

The carnival of death; or The modern dance and other amusements

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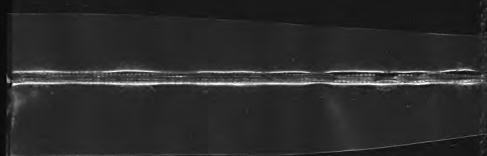
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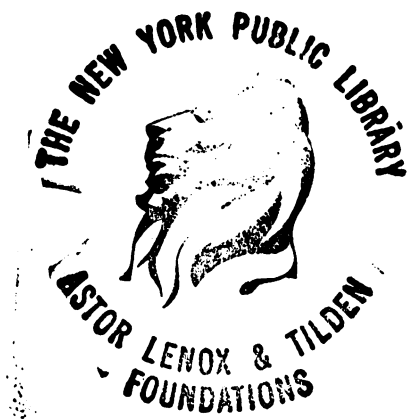


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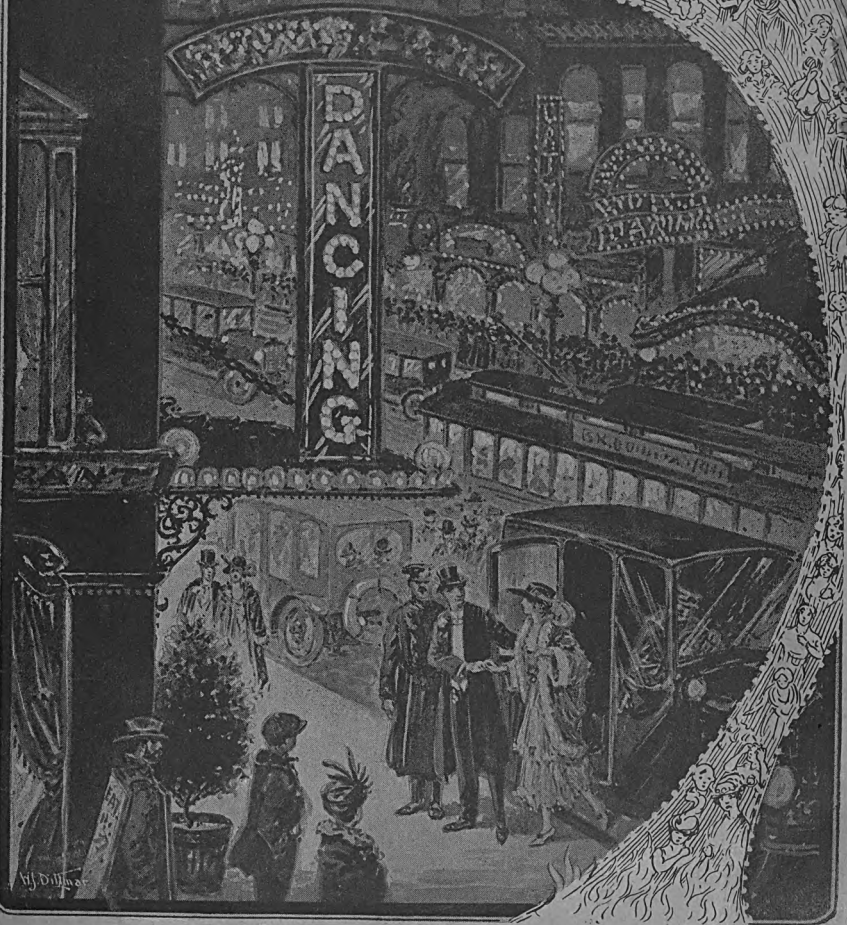
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DANGER
WITHDRAWN
FROM ARCHIVES
BY M. KIRSTEIN

THE CARNIVAL OF DEATH

By HARRY W. VOM BRUCH



H. W. V. B.



Harry W. Vom Bruch

NYPL DANCE COLLECTION
LINCOLN CENTER

The
CARNIVAL of DEATH
or the
MODERN DANCE
and
other Amusements

By

EVANGELIST HARRY W. VOM BRUCH

"

Author of

"Safety First" Price 25 cents.

