REV. BILLY SUNDAY SAYS HE IS NOT SENSATIONAL

Famous Evangelist Claims He is Perfectly Natural in Everything He Does--Nothing is More Sensational Than the Truth

Thousands of people, after hearing the famous "Billy" Sunday preach would like to ask him some questions. These questions are generally those which the friend in this talk asked him, and the great revivalist's own answers to them will help to clear away many a doubt, particularly as to the methods and language employed by this wonderful man. For wonderful he is. You may believe in him or not, as you may choose, but you cannot dismiss him. He is one of the greatest forces today in America: a force that is to be reckoned with seriously, and perhaps even more in the future than he is today.

"Billy," said the friend in this talk, "will you set me and others straight on a point or two about your methods?"

"Sure, I will," said "Billy"; "fire ahead. Number one point is what? my slang, I suppose?"

"Yes. Now, frankly, why?"

"Well," said the preacher, "I'll tell you why: because it comes perfectly natural to me. I talk as the people talk. The average man on the street uses a volcabularly of about five hundred words, at least a third of which is slang or set phrases. So I put the Gospel in his language: the language of today. I do preach the Gospel, don't I? And this is the comment frequently made by the ministers who go through a Sunday campaign: "With it all, he certainly does preach the same Gospel that the rest of us have always preached. There's nothing new about 'Billy's' message." I want to preach the Gospel so plainly that men can come from the factories and the streets and not have to bring along a dictionary to understand what I am trying to tell them. Paul said he would rather speak five words that were understood than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue. That hits me. I want people to know what I mean, and that's why I get down to where they live. What do I care if some dainty little preacher kicks at me because I use plain Anglo-Saxon words? I am preaching for the age in which I live. I am just recasting my vocabulary to suit the people of my age instead of Joshua's age.

"Now, look here," continued the evangelist, "tell me, don't you find lots of things in Shakespeare which are not fit for reading in a mixed audience, and call that literature? Of course. Well, when you hear some truths in my tabernacle you call them vulgar. It makes all the difference in the world whether 'Bill' Shakespeare or 'Bill' Sunday said it, doesn't it? But why should it? I tell you, my dear fellow, many an old skinflint is not fit for the balm of Gilead until you first give him a fly blister and get after him with a curry-comb.

"I Am Not Sensational."

"But why be so sensational?" said the friend.

"Sensational?" echoed "Billy." "Who says I'm sensational? The men whom I hit; that's who. Well, my dear fellow, nothing would be more sensational than if some of them were suddenly to become decent; do you know that? And as for me; take it from me boy, as a preacher, I'd rather be a guidepost than a tombstone."

"You don't believe then, yourself, that you are sensational?" next asked the friend.

"No," said 'Billy' firmly. "I am perfectly natural in everything that I do. I don't prearrange things: I don't set the stage: I dont do things to create enthusiasm. Not at all. Not a bit of it. I would be unworthy if I did. Of course, compared with the stiff ways of some ministers, I suppose I am sensational. But nothing is more sensational than the truth: remember that. Jesus was sensational. But what I say and what I do is all perfectly natural to me, and I let her go as it comes.

"Take the actor. Isn't he lost in what he has to say? Well, that's me."

Why He Tears Off His Collar.

"Then," said the friend, "when you tear off your collar, or take your coat off in the pulpit, there's no effect about it? Just natural?

"Why, of course, man, what else should I do it for? I only take off my collar when I feel it is chocking me. When I am getting chocked the blood runs up and fills the viens in my neck, swells out my veins an inch or half an inch. When I spoke in Washington I happened to wear one of those collars that chokes me right in my throat and it was starting to make my head ache, so I took it off and the instant I took it off I felt better. So with my coat; the sleeves get in my way. I want freedom, and when I feel I want room I just take it off. That's all there is to it.

"Then what folks call your 'gymnastics' in the pulpit are natural too?"

"Why, of course they are. I employ them because I want to illustrate what I am saying. I want to appeal to the eye as well as to the mind. That's the Bible, man; parable, parable! Fellows come to me from the newspapers and ask me to pose for their cameras. Why, I haven't any poses. They say I take poses in the pulpit. Well, if I do, it is because what I am saying needs to be acted out and I act it out. But I have no mannerism, or pose, or gesture, or what-not framed up. No sirett. I wouldn't do such a thing. I just go up there in that pulpit and go to it, let come what may in speech or gesture."

His Advice to Preachers.

"Would you advise another preacher to do as you do?" asked the friend.

