

TO COWARDLY TO HITSAW DUST TRAIL

Pious Deacons and Sinful Laymen Equally Blamed.

SUNDAY'S BITTER CRITICISM

Sunday Calls a Spade a Spade Before
43,000 Women—In Mad Rush
They Fight — Police
Fainting Cases 55.

TRAIL-HITTERS NOW NUMBER
MORE THAN 15,500.

Five hundred and eighty-six persons hit the trail at the three services in the tabernacle Sunday; 79 at the Lyric, where a meeting for women was held by Mrs. William Asher, and six at First Methodist Church, at a meeting held by Mrs. Sunday, besides 26 at night district meetings, making the day's total 690. This brought the grand total for the campaign to 15,502.

Thirty-two thousand people attended the tabernacle services, the night congregation being slightly larger than those of the forenoon and afternoon. This brought the total attendance to 1,076,200.

The collections Sunday were for the general expenses of the campaign. If the amount was sufficiently large to make up the required sum no more such offerings will be taken. It is estimated that the campaign will cost a little less than \$45,000.

Baltimore.—After depicting the horrors of hades with a realistic touch which fairly made his hearers hold their breaths, Billy Sunday told the 12,000 men and youths and two dozen girls and women who made up the tabernacle congregation that he had the devil "skinned any way you look at it." He explained:

"What difference does it make to you whether hellfire is literal or whether fire was just the fittest emblem that God could choose to depict the terrors of the place of the damned? What difference does it make whether there are streets of gold in Heaven, or whether God used the term 'gold' as the most fitting emblem of that which is most beautiful and valuable to man?"

"It doesn't make any difference to me whether the fire is literal or not, I don't want to go to hell; it doesn't make any difference whether the streets are of gold or not, I do want to go to Heaven. But I'm just old fogey enough to believe the Bible from cover to cover (applause), and when God says 'fire' I believe it will burn; when God says 'gold' I believe it becomes gold."

He paused to let the applause die down, then continued:

"But where do you head in, you old sinner? Suppose, after you die, you find that hell really has fire, whether you believe it here or not?"

"I've got you skinned, old devil, any way you look at it. Even if there is no hell, I haven't missed anything by being decent. Therefore—well, 'safety first.'"

This sermon brought up the saw dust trail 262 men and 2 young girls. The girls were in the feminine contingent which got into the meeting despite the fact that Sunday had announced several times from the rostrum that it was to be for men only.

The text was, "What shall the end be to them that obey not the Gospel of God?" (1 Peter, iv, 17). And in elaborating it Sunday presented an old-fashioned sermon that flayed mercilessly all unbelievers, that arraigned as fools or knaves all who rejected the offer of salvation.

"Don't say you can't be a Christian," he shouted, sweeping an accusing finger over the multitude; "tell God you're not decent enough to be a Christian, or that you don't want to be. Don't saddle the blame on God!"

The most striking part of the sermon, however, was not his verbal flagellations, but his effort to convey to the minds of his hearers some measure of comprehension of the three things which he himself, he said, had been trying vainly to comprehend—eternity, space and the love of God.

To convey an impression of space, he used the familiar statistics of the distances between the planets of the solar system, the time it would take to arrive at given spheres if one traveled on an express train and the time required if traveling as fast as a light ray flies; but even Uranus, he said, was "just a neighbor of ours." The application of this apparent digression was:

"I don't believe an infidel ever looked through a telescope or studied astronomy. These are the days when it is 'big man and little God.' And yet there are 1,400,000 worlds as big as this earth—and the Maker of these worlds, that's the God you damn and sneer at."

Makes Their Brains Reel.

After comparing the infinite with the infinitesimal, to show God's greatness and man's insignificance, he launched into a discussion of eternity until the brains of his hearers fairly recoiled. But most inexplicable of all, he said, was the love of God, which

abided despite mankind's rejection of Him.

"And you—you—you big fool? You say there is no God. Well, that doesn't change it, does it? You say there is no hell? There is a hell, and your saying there is none will not keep you from being eternally burned."

The afternoon service was distinguished by the presentation to Mr. Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Wharton, pastor of Brantly Baptist Church, of a walking cane made from the wood of the old Confederate ironclad Merrimac.

The largest delegation at this service consisted of 1,500 students, 23 of whom hit the trail. Other trail-hitters included a group from the Shield of Honor.

