that you should stop four times before you steal anything.

"Plagiarism is most perilous. There are a great many constables out for the arrest of such defrauders.

"Let us be content to wear our own coat. What folly to be hankering after our neighbor's chalkline and gimlet!"

**SPECIAL NOTE:** We have shown that a number of "Billy" Sunday's literary thefts have been from the sermons of Dr. Talmage. What stinging rebukes for "Billy" Sunday from the very man from whose sermons he has stolen!

— Wilbur Glenn Voliva.

## DR. TALMAGE FLAYS LITERARY THIEVES

From the book, entitled, "Around the Tea Table," by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.:

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

#### LITERARY FELONY

We have recently seen many elaborate discussions as to whether plagiarism is virtuous or criminal—in other words, whether writers may steal. If a minister can find a sermon better than any one he can make, why not preach it? If an author can find a paragraph for his book better than any he can himself manufacture, why not appropriate it?

That sounds well. But why not go further and ask, if a woman finds a set of furs better than she has in her wardrobe, why not take them? If a man find that his neighbor has a cow full Alderney, while he has in his own yard only a scrawny runt, why not drive home the Alderney? Theft is taking anything that does not belong to you, whether it be sheep, or oxen, hats, coats, or literary material.

Without attempting to point out the line that divides the lawful appropriation of another's ideas from the appropriation of another's phraseology, we have only to say that a literary man always knows when he is stealing. Whether found out or not, the process is belittling, and a man is through it blasted for this world and damaged for the next one. The ass in the fable wanted to die because he was beaten so much, but after death they changed his hide into a drum-head, and thus he was beaten more than ever. So the plagiarist is so vile a cheat that there is not much chance for him, living or dead. A minister who hopes to do good with such burglary will no more be a successful ambassador to men than a foreign minister dispatched by our government today would succeed if he presented himself at the court of St. James with the credentials that he stole from the archives of those illustrious ex-ministers James Buchanan or Benjamin Franklin.

What every minister needs is a fresh message that day from the Lord. We would sell

cheap all our parchments of licensure to preach. God gives His ministers a license every Sabbath and a new message. He sends none of us out so mentally poor that we have nothing to furnish but a cold hash of other people's sermons. Our haystack is large enough for all the sheep that come round it, and there is no need of our taking a single forkful from any other barrack. By all means use all the books you can get at, but devour them, chew them fine and digest them, till they become a part of the blood and bone of your own nature. There is no harm in delivering an oration or sermon belonging to some one else provided you so announce it. Quotations marks are cheap, and let us not be afraid of them. Do you know why "quotation" marks are made up of four commas, two at the head of the paragraph adopted and two at the close of it? Those four commas mean that you should stop four times before you steal anything.

If there were no question of morals involved, Plagiarism is nevertheless most perilous. There are a great many constables out for the arrest of such defrauders. That stolen paragraph that you think will never be recognized has been committed to memory by that old lady with green goggles in the front pew. That very same brilliant passage you have just pronounced was delivered by the clergyman who preached in that pulpit the sabbath before; two thieves met in one hen roost. All we know of Doctor Hayward of Queen Elizabeth's time is that he purloined from Tacitus. Be dishonest once in this respect, and when you do really say something original and good the world will cry out, "Yes, very fine! I always did like Joseph Addison!"

Sermons are successful not according to the head involved in them, but according to the heart implied, and no one can feel aright while preaching a literary dishonesty. Let us be content to wear our own coat, though the nap on it is not quite as well looking, to ride on our own horse, though he do not gallop as gracefully and will "break up" when others are passing. There is work for us all to do, and God gives us just the best tools to do it. What folly to be hankering after our neighbor's chalkline and gimlet!