"Not for a minute," replied the evangelist. "It wouldn't be natural to him. That would be a pose for him. His training, experience and contact with the world are not such that he could, and so it would not be natural for him if he did. I do not criticize any preacher because he does'nt do as I do: on the other hand he ought not to criticize me for doing as I do. 'Live and let live,' say I. Let every preacher be perfectly natural, himself. Why, I know one preacher who attempted to use my methods, and he was asked for his resignation the next session of the church. That's what happened to him, and happens to any one who copies another fellow and does a thing for effect! No, sir; be natural."

His Comment on What People Say of Him.

"Do you know," continued the evangelist, "what these fellows say to me?—"Billy," you rub the fur the wrong way.' But I don't. Let the cats turn around.

"What do these folks want me to be? continued "Billy." "The kind of minister that says: 'If you don't repent you'll go to a place the name of which you know.' Not on your life! I know where those folks are going: they're going to hell, plain and simple, and I'm not afraid to say it. I am no spiritual mausseur; I am a surgeon, and I cut deep and I mean to cut deep. Thats my job as I see it.

"Some folks say I get too gay on the platform; that I laugh too much. Bah, I say! God likes a little humor, as He shows in the fact that He made the monkey, the parrot, and some of those people who can't laugh.

"Do you know what's really the matter with those folks?" asked "Billy" of his friends.

"What?" asked the friend.

"They don't pray enough. The carpet in front of their mirrors is worn threadbare, while at the sides of their beds where they should kneel in prayer the rug is as good as the day they put it down."

Why He is Wearing Himself Out.

"But," asked the friend, "dont the doctors say that you are wearing yourself out; that if you go on this way you'll take twenty years off your life? Can't you slow up? Couldn't you spare yourself and do just as much?"

"No," said "Billy." "Don't you see, old man? It wouldn't be me. I've got to work as I do. No. If I would spare myself I wouldn't be natural. I would just lose if I slow up. I would be like a ball player when he begins to slow up: they want someone else. I feel just that way about my preaching. They say: 'Go down there and take it easy. I would'nt be myself, and I would be lost. I would just be standing there like a hitching post, like an automation. I couldn't do it."

"You have just got to work in the way you feel it?"

"Sure. I work in my pulpit just like I ever did in anything I ever tried to do in my life—it makes no difference what it is. I must throw myself absolutely into it. I did it in baseball and I did it when I was the janitor of a schoolhouse in Iowa. I used to sweep that schoolhouse with all my might. That's the way I work. That's me. That's all.

"No, no," reiterated the evangelist, "I just couldn't stand up like a stick in the pulpit and preach. I think I understand a little bit of what the Psalmist meant when he said: 'The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up."

"You would never do as the pastor of a church, would you, "Billy"?" asked the friend.

"I would not," said "Billy" with that friendly smile that has won so many thousands to his cause. "Not for a minute, boy. If I ever accepted the pastorate of a church I'd buy a round-trip ticket. But you can bet," he added with an expansion of the smile, "I'd skin 'em while I was there; I would that!"

"I Never Bother My Head About Criticism.

"Then you mean to go right on as you're going, despite the criticism heaped upon you?" asked the friend.

"Criticism?" repeated "Billy." "What do I care for that, so long as I know I am right? It worried me at first, but now? No, sir; I'm immune. It does not affect me any more, because I know I am doing the word of God, and I know I am true to the Lord, and I know I am preaching God's gospel absollutely, and I don't care anything about criticism. Folks who criticize me criticize the truth. Most of the people who stand around and question my method and means of saving souls are people who are going to the devil themselves and do nothing to try to save either themselveor others. That's not me. I never bother my head about it any more. Don't read half of it, for that matter."

Next of Kin is at Trenton

Today's casualty list contains the name of Driver William Banfield of Third Company, Engineers as wounded. His next of kin is Mrs. Eliza Dienue of Trenton, Ontario.

IN ALL OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

There Is Hardly A Woman Who Does Not Rely Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Princeton, Ill.—"I had inflammation, hard headaches in the back of my neck and a weakness all caused by female trouble, and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with such excellent results that I am now feeling fine. I recommend the Compound and praise it to all. I shall be glad to have you publish my letter. There is scarcely a neighbor around me who does not use your medicine."—Mrs. J. F. Johnson, R. No. 4, Box 90, Princeton, Illinois.

Experience of a Nurse.