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PREFACE

It has been my privilege to give this address to scores upon scores of young people in various parts of this country, and because of repeated requests I now prepare it in booklet form, trusting it may have a fruitful mission in the days to come.

Knowing that we are living in the last days when perilous times shall come and men shall be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of Godliness but denying the power thereof, I believe that the warning note needs to be sounded as never before to precious souls who are somewhat unconsciously drifting away from the light into darkness. I have prepared this message with this aim and with the hope and prayer that it may be at least a danger signal thrown upon the pathway of the pleasure seekers of today.

I am especially indebted for some of the statements, statistics, and illustrations, to those whose books I have read

and to evangelists with whom it has been my privilege to labor—namely, Rev. Chas. H. Harrington, Binghamton, N. Y., and Dr. W. W. Hall, Swissvale, Pa.

Trusting that all who read this booklet will do so in the spirit in which it has been written, and with a willingness to be moved and led by the spirit of God, I send this forth in

His Name,

The Author.

The Carnival of Death

Matt. 26: 14-15.

Then one of the twelve called Judas Iscariot went unto the chief priests and said unto them, "What will ye give me, and I will deliver Him (Christ) unto you?" and they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver.

This gives us a picture of Judas selling Christ. I can't stop to analyze the life of Judas—sufficient to say he had enjoyed the friendship and fellowship of the Master, and he had the privilege of a personal touch, which ought to mean a life of power and victory over sin, flesh and the devil. How sad to see him make a change for the worse. Now we see Judas not sitting at the feet of Jesus to learn, nor walking by His side to love, nor looking into His face to adore, but bargaining with the chief priests and captain to sell his best friend for a little earthly gain. Silver looked good to Judas, so good that he decided to trade off Christ for thirty pieces. No doubt he first saw, then coveted and then took, but, oh, what his taking cost

him, for it became then and there his selling price for Christ. He sells and therefore loses all he might have gained. There he goes with his bloody bag, not a victor, but a victim. He sold his Christ.

Have I been picturing some of you, dear friends? Is there something in your life that's drawing you away from Christ? If so, are you not a Judas, and that thing which is drawing you away, your selling price? I believe to-day there are modern Judases seeking the beauties of this world, rather than the world to come. Seeking gain for time, instead of for eternity, and selling their Christ. Let us look at what might be the selling price some are putting on Jesus Christ, bearing in mind that the thing which draws you away from him is your selling price. There's

EARTHLY DESIRE.

Desire for riches: Stuffing the body and starving the soul. Riches are all right when used right, but God does not want an account of your pocket-book, but that of your soul. "Seek ye

first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6: 33. The trouble with too many so-called Christians today is that they go as far as seeking the Kingdom of God, and then get sidetracked and seek something else, forgetting His righteousness.

Like the young man, when told he could have all the land he could circle between sunrise and sunset, he circled much, but just at sunset, when ending where he started, dropped dead.

Like the rich man in Luke 12:16-21. "And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully. And he thought within himself, saying, what shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits. And he said, This will I do; I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods, and I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou

fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God."

You see it doesn't pay to get the life centered upon gain, for "where your treasure is there will your heart be also," Luke 12: 34, and if your heart is there it is not with Christ. There's

FLESHLY DESIRE.

Desire to satisfy the lust, passion or appetite. Rum has become the god of scores today, and rum and religion don't mix. God pity the mothers who give their boys a downward start by way of the sideboard in the home. I'm not afraid of that low hell hole where you can get your fill of the old hog slop for a few paltry cents. I'm afraid of that dainty young miss who might offer it in a cut glass over the sideboard bar of a residence home. You can't be a drunkard until you take your first glass, and many a drunkard got his start in the home. God's word says,

“No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven.” 1 Cor. 6: 10.