Sunday's theme was "Show Thyself a Man," and was an epigrammatic plea that his hearers hold fast to all those traits which make for manliness, stand sturdily by that which is right and discard all characteristics of the "mollycoddle."

In the forenoon Sunday preached on "Thy Kingdom Come," and leveled his scathing criticisms at all who used the words in their prayers while working against the coming of the kingdom. He declared, incidentally, that he believed he would call for a day of fasting and prayer in Baltimore to see if that would not help to bring this city to Christ.

"If Christ Came To Baltimore." "I don't believe I would have to leave the corporate limits of Baltimore to find people mean and vile enough to cry 'Crucify Him!' if Jesus Christ were to come to Baltimore and were to walk down Charles street."

Eighteen thousand people who filled the big tabernacle heard Rev. Billy Sunday make that declaration in the course of his sermon on "If Christ Should Come To Baltimore."

He handled his theme characteristically, without gloves, and at times the multitude that heard him sent murmurs of astonished gasps to the board ceiling. At other times it applauded, and once many persons laughed. It was mirth that somehow did not fit in, and Sunday reproved it. The laughter, the reproof and the remark that had caused it made an episode that left stinging.

What Would He Do? Sunday, after sticking closely to the text of his sermons, was interjecting a bit, speculating as to what Christ would do if He were to come here.

"Would He spend his time on the ballroom floor hugging some girl. Oh, don't you laugh, don't you laugh! A lot of you church members are doing the same thing yourselves. You know you are."

The laughter died away, and Sunday continued. He said that Christ would not be found in the whirl of society, nor in the homes of the rich, but among the lowly, where He would be giving aid and comfort. But it would not be because the people of wealth did not need Him.

Roland Park to the "Neck." "For you women who live in Roland Park, you need Jesus Christ as much as those who live down in the 'Neck.'"

"If Christ were to come to Baltimore, what changes would you make if you had 24 hours' warning? Would you men call her up on the phone and say: 'It's all off; Jesus will be in town tomorrow?' Would you tell the brewery wagon not to call tomorrow? Would you take anything out of the ice box that you have there now?"

But no, he said, many folks would go on living as they had been living. Christ, he said, would commend the beautiful parks of the city, the charitable institutions, the monuments and the like, but would say: "These things you ought to have done, but you ought not to have left other things undone."

And other things, he said, the Master would note, among them mentioning the "fool, empty-headed women sitting around and sucking cigarettes," people "crowding the halls of pleasure," the "God-forsaken booze joints" and other iniquities.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Robert Louis Stevenson's famous story, was the theme of one of the strongest sermons of the Rev. Mr. Sunday has preached in Baltimore. He delivered the sermon in the tabernacle before a gathering of 13,000 men, and at its conclusion 204 of them hit the trail.

But the most interesting feature of all, outside of the sermon itself, was the presence of Clarence Clair Cunard, 6 years old, who went in and out among the benches in the after-meeting, talking to men whose mouths opened with astonishment at his precocity—and two of them were led by him to the platform pit and to repentance. Clarence is a budding evangelist, and after Sunday had left the tabernacle, this tiny youngster harangued 2,000 men for 10 minutes from the press table. The crowd was increasing and men were turning back to hear him when his grandfather, the Rev. Harry Loper, evangelist, told him he'd have to stop, as it was bed-time.

Sunday's sermon was a straight-out talk on the forces of good and evil that dwell in each human heart, and he elaborated on the allegory in Stevenson's theme, declared that Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde contended for the control of every man's soul and mind, and quoted these words of St. Paul:

"What I hate, that I do. It is not more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. For the good I would, I do not; the evil I would not; that I do. I find a law when I would do good; evil is present. I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, bringing me into the captivity of sin."

Easter in Athens

An American Woman
Describes Impressive
Greek Rite Religious
Ceremonies and Gay
Carnival of People.

By Mabel Gray



SOMETHING was going to happen in Athens; this we knew by the spirit of unusual activity on the streets and in the shops, where everyone seemed preparing for some festivity. That the event was connected with the

church was indicated by the many temporary stands, decorated with colored tissue paper—which ornamented the street corners, where were sold candles of every size—larger and hollow at the end to fit over a metal point of a many-pronged church candelabrum, and tapering to a sharp point at the other end, where they were tied in bunches by their wicks, and hung in the booths alternating, yellow and white. At the corners hung those of should be there to join in their most unique celebration.

