

TODAY'S SERMON

"THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN"

I want to talk to you this afternoon on the Pharisee and the publican, the two men who were so different in their religion...

In every community there are people like these carrying criticism as in the days of Jesus Christ. The Pharisee's religion was a religion of forms and observations...

First—To show some people who think they are religious that they are not. Second—to show why the prayers of some people are answered...

A parable is a photograph, a picture. It is a picture of two things that contrast. I hold up my thumb, and you say, yes, I see it in size and location...

YOU GET WHAT YOU LOOK FOR.

"So these two men came to the temple to pray—both received what they came for. You always get what you are looking for—anything you want. You are not disappointed. You always get what you are looking for..."

"So these two men came to pray—the first was the Pharisee. He was nice and smooth, and he seemed to say: 'If you want to know how to do it, ask me, for I'll show you.' There are lots of Christians like that today, and if you want to see one, look in the glass and you will find one of them when you go home."

PRETTY NICE AND SMOOTH.

"So you will notice his attitude while he was praying was pretty nice and smooth, and that reminds me of a minister whom I met in Chicago, and he didn't say this to criticize; he was a good man, but he said to me, 'William, I have listened to you preach and pray, and I am interested in you, and I would like to make a few suggestions to you that I think will increase your effectiveness.'"

"I said, 'I thank you, doctor. I am willing to stand on my head in a mud puddle if you can give me something that will increase my power to save sinners and get them to follow Jesus Christ. If you've got anything to offer, go ahead.'"

"He said, 'When you pray make an acrostic on the word Acts. I always do that.' He said, 'The letter "A" stands for Adoration, and when I pray I adore God. "C" I think stands for Confession, and I said, 'Doctor, we'll part company right there. I know no more about theology than a jackrabbit does about pinpoints or an elephant about the kitchen.'"

LENGTH OF SOME TONGUES.

"You can't thank God with one breath and turn around and run down and vilify and assassinate somebody's character with the next. You can't thank God with one breath and gossip about your neighbor with the next, yes, hang over the back fence, with a shoe on one foot and a slipper on the other, and say, 'Oh, have you heard the latest?' Their tongues are so long they can sit in the parlor and lick the skillet in the kitchen."

"If you read the first 11 chapters of Luke, and, by the way, you ought to read them before you read the 13th. Don't read the Bible like you read a novel—the last chapter first. And I want to say to you if you read a novel in the same milk and water, cider and chalk, in different way you read the Bible, you would get just as little out of it as you get out of the Bible."

"The Pharisees were the church gang of that day, the churchy gang in the days of Jesus. Every church, so far as my experience goes, is cursed with three or four men who want to run the business. You go to the devil! You have no more to say than that fellow that sits by your side. You can't tell the preacher what to do, and here is one that won't let you tell him what to do."

RELIGION ALL RIGHT

"Lots of people go to church to add a little to their social standing; lots of people join the church for the same motive that a man blows up a safe; for what he can get out of it."

"I used to play baseball. I used to fire on the railroads. I have been an athlete, and I have loaned thousands of dollars. I can say thousands, to ball players and actors and actresses, and all the money I have ever been beaten out of in my life I have been beaten out of by church members."

"Religion is all right. Christianity is not at fault, it is the hypocrites who profess it that are at fault. We are going daffy over culture. It is all right in its place, but it is all wrong when you make it take the place of Christianity. America needs a tidal wave of religion; a cyclone of redemption and culture in the world won't educate anybody out of hell."

"When you get right down to facts there is nothing wrong with people but the devil in them."

"When I started in to preach I said the trouble with the people is in the head; you have got to show them, and I had as much a sermon as you ever heard, all ready (it's in the waste basket now). I got the Encyclopedia Britannica and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and got some words and sentences long enough to make the jaw of a Greek professor squeak for a week afterward if he tried to pronounce some of them, but one day I said to myself, 'Lord, I got this thing doped out wrong, there's nothing the matter with anybody but they get the devil.' I got out my old gun and loaded it with dynamite, rock salt and railroad spikes, and I pulled the trigger and the bang has been hitting their heads and their backs has been dying ever since."

PERSONALITY, NOT CLOTHING

"God is not anxious about your clothes, or whether you come in a limousine or an hack, he wants your personality; you can't please a little money on the collection plate on Sunday and then go to the next the rest of the week. He doesn't want you to come to church today and let

brother, went to North Dakota, and we had not seen one another for years, and one day I said to my wife, 'Well, let's go and see Ed,' and we went. Near Fargo, when we were riding along there on a little branch, I saw cleats painted black on the telegraph poles. I asked Ed about it and he said, 'That represents the tops of the snowdrifts last winter. That's for the officials riding along in their private car to see where the snowdrifts were.'"

"Fargo in North Dakota is the prettiest town I ever laid eyes on. The streets are as level as a floor. A man could sit in his cutter and touch the top of the telegraph poles during the snowdrifts. I was shown where the snow had blown and drifted to the top of a barn, 55 feet. I was going West one time and they had two engines plowing along, and there was a woman with a little baby in her arms and she wanted to leave the train at a certain little flag station—they will stop the train if you will come from a certain distance—and the woman wanted to get off the train. The brakeman came in and called the name of the station, and the woman said: 'Don't forget me,' and he said, 'Sure!'"