Here is a chain of three links: First, the drunkard; second, the dainty young miss who gave him his first glass; third, the mother who introduced the sideboard plan into the home. Tell me when the drunkard goes to hell what about the other two links? Well, God pity them if the chain doesn't break.

When I hear a man say, “I am saved,” and I smell either rum or tobacco on his breath, I feel like saying, “Brother, from what are you saved?” More Bibles on center tables and less booze on sideboards will make the Christian home more like it ought to be.

I want to say here I am for everything the Devil is against and against everything the Devil is for. The Rev. Dr. Farr says, “You can't testify for God unless you testify against the things that are against God,” so here goes at these Christless amusements.

When Paul warned against the wiles of the Devil I believe he was warring

against the things that draw one away from God. You must acknowledge that amusements are doing this very thing. We're running around with the Devil six days a week and trying to keep company with the Lord on Sundays. That doesn't go with Jesus. He is not going to play second fiddle, so don't you fool yourself. He says, "If you are not with me you are against me." But that's the game we are trying to put over on Him. Give the Devil the best of your life and give God the ashes. He doesn't want them. He wants your youth, your strength, vitality and every issue of your life.

Amusements in the life of the professing Christian are what is making it hard to lead men to Christ. They say, "Well, what do I do that Christians don't do." No wonder they have cause for severe criticism. No wonder the church has become the laughing stock of the world. No, the cause of Christ has been belittled. And then some speak of innocent amusements. No amusement is innocent that drives the

soul away from God. If amusements themselves are not a sin, they may very readily cause sin. They steal one's first love for the Saviour, and begin to distract your attention and callous you to the leadings of the Spirit, and cause you to break your allegiance to Christ. It is no small thing, for "He that putteth his hand to the plow and turneth back is not worthy of the Kingdom."

Recreation is another thing which no doubt is all right. A bow too longly bent will lose its elasticity. The body needs exercise. Exercise is one thing, but the average amusement is another. Why, the present day amusements have become so diluted that the average amusement today is a halfway house back to the world on the road to hell. The reason some can not see it is because "the god of this world hath blinded their minds." II Cor. 4: 4.

You gaze, as some one has said, at the burning rockets and you can't see the stars. The glare and dazzle of the world has literally blinded some people to everything of the Lord. Humanity is

hell bound, and if it is not the godless gang of pleasure lovers—pray tell me who it is? How foolish to get in with a gang like that. Whenever I think of Christians keeping step with the world I think of Samson. He was a powerful man as long as the spirit of the Lord fell upon him, but he fooled with his weakness and down he went. Men have faced the powder upon the battle-fields, but Samson couldn't face it on a woman's face. You can't play long with the Devil, my friend, before he has you, body and soul. It is like playing tag with the undertaker—he will get you in the end. The Devil may only want your eyes to start out with, but that's only bait for the future. But God will warn you. My, how God did warn Samson and give him trial after trial, but he wouldn't take advice. That's one of the hardest things to do in the world today—get some one to take advice. My, get a girl in love and you may as well try and blow old Gibraltar down with a bean-blower as to get her to take advice. No; she will say you

can't see it as I do. It's a good thing everybody doesn't, sister.

Oh, yes, God will warn you. No girl ever sidestepped her virtue, or boy ever lost his manhood, but God warned him first. If you go down and the Devil gets the best of you, you will go down with your eyes open. I long for the time to come when we can separate this worldly - minded bunch from the church. They have spragged the wheels of the church too long. It is time they were either out and out for Christ or the Devil. I have yet to meet an earnest soul-winner among the amusement-seeking gang.

Let's look at three great besetting amusements:

There's the

CARDS.

Cards were invented for the amusement of an idiotic king.

The card pack is the infidel's dictionary, the blasphemer's lexicon and the harlot's handbook.

I don't like them because the average card table in the home takes the place

of the communion table. The average card pack takes the place on the center table that the Bible should take.

