

## MA SUNDAY OPENS TRAIL FOR WOMEN

Four Thousand Gather at the Auditorium, Where Services for Women Are Held.

### EIGHTY-TWO HIT THE TRAIL

The attendance was smaller, the "trail-bitters" fewer and "Ma" Sunday was not in such good special condition at the second as at the first. Sunday's Auditorium meetings for women only, as she was a week ago. Eighty-two women Sunday afternoon hit the trail out of an audience of nearly 4,000.

Besides suffering from a bad cold Mrs. Sunday acknowledged that her heart was full and was burdened more yesterday than it had been for a long time. The cause she ascribed to the insufficient results that had crowned the efforts of the Sunday meetings.

"We are not personally discouraged nor is it lack of faith, but we feel that the people in the churches are not doing all that they can," Mrs. Sunday asserted.

Mrs. Sunday said the Saturday morning prayer circle of the Sunday party had been given over to trying to search out the trouble. "It has been a Gethsemane for some of us and we haven't slept much," she said.

Mrs. Sunday's talk was an appeal to church people to openly profess Christ. "There are too many backbones that need stiffening. We want to do marvelous things in the next three weeks. Hundreds of Omahans will be called back to Christ. But you must help. It isn't enough that you should know the way to the Lord. You must show others the way."

**Fall in Needy Things.**  
"Doing religious acts doesn't constitute religion. You may do a lot of funny things like getting up church dinners and singing at prayer meeting, etc., but you may be failing in the needy things."

"Religion consists of doing everything we do in a special way pleasing to God," was Mrs. Sunday's definition.

"The most effective preaching is not always done by ministers. Many a woman has made a more powerful appeal than a preacher," asserted Mrs. Sunday in her plea for more personal work.

Mrs. Sunday read several letters. One was from a reformed drunkard in Pittsburgh, who said he had been converted through the "Inebriated work on Calvary's cross."

"I'm so glad he didn't give the credit to Mr. Sunday. Mr. Sunday couldn't save anybody without the help of the Lord," cried "Ma."

When the trail-bitting began Mrs. Asher urged the ushers and church members to do personal work. "Speak to the person in front of you, back of you and on each side of you," she cried. Mrs. Asher also appealed to those in the galleries and to the choir members.

Miss Grace Saxe and Miss Frances Miller of the Sunday party acted as head ushers.

**During Trail Biting.**  
Mrs. Sunday's greeting was particularly warm for the young girls of high school age who came up to take her hand. She threw her arms around one weeping girl and spoke to each girl for a few seconds.

Then an old woman clad in black came forward with trembling footsteps. She whispered a few words to Mrs. Sunday's ear, whereupon the latter buried her head on the old woman's shoulder and wept. The old woman's son who had been a drunkard for years, had hit the trail at the tabernacle Sunday morning.

Another woman asked that Mrs. Sunday pray for her husband, who was attending the tabernacle meeting at the same hour for the first time.

A Methodist deaconess led a weeping woman up to take Mrs. Sunday's hand. "At the end of the meeting, two colored women approached Miss Saxe and asked her whether they were welcome at the meetings. "Some colored people don't come because they feel they are not welcome," said one.

"Indeed you are welcome. Decidedly so," replied Miss Saxe.

## MEN WEEP WHEN THEY GO ALONG SAWDUST TRAIL

(Continued from Page One.)

bottle onto the platform in renunciation of the habit. "Bill," afterward damned the liquor, mentioning the brand by name, as he prayed at the close of the meeting.

**Ten Thousand Men.**  
The meeting lasted longer than usual, but the crowd of 10,000 men, almost as many as last Sunday afternoon, remained to the end. Before the tabernacle was cleared of the afternoon crowd, the audience guard of the evening audience went in and secured good seats, over three hours in advance.

Mr. Sunday attacked the liquor traffic in a way that gave promise of sensational circumstances, when he delivered his sermon on "Booze" to men only next Sunday afternoon.

"The Devil's Boomerang, or Hot Cakes Off the Griddle" was his subject Sunday afternoon. One of his statements was: "You fools! You think I'm your enemy, but I'm really the best friend you ever looked at."

"If God just spurs my life till next Sunday afternoon, I'll preach so fast and hot all the devils in hell can't see me."

**Cheered as He Talks.**  
Mr. Sunday was frequently applauded and cheered, and in the lighter passage of his address he won much laughter and treated plenty of fun.

Many Methodist preachers, here for the state annual conference, were present at the afternoon meeting. Mr. Sunday pledged them all to "help back Nebraska" onto the dry track at the next election.

## MR. AND MRS. A. HARRIMAN GO THROUGH OMAHA TODAY

Averil Harriman, son of E. H. Harriman, will pass through Omaha this morning with his bride, en route to San Francisco. The marriage ceremony took place Tuesday in Lenox, Mass. The bride was Miss Kitty Lawler Lawrence, granddaughter of Charles Lawrence. The Harrimans will live at Arden house, Harriman, N. Y.

