

## Sunday in Philadelphia

The expressions "a month of Sundays" and "three Sundays in a week" are used to indicate impossibilities of time. Philadelphia is now experiencing ten weeks of Sunday, which many people regarded in advance as an utter impossibility, but which seems to be working out fairly well in actual practise. An account of "Billy" Sunday's reception in Philadelphia, and of his work there, has already been given in this magazine. He is converting the "City of Brotherly Love" in his own way, which has little in common with the methods of the ordinary revivalist. In his own words, "Billy" Sunday doesn't "know anything more about theology than a jack-rabbit does about ping-pong or golf." He has little respect, indeed, for theology, for he says, at another time: "The Pharisees were the biggest devils in Jerusalem—and the biggest theologians," and "All the money I've ever lost in my life I've been skinned out of by church members. Not by Christians. Just church members." Not a theologian, not a "church member," and decidedly no respecter of persons, "Billy" Sunday crams his beliefs and his "common sense" down the throats of his listeners, whether they like it or not. He exhorts, threatens, howls at them, shakes his fist in their faces, calls them every name in the Sinners' Directory, and dares them to confute him or answer back. His rebukes are cutting and stinging: "Look at the cheese-boxes you are stringing around on street-corners and calling churches," he cries in scorn; "if I fought the devil the way you do, I'd get just about as far as you do." He includes in his contemptuous arraignment the sermons of those preachers who endeavor to benefit without offending the members of their flocks. "If I had to cut everything out of my sermons that people don't like" he shouts, "they'd look like a spiked cannon in an abandoned fort with a bird's nest in the end of it."

"Sundayism" had its beginning nearly three decades ago, when, as nearly everyone knows, Sunday the ball-player "got religion" and in one leap made the distance from the players' bench to the revivalist's platform, where he has remained ever since. The Philadelphia North American tells in some detail the story of Sunday's conversion, as follows:

Twenty-nine years ago, on a mid-summer Sunday afternoon, at South Clark and Van Buren streets, Chicago, Ill., "Billy" Sunday, the ball-player, sat with a crowd of his fellows at the edge of the sidewalk listening to the coaxing, pleading, persuasive melodies of a "melodeon" in a gospel-wagon close by.

In the wagon was Harry Monroe, part of his audience was the Chicago national league baseball team, of which "Billy" Sunday had been the fastest and fleetest of foot in "Pop" Anson's memory.

And that same night, in the old Pacific garden mission, "Billy" Sunday heard another simple exhortation, for Harry Monroe was a street worker for the mission, and Monroe's pleading in the afternoon had led "Billy" to seek solace for his troubled thoughts with the same kind of gospel cheer.

As he lingered in the aisles, hesitating whether or not he should go in and find a seat where he might hear the preaching, a veteran woman mission-worker, Mrs. Sarah D. Clark, wife of Col. George Clark, the founder of the mission, put her arms affectionately around Sunday's neck and whispered in his ear:

"The Master loves you."

"Billy" Sunday had then, and he has now, the heart of a woman. He went forward, like a shot from home plate to first base, and dropped at the altar, professing salvation.

Mrs. Clark had been waiting for a night like that for a long, long time. For in season and out of season she had gone to prisoners in their cells, moving her little stool from cell to cell that she might give a simple message to each man behind the bars. And so hers was a simple exhortation that night in "Billy" Sunday's case—the simplest kind of pleading, in the simplest kind of language, but it went straight home to "Billy" Sunday; for "Billy" had been knocked about since he was a lad of seven years, doing a man's work in the field, sweeping sixteen rooms in the public school in Nevada, Iowa; a little later, milking several cows, taking care of several Suetland ponies, and—when he had time—driving the hearse for the only furniture dealer in the town.

"Good-by, boys," "Billy" Sunday said to his baseball team-mates later, "I'm going to Jesus Christ."

And "Billy" has been on the job ever since.

To many minds the difference between enthusiasm and mania is only one of degree. Hence it is that not a few hearers have left Sunday's "tabernacle" with the firm conviction that they have witnessed the ravings of one permanently deranged. Certainly Mr. Sunday is enthusiastic about religion; religion may, indeed, almost be termed an obsession with him, but those who have given some time to inspecting the Sunday revival system and all its ramifications have come away convinced of the shrewdness of the mind that directs a Sunday campaign against the devil—of which the individual whirlwind raised by Sunday upon the rostrum is only a part. Nevertheless, you can not separate the man and the religion. He lives it, eats it, sleeps and dreams it, and "makes religion a topic of polite conversation wherever he goes." Were it otherwise, he would never be able to coin the white-hot phrases and apt expressions that drive home, in slang and homely metaphor but with exquisite precision, the truths which he wants his hearers to grasp. We are told that

When "Billy" Sunday got over to Johnstown, for instance, he told his crowds that everything the town had talked about before his coming was "the flood."

"Now," he added, "it will be the flood-tide of salvation."

And so they are talking about "Billy" to this day in the city of Conemaugh, for it was there that people began to throw their playing-cards in the garbage-can before he had been in the town a week. There it was that families which hitherto had been classed as "conservative" trotted out of the cellar all of their empty beer bottles and told the brewery-wagon driver not to come back any more. There it was that dancing parties became missionary and Bible classes; there it was that unwholesome amusements were purged; and there it was that a great steel works, whose record had been an average of one or two men killed every day in the week, did not know what a tragedy looked like for weeks and weeks after "Billy" had left the town; and there it was that the managing director of the Cambria Steel Company gave "Billy" his personal check for \$1,000 and told him it was worth all that, and more, to see his men come to work sober. There it was that homes of fashion were thrown open for prayer-meetings, at which the revivalist told the simple story of the



STANDING ROOM ONLY

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potter and his clay; there it was that heads of banks, lumber companies, manufacturing-plants, traction company and department store came to him in an endless stream, even while he slept, ate, or shaved, and asked: "Mr. Sunday, is there anything I can do?"—Literary Digest.

### THE HOUSE VOTE ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The congressional committee of the National American Woman Suffrage association has given out the following statement and analysis of the vote on the Mondell woman suffrage amendment in the house January 12:

"The favorable vote exceeded by four the most sanguine advance count of the congressional committee, based upon the records of its lobby work, and must have surprised many suffragists as well as anti-suffragists. It was easy to assume that the chief suffrage support would come from the equal suffrage states, of which there are now eleven. These states, however (Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, Nevada, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Kansas), have a total representation in congress of only 40. Illinois, where women have partial suffrage, but do not vote for members of congress, has 27 representatives. Including these, there would be a possible 67 votes, of which 3 adverse, a vacancy and 5 paired reduced the actual number cast on Tuesday to 58. The total vote in favor of the resolution being 174, of which the suffrage states gave 58, the remaining 116 votes, of course, came from non-suffrage states.

"This means that, not counting Illinois, 79 per cent, or, with Illinois, 66 per cent of the vote in favor of the suffrage resolution came from states in which women do not yet vote. And 23 of the favorable votes

came from southern states: Alabama, 1; Virginia, 1; Maryland, 1; West Virginia, 4; Tennessee, 4; Kentucky, 1, and Missouri, 11.

"Following is a complete statement of the vote by political parties:

"Ayes: Democrats, 86; Republicans, 76; Progressives, 11; Independent, 1. Total, 174.

"Nays: Democrats, 170; Republicans, 34. Total, 204.

"Not voting: Democrats, 26; Republicans, 16; Progressives, 4. Total, 46.

"Of the 46 not voting 12 were paired in favor with 6 against (proportion two to one because of two-thirds majority required.)"

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## Cured His RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 469A Marcellus Avenue, Manassas, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life—or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.