It's a game of chance and not skill. You must chance to have the winning hand, or lose. Checkers are a game of skill; so with other board games. So with baseball, tennis, etc. Card playing is nothing but a form of gambling. Nine-tenths of gambling done outside of the race track is done at the card table. Cards are the gambler's bible. A fellow said to me in Binghamton, N. Y.: "I believe in teaching my children how to play cards at home so they won't have to go out and learn in some hell hole." "Oh, is that so," I said. "Then you would put a beer barrel in your home for your boys so they wouldn't have to go to the saloon, would you?" "You would hire a prostitute in your home as a preventive against your boys making a visit to the red-light district, would you?" "Oh," he said, "I didn't look at it that way." Well, brother, what other way is there of looking at it?

Great guns! Think of women leaving their housework undone and their husbands to come home to a cold supper so they might spend the day at the euchre club and bring home the booby prize! You had better carry your baby up in your arms rather than that booby prize under them, sister. You'd look a lot better.

You can talk of the matinee. You can talk of the Christless play.

Could you say a word for Jesus? Has one ever heard you pray? No. Why? Prayer has gone out and jealousy has come in.

There is much ruin, and many wrecked homes that fall, in the wake of the gambling craze. Poor deluded men and women forsake all and stake all upon the throw of a dice, or the turn of a card. My, how one will cheat to win. Statistics have proven that fact. Some one gives one year's results as follows:

Three million dollars embezzled for purposes caused by bad result of card table.

Thirty-two bank cashiers misused money for same reason.

Forty-three people committed forgery.

Two went insane.

Six attempted suicide. Twenty-four committed suicide.

One hundred and twenty-eight were shot or stabbed.

Sixty were murdered in cold blood.

Now, dear ones, as Christian people don't you think that a thing that puts as much hell in the heart of a man or woman as that ought to be cut out. In Texas it is against the law to play cards on a train. God pity us when we let state laws get ahead of Christian principle.

Can't you see it's gambling. Here's a mother off to a fashionable euchre (baby home with the maid). Her son John is down in the back room of a low-down saloon. She is playing with a silk pack over a mahogany table. He is playing over an old barrel with a greasy pack. She wins a cut-glass bowl,

worth \$15.00. He wins \$15.00. Next day she delights in showing her cut-glass bowl she won at the progressive euchre, and after friends have gone her son John says, "Mother, here's a five-dollar bill I thought I would make you a gift of it." She says, "Why John, where did you get it?" "Oh," says John, "we boys had a little game on the side yesterday afternoon and I won \$15.00." "What," she says, "John, you gambling!" "Why," said John, looking at her cut-glass bowl, "What's the difference if it is a \$15.00 bowl or the \$15.00 itself?" Now friends, what is the difference? Pray tell me what is the difference? There is none. Both are gambling!

Oh, the damage that can be done by a professing Christian card player. While in _____, Indiana, in tabernacle meetings, workers did their best to get a fine young fellow to take a clean-cut stand for the Lord, but he said, "No use, I'm lost." When asked what started him on his downward road he said: "I was a member of the young

men's class of the ——— church of this town and was getting interested in religion, when at a social at the teacher's home one night the card pack was brought out and I was urged to play. I resented at first with a shock, for I thought that Christians did not play cards. The teacher of the class, however, persuaded me to play saying there was no harm in it, and so finally I yielded. The game had a fascination for me and before long I had such a desire, and have tonight, that I would rather gamble at cards than anything I know." "But," said the worker, "you will be lost if you go in that way." "If I am," he said, "I'll accuse that Sunday school teacher at the bar of God with the loss of my soul, and if justice reigns and I am lost he will be lost too." Can't you see how sin sown in a parlor may be reaped in a public hall, and sin sown there may be reaped in hell. God help you to give up the thing that, while it may not hurt you, may cause a weaker brother to go into eternity a lost soul. You may be shaping the destiny of

someone by the power of your influence.