Light flashed upon us, however, when we discovered in the hallway of the hotel a calendar, in large Greek type, which read as follows: "March 26, Thursday," and underneath in small type in French: "April 8, Holy Thursday," showing that the Greek calculation is thirteen days behind the rest of Europe, therefore for them Easter had not yet arrived.

That afternoon our discovery was confirmed as we walked through the old part of town, where the shops are. The counter of the public baker, whose shop opened to the street, was lined with rows of round loaves of bread awaiting the ordeal of the fiery furnace. Each contained five bright-red, hard-boiled eggs, pressed half-way into the soft dough in the shape of a Greek cross; all exactly alike, but each distinguished from its neighbors by a slip of paper sticking to the dough, which bore the name of the housewife who had kneaded it.

On Good Friday we directed our course by the dome-crowned spires of the Russian church, where the queen, the sister of the czar, and the Russian minister, occupied opposite boxes.

At the close of the beautiful service, the responses of which were sung by a marvelous choir of unaccompanied male voices, the priests brought to the front a representation of a tomb, having a half-draped figure of Christ painted on the top, and the sides covered with rich embroidery of white and gold.

The queen advanced, kissed the representation of the dead body, and then the hand of the officiating priest, from whom she received a stalk of white gillyflower, and with the Russian minister, who followed her example, left the church. The others of the audience concluded their worship in the same manner, each bearing away a floral reminder of the coming resurrection.

That night these representations of the entombed Christ were borne in solemn procession from the five principal churches, attended by the priests in gorgeous robes, acolytes bearing banners and colored lanterns, and followed by the members of the parish, each carrying a lighted candle.

At intervals, the procession halted and a service was held; then each congregation returned to its own church, and long after all was still, in Athens, the flickering lights of the priests of the Church of St. George could be seen winding up the zigzag path to their sanctuary on the top of Lykabettos, the pointed hill which rises abruptly from the heart of Athens.

With the enshrining of Christ's body in the tomb on Friday a fast was begun, lasting until the morning of his resurrection. Therefore, Saturday was quietly spent until an hour or so before midnight, when streams of people, each person bearing a lighted candle, poured through the streets leading into the great square before the church of the metropolitan.

The great edifice, illumined by thousands of huge candles in chandeliers and candelabra, was packed to the doors, and the square was filled to overflowing with a restless sea of twinkling lights; the windows and balconies of the houses facing three sides of the square were ablaze with flickering tapers, and even the courses of the church and its bell towers were outlined by the tiny flames. The stars above looked pale and scattered in comparison.

MEN AND MATTERS

Vincent Astor will build a clubhouse for nurses in New York city.

The Cossak population of Russia amounts to roughly 2,500,000 men and women, and they collectively own some 146,500,000 acres of Russian territory.

Scalper George, a member of the Pawnee Indian tribe, located in Oklahoma, has received over a million dollars in royalties from the oil lands which he owns in that state.

