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Spectacular career of Rev.
Billy Sunday. famous





W. B. Sunday

Spectacular Career of Rev. Billy Sunday

Famous Baseball Evangelist

BY

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INTRODUCTION

IN offering to the world the first comprehensive biography of Rev. W. A. Sunday, the famous evangelist, it is necessary at the very outset to absolve Mr. Sunday from any responsibility for the venture or any interest in it.

Mr. Sunday has been repeatedly and unjustly accused of petty machinations for profit and gain, therefore, this statement is justly due him.

Mr. Sunday derives no revenue from any of the several publications which are sold during his campaigns, with the exception of pamphlet formed editions of four of his sermons, and all of this money he gives to charity. It is true, that Mr. Sunday did consider at the outset being interested in the present publication, but as it began to grow and take form with the gathering of data; and as the importance of the work, and its wide-spread demand became more and more apparent, it was felt that proper delicacy on the evangelist's part would not permit of his connection with the enterprise. It became obviously necessary to say so many things of an extremely laudatory nature, that any participation of the evangelist in the work, would have been subjected to gross misconstruction.

On the other hand, fidelity to the public demanded the incorporation of certain things upon which the public's view and the evangelist's have not

always coincided. Mr. Sunday has been for some-time compiling data concerning his work, and this will probably at some time appear in book form.

The necessary autobiographical nature of his work will have an interest from which no other book can detract, but which will hardly have the degree of self-laudation, which a large reflex of his life and work must possess.

The author is under many obligations to dozens, and even hundreds of persons who have contributed facts and information herein incorporated. He has, so far as possible, studiously avoided any expression or editorial opinion; confining himself to facts or to quotations directly from persons informed, or from official records.

An important part of this work is a list of names and addresses of all those who have furnished information, incorporated in this work, and whose testimony is a sufficient index to the truth and reliability of the present undertaking.

In a work of this kind it is too much to hope that errors have not crept in. They are, however, the errors which arise from differences of opinion or the occasional necessity of accepting a report which could not be verified definitely. The list of authorities cited in the back of the book will enable those who are interested, to pursue further investigation of Rev. Mr. Sunday's career on their own account.

To all these, and others who may not be directly quoted, the author makes heartfelt acknowledgment. Assured by the many kindly indications of interest

which have come from all parts of the country that the book will have a considerable welcome, the author commends it to the attention of the thousands of admirers of Rev. Billy Sunday everywhere in the United States.

Theodore Thomas Frankenberg,

Columbus, Ohio,
November, 1913.



Photo by Baker.

DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

FOREWARD

I HAVE the very greatest possible joy and delight in the successful ministry of the Rev. W. A. Sunday. I consider him one of the most genuine, true-hearted men I have ever known and believe that he has almost in perfection what every minister must have if he is to be a success in his preaching, namely, a consuming passion, that all who do not know Christ should accept Him as a Saviour. It is, of course, not possible for everyone to possess the remarkable gifts with which Mr. Sunday has been naturally endowed, but it is possible to be dead in earnest, and without in any way detracting from Mr. Sunday's mental, physical and spiritual equipment, I shall not be misunderstood when I say that much of his phenomenal success is to be traced to his downright earnestness. A half-hearted minister has never yet done much in the cause of Christ, and Mr. Sunday is setting the ministers of the United States and the world a noble example in thus throwing himself into his great work with such tremendous zeal. I do not know how long he can last if he continues working under such heavy pressure, but I have no doubt that he has counted the cost and that he has fully decided that it will be far better for him to preach for a limited time as he is now preaching and have the consciousness that he is being blessed of God in his work, and turning mul-

titudes to Christ rather than to live a less strenuous life and see a fewer number come to the Savior.

If a fair proportion of the ministers of the Church would preach with the same spirit of abandonment which possesses Mr. Sunday I believe all the world would hear of Christ in a generation. It is one of my great joys to realize that I may have had some influence in determining Mr. Sunday's life work. He came to me many years ago to help in my services. He was ready to do anything if only he could be of assistance to me, to sell books, to direct the ushers, to look after the inquirers, to make my burdens lighter in every way, and he had the same hearty enthusiasm in doing such ordinary things as he has since displayed in his most remarkable work.

One day in Urbana, Ohio, I had a request from someone out of town for a speaker, and I asked Mr. Sunday to accept the invitation. He seemed greatly frightened, said that he could not speak and that he was not the man for the place. Finally it was determined that he should tell the story of his conversion. Following that day's services the most interesting reports were made to me of the impression which he had made upon his audience, and I then had the conviction that he ought to do more of this sort of work, and I suggested to him that he ought to go to a number of places and stay for a week's meetings. When he told me that he did not have sermons I asked him to make use of anything that he had heard me say, and told him that I should feel highly honored at his doing so. It was thus that he started, so far as I can remember. His successful work from that day to this needs no descriptive word of mine for how-

ever much men may differ with him as regards method, all will agree if they know him at all that he is absolutely honest and sincere as well as being a truly great man. I consider Mr. Sunday very generous. I cannot think of any time that he has met me and had opportunity for conversation that he has not said to me—"Do you need any money?" And that he has not told me that if I did need it he would gladly give it to me. Fortunately for me and possibly for him I have not found it necessary to accept his kind offers of monetary gifts, but he has never made the suggestion that I have not had a glimpse of his great and generous heart.

It is a matter of small concern to me as to what methods Mr. Sunday may use. I am not at all disturbed that he should be working plans which are exactly the opposite of my own. Sam Jones never said a better thing than when he said, "God never made two men alike without making one of them a fool." I am filled with rejoicing that Mr. Sunday is just himself, honest, sincere, noble, devoted to Christ and filled with an intense longing to see others accept Him as their Saviour, and I shall ever pray that God may long spare him for his work, and that his career of usefulness may be greater and greater as the days pass by.

It has been my privilege to influence a number of men to enter the ministry, and my great joy to encourage not a few to take up evangelistic work, and insofar as I have been able to do so I have sought to encourage them in their efforts, and give to them unsparingly of my influence that their work might be owned and blessed of God, but of all with whom I

have come in contact I must say that I am more grateful to God for Mr. Sunday and for his ministry than I can ever express in words. God bless him, and more and more mightily use him is my prayer.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

October, 1913.

3 Park Gardens, W., Glasgow, Scotland.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
FOREWORD — By Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman . . .	7
I. THE MAN — WHO HE IS	13
II. ORPHANED SON OF AN IOWA PATRIOT	25
III. THE BOY'S STRUGGLE UPWARDS	39
IV. A STAR OF THE WHITE SOX	49
V. THE MEMORABLE NIGHT IN VAN BUREN STREET	61
VI. COURTING NELL	73
VII. APPLIED CHRISTIANITY AT \$83 PER MONTH . . .	79
VIII. TENTS, TABERNACLES AND OTHER THINGS . . .	87
IX. THE PHILOSOPHY OF SUNDAY'S REVIVAL CAM- PAIGNS	97
X. SOME WHO HAVE ASSISTED	113
XI. SOME GREAT CAMPAIGNS	123
XII. SOME GREATER CAMPAIGNS	141
XIII. THE GLADDEN-SUNDAY CONTROVERSY	159
XIV. MA	175
XV. THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE EVANGELIST	189
XVI. EPISODES, INCIDENTS, COMMENT AND QUOTATIONS	203
APPENDIX	229

CHAPTER I

THE MAN—WHO HE IS

How evangelists come by their ranking—Motives that operate, standards that change—Dr. Green in Hampton's Magazine—Lindsay Denison in the American Magazine—Bruce Barton gives views in Collier's—Quotations from the daily and from the religious press.

CHAPTER I

WHAT does it mean to be ranked with Wesley and with Luther; Savonarola and with Peter the Hermit? Yes, to be coupled with the Twelve who walked with the lowly Nazarene?

Either it means a Wonder Man marked through all the ages, or it means a greatly exaggerated and distorted vision, due to proximity to the object admired.

At fifty the world's judgment of a man usually is the one that will endure. The stroke oar of Harvard fades into the inconspicuous haunts of a small town high school, or the Princeton half-back is forgotten in the petty politics of a western country. The winner of the Marathon—who recalls his name after the lapse of the first Olympiad? The fame that comes in youth is more often than not of a transitory nature. The man of fifty, who is beginning to receive the acclaim of his fellows, and serious commendation, as well a vituperative opposition, is one who has built on a sure foundation, and has come from little to more, and from great to greater through a natural method and evolution, which has given the strength and stamina that will endure in the way of reputation after the life itself has gone out.

How far it is fitting and correct to consider Rev. William Ashley Sunday, familiarly known as "Billy" Sunday, the base-ball evangelist, the greatest living evangelist and possibly the greatest since the days of

Pentecost, is a question well worthy of serious consideration in the light of all the facts that can be adduced.

The merest statement of his accredited accomplishments is startling. More than 100 series of meetings held throughout the length and breadth of the land, resulting in the professed conversion of more than 200,000 souls, is a record which, on its face, will challenge comparison with the most conspicuous in ancient or modern history. To establish the justice of comparison, it is not necessary to go into the merit of the methods employed, nor the motives that have operated—to do this, would be to vitiate all standards and compel history to be rewritten from the time when Constantine swung an empire into the Christian fold and became an object of suspicion for all succeeding generations.

Early missionaries who made their way north from Italy into the wilds of Gaul, Germany and the British Isles are accredited with wonderful results in converting the natives to the Christian faith. Yet, it is admitted history that in many instances, a tribe or clan followed blindly in the wake of its leader and religious observances were laid on and off like a mantle. Neither will the history of the modern church stand scrutiny if the inner motives that prompted all of the leaders are questioned in the light of high moral standards. Henry VIII divorced England from the Roman church that he might divorce himself from an objectionable wife. The princes of Northern Germany espoused the cause of Luther, because it gave them a pretext to war against the domination of the House of Austria. Yet, in the

history of the world and the advance of religion, all of these men and their actions have played important and lasting parts.

Criticism, is, and always has been directed against the methods and the results achieved in evangelical and general Christian work. An unbiased contemplation of history simply compels the conclusion that there are at the present time no recognized standards whereby the work of various men in various ages may be measured honestly.

It is only possible, therefore, to estimate Rev. Mr. Sunday by comparing his admitted achievements with the accredited achievements of the great historical evangelists, and with these it would seem that he ranks in every way a peer. Coming from the comparative obscurity of what is generally known as the Middle West, he has in late years challenged the attention of the entire country, and there has been devoted to him recently a considerable amount of disinterested attention from which a consensus of judgment can be established.

As early as June 1910 Dr. Thomas E. Green, writing in *Hampton's magazine*, said, after an extended description of the man's manners:

That's Billy Sunday, America's great evangelist. On the platform he "plays ball." Attitude, gestures, methods—he crouches, rushes, whirls, bangs his message out, as if he were at the bat in the last inning, with two men out and the bases full. And he can go into any city in America and for six weeks talk to six thousand people twice a day and simply turn that community inside out.

Over 300,000 people have been "converted" under his preaching—and he says, ninety per cent of them stick.

Even earlier than that Lindsay Denison writing in the September 1907 number of the *American Magazine*, without making a pretense to direct interest in religion, nor posing as an authority on that subject, said:

I have seen many a university foot-ball victory celebration; I have seen several riots of joy after a Yale-Harvard boat race; I was in the headquarters of District Attorney Jerome of New York when the word came, on election night, that he had beaten independently the candidates of all the regular parties. But I have never seen any crowd more beside itself than was the congregation of the tabernacle when the meeting was over. The noise was inchoate until Fred Fischer took charge and organized it. There were a hundred dangerous rushes by people at the back to reach the platform and Bill Sunday. Fischer got them singing. When they were tired of singing a tune, he asked them to whistle it and then to hum it. Now and then somebody got up and interrupted by calling for three cheers for Billy Sunday! And when it was announced that altogether Sunday had won 1,118 Fairfield souls from the Devil for Christ it seemed as though the roof was tugging at the rafters.

After the remarkable work in Columbus the larger magazines began to give more and more attention to the career of this evangelist. Bruce Barton was assigned by *Collier's* to make a close study of the man and his method, and in the spring of 1913 he made this summing up:

It's fourteenth-century theology, you say, and perhaps that's true. But there is no cant in it. It is the hard-hitting message of a strong man, stirred to the depths of his soul by the spectacle of puny, impotent, mortal men setting themselves in revolt against the purpose of Almighty God. And men respond to it—the leading men of the city—editors, merchants, bankers, as well as the rank and file. No other evangelist owes so little of his success to emotionalism; none other can number a larger proportion of men and women on his convert rolls.

You must hear him more than once to know his power; indeed it takes quite the cumulative effect of his meetings, night after night, to represent him adequately. The particular sermon that you may hear may seem to you overdrawn, even futile; the immediate effect of it on the converts who come forward may appear all out of proportion to its worth. You should have heard them all. I heard him once in a little town in Central Illinois—a rainy night, when he spoke with difficulty and, to my mind, poorly. "Surely," I said to myself, "this is an off night for Billy; there'll be no response to a sermon like that." And yet he had hardly concluded when the converts came trooping toward the platform, and the first man among them the president of the local gas company.

It is the hammer, hammer, hammer of six or seven weeks of man-to-man talk that compels results.

And the results—what are they?

In Decatur, Ill., he labored six weeks, and more than 5,000 persons pressed forward to take his hand—the sign of their intention to begin another life. The meetings closed on the eve of a local option election. On the morning after the election, when the result of the overwhelming vote

was known, there appeared this sign in the front window of one of the most prominent saloons:

CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

By order of

BILLY SUNDAY.

The *Herald*, a newspaper in Decatur, had for years served the interests of the local Republican machine with a fidelity that was as unswerving as it was conscienceless. For the stars to reverse themselves in their orbits would have caused no greater surprise in Decatur than for the *Herald* to bolt the machine ticket. Yet after the meetings the *Herald* did bolt, and declared itself in favor of the Democratic candidate for Mayor, nominated on a reform platform. "The influence of that paper, conducted as it is," said one of the thoughtful men of Decatur, "is worth \$500,000 to this town; and Sunday did it."

In the same article occurs another paragraph that refers to a paper in the City of Columbus:

The Ohio State Journal was compelled to deny editorially that its first-page columns, which were given over every morning to the meetings, as well as the whole second page, had been purchased by the Sunday organization. "We never received a cent," it said, "never expect to; would not take it if it were offered. Devoting so much space to Billy Sunday is newspaper business, pure and simple. The people want to read what he says. In all our experience we never knew of such universal desire to read something as there is to read Mr. Sunday's sermons. Therefore we print them."

Think of that from a leading newspaper in a city of nearly 200,000, with all its thousand conflicting interests.

Mr. Barton seems to lay particular stress upon the importance of newspapers when it comes to estimating the work of a revivalist, as he is at some pains to quote a third instance of the same general type, reproducing the following publisher's notice which appeared on the front page of the McKeesport, Pa. *Times* when the Sunday campaign closed there in the fall of 1912:

From this date forward the *Evening Times* will not accept the advertisement of any distiller, brewer, or wholesale or retail liquor dealer. This rule is made a part of the policy of the advertising department of this newspaper.

From this date forward the *Evening Times* will not accept the advertisement of any manufacturer or seller of remedies for diseases caused by vice, appliances or preparations that are against morality and good public policy, of practitioners who prey upon the credulity and fear of youth, or of compounds of the "make beer at home" sort. A few advertisements that come under these last headings are now running in the *Evening Times* under contract, but such arrangements will be discontinued at the earliest possible day.

It is the desire of the management of this newspaper that it shall be a force for the betterment of its city and district, and no effort will be spared to make and keep its columns so clean that it may be read every day with entire safety and real benefit by persons of all ages and both sexes.

McKEESPORT TIMES COMPANY,

BY WILLIAM B. KAY,

General Manager.

So much for the secular press. In conclusion, it is interesting to quote from the well known *Congregationalist* which because of the attitude of certain ministers in that denomination was popularly supposed to be opposed to Mr. Sunday. In an editorial of its issue in April 1913, it said:

Who can help rejoicing when the inertia and indifference of years gives way to love for God and the service of others, when men who have lived long in the under-world and have become besotted and brutal are totally reconstructed. Humanly speaking, Mr. Sunday effects such results in countless cases and, humanly speaking, these changes would not be likely to come about without him. And who can doubt that along with increasing reliance upon cultural methods we need also to preach and to stand for a gospel that radically and often changes the inner life. Many men and women in middle life today are far beyond the reach of cultural methods. They need the sounding of a trumpet which will awaken them from their sleep. It is significant that, as a rule, those who work with Mr. Sunday from the beginning to the end of a campaign reach a point where they are more inclined to appreciation than to criticism or condemnation.

No effort is here made to cite unnumbered commendations from the press of the cities in which Mr. Sunday has labored, for the purpose of establishing his standing as an evangelist. They would be open to criticism of possible bias. National magazines, edited with a view of giving truth as nearly as they can by securing authentic information for thousands who have no opportunity for first-hand observation, have seen fit to endorse this man in no unmeasured terms,

and to verify for themselves the statements of the daily press in the various communities where Mr. Sunday has labored. Students of history will know the accomplishments of the great evangelist of all ages, and those who are not thus informed will be content with the statement from these persons as authority, that never in the history of the Christian faith have more men and women been moved to make an expression of their faith in the gospel teachings, than have resulted from the ministrations of this remarkable man.

These are the fruits of his labors as he completes the cycle of a half century of life. They are not sudden or spasmodic expression of opinion; rather in some instances they seem to have been grudgingly given, or seem to indicate that the person making them had first to be persuaded of their truth himself.

Concerning such a man, it may be worth while to question further of his life and work.

CHAPTER II

ORPHANED SON OF AN IOWA PATRIOT

Ancestry of the Sunday family — Born in Iowa — Father dies without seeing his son — Life in an orphan asylum — What the superintendent says — Early childish escapades — Caring for ponies and going to school — What Billy's mother has to say about her famous son.

CHAPTER II

GOD makes few exceptions to the general rule in preparing His great men for the world. Almost invariably they come from the soil and from humble origin — yet the stock is always good. The seclusion of the Kentucky mountains, and the grinding poverty of a small cabin, could not hide the blood that flowed in Abraham Lincoln's veins. Garfield on a tow-path was a true descendant of the Revolution. The rule holds with most of the truly great who have preached the Inspired Word, and Rev. W. A. Sunday is no exception.

Ames, Iowa, still a very little place after more than seventy-five years of municipal existence, claims the birthplace of the evangelist, and so hard pressed and lacking in comfort were those early days, that Mr. Sunday seldom refers to them except in general terms, or to point some pertinent lessons in the discourse he has in hand.

The Sunday family is an old one, even in this country. Before the days of its residency in Pennsylvania the family lived in Germany. The German form of the name was Sonntag, and this was literally translated into "Sunday" before the Revolutionary days. This, in itself, explains and refutes the scurrilous charge sometimes made, that the evangelist masquerades under an assumed name. The Pennsylvania

archives show that several of the Sunday family served in the Revolutionary war.

In an address delivered at a meeting in Pennsylvania Mr. Sunday took occasion to refer to his ancestry in these words:

My grandmother on my mother's side was Welsh; my father was a German, born near Chambersburg—and you can't find a triumvirate of ancestors for any man to be more proud of than that.

Some years before the outbreak of the civil war William Sunday, father of the evangelist, moved with his family from Chambersburg, Pa., and settled in Iowa. Father and grandfather were farmers and tilled the soil. It is the frequent boast of Rev. Mr. Sunday that at the age of nine, he held a man's place in the harvest field and did a full day's work with the rest of the hands.

With the outbreak of the civil war William Sunday, the evangelist's father, like so many other Iowa patriots answered the early call for troops. Quoting from the records of the United States Department of War Adjutant General H. O. S. Heistand, says:

The records show that William Sunday was enrolled August 14, 1862, at Des Moines, Iowa, and was mustered into service September 19, 1862, as a private in Company E, 23d Iowa Infantry Volunteers, to serve three years, and that he died of disease December 22, 1862, at Patterson, Missouri.

Mr. Sunday never saw his father. On the 19th of November, 1862 he was born, the third of three boys. Before he was two months old he was an

orphan. The other children were Albert and Edward. Just how much the evangelist values these things in his estimate of life, is shown in one of his well known sermons in which he says :

I have as much to be proud of as to lineage as any one; my great-grandfather was in the revolutionary war, and my daughter is eligible to the D. A. R. General U. S. Grant was a fourth cousin of mine. My grandfather and he played together, ate out of the same tin pans. When he was elected president he wrote a letter to my grandfather asking him to go down to Washington for a three weeks' visit. I've seen the letter. That don't get me anything, though.

This grandfather was one of the guiding influences of the boy's life, and was possibly second to his mother, to whom, in common with most great men, he ascribes practically all that he is. The grandfather was an orchardist, and also a worker in wood — very frequently referred to in Mr. Sunday's sermons, as a maker of caskets.

How hard the first few years were, probably even the evangelist does not know. The meager pension which the government allowed was not sufficient for the maintenance of a family of four and, accordingly, at an early age the mother decided that she would have to send the two younger boys to an orphan asylum. Nothing could be more effective than the evangelist's own description of the parting, which he uses frequently in his sermons, and which seems, naturally enough, to have made a very deep impression on his young mind.

At Ames, Iowa, he says, we had to wait for the train and we went to a little hotel and they came about one o'clock and said: "Get ready for the train." I looked into mother's face, and her eyes were red, her hair was disheveled. I said: "What's the matter mother?" All the time Ed and I slept, Mother had been praying.

We went to the train; she put one arm about me and the other about Ed and sobbed as if her heart would break. People walked by and looked at us, but they didn't say a word. Why? They didn't know, and if they did, they wouldn't have cared. Mother knew. She knew that for five years she wouldn't see her boys. We got into the train and said "Good-bye mother," as the train pulled out.

We reached Council Bluffs. It was cold and we turned our little thin coats around our necks and shivered. We saw a hotel and went up and asked a lady for something to eat. She said: "What's your name?"

"My name is Willie Sunday and this is my brother Ed."

"Where are you going?"

"Going to the Soldiers' Orphans' home at Glenwood," I said.

She wiped her tears and said: "My husband was a soldier and never came back. He wouldn't turn anyone away, and I wouldn't turn you boys away." She threw her arms about us and said: "Come on in." She gave us our breakfast and our dinner, too. There wasn't any train going out on the "Q" until afternoon. We played around the freight yards. We saw a freight train standing there, so we climbed into the caboose.

The conductor came along and said:

"Where is your money?" "Ain't got any."

"Where is your ticket?" "Ain't got any ticket."

"You can't ride without money or tickets, I'll have to put you off."

We commenced to cry. My brother handed him a letter of introduction to the superintendent of the orphans' home. The conductor read it, handed it back as the tears rolled down his cheeks. Then he said: "Just sit still boys. It won't cost you a cent to ride on my train."

It's only 20 miles from Council Bluffs to Glenwood, and, as we rounded the curve, the conductor said: "There it is on the hill." We went there and stayed for years.

The institution at Glenwood was conducted by the state and was subsequently used for other purposes than an orphans' home. All the children were transferred to the newer institution at Davenport. F. J. Sessions, Superintendent of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, at Davenport, says:

Howard E. and William A. Sunday were admitted to this institution by transfer from the Glenwood, Iowa, Soldiers' Orphans' Home when the latter was closed January 29, 1875. They were admitted to the Glenwood institution September 25, 1874. Dismissed from this institution June 10, 1876. The record says to go home, but place is not located.

William A. Sunday, according to our record, was born November 18, 1862. His father, William Sunday, belonged to Company E, 23d Iowa Infantry. He died of disease near Pilot Mound, Missouri, December 23, 1862.

S. W. Pierce, who was superintendent of the Home when the Sunday boys were there, is still living, an old man, at Davenport. His recollections, though limited, are clear on the boyhood days of the evangelist.

He says: "He was always obedient, industrious and active at work or at play. He was a good student, and loved and respected by those who had the care of and training of him."

The years before being sent to the orphans' asylum were not without their value in their impressions upon the future evangelist, nor does he fail to make frequent references to some of them. An early penchant for swimming and the disaster that followed an unauthorized attempt to gratify the inclination, is made the subject of a forceful illustration in one of his sermons. He represents himself as saying:

"Ma, I want to go swimming." She said, "No, Willie, it's baking day, and you must bring in cobs and chips." We used to have an old dish pan with holes in it, and I would fill it with cobs and chips and bring them in. I went and got some, and while I was at it I heard the fellows shouting up at the swimming hole. I took the old pan in, then I ducked. I went up and watched the other fellows awhile, then I said to myself, "Oh, but it's hot!" So I took off my clothes and went in and paddled around on a sandbar and picked up mussel shells. Before I knew it I stepped off into 10 feet of water. I couldn't keep myself up and I went down and got a mouthful of water. I felt that I was going to drown. I had heard that when a man drowns he thinks of all the mean things he has ever done, and I know I thought of a lot of things right there. I had heard that you would go down three times, and that when you went down the third time you would die. I came up once then went down for the second time. Again I came up gasping and choking, then I went down for the third time.

It happened that there was a man lying on the bank just about asleep. I didn't know he was there. When he heard them shouting out, "Willie's drowning!" he jumped up just in time to see me go down for the last time. He went in after me and groped around on the bottom and found me. I was unconscious when they took me out. They stood me on my head and let some of the water run out of me, then they laid me down and worked my arms to start me to breathing again. They started to carry me home, and I came to myself and said, "I want to go to my mamma. Oh! I'm so sick at my stomach! E-yah-ah!" and up came a lot of water. Mother had missed me, and she was out calling, "Wil-lie! Wil-lie!" They took me in and put me to bed, and mother put a plaster on me. She ought to have put a plaster on me somewhere else. Do you know that incident made such an impression on me that I was a good boy for—for I reckon as much as two weeks.

Another familiar incident of these early days in which his grandfather figures which he frequently tells in another sermon indicates the activities of the farm. He describes it as follows:

When I was a little boy my grandfather said to me: "Willie, come on," and he took a ladder, and beeswax, a big jack-knife, a saw and some cloth, and we went into the valley. He leaned the ladder to a sour crab-apple tree, climbed up and sawed off some of the limbs, split them and shoved in them some little pear sprouts as big as my finger and twice as long, and around them he tied a string and put in some beeswax. I said, "Grandpa, what are you doing?" He said, "I'm grafting pear sprouts into the sour crab." I said, "What will grow crab-apples or pears?" He said, "Pears, I

don't know that I'll ever live to eat the pear—I hope I may—but I know you will." I lived to see those sprouts which were no longer than my finger grow as large as my limb and I climbed the tree and picked and ate the pears. He introduced a graft of another variety and that changed the nature of the tree.

Shortly after he left the asylum young Sunday came to Nevada, Iowa, where he was given a home with Colonel John Scott, a veteran of the Union army, who at one time served his state as lieutenant governor. Colonel Scott was a breeder of Shetland ponies, and the boy helped to care for them in return for his board and clothes.

Charles H. Hall, mayor of Nevada, and one of the many loyal supporters of the evangelist in that town, is always glad to talk of the man who has brought fame to their little place. In a letter he says:

Bill Sunday, in boyhood days, was no angel, but was a good, average, energetic boy. He was fond of all kinds of sports. He had a record of running 100 yards in 10 seconds; a fine swimmer, and could out-jump any of the other boys. Many people here insist that the world has never produced as good a ball-player. His position was center field. He was a sure batter and a good base-runner. What was a one-base hit for others, was a two-bagger for him. In a game at Marshalltown, Iowa, Captain Anson, from Chicago, saw him work and took him back with him to Chicago, where he played on the Chicago team.

Billy liked the girls and was a favorite among them. He was popular also with his boy associates. He was fair-minded, and never stirred up strife. He was never looking for trouble, but would fight

at the drop of the hat if imposed upon. He displayed no traits in youth of becoming the preacher he now is.

Finally there is the judgment of his mother. After more than 50 years acquaintance with the man who is a mystery to so many thousands, Mrs. W. J. Stowe gives a vivid word picture of the boyhood days of the evangelist, coupled invariably with the loving comments of a fond mother.