There's the

THEATER

That the theater is not the best place for an inspiration to love God will be acknowledged by every true believer of the Lord. Rather, it has proven detrimental to spiritual growth. As an institution it is unclean. Both place and plays are bad. If theaters are for the elevating of the morals, tell me why is it that so many brothels and saloons are placed next door to them. Why a cheap hotel across the street? The average play today is indecent. Religious plays are a blasphemy to God. Never will I look upon the one who tries to impersonate my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The effect of the theater upon the spiritual life is enough to condemn it, but besides this its immorality should too. I had three young men friends who attended a high-class family theater in Chicago to spend a delightful evening. All decided on the way home they would stop and have re-

freshments together. Each had a young lady friend. The play was over, but instead of a happy group of young folks gathering to talk over the delightful play one couple went home one way, one another, and the third still another, and no mention was made of what had been seen or heard. Why? They could not mention the play without mentioning the immorality. I am not going, friends, where I have to apologize for going, or where I have to apologize for something seen or heard. This I would have to do at the average play. People will listen to things from the stage that would cause them to faint should they hear their son or daughter say them in the home. The average song has a lewd thought behind it. I am not talking about some individual plays, but plays as a whole; the theater as an institution. Managers acknowledge that their institution cannot be supported by clean, moral plays. They say the public wants the immoral. God save you from a clique like that. They don't want decency.

When in school in Mt. Hermon, Mass., one of my dearest friends was a young man who had been born, I believe, of stage parents. At least he had been on the stage himself, but had been converted and was planning for the ministry, but thought he would place his efforts in the line of elevating the stage. He sincerely believed that the public wanted a clean stage, and he was going to do his part to elevate it. He graduated, and some months later I received a letter from him at New York City stating he had given up the idea of uplifting the stage. Why? The public did not want it lifted. That young man is now uplifting Christ. How much better!

Here are testimonies of others interested in the theater:

McCready, a great actor, said: "None of my children shall ever, with my consent, enter a theater and not under any pretense either, if I can help it." Edwin Booth said: "I'll never permit my wife or daughter to go to the theater until I know its character." Mr.

Duvas, the playwright, said both place and work of place are immoral.

Dr. J. M. Bulkey's personal examination of sixty plays in New York's best playhouses in three seasons said: "Fifty were condemned as actually immoral and the other ten of low merit."

No wonder these men render the verdict they do when they know that the average play is full of drunkenness, duelling, conspiracy, adultery, robbery, forgery, murder, lust, envy, hatred, malice, passion, desire, etc.

The recent plays on Broadway have been of such low merit that Rabbi Stephen S. Wise said, "They must be the production of moral scavengers."

Anna Held recently said: "The conditions of the stage are such that I can't advise a girl to go on it." Oh, the immorality there! Sin laughed at and called a mistake. The adulterous woman is crowned queen. The whole business appeals to the sensualities of the sexes, and the girl who blushes at it from behind a silk fan in the front row is just as bad as the blear-eyed, bloated-

faced lobster in the gallery looking at it through a pair of opera glasses. Whether it be an immoral Shakespearean play or an immoral something else, by your going to the theater you throw your influence in favor of an institution whose influence is damning and causing havoc in the lives of professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

You pay good money, take your wife and daughter to them; have them witness the animal passions of men and women laid bare in all its brutality.

Take away the display of anatomy in the plays of today and a sheriff's sign will hang on its doors tomorrow. Paul says: "Set your affections on things above." Is the stage an elevating proposition when stage people themselves condemn it? Does the influence of the stage lead to a life of piety and devotion to our Lord Jesus Christ? Does it? I'll tell you if we intend going to Heaven it's time we began to sing Heaven's songs here and get in tune. It's time we began to enjoy Heaven's joys here. It's time to sow to the spirit,

and of the Spirit reap life everlasting, for he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption. Eph. 6: 8. Paul says: "If any man be in Christ he is a new creation; old things have passed away and all things have become new." You'll have the fruit of the spirit and not of the flesh. Look at

Galatians 5: 19-26.