Poland, N. Y.—"In my experience as a nurse I certainly think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a great medicine. I wish all women with female troubles would take it. I took it when passing through the Change of Life with great results and I always recommend the Compound to all my patients if I know of their condition in time. I will gladly do all I can to help others to know of this great medicine."—Mrs. Horace Newman, Poland, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

DOOLEY ON AMERICAN DEFENCES

"Ivry time Hogan comes in here," said Mr. Dooley, "I feel like puttin' up th' shutters, writin': 'Th' inhabitant iv this mis'rable hut is a man iv peace,' an' crawlin' down into th' cellar among th' coal an' th' potatoes.

"Wat's he been talkin' to ye about? asked Mr. Hennessy.

"About an invasion iv this country," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis Hogan's idee that whin this war is over some wan iv these Europeen gunmen will turn in an' hammer us. There ar-re two opinyons on th' subjick among me military advisers that cling to this bar. Some iv th' experts think that whin th' Eur-opeen powers get through with each other they won't have a punch left in them. The'll be tired and broke an' discouraged ayeher be vichry or defeat. But other students iv this war colledge, like Hogan, thinks that th' country that gets th' decision will shtrut around th' wurruld fairly beggin' f'r trouble, with its elbows out nudgin' th' other nations off th' sidewalk an' offerin' to lick all commers, white or black, give or take twinty pounds.

"That's me own ideas, most iv th' time. Me cousin Mike, who was th' on'y gr-reat Eur-opean military power that I iver knew personally, was far more dangerous comin' back fr'm a fight thin going out. If he had any misgivin's about lookin' like Alexandher th' Great whin he went foorth to lick his neighbor, he had none at all on his way home. His road was shtrewn with carnage. He wint into battle ca'm an' solemn, like wan who has been forced to perform a gr-reat omral jooty. But, dear, oh dear, ye ought to see him after th' viethry. Rilitive iv his as I was, an' bound to him by his ties iv blood, an' lang-I wud niver dare to cross his path. His hat though dented, was cocked over his ear; his eke, though black, was red with victhry, an th' way he stepped, casting a haughty look to ayther side of him that said plain as wurruds cud say: I left McCarthy lyin' low; who wants a fall with me? sint little childher cryin' to their mother's knee an' made manny a Chinyman go to the roof. While in this state of mind he was li'ble to take a kick at a Salvation Army Sandy Klaus with cotton whiskers, ringin' a bell on th' corner, as at a policeman, or vicy varsy, as Hogan would say. He played no fav'rites. He did not seek out th' weak an' definceless, but, be gorry, he didn't overlook thim He was far too courcheous a foe to admit that anny man was on prepared f'r him to punch. In th' long run he had better luck with th' weak thin with th' strong. Although his record was a glorious wan, truth compels me to say, Hinnissy, that his victhries were more decisive over th' Salvation Ar-rmy thin over th' polis foorce. In his encounters with th' constablry, both sides were up th' next mornin'. But afther a Armygeddon with a frind iv peace, it was on'y me cousin Mike that was around.

"So, Hogan thins, 'twill be with these cousin Mikes acrost th' seas. On'y worse. Me cousin Mike was a shilavrous soul. He fought f'r glory an' excitement. He wud scorn t otake th' watch off fr'm his prosthrate foe. But these here gladiators will not on'y pinch th' joolry iv th' hon'rable opponents afther they've jumped on his face, but they'll make him sign a paper to come round to their back dure ivry Saturdah night an' split his pay check with thim. With me cousin Mike war was war. With these Europeen civilizations it's a combynation iv assault with a deadly weepin, arson burblarly, robbery, petty larency an' blackmail.

"It's Hogan's idee that whin th' war is over in Europe these beligerents will come fr'm fightin' loaded down with th' thrinkets iv their inimies an' full iv ambition to fight th' wurruld, especyally th' large an' innocent bystander, which is us. Ye'll be standin' on a corner, thryin' to sell a goold filled watch to a visitor fr'm Brazil, and wan iv these desperadoes will come up to ye, pull ye'er hat down over ye'er eyes, an' say: 'Well what ar-re ye snivelin about?' 'I was thinkin' iv th' horrors iv war,' says ye. Says he: 'Ain't ye th' fellow that was tuggin' at me coattails while I was rasslin' with me inimy? An' while I've been fightin' ye've thried to steal wan of my aisiest customers. Ar-re ye ar-rmed?' says he. 'I am not,' says ye. To show ye how a nation can prosper an' be at peace, I sold me last gun to ye'er inimy, says ye. Ye're sure it was ye'er last?' Absolutely.' Well says he, 'if that's th' case I think this wud be a good time to change ye'er map,' he says And he hauls th' pa'm branch out iv ye'er hand, gives ye a lick over th' head with it, an' sinds th' dove iv peace to his commissary department to be cooked f'r th' hungry sojery. An' th' first thing ye knows is ye're a soozeraln state, which manes ye are free an' indipindent but must repoort to th' probation officer.

