

MANY CITIES CALL FOR BILLY SUNDAY

Baltimore Pays Rent on Tabernacle Site Over a Year Waiting for Evangelist to Come.

IS TO VISIT SYRACUSE NEXT

If "Billy" Sunday could create ten other "Billy" Sundays, each like unto himself in look and gesture and gya-tion and idiosyncrasy and personality and power, he could immediately assign each of the ten to a big city of the United States to conduct a religious campaign. And after the ten had concluded their campaigns he could assign them all to ten other big cities. And so he could continue all through this year and part of next just with the urgent requests he already has.

But there's only one "Billy" Sunday. That is why such cities as New York and Boston and Chicago have to wait. That is why Baltimore secured a desirable site over a year ago and paid rent of \$3,500 a year just to hold it ready so that they can build a tabernacle on it when their turn comes.

A letter has just been received at the Sunday headquarters from the Men's Interdenominational council of Duluth, J. H. Cook, chairman, stating that it had secured a desirable tabernacle site and was going to pay rent for it until Mr. Sunday answers their call for a campaign there.

Syracuse, N. Y., and Trenton, N. J., are definitely scheduled to follow the Omaha meeting. Baltimore and Louisville are to be visited also before next summer. Baltimore was to have come right after Trenton, but Mr. Sunday is likely to change this, taking Louisville first and then Baltimore, on account of climatic conditions. Louisville being likely to be more comfortable in February and March and Baltimore more comfortable in April and May.

Hoosiers Must Wait. Word was also received from the Church Federation of Indianapolis, stating that all the conditions for a Sunday campaign have been completed with and asking Mr. Sunday to set a date when a committee from Indianapolis can call on him. The Indiana city has a unique organization of Bible classes, which is largely behind the campaign movement. It is impossible for the evangelist to hold a campaign there for at least two years.

A telegram was received from Fort Worth, Tex., stating that a delegation from that city will call on Mr. Sunday September 15 to lay the claims of the city for a revival campaign before him. Mr. Sunday has never held a campaign south of the Mason and Dixon line. His revival in Louisville, Ky., next winter will be the first in the south. The Fort Worth telegram is signed by S. D. Mayfield and H. M. Dobbs.

"MA" SUNDAY MAKES TALK BEFORE THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. William Sunday was the guest of honor at the annual meeting of the Omaha Woman's club, which was given Thursday at Happy Hollow. In speaking to the club women at the luncheon Mrs. Sunday said that she and Mr. Sunday had the same object in view as did the women—the object to do good at all times. Owing to another engagement for the afternoon Mrs. Sunday left immediately after the luncheon.

POLK MAN FOUND DEAD UNDER HIS AUTOMOBILE

POLK, Neb., Sept. 10.—(Special).—Charles E. Harless, a farmer 40 years of age and residing three miles east of this village, was found dead at 10 o'clock yesterday morning when his automobile ran off a bridge on the outskirts of this place. Mr. Harless had come in on the State fair excursion train and was on his way home when the accident occurred. The automobile was turned bottom side up and the body was pinned beneath the car when found at 8 a. m. It is believed that death was instantaneous. Mrs. Harless had accompanied her husband to Lincoln, but did not return with him, intending to spend a few days longer visiting friends.

His Rest Was Broken.

O. D. Wright, Rosemont, Neb., writes: "For about six months I was bothered with shooting and continual pains in the region of my kidneys. My rest was broken nearly every night by frequent actions of my kidneys. I was advised by my doctor to try Foley Kidney Pills and one 50-cent bottle made a well man of me. I can always recommend Foley Kidney Pills for I know they are good." This splendid remedy for backache, rheumatism, sore muscles and swollen joints contains no habit-forming drugs. Sold everywhere.—Advertisement.

Boy Run Over by Auto.

FREMONT, Neb., Sept. 7.—(Special).—Harold, the 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert McGee, suffered the fracture of his right arm, the dislocation of his left elbow and painful bruises on the left side and face when he was run over by an automobile driven by Thomas Thursh on Main street. One wheel passed over the child's body. His injuries, however, are not considered serious.