Whenever one speaks of her evangelist son her face lights up with a smile and she invariably remarks:

“Willie is a good boy. He was always so.” If one continues to discuss the evangelist, his mother is sure to tell of some of the amusing incidents that happened during Willie’s boyhood, when but a little lad he ran free over his grandfather’s farm in Story county, Iowa. The farm was located near Ames, not far from the agricultural school of that name, and was owned by the evangelist’s grandfather, “Squire” J. E. Cory, who was a typical pioneer of the Middle West. “Squire” Cory, until a year before his death at the age of 72, never thought of climbing to the back of one of his horses from a block, but instead he would grasp the pommel and leap into the saddle in true western fashion without touching the stirrup. According to his mother, Billy was the pride of his grandfather’s heart and was taught many of his boyish athletic tricks by him. When but a mere baby the “Squire” would place the boy upon his outstretched hand and raise him high in the air. “Willie would just stand there as straight as an arrow and never make a whimper,” says his mother with just a touch of pride in her voice when she tells about it. “He was a great favorite with his grandpa because he was such an active little chap.”

Since the time the evangelist has been old enough to walk he has been fond of dogs. His mother tells of his favorite childhood pet, a big shepherd named "Watch."

"I can remember when Willie used to go to the pasture every evening for me and bring home the cows," she says. "Seems that I can almost see him now, coming down the lane astride of the cows, whistling or singing, while Watch took care to see that none of the cattle strayed from the herd. He surely loved that dog and I don't hardly think that he has forgotten his old playmate yet, although he has had several such pets since.

"Yes, Willie was always a good boy to work. Did you ask if he has always worked like he does now? I guess he has. When just a boy he would go after things pell-mell and it seemed that he always had an extra supply of energy. Some might call his methods nervousness but it appears to me just the way he is made because he has been the same ever since I can remember.

"I don't think Willie shall ever have what you call a nervous breakdown. Even though he works ever so hard it is just his fashion and I guess he can stand it. He is built peculiarly, that is why so many people do not understand him when they meet or watch him. At times, I know he seems to be snappy, but it is his style when he is busy and he has no idea he is hurting the feelings of any one. He was just the same when he was a boy. He always put his whole soul into everything that he did, whether it was work or play. I guess that is what has helped to make him the man he is.

"Willie always liked to play games where he could show his strength, for he was a strong little lad. I can remember that many times before he was ten years old he would go down to the college where the boys were playing ball and get in the game with them. I guess he was pretty good

at baseball even then. After his grandfather died he and Ed—Ed is his brother who lives out in North Dakota—went to school at Marshalltown. My, but I missed my children so much.

Their father had died during the civil war while serving in the 23d Iowa down south, and he never got to see Willie. His name was Willie, too, and we named the baby for him. His father had always liked the name Ashley, so that is where Willie got his middle name."

No greatness which ever comes to a man ever prevents his being other than a boy in the sight of his mother. Learned dissertations on the value of Mr. Sunday's work; arguments about his theology; questions about his methods fail to cast the light upon his work and his character as thoroughly as the simple details from the lips of his mother uttered when she was well past 70.

CHAPTER III

THE BOY'S STRUGGLE UPWARDS

The country school house — Studies liked and disliked — Working for an education — The education of travel — Brief career at Northwestern University — Ordination as minister — Degree of Doctor of Divinity — Diversity of the man's knowledge.

CHAPTER III

GEORGE EBERS, in the preface to his great novel "Homo Sum" adopts the old Latin motto "Nothing That Is Human Is Foreign To Me." Thus is described the curriculum of the greatest university of the world—life itself. It is in this university that W. A. Sunday has acquired his Ph. D. and L. L. D., and in that capacity he holds fellowship with Abraham Lincoln, Dwight L. Moody, William Lloyd Garrison, Guiseppe Garibaldi and the many others whose lives shine as beacons throughout the realm of history. Persistently the world's inquiry of a man who has achieved is—what was his education, thinking to learn through that the route by which he blazed his way to an eminence which makes men marvel. If it were the way, and not the man, then all who tread the path might hope to reach pre-eminence.

History will not endorse this philosophy. It is the individual, the aspiring soul, the endeavoring mind which grasps each problem as it comes, and solves it; which wrestles with each difficulty, and throws it; which ultimately finds itself breathing in the rarified air which God has ordained for the elect of history. W. A. Sunday is authorized to write himself, reverend, an ordained minister of the Presbyterian church, and that fact alone would presuppose a considerable academic career. This as-

sumption, however, does violence to the fact. Few men probably ever came to their ordination by a more peculiar route than has the famous baseball evangelist.

The poverty of his youth and the early life in the orphan asylums was not conducive to deep learning or profound thinking, however intimately it might acquaint him with the joys and griefs of life. The country school house undoubtedly gave him his first rudiments of knowledge. From his own lips there is authority for the statement that he was in no ways a remarkable student:

When I was a little boy out in Iowa, he says, at the end of the term of school it was customary for the teachers to give us little cards, with a hand in one corner holding a scroll, and in that scroll was a place to write the name. "Willie Sunday, good boy." Willie Sunday never got hump-shouldered lugging them home, I can tell you. I never carried off the champion long-distance belt for verse quoting, either. If you ever saw an American kid, I was one.

Earlier than most boys, however, he became convinced of the value of an education, and by work and sacrifice, he made possible through his own efforts what school training he received. It was in the late seventies according to Mr. Hall, of Nevada, Iowa, that he came to that town to take up his high school studies, having prepared himself as best he might in the country schools and at the orphanages. Mr. Hall, is authority for the statement, that while he attended high school for several years, he did not graduate. It was while pursuing this course that he lived with

Colonel Scott, and by working for him earned the privilege of going to school.

According to the evangelist, his choice of studies ran to geography and history. "I was a dunce in arithmetic," he says, "and grammer was not my long suit, either."

One of the means which Sunday employed to become self-supporting, was that of acting as janitor in a school house. It was in this capacity that an event took place which is frequently referred to by the evangelist in his sermons:

I was working, as he tells it, in a school house where I went to school when a boy out in Iowa. I received the enormous sum of \$25 per month for sweeping out the building, carrying the coal, and having the title of janitor.

One day I went up to the bank to get my check cashed. Another fellow was standing beside me at the cashier's window and we both shoved our checks in at the same time. When I got outside I looked at the roll of bills in my hand and discovered that I had \$40, just \$15 more than my check called for. As I was standing in the middle of the sidewalk debating with myself what to do, along came a friend of mine, who is one of the biggest lawyers in Kansas City. I told him about the extra money and he told me to keep it and nobody would be the wiser. Well, I did, and when I was converted years afterwards the first thing that came to my mind was the \$15. I went ahead for years until finally one time I was down in Terre Haute with Dr. Chapman. Every time I got down to pray, God seemed to tap me on the shoulder and say, "Remember the 15."

Well, one night I went up to my room in the hotel and wrote a letter to that bank out in Iowa

asking if the accounts at that time had come out short, and explaining that it was Billy Sunday that had taken the \$15 and enclosed the money with interest.

From an unfinished high school course to an ordained minister is a far cry, however, and there was many a pungent lesson in the school of life before this first acknowledgment by the world of what he was, could take place. It must not be forgotten that one of the great elements of his success has been the remarkable familiarity which he has with every phase of work-a-day life.

In boyhood, a farmer; in youth, a care-taker of animals, and apprenticed to a worker in wood; a professional ball player before he was 20, he put in the time between seasons in a variety of work which kept him in proper form. One of these experiences was that of fireman on what is now the Chicago and Northwestern. As soon as he became a recognized ball player, his travels naturally took him over a considerable portion of the United States and afforded him the privilege of becoming acquainted with a great many varieties of people, and different phases of life — as these differentiated themselves in the East and the West, and the North and the South.

His next effort at school work, however, relates to his connection with the Northwestern University where he took service in 1887-1888 in the capacity of baseball coach. Dr. Nathan Wilbur Helm, principal, Evanston Academy, says of the evangelist:

He is entered on our books as William Amos Sunday, but Dr. Fisk says he is the same man.

He came to us as baseball coach and was here only for the third term of the year 1887-88. He took work here called "Rhetorical Exercises," which included elocution. It is impossible to tell who his teacher was, because this was rather a general public exercise in which students were required to take part regularly, but were not under the charge of any one teacher.

I regret that Mr. Sunday was not here longer as a regular student, but according to our records, and Dr. Fisk's statement, the facts above given apply to his sojourn here. However, I feel pleased that he was here even in that capacity.

Dr. Fisk says that Mr. Sunday had been converted at that time, but was not actively in religious work. His influence on the ball field was excellent, and he stopped the practice of swearing, which had gotten to be somewhat of a habit with a number of boys on the team.

More baseball, then his Young Men's Christian Association work, and finally his excursion into the evangelical field in company with other men whose reputation he has since equaled or distanced, and during all of which period he was a careful student not only of the Bible, but of current literature and everything of interest which came his way, and then he was ready for the recognition of his service to the church in general.

Previous to his ordination Mr. Sunday had been recognized as an elder in the Jefferson Park Presbyterian church, which he had joined shortly after his marriage to Helen M. Thompson. By August 1, 1898, he had been licensed to preach the gospel, but it was not until 1903 that he come up for ordination. In view of the controversies which have appeared in

some sections of the secular press, it seems expedient to quote directly from the records of the Chicago Presbytery, dated April 13, 1903. This shows:

The Committee on Education, through Rev. W. S. Plumer Bryan, chairman, so recommending, Mr. William A. Sunday, a licentiate of Presbytery, desiring to enter the ministry, was examined for ordination. His examination being sustained, it was ordered that when Presbytery adjourn it be to meet Wednesday, April 15, in Jefferson Park church, for the purpose of his ordination, that Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, of Presbytery of New York, be requested to preach the sermon, the Moderator, Rev. Joseph A. Vance, to preside, propound constitutional questions and offer ordaining prayer, and Rev. Alexander Patterson to give the charge to the evangelist.

Presbytery met pursuant to above adjournment, in Jefferson Park church, April 15, 8 p. m., and was opened with prayer. Present: Ministers, Joseph A. Vance, Moderator; Frank Dewitt Talmadge, Alexander Patterson; Elder J. Henry Bentz, corresponding member; J. Wilbur Chapman, President, New York. Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman preached sermon. Rev. J. A. Vance propounded constitutional questions and offered prayer of ordination. Rev. Alexander Patterson gave charge to evangelist. Adjourned with benediction by the newly ordained minister, Rev. W. A. Sunday.

Attest, James Frothingham, Stated Clerk,
Chicago Presbytery.

Mr. Sunday has never been particular about being called Reverend. Plain "Bill" or "Billy" is the appellation which seems to be dearest to his heart. Still less is he inclined to use the title Doctor of Divinity, which is the last honor which has been conferred upon him in academic circles. He holds this

degree from Westminster College at New Wilmington, Pa. Dr. Robert McWatty Russell, president of the college, reports that Westminster College conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Mr. Sunday at the commencement exercises June 13, 1912. Dr. Russell says:

Mr. Sunday was not able to be present, being engaged in evangelistic services at Beaver Falls, so the degree was conferred *in absentia*.

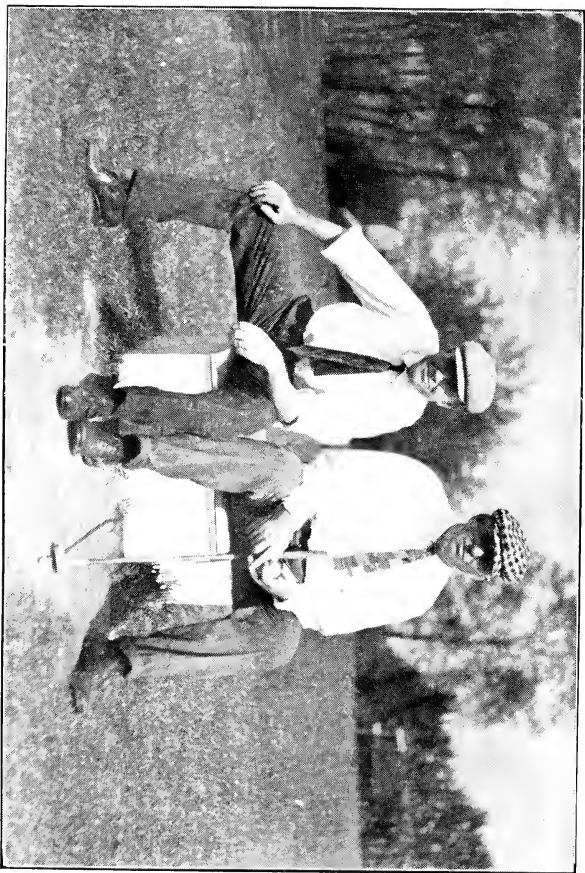
We count it to the honor of Westminster that she did this thing. Dr. Sunday knows his Bible, which is the true body of divinity in theological lore. Mr. Sunday has devoted his life to the supreme task of world evangelization for which the Bible is the great charter. He is, therefore, both in scholarship and practical effort entitled to the degree. Just as a Doctor of Medicine is supposed to know the Science of Medicine and practice the art of healing, so a Doctor of Divinity who knows the truth about God and practices the art of saving is entitled to the degree. In many institutions it is customary to bestow the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity upon those who are men noted for their knowledge of "the traditions of the scribes and Pharisees" than for knowledge and practical use of the Bible itself.

Patched and disjointed as are these efforts at acquiring the knowledge which to many men comes through channels so simple and natural that they are never conscious of them, they afford no real index to the attainment or the ability of the man. Agriculture he knows as well as most farmers; medicine and law he can discuss freely with professionals. Even those preachers who find that he is not profound theologically, do not say that he is not sound. Art and

science he knows as well as the average amateur. The stars are not unknown to him. A colossal capacity for figures is staggering to those who become lost even in the ordinary intricacies of bookkeeping. His reading has been diversified and extremely widespread. He has a keen knowledge of the thing that will appeal to an audience, and a selective spirit which enables him to judge almost intuitively the story, the episode or the comparison which will most readily appeal to his hearers.

During the course of his campaigns he addresses in one day the society women of the city, and in the same half day the convicts of the penitentiary. He dines with the governor of the state, addresses the legislature, speaks to shopmen in large factories and is ready within a few minutes to launch upon a profound exposition of some Bible theme.

It is almost impossible to hit upon a subject for conversation where he is not better informed than the average person and at least able to discuss intelligently with those who have specialized in that line. In this respect his mind shows much in common with that of the great Napoleon whose versatility and adaptability were the marvel of his generation. A phenomenal memory has been of material assistance in the proper use of his diversified knowledge. He calls by name readily men and women whom he has not seen for years, and then only for a brief period. He quotes verbatim whole passages not only of the Scriptures but of the English classics, and reproduces, with accuracy, those most baffling compilation of statistics, the government reports, which deal with labor, agriculture, commerce and the traffic of the world.



BILLY SUNDAY AND "POP" ANSON ON THE GOLF LINKS.

CHAPTER IV

A STAR OF THE WHITE SOX

Philosophy of the national game—Billy Sunday's interest in baseball—Sunday's discovery by "Pop" Anson—Reminiscences from one who knew Sunday on the team—Sunday's own version—The race with Arlie Latham—"Go" with H. U. Johnson—Still an authority on baseball—A veteran's opinion.

CHAPTER IV

TN defense of many of the methods of modern evangelism it is often urged that when the Savior chose his disciples he called Peter from the fish nets, and Paul from his job as tent maker. In a word, those who were chosen to be messengers of the new salvation were of the people, and they preached primarily to the people. In varying degrees this has been true of all great evangelists who have achieved an acceptable ranking in history.

It is true Luther was equipped with the academic training of the clergy of his time, but his life, his habits and his language were essentially those of the common people. The German into which he translated the Holy Writ, is the German of the masses, and on his authority alone against all lexicographers, there are German expressions sanctioned which do not conform to the ordinary usages of good German diction. Modern evangelism has numerous, if not such marked, examples of the same truth.

Nor do these men ever shake off the vernacular of their early calling and association. Human nature is so constituted that that which smacks of the soil, is considered to smack of sincerity. What there is about studious and philosophical preparation that robs the masses of confidence in the man, who uses it, it might be hard to explain. The fact that such a seem-

ing prejudice exists is too well known to any who have occasion to deal with the masses habitually.

There is no question but that baseball is the great American game. Its appeal is to thousands where the appeal of any other sport is to hundreds. It is distinctively American. Its vigorous, if unschooled exertions typify the American spirit, restless of all control. Full of the element of contest, rapid in its action, exhilarating in its effect, essentially a contest in every aspect, the game is a reflex of the national life of to-day.

Whether or not an All Wise Providence gave thought to this when He constituted W. A. Sunday, His messenger, or whether mere natural causes sufficiently account for the bounding popularity of the evangelist, who came from the ranks of the most popular sport in America, is a matter for speculation, the outcome of which is of no particular importance. Whether a coincidence or a cause leading to an effect, is immaterial. The facts are that in stepping from a baseball team to the rostrum of a tabernacle Mr. Sunday achieved a feat without parallel in modern history, but quite in keeping with the best traditions of the calling he espouses.

It is not of record that the evangelist cherished any youthful ambition to shine upon the baseball field. Rather it is probable that baseball meant to him what it means to most healthy boys, a pleasant sport and an agreeable means by which they may express their energy. A hardy and lithe form inherited from generations of those who had tilled the soil, coupled with an indomitable desire to excel in whatever line of endeavor he entered are sufficient grounds upon

which to explain the remarkable career which he enjoyed in his early youth. His history is peculiar only in that he had come to extraordinary fame in his baseball work before he took up what has proved to be his life activity.

The discovery of Billy Sunday on a back lot in Marshalltown, Iowa, by A. C. Anson, popularly known as "Captain" Anson, or "Pop" Anson, is baseball tradition. It has been the remark of sporting editors that Billy Sunday never worked in a "brush" league, but stepped full fledged, a star, into the arena of the national game when he became a member of the White Sox team in 1883. Sunday remained with the Chicago organization for five years, and for all that time heading the batting order he played either right or center field. From Chicago at the end of five years Sunday went to Pittsburgh, and later on to Philadelphia.

More than 20 years of active work in promulgating the gospel has not cooled the ardor of his enthusiasm for the national game, nor abated one jot or tittle the friendship he feels for the men who are still keeping it before the public, or for the older fellows who have had to get out of the way of the younger generation. Baseball and baseball lingo are a concomitant part and attractive feature of many of his best known sermons. A hearty welcome and an opportunity for a chat is always afforded those who come to discuss old times, or the changes in the game as it is played today.

A man whose experience would fill volumes and whose career is brilliant with many exceptional achievements in other lines, the magazines still turn to him for articles on baseball, and he is regularly

quoted as an authority on many phases of the subject. Everywhere that Mr. Sunday goes in the furtherance of his evangelical campaigns, he meets with many who recall his White Sox days and not infrequently these form a nucleus of the subsequent crowds which rally to his support. As a unit these men insist that Sunday was a great baseball player. Most pertinent to quote, however, is his brother-in-law, Wm. J. Thompson, who as a boy traveled with the Chicago team, and who took more than a boy's interest in the courtship between Mr. Sunday and Miss Thompson, which was in progress at the time. Mr. Thompson in a recent interview thus outlined his brother-in-law's baseball career :

He certainly was a punk hitter, but on the bases he was, by all odds, the fastest man in the big league. Did you know that Billy was the first man in this country to run a 100 yards in 10 seconds flat? I saw him do it. At the time it was considered a marvelous thing and Billy got national prominence as a result. Everybody on the team always worked to get Billy on the bases because they knew that if he once got to first he was almost certain to score.

As a base-stealer Billy didn't have a rival. Just as Ty Cobb is the terror to present-day catchers, Billy was the terror in his day. I've seen him many a time start to slide into the bases when he would be 20 feet away, and nine times out of ten he'd make it. All the spectators would see would be a cloud of dust. Billy was such a twister that it was almost impossible for a baseman to get the ball on him.

Billy played in the field and, believed me, he could cover a lot of ground, too. In those days Billy was the same good fellow that he is today,

only he hadn't got religion. He was a favorite with everybody on the club, and especially with the fans. He was a great "kidder," too, and no matter what they hurled at him from the stands, he came right back at 'em with a still hotter one. Maybe you've noticed he's some talker today.

Mr. Sunday's own version of his work and his success in it does not materially differ from that of Mr. Thompson:

I never was an extra heavy batter, he says, but I used to strike around 250 or 300 in the batting percentage. Where I excelled was in speed, and I always led the batting order, because I was a dangerous man to have on bases with heavy batters behind me.

Of Mr. Sunday's agility, there seems to be no shadow of a doubt. Current sporting writers compare him to Ty Cobb and others in the limelight at the present moment. He is given credit for establishing the mark of encircling the bases from a standing start in 14 seconds, an achievement calculated to try the wind and limb of the most perfect athlete. One baseball writer says:

He probably caused more wide throws than any other player the game has ever known, because of his specialty of "going down to first" like a streak of greased electricity. When he hit the ball, infielders yelled, "Hurry it up!" The result was that they often threw 'em away. He was acknowledged champion sprinter of the National League. This led to a match race once with Arlie Latham, who held like honors in the American. Billy won by 15 feet—and with \$75,000 of Chicago money up on the race.

More than the contest with speed, however, in this particular instance, was a contest that went on within the breast of the young baseball star, who at the time had been recently converted. At a luncheon tendered to him in one of the clubs at Columbus, Mr. Sunday gave his own version of the race with Arlie Latham:

"When I played ball I could outrun any man in the National League," he said. Arlie Latham could do the same in the American League, so we fixed it up to have a race one Sunday afternoon. But in the meantime I got converted. I went to Cap Anson and said: "Cap, I can't do it. I'm converted and I can't run that race on Sunday." Cap said to me, "Bill, don't show the white feather. We've got \$12,000 bet on you and all the boys have bet their last cent on you. If you don't win that race they'll have to eat snowballs next winter. You go down to St. Louis and run that race and fix it up with God afterwards."

Well, I ran the race and I beat Latham by 15 feet and came home with my pockets full of money. I then went before the presbytery and told 'em all and stuck to the church, and after eight years they ordained me as a minister. And then the other day Westminster gave me an honorary "D. D." Say, that's going some for an old sport that's never seen the inside of a college, isn't it?

Another speed contest which attracted national attention at the time was an unexpected "go" with H. U. Johnson, a man very well known in his day. As the South Bend *Tribune* tells it:

In the spring of 1887, without any special training or previous experience in that specific



TOO HOT TO HANDLE.

athletic line, without practice in quick-starting and without words of encouragement from friends to spur him on, Sunday came within an ace of lowering the colors of H. U. Johnson, who at that time was heralded as the fastest runner of the day.

Sunday accepted a challenge, left the diamond for the day, donned a track suit, dug his spikes into the sands of the track at Chicago beach, on Lake Michigan, and raced Johnson, who was in the pink of condition, and who had just returned from capturing the Sheffield championship in England.

We started off like a shot, said Sunday while in a reminiscent mood the other day. I was used to speedy work on the diamond but not on a straight track. I led Johnson for 80 yards, and then he began to crawl up on me. Everything blurred before me. The crowd seemed to swim before my eyes as I ran, but I could see the finish line getting nearer and nearer. The distance was 100 yards. Johnson and I neared the line neck-and-neck. He ran lower than I did and breasted the tape just six inches ahead of me and won.

The timers had six watches on us. Three caught us at 10 seconds flat and three at $9\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. After the race Johnson turned, grasped my hand and told me that in two weeks' time he could train me so that I could beat him by five feet with but a little training. I said "nothing doing," though, and went back to the diamond and played.

Quoting from another article:

Sunday probably has the longest lower leg, that is, from the knee to the foot, of any man ever seen in this city. It has powerful bulging muscles near the knee, tapering down to actual thinness near the ankle, a runner's foot in every particular.

At Steubenville, when the national championships were drawing to a crisis, Sunday could not refrain

from making a comparison with the ball players of his day. The conversation is typical, in that it displays the loyalty of the man, both to his past associates and to the calling in which he first won recognition. The interview says:

You can talk about Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Lajoie, and all the others, but there isn't a man that has ever come up to Cap Anson as a batter, says Evangelist Billy Sunday. Cap could swing on that ball—my, how he could swing!—and you could never tell where he would send it. He could give a terrific swat and there isn't a batter today that can surpass him.

And as to pitchers, John Clarkson topped them all. John was the only man I ever saw who would throw overhanded and make the ball go down and then up. He used to wear his finger nails down to the quick in throwing that ball and would have his fingers and the ball covered with blood.

And some of you fellows talk about the "squeeze play" and other new plays of the diamond. Bah! We used to make those same plays 25 years ago, only we didn't have any fancy names for them. Four times that I know of I scored from second base on an infield hit.

No, sir. We didn't wear any gloves in those days. You say: "Oh, the ball must have been softer." Let me tell you it was hard then as it is today and they used to shoot 'em over just as swiftly, too. My, how Clarkson, McCormick, "Long" John Whitney, Amos Rusie, Charles Radbourne and those fellows could send the ball over the plate.

But you know in those days fouls did not count as strikes. Mike Kelley was really responsible for the present rule. Mike would stand up at the plate and sometimes foul off 20 balls before he

would hit safely. It became an art and he'd get the pitcher tired. He would stand at the plate all day if they hadn't made the new rule on foul.

It was during his career as a baseball player that Mr. Sunday was converted at the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, under the ministrations of Harry Monroe. Naturally this event made a decided change in his life, and while, by his own confession, he was somewhat given to excesses in his earlier days, it is interesting to know that in a general way his character and his habits were of a good order. He was esteemed by all who knew him. That their standards of life were not the standards of leaders in ethical thought is a criticism of present-day society, and not of the man. In this connection it is worth while to quote Mr. Frank C. Richter, editor of *Sporting Life*, probably the best known publication of its class in this country. Mr. Richter says:

I never had the pleasure of personal acquaintance with Mr. Sunday, and therefore cannot speak with the authority of intimate knowledge of his personality or character. But I never heard anything but good of him from those who knew him or associated with him. He stood high with his teammates, and that is a splendid credential in my opinion, as no hypocrite could associate long with ball players without being unmasked and, per consequence, being treated with merited contempt, and perhaps let severely alone by a class never chary in expression of their views of men and things and endowed with little reverence, as a rule.

CHAPTER V

THE MEMORABLE NIGHT IN VAN BUREN STREET

Religious antecedents of the evangelist—An emotional nature—Baseball and religion—Mr. Sunday's own story of his conversion at Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago—The resolutions that followed.

CHAPTER V

THE great transformations in the lives of men conspicuous in the affairs of the world are always a subject of exceptional interest. Each man looks at them in the light of his own philosophy of living. Few men have come to great prominence in the world without having some date or event set out that transcended with vividness from the rest of their lives. Particularly is this true of the great men in the world of religion. Occasionally one will find a great divine who says of himself: "I do not remember when I was converted." Even these rare incidents are usually found in families which for generations have led not only godly lives, but lives actively devoted to the advancement of religious work.

No such lack of certainty concerns the life of Mr. Sunday. A definite Sunday night in the fall of 1887 stands out vividly in his recollections over all the other nights of his life. That event has been the subject of one of the greatest sermons the evangelist ever delivers. It has been heard in more than 100 cities, twice that number of newspapers have printed it, and yet it thrills each time with a sense of newness and truth that makes a profound impression on all who sit beneath its spell.

Mr. Sunday's mother was a Methodist. As a boy he had been schooled in the usages of that church. Students of cause and effect may like to ascribe the

remarkable transformation in life which took place at the age of 24 as based upon this antecedent. There is none who can deny them the right to that opinion, although it will not be the one generally accepted. "Mr. Sunday's mother was a Corey," writes a friend of the family, "and emotionalism was a prominent trait in their make-up." In this fact others will find a reason for what transpired on the memorable night in Van Buren street, Chicago, Illinois. But here again no sufficient reason is forthcoming to account exactly for what took place when it did. No one who examines the facts from without can hope to have the knowledge that comes from a survey within. No philosophical disputation could add any truth to the statement as the evangelist himself has outlined it, and certainly none could be put so forcefully.

Mr. Sunday stands today an ordained minister of the Presbyterian church, and emotionalism is not essentially a Presbyterian trait. True to the earliest influences of his home, he exemplifies the benefit of his mother's church, the foundation of which were laid in evangelism. At the time of his conversion, Mr. Sunday had been a baseball player of national reputation for four years; he was in receipt of a salary which at the time was considered very large. As life goes, for men of that class, success and whatever happiness that is supposed to bring with it was already his. Nothing that life in future years has brought him has ever caused him to deprecate his earlier calling and his associates. Without being blinded to their faults, he has always had for them the greatest charity.