"Wan iv these days, Hogan says, we may be sindin' a dillygation ta th' Rooshayan dooma, to petty-shun to have Haisted shreet paved with Cedar blocks, a German uhlan will be whackin' a table in th' Waldorf an' callin' f'r a fresh wan, a sturdy British sojer wearin' a turban will be smokin' his hookah in th' ol' Kentuckey home, while me friend Colonel Watthersan hands him his sherbet with a sprig of mint in it, an' ladin' citizens iv San Francisco will be trottin' around between the shafts iv a ginrickshaw haulin' Jap'nese sailors out to see th' sights iv th' town.

"I never thought th' day wud come, Hinnissy, whin I'd be so low in me mind that I cud be cheered up be a president's message. Before this war started I'd as soon think iv turnin' to th' list iv rale estate thransfers f'r recreation an' amusement. But now whin Hogan laves me so downhearted that I'm thinkin' iv turnin' in me naturalization pa-apers as too dang'rous to have around whin th' inimy comes goose-steppin' up Arrchey Road, I can always bring a ray of sunshine into me gloomy thoughts be readin what Dock Wilson has to say. Th' dock don't agree with Hogan, mind ye. Far fr'm it. He's as cheerful about th' prospect as a despatch fr'm Pethrograd.

Russian Boy on Way to Find Cousin

John Kirtch, a Russian youth of 18 years was taken in charge at the G.T.R. depot Thursday night. The young fellow had not had a good meal for some days until a kind officer at the police station gave him most of his midnight lunch. The boy has been in Canada about one year and a hlf. He is able to speak some English, but last spring he met with a serious accident to his left arm, as a result of which he is not able to use it freely and cannot do heavy work yet. He was working near Niagara Falls recently. A few days ago a Russian in Toronto told him that the boy's cousin was in Montreal and the boy s arted for Montreal, walking part of the way to Belleville.

Magistrate Masson had the name of his relative written down (in Russian) by the boy and the lad was remanded until May 1st. In the meantime an endeavor will be made to find his cousin.

Kirtch is a bright boy of pleasing countenance bearing none of the marks of the vagrant on him. He is handicapped by his small knowledge of English, although he speaks fairly well for his short residence in Canada.

Complaints About Cab Accommodation

Certain cabmen in Belleville, may be proceeded against by law if the reports current are true. It is said some of them refuse to go to trains in order to allow the passengers some time before the departure of trains from the depots. It is claimed that this is against the spirit of the bylaw, that the hackmen must go when called on.

Some times a prior engagement is pleaded as a reason for refusal. The section of the bylaw governing this is as follows—

"That any owner or owners of any vehicle licensed as aforesaid must go with the first person who requires him; if such owner or owners of any vehicle licensed as aforesaid pleads a prior engagement, that if kept, will not admit of his discharging the order then given, the party doubting may demand his name, residence and hour of appointment; and if he lays a charge under this By-Law against the said owner or owners the proof of such engagement will lie on such owner or owners as aforesaid; provided that no such owner or owners as aforesaid shall be compelled to serve any person, who is already indebted to him for past services, unless he is paid in advance."

Mr. Luck Related His Experiences

Mr. Elmer Luck, M.A., late of Leipzig university, Germany gave a most illuminative and interesting account of his experiences in Germany the past few months before an audience of the students and staff of his old Alma Mater, Albert College. Mr. Luck spoke for nearly an hour and at the close was given a great ovation by those who were privileged to listen.

Grip Was Taken

Mr. Irwin Clapp states to the police that he left a grip containing wearing apparel at the G.T.R. waiting room and when he returned it was gone.

Four tramps were sheltered last night.

Death of Mrs. Burdett Williams

SHANNONVILLE, April 21st. —All will regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Williams (nee Josie Driver) who was highly respected by all who knew her. Mrs. Williams was in her 23rd year and leaves a four weeks' old baby and husband to mourn her loss.

The flowers were beautiful showing the esteem in which Mrs. Williams was held, among them were wreaths from R. Cornell, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Miss Bryant; sheaves, Miss Enid Williams, Harry and Mrs. Earl, sprays, J. and Mrs. Goslin, J. and Mrs Sine, J. and Mrs. McDonald, W. N. and Mrs. Bell

The bearers were J. Mayell, R. Cornell, W. White, R. Mills, S. McDonald and R. Wescott.