Heard at the Tab

Among Billy's strictures regarding the stinginess of people in church collections and their open-handedness in other things, there were fifteen people in the front row in the afternoon at the tabernacle Thursday and twelve of them put nothing in the collection pan at all.

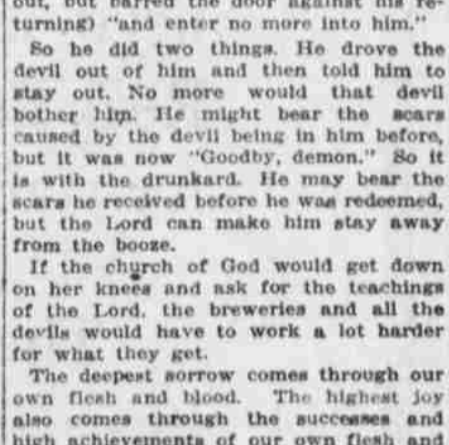
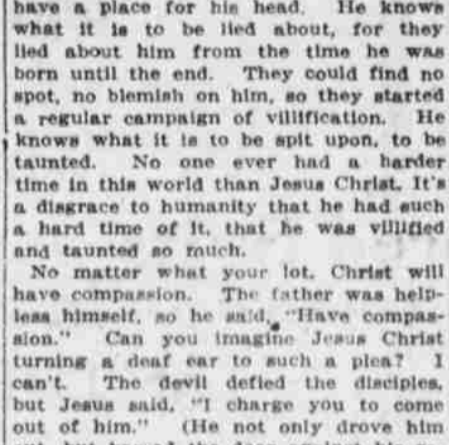
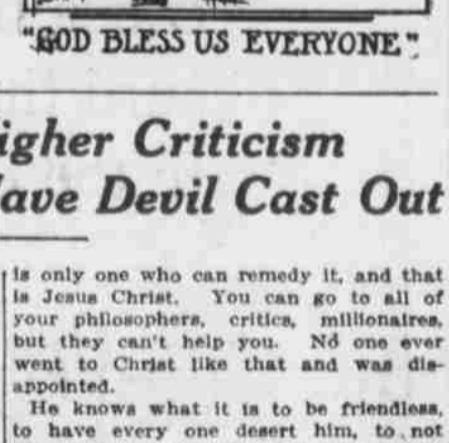
Mr. Sunday will rest on his weekly rest day next Monday by going to Lincoln with Mrs. Sunday and Homer McBeavers and delivering two addresses in St. Paul's Methodist church.

"Billy" says: "John Jacob Astor's parents wanted him to be a butcher, but the commercial instinct was too strongly developed in John, and he crossed the seas to America and skinned Americans to lay the foundation of his great fortune."

"Eisen Keller was blind, deaf and dumb since she was a baby, and she has got a clothes basketful of diplomas. With her example before you, quit your wind-jamming and go to climbing. If your pockets are empty, fill your hearts with ambition."

See Want Ads Produce Results.

Sundaygraphs at "Tab" as Caught by Our Cartoonist



"Billy" Hits the Higher Criticism and Pleads to Have Devil Cast Out

Most Ministers Only Try to Draw Crowds and Pay Too Little Attention to Satan.

BEST SERMONS I'VE HEARD

Friday afternoon at the tabernacle "Billy" Sunday took his text from Mark 1:23, "Why could not we cast him out," words of the disciples asking Jesus why they couldn't cast out the devil.

Dr. Sunday put the words of his text into the mouth of the church of today and told them why they fail to "cast out" the devils of drink, licentiousness, indifference and so on. His sermon was as follows:

When Jesus came down from the Mount of Transfiguration with Peter, James and John and reached the valley below he saw the remainder of the disciples surrounded by a multitude of people questioning them. There were the ethical questioners, the highbrows of the day, the Pharisees, who were the hypocritical churchy knockers, the Sadducees, who were the heretics and higher critics.

As Jesus came nearer he noted a father who had brought his little boy, who was possessed of an evil spirit which had thrown him in fire and water, had caused him to have convulsions and made him fall on the ground and gnash his teeth and foam at the mouth. The disciples had each tried to drive it out, but all had failed, and the devil was even then exercising his power and had the boy writhing on the ground in such convulsions as he had never before had.