The life of a baseball player is in no sense calculated to induce religious reflection. Its practices



BILLY SUNDAY IN THE BOX.

are not consistent with any particular church life. It is not to be presumed, therefore, that the conversion of the baseball player — Billy Sunday — was predicated upon his previous religious activities other than that of his very early home days. Hundreds of thousands of persons have heard him tell the story, and dozens of men have attempted to write it, but none have achieved an approximation of success when he has departed in any way from a verbatim report. As Mr. Sunday tells the story:

Twenty-six 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 and sat down on a corner. I never go by that place but I pray. It is Van Buren street, Chicago.

As I said, we walked on down the street to the corner. It was a vacant lot at that time. We sat down on the curbing. Across the street a company of men and women were playing on instruments—horns, flutes and slide trombones—and the others were singing the gospel hymns that I used to hear my mother sing back in the log cabin in Iowa, and back in the old church where I used to go to Sunday school.

And God painted on the canvas of my memory a 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 Garden Mission; won't you come down to the mission? I am sure you will enjoy it. You can hear drunkards tell 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. We've come to the parting of the ways," and I turned my back on them. Some of them laughed and some of them mocked me; one of them gave me encouragement; others never said a word.

Twenty-six years ago I turned and left that little group on the corner of State and Madison streets, walked to the little mission, went on my knees and staggered out of sin and into the arms of the Savior.

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. Had she 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 wicket 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, Pfeffer, Clarkson, Flint, Jimmy McCormick, Burns, Williamson and Dalrymple. There wasn't a fellow in that gang who knocked; every fellow had a word of encouragement for me.

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 and John G. Clarkson was pitching. He was as fine a 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.

We had two men out and they had a man on second and one on third, and Bennett, their old catcher, was at the 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 kill them when they went about his knee.

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

You know every pitcher digs a hole in the ground where he puts his foot when he is pitching. John stuck his foot in the hole and he went clear to the ground. Oh, he could make them dance. He could throw overhanded 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 a thermometer would drop two degrees. John went clear down, and as he went to throw the ball his right foot slipped and the ball went low instead of high. I saw Charley swing hard and heard the bat hit the ball with a terrific blow. Bennett had smashed the ball on the nose. I saw the ball rise in the air and knew it was going clear over my head. I could judge within 10 feet of where 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; it wasn't theological, either, I tell you that. I said: "God, if you ever helped mortal man, help me 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 my left hand out and the ball hit it and stuck. At the rate I was going, the mo-

mentum 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. He was afterwards mayor of Cleveland. "Here is \$10, Bill; buy yourself the best hat in Chicago. That catch won me \$1500. 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 I did."

Listen! Mike Kelley was sold to Boston for \$10,000. He came up to me and showed me a check for \$5,000. John L. Sullivan, the champion fighter, went around 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 \$4,700 a year. At the end of that season Mike had spent the \$5,000 purchase price and the \$5,000 he received as salary and the \$1,500 they 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. Mike sat there on the corner with me 26 years ago when I said: "Good-bye, boys, I'm through."

A. G. Spalding signed up a team to go around the world. I was the first man he asked to sign a contract and Capt. Anson was the second. I was sliding to second base one day. I always slid head first and I hit a stone and cut a ligament loose in my knee. I got a doctor and had my leg fixed up, and he said to me: "William, if you don't go on that trip I will give you a good leg." I obeyed and I have as good a leg today as I ever had. They offered to wait for me at Honolulu and Australia. Spalding said: "Meet us in England and play with us through England, Scotland and Wales." I did not go.

Ed. Williamson, our old shortstop, was a fellow weighing 225 pounds, and a more active man you never saw. He went with them, and while they were on the ship crossing the English Channel a storm arose. The captain thought the ship would go down. Then he dropped on his knees and promised God to be true and God spoke and the waves were still. They came back to the United States and Ed. came back to Chicago and started a saloon on Dearborn street. I would go there giving tickets for the Y. M. C. A. meetings and would talk with him, and he would cry like a baby. I would get down and pray for him. When he died they put him on the table and cut him open and took out his liver. It was so big it would not go in a candy bucket. Ed Williamson sat there on the street corner with me 26 years ago when I said Good-bye boys, I'm through.

Frank Flint, our old catcher, who caught for 19 years, drew \$3,200 a year on an average. He caught before they had chest protectors and masks and gloves. He caught bare-handed. Every bone in the ball of his hand was broken. You never saw a hand like Frank had. Every bone in his face was broken and his nose and cheekbones, and the shoulder and ribs had all been broken.

I've seen old Frank Flint sleeping on a table in a stale beer joint and I've turned my pockets inside out and said: "You're welcome to it, old pal." He drank on and on, and one day in winter he staggered out of a stale beer joint and stood on a corner and was seized with a fit of coughing. The blood streamed out of his nose, his mouth and his eyes. Down the street came a woman. She took one look and said: "My God, is it you, Frank?" and the old love came back.

She called two policemen and a cab and started with him to her boarding house. They broke all speed regulations. She called five of the best physicians and they listened to the beating of his

heart—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen—and the doctor said: “He will be dead in about four hours.” She said: “Frank, the end is near.” And he said: “Send for Bill.”

They telephoned me and I came. When I reached his bedside he said to me: “There’s nothing in the life of years ago I care for now. I can hear the grandstand hiss when I strike out. I can hear the bleachers cheer when I make a hit that wins the game; but this is nothing that can help me out now, and if the Umpire calls me out now, won’t you say a few words over me, Bill?”

He struggled as he had years ago on the diamond when he tried to reach home—but the great Umpire of the Universe yelled: “You’re out.” And the great gladiator of the diamond was no more. Frank Flint sat on the street corner drunk with me 26 years ago in Chicago, when I said, “I’ll bid you good-bye, boys, I’m going to Jesus.” Say, men, did I win the game of life or did they?

Of the sincerity and the persistence of the change of heart which took place at the Pacific Garden Mission in Van Buren street, there has been no reason to question in the more than one-quarter century that has transpired since then. The event marked the turning point in the man’s career. Not immediately did he give up the only calling which at the time afforded him a means of livelihood; but at once he began to plan for that change which other subsequent years of sacrifice led ultimately to his present pre-eminence in the evangelical field.

The Pacific Garden Mission, famous for other notable conversions, among them that of Melvin E. Trotter, the greatest home mission worker in America, still stands, and the veteran Harry Monroe is in charge,

as he was upon that night when there came to Mr. Sunday a vision of the error of his ways, a glimpse into the better life that lay before, and into his soul that steel of determination which bade him close the doors on all that had gone before, to turn his face toward the promise land and journey thither strong in the faith that his past transgression had been forgiven.



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MR. AND MRS. W. A. SUNDAY.

CHAPTER VI

COURTING NELL

Religion, baseball and love — A small brother's part — A
September wedding — A little home in Chicago.

CHAPTER VI

BEFORE W. A. Sunday had visited Pacific Garden Mission; before he had become convinced of the obliquity of the life he was leading, there had come into his existence the element of what Goethe calls, the eternal feminine. In this instance it was personified by winsome Nellie Thompson, daughter of a well-known West Side Chicago ice cream manufacturer.

The exact incidents of the first meeting are not clearly defined. Mrs. Sunday frequently refers to it in her talks as having taken place at a Presbyterian church, but the evidence is all in favor of Mr. Sunday having had some interest in the premises prior to that time, since the Presbyterian service is not exactly the place to look for a baseball player who comes of Methodist parentage.

A very little youngster at that time, now a Chicago business man by name of W. A. Thompson, a brother to Mrs. Sunday, ascribes the successful consummation of the courtship somewhat to his own efforts. At least it was his interest in baseball, and his youthful admiration for the star, Sunday, that made easier the friendship between the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer and a baseball player, who like many of their class, could boast of no particular social standing.

According to young Thompson the beginning of this friendship was back in 1885. Thompson tells an

interesting story of how he tried his influence with his sister for the position of mascot on the Chicago team, a position which Sunday made possible for him, and which he enjoyed for a couple of seasons.

Nellie Thompson had had advantages which were not part of Mr. Sunday's bringing up. She not only enjoyed the usual schooling accorded young women in Chicago, but devoted considerable time to a study of painting, and her intimate friends still prize evidence of her skill with the brush.

It was during the courtship that Mr. Sunday was converted. It is to the influence of his sweetheart that he ascribes the fact that he became a Presbyterian. The Thompsons were Scotch, and Nellie Thompson so adhered to the national church of her ancestors. As evidence of her influence on his career he is today an ordained minister in a church which is neither the logical affiliation for one of his German extraction nor of the early training of his mother and the home.

Just how much the religious convictions of Mr. Sunday had to do with his marriage to Helen A. Thompson probably no one will ever know. The momentous question was asked, however, and the proper answer returned, and the record shows that on the 5th of September, 1888, Wm. A. Sunday and Miss Helen A. Thompson were joined in marriage by David C. Marquis, a minister of the gospel. It would seem that Mr. Sunday, in common with all mankind, was considerably nervous at the time he secured his license. This was the day previous to the wedding, and on that occasion he gave his age as 24, and that of Miss Thompson as 20. This calls attention to the discrepancy of several records concerning the early

life of Mr. Sunday. According to the information on file at the orphan asylum, Mr. Sunday was born in 1862; according to the biographical sketch in "Who's Who," which is usually very accurate, he was born in 1863, while the deduction from the records of his marriage license would make his birth year 1864.

Mrs. Sunday says that the date 1862 is correct; and that the discrepancies arose because as a youth Mr. Sunday was so much away from home and knew very little of his family history.

For more than twenty years, the Sundays made Chicago their home, living in the vicinity of Throop and Adams streets, which was then one of the best resident sections of the city.

Even in the lapse of the relatively short time since the marriage of these two, times have changed remarkably — now when a star baseball player becomes the victim of Cupid's dart the newspapers all over the country herald it in large type, but in that day comparative obscurity was the portion of the wives of baseball players. The Chicago papers either ignored the wedding altogether or dismissed it with a line or two.

CHAPTER VII

APPLIED CHRISTIANITY AT \$83 PER MONTH

First evidence of sincerity—The temptation that followed—Some drastic economy—His Y. M. C. A. work as an education—What his superior officer says—Fighting Bob Ingersoll—Speaking in prayer meeting—A four year struggle closes.

CHAPTER VII

IN the day of his unprecedented successes it has become the fad among a large number of skeptics to question the sincerity of Rev. W. A. Sunday. It is a well established principle of law that causes which govern in the origin of any act must be fully weighed in considering its ultimate consequences. The strongest proof of the sincerity of Mr. Sunday in his subsequent activities is found in the early steps which he took, following his conversion, to alter the course of his life pursuant to the new convictions he entertained.

Probably the very first step was that of declining to play baseball on Sunday. This new stand while difficult, was easier to take because of his exceptional ability and prominence in the club of which he was a member.

This did not satisfy him however. Repeated visits to the mission persuaded him that there was Christian work which he could do along somewhat similar lines. An early step was to petition for his release from the team with which he had a contract. At first it was impossible to bring about the desired result. In 1891, however, the dissolution of the so-called "Brotherhood" threw a lot of baseball talent into the open market, and it was possible for the young convert to secure his release.

Now it must be borne in mind that a salary of \$1,000 a month was a possible salary for a top-notch

baseball player of national acclaim. To these specifications Billy Sunday conformed in every detail. Yet despite this fact, and the further one that he had a wife to support, he relinquished all further connection with the baseball field to become an under-secretary at the Chicago Y. M. C. A. in March, 1891, at a maximum salary of \$83.33 per month.

To make the contrast still stronger the Chicago Association at that time was in such straits for funds that his salary was sometimes as much as six months in arrears. The evangelist has remarked very often that no one then accused him of being a grafter. According to his own statement, "I went hungry at noon and walked to and from work to save car fare."

Properly speaking the Y. M. C. A. period of Mr. Sunday's life which extended from 1901 to 1905 should be considered as a part of his education. It gave him a training, which has since proved invaluable, in meeting all manner of men on the broad plane of humanity. It gave him an opportunity at public speaking, at which, according to all reports, in the beginning he was awkward enough. More important than these it brought him in touch with the big men who were doing things in the religious world, and out of it ultimately grew his association with Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, even then a world-famous evangelist.

L. Wilbur Messer, general secretary of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. in discussing Mr. Sunday's connection with his institution said:

Mr. Sunday had begun the Christian life, as a result, as I remember, of his contact with the

Pacific Garden Mission and soon became identified with our association activities. Mr. Sunday rendered very valuable service in the specific religious work of the association. He was especially strong in his personal effort among men who were strongly tempted and among those who had fallen by the way. He was also effective in his evangelistic appeals even at that early period in his Christian life.

We never had a man on our staff who was more consecrated, more deeply spiritual, more self-sacrificing or more resultful in his work in winning men to Christ.

Mr. Sunday while with us was a bitter foe of any kind of vice and did some effective work in creating public sentiment concerning certain evils which beset young men. Mr. Sunday has since that time rendered most valuable service in many cities where he has conducted meetings by approving the association and by raising large funds for its support.

I count my friendship with Mr. Sunday as one of the rare privileges of my life.

The change from active outdoor life to the comparative confinement of institute work at first interfered seriously with Mr. Sunday's health and he was obliged to take an extended vacation at Lake Geneva for recuperation. More and more, however, he made his Y. M. C. A. work take him into the open, and meeting with the various classes of people whom it was his province to interest.

An incident of his work is probably typical of its general trend. In one of his sermons Mr. Sunday says:

When I was assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago, I had H. L. Hastings, who

edited an anti-infidel paper, send me 3,500 copies of it. Bob Ingersoll was delivering three lectures in McVicker's Theater, and I had these copies distributed to people on the sidewalk as they went in or out. The first night Ingersoll had a big audience. The next night it was smaller and on the third night it had dwindled almost to nothing.

Every day at noon, while Ingersoll was lecturing, Hastings would go to old Farwell Hall and answer Ingersoll's statements of the night before. One night Ingersoll painted one of those wonderful word pictures for which he was justly famous. He was a master of the use of words. Men and women would applaud and cheer and wave their hats and handkerchiefs, and the waves of sound would rise and fall like great waves of the sea. As two men were going home from the lecture one of them said to the other: "Bob certainly cleaned 'em up tonight." The other man said: "There's one thing he didn't clean up. He didn't clean up the religion of my old mother."

Another sermon expression throws a light on the manner in which he was groping toward that self-expression in which he came to excel:

We, all of us, grow by expression. When I first started out to be a Christian I couldn't stand up in a prayer meeting and use three sentences consecutively, but I made it a rule to speak whenever I got a chance and so I overcame my natural diffidence. God blesses me because I am determined to do something for Him. I could have sat still and withered and mildewed like a lot of you. God wants to develop us according to nature.

The evangelist's own version of his introduction into Y. M. C. A. work is interesting. He had a con-

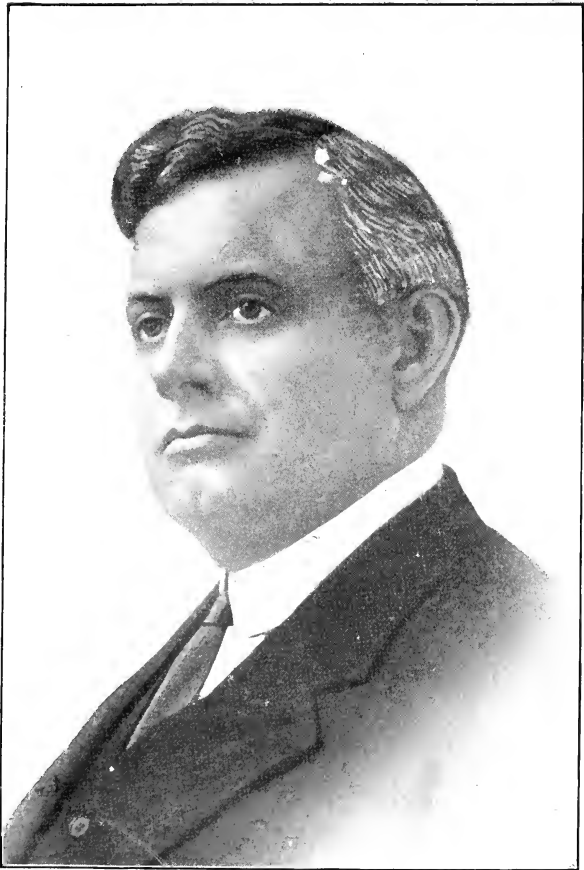
tract to play with the Philadelphia baseball team at the same time that he was particularly desirous of taking up the new work. He had already received his orders to report for the trip South, which is the common practice of large baseball teams in the spring of the year. Not knowing what to do Mr. Sunday "laid it before the Lord as a business proposition," to quote his own words. He decided that if he got his release before March 25, he would go into the Y. M. C. A. work; if he did not get it he would play out the rest of his contract. The release came on March 17. But with it came another offer from Cincinnati which again threw him into doubt. He was offered a contract at \$500 per month, while his Y. M. C. A. position would give him only \$83. Consultation with friends and particularly with his wife persuaded him that the proper thing to do was to follow his conscience and to enter the field of work for which he had prayed so earnestly.

Thus began the struggle of four years of hard work on an indefinite income. A work with varying aspects and experiences; broadening and deepening his nature; amplifying his outlook upon life and giving him acquaintance with the people, and familiarity with the organization which was shortly to lead to his exceptional triumphs in the field of evangelism.

CHAPTER VIII

TENTS, TABERNACLES AND OTHER THINGS

Parting with Dr. Chapman—Episode with President Harrison—Start in small towns—Lack of sermons—Association with M. B. Williams, father of the tabernacle—The first tabernacle—The philosophy of the tabernacle—The famous “sawdust trail”—A choir leader is added—What Fischer says—The work grows.



MELVIN E. TROTTER.

CHAPTER VIII

T was in Chicago as under-secretary of the Y. M. C. A. that Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman first met Mr. Sunday. The earnestness and sincerity of the young man and particularly his close sympathy with the masses made a strong impression upon the evangelist and led to the offer of a position to travel with him as an assistant. Those who, in later days, chose to contrast the methods of Dr. Chapman and Rev. Mr. Sunday often failed to take into account the difference in personal temperament and doctrine of the two men. Although they parted company after two years they have always maintained a friendship and shown an interest, each in the work of the other. There can be no doubt that the two years spent with Dr. Chapman were of great educational benefit to the aspiring evangelist. Dr. Chapman was not only a thorough Bible student but a magnetic speaker and a good organizer; he had developed at that time his peculiar capacity for doing a great deal of work in a short space of time, a capacity in which the student probably outstripped the master in later years but which at the time was a valuable training.

Mr. Sunday frequently refers to his period with Dr. Chapman in his addresses and always in the spirit of the greatest appreciation. Dr. Chapman then, as in later years, confined his efforts largely to cities of considerable magnitude. One episode to which Mr. Sunday is fond of alluding has to do with a campaign

in Indianapolis. On that occasion President Benjamin Harrison and his daughter were in the audience and it became possible for Mr. Sunday to extend in person an invitation to the president to occupy a seat upon the platform. The argument which the young evangelist used and which finally proved effectual was that the spectacle of a man so generally known and so generally revered, making a public confession of his adherence to religion and his faith in the doctrine of the church, would have a powerful influence upon those in the audience who had never taken such a stand. He regarded it as one of the proudest moments of his life when he was able to lead Mr. Harrison to a seat upon the platform.

With Dr. Chapman Mr. Sunday got frequent opportunities to test his oratorical powers and to improve his skill in the composition and handling of his sermons.

Although he has never said so, there is a feeling that it was a desire on his part to reach men who could not be reached under the Chapman plan that led Mr. Sunday to embark in the evangelistic work by himself and to abandon the large cities. Anyhow, this was what he did.

He went straight home to Iowa, the state of his birth, and took up his work in small towns. Places of 3,000 and 4,000 were the scenes of his very earliest independent endeavors, and through sheer lack of material, according to his own account, he was driven from place to place at intervals of a week or ten days. "I had half a dozen sermons at that time," he says, "and when these had been used I had to go on to the next place." During this period of his career tents

were frequently employed because no auditorium in these small places would accommodate the crowds which from the very first began to flock to his revivals.

It was a little later that Mr. Sunday became associated with M. B. Williams, an evangelist of considerable note in his day, and in that part of the country. Mr. Williams is given the credit for being the father of the tabernacle idea, an idea which Mr. Sunday has perfected and improved, and brought to a magnitude and degree of perfection of which its inventor never dreamed.

Elgin, Illinois, has the honor of building the first tabernacle. It seated 3,000 people and had a chorus of 300. It was dedicated in December, 1900. From this it will be seen that at the outset Mr. Sunday preserved the ratio of 1 to 10 between choir and auditorium. In the days when 10,000 and 12,000 capacity auditoriums became actualities the choir had grown to 1,000 and 1,200 members. The tabernacle idea originated in the early nineties and has been very generally adopted by evangelists, particularly those operating in smaller communities or in sparsely settled districts. It remained for Mr. Sunday, however, to demonstrate its utility under other conditions such as Columbus, Toledo, South Bend, Wilkes-Barre and Pittsburgh presented.

The architecture of the tabernacle, like its size, has been a development. The prime requisite in every instance is the best possible accommodation of a single voice. To this end, lofty ceilings are abandoned and low straight roofs are used. The platform or speaking pulpit is pushed as far as possible toward the cen-

ter of the auditorium. Necessity as much as anything else gave rise to the famous "sawdust trail." Where thousands of people are gathered together even an occasionally shuffling of the feet is a serious disturbance. No sort of floor is noiseless, certainly none that is possible in a temporary structure — therefore the sawdust covering. This is absolutely soundless and by giving it a base of tamped tanbark it is also impervious to fire. In many cities where the danger of fire has been urged against it, the mere expedient of throwing a shovelful of blazing coals upon the sawdust floor and watching them die out has convinced the authorities that their fears were vain. So thoroughly persuaded is Mr. Sunday of the utility of the tabernacle that he has refused to use large auditoriums in the rare instances where he has found cities supplied with buildings large enough to accommodate his crowds. There are other and psychological aspects of the tabernacle idea, such as its democracy, accessibility and uniqueness, which need not be considered at this time.

For two or three years Mr. Sunday struggled on with only the assistance of his wife and such help as came from the coöperating ministers of the community in which he was laboring. Another of the fundamental facts of a Sunday campaign, that of absolute coöperation and unity among the inviting churches, was also insisted upon from the first.

In spite of all the obstacles and difficulties the work grew, so did the pile of sermons, and some of them amplified, modernized and intensified are doing duty today.

An interesting if unverified account is given of the origin of the phrase "hitting the trail." According to the *Steubenville Gazette* the phrase originated during Mr. Sunday's first campaign on the Puget Sound. The tabernacle there was built according to the present well known plans and the use of sawdust and shavings made a particular appeal to the lumbermen who predominate in that region. Trails are cut through the western mountains and in the more sparsely settled districts, furnish the only means of communication from one settlement to another.

The *Steubenville Gazette* says: "The woodsmen sometimes wander far away from camp and are lost in the primeval forest. In their wanderings if they can hit the trail they are saved as it leads to the safety and shelter of the camp. So on the pathway of life if you can 'hit the trail' of God's mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ you are led to safety. So these rude lumbermen in their camp language giving up self to God and going down the sawdust aisle of the tabernacle were 'Hitting the Trail.' The phrase stuck to the Sunday party ever since and it has a thrilling touch of the wildwood and a meaning that is very appropriate and beautiful when taken in the language of the backwoods."

Mr. Sunday does not sing and cannot sing, and one of the very first things that he recognized was the need of a musical assistant. The first man to occupy this position officially was Fred G. Fischer. Mr. Fischer began his work with Mr. Sunday, January 4, 1900, at Bedford, Iowa, and continued it until July 15, 1910, at Everett, Washington, when Homer Rode-

heaver become the choir leader. In commenting upon his association with Mr. Sunday, Mr. Fischer says:

My work had to do with the musical end, as soloist and chorus conductor for five years, after which, because of larger and longer meetings, a soloist was added to the party. I then gave my attention to the chorus and song services doing some solo and duet work.

Mr. Sunday and I made up the party in the early years of the work. Length of our stay in a community was two and one-half to three weeks. Gradually the work grew, the party was enlarged and longer time was spent in a place.

It was in this earlier period of his work that Mr. Sunday attracted the attention of some few magazine writers. In the *American Magazine* for September, 1907, Lindsay Denison gives this impression of one of the earlier meetings:

To one who has attended a Billy Sunday revival the story of the methods by which he achieves these results seems almost incredible. But by his words you must know him. Some of his sermons and prayers, in cold type, are of a sort to make all New England shiver with horror and cause the ungodly to giggle. But they make converts, the converts become church members—and the army of salvation is magnified by thousands of permanent recruits. Finicky critics must consider carefully before they deplore the Rev. William A. Sunday. It has been our habit for centuries to discuss religion and the affairs of the soul in a King James's vocabulary, to depart from that custom has come to seem something like sacrilege. Billy Sunday talks to people about God and their souls

just as people talk to one another six days in the week, across the counter or the dinner table or on the street.

No ambition for the acclaim that comes from the masses seems to have had any weight with Mr. Sunday in the choice of his fields of labor. That he was almost fifty before he became nationally famous as an evangelist is due more to the size of the communities in which he worked than to any other one thing. Naturally diffident despite a seeming assurance when in the pulpit, he long hesitated to accept the calls that came from the big cities which are the eyes of the world. This disinclination on his part was intensified because it was shared by Mrs. Sunday and it was only by degrees that the remarkable organization which Mr. Sunday has perfected demonstrated its adaptability to the more complex conditions which obtain in the congested centers of population. True to his earliest disposition to heed the call for service when he was sure he received that call Mr. Sunday gradually undertook larger and larger responsibilities until his work took him to the truly metropolitan centers of the United States.

CHAPTER IX

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SUNDAY'S REVIVAL CAMPAIGNS

Sowing the seed—Invitations—Necessary unity of inviting churches—Incidental expenses, how guaranteed and how paid—Newspaper publicity—Cottage prayer meetings—Building the tabernacle—Training the choir—Dedication of tabernacle—The evangelist arrives—Organization of ushers, personal workers, trained nurses and takers of collections—The first surprises—The first call for converts—The uniform success of the organization—Mr. Sunday's offers from the outside—What a big campaign costs.

CHAPTER IX

CO thousands who have participated in a Sunday campaign merely as individuals they are more or less of a mystery. To thousands who have only a reading knowledge of them they are unbelievable. To the few who have had part as aids or cogs in the great machinery which is set in motion in every place where Mr. Sunday conducts a campaign, the results are almost inevitable.

Through more than twenty years of work and experimentation Mr. Sunday has contrived a detailed system which to all observers, interested, disinterested and prejudiced alike appears practically infallible. Time after time, as new territory has been approached, the prediction has been made freely that in that instance Mr. Sunday or his method of operation would fail. Yet time after time he has emerged at the end of a six or seven weeks' campaign with flying colors and with new laurels added to those which already marked phenomenal achievements. When unexpected obstacles have presented themselves the genius of the evangelist always has proved sufficient to overcome them.

For this work Mr. Sunday takes no credit to himself. Uniformly he gives to Almighty God the honor of whatever success has attended his labors. He does not believe, however, in leaving anything to chance, nor in imposing on Divine Goodness by anything which even remotely resembles shirking. As a

result he and his associates work with prodigious vigor and energy through every minute of the campaign. But no amount of energy, nor anything short of a miracle, like the parting of the Red Sea, would account for the success attendant upon all the Sunday revivals if it did not begin before the arrival of the evangelist.

It is in the preliminary campaign and in the masterly handling of details that Mr. Sunday demonstrates his superiority over all other workers in his field. For years the demands upon Mr. Sunday's time have been such that if he accepted all invitations he would be booked at least ten years in advance. Obviously this gives him an opportunity to pick and choose.

Here, then, is the first note of the scale which must be sounded in order to realize the full harmony of the results obtained. The mere invitation to come to a city has no great weight with the evangelist. The city not only must want him, but must want him with a consummate fervor. A fine instinct resident in the evangelist, and largely enjoyed by his wife, enables him to sense to a nicety the real anxiety of any community to entertain him.

Committees which call upon him during campaigns, beholding the phenomenal results obtained, are not slow to make almost any promise exacted of them. Realizing that not more than one out of four invitations can be accepted, they press forward with a renewed eagerness which naturally places them *en rapport* with the evangelist and his work. Thus there is established in the inviting committee the nucleus of the necessary local organization.