The burial services were held in Trinity Church on Wednesday at two p.m. There were many who could not get into the church, which was filled to the doors. The Rev. A. Bareham officiated.

Ethics of Temperance

Under the allied auspices of the Belleville Royal Templars, W.C.T.U. and the "Y's" the third of a series of educational meetings along the lines of temperance was held last evening in the Y.M.C.A. assembly rooms.

Mr. Arthur W. Rowlands performed the role of chairman in an excellent manner. Mr. S. C. Way read as a scripture lesson the 23rd chapter of Proverbs and offered up an earnest prayer

The audience, though small, was a very interested one and evidently temperance was first in the mind of each one present. Whether or no Belleville citizens are tired of temperance agitation, try to dodge it or ignore its claims, can hardly be decided by the size of the audiences that gather from time to time to hear discussions of this important question. Any-how more students and young people, particularly, might well have profited by the choice program furnished last evening and from the splendid address given by Mr. P. C. MacLaurin, B.A., principal of the High School. In the course of his remarks ethics was clearly defined as being the science of moral duty. The responsibility of every individual was not only to destroy evil but to also construct good influences. We can render service to the welfare of the community by possessing ourselves of temperance information, by association with the forces that uplift humanity, by experiencing the benefits and good example of abstinence and by registering our objection at the polls against licensed wrongs. In these days of great facilities for disseminating knowledge through the press, more attention ought to be paid to the publishing of noble achievements and less to the shameful abuses of Divine laws. As in the physical realm the one diseased may by segregation not be so dangerous to others as the carriers of germs, so it is in the ethical sense the example of the moderate drinker may be more dangerous to the ideals of young manhood than the glaring spectacle of the confirmed drunkard.

The address of the talented educator was most encouraging to continued temperance endeavor on the part of Belleville workers as evidenced by the hearty applause manfested.

The song "Down in the Licensed Saloon" was feelingly rendered by a trio of male voices in the persons of Messrs. J. Cookson, B. Faulkner and F. Cook. Mrs. MacLaurin also sang in an admirable way the appropriate song 'Have courage my boy to sa no.' The accompanist at the piano was Mrs. Deeton. A vote of thanks to all taking part was moved by Mr. W. C. Dempsey, and seconded by Mrs. Phillips, president of the W.C.T.U. A liberal collection was received for Y.M.C.A. patriotic purposes.

The next meeting of the series to be held early in May will be addressed by W. D. M. Shorey, Esq., on the legal aspect of temperance.

SICKLY CHILDREN PROMPTLY CURED

Baby's Own Tablets are an ideal medicine for little ones. They regulate the bowels and stomach and promptly cure constipation, indigestion, cold and simple fevers, expel worms, cure colic and give baby health and happiness. Concerning them Mrs. Fred VanGorder, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my four children and find they always give perfect satisfaction." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Accused of Theft of Black Overcoat

John Devane, aged 30 years, was arrested on a charge of theft of an overcoat from Roy Thompson of Stirling and faced the police court magistrate Friday morning. Devane elected to be tried by a higher court and a preliminary investigation was begun.

Testimony as to the missing of the coat was given by Roy Thompson and two young men of the fourth contingent testified to having seen Devane with an overcoat with fur collar the other evening, whereas previously he had never been seen with an overcoat.

Crown Attorney Anderson asked for an enlargement for securing evidence and Devane was remanded until May 1st. The accused had no lawyer.

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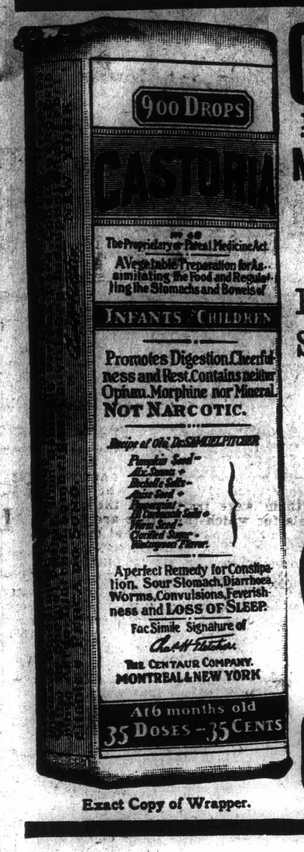

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