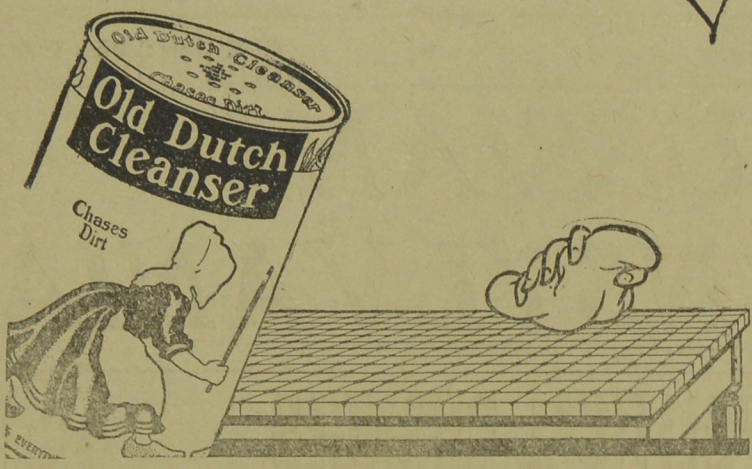


Old Dutch

quickly removes stains and spots from such things as oil-cloth table tops



EVANGELIST BILLY SUNDAY HAS WONDERFUL GIFT OF GAB

So Says Boston Policeman Who is on Duty At the Tabernacle---His Phraseology Is Extraordinarily Vivid---Says Women Who Run the Bazaars and Rummage Sales Have Kept the Good Old Ship Zion off the Rocks for Many Years.

(Hartford Times.)
Text: "He's giving it to 'em fine, he is. He surely is so. By gorry, but he does have the gift of gab!"

The above is the sapient comment of a Boston policeman on duty at the Billy Sunday tabernacle on Huntington avenue.

Let us then, apart from any consideration of the doctrine he preaches, or the impropriety of many of his vernacularized renditions of Biblical stories, consider for a brief space Billy Sunday's "gift of gab."

As he himself would say, it is "some gift." His phraseology is remarkably concrete, extraordinarily vivid. It is homely, pungent, often coarse, to be sure, one wearies of his oft-repeated

reference to the blessed state of being dead as being "pumped full of embalming fluid," but in the main it smacks of the soil, of the great common people, of experiences that nearly everyone has shared.

Much as Mark Twain showed the irrepressible boyishness of Tom Sawyer by merely enumerating the characteristic contents of that real boy's pockets, does Billy Sunday, by simple enumeration of concrete objects, create the very atmosphere he desires.

When he exhorts men to love their wives, he says: "Love your wife just as much as you used to when she wore a blue sash and you wore a hand-painted necktie! Love her as much as you loved her when you bought her those candy hearts with verses on them! Oh, Lord, if I only had all the nickels I've spent for candy hearts!"

Again, when he wishes to bring home the needs of the church, he deals in the concrete, in the obvious outwardness of the church. Speaking of its regeneration spiritually, he will shout: "The church has got to be gone over, from choir-loft to janitor!" And in the course of his remarkable tribute to the worth of woman in church work, he bursts out with: "Oh, woman! She's a wonder! She's cooked all the oyster soup, baked all the beans, made all the sponge cake, run all the bazaars,

the rummage sales, and the sociables, with precious little help from you men. I tell you, she's kept the good old ship Zion off the rocks these many years!"

Can you wonder that the women who have slaved hours over the preparation of church suppers "fall for him?" Can you wonder that they "cotton to him?" Can you wonder that they rise up and call him blessed?

Instead of denouncing in vague and general terms those who in prosperity fall away from the church, he ridicules them, pictures their attitude, helping out the concreteness of his phrase by imitable mimicry. "Oh, they pray all right when they're poor," he snarls, "but just wait till they get so they're cutting off the cew-pens by the thousand (business of snipping off imaginary coupons with two nervous fingers for scissors), and then they say, 'Good-bye, God; see you later!' And, waving an imaginary good-bye, off he steps along the platform with a clumb in an armhole of his waistcoat."

Nothing so vague and general as "Look not upon the wine when it is red," for the Rev. William Sunday—"No, sir!" as he would shout at you with an outstretched index finger. His way is to thunder forth, "You can't pray 'Thy will be done' and look at God through the bottom of a beer mug!" Similarly, "Christianity and red whiskey won't stay in the 'same skin!'"

Again, with religious hypocrisy: He tells the wealthy, "Don't go 'round trying to fix it up with God by buying a new red plush carpet for the church auditorium, or putting a new organ in the lost, when God knows all the time that you're an old four-flusher! You can't work the shell game on God! Oh my, the Lord has a hard time with some folks!"

As to the need of revivals, get this: "You bet your boots if Martin Luther was in Boston today he would be right down here in this tabernacle and would say, 'Go to it, Bill!'"

The last is typical of the way in which Sunday warps the traditional, likely speech of biblical and historical characters—and even that attributed to the Lord himself—to bring it down to the patois of his own day and generation. Fancy a man making the patriarch Abraham say, "The hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob, and there's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere!" And can you imagine a man leaning over the top of a pulpit, insinuation of the Almighty leaning out from the parapets of heaven, and calling to mortal man below? Yet Sunday does it.