Now notice, first, the disciples thought they had a big crowd around them. But what did it matter if there was a big crowd and there was no devil cast out? That's the trouble with many today. They think that God isn't within ten miles of a meeting unless there is a big crowd.

Cast Out the Devil. I can see those disciples praying and talking and having a big time. There are many misguided ministers who are satisfied if they can only draw a large crowd. Some are as crazy after sensation as the yellowest newspaper that ever came off the press. That's the reason you have these sermons on "The Hobbie Skirt" and the "Merry Widow Hat" and other such nonsensical tommyrot.

What does it matter if you pack a church to the roof if nothing happens to turn the devil pale. What is the use of putting chairs in the aisles if there is no devil to chase down the aisles and out of doors?

The object of the church is to cast out devils. I hope God will never let me forget that there is somebody in every one of my audiences, big or small as they may be, he wants me to reach. The church never swings open her doors and the pew is somebody inside with a devil in him that ought to be cast out. But how quickly all changed when Jesus came on the scene. It always does. The Scribes and the Pharisees stopped their quizzing the disciples when Jesus came on the scene. So will you all. Then you won't look wise and say: "Where did Cain get his wife?" You'll stagger back in awe at his power. You won't pull his whiskers and split hairs over whether Paul wrote Hebrews, or how many Isalahs there are.

See Want Ads Produce Results.

is only one who can remedy it, and that is Jesus Christ. You can go to all of your philosophers, critics, millionaires, but they can't help you. No one ever went to Christ like that and was disappointed.

He knows what it is to be friendless, to have every one desert him, to not have a place for his head. He knows what it is to be lied about, for they lied about him from the time he was born until the end. They could find no spot, no blemish on him, so they started a regular campaign of vilification. He knows what it is to be spit upon, to be taunted. No one ever had a harder time in this world than Jesus Christ. It's a disgrace to humanity that he had such a hard time of it, that he was vilified and taunted so much.

No matter what your lot, Christ will have compassion. The father was helpless himself, so he said, "Have compassion." Can you imagine Jesus Christ turning a deaf ear to such a plea? I can't. The devil defied the disciples, but Jesus said, "I charge you to come out of him." (He not only drove him out, but barred the door against his return.) "and enter no more into him."

So he did two things. He drove the devil out of him and then told him to stay out. No more would that devil bother him. He might bear the scars caused by the devil being in him before, but it was now "Goodby, demon." So it is with the drunkard. He may bear the scars he received before he was redeemed, but the Lord can make him stay away from the booze.

If the church of God would get down on her knees and ask for the teachings of the Lord, the breweries and all the devils would have to work a lot harder for what they get. The deepest sorrow comes through our own flesh and blood. The highest joy also comes through the successes and high achievements of our own flesh and blood, of our friends. Think of that father, with his boy just delivered from the power of the devil, paying 25 cents per year for missions. Think of him sitting in the pew, and when the plate was passed digging down deep in his pocket to look for a nickel or a cent.

The while the mother and father were rejoicing over the devil being cast out the disciples came to him and asked, "Why could we not cast him out?" They didn't go anywhere else. They went right to Jesus. A preacher's meeting is a mighty poor place to go to find out why you have failed. Go to Jesus. Go to Jesus; he'll tell you why you have failed and he'll tell you how to succeed.

I'm glad this lesson was not left out of the Bible. If it had been left out I would never have known that the disciples could fail. Just think, men who had lived with Jesus, had talked with him for years; heard him preach! We are apt to think that they were a perfection not possible for us. But it is possible for us to be as perfect as the disciples or as Paul.

The disciples were just common flesh and blood—the same as we are. We can get a good lesson from this and can learn from the mistakes of other people. A fellow won't slip on the same banana peel twice unless he's a fool. Like some of you people—you know you're not living to please God, and yet you're not manly, womanly or decent enough to admit it.