Apartment, flats, houses and cottages can be rented quickly and cheaply by a Bee "For Rent."

## "The Devil's Boomerang," or "Hot Cakes Off the Griddle"—Sunday

In his sermon yesterday afternoon, "Billy" Sunday said:  
Text: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."—Ecclesiastes, II:3.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatever a man sows that shall he also reap."—Galatians, VI:7.

In other words, do just as you please, lie if you want to, steal if you want to; God won't stop you, but He will hold you to the account in the end. Do just as you please until the end comes and then you are all in.

No one is living in ignorance of what will become of him if he does not go right and trot square. He knows there is a heaven for the saved and a hell for the damned, and that's all there is to it. Many men start out on a life of pleasure. Please remember two things: First, pleasures soon have an end, and second, there is a day of judgment coming and you'll get what's coming to you. God gives every man a square deal.

If a man stood up and told me he was going to preach on the things I am this afternoon, I'd want him to answer me several questions before I could do that I'd tell him to go ahead.

First—Are you kindly disposed toward me?  
Second—Are you doing this to help me?  
Third—Do you know what you are talking about?  
Fourth—Do you practice what you preach?

That fair. Well, for the first, God knows I am kindly disposed toward you. Second, God knows I would do anything in my power to help you to be a better man. I want to make it easier for you to be square; and harder for you to go to hell. Third, I know what I'm talking about for I have the Bible to back me up in parts of the statements of eminent physicians in other parts.

**Can Show Nothing Against Him.**  
And fourth, "Do I practice what I preach?" I will defy and challenge any man or woman on earth, and I'll look any man in the eye and challenge him in the twenty-seven years I have been a professing Christian, to show anything against me.

If I don't live what I preach, gentlemen, I'll leave the pulpit and never walk back here again. I live as I preach and I've lived that way since I was a first-class sinner, a dead sinner, up to this pulpit this afternoon.

I know what I'm going to do to bed with an honest dollar in my overall's pocket, when the Goddess of Liberty became a Jenny Lind and the eagle on the other side became a nightingale and they'd sing a poor, homeless orphan boy to sleep. I'm not here to expiate but to cheer and to lead you.

Some men here in town, if their wife asked them if they were coming down here, would say, "Oh, my, I don't want to go anywhere I can't take you, dear."

The dirty old dogs, they've been many a place they wouldn't take their wife and they wouldn't even let her know they were there.

If sin weren't so deceitful it would not be so attractive. The effects get stronger when you get weaker and weaker all the time and there is less chance of breaking away.

Many think Christian has to be a sort of diabolic proposition, a wily-washy, disguised sort of a galoot that lets every body make a doormat out of him. Let me tell you the manifest man is the man who will acknowledge Jesus Christ.

Before I was converted I could go five rounds, so fast that you couldn't see me for the dust, and I'm still pretty handy with my fists and I can still deliver the goods with all express charges prepaid.

Before I was converted I could run 100 yards in ten seconds, and circle the bases in fourteen seconds, and I could run just as fast after I was converted. So you don't have to be a diabolic proposition after all.

I remember when I was secretary of the Young Men's Christian association in Chicago, I was the saloon route. I had to go around and give tickets inviting men to come to the Young Men's Christian association services.

One day I was told to count the men going into a certain saloon. Not the ones already in, but just those going in. In thirty-two minutes I could count just ten men going in there.

I say if sin weren't so deceitful it would not be so attractive. Every added drink makes it harder.

Christianity is the capital on which you build your character. Don't you let the devil fool you. You never become a man until you become a Christian.

Christianity is the capital on which you do business. If it's your character that gets you anything. Your reputation is what people say about you, but your character is what God and your wife and the angels know about you, and know you to be. Many have reputations of good being, but their characters would make a black mark on a piece of coal or tarred paper.

**Trusted Him in Vanities of Bank.**  
I was in Terre Haute, Ind., not long ago and I was in bank there admiring the beauty of it when the vice president, Mr. McCormick, a friend of mine, said:

"Bill, you haven't seen the vault yet," and he opened up the vault there, carefully contrived against burglars, and let me in. There were three and I wandered from one to another. No one watched me. I could have filled my pockets with gold or silver, but no one watched me.

Why did they trust me? Because they knew I was preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, and living up to it. That's why they trusted me. There was a time in my life when a man wouldn't trust me with a yellow dog on a corner fifteen minutes.

What are some people going to do about the judgment? Some are just in life for the money they get out of it. They will tell you north is south if they think they can get a dollar by it. They float get-rich-quick schemes and anything for money.

I haven't a word to say about a man who has earned his money honestly and is using it to provide for his family and spending the surplus for good.