He pictures, acts, God, bending down and calling to Roberts, the Welsh evangelist, in this wise:

"Oh, Roberts!"
"And out of the depths of the coal mine came that grimy, soiled man, with dirty face and a little lamp on his cap, and he said, 'What is it, God?'"

"And God said, 'I want you to go out and shake up Wales!'"

That's how he does it!
And as for St. Paul: "He was an evangelist. Everywhere he went they had to call out the cops to protect him. He had either a riot or a revival wherever he went!"

"You cannot scald a hog in ice water," is the way he presents the difficulty of saving souls in an indifferent church. "You can go to hell on high gear, on this ethical stuff," is the manner in which he scorns ethical movements apart from religion. "This Christless, social service tommyrot" is the term he applies to social service that hasn't the spirit of God in it.

"Some of you ginks will go out on the bleachers and yell like Commanche Indians at a ball game; but when you get into a prayer meeting all you do is to make your mouths mumble just like a jack-rabbit eating a leaf of cabbage. Prayer meetings! You have a hard time getting people to get up and testify, don't you? They pray as though they lived in the Klondike. Usually the most you can do is to get some poor old sister who stands as a sort of connecting link between the first and second dispensation, to stand up for a minute and shriek, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want!'"

And, strange to say, the very counterparts of that same old sister, sitting down shuffling the sawdust in the front row, don't seem to resent such words, or the mimicry that goes with them—and the mimicry is perfect.

This is the way Billy bites into the realities of love and life and death: "Some men never hint that they love their wives until they're 100 miles from home; then they write it out on a post card."

"Try praising your wife, even if it does frighten her at first. Nine times out of ten the money that a man spends on plush-lined, rosewood casket with silver handles, for his wife, ought to have been spent for a hired girl-years before! And let me tell you a woman will appreciate a lot more the flowers you give her while she's alive than she will all the standing wreaths. 'Gates ajar,' 'ruffled lutes,' anchors and wheels with a spoke broke out of them, that you lay on her coffin after she's dead!"

Finally: "I don't want a cold narrow sort of religion, the kind that will give you pneumonia when you sit in a seat that's just been occupied by some

PAINS AFTER EATING

WIND IN THE STOMACH—ACIDITY, HEADACHES—CONSTIPATION ARE SIGNS OF INDIGESTION.

Indigestion—the complete or partial failure of the digestive processes—frequently throws out of gear the whole machinery of the body. You can't enjoy the vigour and vitality of good health unless your stomach, liver and bowels do their work regularly and efficiently.

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ASSISTS DIGESTION

The new 100 size contains three times as much as the old size sold at 50c per bottle.

church official. I want a happy, smiling, full-moon-faced religion!"

That "full-moon-faced religion" is one of the happiest phrases Billy Sunday has yet coined. And as a coiner of phrases he runs the United States mint a pretty close race in its coinage of dollars; though he can do a fair job in keeping pace with the mint at its own specialty too. But whether he will prove in time to be "a coiner of angels," as Alfred Noyes put it, remains to be seen.

Perhaps the only phrase-maker we have in this country who can be compared with him is a gentleman with prominent teeth who was prominent in the last political campaign, so prominent in fact that one does not need to mention his name, for everyone knows him and his phrases. But whereas the gentleman just mentioned has "occasional flashes of silence"—he seems to be having one now—Billy Sunday hasn't any. He is up and at it more continuously than the other wily phrase-maker. He throws off phrases as fast as he tosses off the beady perspiration from his brow in the course of a dash up and down his platform. He is the bane of rapid-fire stenographers, the baffler of those who ask, and in vain, "Where did he get that line?"

Nobody knows. The chances are he made it up as he went along, out of some incident of the diamond, the platform or the street. Whether by it he can lead us all who take him to heart "back to God's clover fields and away from the bak-lots of the devil, full of garbage and old tin cans and brickbats and dead cats," remains to be seen.

His worth as an evangelist must wait to be proved by time. But for the present at least he presses one gentleman with eyeglasses and felt hat very closely indeed for the title of being America's greatest little phrasemaker.

It is a popular diversion to talk about how dumbfounded our grandfathers would be by our telephones and our motor cars and so on; but apparently no one dares imagine what they would think of the bills.

WOMEN'S AILMENTS

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Young girls budding into womanhood who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and blood watery, will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills build them up.

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The old, worn out, tired out, languid feelings, give place to strength and vitality, and life again seems like living.

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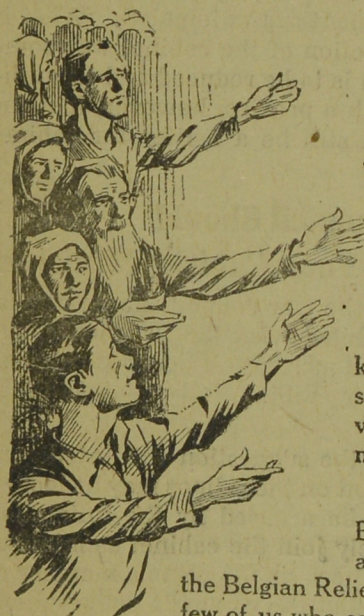
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