Next comes the unity of evangelical churches and the abandoning of all conflicting services in the community during the campaign. The larger the city the more this demand meets with resistance; but since resistance in no wise affects the evangelist, and since compliance with his request is an indispensable prerequisite to a campaign, the second force for coöperation and interest is set in motion.

Next comes the campaign for incidental expenses. It is one of the Sunday doctrines that religion in all its phases should be self-supporting, and he will start upon no revival service the full expenses of which have not been guaranteed in advance. A peculiar aspect of this rule is, that never in his career has the guarantee been invoked — always during the progress of the meeting Mr. Sunday raises by collections more money than is needed to cover the entire cost of the series.

The preliminary underwriting of a guarantee fund, however, furnishes the third force which draws people together, arouses their activity and compels their coöperation. "Where a man's treasure is, there is his heart also," and the men who have signed their names to a guarantee aggregating from \$10,000 to \$25,000 are very apt to work to make a success of the meetings for which their money is pledged, even though there is a moral certainty that they never will have to pay a cent of what they guarantee.

At this point, or even before, the element of extensive publicity enters into the campaign. Newspapers in any community, whether large or small, must necessarily pay attention to an enterprise which the business men of the town or city are backing to

the extent of thousands and thousands of dollars. The element of publicity continues with increasing vigor to the very end of all campaigns, and one of the remarkable features in connection with it is the fact that this publicity is never sought by any direct or overt act—it comes naturally almost spontaneously, and is easily the fourth factor toward preparing the field for the advent of the evangelist.

Complete success demands that all phases of interest and energy be correlated and combined in the single unit, which is the series of meetings. Most important in the estimation of the evangelist is the series of cottage and district prayer meetings which begin two or three weeks prior to the opening of the campaign. For securing results in this line the community is divided according to wards and districts, and an organization somewhat akin to political machinery is perfected and set in motion. District and sub-districts have their captains or leaders, and these in turn report to larger divisions. At the headquarters, which have been established prior to this time, there is an exact knowledge of what activity is going forward in every part of the city. Wherever there is a lagging or failure to show zeal trained specialists are sent to awaken a sense of responsibility and concern.

Next of the forces put in motion for the welding of interest and for the accentuation of publicity is the building of the tabernacle. For many years Mr. Sunday's party has had as one of its members a practical builder and architect. This man reaches the city from four to five weeks before the opening of the meetings. The site of a tabernacle having been chosen in advance,

with the approval of Mr. Sunday who always insists upon a convenient, accessible, down-town location, the builder calls for voluntary workmen. A special effort is made to enlist the services of prominent church workers, and the spectacle of such men donning overalls and acting as carpenters is one which never fails to excite curiosity and arouse interest. Prominent preachers, well-known doctors, lawyers with state-wide reputation working shoulder to shoulder with clerks, mechanics and school teachers is a scene that is sure to arouse interest and receive generous newspaper attention. Committees of women from the coöperating churches are solicited to take charge of decorating the interior as soon as the structure has been roofed.

In the meantime, another very important force has been at work in the collection and training of the people who are to constitute the choir. As previously noted there is an approximation in the relation of choir and audience of one to ten. Musical people are known for their enthusiasm and energy. Singing is remarkable for the impress which it makes on large crowds. The preliminary training which this choir receives gives the evangelist the kind of a field force which develops in effectiveness as the campaign proceeds.

Then comes the dedication. The practice has been to secure some noted divine from a city where Mr. Sunday previously has conducted a campaign and to have him preach the dedicatory sermon. Local ministers prominent in the campaign have other places on the program. By this time one or two of the advance members of the party probably are in town and direct-

ing the forces already existing into channels of maximum usefulness.

It is not the usual thing for these advance members to be unduly complimentary or conciliatory. Indeed, the day or two next preceding the arrival of the evangelist often are among the most uncomfortable of the entire campaign from inception to culmination. The feeling that with all their earnestness and good intentions they yet may have failed in properly directing their efforts places the entire local contingent on the *qui vive*, and when finally Mr. Sunday arrives a degree of expectancy and suppressed excitement, which is almost without counterpart in civic experience, makes itself felt.

So much for the major preparations and the chief forces which combine in making fertile the field and ready the workers before the actual meetings begin. They are only a portion, however, of the many details which make for the ultimate success of the endeavor. An organization for ushers that operates like clock work and is equal to any general emergency, is one of the lesser portions of the machinery; a completely equipped emergency hospital in some corner of the tabernacle, and out of sight from the audience, is another; trained nurses and hospital helpers are always on hand, as are one or more regular physicians. Even the taking of the collection is made spectacular by the use of tin pans which are rapidly passed to the melodious jingle of silver and copper coins. Outside the tabernacle, but near at hand, there is a nursery where mothers may leave their children in the care of professional nurses, and be sure they will be returned to them in first-class condition when the services

are over. On the platform there are always provided from a half dozen to a dozen and a half desks for newspaper men. Telephones are installed in the tabernacle for the convenience of the evangelist's party and for the press representatives. Such matter as should properly be given publicity always is easily accessible to those whose duty it is to minister to the public in that line. Thus a perfectly oiled piece of machinery awaits the touch of the evangelist when he steps into the pulpit for the first time and faces an audience composed usually of the regular church members of the congregations which have united in extending the call to him.

They are not in for a complacent praise of their virtues, nor for a congratulatory address on their preliminary work. Instead, the sins of omission and commission of those whose names are regularly on the church roster receive a scathing arraignment. Three times in one day this will happen, and before twenty-four hours have passed the town is ringing with wonder at the new order of things. No amount of preliminary announcement ever has been able to prepare a community for what is coming to it. Those hearing him for the first time never know what to expect.

So much for the start. For the rest, the indomitable zeal, the phenomenal vigor, the exceptional plainness of speech of the evangelist must be credited with the major portion of the success that follows.

Ordinarily Mr. Sunday preaches from ten days to two weeks before any invitation is issued to those who may be under conviction of sin. In the meantime by great activity he has familiarized himself through personal contact with all the leading forces and factors in

the city life. He calls on city, county and state officials; he visits prisons and penitentiaries, almshouses and hospitals; either in person or through his assistants, noonday meetings are held in factories, in workshops, in churches and in private homes. The inner circle of the so-called "four hundred" is penetrated. The outer bounds of the most degenerate classes are made to feel the force that is at work; from center to circumference the community is stirred. Such is the prodigious energy that gets in motion, that thousands who would follow it are prone to let most of their work-a-day activities go by default. In church and in barroom, on the streets and in the offices, at clubs and in factories, among leaders and among those who follow, without distinction of race, color or creed, the revival campaign becomes within a very few days the one general and accepted topic of conversation. Politics pass unheeded and business becomes a secondary consideration.

Each time Mr. Sunday has approached a city larger than the scene of his previous operation, the prediction has been made freely that here he would be unable to make the preponderating impressions that had been his previous rule. Invariably these predictions have been marked by failure. As the campaign has progressed Mr. Sunday has put his fingers upon the various leaders who can be counted upon at the proper moment to use their influence, by precept or example, to turn the tide of their fellows lives into the channel of higher thoughts, better resolves and right living generally. Thus are marshaled all the forces which in the end combine for complete success.

Much has been said in public prints of the voluntary offerings made to Mr. Sunday at the close of each campaign. These are exactly what the term implies: While in some instances his friends may interest themselves in securing promises to this fund, the evangelist himself at no time takes any part in it, nor will he receive or permit to be received for him any money or moneys until the last day of the campaign. At that time through the local leaders an appeal is made in his behalf. What enthusiastic appreciation coupled with a competitive spirit will do in these instances has been truly remarkable. Yet the same amount of energy and the same system employed in commercial fields would have resulted in equal or greater gains.

After he had effectually established himself as an evangelist offers of \$500 and even more per day were received from various Chautauquas and Lyceum bureau managers. Invariably these have been declined and where Mr. Sunday has gone outside his prescribed routes for a day or so, it has been with no cost beyond the expenses incurred in making the trip.

The size of Mr. Sunday's party of assistants varies with the size of the community and the length of the stay. The usual practice has been to exact of the local organization one-half the sum paid to these assistants, the remainder of their fee Mr. Sunday himself pays out of the voluntary offering given him on the last day of each campaign. The expenses incident to a six or seven weeks' campaign, including all the ramifications of entertainment, special meetings, cost of helpers, construction of tabernacle, etc., in a city of 150,000 to 200,000, is very large. The multiplicity of details is hardly to be believed by one not having ac-

tual experience. The following official recapitulation of the auditing committee of the campaign at Columbus, Ohio, made while it was in progress may be taken as typical:

TABERNACLE	Accts. Paid	Addit'l Expenses	Refunds
Lumber	\$5,678.40
Labor	1,219.00
Metal Siding	287.74
Ladders	28.02	\$14.00
Roofing and Paper.....	451.00
Hardware	152.56
Shavings	123.75	\$22.50
Gas Lights	65.00
Electric Wiring	628.89	50.00
Chairs	962.50	600.00
Benches	24.00	20.00
Signs	11.50
Furnaces	348.26
Decorations	67.05	60.29
Fire Extinguishers	157.50	75.00
Carpet	10.00	10.00
	<hr/>		
	\$10,214.87		

Lot

Taking down and replacing billboards	\$113.06	200.00
Clearing lot	160.00
Rent for extra ground.....	7.50
Restoring Airdome	5.00	95.00
	<hr/>		
	\$125.56		

OTHER EXPENSES

Printing	\$399.79	35.00
Postage	128.89	25.00
Office Expenses	17.68	15.00
Office Salaries	96.75	100.00
Interest	33.73
Entertainment	336.27	424.00
Bonds	20.00
Insurance	162.85	40.00
Dedication	50.00
Coal	97.79	350.00
Gas and Electricity.....	79.50	575.00
Local Transportation	3.50	395.00
Salaries of Workers.....	1,794.77	1,425.00
Fred's Room	66.75	10.00
Rent of Memorial Hall.....	100.00
Nursery	90.00
Electrician	36.75
Watchman	152.00	87.50
Badges	25.10
Telephones	29.05	6.00
Rent for Southern Theater meeting	46.50
Reception at Y. M. C. A. by Sunday	11.25
Team expenses—Gill, Peacock, Spiece	64.30
Advertising	5.21	5.00
Wesley Chapel Meetings.....	40.00
Incidental Expenses.....	11.25	25.00
Extra Expenses Sunday Party, Long Distance Telephone and Telegraph	100.00
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$3,632.93	\$4,422.04	\$769.00

Grand Total Acc'ts paid..\$13,973.36

RECAPITULATION

RECEIPTS

Sunday Collections	\$13,849.35
Church Carpenters	229.10
Southern Theater Meeting.....	37.70
Dedication	69.13
	<hr/>
Total Receipts to date.....	\$14,248.28
Total Paid Out to date.....	13,973.36
	<hr/>
Balance on hand.....	\$13,973.36
Bills paid to date.....	274.92
Future Expenses—Estimated.....	4,422.04
	<hr/>
Total Budget	\$18,395.40
Future Expenses—Estimated	\$4,422.04
Cash on Hand.....	274.92
	<hr/>
Amount to Raise	\$4,147 12

In explanation of this recapitulation which was prepared several weeks before the campaign closed, it is only fair to say that the entire \$4,147.12 was raised, that all collections ceased more than a week before the close of the campaign, that several thousand dollars additional were raised for charity and that after the tabernacle had been sold and the other salvage incident to the campaign turned into money, there was more than \$3,500 to be divided among the 60 co-operating churches.

Thus Columbus had a seven weeks revival not only without expense to the guarantors who had subscribed to the company, but with a net profit to every church that participated. It was in addition to this total budget of more than \$18,000 that the citizens of Ohio's capital contributed \$21,000 as a free will of-

fering to the evangelist himself. This immense sum was secured in three collections—one each at the morning service, the afternoon service, and the evening service. With some variation as to detail the practice and the results in other cities has been the same. The statement here given is typical and shows the many details which have to be provided in assuring the complete success of any campaign, yet in every instance in more than 20 years the public has met these expenses and has given a generous offering to the evangelist at the conclusion of the revival, an indication of appreciation for what he has done.



EVANGELIST SUNDAY IN ACTION.

CHAPTER X

SOME WHO HAVE ASSISTED

Sunday's ability to select competent workers—Fred G. Fischer the first man—Rev. Elijah P. Brown an early worker—Melvin E. Trotter appears—Mr. Trotter's comments—A western author associate—Ohio contributes Homer A. Rodeheaver—B. D. Ackley's work—Something about Fred Seibert—Miss Grace Saxe and other assisting women—Rev. L. K. Peacock is called.

CHAPTER X

ABRAMHAM Lincoln and George Washington pre-eminently among the many great men of the world were characterized by the unusual wisdom with which they drew about them assistants, supporters and advisers. Almost without exception this has been true of men who have been leaders among their kind, particularly in any movement that calls for organization.

Apparently the day of one man power has passed. In this respect, as in many others, Rev. W. A. Sunday is entitled to comparison with the most important men in the world's history of his day. The tremendous celerity with which his campaigns move is in harmony with the general spirit of rush which characterize the American people.

It is important, therefore, that the many details and minor arrangements, which necessarily are left to others, be arranged in complete harmony with the general scheme and carried out with the exactitude of a railroad time table. In this Mr. Sunday and his party are particularly successful. Whenever the control of events is in his own hands the evangelist is never late. All his meetings start on time and close on time. At the myriad engagements which are part of every campaign, he is punctuality itself. He exacts the same respect for time of all those who assist him in his work.

Beginning in 1898 with no other assistants than his wife and the local ministers the organization grew in

less than 15 years to comprise parties from 10 to 15. The number and personnel varied from time to time to meet the local conditions. For the larger cities Mr. Sunday has always arranged to have some one familiar with work among the young folks, for work among shop and factory people, and at prison and other penal institutions wherever they are found. Two or more soloists and a choir leader in addition to a pianist and private secretary are necessary adjuncts for the success of the work. A builder who goes in advance and prepares the tabernacle, a keeper of that tabernacle and in late years a general manager of the work, a sort of right-hand assistant to the evangelist, have become definite portions of the organization. Many well known evangelistic and missionary workers have been identified with the Sunday party from time to time.

Their church affiliation has played no part in their selection. Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian and other of the evangelical churches have been represented.

One of the very earliest of his assistants was Fred G. Fischer. "I began my work with Mr. Sunday January 4, 1900," says Mr. Fischer, "ending it July 15, 1910, making a continuous service of ten and one half years. My work had to do with the musical end, as soloist and musical conductor for five years, after which, because of the larger and longer meetings, a soloist was added to the party. I then gave my attention to the chorus and song services, doing some solo and duet work. Mr. Sunday and I made up the party in the earlier years of the work. The length of our stay in a community was from two and one-half to three weeks. Gradually the work grew, the party

was enlarged and longer time was spent in a place." Serious impairment of his health required Mr. Fischer to give over his work with the evangelist after more than 10 years with him, and he was succeeded as musical director by Homer A. Rodeheaver. After a prolonged rest Mr. Fischer sufficiently recovered his health to renew his evangelistic efforts and in company with J. R. Hanley they have conducted meetings both in the East and Middle West, attended by very great success.

Another helper whose reputation is coextensive with the religious field of the United States, is Rev. Elijah J. Brown, one time editor of *The Ram's Horn*. Mr. Brown was associated with Mr. Sunday beginning with a campaign in Austin, Minnesota, in February, 1906 and concluding with the Galesburg, Illinois, campaign in November, 1907. Bad health on the part of Mr. Brown was the cause of separation in this case also. From time to time the editor was called in to assist briefly in subsequent campaigns. He occupied the position of confidential assistant and was for many years one of the most intimate of the several members of the party with the evangelist himself.

One of the most distinguished and well known men who have contributed to the success of the Sunday campaigns is Melvin E. Trotter of the famous City Rescue Mission at Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mr. Trotter is another of those who were converted under the administrations of Harry Monroe at the Pacific Garden Mission. Mr. Trotter did not travel with Mr. Sunday but would come on just at the close of the series and assist with the last meetings. "I never was officially connected with the Billy Sunday party" he says, "although I used to go and take his last Monday

night service in nearly every meeting he had. In that way I kept in constant touch with the work in almost every city he was in. It is certainly wonderful the way he moves cities for God. I know of nothing like it in the world, and never read of any.

“I have been in many cities after he has left them, and found that after a year, two years and even three years, the interest is as keen as could be. Some other cities the interest is not so keen, but I can almost always find a reason for that locally.

“The town or city that can land Billy Sunday is certainly fortunate. It means crowded churches; much work for souls; finances plenty, and an all-round healthy spiritual growth.

G. Walter Barr, well known through the Middle West as a writer of fiction and short stories, traveled with the Sunday party for a considerable time in the earlier campaigns in Iowa and Illinois. His descriptions of the meetings and his analysis of the character of the man although made in the opening years of the present century continue to circulate freely in the press of the country.

Homer A. Rodeheaver is an Ohio product born in Hocking county and educated in the Methodist school, Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware. Originally destined for a musical and dramatic career, he early abandoned all thought of this to take up music along religious lines. In addition to his choir work and solo work with the Sunday campaigns Mr. Rodeheaver is the head of a music publishing house in Chicago and in constant demand by Chautauqua and camp meeting

assemblages. His musical compositions are in demand from coast to coast and he is one of the half dozen great religious song writers of the country.

Associated with Mr. Rodeheaver in a musical capacity, also acting as confidential secretary to Mr. Sunday, is B. D. Ackley, whose home is Philadelphia. Mr. Ackle is a pianist of exceptional accomplishment, the author of many fine hymns, and is interested in a number of musical publications. Originally a railroad ticket handler in the East he abandoned this work when his musical ability forced itself upon the attention of his associates. Mr. Ackley is a stenographer and one of the few in the country who is even partially successful in reporting Mr. Sunday in his tremendous rapid-fire flights of oratory. Mr. Ackley has composed the melodies for many of the songs which are most popular and effective during the Sunday revivals.

One of the unique characters of the Sunday party is Fred R. Seibert, who is known as "the cow boy evangelist". He is also the keeper of the tabernacle and the one person who is on duty 24 hours out of 24. Of German-Jewish extraction his features give him out to be rather one of the Mexicans with whom he associated so long, than what he really is. Born in Waverly, Iowa, he was broncho buster for many years and rode the range when that was an accomplishment that tried the mettle of which men were made. He joined the Sunday party in 1905. With all his life in the West he is a graduate of the Moody Bible Institute, the author of a pamphlet on "Rescue the Perishing" and is an adept at Bible quotation. He can cite at will 1,400 verses from the Scripture. The

conversion of Seibert dates back to 1895, when leaving a gaming table to go home in disgust he passed a church and was drawn by the music he heard to enter and participate in a revival then in progress. He was converted at that meeting and at once took up work among the ranchmen and cow boys who were his regular associates.

In 1906 Miss Frances Miller, a newspaper woman of St. Louis joined the Sunday party. Her specialty has been work among business women and the organizing of Bible classes, in which she has been pre-eminently successful.

Miss Grace Saxe joined the Sunday forces in 1911. Miss Saxe has had a variety of experiences in missionary work and is also a contributor of some note to religious publications. While visiting in Egypt she was assigned to go down the Nile and get an interview with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt when he was returning from his famous hunting expedition in Africa.

The general manager of the Sunday campaigns is Rev. L. K. Peacock, a minister of pronounced success in Western Pennsylvania, who gave up his pulpit to follow Mr. Sunday. It is Mr. Peacock who first meets visiting delegations, who threshes out the preliminary arrangements for campaigns, who visits the city once or twice before the meetings open, and who is called upon to fill the pulpit upon those comparatively rare occasions when Mr. Sunday for any reason cannot be present. The evangelist was attracted to Rev. Mr. Peacock by hearing him preach. He found that Peacock had taken a "run down" congregation and built it up until it was the leading church of

the city. "There is a man I want," Sunday remarked. He got him.

Rev. Mr. Peacock is naturally allied to the United Presbyterian church in which he was ordained a minister in 1901. Houston, Pa. is his home. Mr. Peacock has the distinction of being the youngest moderator who ever presided over the United Presbyterian Synod. He is a graduate of Westminster College and of the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

CHAPTER XI

SOME GREAT CAMPAIGNS

Early records uncertain — Compilation by Judge H. E. Burgess — List of campaigns, conversions and collections — Early records in Iowa towns — Complacent Maryville, Mo. — Elgin, Ill., builds first tabernacle — Keokuk, Iowa, and Pontiac, Ill., show growth — First entrance into Colorado — Record in Burlington, Iowa — First work in Minnesota — Back to Colorado — Bloomington, Ill., makes a record — First appearance in the East — Spokane, Wash., eclipses all precedent — First campaign in Ohio.

CHAPTER XI

THE trite adage "mighty oaks from little acorns grow" has no better exemplification than in the history of the W. A. Sunday campaigns. The monster movements swaying thousands and interesting in some instances close to a million people in a single city are the outgrowth of comparatively tiny meetings whose history is lost in the shadowy recollections of the memories a quarter century old. This, for no better reason than at the time they were not considered important. The careful records which the press of the country has compiled in the day of the big campaigns were not made.

A detailed enumeration of even the more important campaigns must lack variety and possibly that element of spectacular interest which attaches to a majority of the activities of the evangelist. No work that purports to be a biographical survey of his life, however, would be complete without such an enumeration. Unfortunately such of the records as exists are in many instances conflicting or lacking in definite authority. In that which follows a careful effort has been made to sift facts from fancies and so far as possible to give the best available information even where it has not been possible to verify statements made.

The commonly accepted list of campaigns together with the reported number of conversions as this has gone the rounds of the press is given below,

It should be definitely understood that this is an unofficial list and that diligent efforts to verify a number of the statements and figures have been without success.

CAMPAIGNS 1904 AND 1905.

<i>Cities and States</i>	<i>Conversions</i>	<i>Collections</i>
Marshall, Minn.	600
Sterling, Ill.	1,678
Rockford, Ill.	1,000
Elgin, Ill.	800
Carthage, Ill.	650
Pontiac, Ill.	1,100
Jefferson, Iowa	900
Bedford, Iowa	600
Seymour, Iowa	600
Centerville, Iowa	900	\$1,500
Corydon, Iowa	500
Audubon, Iowa	500
Atlantic, Iowa	600
Harlan, Iowa.....	400
Exira, Iowa	400
Keokuk, Iowa	1,000	2,200
Redwood Falls, Minn.....	600
Mason City, Iowa.....	1,000
Dixon, Ill.....	1,875	2,000
Canon City, Colo.	950
Macomb, Ill.	1,880	3,100
Canton, Ill.	1,120

CAMPAIGNS 1905-1906

Rantoul, Ill.	550
Aledo, Ill.	974
Burlington, Iowa	2,484	4,000
Rochester, Minn.	1,230	2,250
Princeton, Ill.	2,325	5,036
Austin, Minn.	1,388	2,250
Freeport, Ill.	1,365
Prophetstown, Ill.	900

CAMPAIGNS 1906-1907

<i>Cities and States</i>	<i>Conversions</i>	<i>Collections</i>
Salida, Colo.	800
Kewanee, Ill.	3,018
Worthington, Minn.	1,037	2,100
Kankakee, Ill.	2,650	2,100
Murphysboro, Ill.	2,180	2,100
Fairfield, Iowa	1,118	3,608
Knoxville, Iowa	1,017	3,148
Gibson City Ill.	1,000

CAMPAIGNS 1907-1908

Galesburg, Ill.	2,580	5,000
Muscatine, Iowa	3,579	5,611
Bloomington, Ill.	4,266	8,000
Decatur, Ill.	6,700	10,372
Charlestown, Ill.	2,467	6,000
Sharon, Pa.	4,731	6,330

CAMPAIGNS 1908-1909

Jacksonville, Ill.	3,007	7,500
Ottumwa, Iowa	3,732	7,353
Spokane, Wash.	5,300	10,808
Springfield, Ill.	4,729	10,734
Marshalltown, Iowa	2,026	6,022

CAMPAIGNS 1909-1910

Boulder, Colo.	1,596	3,490
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	2,906	7,080
Youngstown, Ohio	5,915	12,000
Danville, Ill.	5,000	9,000
Bellingham, Wash.	4,500	6,000
Everett, Wash.	4,000	5,500
New Castle, Pa.	6,683
Waterloo, Iowa	4,500	8,000

CAMPAIGNS 1911

<i>Cities and States</i>	<i>Conversions</i>	<i>Collections</i>
Portsmouth, Ohio	5,224	7,100
Lima, Ohio	5,659	8,050
Toledo, Ohio	7,686	15,423
Erie, Pa.	5,312	11,565
Springfield, Ohio	6,804	12,000
Wichita, Kansas	5,500	10,114

CAMPAIGNS 1912-1913

Canton, Ohio	5,640	12,500
Wheeling, W. Va.....	8,437	17,450
Fargo, N. D.	4,000	5,000
Beaver Falls, Pa.....	6,000	10,000
East Liverpool, Ohio.....	6,354	12,554
MeKeesport, Pa.	10,022	13,438
Columbus, Ohio	18,137	21,000
Wilkes Barre, Pa.....	16,854	23,527
South Bend, Ind.....	6,458	11,200

Beginning with the campaign at Rantoul, Illinois, in 1905 Judge H. E. Burgess of Aledo, Illinois commenced and has continued a compilation of the Sunday campaigns. He has concerned himself only with the number of conversions and his list down to the South Bend, Indiana, campaign is as follows:

1905-1906 — Rantoul, Ill., 550; Aledo, Ill., 974; Burlington, Iowa, 2,484; Rochester, Minn., 1,244; Princeton, Ill., 2,325; Austin, Minn., 1,388; Freeport, Ill., 1,365; Prophetstown, Ill., 900.

1906-1907 — Salida, Colo., 612; Kewanee, Ill., 3018; Worthington, Minn., 1,012; Kankakee, Ill., 2,650; Murphysboro, Ill., 2,180; Fairfield, Iowa, 1,118; Knoxville, Iowa, 1,051; Gibson City, Ill., 1,089.

1907-1908 — Galesburg, Ill., 2,508; Muscatine, Iowa, 3,579; Bloomington, Ill., 4,266; Decatur, Ill., 6,213; Charlestown, Ill., 2,467; Sharon, Pa., 4,525.

1908-1909 — Jacksonville, Ill., 3,007; Ottumwa, Iowa, 3,660; Spokane, Wash., 5,666; Springfield, Ill., 4,700; Marshalltown, Iowa, 1,987; Boulder, Colo., 1,596; Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 2,967; Joplin, Mo., 2,937; Youngstown, Ohio, 5,915; Danville, Ill., 3,127; Bellingham, Wash., 4,500; Everett, Wash., 2,494.

1910-1911 — New Castle, Pa., 6,680; Waterloo, Iowa, 3,357; Portsmouth, Ohio, 5,224; Lima, Ohio, 6,659; Toledo, Ohio, 7,360; Erie, Pa., 5,312.

1911-1912 — Springfield, Ohio, 6,804; Wichita, Kansas, 5,245; Canton, Ohio, 5,640; Wheeling, W. Va., 8,437; Fargo, N. D., 4,000.

1912-1913 — Beaver Falls, Pa., 6,000; East Liverpool, Ohio, 6,354; McKeesport, Pa., 10,022; Columbus, Ohio, 18,137; WilkesBarre, Pa., 16,854; South Bend, Ind., 6,458.

Seymour, Iowa, boasts one of the very earliest campaigns. Its duration was brief as measured by the standards of later years. Beginning December 23, 1900, it was concluded January 20, 1901, according to a friend who participated in that campaign Mr. Sunday came from Elgin, Illinois, and went to Afton, Iowa. The conversions numbered but 400 and the free-will offering was \$568. Fred G. Fischer was the only assistant.

N. W. Rowell of Afton, Iowa, is authority for the statement that the campaign in that town began March 6, 1901, and concluded on the 27th of the same month. The number of conversions given is 300 and the free will offering \$750. Mr. Rowell adds this statement: "not to exceed 10 per cent of these 300 remained faithful members of the church."

Among the earlier campaigns for which no absolute date can be assigned is that of Bedford, Iowa. Rev. J. W. Neyman, pastor of the Baptist Church there, placed the conversions between 300 and 400 and the free will offering at \$925. He says there were no assistants, but in all probability he has forgotten Mr. Fischer.