You know there is a bunch of mutts that sit around on stools and whittle and spit and curse and damn and

that every man who has an honest dollar ought to divide it with them, while others get out and get busy and work and sweat and toil and prepare to leave something for their wives and families when they die, and spend the rest for good.

No good Commodore Vanderbilt had a fortune of over \$300,000,000, and one day when he was ill he sent for Dr. Deems. He asked him to sing for him that old song, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, come ye wounded, sick and sore."

The old commodore tossed from side to side, looked around at the evidence of his wealth and he said, "That's what I am, poor and needy."

What? Commodore Vanderbilt poor and needy with his \$300,000,000? The foundation of that fabulous fortune was laid by him and he peled a yawl from New York to Staten Island and picked up pennies for doing it.

The foundation of the immense Astor fortune was laid by John Jacob Astor when he went out and bought fur and hides from trappers and put the money in New York real estate.

The next day in the street one man said to another:  
"Have you heard the news? Commodore Vanderbilt is dead."

"How much did he leave?"  
He left it all.

**Can't Take Wealth to Next World.**  
Cashed you came into this world, and naked you will crawl out of it. You brought nothing in the world and you will take nothing out, and if you have put the pack screws on the poor and piled up a pile of gold as big as this tabernacle, you can't take it with you.

It wouldn't do you any good if you could, because it would mean when you are racked with fever, when your flesh is rotting with filth, you will remember that "Bill" warned you to keep away from those whose house door swings into hell.

Some just live for booze. Some say, "I need it. It keeps me warm in winter." Another says, "It keeps me cool in summer."

Well, if it keeps you warm in winter and cool in summer why is it that out of those who freeze to death and are struck the greater part of them are drunkards? It takes it for booze holsters.

It was Sunday afternoon and we got tanked up and then went out and sat down on a corner. I never go by that street without thanking God for saving me. It was a vacant lot at that time.

We sat down on a curb. Across the street a company of men and women were playing instruments—horns, flutes and slide trombones—and the others were singing the gospel hymns that I used to hear in my mother's sing back in the log cabin in Iowa, and back in the old church when I used to go to Sunday school.

And God, who is the canvas of my recollection and memory, vivid picture of the scenes of other days and other faces.

Many have long since turned to dust. I sobbed and sobbed, and a young man stepped out and said:

"We are going down to the Pacific. Men Mision: won't you come down to the mission and see how you will enjoy it. You can see drunkards going in and out of the saloons and how they have been saved and girls tell how they have been saved from the red light district."

I arose and said to the boys:  
"I'm through. I am going to Jesus Christ. We've come to the parting of the ways, and I've turned my back on them. Some of them might and some of them mocked me; one of them gave me encouragement; others never said a word."

Twenty-eight years ago I turned and left that little group on the corner of State and Madison streets and walked the little mission and fell on my knees and staggered out of sin and into the arms of the Saviour.

I went over to the west side of Chicago, where I was keeping company with a girl, now my wife, Nell. I married Nell. She was a Presbyterian, so I am a Presbyterian. If she had been a Catholic I would have been a Catholic because I was hot on the trail of Nell.

The next day I had to go out to the ball park and practice. Every morning at 10 o'clock we had to be out there and practice. I never slept that night. I was afraid of the horse-laugh that gang would give me because I had taken my stand for Jesus Christ.

I walked down to the old ball grounds. I will never forget it. I slipped my key into the ticket gate and the first man to meet me after I got inside was Mike Kelley.

Up came Mike Kelley. He said: "Bill, I'm proud of you. Religion is not my long suit, but I'll help you all I can."

Up came Anson, the best ball player that ever played the game; Pfeffer, Clarkson, Flint, Jimmy McCormick, Hank Williams and Dairymple. There wasn't a fellow in the gang who knocked; every fellow had a word of encouragement for me.

**Prayed for Gods Help in Ball Game.**  
That afternoon we played the old Detroit club. We were neck and neck for the championship. That club had Thompson, Richardson, Rowe, Dunlap, Hanlon and Bennett and they could play ball.

I was playing right field. Mike Kelley was catching and John G. Clarkson was pitching. He was a fine pitcher as ever crawled into a uniform. There are some pitchers today—O'Toole, Bender, Wood, Mathewson, Johnson, Marquard, but I do not believe any one of them stood in the class with Clarkson.

Cigarettes put him on the bum. When he took a bathhouse water would be stained with nicotine.

We had two men out and they had a man on second and one on third and Bennett, their old catcher, was at bat. Charley had three balls and two strikes on him. Charley couldn't hit a high ball. I don't mean a Scotch highball; but he could hit them when they went about his knees.

I holstered to Clarkson and said:  
"One more and we got 'em."