WRONGLY DIRECTED.

"There was a traveling man there, and he said: 'Lady, I will see that the brakeman don't forget you—don't you worry!'"

TELLING FAULTS.

"Well, that doesn't apply any more to you today than wearing sandals on your feet. Don't encourage the pastor, but be sure to tell his faults to everybody at meeting. If his sermons help you, never let him know, but if he says something you don't like, be sure you tell him about it. If you see a stranger in the audience don't shake hands with him; if you do he might come back again. Give him the icy hand, the marble heart and a Klondike stare."

"Don't try to bring anybody to the church. The church might be filled that way. Let the pastor do all the work; he has nothing special to do. Preaching is a picnic; he has nothing to do, only two new sermons to get up every week, run prayer meeting, marry people and bury them, make church calls, pray for the dying, take the church subscriptions; nothing to do but just wait on you and come and visit you. See that his salary is always behind. He doesn't have to eat like the rest of you. God sent the ravens, and he's got plenty yet. If he doesn't visit you as often as you think he should, treat him coldly. He has nothing particular to do but call on you, if there is anybody that is willing to carry on the work of God, be sure to find fault with them and call them bold and forward."

IN YOUR OWN HOME.

"Don't be particular how God's church looks. Be sure and have your own homes fine, with Persian and Axminster rugs, bric-a-brac, candelabra and everything of the finest. Be sure and have your own home fine. Don't care what God's house looks like. Don't care if it looks like a rummage sale or a junk shop. God is entitled to the best church that can be built. Don't believe in worshipping God in a little chicken coop, unpainted chicken coop."

"You will spend three or four thousand dollars for an automobile, and I don't begrudge you that—I wish everybody had an automobile that can afford it. But you won't put anything in the collection box. You women spend more for a hat than you would give to the cause of religion in a lifetime. I don't begrudge you the hat, but when you sweep down the aisle with a \$50 hat and a \$300 dress and put a plugged cent in the collection box I do begrudge you that."

"I want to tell you God don't stand for that kind of thing, either. Insist on your views being adopted in all things; don't give in to the majority. This Government is ruled by a majority Government. We run this Government by majority and I would like to run everybody that way, too. But the Church isn't run that way. Let the tail wag the dog."

GET BUSY AND FIGHT.

"Then, again, if you see that everybody is working harmoniously, get busy and start a fight."

"If the minister wants a quartet, you insist on a choir. If the minister wants a choir, you insist that a quartet is the thing."

"Services rendered in such opposite directions could not meet with the same result. This old Pharisee comes sneaking into the synagogue; it was open all the time like this temple, and they meet there and discuss all the questions of religion and Jesus at a little reception or wedding watched that bunch of high-brows coming in and sweeping down and taking conspicuous places, and Jesus said: 'Come down from your high horses—the letter way is to come up higher than go down lower. It is better to find qualities that will enable you to sit up higher than go down.'"

COME OUT IN THE OPEN.

"Then in comes this old publican and he says, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and he looked down at the ground. The other fellow, I thank God that I am not as other men are, murderers, adulterers, and publicans. I fast twice a week. And in comes this old fellow and the Pharisee said, 'Nor as this publican.' And the publican said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' That is my idea of religion. Make the confession as public as the transgression. If you hit the booze and stagger down the street, then say, 'I'm a booze holder, God.' Do the thing in public; settle with God Almighty out in the open. God don't like men who fight behind ambush. Come out in the open. That's the idea. That's what I believe in."

"I was down in a town in Indiana, Doctor, where the Presbyterians would not kneel down when I asked them to get down and pray. The Presbyterians wouldn't kneel for fear the people would think that they were Methodists. And their leader got up and tried to apologize, and I told them that they had the devil in them and they wouldn't apologize for that—he ought to go and skin them."

SERVICES RENDERED

"Services rendered in such opposite directions cannot meet with the same result. If two men were on the top of a tall building and one should jump and one come down the fire escape, they couldn't expect to meet with the same degree of safety. Two men came into the temple and one said, 'Thank God I am not as other men are,' and one said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' The first man went to his house the same as when he came out of it—'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' That man was justified. I am justified in my faith in Jesus Christ. I am no longer a sinner. I am justified as though I had never sinned by faith in the Son of God. That man went down to his house justified."

NEVER SAW HIS FATHER.

"My father went to war. He enlisted in August and I was born the 15th of the following November. I never saw my father. He never came back. My mother sent Ed and me to the Soldiers' Home. We went there and stayed for years. I stayed there until I was 14 years old."

"Then I went to live with Colonel John Scott, Governor of the State, 254, my

And she settled down, and, after the train had gone on a while, the traveling man said: 'Now, lady, we are getting near that place; you had better be getting ready—they won't stop long! They had gone on a half or three-quarters of an hour—and he said: 'Lady, here's your station.' And she tied her fascinator over her head and hopped out of the train into the storm. The train had gone on about three-quarters of an hour, and the brakeman came in and said: 'Where's that woman?' The traveling man said: 'She got off.' The brakeman said: 'Then she's gone to her death. We stopped the train because there was something the matter with the engine and we stopped to fix it—she has gone to her death on the prairie.'"