Rev. C. H. John, secretary of the Nodaway County Anti-Saloon Alliance, at Maryville, Mo., writes, "Mr. Sunday was here some 15 years ago. The church people failed to give him any support in the way of co-operation and his work here was not a success. Personally I never have thought that the fault was his. The Maryville churches were at 'ease in Zion' and did not want to be disturbed. Their greatest need today is one or two months of such work as Billy Sunday is able to do." From all of which it appears that even in that early part of his work Mr. Sunday did not always meet with the co-operation which is essential to his greatest results.

The editor of the *Gazette* of Sterling, Illinois, another one of the early campaigns, gives the number of conversions as 1,652 and the free will offering as \$3,250.

In light of developments it is almost amusing to find instances where a Sunday campaign has completely passed out of history. Repeated inquiries to various sources of information in Elgin, Illinois, provoked the answers that so far as these people knew Mr. Sunday had never conducted a campaign in their city. Mr. Fischer the first musical assistant of the evangelist, however, fixes the date as early in 1900 and credits Elgin with being the seat of the first taber-

nacle ever built for these meetings. The future may see in Elgin a repetition of the history of Homer whose last resting place is claimed to be in several cities through which the poet begged his way in life.

The editor of the *News* in Atlantic, Iowa, fixes the campaign in that city as February 1902, the number of conversions 565 and the free will offering at \$1,500. Fred G. Fischer and local pastors constituted the only assistants at the time.

Beginning with the year 1904 reasonably definite records are available.

Marshall, Minnesota, enjoyed a successful campaign in the months of January and February 1904, the number of conversions is given as 620 and the free will offering \$2,100.

The campaign at Keokuk, Iowa, marks the first appearance of Rev. I. E. Honeywell. The work in that city began the 5th of October 1904, and continued for four weeks after which the evangelist and his party moved to Pontiac, Illinois. In Keokuk there were 900 conversions reported, and \$1,900 in free-will offering.

Exactly one month was spent in Pontiac. The campaign began November 5, and closed December 5, 1904. The number of conversions is given by the editor of the *Leader* of that town as 1,054 and the free-will offering as \$2,503. Rev. Mr. Honeywell and Fred G. Fischer were the assistants.

Even at this period of his work Mr. Sunday made frequent long jumps between his campaigns.

Canon City, Colorado, according to the editor of the *Record* of that town, had a campaign beginning March 26, 1905, and ending April 23, after which Mr.

Sunday went to Macomb, Illinois. The number of conversions is given as 934 and the amount of money given to Mr. Sunday as \$2,200, while \$2,300 was required for local expenses. In addition to Mr. Fischer and Rev. Mr. Honeywell, a Mrs. Connett of Cheyenne, assisted as soloist.

At Macomb, Illinois, the campaign started April 29 and concluded May 28, 1905. The conversions are given as 1880 and the free-will offering to Mr. Sunday, \$3,146.30.

W. H. Davidson, Managing Editor of the *Burlington Hawk-eye*, Burlington, Iowa, is the next to report a campaign. "Mr. Sunday" he says, "came to Burlington from Aledo, Illinois, beginning his meetings here on Thursday November 9, 1905. The meetings closed December 17. After a week's rest at his home in Chicago Mr. Sunday went to Rochester, Minnesota, where he began a series of meetings on December 28, 1905. The result of his meetings in Burlington were 2,500 conversions, and a free-will offering of \$4,000. Mr. Sunday was assisted by Rev. I. E. Honeywell, as chief of staff, and F. G. Fischer, musical director."

The Rochester, Minnesota, meeting almost equaled that of Burlington according to the report of A. P. Gove, editor of the *Rochester Daily Bulletin*. Mr. Gove locates the campaign as beginning December 28, 1905 and ending January 29, 1906, "The first sermon" he says, "was not preached until December 30." From Rochester Mr. Sunday went to Princeton, Illinois. The number of conversions is given as 1,244 and the free-will offering at \$2,206.81. "In addition to this sum and the expenses of the campaign \$16,-

ooo was raised immediately following the closing of the Sunday meetings for the construction of a Y. M. C. A. building." The same assistants participated in these meetings as in the previous ones.

After a rest of only a few days the Princeton, Illinois, campaign opened February 11, 1906 and concluded March 17, after which Mr. Sunday again returned to Minnesota, that time to the town of Austin. The number of conversions reported was 2,225 with a free will offering of \$5,170. The assistants were the same as at the earlier meetings of that season. The statements made here are vouched for by H. U. Bailey, editor of the *Bureau County Republican*.

Judged in numbers the Austin, Minnesota, campaign did not measure up quite to the mark of the campaign or two last preceding. It opened in March and resulted in 1,387 conversions and a free will offering of \$2,367.53. This is the first campaign of record where Rev. Elijah P. Brown, one-time editor of *The Ram's Horn*, appears as an assistant. From Austin Mr. Sunday went to Freeport, Illinois. The data of the Austin campaign is gathered from the files of the *Herald* of that city.

Mr. Sunday's second incursion into Colorado was made at the opening of his work after a summer's rest September 22, 1906, at Salida. The campaign ran one day less than a month closing October 21, according to F. C. Woody, cashier of the First National Bank at Salida. Mr. Woody does not give the number of conversions, but the unofficial record is 612, which compares with the usual ratio observed between the number of conversions and the free-will offering which in the case of Salida was \$1,300. This is the

first campaign in which "Fred" is mentioned as having charge of the tabernacle.

By the opening of the next season Mr. Sunday had largely increased his working force. His campaign at Galesburg, Illinois, began Saturday evening, September 28, 1907, and continued through Monday evening, November 4, of that year. From Galesburg he went to Muscatine, Iowa. The conversions are given as 2,508 and the offering as \$6,340.71. In this campaign not only did Mr. Fischer, Mr. Seibert and Rev. Elijah P. Brown, but a Mr. Butler appears as soloist, Miss Miller is mentioned for the first time as having charge of Bible class and Melvin E. Trotter assisted at the meetings. W. W. Whipple, editor of the *Galesburg Mail*, is authority for data concerning the campaign in that city.

The proportions of the campaigns continued to grow steadily. At Muscatine, Iowa, according to Frank D. Throop, publisher of the *Journal*, there were 3,579 conversions and a free-will offering of \$5,611.23. These meetings began November 10, 1907, and closed December 15. After the Muscatine campaign Mr. Sunday went for a visit to his mother who then lived in Kansas. He remained there over the holidays resuming his evangelistic work at Bloomington, Illinois. His assistants included Fred Seibert, F. G. Fischer, Mr. Butler, Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Harper. There were 74 meetings in all and the campaign involved an expense of \$4,500, which Mr. Sunday as usual raised in addition to the free-will offering. This was one of the first places where an effort was made to keep track of the total number of

attendants and they are estimated in excess of 180,000.

At Bloomington, Illinois, according to J. L. Scofield, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., the tabernacle was made to seat 5,000 which was the largest up to that time. Bloomington took on itself the credit of being the scene of the first big meeting. The campaign opened December 27, 1907, and ended February 3, 1908, after which Mr. Sunday went to Decatur, Illinois. "The tabernacle cost \$4,500," according to Mr. Scofield, "the meetings lasted 38 days with 3,865 converts. Mr. Sunday received \$7,763.17 and the expense of the meetings including the tabernacle was \$7,786.54. We had 102 regular meetings, with 375,400 attendance; 896 cottage prayer meetings, with 1,400 attendance; 25 Court House meetings for men with 1,500 attendance. Meetings for women were held with 10,500 in attendance. In all a grand total of 414,000." Mr. Pledger was Mr. Sunday's assistant, Mr. Fischer had charge of the music, Mr. Ackley pianist, Mr. Seibert in charge of the tabernacle, Mr. Gill advance man and Miss Miller Bible teacher. Mrs. Sunday also assisted in the women's work. During the meetings Mr. Sunday had a number of evangelists and missionary workers come to Bloomington to assist for a day or two at a time."

The records established at Bloomington were immediately distanced at Decatur, however, and the invincible nature of the Sunday organization was further demonstrated. W. F. Hardy, editor of the *Herald*, has abstracted from his files the information concerning the meetings and vouches for its accuracy. He says: "The campaign opened February 7, 1908, and

continued until March 17, after which the evangelist left for Charleston, Illinois. The number of conversions was 6,209 and the free-will offering \$11,379.56. The assistants were Clifford Pledger, evangelist; Fred Seibert, custodian of the tabernacle and personal workers; Fred G. Fischer, chorister; Charles Butler, soloist; and B. D. Ackley, pianist.

Making his first entrance into what is usually known as the East Mr. Sunday opened a campaign at Sharon, Pennsylvania, in May, 1908, continuing for five weeks after which he returned to Winona Lake for a vacation. According to Ralph W. Roberts, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., the number of conversions in Sharon was 4,700 and the free will offering \$6,200. The assistants were Messrs, Fischer, Ackley, Gill, Pledger and Seibert, and Miss Miller.

Following his vacation Mr. Sunday once more returned to Illinois opening his fall work with a campaign at Jacksonville. The first meeting was held on September 25 and the series continued through November 5, 1908. This campaign immediately preceded the one at Ottumwa, Iowa. *The Jacksonville Journal* gives the conversions at 3,002 and the free-will offering \$7,837.20. The usual assistants participated. They were: B. D. Ackley, Fred G. Fischer, Fred Seibert, C. P. Pledger and Charles Butler.

Ottumwa, Iowa, enjoyed one of the big meetings of the fall of 1908. E. P. Canny of the *Ottumwa Courier*, is authority for the statement that: "Coming from Jacksonville, Illinois, Mr. Sunday began a series of meetings in Ottumwa November 6, 1908 and continued through to December 16. The number of conversions is given as 3,732 and the free-will offering is

given as \$7,355.77. The assistants were C. P. Pledger, Charles Butler, soloist; Fred G. Fischer, choir leader; Fred Seibert, in charge of tabernacle; B. D. Ackley, pianist, and Mrs. Muirhead, woman assistant.

Many new phases of the work are developed in the campaign which followed Ottumwa, when Mr. Sunday made his first excursion into the extreme West, conducting a series of meetings at Spokane, Washington. Spokane was the largest city the evangelist had undertaken up to that time, and he had doubts in his own mind as to his ability to handle so large a place. Spokane at that time had a population of 100,000. Spokane established a new record in the tabernacle line, building a structure calculated to seat 10,000. Rev. Conrad Bluhm, of the Centenary Presbyterian Church at Spokane, reports the number of conversions as 5,666, and the free-will offering as \$10,871. The assistants were, Rev. C. P. Pledger, B. D. Ackley, Fred G. Fischer, Charles Butler, Fred Seibert, Mrs. Muirhead and Miss Miller. Rev. Mr. Bluhm was intimately connected with the campaign and in speaking of it says: "His meetings began on Christmas night. I had feared the opening night, it happening on Christmas. Probably the most extensive publicity he had to that time received was given to announce his advent to Spokane. We used the big advertising cars of our two trolley companies; we sent to all the suburban railway stations huge posters; we roused the Inland Empire of which Spokane is the nerve center, a district the size of New England, New York and New Jersey combined; we got the unanimous support of our three big dailies; also of most of the suburban press; we had large prints of the evangelist in the

windows of the majority of our homes; and from the pulpit, the hustings, and every place where two or three were gathered together there we met them and they were Billy's. The impossible had been accomplished—the man who was unknown, and who by most of our people was looked upon simply as a good evangelist instead of the evangelistic genius of America had suddenly become the first man among us; Christmas night the citizens gave him a reception that fairly swept the evangelist off his feet—the place was packed to the doors!

“Mr. Sunday has been in few places where his work has been more fundamental than in Spokane. To this center men happened from the British Columbias, from the Wenatchees, the Yakimas, from points in Oregon, from the coast, and from far off California. Later, from all these points, word came back expressing gratitude for the Providence that had led them into the meetings that became their starting place for heaven. Similar letters came from hundreds who were converted by reading the excerpts from the papers of his wonderful sermons.”

The fall of 1909 found Mr. Sunday again in Colorado, this time at Boulder. The meetings began there September 5, and concluded October 10. The number of conversions is given at 1,347, and the free-will offering \$3,496.91. Among the assistants appears for the first time Miss Anna MacLaren, the vocalist whose work has become such a pronounced feature of the Sunday campaigns; Fred G. Fischer, B. D. Ackley and Mrs. Muirhead also appeared, while Colonel Gill is reported as the builder of the tabernacle.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, followed Boulder, Colorado. The campaign began October 29 and continued through to November 21, 1909. From Cedar Rapids Mr. Sunday went to Joplin, Missouri. At Cedar Rapids the number of conversions is given at 2,906 and the free-will offering as \$7,000. Rev. John Linden assisted in these meetings together with Mrs. Muirhead, Miss Anna MacLaren, B. D. Ackley and Fred G. Fischer. W. G. Young, editor of the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, concludes his recapitulation of the campaign with a characteristic expression. "We like Billy Sunday."

Mr. Sunday's first appearance in Ohio, where he was subsequently destined to break all previous records, was made at Youngstown. In Ohio Mr. Sunday encountered a different sort of population and a different class of people, and the success of his efforts was another demonstration of the efficiency of his system and the uniform favor of Providence which has followed all the evangelist's campaigns. The Youngstown meetings covered the months of January and February, 1910. It opened immediately following the Christmas holidays which intervened between the Joplin, Missouri, campaign and Mr. Sunday's appearance in Ohio. From Youngstown Mr. Sunday went to Bellingham, Washington. Mr. E. L. McKelvey, a prominent merchant of Youngstown, reports the conversions as 5,965 and the free-will offering as \$12,000, a sum considerably in excess of any to that time contributed. Mr. Sunday brought to the Youngstown campaign the most complete organization he had had up to that date. It comprised, Rev. John M. Linden, as assistant; Albert P. Gill, as organizer; Fred G. Fischer, chorister; B. D. Ackley,

pianist; Mrs. Sunday, Miss Frances Miller; Mrs. Rae Muirhead; Miss Anna MacLaren; Homer A. Rodeheaver, as trombone soloist, and Fred Seibert as custodian.

For his next efforts Mr. Sunday returned to Pennsylvania holding meetings at New Castle. There his campaign opened September 18, 1910 and continued through October 31. Pennsylvania responded even better than Ohio had done up to that time, showing 6,683 conversions and \$13,098 free-will offering, according to the *Herald* of that city. Rev. Mr. Honeywell, reappears as an assistant; Mr. Rodeheaver had become chorister, and other helpers included Mrs. Muirhead and Mr. Ackley.

Returning to the West the forces were reaugmented for the campaign in Waterloo, Iowa, which began November 7, 1910, and closed December 19. The assistants were Homer A. Rodeheaver, choir leader; Mrs. Rae Muirhead, for work among women; Miss Anna MacLaren, as soloist; Mr. B. D. Ackley, pianist; Miss Frances Miller, as Bible teacher; A. P. Gill, as architect; Fred Seibert, as custodian of the tabernacle; and Rev. I. E. Honeywell, as assistant evangelist. Edgar W. Cooley, of the *Waterloo Reporter*, is authority for the statistics of the meetings in his city.

Returning from Waterloo to Ohio Mr. Sunday took up a series of campaigns which practically covered all the larger cities of the state, excepting Cincinnati and Cleveland. It was his work in Ohio probably more than anywhere else that attracted national attention to him and brought him invitations from the largest cities in the land.

CHAPTER XII

SOME GREATER CAMPAIGNS

Significance of Ohio as a pivotal state — The opening at Portsmouth — Toledo claims attention — Campaign in Erie, Pa. — Phenomenal work in Springfield, Ohio — Wichita, Kansas, displays results — Canton, Ohio, comes next — Wheeling, W. Va., pleased — Work in Fargo, N. D., and Beaver Falls, Pa. — East Liverpool, Ohio, visited — McKeesport, Pa., next — On to Columbus — Columbus a crucial test — All previous records broken — Sensation in near-by towns — What the Literary Digest said — Some other great campaigns.

CHAPTER XII

SINCE the close of the civil war when the State of Ohio got in the habit of naming presidents and in other ways dominating the affairs of state, any considerable activity that has gone on within its borders has had a national significance. The metropolitan papers of the East and West alike have paid an unusual attention to the doings of the Buckeye State. The people are accustomed by long training to take an active interest in a great variety of things, if these are properly presented.

Without arrogating to itself, however, either an established wickedness or yet a peculiar disposition toward piety, Ohio presented a logical scene for such work on the part of Rev. W. A. Sunday as would bring him most fully into the light of national attention. Moreover the various Ohio campaigns which the evangelist conducted beginning with the close of 1910 came after years of varied experience through which he had perfected himself and his organization and made himself ready for the greater things to which he had been called.

Up to that time his achievements had been such as to challenge comparison with the better known evangelists of the day. From that time forward he was to hear himself ranked with the men whose names have rung through the corridors of time, since first the Christian evangel was preached. The days of Luther, of Wesley, of Whitfield and Savonarola were invoked

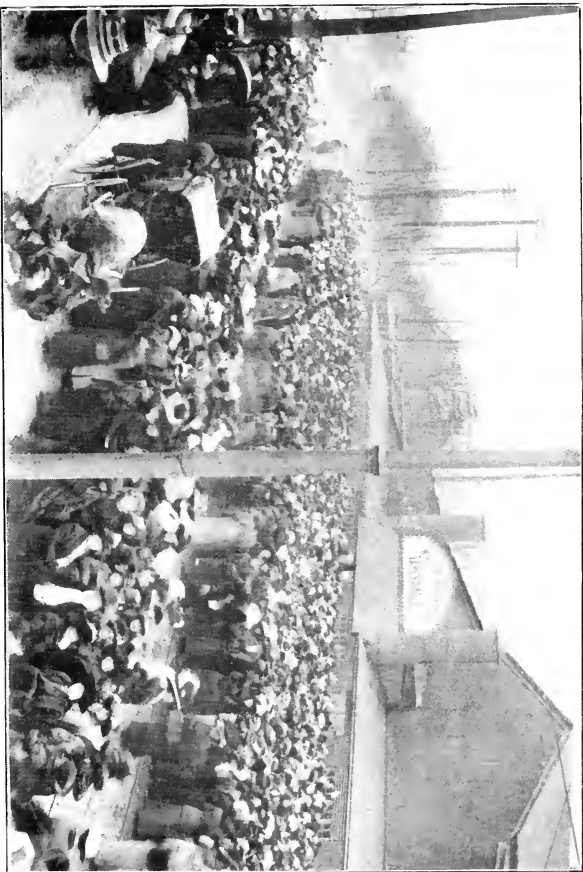
for comparison, and as campaign after campaign piled up its invincible figures, even these similes seemed insufficient. Pentecost itself was the only achievement which Mr. Sunday had not surpassed.

The distinctive Ohio era of Mr. Sunday's work practically starts with Portsmouth, where a very significant campaign opened on the last Sunday of 1910 and continued for six weeks. As a result 5,200 converts are reported and a free-will offering of \$10,554 was made. The assistants at that time were: Rev. Mr. Honeywell, Homer A. Rodeheaver, B. D. Ackley, Fred Seibert, Miss Frances Miller and Miss Anna MacLaren.

It was during the Portsmouth campaign that Mr. Sunday made his first excursion into Columbus, the state capital. There was at the time a vigorous wet and dry fight going on in the legislature, and the Ohio Anti-Saloon League induced Mr. Sunday to come to Columbus for an address, which he delivered in Memorial Hall to a crowd which broke all records for that large auditorium. The event made more than a state-wide impression, as the talk, delivered with its accustomed fire and vigor was a startling innovation even to a press which had 50 years' experience with the vitriolic possibilities of uncounted political meetings.

This visit to Columbus laid the foundation for the call which was finally accepted in 1912.

From Portsmouth Mr. Sunday went to Lima, Ohio, with only a few days of rest intervening. The Lima campaign opened February 19, 1911, and closed April 2. Rev. T. H. Campbell who was one of the co-operating pastors at the time, reports the conversions at 5,700 and the free-will offering at \$11,324.



WOMEN WAITING AT THE TABERNACLE.

Photo by Moon.

The assistants were Rev. Mr. Honeywell, B. D. Ackley, Homer A. Rodeheaver, Fred Seibert, Miss Frances Miller, Miss Grace Saxe, Miss Anna MacLaren and Mrs. Sunday.

Exactly one week after the conclusion of his arduous services at Lima Mr. Sunday opened the campaign at Toledo, Ohio, April 9, and closed it May 21, 1911. The figures given by L. J. Beecher, city editor of the *Toledo Blade*, shows that Toledo eclipsed all previous records with 7,300 converts and a free-will offering of \$15,423.58. The assistants were Rev. I. E. Honeywell, B. D. Ackley, Homer A. Rodeheaver, Albert Gill, Miss Anna Mac Laren, Miss Frances Miller and Miss Grace Saxe.

Mr. Sunday passed over the borders of Ohio for his next campaign which was at Erie, Pa., but returned immediately thereafter. The Erie campaign opened May 28 and continued until July 9, after which the evangelist went on his usual summer vacation. The conversions are given by the editor of the *Herald* as 5,314 and the free will offering \$11,565.67. The same authority says that the total collection for all purposes was \$21,926.83. The assistants were exactly the same as those of the previous campaign.

Springfield, Ohio, which claimed Mr. Sunday at the opening of his work in September, 1911, while considerably smaller in size than the scene of his several preceding campaigns almost equaled them in results. During the six weeks that the meetings were in progress 7,000 conversions were reported, and the free-will offering amounted to \$13,000. James S. Webb, who was an interested observer during the entire period,

writing after the lapse of two years says: "The good work he did here still continues and the live members of our churches, Sunday schools and brotherhoods are Sunday converts." At Springfield Rev. L. K. Peacock had succeeded Rev. Mr. Honeywell as assistant evangelist.

Once more Mr. Sunday left Ohio for a brief period, conducting his next campaign at Wichita, Kansas. The opening date was November 12, and the closing was Christmas, 1911. From Wichita, after the holidays Mr. Sunday resumed his Ohio labors at Canton. Rev. Andrew Brodie of Wichita, reports the conversions as 5,245 and the free-will offering \$10,250. The assistants were Rev. L. K. Peacock, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Gill, B. D. Ackley, Homer A. Rodeheaver, Miss Frances Miller, Miss Anna MacLaren, Miss Grace Saxe, Fred Seibert and Mrs. Sunday.

Rev. Jay W. Somerville, Pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, of Wichita, Kansas, writes: "The work has been abiding and has revolutionized our city. Many prominent men were converted and have been a tower of strength in the church. Out of this meeting came the Layman's Evangelistic teams that have secured over 3,000 conversions in 150 towns. Several churches have been rejuvenated and the work is still going on."

A press dispatch from Wichita says:

Just one year from the organization of the first team, 1,913 men and boys have been reported as converted as the direct result of the work of this aggressive lay ministry. Converts in other towns in turn have organized teams and have extended the work into other districts, and report similar harvests. A letter from a town in Okla-

homa expressed gratitude for the visit of one of our teams, when 40 converts were secured, and the writer added significantly, "We now have a team of our own and have visited a number of places, and down to date"—a period of about two months—"we have 125 converts."

There are bankers and barbers, capitalists and cattlemen, dentists and drivers, editors and electricians, lawyers and laborers, merchants and mechanics, teachers and traveling men, all bound together by one bond of faith in Jesus, one steadfast and consuming purpose to win men into the Kingdom. These men walk long distances to hold meetings, go in automobiles, or charter Pullman cars, as the case may require, each man paying his own traveling expenses and hotel bills, giving freely of his time, substance, and service for the Master. Lately, however, our independent Kansas towns, when visited, prefer to pay traveling expenses and give entertainment.

Conservative Canton, Ohio, was the next place to feel the sting of the activity of a Sunday campaign. The meetings opened there December 31, 1911 and ended February 11, 1912. Wm. A. Ernst, of the *Canton Repository*, says the accepted number of conversions was 5,654. This excluded a large number of youngsters, perhaps several thousands. The free-will offering amounted to \$13,000. The assistants were Homer A. Rodeheaver, B. D. Ackley, Miss Frances Miller, Miss Anna Mac Laren, Miss Grace Saxe, Rev. L. K. Peacock and Fred Seibert.

Three campaigns intervened before Mr. Sunday again returned to Ohio for active work. Wheeling, West Virginia, had a series of meetings which started February 18 and closed March 31, 1912. Charles E.

Miner quoting from the press of his city says "8,437 is the accepted number of conversions, the free-will offering was \$17,000." This was a new record in offerings at that time. The assistants were the same as those for the previous meetings with the addition of George M. Sunday, a son of the evangelist, participating for a period.

Rev. W. S. Dysinger, pastor of the First English Lutheran church of Wheeling, in a public meeting two years after the campaign said "every church in the city had derived wonderful results from the campaign; that practically all of the new members who were converted during the revival are still in the church and that Wheeling people were benefited morally, physically and financially." Rev. Mr. Dysinger cited three instances of good Mr. Sunday had accomplished that had recently come to his attention.

The first, he said, was the case of a huckster he had met on the street. "You see that good horse and wagon and that wagon load of produce?" the fellow said to the minister. "Well, that's what Billy Sunday did for me."

The second was the case of a wife deserter, who had been converted and had returned to his family to protect and provide for them. Another was that of a laborer who had, previous to the campaign, been satisfied with living in a little shack entirely too small for the needs of his family. He "hit the sawdust trail" during the Sunday meetings and immediately doubled the size of the dwelling. "Billy Sunday and his preaching made me do it," the fellow told Rev. Mr. Dysinger, when the minister asked him what had brought about the change.

The minister said his own church had received 328 new members as a result of the campaign, and less than a dozen had dropped out since. He laughingly explained to the audience he wished to lay particular emphasis on the fact he is the pastor of a Lutheran church.

"If the people don't stick," the minister said in conclusion, "don't blame Billy Sunday. It isn't his fault. Rather you should lay it at the door of the ministers and the people."

Making another of his long jumps Mr. Sunday next directed his energies to the spiritual rejuvenation of Fargo, North Dakota, a community, which according to all published reports, stood in need of such attention. Ralph R. Wolf, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., defines the campaign as starting March 7 and concluding May 12, 1912, with conversions numbering 3,159, and a free-will offering of \$5,026. The same corps of assistants that had been so successful in Wheeling participated in the North Dakota work.

Beaver Falls, Pa., was the last place that meetings were held prior to the summer vacation of 1912. The Beaver Falls meetings according to Rev. Geo. B. Laird, opened May 16, and closed June 24, 1912. The conversions were over 4,229 and the free-will offering was \$10,357.56. Rev. L. K. Peacock, Homer A. Rodeheaver, B. D. Ackley, Mr. and Mrs. Gill, Fred Seibert, Miss Grace Saxe, Miss Anna Mac Laren, Miss Frances Miller and Mrs. Sunday added their energies to this campaign.

F. S. Reader, editor of the Beaver Valley News, which was within the zone of the Sunday influence writes, "He was a great blessing to our valley."

East Liverpool, Ohio, followed the summer vacation. The meetings opened September 15 and closed October 27, 1912, according to C. V. Talbot, managing editor of the *Morning Tribune*. He gives the conversions as 6,354 and the free-will offering as \$12,600. The assistants were, B. D. Ackley, Miss Grace Saxe, Prof. Hugh Laughlin, who took the place of Homer A. Rodeheaver who was taken ill at East Liverpool, Miss Anna Mac Laren, Fred Seibert, "Uncle Jimmy" Johnson and Mrs. Sunday. Mr. Talbot concludes "Billy Sunday is worthy of every boost."

McKeesport, Pa., practically a suburb of Pittsburgh, was the scene of the second campaign of the fall of 1912. The work started there November 3 and continued for six weeks, during which time 10,022 converts were made and a free-will offering of \$13,438 was secured. The assistants were the same as those who co-operated at East Liverpool.

From McKeesport with only a few intervening days of rest spent at his home in Winona Lake, Mr. Sunday and his party came to Columbus, Ohio.

Columbus, because of the peculiar cosmopolitan nature of its inhabitants and the extraordinary importance attached to politics in that city at all times of the year, and the further fact that the legislature was in session, and that the inauguration of the governor would take place during the period of the Sunday campaign, led to repeated predictions, both publicly and privately expressed, that the usual results attending Mr. Sunday's efforts would not be forthcoming as they had been in the past. Seven weeks were destined to disapprove every one of these assertions and to establish new high marks in all the lines of his

efforts, most of which have not at this writing (November 1913) been equaled.