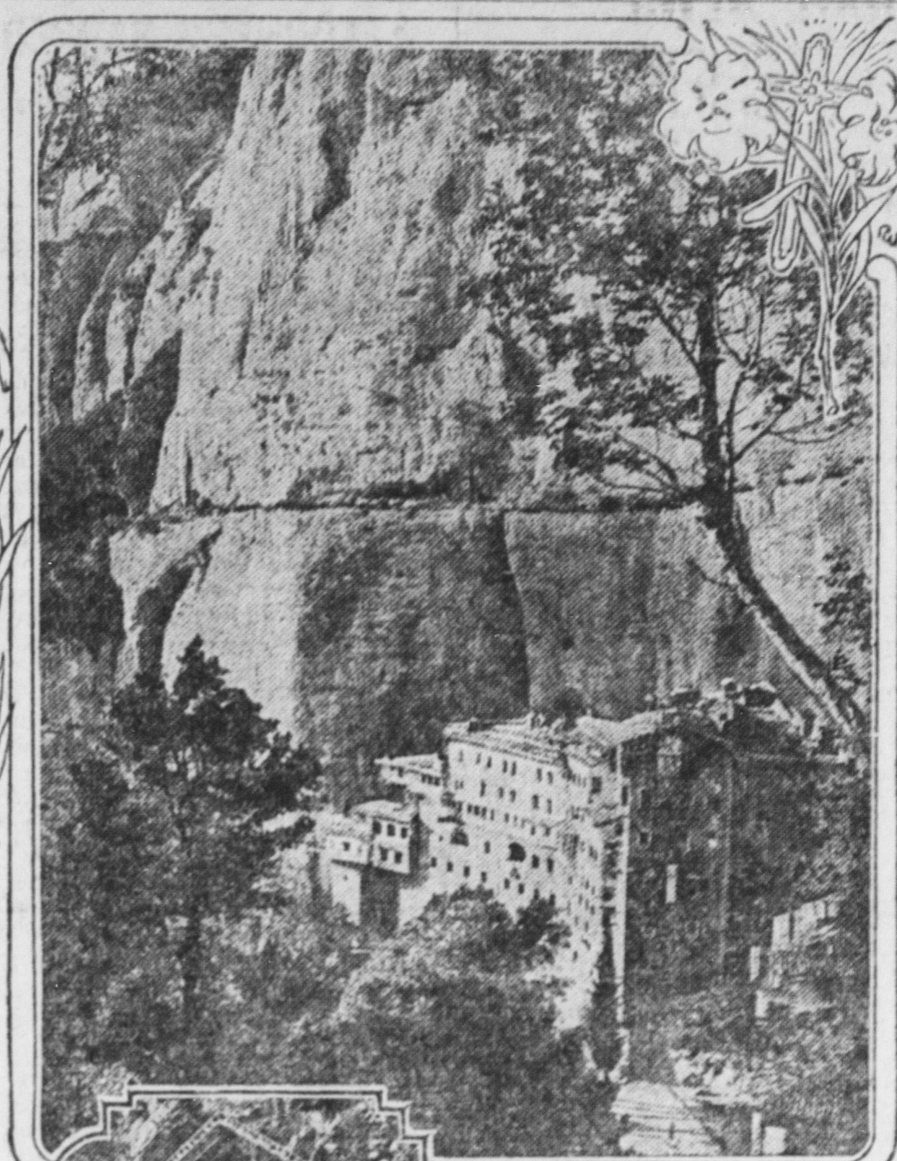


PHOTO BY G. W. HARRISON FOR THE CENTRE REPORTER



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The king and queen and other members of the royal family, also government officials and noted guests, sat upon the edge of the platform erected in the center of the square.

At length, the choir boys emerged from the doors of the cathedral, followed by the chanting priests, and finally by the metropolitan himself, arrayed in gorgeous robes, with a miter on his head and a bishop's crook in his hand.

The procession ascended the platform where the venerable, kind-hearted man, with flowing white beard, raised his fingers in blessing over the waiting worshippers, and the beautiful music of the mass floated out on the silent air.

Beside our breakfast plates, on Sunday morning, lay a bright red Easter egg, an emblematic gift—freely exchanged in Greece—but the chief event of this day of rejoicing was the dancing of the soldiers and of the bodyguard of the king.

The latter took place in the courtyard of the royal palace, and the members of the guard were attired, as always, in the costume of Thessaly, their native province. As we were unprepared for the sight which met our eyes, our first impression was that an automaton ballet chorus was running down.

They wore very full-plaited skirts of starched white linen—stopping several inches above the knee—white woolen tights, black garters, with cords and tassels, and red pointed shoes with huge pompons on the tip of the toes. A white linen shirt, a souave jacket with long flowing sleeves of white wool embroidered with black, and a red cap with a long black silk tassel reaching below the shoulder completed this very unimpressive costume.

Monday was a quiet day, distinguished only by doubled carfages and the presence of numerous peasants from surrounding districts, wearing attractive provincial costume.

The national independence day fell on Holy Thursday, and being therefore postponed was celebrated on Tuesday morning. From our hotel bal-

Oscar Hammerstein, impresario and theatrical manager, once a cigar-maker, through his inventive mind patented several devices for improving the process of manufacturing cigars, one of which netted him over \$300,000.

Before becoming head of the United States Steel corporation, Elbert H. Gary is said to have received the largest yearly retaining fee of any lawyer in the United States.

Forty-six thousand citizens of Chicago paid income tax last year.

cony we viewed the procession and attendant crowds. At the door of the palace across the square the king and queen stepped into their carriage. They were followed in the procession by the Crown Prince Constantine and his wife, the sister of the kaiser, then by Prince George and his bride, the Bonaparte princess, whom the Greeks welcomed with open arms, as the only member of the royal family who is Greek, since the Bonaparte family were residents of Corsica while it was Greek territory, Napoleon being born only a few days after its transfer to France.