The trouble with the disciples was that they were not getting the power from God to do things he wanted. It's as impossible to pray right when your life is wrong as it is to run an automobile with dishwater. Nearing Christianity. Christianity is not a mere system of teaching. Christianity is a system of teaching, plus living. Be not hearers of the word only, but doers of the word. Christianity is not a Scripture and creed, but Scripture and creed, plus Jesus. See? Don't expect God to do things for you until you tell him what's wrong with you. A doctor won't give you medicine until he knows what ails you. He won't give you sulphur for a corn on your toe; that's good for the itch. Some of you, if you took no more care of your body than you do your soul, would be wizened and withered as much

physically as you are spiritually. Some of you are no account, anyhow. You know that, preachers. You know that some of them are good enough only to count one more in your yearly report. Christianity is a new motive power. Man will never rise higher than his ideals. Man will never go further than his dynamic force. There was an old steamer on the Mississippi which always brought up the rear when the boats came in, and the people used to come down and watch it behind all of the others. One day it failed to appear and they waited and waited and the next time they boats came in it was leading them all. It was under full steam and had a brand new coat of paint. "Hey, captain," some one yelled, "does that new coat of paint make you lead them all getting in on your life," was the answer; "It got a new boiler and a new engine. That's what makes it go." So with Christianity. Christianity is a new motive power. It gives a man power to pass booze and say, "Not on your life."

Get Sermons from the Bible. If you're a preacher, are your sermons so much hot air? Do you get your sermons out of the Bible or out of the magazines? Do you take dead aim at the sinners in the front row? Are you in the pulpit because you've got a drag with the church officials and they want you there? Do you make it easier to do right and harder to do wrong? Do you make it easier to go to heaven and harder to go to hell?

There is no failure so sure as that which comes when you try to do something for God without first getting the power of God. If you don't see that, you're as big a fool as the fellow who expects a trolley car to run when the trolley is ten feet away from the wire. I guess there are church pillars here today, or, as somebody said, "pillar-alkans." Yes, I'll bet there are a lot of you going as straight to hell as the bird flies.

This work is God's plan. The devil didn't have anything to do with the building of this tabernacle. He didn't drive a single nail or lay a single board. So don't you dare lift your voice against God. You'd better have a million around your neck and get thrown into the Missouri. What fools these mortals be. Old Bill Shakespeare was up on his job, all right.

What hinders revivals? It isn't the dirty, vile, hellish, cursing, corrupted, sewerage, contemptible saloon gang alone; it isn't the licentiousness; it isn't the red-light district; it's the quarrels and selfishness of God's people. O God, pity you. If I didn't have enough religion in me to stop quarreling and stay stopped, I'd get it or quit the church. What would the disciples think of preaching? Each wanted to have the best chance, each wanted to be the biggest duck in the puddle, each wanted to be in the spotlight.

God is Bigger Than You. All right, America! Go ahead with your licentiousness. Cut loose and go as far as you like, but see what God will do.

Why could we not cast him out? Because they were scrapping with each other; in their selfish arbitration they could not see God's will. God will never hear a prayer when pride is the main-spring.

It's hard to imagine those disciples falling out with each other. Imagine the fingers on your hand quarreling, the thumb fusing with the little finger. Imagine the Presbyterians wrangling with the Methodists, the Lutherans with the Episcopalians. Imagine the hair on your head fighting the wheel in your watch. Christians, people have got to realize that God is bigger than they are, and they've got no right to fuss.

I believe that some time in the life of every man and woman there will come a time when they will pray. It will be in their sins, but because they will try to bribe God. When the Lord will send down every man prayed. I say there will come a time in the life of every one of you when you will pray.

But God won't hear a selfish prayer simply because you want to bribe God and think he will hear it. My ears are brass. Look at the Pharisee strutting up the temple like a peacock, presenting himself like a bird of paradise, and in a sonorous oratory bellowing out: "I thank thee, God, I am not as other men. I thank thee that I am not as this publican here." Right then the recording angel dropped his pen and gave up in despair. But when you come like a publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," then God will hear your prayer. Every man who humbles himself will be lifted up, but every one who exalts himself will be lowered.

(Copyright, William A. Sunday.)

Wedding at North Bend Today. NORTH BEND, Neb., Sept. 7.—(Special).—Mr. Edward Ives of North Bend and Miss Bell Raitt of David City are to be married at the bride's home on Wednesday at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. They will take an extended trip through the far west and on their return in October will be at home in North Bend.