Joe Speice, the architect, who had taken the place of Colonel Gill as advance man, builded for Columbus the largest tabernacle ever erected for Mr. Sunday, and the glory of the work which he carries on. Including the choir loft which seated over 1,200 people the auditorium had a capacity of 12,000 seats, and this with few exceptions was tested at every one of the 93 meetings, so that at the conclusion it was estimated that almost 1,000,000 persons had sat under the spell of this wonderful man's preaching.

The total number of converts was 18,333, of whom 2,189 came forward on the last day, thus eclipsing all evangelical records of modern times.

Mr. Sunday's offering was \$21,000; the amount collected for current expenses was \$19,187.81; collected for charity \$2,381.55; special offering for the women in the Sunday party \$1,115.55; grand total of moneys collected during the campaign \$44,432.68.

The nursery, which was in a building adjacent to the tabernacle, cared for 1,884 babies during the meetings. A "check" was issued to the mother of each baby to avoid confusion.

The revival opened December 29, 1912 and closed February 16, 1913.

It was during the Columbus campaign that Mr. Sunday was compelled, somewhat against his will, to repeat a number of his sermons, because often the 12,000 who crowded the tabernacle was only a portion of the throng which demanded to hear certain of his well known sermons.

Columbus also broke all records for the "women only" meeting, Mr. Sunday being compelled to give the same discourse three times in the same day, a *tour de force* of such magnitude that it can be appreciated only by those who have heard the evangelist through one of his large and exciting discourses.

The press of Columbus estimated that on that day 40,000 women heard Mr. Sunday. They began to seek admission as early as 5 o'clock in the morning; doors were opened for the first meeting at 10:30 and closed at 11, and at 11:45 the first sermon was preached, concluding at 1:50. The second sermon followed immediately and the third was given in the evening.

To fully appreciate the significance of these figures it is necessary to add that during all the morning hours a cold drizzling rain was falling. The excitement on the outside so nearly approached a riot that police reserves were called out to prevent accidents.

The women finally "rushed" the police line and literally battered down a large door to gain admittance. The place was packed almost to suffocation — several fainting. Even the pulpit platform was crowded with women, who sat on the edge.

On several nights Mr. Sunday was compelled to stop his sermons temporarily on account of noise by people who had climbed to the roof to peer through the ventilators.

Columbus served to show the wide range of influence a Sunday campaign has in the surrounding community. The following episode detailed by the *Columbus Citizen* is typical:

Fire and church bells rang, whistles blew, shops shut down, stores and schools closed and the people turned out en masse at Dunkirk—70 miles north of Columbus, on the T. & O. C.—to greet Billy Sunday Tuesday afternoon when he changed trains on his way here from Winona Lake.

An automobile met him at the station and whirled him to the biggest church in the town. It was packed to capacity when he arrived. He threw off his hat and fur overcoat and plunged at once into a fiery sermon. Almost before he knew it he had preached 45 minutes. He gave a call for converts and 12 “hit the trail”—not on saw dust, but on Brussels carpet in the church.

When the time drew near for his train, Billy hurried from the church, but not until he had shaken hands with half the people of Dunkirk. “If I go home next Sunday night I’ll stop over here again next Tuesday, and preach for you,” Billy told them. Then they cheered him. A big crowd followed his auto to the depot, where they waved good-bye as the train pulled away for Columbus.

“You people don’t appreciate half what the newspapers are doing to spread the Gospel in this campaign,” said Mr. Sunday Tuesday night, at the tabernacle in telling of his Dunkirk meeting. “For 100 miles in every direction from Columbus they’re reading of these wonderful meetings and are being aroused.”

The ministers of Dunkirk, by long distance phone had arranged for the meeting with Sunday before he left Winona Lake, Tuesday morning. “I’ll stop anywhere between trains to preach God’s word and save souls,” said Billy to his tabernacle audience.

On another occasion to gratify the beautiful little city of Marysville, 30 miles from Columbus, Mr. Sunday denied himself his usual morning’s rest, and

by use of a special train, in each direction, was able to reach the place, preach to 3,000 people who were packed in the largest building, which the town possesses (a factory), and return to Columbus in time for his afternoon service.

At the conclusion of the campaign, in which three meetings occupied the entire day from 9:30 in the morning until almost 11 in the evening the *Ohio State Journal*, and afterwards the *Literary Digest* quoting it, said:

Eclipsing all previous evangelistic records in point of numbers of converts and in funds raised by free-will offering for the exclusive use of the revivalist, Rev. Billy Sunday wound up his seven weeks' campaign in Columbus yesterday with five rousing meetings, in which 2,231 people hit the sawdust trail and \$20,795 poured into the hands of the tellers in checks, greenbacks, gold and glittering piles of small change.

Scenes of the greatest dramatic moment marked the closing hours of the campaign at the huge tabernacle, which for a stretch of seven weeks had been jammed with throngs of earnest listeners.

Thunders of:

“God be with you till we meet again
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,”

died away among the rafters of the Billy Sunday tabernacle; one by one the lights went out, one by one farewells were said, the evangelist and his wife, and then the helpers departed.

But many lingered, loath to see the end of the day whose six monster meetings including one at the penitentiary, were attended by 40,000 persons who listened to the Preached Word; when

more than 2,000 confessed conversion and nearly \$21,000 was collected, and which brought to a close the seven weeks campaign that had shaken Columbus as nothing religious ever had shaken it; which brought 18,000 persons to make personal and public confession of faith in Jesus Christ, and which gave to Columbus last evening, every record in modern evangelism.

Everyone was tired, everyone was happy, everyone was satisfied. So pleased were those in attendance at one meeting yesterday, that a resolution asking Rev. Mr. Sunday to return to Columbus was adopted with a cheer.

For more than seven weeks hundreds of business men had neglected their private affairs, for an equal period social engagements were disregarded or sidetracked; for that length of time 60 churches had closed their doors, their pastors had devoted the bulk of their time to advancing the work of campaign and during all those days, Rev. Billy Sunday, the baseball evangelist, had talked and prayed, sweated and pranced about the platform, besought and entreated the sinners, flayed with scathing invectives every sort of wickedness and endeared himself personally to multitudes who either had been openly, or covertly, antagonistic. Under the spell of this oratory and the persuasive influence of his co-workers, all manner of men were made to take a new view of life. City and county officials, saloonkeepers and professors, society women and shop girls, school children and avowed agnostics, stood up and said "I publicly accept Jesus Christ as my personal Savior."

There were held 95 tabernacle meetings, at all but two of which Mr. Sunday spoke. At these meetings there were present between 750,000 and one million people. The total number of cards signed was 18,333 greater than any number ever secured in this country in a like period of time by

Rev. Mr. Sunday, or, it is said, by any other evangelist.

The assistants were the same with the addition of Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Asher and Wm. Collison.

“The interest of the newspapers of the city throughout the campaign was intense. On the final Sunday, for instance. *The Columbus Dispatch* moved its entire news gathering staff of 20 men to the tabernacle. A “city news room” was established in the Railway Y. M. C. A. adjoining, in charge of Managing Editor Johnson and City Editor Rieker. The staff reporters were assigned to duty in different parts of the tabernacle, in the temporary bank in the basement, in the crowds that thronged the outside, etc. They worked throughout the day and night and at daylight Monday issued an “extra” giving a complete history of the wonderful day—several pages in all. They sold by the thousands, like the traditional “hot cakes.”

Immediately following Columbus, Mr. Sunday opened a series of meetings at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., the farthest East of any district in which he had ever worked. The campaign opened on Washington’s Birthday—February 22—1913. Rev. W. M. Randles, pastor of the Bethesda Congregational church, gives the number of converts as 16,548, and the free-will offering as \$23,527.66. In only this one respect did the Wilkes-Barre campaign exceed that of Columbus and the amount remains at the present time the record sum raised at the conclusion of any one series of meetings. Rev. Mr. Randles in commenting on the number of conversions says:

With regard to the number of converts, this needs to be said, quite a number were members going forward to take others forward, some were members that by this expressed a desire to reach "higher ground" or to leave out of their lives things that they had been led to see were wrong. Some pastors report a number of duplications, some of the duplicate cards bearing different dates (I think this came thru new converts taking others forward a little later and thus being counted twice.) On the other hand this does not count the large number converted in the weeks following the meeting. As an example my church received 184 cards, yet to date we have added 240 to full communion, almost all of which can be said to have been the result of the meeting. I think that a very conservative estimate would be that 15,000 were added to the churches of the Wyoming Valley.

South Bend, Indiana, concluded the range of Mr. Sunday's activities prior to the summer rest for 1913. The meetings there opened April 27 and concluded June 15. The accepted number of converts 16,398 and the free-will offering \$11,200. The assistants were the same as those who participated in Columbus, excepting Mr. Collison.

Wilbur R. Armstrong of the *South Bend Tribune*, who observed the entire campaign, makes the following comment:

If the Creator had seen fit to make 50 Billy Sundays simultaneously instead of but one, I am firmly of the opinion that the army of Christianity would shortly become the most formidable organization the world has ever known. That number of evangelists of the Billy Sunday type with his organization behind them could revolutionize the

world big as it is. The baseball evangelist is undoubtedly the most remarkable preacher of his age and the whole truth in regard to the effective work he is doing never has, and probably never will be known. Much of the benefits of a Sunday campaign are buried in the young boy, the young girl, the home, society and business and the general public will never be able to secure all the facts—and it is not necessary.

Billy Sunday undoubtedly has as many true friends and as many bitter enemies as any man in America today. His friends know him largely through his unusual work, and his enemies know him as a destroyer of their particular business or an enemy of their particular acts, or they are totally ignorant of the man. Some of his most bitter opponents in South Bend would not have gone near one of his meetings for \$5,000, much as they love gold. It made them purple in the face if they were so much as invited to his tabernacle, so afraid were they that they might change their opinion of him. The best estimate of the baseball evangelist I have ever heard was made by Joseph D. Oliver, Indiana's plow magnate. He said: "There is nothing better in men than Billy Sunday himself, and few things worse than his imitators."

CHAPTER XIII

THE GLADDEN-SUNDAY CONTROVERSY

All evangelists misunderstood — Some historic examples — Opposition of Dr. Washington Gladden — Origin of the difficulty — Dr. Gladden quoted in *The Congregationalist* — Higher criticism considered — Dissention produces profound sensation — Resolutions of the Evangelical Association — Resume of the Columbus conflict — Temperamental differences of Mr. Sunday and Dr. Gladden — Wisdom of silence.



THE SILENT VOW.

CHAPTER XIII

UNIFORMLY it has been the fate of great men to be misunderstood. The lowly Nazarene as He walked by the waters of Galilee or preached on the mountain sides was no exception. History before His time had recorded others only slightly less unfortunate. Those who have followed in His footsteps with more or less vigor and courage have met with the same misapprehension.

There is a saying that men are known by the caliber of the opposition they meet. Armies are not put in the field to crush a handful of riotous school boys. The giant forces of intellect do not concern themselves seriously with the vagaries of disordered minds which crop out in various freak sects and isms.

Charles G. Phinney the evangelist who is so often quoted and praised by Rev. W. A. Sunday, was severely criticised by the famous Dr. Beecher and others because of the methods he employed. John Wesley from 1739 to the close of life was persecuted and annoyed; not alone by the magistrates, but by the clergymen of his country, and these differences extended into his own family and threatened the natural ties which bound him to his brother Charles. George Whitfield could not agree with his great friend Wesley, and papers and tracts were continually published against him although he conducted wonderfully successful evangelical campaigns both in England and America. The friendship which existed between

Whitfield and John Wesley was at one time actually broken and for a long time seriously impaired by differences of opinion which they held upon church government.

It is not strange therefore that W. A. Sunday should come in agitated conflict with some of the leaders in church work everywhere he goes. It remained, however, for episodes growing out of the campaign in Columbus to attract international attention to develop what has come to be known as the Gladden-Sunday controversy. This controversy was taken up, not only in the columns of the church papers, chief of which was the *Congregationalist*, but was caught up by the secular press everywhere and given extraordinary space and attention.

Dr. Gladden is probably the greatest church authority and the most powerful intellect who ever set himself in opposition to Mr. Sunday and his works. A dispassionate survey of the results is almost impossible at the present time (November 1913). Certain features that are easily apparent, point to a divided result. One thing conclusively established by the controversy was the tremendous loyalty of those who had been most intimately associated with Mr. Sunday in his several campaigns. Opposite to this was the unquestioned fact that Dr. Gladden's attitude and reasoning withheld from Mr. Sunday a call to Indianapolis and possibly other cities. More serious than anything else, however, was the strife and dissension which the controversy provoked among the less intellectual and more bitterly partisan of church workers on either side. Both parties to the disagreement, so far as they were individually concerned, let the

matter drop when their side had been given to the public.

Mr. Sunday himself never took part in the discussion. Whatever was said in his behalf was made public by friends who may, or may not, have been fully authorized in the premises. At no time did Mr. Sunday in any of his public addresses mention Dr. Gladden by name, and such publications as appeared coupling the two names were due to unauthorized reproduction of essentially personal conversation.

On the other hand, Dr. Gladden who had opposed the coming of Mr. Sunday to Columbus maintained the strictest silence after this had been determined upon. At no time during the Columbus campaign did he do or say anything which could be construed as opposition, unless it was the maintaining of his regular Sunday services. His first public utterance appeared in the issue of the *Congregationalist* May 29, more than three months following the close of the Sunday campaign in Columbus. Because of Dr. Gladden's international prominence in the Congregationalist fold and in the educational and religious world generally this article provoked the most wide-spread discussion.

Dr. Gladden's article appeared in response to hundreds of requests poured in upon him from all sources where a Sunday campaign was contemplated. The letters came from people who differed from the evangelist in his methods. Leaving out of account for the moment the differences in personality, which in themselves would have made any co-operation between these two men impossible, it is of importance to know first Dr. Gladden's attitude on some of the doctrines

which Mr. Sunday preaches. In his paper entitled "The Trouble About Billy Sunday", published May 29, 1913, in the *Congregationalist*, Dr. Gladden says:

The intolerance and violence which are the native breath of Mr. Sunday furnish the first and strongest reason for refusing to work with him. In his first or second day in Columbus Mr. Sunday said, "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man is the worst rot that ever was dug out of hell, and every minister who preaches it is a liar." I could hardly believe my eyes when I read it, but I made very sure that he had said it, and the same thing was said in substance over and over. I do not wish to pass judgment on the ministers who listened, without protest, to that; I know what their excuses were; but I could not, without forfeiting my self-respect, have attended those services until, those words had been withdrawn and humbly apologized for.

Such language was repeated every day. Every man whose opinions differ from those of Mr. Sunday is a liar; every day he mounts the judgment seat of the universe and sends men by scores to the right hand and to the left—mostly to the left. Statistics—of a sort—were kept of the number of "conversion"; but of the number of those sent to hell, by name, no record, I believe, was made. It is a great omission; for that is a large part of the business.

All evolutionists are consigned to hell. Mr. Sunday names one by one, those whom he supposes to be evolutionists, and with a dramatic gesture flings each of them into perdition. "There goes old Darwin! He's in hell sure!" And the enraptured audience yells its applause, as one evolutionist after another is dropped into the fiery pit. A staid Methodist preacher, who watched this performance, said afterwards, "I would never have be-

lieved, if I had not seen it, that an audience of civilized Americans could show such a spirit as that." The scene at a Spanish bull fight is really, when you think of it it, less horrible.

It is well known to church workers that Dr. Gladden is a consistent believer in the theory of evolution as it applies to all life, including the spiritual life, and both his writings and his preaching make this clear. This sufficiently explains his objection to the doctrine which Mr. Sunday preaches.

Another thing to which Dr. Gladden objects is what he calls the commercial feature of the Sunday campaigns. Concerning this phase the article above quoted goes on to say:

The commercial feature of this "evangelism" is also a serious matter. It is far truer today than when Paul said it, that the love of money is the root of all kinds of evil; and the warning of Jesus, "Take heed and beware of covetousness," is counsel which was never before so pertinent. It is the one vice of which a Christian teacher should never be suspected. Mr. Sunday sets all that counsel at defiance. It is notorious that he is making himself rich in this business of evangelism. At a conference of evangelists held in Chicago last summer one of the younger men told of counsel which had been given him as to methods of work by "one of the leading evangelists." Among other things this leading evangelist had said to him, "*I've got all those other fellows skinned a mile in the free-will offering.*" The name of this leading evangelist was not given. Dr. Chapman thinks it should have been, and so do I. Only one man could have truthfully said it.

Mr. Sunday takes out of every considerable city which he visits, for an eight weeks' service,

money enough to pay the average Congregational minister's salary for twenty years; and his year's accumulation would support one hundred foreign missionaries. He is not reticent about this; he preaches about it frequently and defiantly; he insists that it is nobody's business how much money he makes or what he does with it.

Returning to the Sunday doctrines, Dr. Gladden sums them up in the following paragraph :

As for the doctrine taught, it is the most hopeless form of mediaeval substitutionism. Salvation is a matter of contract; hell is a literal pit of fire and brimstone; the Bible is verbally infallible; every man who teaches the Higher Criticism is a liar. Any minister who disputes any of Mr. Sunday's dogmas is leading his people to hell; Edward Everett Hale is undoubtedly in hell. Adventism of the most crass variety is unflinchingly proclaimed; the world is going to hell as fast as it can; all talk about improving social conditions is rot.

Since Dr. Gladden is admittedly one of the leaders in the Higher Criticism and was for many years a personal friend of Edward Everett Hale his sense of resentment toward what he understood Mr. Sunday's attitude to be is not hard to understand.

Concerning the Gladden article which it printed, the *Congregationalist* said editorially, in the same issue:

Dr. Gladden's powerful arraignment of Mr. Sunday will undoubtedly convince many that he is a man whose methods and spirit disqualify him for effective Christian service. Others will continue to feel perplexed and almost baffled in their endeavor fairly to appraise him and his work. We have never thought of him, for an instant, as one

to whom we could point as a model for young people. He is far from being the best illustration of the graces and virtues Christianity is supposed to engender when given a fair chance in the human heart. What we have said and what we are disposed to reiterate is, that judging by what he has done throughout the Western country, he has apparently been the means of bringing into the Christian life multitudes who, humanly speaking, would never have been converted. As one of his own converts wrote us the other day, "The more I hear and see of Mr. Sunday the more I wonder at the instruments God uses for accomplishing his purposes." Ultimately we are all brought to one or the other conclusion. Either Mr. Sunday is a harmful and devastating force whose influence blights every spot it touches, or else, despite his glaring faults, he is a man whom God, for reasons which we cannot explain, sees fit to use for bringing many persons into obedience to Jesus Christ.

God does not lodge all his gifts in one man. Some men in the pastorate repel those whom their successors win. Mr. Bruce Barton, in the article which started this discussion, rightly said that the question of Mr. Sunday is wrapped in the larger question of the wisdom of all kinds of special evangelistic effort. Many a good movement in the Kingdom is followed by reaction and disappointment. Varied indeed are the modern manifestations of religion and some of its outstanding exponents sometimes not only offend our tastes, but cross our most cherished convictions. We have sought in our recent exploitation of Mr. Sunday chiefly to fulfill our function as a religious newspaper confronted with a remarkable phenomenon in the field of current religious life rather than to attack or defend him. Either of these courses might be easier than to try and weigh the evidence concerning him and his methods and to reach a conclusion just to him and all the issue involved.

These publications, coming almost without warning, produced the most profound sensation in the newspapers in the cities where Mr. Sunday had conducted a campaign and where Congregationalists composed any considerable portion of the population. Mr. Sunday declined to make any reply and even said to friends that he had never read the arraignment, knowing its contents only by hearsay. His enthusiastic supporters, however, manifested no such control of their tongues or their emotions. The ministers conference, of which Dr. Gladden was a member, was sadly divided. The Evangelical Association under the auspices of which the Columbus campaign had been conducted printed and had distributed a pamphlet giving its side of the argument.

The co-operating pastors of the churches in Columbus adopted the following series of resolution:

As co-operating pastors in the recent evangelistic campaign held in Columbus, Ohio, by the Rev. William A. Sunday, we hereby deprecate the unchristian spirit prompting the recent published attack upon Mr. Sunday and his methods of work, by a local pastor who bitterly opposed his coming to our city and who was NOT PRESENT at a single service during the campaign.

We protest against his article as being a misrepresentation of the facts and fruits of the campaign, and especially would we repudiate the statement that Mr. Sunday's doctrine was "the most hopeless form of medieval substitutionism; salvation a matter of contract; hell a literal pit of fire and brimstone; the Bible verbally infallible."

Most emphatically do we declare against the following statement: "The evils of the movement are, the lowering of men's sentiments of reverence,

the blunting of their finer sensibilities, the stimulating of their uncharitableness and censoriousness, the commercializing of their ideas of Christian service and reward, the blinding of their intellects by an immoral theology."

We believe in Mr. Sunday as a man of God, chosen to do what no man in this generation has been able to accomplish, in elucidating the fundamentals of religion as set forth by Jesus Christ the Son of God.

We believe the Columbus campaign, in far-reaching and lasting results, is the most successful in every way of any in modern times.

Dr. Gladden is a man of wonderful personality, beloved by all who know him. His acquaintance is not so readily made as that of the evangelist, but is prized by every man who enjoys it. His friends and supporters are as loyal as those who follow any man living. Yet, a number of them found it convenient to be present at several of the Sunday meetings, and, like most people who took the trouble, were disabused of the prejudice which they had entertained.

In the 30 odd years of his residence in Columbus, Dr. Gladden, has contributed a service to the city which is immeasurable; not appreciated by some, because they are by nature not sufficiently endowed to participate in it. No matter how successfully any evangelist might riddle evolution and the evolutionists, to his own satisfaction, there are still hundreds of intelligent men and women who are persuaded of the general truth of that theory and who are loath to surrender their belief in the Bible and their faith in God. To such number, peculiarly large in a university town, Dr. Gladden has performed an unspeakable service.

On the other hand, it is vain to deny that Rev. Mr. Sunday in the course of seven weeks accomplished in Columbus some things which no one church, or all the churches together, had been able to bring about. For this it is possible to leave out of consideration the large number of accessions due to disputed conversions; one of the debated points between the two leaders.

The strong sentiment aroused by Rev. Mr. Sunday resulted in the closing of all up-town retail stores on Saturday night. The evangelist contended that Saturday night stores operated against Sunday morning church attendance. This was brought about by the fact that a prominent merchant was an officer of the evangelical association and the very plain speaking of the evangelist made it apparent to him that he was not according his help the same privileges which he enjoyed. His example aided and abetted by public sentiment, brought about the closing of practically every large store in Columbus three hours earlier on Saturday night than was their practice previously. This would seem like civic righteousness.

Other items, which were not considered of public interest, have come under personal observation, the direct result of Rev. Mr. Sunday's work in Columbus. A number of business men voluntarily increased the wages of their help, particularly the women, because of the vigorous utterances of the evangelist on the subject of a living wage.

In a larger way more rigid law enforcements resulted from the fact that the chief of police became a follower of the evangelist. Saloons and drinking places freely admit a very considerable decrease in

business, not only during the campaign, but since its conclusion.

Dr. Gladden and Mr. Sunday are fundamentally different. Each is sincere in his convictions that the differences of belief hold them apart. Disinterested observers, however, incline to the opinion that it is temperament rather than theology that separates them.

While a man of deep and tender emotions, Dr. Gladden is essentially intellectual.

While a man of very considerable intellectual attainments, Rev. Mr. Sunday is essentially emotional. He has the advantage in this, that more people are controlled, habitually, through the emotions than through the mind, therefore, he has the lead in point of supporters.

Dr. Gladden has said that it is too early to judge definitely the result of Rev. Mr. Sunday's work. Yet, this must be apparent; either good can come of evil, which is a conclusion most men are loath to accept; or else, that from which good proceeds must be itself worthy. From this deduction it seems impossible to escape.

No one regrets that Rev. Mr. Sunday came to Columbus.

No one regrets that Dr. Gladden continues to reside in Columbus, where he is generally esteemed the first citizen of the city.

The only regrettable thing is that two wonderful forces moving through a very fertile field could not continue their beneficial operations without coming in to conflict, each destroying some portion of the good the other has done.

The echoes of the conflict continued throughout the columns of the public press for many weeks, but the last considerable announcement was in the nature of a letter from the pen of Dr. Gladden printed in the *Columbus Evening Dispatch*, and subsequently reproduced in the *Congregationalist*.

In this letter Dr. Gladden said :

It has been said a great many times that I had no right to oppose Mr. Sunday, because I had never heard him; that my judgment had been founded on hearsay. This is simply silly. I have never been in a house of prostitution or a gambling den, but I have a right to protest against them. With respect to a public teacher whose works are known and read of all men, every man has a right to judge. Mr. Sunday's sermons, in stenographic reports, authorized by himself, have been printed over and over in hundreds of newspapers. He preaches the same sermons everywhere. He uses the same languages everywhere. The bits of choice English picked out and printed in the daily press are substantially the same everywhere. Mr. Sunday has never repudiated them; on the contrary he keeps repeating them.

To say that one who has not taken pains to inform himself with respect to this teaching has no right to express an opinion of Mr. Sunday as a teacher is simply fatuous. To a public teacher, surely, the judgment of Jesus must be applied, "By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." I wonder if these brethren have never expressed an adverse judgment respecting teachers whom they have never heard. I doubt if any of them ever heard Thomas Paine, or Robert Ingersoll, or Mary Baker Eddy or the Pope; and yet I am sure that they would not hesitate to express their opinion concerning their teachings.

Some of my critics accuse me of the same intolerance as that of which I complain in Mr. Sunday. I think that my neighbors know that I am not intolerant. I have never, in my thirty years in Columbus, called in question any man's right to speak his mind. I have never engaged in any controversy on religious subjects. I have never replied to criticisms on my own teaching. But when a man comes into town and spends seven weeks in preaching and teaching and practicing intolerance, it seems to be necessary to raise a voice against it. There is just one thing that a tolerant mind cannot tolerate, and that is intolerance. That ought to be plain without a diagram. But if one is needed, here it is:

“For I am in love with love,
And the sole thing I hate is hate;
For hate is the unpardonable sin,
And love is the Holy Ghost within.”

Gradually the sober minded men of the church realized that no possible good could come of the continued argument. There was none who could directly refute the plain statements made by Dr. Gladden. On the other hand they were confronted with the fact of largely increased church membership, with church activity on the part of men and women, but particularly men, who never had given time or thought to anything concerning the church or the things for which the church stands. Through the efforts of these lay-members conversions continued to be made and accessions were made to church membership in a manner that was highly gratifying to the leading laborers in the Vineyard.

With the passing of weeks and months by tacit consent the Gladden-Sunday controversy became a

closed incident. The famous First Congregational Church of Columbus went on to bigger and finer things under the administration of Dr. Gladden, while the co-operating churches which participated in the Sunday campaign enjoyed the fruits of activity and spiritual blessings which they never had known before. The differences which held the two great men apart remain unsettled.

CHAPTER XIV

“MA”

Value of her advice — Traveling and maintaining a home at the same time — A woman's view of the woman — Husband amenable to wife — The way Mrs. Sunday's days are crowded — The power of Nell — The silver wedding anniversary — How the twain are one.



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BILL'S FAVORITE PICTURE OF "MA."

CHAPTER XIV

NO account of the career and achievements of Rev. W. A. Sunday would be complete or accurate unless it made full recognition of the part Mrs. Sunday has had in both. So nearly coincidental are the Christian ministry and the married life of Mr. Sunday that a separation of the two is almost impossible. It is doubtful if either of the couple realize the amount the other has contributed to the success of the work.

Mr. Sunday was married about a year after his conversion, but before he began actual evangelical work. Mrs. Sunday, therefore, started married life, as the wife of a base ball player. This involved a certain amount of travel and a variety of associations vastly different from those which were to become her everyday experience.

To thousands and thousands who have sat beneath the spell of Mr. Sunday's voice, Mrs. Sunday is affectionately known as "Ma." Nothing could be more effective and at the same time a finer compliment to the woman than the manner in which Mr. Sunday is wont to introduce her to his audience. After he has presented the assistants, and the choir leader, and the soloists, and the instrumentalist, he will usually end by that terse phrase "and this is Ma."