The procession, accompanied by bands of music and a brilliant array of mounted soldiers, proceeded to the church of the metropolitan where mass was held.

On the afternoon of Easter Tuesday all eyes were turned toward Megara, distant from Athens two hours by train, where the far-famed peasant dances take place.

In the large public square of the little town the women, dressed in holiday attire, joined hands alternately across each other, forming long, straight lines, and danced, first in one direction and then in the opposite, a performance of no special grace or beauty, but made attractive by their pretty faces and curious costumes, and the great numbers of lines, tripping one way and then the other.

Beneath the black skirts bordered with a broad, red band hung several inches of handmade thread lace from the white petticoats, the pride of the industrious wearer. The tight black bodices and yellow head scarfs were adorned with many loops of silver and gold coins, the dowries of the wearers, and some of the more wealthy were resplendent in trimming of gold lace. They were pleased when we admired the beauty of the embroidery which their own hands had wrought on their aprons of bright-colored silk.

The crowd of spectators encircling the dancers was so dense that we took refuge in a balcony that overlooked the square and gained a most comprehensive and picturesque view. Here and there the long lines formed into a circle and a single man, attired in the abbreviated costume of the Thessalians or in a checked gingham jumper with an equally short, full-ruffled skirt, led the national dance we had seen in Athens, to the accompaniment of stringed instruments.

And thus closed the Easter festivities, but not the holidays, for the pan-Hellenic games were celebrated for four days, beginning with Thursday—in the wonderful ancient stadium, restored to pristine glory by the munificence of a Greek of Alexandria.

The games engaged in by athletes from all parts of Greece were umpired by Crown Prince Constantine, while the royal seats, covered with crimson velvet, were occupied by other members of the royal family.

There were the usual running, wrestling, pole vaulting, hammer throwing and shot putting, but the day of greatest interest was on Sunday, when the Marathon race was run—began at the scene of the battle, and covering the course of the original runner, who bore the news of the defeat of the Persians. As the first man came into sight the great middle gates were thrown open—the only time they are ever unlocked, and the runners finished their 26-mile race between the goal posts at the upper end of the stadium, amid the deafening cheers of the waiting audience.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms—Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c pkgs.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right
with the system full
of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body which, if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply can not get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or storekeeper. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.—Adv.

Almost Caused a Panic. The afternoon tea was in progress. Music pulsated on the air; lights labored to shine through opaque or colored globes. The place was crowded, with women predominating. A dance was in progress.

Finally she appeared. There was nothing especially remarkable about her. She was armed neither by magnificence nor a defiant manner. She was unassuming. Her manner of presenting herself was somewhat timid. And yet her appearance created consternation. The music ceased; the dancers stopped short; two women fainted; several men grabbed decanters and drank hurriedly; the proprietor rushed forward in alarm as to her sanity. There was an uproar—a policeman was called.

She had appeared without one piece of fur on her costume.

Tropical. "I don't believe the climate in Russia is so cold as they say it is." "What makes you think so?" "I've seen the Russian ballet, and those costumes were never made for zero weather."

According to French statistics, only one-fourth of the aviation accidents are due to defects in aeroplanes.

Never Judge a man's bravery by his conversation.

GOOD REPORT Doctor Proved Value of Postum.

Physicians know that good food and drink, properly selected, are of the utmost importance, not only for the relief of disease but to maintain health even when one is well.

A doctor writes, "I count it a pleasure to say a good word for Postum with which I have been enabled to relieve so many sufferers, and which I count, with its valued companion Grape-Nuts, one of the daily blessings." "Coffee was banished from my own table some time ago and Postum used regularly in its place." (Coffee is injurious to many persons, because it contains the subtle, poisonous drug, caffeine.)

"I frequently find it necessary to instruct patients when they take Postum for the first time to be quite sure that it is properly made according to directions, then it has a clear, seal-brown color and a rich, snappy taste, as well as health giving qualities."

The above letter, received over ten years ago, is fully confirmed by a recent letter from the doctor, in which he says:

"It is a pleasure to render a good report covering a product of which I am so enthusiastic a friend."

"I am using in my home your Postum Cereal in both its forms. And, what is more, I am having it used in the families of several patients in which there are children, and all unite in endorsing the fine qualities of your admirable product."

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