"You know every pitcher puts a hole in the ground where he puts his foot when he is pitching. John stuck his foot in the hole and he went clean to the ground."

Oh, he could make 'em dance. He could throw overhand, and the ball would go down and up like that. He is the only man on earth I have seen do that. That ball would go by so fast that the better could feel the thermometer drop two degrees as he whizzed by. He was so fast that he would naturally alarmed. Yet if he can keep his presence of mind and give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy every ten minutes until vomiting is produced, quick relief will follow and the child will drop to sleep to awaken in the morning as well as ever. This remedy has been in use for many years with uniform success. Obtainable everywhere. All drug stores.—Advertisement

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Men of Omaha, did they win the game of life, or did I?

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lurians to preach about this instead of preferment, when a lot of them haven't anything to prefer, and the Baptists quit yelling "Water, water, water," and two-thirds of their bunch going where you can't get a drop, we'll clean up this saloon-filled, brewery-controlled community for Christ. I'm going to skin 'em."

You say you can't prohibit men from drinking. Why, if Jesus Christ was here today some of you would keep on in sin just the same.

But the law can be enforced against whiskey just the same as it can be enforced against anything else if you have honest officials to enforce it.

Of course it doesn't prohibit. There isn't a law on the books of the state that prohibits. We have laws against murder. Do they prohibit? We have laws against burglary. Do they prohibit? We have laws against arson, rape, but they do not prohibit.

Would you introduce a bill to repeal all the laws that do not prohibit? Any law will prohibit to a certain extent if honest officials enforce it. But no law will absolutely prohibit. We can make a law against liquor prohibit as much as any law prohibits.

Or would you introduce a bill saying if you pay \$1,000 a year you can kill anyone you don't like, or by paying \$500 a year you can attack any girl you want or by paying \$100 a year you can steal anything that suits you—that's what you do with the distasteful, rottenest kang this side of hell.

You say for so much a year you can have a license to make staggering, reeling, drunken sois, murderers and thieves and vagabonds.

You say, "Bill, you're too hard on the whiskey."

I don't agree. Not on your life. There was a fellow going along the sidewalk and a farmer's dog ran snapping at him. He tried to drive the dog with a pitchfork he carried, and failed to do so, so he plunked it to the ground with the prongs. Out came the farmer.

"Hey, why don't you use the other end of that fork?"

He answered, "Why didn't the dog come at me with the other end?"

**Tells Story of His Conversion.**  
So, if these dirty dogs come at me, I'll come back. I didn't intend to go off to the west and I'll leave with these remarks.

Twenty-eight years ago I walked down a street in Chicago in company with some ball players who were famous in this world (some of them are dead now) and we went into a saloon.

It was Sunday afternoon and we got tanked up and then went out and sat down on a corner. I never go by that street without thanking God for saving me. It was a vacant lot at that time.

We sat down on a curb. Across the street a company of men and women were playing instruments—horns, flutes and slide trombones—and the others were singing the gospel hymns that I used to hear in my mother's sing back in the log cabin in Iowa, and back in the old church when I used to go to Sunday school.

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the ball would light. I turned my back to the ball and ran.

The field was crowded with people and I yelled: "Stand back!" and that crowd opened like the Red Sea opened for the rod of Moses.

I ran on and as I ran I made a prayer: "I want a biological, either, I tell you that, I said, 'God, if you ever helped mortal man, help me to get that ball, and You haven't very much time to make up Your mind, either.'"

I ran and jumped over the bench and stopped.

I thought I was close enough to catch it. I looked back and saw it going over my head and I jumped and shoved out my left hand and the ball hit it and stuck.

At the rate I was going the momentum carried me on and I fell under the feet of a team of horses. I jumped up with the ball in my hand. Up came Tom Johnson. Tom used to be mayor of Cleveland. He's dead now.

"Here is the 'Bill,' buy yourself the best suit in Chicago. That catch won me \$1,500. Tomorrow go and buy yourself the best suit of clothes you can find in Chicago."

An old Methodist minister said to me a few years ago: "Why, William, you didn't take the \$10, did you?" I said: "You bet your life I did."

**Kelley Died Poor Despite Money.**  
Listen. Mike Kelley was sold to Boston for \$10,000. Mike got half of the purchase price. He came up to me and showed me a check for \$5,000. John L. Sullivan, the champion fighter, went along with a subscription paper and the boys raised over \$12,000 to buy Mike a house.

They gave Mike a deed to the house and they had \$1,500 left and gave him a certificate of deposit for that.

His salary for playing with Boston was \$4,000 a year. At the end of that season Mike had spent the \$5,000 purchase price and the \$4,000 he received as salary and the \$1,500 he gave him and had a mortgage on the house.

And when he died in Pennsylvania they went around with a subscription to get money enough to put him in the ground, and each club, twelve in all, in two leagues, gave a month a year to his widow