"They sent orders back, called for volunteers and went back and looked for her, and searched for hours, and they found her out on the prairie, covered with a shroud of ice and snow, woven about her by the pitiless storm, and with the little babe folded in her breast."

"She followed his directions, but his directions were wrong. That is the way those preachers of false doctrines are robbing people of God. Two men went into the temple to pray; one was a Pharisee, one was a publican. 'God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, plunderers, murderers, adulterers, and thieves. I fast twice a week, give

tithes of all I possess,' and he went out and went to hell. There came that old publican, and he said: 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' There was no long-winded wind-jamming about this fellow. The less religion you've got the longer it takes to express it."

"POWER OF GOD TO HAVE ME."

"They both got what they went for—one went for nothing and he got nothing; the other for salvation, and he got it."

"Thank you, Jesus. I came to You 28 years ago for salvation, and I got salvation. Thank the Lord, I can look in the face of every man and woman of God everywhere and say that for 26 years I have lived in salvation. Not that I take any credit to myself for that; it was nothing inherent in me; it was the power of God that saved me and kept me."

"Oh, Lord, sweep over this city and save the business men of this community, the young men and women. Oh, God, save us all from the cesspools of hell and corruption. Help me, Lord, as I hurl condemnation into the ranks of that miserable, God-forsaken crew who are feeding, fattening and gormandizing on the people! Get everybody interested in honesty and decency and sobriety, and make them fight to the last ditch for God. There are too many cowards, four-flushers in the church."

76,810 Replies in 30 Days

In the 30 days following the publication of the November issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL the editors received 76,810 letters of inquiry or comment inspired by the magazine.

A PAGE illustrating Christmas Gifts to be made at home brought 16,994 requests for a booklet, each enclosing four cents in stamps.

The Needlework Editors had 16,706 letters. One column of gifts that little girls could make brought 2247 letters from mothers asking for directions.

Reprints of the cover by Harrison Fisher at ten cents each (or 3 for 25c.) were asked for by 7706 women. 1858 women asked for advice about the care of their babies. 1600 children sent in stories written by them to fit the Flossie Fisher Funnies pictures.

The correspondence of some of the other departments—a number of which were represented in the November issue only by a tiny card one inch deep—was as follows:

- The organization of a Sunday-school class . . . 1743 letters
Crepe paper-robe weaving . . . 7109 letters
Cooking and the table . . . 1281 letters
Ideas for home parties . . . 1568 letters
Gifts for friends owning automobiles . . . 1258 letters
Planning the house and garden . . . 3673 letters
Arranging the hair . . . 3167 letters
Trimming the hat . . . 1073 letters
Styles and home dressmaking . . . 1696 letters
Drama, literature and women's club papers 1146 letters

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Besides the special features from time to time, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has 24 specific departments through which its editors offer free personal service to readers through correspondence.

RUSH OF EXPORTS TO U. S. FROM GREAT BRITAIN

Lower Tariff Has Affected Worsteds and Woollens.

LONDON, Jan. 8.—The official trade returns published yesterday by the Board of Trade for December and for the calendar year give some indication of the extent to which the lower tariff of the United States has permitted the increase in British exports of woollens and worsteds across the Atlantic. Notwithstanding that shipments of worsted yarns were completely suspended in December, owing to the home demands for military purposes, nevertheless for the calendar year the total shipped to the United States amounted to 1,955,000 pounds, against only 73,000 pounds the preceding year.

A much more sensational increase is shown by woollens and worsteds. In the former, while the December output was only 302,000 yards against 27,000 yards, the total for the year shows the phenomenal increase to 3,239,000 yards in 1914, as compared with 2,193,000 yards the preceding year. While in the case of worsteds the total shipments to the United States were 32,790,000 yards, against only 2,215,000 in the preceding year. The exports of worsteds in December amounted to 1,310,000 yards, against 1,490,000 yards in December, 1913. The exports of cotton in December showed a total of 278,010,000 yards, which 4,000,000 yards were to the United States, 134,000,000 yards to the United States, 4,400,000 yards to the United States, 8,100,000 yards to South America, 403,000 yards to South America, 892,000 yards, of which 5,811,000 yards were to the United States, 226,477,000 yards to India, 68,418,000 yards to China, 7,000,000 yards to the Netherlands, 1,422,000 yards to Turkey, 27,370,000 yards to Egypt and 14,400,000 yards to South America.

ASK DELAWARE FOR PRISONERS

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 8.—William Woods, who is held in the New Castle County workhouse awaiting trial on a charge of being implicated in the robbery of a trolley car near Richardson Park, will probably be turned over to the Federal authorities.

Woods was indicted by a Federal Grand Jury in Baltimore several days ago on a charge of robbing the postoffice at Adams Md.

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For the calendar year 1914 the shipments of cotton amounted to 3,755,550,000 yards, comprising with 7,075,322,000 yards in 1913.

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