1915 FALL HATS



"A HAT FOR EVERY OCCASION" \$3.00 to \$20.00 Pease Bros. Co. 1417 Farnam Street

MAYOR JIM MAY HIT THE SAWDUST TRAIL

Declares it is His Intention to Have the Dahlgren Democracy Attend "Tab" in a Body.

RINE READS ALL THE SERMONS

Mayor Dahlman has passed the word along that it is his intention to have the members of the Dahlgren club attend one of the meetings at the tabernacle en masse. The mayor also will expect that many of the city hall employees will join. He explains he does not want to use his official position in influence any of the city officials and clerks to attend, but he does believe all of his official family should hear "Billy" Sunday.

Buey Taylor and Joe Butler, superintendent of street lighting and gas commissioner, respectively, received a lot of copies of "Songs for Service," the tabernacle song book. These books are being distributed throughout the city hall. Mr. Taylor's favorite song is "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." This selection appeals to the superintendent of street lighting because his work has to do with keeping the gas lamps bright on many corners of the city.

Mayor May Hit Trail.

A strong belief prevails throughout the city hall that the mayor will be among the early ones to hit the "trail." These people are serious in their declarations that the mayor is doing a lot of earnest thinking just now. The trail idea impresses the mayor in that it brings back memories of the days when he faced many hardships among real western cattle trails.

See Want Ads Produce Results.

Berg's White Chinchilla Coats Are Now in Stock \$12.50--\$15.00--\$16.50. We're Showing the Smartest Looking Fall Suits for Women to be Found in Town--

JOHN A. SWANSON, President. WM. L. HOLZMAN, Treasurer.

"What's New for Fall?"

Is the question of the hour with every red-blooded American and this greater store is ready today as never before to answer this question right—to answer it as no other Nebraska store has ever dared to meet the issue.

The most magnificent selections of correct autumn fashions—supreme in quality, in character, in value, await you—our own expert's selections from undeniably the world's greatest clothes builders. See here the cream of these famous clothes makers' fall productions:

Tremendous Showing of Smart Suits, \$15, \$20, \$25. Beautiful Brae Burn club checks and stripes, Glenary plaids, Brown, Blue and Green Francis Flannel, Fine Worsteds, Mabbett fabrics. Hundreds of new weaves. Scores of new models. \$5.00 to \$10.00 greater value than elsewhere. Finest Hand Tailored Fall Suits, \$30, \$35, \$40. No need to pay double our prices and sacrifice time in try-ons—here are superbly hand-tailored autumn suits in imported fabrics, ready-to-wear and no guess work—your own eyes to be the judge of fit and style and our guarantee of satisfaction for good measure. Wonderful showing of Overcoats, \$15 to \$50. Men's and Young Men's Clothing—Second Floor.

Your Store for John B. Stetson Hats

Nebraska's Largest Showing at \$3.50 to \$10. Nebraska De Luxe Hats \$3 That Four-Dollar Look. Every New Stetson, Soft or Derby \$3.50 to \$10. Nebraska Special Hats \$2 Unequaled Hat Value.

Men's Cloth Hats for Fall. The new Tailored styles for smart dressers \$1.50 and \$2. Classicst Caps in Town, 50¢, \$1.00, \$1.50. Main Floor—East Aisle.

SEE OUR SHOW WINDOWS—The most metropolitan display of men's and young men's clothing that Omaha has known and all-new selections three to five times larger than elsewhere to back up these window displays. Inspect today—a rare style treat awaits you.

Nebraska Clothing Co. JOHN A. SWANSON, PRES. WM. L. HOLZMAN, TREAS. FARNAM AT FIFTEENTH ST. CORRECT APPAREL FOR MEN AND WOMEN.



Bartelle Pockets A Special Feature. Nothing overlooked here to make your satisfaction complete—even the pockets of our men's and young men's clothing are specially designed. Ask for demonstration of Bartelle Pockets. Do not sag. Do not wrinkle. Do not gap. No more broken coat fronts because Bartelle Patent Pockets have an ingenious fold in the inside lining that puts the strain inside the coat, where it belongs. More evidence of Always better service at this greater store.