It means everything to the evangelist. In public and in private he is generous in his acknowledgment of the important part she plays in all his work. Essen-

tially she is his business manager, practically she is the buffer which comes between the preacher and the thousand and one little trials of life which do so much to disturb the even tenor of existence. At home and abroad Mr. Sunday remains the impetuous sweetheart which he was in his base ball days. In a recent campaign he paid this tribute to Mrs. Sunday:

I've never yet gone contrary to Mrs. Sunday's advice that I haven't found myself up against it. Nell wouldn't take first prize at a beauty show, but she's got more good horse sense than any woman I ever saw in my life. And I think she's the most beautiful woman I ever saw, too.

The mother of four children, two of whom are married, Mrs. Sunday has found it possible to spend a great deal of her time traveling with her husband at the same time maintaining a home for him—first at Chicago and later at Winona Lake. It has always been open and ready for entertainment on a moment's notice. For all her much living in hotels and continued traveling, meeting with business men, clergymen, newspapermen and others, Mrs. Sunday has preserved that wonderful fidelity to her home instincts, and is in every sense a home woman, quite as much as Mr. Sunday is a home man, despite the little opportunity either has had to enjoy a natural inclination.

A charming picture of the life of the evangelist and his wife is given by Miss Julia Brandon Cole in the *South Bend Tribune*. Miss Cole visited Mr. and Mrs. Sunday at their home and giving her impression of the woman says:

Mrs. Sunday is a homely women in the truest sense of the old English word. Plain of face, comfortable of figure and characterized by a sympathetic smile and the kindest eyes in the world, her entire personality breathes quiet efficiency.

She sat before the broad window in the living room of her home looking out over the lake the other day as she talked about the coming revival in South Bend and experiences which the party has had in other towns. About her things were in confusion for the household was cleaning house in true old fashioned manner.

Although the two boys were excitedly watching dust gather in the glass jar of a vacuum cleaner, seriously hampering the manipulator and the maid was rushing about superintending odd jobs of the men of the Sunday party who were spending a few days at the cottage, the confusion seemed to fall away from her. Matters referred continually to her were disposed of instantly with quiet decision and without interrupting the thread of her talk.

With a feeling of sympathy for the housewife whose home program must be continually disarranged by the constant moving from point to point I asked if she objected to the frequent upheaval of moving about. Here I received the first insight into an attitude which fairly permeates the entire household and party.

"Why, no," with a smile of genuine surprise, "it is necessary, so I accept it as a matter of course."

Her tone held something of reproof and I hastened to explain that in putting up preserves and caring for household matters must of necessity be difficult under such conditions.

"People should just see my provision closet," she laughed, "I guess they would admit I don't let my family starve."

"Mamma where's my tennis racket?" this from young Billy, and she arose hastily to produce the lost traps.

As she seated herself again she fell to chatting about revival reminiscences.

"You know about 75 per cent of the church membership are women which would indicate that they are more easily reached than men. But in revival work I believe a man's heart is touched more quickly than a woman.

"A woman once reached, however, will not rest until the men she is interested in, her husband, her brother, father or her sweetheart, have been converted. Nine out of 10 women have unconverted husbands and with tears in their eyes their first request will be that we pray for their husband.

"It is seldom that a woman will grow hysterical in the audience, improbable as that may first appear. Generally hysteria or fainting may be traced to physical or nervous condition.

"No disturbance is allowed, anyhow, from such incidents. If a woman faints or a baby cries, there is a trained corps of ushers who take them out immediately before the interruption can break the attention of the audience. Crying babies are about the only thing Mr. Sunday is really fussy about.

"He never allows scoffing or argument during the course of a meeting he just says 'two can't talk at once, and I'm on the job' and refuses to allow any discussion."

While Miss Cole was interviewing Mrs. Sunday the evangelist came into the house clad in his outdoor togs and after his fashion entered at once into the conversation. Miss Cole asked him among other things whether it were true, as had been reported, that he employs detectives previous to conducting a campaign in a city. She thus details what happened:

“That’s one thing I wish you would explain once for all, make it as strong as you please. I never employed a detective to get information against a town in my life. I won’t listen or use information given by anyone unless they are willing to make sworn affidavit to their statements.

“Moreover, I never use an anonymous letter. The first thing I do when I open a letter is to look for the signature. If it isn’t signed into the waste basket it goes. I don’t even read it. That’s a rule I made when I first began evangelistic work and I have never broken it. I never saw a town that had so many crazy ideas about me as South Bend,” he fumed.

He turned away brusquely.

And what about Sunday baseball, I called.

“I never compromise with the devil.”

But if it is a factory town where men can’t go on week days and if they didn’t have ball they’d go to the beer picnics—

“Why they go isn’t your business. I’m against it! Once and for always.”

“Papa,” she interrupted, “I wish we could get some grass seed in before the rain.”

“So do I.”

“Hadn’t you better put it in?”

“There’s a bucket back there. Why don’t you use that?”

“All right.”

A minute later a pacified Billy Sunday crossed the lawn lugging a big tin wash boiler of grass seed. Then his wife pointed out where he should sow it while she called to young Billy to go take his music lesson.

“He won’t go unless he’s sent each time,” she laughed.

“Mr. Sunday always has strength enough to do what is before him,” said his wife later, talking of his reported recent nervous collapse. He

speaks so often of the way the Lord gives him extra strength. We see it plainly all the time. For instance, he has to be very careful not to take cold after a sermon when he is perspiring heavily for it effects his voice. Now no matter how strong a draft he may stand in when he is shaking hands with converts, he never catches cold.

"Other times he takes a closed carriage to his room and rubs down being careful not to get cold. He never drinks water when he is talking as so many speakers do."

Talk drifted to Mrs. Sunday's experiences in Columbus where the women entreated her to accompany their car to Washington for the suffrage demonstration.

"I couldn't go, I couldn't have gotten away in the first place. Besides I'm not an ardent suffragette. Women will probably have the vote in time and that is all right if they want it.

"I don't believe the American women will ever adopt the tactics of the English. They are too well balanced and they haven't the provocation. But if they had to stand what the English women do and were treated as they are, I shouldn't blame them."

So much for life at Winona Lake.

At Steubenville an ambitious scribe attempted to chronicle the activities of Mrs. Sunday during the routine of a campaign. The *Steubenville Gazette* gives this outline:

Arise at 8 a. m.

Breakfast, 8:30.

Hunted up Treasurer of Steubenville Evangelistic Association.

Paid bills for Colonel Albert P. Gill.

Dictation one hour and a half to Secretary Robert Matthews.

Opening left-over mail.

In it found bill for 70 cents for repairs to furnace at Winona Lake home. Sent check for same.

Dispatched payment for laundry bill to South Bend, Ind.

Wrote and sent nine letters.

Answered phone a dozen times.

Helped Billy Sunday get ready to work.

Brought paper, sharpened pencils and procured other necessary materials. Sunday works fast and likes everything directly at hand, so as to insure no delay. It is Ma's duty to see that nothing is overlooked.

AFTERNOON.

Man came to talk business. Mrs. Sunday stayed at home to attend to this matter, thus permitting Billy to devote his entire attention to his regular duties.

Wrote and dispatched four more letters, one to an expert accountant in Pittsburg; another to a convict in the Ohio penitentiary.

Received two callers.

Answered a letter to the editor of *The Beacon Journal*, Akron, O.

Two ladies called, one of whom had an appointment by mail.

Rodeheaver introduced a singer who wished to try out with the idea of joining the Sunday party.

Washed.

Supper.

EVENING.

Prepared her husband's clothing for three changes during the day, took out and put in buttons and laid out clothes ready for his immediate use.

Attended evening service.

Prepared Bill's lemonade.

Yes, Ma Sunday is some busy lady. Bill took a sip of the temperance thirst-quencher, then said, "And if Ma hadn't been here I'd have to attend to all this. Wouldn't have had a minute for my work."

That the helpful relation existing between Mr. and Mrs. Sunday is apparent to the casual observer is indicated by the following letter which appeared in the *Columbus Citizen* after the close of the campaign in that city in the usual column of letters from our readers. Under a caption of "The Power of Nell" the letter goes on to say :

Whatever Billy Sunday has done for Columbus, he cannot have failed to have left, deeply imprinted in the hearts of all that heard him preach, a wonderful example of the love of a strong man for his wife. Who can have failed to notice his loving references to "Nell." From the first day to the last of his seven weeks' campaign he acknowledged her power. Billy Sunday has come and gone. That he had power and success is shown by 18,000 human beings accepting his teachings and publicly acknowledging their faith. He has shown it by the subscription of \$21,000 for his meritorious work. But back of it all is "Nell."

Sunday evening when Billy Sunday had closed an inspiring sermon in Memorial Hall and the people were halting on decision, "Nell" stepped in to the breach, lead the choir and all unconscious of her power swung several hundred penitent to a public acknowledgment of God. And the beauty of it all was that she was not striving to establish something. No, she was just trying to show herself a real, live helpmate. Just trying to help Billy, that was all. No wonder Billy Sunday speaks reverently when he says "Nell."

Far more than the average outsider is permitted to know Mrs. Sunday figures in the counsel of the family and in the determination of the activities of the evangelist. No campaign of any moment is agreed upon without her assent. Anything like an innovation in arrangements is referred to her for advice. Like the wives of many great men she looks after the detail of his physical comfort with great care. She it is who sees that he has his overcoat immediately after a period of strenuous exertion. She skillfully extracts him from the throng of curious who press about him at the conclusion of every meeting, and on the other hand sees to it that not the smallest child who has real cause to meet the evangelist fails of doing so.

Wherever possible in campaigns the Sunday party secures a private home for living and for headquarters. Only where this is impossible do they accept hotel accommodations. Usually the family housekeeper comes on and looks after the routine affairs of the house. In determining upon the choice of a hotel for the Sunday party, the local committee has to be very careful. It must not have a bar. As the great majority of leading hotels have, Sunday is forced to accept second-class accommodations. In Columbus, for instance, he refused residence at five modern hotels and settled his party in a small family hostelry in a residence section of the city. Quite frequently the smaller children are visitors and whenever the campaigns are within twelve hours by rail from Winona at least one or two rest days are spent there.

In September 1913 the Sundays celebrated their silver wedding anniversary, and press dispatches thus describe the event:

Billy Sunday and wife reached the twenty-fifth year of their married life on September 5th and they celebrated the event quietly but happily at Winona Lake. A number of their friends called at the Sunday home during the day and offered their congratulations on their silver wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Sunday received congratulatory messages from friends and admirers in all parts of the country.

"The evangelist is just as devoted to his wife today as he was a quarter of a century ago when he was courting "Ma," then Nell, in Chicago, while he played on the old Chicago White Sox baseball team. Billy always has an eye for the comfort of Mrs. Sunday wherever they go and if his wife is not at his side he is continually inquiring of her whereabouts.

Mrs. Sunday has business ability rarely given to women and can conduct the affairs of her husband evangelist better than he himself, according to his own confession.

His little peculiarities, what he likes, what he dislikes, how things should be conducted are known to her and she always makes every possible effort to see that accommodations are suitable to his comfort.

Mrs. Sunday has that same tact that enables a woman to accomplish great results while apparently moving in the even tenor of her way. Their home life is an ideal one of Christian companionship and they have thus joyously passed their silver wedding and are working on hand to hand and hearts attuned to the sweet distant chimes of golden wedding bells.

Until the last trumpet has sounded the world never will know how much of what is accredited to Evangelist W. A. Sunday, is in truth, due to the one affectionately known as "Ma." She is a steadying balance

wheel to an excitable and nervous temperament; a sure source of inspiration when his patience is tried; a buffer between the many annoyances of life and their intended object; the sure and level headed counselor when decisions must be wisely made; the devoted and unwearied assistant both in tedious detail and in splendid generalization Mrs Sunday has come to be known among those who have had opportunity of intimate observation, as the power behind the throne.

With the true moral instincts which the Saxon race everywhere has come to revere, her greatest delight is in the success and achievements of her husband. Without reservation her life has been given wholly to him since the day they were joined in wedlock. From that day the star of W. A. Sunday has brightened on the horizon until it has stood at the zenith, flaming as the noonday sun. How much of that light is Billy Sunday's, the base ball evangelist, and how much of it is the self-denying, level-headed, Scotch determination of Nelle Thompson, daughter of a Chicago ice cream dealer, no one, not even "Ma," herself can tell.

CHAPTER XV

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE EVANGELIST

Mr. Sunday's love for home—The cottage at Winona Lake—How the rest hours are spent—Description of Bungalow—Some notable presents—The evangelist's three hobbies—What his neighbors think—Personal likes and dislikes of the evangelist—About clothes—Some favorite books—His career as a writer—The abandoned biography—The Sunday family.

CHAPTER XV

HOME—there is a word to conjure with. Through the operation of a peculiar law which no one seems to fully understand those love it most who know it least. The Anglo-Saxon temperament, try as it will, cannot accommodate itself to the nomadic practices of the Saracen and the Gypsy. The nature of a man's calling signifies little if that calling takes him far from home. A traveling salesman, actor, evangelist, lecturer, musician or what not, not only cherishes his home with a fondness and a vigor which those who are more settled in their habits do not know, but manifests in their homes a disposition and character at variance with that which the world at large knows.

A man is both at his best and at his worst in his home. Therefore, no man is fully known until he is seen in his home. As no man is a hero to his valet so do few men display in their homes those attributes which the world at large admires.

On the other hand, only in the home are the gentler aspects of humanity fully unveiled. The love of home is coupled with love of children. Simplicity of tastes and habits are the natural co-relation of mental superiority and spiritual stature.

Winona Lake, a summer resort and Bible student town which nestles on the banks of a little lake in Northern Indiana, is "home" for Rev. W. A. Sunday. Lionized from coast to coast he becomes here the village oracle. Matched for him in greatness in the es-

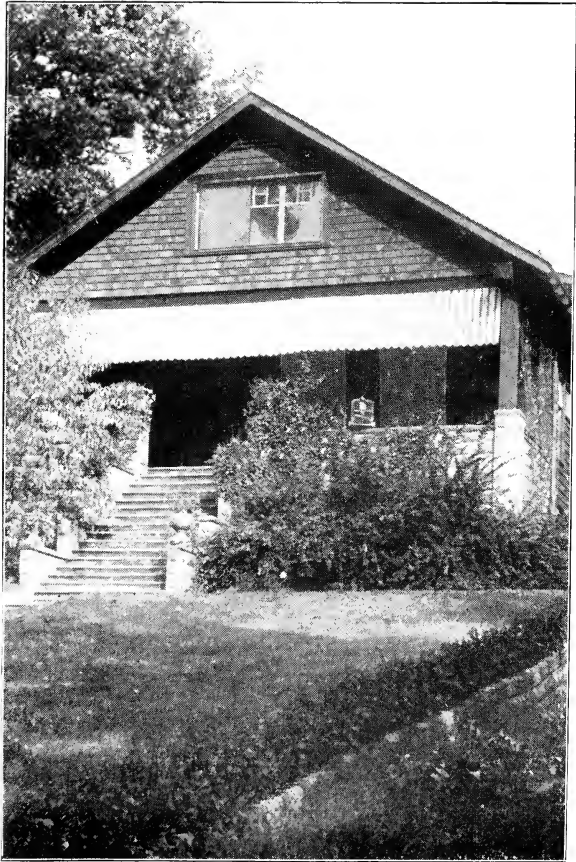
timation of the multitude is his fellow-townsmen, William Jennings Bryan, who despite his official residence in Nebraska is president of the Winona Association, and has repeatedly spoken in public of its importance and the work that is being carried on there.

Between Mr. Sunday and Mr. Bryan, Winona Lake may rely safely on being kept before the public eye as long as these gentlemen retain their normal activity.

But Winona Lake is the place to see Mr. Sunday as a man. There the human side of his character unfolds itself to best advantage. There he has an opportunity of gratifying, in part at least, his love for nature and his pleasure in communing with her in the simplest manner. Mr. Sunday has said that when old age creeps on he wishes to retire to a farm. Until such time, however, Winona offers the proper compromise between complete rustic existence and the crowd and rush of city life. Raking the leaves, tending the lawn, planting and pruning flowers, walking or sitting in the shade of the large trees, reading, Mr. Sunday puts in most of the daylight hours of his vacation days out of doors at Winona.

The Sunday home at Winona Lake has been the subject of considerable public discussion because of the large sums alleged to have been spent on it. While in Columbus Mr. Sunday made a public offer to sell it to anyone who would give him \$5000 for it. He said:

They have circulated the report that I live in a \$40,000 mansion. The facts are that Nell planned the place and it cost us just \$3,700 to build it. Then we spent about a thousand more on interior



THE SUNDAY COTTAGE AT WINONA LAKE, IND.

decorations and fixtures. If anybody's got the nerve to offer me \$5,000 for the place I'll take is so quick it'll make his head swim.

The home is described as a modest frame bungalow with nine or ten rooms, standing on a stretch of lawn overlooking the lake.

After a visit of Wilbur R. Armstrong of the *South Bend Tribune* to Winona, he gave the following description of the place and his meeting with the evangelist:

"Come in and look through my \$40,000 home," said he laughing, "the house cost me exactly \$3,800 to build."

Inside he explained the \$40,000 connection with his residence.

"Mrs. Sunday and I always call it out our \$40,000 home," said he, "because the 'booze crowd' have advertised it from one end of the country to the other that that is what I paid for it. The truth of the matter is it cost me exactly \$3,800, and I spent about \$1,000 in addition for interior decorations. So it is an investment of just about \$5,000, exactly one-eighth of the amount charged against me by the 'booze gang.'

"We think we have it right cozy here, 'Mamma' and I," said Sunday as he dropped into an easy chair near the door.

A thorough search of the dictionary would not bring forth a more appropriate word to describe the Sunday home interior and exterior, than "cozy."

It is ideally planned and so filled with pretty things that you want to ask the evangelist if he has ever been tempted to remain at home for the balance of his days.

The question unasked, was answered indirectly a short time after when Mrs. Sunday volunteered the information that "Papa" always dreaded to think of leaving it again after a rest there.

The entire width of the front of the house is taken up with one large room, which is a combination of parlor, sitting room, den and music room. It is finished and furnished elegantly. A wide hallway runs from this room to the rear of the house. On the walls are displayed beautiful enlargements of various members of the evangelist's family; oils, painted by Mrs. Sunday several years ago, and other pictures of interest. The display is so arranged that the passageway assumes the appearance of an art gallery rather than an unattractive hall. Other rooms throughout the house are furnished on practically the same scale as the front of the house.

There is evidence that expense was not spared in furnishing although Mr. and Mrs. Sunday were both constantly pointing out things of value about the house which had been presented them by admiring friends.

These gifts ranged in variety from sets of dishes to Panama hats. The former were gifts largely from people in the pottery towns of Pennsylvania and the hat came from Robert Wolfe, "Bob" Wolfe, Sunday called him, the owner of the two newspapers in Columbus, Ohio. The hat lay on the bed in one of the rooms, a very ordinary appearing hat at first glance, but one which would have cost Mr. Sunday \$60 or \$75 if he had attempted to buy it in a haberdashery.

One of the most notable gifts to the Sundays brought to light during the visit, was an elaborate clock, six feet in height, which occupies a prominent position to the front of the house. This clock was the gift of a Masonic lodge in an eastern city and its value is something between \$300 and \$400.

Mr. and Mrs. Sunday are proud of their Winona home and they make no effort to conceal their pride. The Sundays there are as different from the Sundays of "the sawdust trail," as day and night.

Sunday in the pulpit is a fiery orator; a magnetic figure who commands men; a man who utters words of fire, which some people label vulgar and coarse. In his home he is a quiet, orderly sort of a person, who pets his children and visits with his wife on topics of the day.

Mr. Armstrong writing on another occasion says:

Billy Sunday has three hobbies, religion, home and baseball. The evangelist fairly revels in the pleasure of his home. Not infrequently he travels hundreds of miles while in the midst of one of his campaigns to spend a few hours at his beautiful cottage at Winona Lake. When he reaches Winona Lake he immediately plans to secure all the recreation possible. His usual natty apparel is discarded for something old and tried and true. He arrays himself in a loose fitting suit, a soft hat, battered with much usage, and collarless shirt. He spends every possible moment in the open air. He derives keen enjoyment in caring for plants and flowers on the lawn.

Residents of Winona Lake owe much to Mr. and Mrs. Sunday for the beauty of the park there. Each spring and at intervals during the summer months they hire students at the Winona Academy to clean up and care for the entire park. Often the evangelist and his wife assist in raking the leaves, carrying away broken limbs and otherwise doing the work of gardeners. Mr. Sunday knows every boy at the school. When he and his wife pass

through the park they are the subject of continued greetings. To the students Mrs. Sunday is "Ma," and Mr. Sunday is known as the "professor."

The younger children—William Jr. and Paul—share with their father in the unbounded admiration for Winona. Although as much as possible he has the children with him on his trips, proper regard for their education makes this possible only at comparatively long intervals, and there are few places out of the many reached in the travels of Mr. Sunday that appeal to the boys as much as Winona.

Mr. Sunday's neighbors are most proud of him and his good wife. They always appear delighted with the fact he selected Winona Lake as his home, and they never make any attempt to conceal their pleasure at having him with them. At the assembly each year there is one day bigger than the Fourth of July and Christmas. That is a day along early in the summer, when Mr. Sunday delivers his annual address to his neighbors and the patrons of Winona. Thousands of farmers for miles around drive to Winona each year to hear Mr. Sunday make his annual address. Usually he delivers a new sermon at the opening of the assembly, a fact which is always known to his neighbors and a source of no little pride on their part.

Mr. Sunday's neighbors almost with one accord agree that he is the greatest agency in the world today for the cause of righteousness. The majority of them there were converted through their association with him, and they are probably as devout and God-fearing group of Billy Sunday penitents as he can boast.

Dozens of people down at Winona Lake and at Warsaw, Indiana, a little town a couple of miles from

the resort swell with pride at their acquaintanceship with Mr. Sunday whenever his name is mentioned. They swear by his sincerity, challenge his enemies to prove their charges, and declare he is doing more good in the world "than any other dozen ministers alive." No matter where he is conducting a campaign they watch the revival from day to day and their heads are fairly filled with figures and statistics by which they know whether "Billy" is proving more of a success in one town than he did in another; just how certain of his more famous sermons succeeded in winning souls, and the precise condition of health of himself and wife.

In his personal life Mr. Sunday is simple. He has his tastes, his likes and dislikes, but these seldom express themselves in an exaggerated form. He is a good dresser, a moderate eater, an omnivorous reader, and a consistent devotee to outdoor life. Despite the extraordinary exertions he makes habitually during his campaign, he enjoys exceptional health. At 50 he could readily pass for 40. With the exception of an occasional attack of hay fever he is seldom ill. To combat this insidious malady he frequently spends the summer in the Hood River district of Oregon where he owns a considerable fruit farm. It is one of the Sunday traits of good will that he frequently sends those whom he wishes to compliment in a peculiarly personal manner, a barrel of apples raised on his western ranch.

Despite his continued outdoor exercises and his extraordinary physical exertion incident to his preaching Mr. Sunday is a light sleeper. Often he spends but four or five hours out of the twenty-four in sleep.

Among any gathering of clergymen he stands out conspicuously as a well-dressed man. It is seldom indeed that he effects the conventional garb of the pulpit and appears rather as a dapper man of business. A careful tailor has contrived to give him the advantage of every inch of his height so that he appears somewhat taller than he is in reality. The physical exercise which is a part of so many of his sermons is necessarily severe on his raiment and this compels him to carry what amounts to a cleaning establishment with him wherever he goes. When occasion demands Mr. Sunday can press a suit of clothes quite as well as he can deliver a sermon. During a campaign he is frequently obliged to change from head to foot as many as four times a day, and this involves a wardrobe that is quite large. The peculiar loyalty of the man prompts him to have his laundry done at an establishment near his home, so that no matter where he may be preaching, huge bundles of linen go and come from Indiana.

Mr. Sunday's literary activities are carried on for the most part at Winona and sometimes at his fruit ranch in Oregon. The exacting demands on his time during a campaign admit of very little new work. At Winona it is his favorite method to take his Bible and spend the long days beneath the trees reading. This he calls resting and with the single exception of preaching to a responsive audience, is his favorite occupation. He is also fond of books relating to evangelistic and kindred work.

"There are some books I like to read" he says, "I consider the Bible the best of them all. I also think the lives of Peter Cartwright, Charles G. Phinney and John G. Patten are among the greatest

of all books. Phinney converted the owner of the New York mills at Utica, New York, and since he campaigned there, the mills have not been in the hands of non-Christian men."

In comparing his sermons for use Mr. Sunday begins by noting various quotations and anecdotes which will illustrate the theme he wishes to handle. Notations of these are made on all sorts of scraps of paper and are then turned over to his secretary who shapes them into memoranda. Gradually the sermon takes form in the preacher's mind and then with a great sheaf of notes in his hand he whips the whole into something like the form in which it will be used. Seldom if ever, however, are even his famous sermons preached twice exactly alike. He never goes into the pulpit with more than an outline before him. His extraordinary memory permits him to quote lengthy passages verbatim, but on this he does not rely for effect. It is in the infusion of intense personal enthusiasm that the most remarkable results from his discourses come.

In his earlier days Mr. Sunday made no effort to copyright any of his writings. What he considered unwarranted liberties with the text, however, later prompted him to do so, and in a little more than three years he copyrighted no less than 31 of his discourses.

The records of the Library of Congress show the following titles, copyrights of which are in his name:

Amusements.

And he said tomorrow.

Atonement.

Backsliders.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock.

Get on the water wagon.
Great reward.
Home.
Hope.
How shall we escape?
How to succeed.
If any man will.
If ye love me, keep my commandments.
Incarnation.
Is it well with thee?
Judgment.
Little plain talks—Character.
Moral leper.
Nathan and David.
No man cared for my soul.
Not far from the Kingdom.
Nuts for skeptics to crack.
Power of motherhood.
Question of the ages.
Samson.
Three great questions.
Three groups.
Twenty-third Psalm.
Unpardonable sin.
What must I do to be saved?
What shall the end be?

Title to one other copyright stands in the name of Mr. Sunday, this is for a book entitled "Life and Labors of Rev. Wm. A. (Billy) Sunday, the Great Modern Evangelist; With Selected Sermons." It was copyrighted in the year 1908 by S. T. Herman and E. E. Poole, of Decatur, Illinois, and published by a printing establishment in Chicago.

The only feature of the book, which properly can be considered a life, are four pages of introduction. In the first paragraph of this introduction there are

no less than five errors in fact, other portions of the meager outline are more or less at variance with actual conditions, although there is nothing to indicate any greater offense than carelessness.

The bulk of the 360 pages is taken up with reproductions of sermons. The readers of the book, if there be any, would have recognized whole pages of familiar expressions which he had heard in the tabernacle. The evangelist, however, more intimately familiar with the construction of all his works, finds that a number of his sermons were ruthlessly joined together and the entire continuity of thought disturbed.

Mr. Sunday, therefore, made it his business, at a considerable outlay in cash, to secure both the copyright and the plates of the book, which he destroyed and effectively prevented any further issue. Copies are extremely rare and indeed none are known to exist outside of the Library of Congress. Thus ended the only previous attempt to put in book form the doings of the evangelist.

His public career has brought to Mr. Sunday a number of offers to embark in educational work of one sort and another. These he has steadily refused even when they came in the attractive form of the head of a department of an institution like the University of the Southwest at Dallas, Texas, an institution with millions behind it and backed by the Methodist Episcopal church. Chautauquas and lecture bureaus have offered him almost unbelievable sums, but they have been regularly refused. When Mr. Sunday does deliver an address or a series of addresses outside of his regular campaign his practice is to donate his services

and to accept no other fee than his traveling expenses to and from the place where he may be heard.

Mr. and Mrs. Sunday have been blessed with four children, one girl and three boys. Helen the oldest born in 1891, is now Mrs. Mark P. Haines; George, born in 1894 is also married, his wife was Miss Harriet Mason; William Jr. who perpetuates the name of his father, was born in 1902, and Paul, the only one to receive a Bible designation, was born in 1908. Paul was named after the evangelist's favorite apostle.

CHAPTER XVI

EPISODES, INCIDENTS, COMMENTS AND QUOTATIONS

Gov. Harmon and Mr. Sunday — Gov. Tener's opinion — Gov. Cox talks — Famous wagon maker a friend — Preacher and prize fighter meet — Told to Ohio convicts — At governor's inaugural reception — More Billy Sundays needed — Mr. Sunday and his critics — Why Sunday uses slang — Sunday newspapers barred — Advice to high school students — What converts cost — Sunday on troubles — Sunday's view on divorce — Prayer to the passing year — Sunday's poem of farewell — Sunday favors woman's suffrage — Sermon to women only — Sunday's journey through the Bible — Sunday on amusements — Sunday's dream of heaven — Sunday's estimate of Solomon — Sunday's version versus Bible — Paraphrase of feeding the multitude, Sunday's version, Matthew's version — Sunday's tribute to Gen. Lee — Sunday's tribute to Lincoln.

CHAPTER XVI

MANY incidents of the life and work of Rev. W. A. Sunday are of interest and worthy of preservation, without having any essential connection with his life's history. These have been culled and set down, for the pleasure of the admirers of the evangelist. Whenever possible the authority has been cited.

There are also appended a number of quotations and excerpts from his sermons, which have had an unusual vogue in the newspapers. No attempt has been made to give these their original setting. They are given here for convenient reference in a permanent form.

GOVERNOR JUDSON HARMON AND MR. SUNDAY

When Evangelist Billy Sunday and Governor Harmon exchanged greetings in the latter's office Saturday two things of similarity in their lives developed about which they could swap pleasantries.

"Your father was a preacher and so was mine," said Uncle Jud. Whereupon they shook on the fact.

Then Governor Harmon held up his right hand, exhibited a gnarled and bent digit and smilingly said, "and we're pals when it comes to the diamond, too. You know I used to play baseball and there's a finger I had broken in a game."

Billy then displayed both hands, neither one evidencing any scars of the diamond. "Nope, I haven't

any," he said. "I used to be pretty lucky on the diamond and never managed to get my fingers in the way of the ball."—*Columbus Citizen*.

GOVERNOR TENER'S OPINION

Asked what he thought of Billy Sunday, Gov. Tener, of Pennsylvania, who played ball against him back in the nineties, made answer in this semi-soliloquy and semi-quiz fashion: "Wouldn't he make a dandy in politics?"

Those who know something of politics and who have heard Sunday quite agree with Pennsylvania's chief executive.—*Steubenville Gazette*.

GOVERNOR JAMES M. COX TALKS

"Billy Sunday's success in this city ought not to be surprising. The man has a wonderful personality. He has a splendid organization. He has the right side of the argument. He is simply bound to succeed at anything he undertakes and we are all fortunate that he has undertaken to help men to lead better lives by inducing them to embrace religion."

—*Columbus Dispatch*.

FAMOUS WAGON MAKER A FRIEND

"Hello, Clem."

"Howdy, Bill!"

That's all that could be heard of a conversation between Clement Studebaker, jr., of South Bend, and Billy Sunday just before he began his evening sermon in the tabernacle last night.

It was a reunion of old college chums for the two men were classmates at Northwestern University, Chicago, in 1888 and 1889 and have had no opportunity to get together in years.

Meeting Mr. Studebaker again, and talking of old times together, was one of Mr. Sunday's desires as soon as he decided he would come to South Bend.

While his old classmate pleaded for the cause of revivals in probably the most eloquent sermon he has delivered thus far, Mr. Studebaker sat with members of the Sunday party just behind the evangelist. J. M. Studebaker, sr., who has known Sunday for a number of years, sat with the other Mr. Studebaker, also as a guest of the Sunday party.—*South Bend Tribune.*

PREACHER AND PRIZE FIGHTER MEET

"Battling Nelson is the whitest pug in the business," said Evangelist Billy Sunday Monday.

"I never met Bat until yesterday. He strikes me as a mighty fine fellow and I was awfully glad to see him at the meeting Sunday night. He tells me he does not drink, smoke or chew, and I consider him one of the straightest men in the fighting line."

"Billy's great," exclaimed Battling Nelson Sunday night during the evangelist's sermon. "He ain't afraid to say what he thinks and I like him for it. I really have no religion myself except that of doing what I think is right, and I sometimes believe that is the best kind of religion; better anyway than that of some of these religious fanatics."

—*Columbus Citizen.*

TOLD TO OHIO CONVICTS

Alexander Motherwell, superintendent of the Buick Motor Co. of Flint, Mich., gave an interesting testimonial. "Thirty years ago I helped build these walls about you and also the water tower which protects these buildings from fire," he said. "Twenty years ago I was chasing through the country to keep out of this prison. I was converted by Rev. Mr. Sunday ten years ago in Chicago, and started working regularly. I kept climbing from humble positions to foreman, superintendent, until now I am out of debt, own my home and drive my own automobile. Thirty years ago there wasn't a man in Lancaster who would lend me fifty cents. Last summer I went down there, took the leading banker out in my machine, and finally sold him one. There was a time down there when they said I wouldn't amount to a 'whip scratch,' and I didn't until I took the word of Jesus Christ."

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

AT GOVERNOR'S INAUGURAL RECEPTION

Billy Sunday attended the governor's reception at the State House Monday evening. It was at first rumored that the evangelist, who had frowned on the inaugural ball, would not attend the reception, but at about 8:30 he appeared, accompanied by Mrs. Sunday and B. D. Ackley and went down the receiving line.

Before they reached the senate chamber, however, Billy became lost in the "wilds" of the State House and had to be accompanied by an usher. He and Mrs. Sunday awaited their turn in the great crowd that was waiting to go "down the line." The man next to the

governor did not recognize Billy when he came along, asked him his name and then presented him to the governor, as "Mr. Saunders." But the governor recognized him. "*Well, well,*" he said putting out his hand, "*I'm glad to see you. You're coming down to see me before you leave, aren't you?*"

"*You bet,*" said Billy.

Before the reception Sunday had ridden in the inaugural parade and attended the formal 6 o'clock dinner at the Ohio club.

This dinner, although brief, was one of the happiest events of the day. "Billy" Sunday turned his wine glass upside down and asked the blessing before the "eats."

"We beseech Thee to bless Governor Cox and the state officials who today took hold of the guiding reins of the state government," Sunday prayed, "and we thank Thee that today when Governor Cox took the oath of office his hand rested on the old family Bible, in which is recorded the names of children and which is probably stained with the tears of his old mother, who has read and pondered over its pages and who taught the family to love and revere the Christ which it reveals."—*Columbus Citizen*.

MORE BILLY SUNDAYS NEEDED

This country, and the world, should have more Billy Sundays in the evangelistic field. Humanity today is in more of a receptive mood, so far as religion is concerned, than ever before in the history of mankind. What is known as the "Men and Religion Movement" is gaining more and more force and momentum

every year. This sort of a movement a quarter of a century ago would have proven a flat failure because of lack of interest or sympathy, while at the present time some of the strongest men in the country are giving it their most hearty support.

We are not surprised to learn that Billy Sunday has made a great success of the Columbus campaign. He will make a success wherever he goes, because the people of no city are quite so dense as not to be able to see the good which he accomplishes in their midst.

—*East Liverpool Review.*

MR. SUNDAY AND HIS CRITICS

In one hundred years of Columbus history, there is no record of anybody who preached here the gospel of Jesus Christ as Billy Sunday is now preaching it. There are many who do not like it and do not hesitate to say so. They object to this, that and the other feature of the evangelistic campaign, and perhaps they are right.

The fact remains, however, that there are many, perhaps more, who do like this unconventional, rough-and-tumble preaching and seem likely to be benefited by it. There is the testimony of one of his critics that Mr. Sunday is preaching the greatest fundamental truths of right living. The accessories only are objected to. But these are for him what the circulation department is to a newspaper. They make it possible for him to tell the truth to tens of thousands where he might otherwise proclaim it only to empty benches.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

WHY SUNDAY USES SLANG

During one of his sermons yesterday Sunday halted long enough to tell the people why he likes to use slang expressions.

"I like good old Anglo-Saxon words," said the evangelist. "They mean more and have more power behind them. If I should come here and say you were prevaricators and evaders of the truth instead of calling you the liars that some of you are, it would make no more impression than water on a duck's back. Slang gets the thing in a nut-shell and makes it easy for the people to understand. Preachers would get along much better if they used words of a plainer type so that the ordinary class would know what they are talking about.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS BARRED.

Reading Sunday newspapers in Billy Sunday's tabernacles is tabooed. Fred Seibert, tabernacle boss, forcibly impressed this fact upon a number of persons who went early to secure seats after buying a paper on the way, Sunday morning. Scarcely had they unfolded the "sheets" and glanced at "Snookums" and the other funny pages than Fred tapped them on the shoulder.

"No reading of Sunday papers allowed here, sirs," he said. "If you want to read, get your Bibles and read the first and second chapters of Paul's epistle to Titus."

ADVICE TO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

"Be careful where you let your mind go. Don't read bad books. Don't go round wearing your hat

cocked over one ear. Don't talk too much. Some people would make more friends and keep them if they were dumb. David didn't make himself the hero of every story he told. The Bible makes it plain that the bulldog always gets it in the neck."

"Idleness is the foe of your youth," he said, talking of the habits which grow to mammoth proportions.

"We want you to win," he continued. "You'll find people wherever you go who are willing to give you a glad hand if you do right. Be governed by kindness and not by disgust."

"Learn to do common things. Be a Christian so that everyone will know it. Don't be afraid they will scoff at you. When they find you are in earnest, they'll like you so much the better."

WHAT CONVERTS COST

That he is paid less proportionately than any other evangelist was the statement of Billy Sunday, Friday evening.

"Considering the number of converts and the aggregate amount of current expenses of the churches for the year," said he, "it costs \$2,000 to convert one soul in New York, \$465 in Boston, \$445 in Denver, \$425 in Chicago, \$78 in New Orleans and \$75 in Atlanta.

"Why less in the South? Listen, and I'll tell you, Why did it take 60,000,000 people in the North four years to whip 8,000,000 in the South? Because the North was fighting true American blood. That's why it is less in the South. The truest blood is south of the Mason-Dixon line.

“In spite of all these high figures, you kick about what I get. What I’m paid for my work makes it only about \$2 a soul, and I get less proportionately for the number I convert, than any other living evangelist.”
—*Columbus Dispatch.*

SUNDAY ON TROUBLES

There is no back but what has its burden, there’s no heart but what has its sorrow.

Trouble is the common lot of all.

There is no one on God’s earth that I pity more than the parents of a willful son or daughter.

The greatest trouble results from sin.

Trouble makes all poor. All are helpless before trouble.

Standing still in sin is as impossible as standing still in fire.

If you want to read true religious experience read the Psalms.

When a man cries you know he is in great trouble.

There is no impossibility with God.

There are not enough devils in hell or on earth in or out of church to stop God’s work.

Religious conditions are in a deplorable condition and don’t you forget it.

A man in sin is always in the mire and sinking deeper.

It is a thousand times easier to lead a Christian life than to live in sin.

God’s way is made for man and man is made for God. The devil’s road is mire.

SUNDAY'S VIEWS ON DIVORCE

Billy Sunday is an arch enemy of divorce and incidentally he pays a high compliment to the Catholic church. In his Sunday night sermon he said: "Christ says, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' The world says: 'we'll divorce you and then we'll marry some other woman and we won't sin.' (The evangelist clenched his fist), You lie!

The only scriptural excuse for divorce is adultery. When it comes to the divorce question. I'm a Roman Catholic from the top of my head to the sole of my feet."

To Sunday's former home in Chicago a dapper young man once came, "dressed fit to kill," and presented a bride and a marriage license.

"Have either of you been married?" Sunday asked. "I have," said the man caressing his silk hat and adjusting a diamond shirt stud as big as a hickory nut.

"Is your wife alive?" the evangelist then inquired, and the man returned "Yes."

"Beat it you lobster," was the Sunday ultimatum.

"What's that?" returned the other, much surprised.

"Good night," said the preacher.

"But I have a license," argued the would-be bridegroom.

"Yes," said Billy, 'there are some things legally right that are morally wrong.'

PRAYER TO THE PASSING YEAR.

"Well, Old Year, good-bye," began Billy Sunday's prayer New year's eve at the tabernacle. "We hate to say the words, because it is like saying farewell to an old friend. But we bid you good-bye. You have been good to us, Old Year. You have given us days of sunshine; some were splashed with rain. Some were light with laughter; others heavy with grief. Sometimes our faces were wreathed with smiles; sometimes they were bathed with tears. You've left some empty chairs by the fireside, Old Year. You've been unkind to some of us. There are clothes in some of our closets that some little form will never wear again. There are some people who would give all they have in the world if a little form could toddle through the door again and cuddle-doo. Oh, Lord, if you have any sorrow in store for my family, defer it as long as you can.

"But good-bye, Old Year. Wait there, little fellow around the corner because the old fellow with the beard cannot be with us long. There are thousands and tens of thousands of people all over this land who will wake up with clean hearts and new resolutions in 1913 that when 1912 came in hated God and all that is good.

"God, if you'll let me live until tomorrow I'll try to be a better preacher. I'll try to hate you more, devil, and you know it. Devil, I'll fight you more than ever before. You saved my poor miserable soul 26 years ago and you put a new song in my mouth. For 26 years I haven't hit the booze; for 26 years I haven't cursed; for 26 years I've been true; for 26 years I

haven't darkened the door of a theatre except to preach the Gospel; for 26 years I haven't gone to a cheap-skate leg show to look through a pair of glasses at women who don't have enough clothes on to flag a hand car.

"Here's a great bunch of preachers over here," he said, turning over to the corner where the pastors and their families sat, "Lord, bless them. And back here is a choir. Oh, Lord if you have one up in glory that will beat that, you'll have to go some. Bless all of them. And Lord, bless the newspapers and the boys some of whom I've known in other towns. Bless the *State Journal* and that man who has written those magnificent accounts and the man who draws those cartoons on the front page. And bless the *Citizen* and Mr. Busby whom I have known in other meetings. And bless *The Dispatch*—who's that fellow who's been writing for them?—bless Mr. Sheridan.

"Hear us and help us. Good-bye, Old Year. Lead us and guide us, for Jesus' sake."

—*Columbus Dispatch*.

SUNDAY'S POEM OF FAREWELL

"How swiftly the years of our pilgrimage fly,
As the days, weeks and months move silently by;
"Our days are soon numbered, death sounds our
knell,
We scarcely know our friends 'till we bid them
farewell.

To you fellow-Christians, I turn with delight,
The grave cannot harm you, your future is bright;
Be faithful, be earnest, temptations repel,
And you'll soon bid this world a smiling farewell.

Farewell, fellow-sinners, I'm free from your blood,
My message delivered, I leave you with God.
I've pleaded, I've entreated, but I could not compel,
And 'till the Judgment day breaketh, I bid you
farewell."

SUNDAY FAVORS WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

Woman suffragists ought to like Billy Sunday.

"Do you favor woman suffrage?" he was asked the other day.

"Why not?" he hurled at the reporter just as though the latter were an "anti."

"I don't know," murmured the representative of the press in a tone measured to encourage Mr. Sunday to a further discussion of the subject. And Mr. Sunday was quite willing to talk about it.

There are 6,000,000 women and girls working for a livelihood in this country, he statistically declared to the reporter.

He urged that the working woman fills an important place in the industrial and business life of the country. "Take them out of the offices, mills, factories and stores, and you'll miss them quickly enough. These 6,000,000 women so engaged were advanced as one of Mr. Sunday's reasons for granting the franchise to women.—*South Bend Tribune*.

SUNDAY'S SERMON TO WOMEN ONLY

There are married women who shrink from maternity, not because of ill health, but simply because they love ease and fine garments, and hanker to flit like butter-flies at some fool social function.

Malpractice should be treated the same as any other class of murderers.

There isn't an angel in heaven who wouldn't be tickled to death to come down to earth and be honored with motherhood.

No wonder the men go to their clubs, with these women bumming around bridge parties, gadding and fondling pet dogs. No man wants to play second fiddle to a bow-legged bull pup. You may bet your sweet life I wouldn't.

Many girls who marry are not actuated by the noblest of human motives but are simply seeking a good time, and are willing to pay the price.

You mothers are fools to force your daughters to marry some old lobster simply because he has money, and when he dies your girl will be able to ride in a buzz wagon instead of hot-footing it. You're fools.

Some mothers will find that it would have been far easier to have buried their girls than to have married them to some damnable, cigaret-smoking, cursing libertine.

The devil and the women can damn the world.

If a God-fearing man marries a God-fearing woman they will have God-fearing children.

I tell you, the virtue of womanhood is the rampart of civilization. You break that down and you pave the way to hell.

There are 60,000 girls ruined in America every year. A man caught dealing in white slavery should be shot on the spot.

Society has just about put maternity out of business. And when you stop to consider the average

society woman. I do not think that maternity has lost anything.

Look at the girls on the auction block daily. Look at the awful battle the average stenographer and the average clerk has to fight. You cannot wear fine clothes daily on six dollars a week and be on the square as much as you are, without having people suspicious.

SUNDAY'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE BIBLE

Twenty odd years ago, with the Holy Spirit as my guide, I entered at the portico of Genesis and went into the art gallery of the Old Testament where, on the wall, hung the pictures of Enoch, Noah, Jacob, Abraham, Elijah, David, Daniel, and other famous prophets of old. Then I passed into the Music Room of the Psalms where the Spirit swept the keyboard of my nature and brought forth the dirgelike wail of the Weeping Prophet, Jeremiah, to the grand exultant strain of the 24th Psalm and where every reed and pipe in God's great organ of nature seemed to respond to the tuneful harp of David as he played for King Saul in his melancholy moods. Next I passed into the business office of Proverbs, and into the Chapel of Ecclesiasties, where the voice of the Preacher was heard; then over into the conservatory of the Songs of Solomon where the Lily of the Valley and the Rose of Sharon and the sweet-scented spices perfumed my life. Then I stepped into the prophetic room and saw telescopes of various sizes, some pointing to far off stars or events and others to nearby stars, but all concentrated upon the bright and Morning Star which was to rise above the moonlit hills of Judea while the

Shepherds guarded their flocks by night. From there I passed into the audience room and caught a vision of the King from the standpoint of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. I then went into the Acts of the Apostles where the Holy Spirit was doing His office work in the formation of the Infant Church. From there I went to the correspondence room where Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, Peter, James and Jude sat at their desks, penning their epistles to the church. Then I passed last of all into the throne of Revelation and saw the King sitting high upon His throne where I fell at his feet and cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

SUNDAY ON AMUSEMENTS

The theater, as conducted today, is one of the rottenest institutions outside of hell.

The dance is the moral graveyard of many innocent girls.

Passion is the basis of the popularity of the dance.

If you make women dance by themselves and men with the men the dance would stop in two weeks.

The gambler played his first game in a church member's home.

Three-fourths of the girls who are ruined in New York each got their downfall in the dance.

The dance is not an innocent amusement. It sends thousands of girls to their downfall.

A dancing church member is not a soul winner member.

The dance permits and allows freedom that will be such as to allow divorce anywhere else.

If it wasn't for the church members there would not be a saloon in existence today.

The church bars are so low down that most any old hog with three suits and a bank account can get inside.

I would rather be a chambermaid in a livery stable than a caller for a dance.

Card playing is the most insidious contribution of vice in the world today.

Cards and the dance are doing more to stifle the spiritual life of the church than do the saloons.

I have more respect for a hog who gambles in Monte Carlo than for a woman who plays for a prize in her home.

I don't think much of a preacher who condemns the police for not stopping gambling and yet don't say anything against card playing in the homes.

There is more damnation in the average club than in any other public institution I know.

The Christian homes are often the kindergarten of gambling hells.

No man believes more in amusement than I do but I like that which recreates and does not tear down right inclinations.

There is as much difference between a game of cards and authors as there is between hell and heaven.

SUNDAY'S DREAM OF HEAVEN

"Some years ago, after I had been romping and playing with the children," he said, "I grew tired and lay down, and half awake and half asleep, I had a dream.

"I dreamed I was in a far off land; it was not Persia, but all the glitter and gaudy raiment was there; It was not India, although her coral strands were there; it was not Ceylon, although all the beauties of that island of paradise were there; it was not Italy, although the soft dreamy haze of the blue Italian skies shone above me. I looked for weeds and briars, thorns and thistles and brambles and found none. I saw the sun in all its regal splendor and I said to the people: 'When will the sun set and it grow dark?' They all laughed and said: 'It never grows dark in this land; there is no night here.' I looked at the people, their faces wreathed in a simple halo of glory, attired in holiday clothing. I said: 'When will the working men go by clad in overalls? And where are the brawny men who work and toil over the anvil?' They said: 'We toil not, neither do we spin; there remaineth a rest for the people of God.'

"I strolled out in the suburbs. I said: 'Where are the graveyards, the grave diggers? Where do you bury your dead?' They said 'We never die here.'

"I looked out and saw the towers and spires: I looked at them, but I did not see any tombstones, mausoleums, nor green nor flower-covered graves. I said: 'Where, where, are the hearses that carry your dead? Where are the undertakers that embalm the dead?' They said: 'We never die in this land.' I said: 'Where are hospitals where they take the sick? Where are the surgeons that come with scalpel and knife? Where is the minister, and where are the nurses to give the gentle touch, the penacea?' They said: 'We never grow sick in this land.' I said:

'Where are the houses of want and squalor? Where live the poor?' They said: 'There is no penury; none die here; none ever cry for bread in this land.' I was bewildered. I strolled along and heard the ripple of the waters as the waves broke against the jeweled beach. I saw boats with oars tipped with silver, bow of pure gold. I saw multitudes that no man could number. We all jumped down through the violets and varicolored flowers, the air pulsing with bird song, and I cried: 'Are—all—here?' And they echoed back: 'All—are—here.'

"And we went leaping and shouting and vied with tower and spire, and they all caroled and sung my welcome, and we all bounded and leaped and shouted with glee: 'Home—Home—Home.'"

SUNDAY'S ESTIMATE OF SOLOMON

Solomon, according to Sunday, was a millionaire baby, born with a golden diamond-plated spoon in his mouth, who developed into a thirty-third degree sport—having taken all the regular degrees and invented a few of his own. He was surrounded by high-brow courtiers until he drank dry the well of knowledge and pulled out the pump. Even as a kid he was so precocious that he exhausted the curriculum and gave his teachers nervous headaches. And after he had finished his schooling he cut loose on sport until he made a good world series ball fan look like a clothing store dummy.

He drove his diamond-studded chariot so fast that he would have dusted the eyes of Barney Oldfield. He set the bleachers crazy as he galloped by.

And as a side line he started into the matrimonial market and with his 700 wives and 300 concubines made Brigham Young look like a dirty deuce.

Taking to wine, he hit the booze as it has never since been hit. He had all the grapes of his kingdom crushed into a great lake of wine, millions of gallons. He took up architecture as a side line, and built his temple 30 times as large as the tabernacle. He had so much gold dumped at his feet every year that he could have bought and sold Columbus a few times and never missed it. He was no bum panhandling for a hand-out or mooching for a flapjack. Not on your life. He had so much coin that R. G. Dun or Bradstreet would have needed new rating symbols. After running the extreme gamut of human pleasure he found he needed something else. "What profit has a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun," he wrote.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

BIBLE VERSION

5. And the people spake against God and against Moses. Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.

6. And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died.

7. Therefore the people came to Moses and said. We have sinned for we have

SUNDAY'S VERSION

The Jews were in Egyptian bondage for years. God said He would release them, but He hadn't come. But God never forgets. So he came and chose Moses to lead them, and when Moses got them out in the wilderness they began to knock and said, "Who is this Moses anyway, we don't know him. Were there not enough graves in Egypt?" and they said they didn't like the white bread they were getting and wanted the onions and

spoken against the Lord and against thee; pray unto the Lord that he take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people.

8. And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole, and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live.

9. And Moses made a serpent of brass and put it upon a pole and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.

the leeks and the garlic and melons of Egypt, and they found fault and God sent the serpents and was going to kill them all, but Moses interceded and said, "Now see here God." But the Lord said, "Get out of the way, Moses, and let me kill them all." But Moses said, "Hold on there, Lord. That bunch would have the laugh on You if You did that. They'd say You brought them out here and the commissary stores ran out and You couldn't feed them, so You just killed them all." So God said, "All right, for your sake, Moses, I won't," and He said, "Moses you go and set up a brazen serpent in the wilderness and that will be the one thing that will save them if they are bitten. They must look or die."

PARAPHRASE OF FEEDING THE MULTITUDES

SUNDAY'S VERSION

"When the disciples saw the great crowd gathered to see Jesus and saw they were hungry they were scared silly. Finally they went to Jesus with their trouble and said, "Lord, send them away. We can't feed them all." But Jesus told Philip to feed them.

That was too much for

MATTHEW'S VERSION

"And when it was evening, His disciples came to Him, saying: This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitude away that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves victuals.

"But Jesus said unto them, They need not depart; give ye them to eat.

poor, old, practical Philip. "Why, we haven't anything to feed them with," he informed Jesus. "Two hundred pennyworth of bread wouldn't feed all that hungry crowd."

But Jesus looked around and spied a little boy whose ma had given him five biscuits and a couple of sardines for his lunch, and said to him, "Come here, son, the Lord wants you." Then He told the lad what He wanted, and the boy said, "It isn't much, Jesus, but what there is you're mighty welcome to it!"

So Jesus took the biscuits and the sardines and fed that whole bunch and they all had all they wanted, and after they got through the disciples went around and picked up twelve basketsful of the fragments.

Then the evangelist pointed the moral, "You can't all be Peters and James and Johns, but you can all be barley loaves and fishes for God."

And they said unto Him, We have here but five loaves and two fishes.

"He said, Bring them hither to Me.

"And He commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass, and took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and looked up to heaven. He blessed, and brake, and gave the loaves to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude.

"And they all did eat and were filled and they took up the fragments that remained twelve baskets full.

"And they that had eaten were about five thousand men, besides women and children."

SUNDAY'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE

"At the beginning of the civil war General Robert E. Lee said to General Scott that he was a Union man at heart, but that his native state of Virginia had seceded and that as a loyal son he felt he must cast his fortunes with the Confederacy. As the war proceeded, Lee saw the bright hopes of the Confed-

eracy fade, saw its government overturned and broken at his feet. When the end came he was a prematurely old man, his health fled, his fortune gone, his property at Arlington confiscated. At that time of despair there came to him the officers of the Louisiana Lottery company, offering to make him its president.

"'But, gentlemen,' he said, 'I don't know anything about the lottery business.'

"'That makes no difference,' they said, 'we do. We want the use of your name, and we will give you \$10,000 a year.'

"General Lee buttoned his coat over his sunken breast, brushed back his gray hair from his forehead, and said: 'Gentlemen, my good name and self respect are all that is saved from the wreck, and they are not for sale. You cannot buy Robert E. Lee.'

"My father was a Union soldier. I am a loyal American, but I say that Robert E. Lee was one of the noblest Christian characters this country has ever produced, and that Stonewall Jackson was another."

SUNDAY'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

The Angels said, "let us hide Abraham Lincoln where the world will never find him," and they hid his big, kind, generous, humanitarian, sympathetic, God-fearing soul in that long, lean, lank, homely, gaunt, ungainly body. They bronzed his cheeks until he looked like an Indian. They hardened his hands with toil. For employment they gave him common work, the poling a flatboat on the Ohio river and clerking in a country store.

But, while drifting down the stream, he was solving problems that would help him up the stream.

And while clerking in the country store he was learning whole chapters from the book of human experience which became golden rounds in the ladder of fame up which he climbed to the top.

For parents, they gave him common people whose names were unknown five miles away; for a home, a log cabin in the wilderness. The battle would grow hard. He would grit his teeth, buckle up his yarn galluses a little tighter and determine that he would be somebody, anyway. He would spread the ashes thin on the dirt floor of his log cabin home and, with a hickory log in the fireplace for a light and a hickory stick for a pencil, he solved problems from Euclid and read the life of Washington and other great men.

Finally, the angels could keep him hid no longer, so one morning this old sleepy, dreamy, drowsy world rolled out of bed, rubbed her eyes and started on a still hunt for a great man. She struck a new scent and a new trail that led out through the woods into the wilderness and up a hill to a log cabin. She rapped at the door and Lincoln arose—so big, so high, so tall that the logs rolled down the roof and fell off and he stepped forth—a giant among men. Fame has placed him upon a pinnacle so lofty that he looks down upon all who attempt to reach his side.

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