Now, if you are a professing Christian and have not this fruit, something is wrong. You need a pruning. Well let God prune; it is for your good and his glory. Some one says: "My, I wonder what he'll say about the nickle show?" Well this—I believe the Devil couldn't get enough people going to hell at the 50 and 25-cent rate, so he's brought the price down to a nickle.

Ex-Ambassador to Turkey, Charles M. Dickerson, says: "Moving picture shows are demoralizing." Why, read your daily papers and they will bear him out. Here's one from Chicago Tribune:

"A woman went home after seeing 'The Deadly Stiletto, or the Organ

Grinder's Revenge.' She called her husband as she stood peeling potatoes and said: 'Some picture! he got him just like this—' The paring knife slipped and the husband fell wounded in his left side, a victim of his wife's histrionic talent." Here's another: "Poolroom is bombarded by movie-mad youth." "Bang, bang goes revolver." And so they go—what's the use of reading more? Say, if you want amusement why don't you dig up something real? Movies are artificial. Get something that puts bloom in your cheek and makes red blood. Religious pictures are but a trap for the innocent.

A little Sunday school lad after seeing his first movie rushed into the presence of his mother, and said, "Gee ma if you ever went to the movies once, you would never want to go to prayer-meeting again." That's the effect it has upon your children and I'm against anything and everything that will take a boy out of Sunday-school and the house of God.

In an eastern city a twelve year old

boy was brought into court charged with murder. The judge asked him when he learned to hold a revolver and pull the trigger and he said, "In the movies."

Someone says: "Well, I never go where I can't take Jesus with me." Who gave you the right to take Him with you? My Bible says, Jesus said, "Follow me," not I'll follow you. You follow Jesus, and they will never see your face in a dirty theater or cheap movie show, or any other place that's responsible for the wholesale wrecking of character. There's

THE CARNIVAL OF DEATH OR THE MODERN DANCE

Coming down the avenues of the last three centuries, a monster of destruction is rolling on its way, a veritable juggernaut of evil influences—unretarded in its onward journey—gradually growing larger, stretching out its long tentacles further and further—bringing into its bosom rich and poor, old and young—sapping their life-blood and having drained them to the

very dregs, eventually discarding them and throwing them into a living hell.

And still it rolls on! True, we are endeavoring in a very small way to conquer it at last; but the past destruction embraces millions of people and many more will follow and perish unless we awaken to this grave danger and come to their immediate aid.

The fiend still lives! He still relies upon the inherent selfishness of our people in their craving for self-indulgence and sensuous amusement.

The amusement that every true believer in Christ calls repulsive. The nearer one gets to God the less he cares for it. That amusement that every orthodox church is against, and also the Catholic church. For over one hundred years theologians such as Bociver, Sabetti, Genisot and Sartoi thundered out against the dance.

In the Protestant Episcopal Church authorities such as Bishop Hopkins, Bishop Mead and Bishop Cox have voiced the sentiments of their church against the dance. The Methodist

Episcopal Church condemns it; the Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian and other churches also. "Oh," says some one, "our church doesn't condemn it, our pastor says it's all right." Well, your little individual church may be just a leakpan under the others to catch their drippings, and of course we could not expect your church to condemn it. I know of a church in a suburban town of Chicago where they have dances in the church every Friday night, and you put a good, warm, spiritual saint in that church and in less than five minutes she'd come out with pneumonia, it's so cold. God pity the church member or pastor whose conception of Christ rises no higher than the bunny hug, turkey trot, tango, hesitation, texas tommy, hug-me-tight, fox-trot, shimmy-dance, sea-gull swoop and skunk-waltz.

You say you know Christians who dance. What evidence have you that they are Christians? You say that society endorses it. Who gave society the liberty to license wrong? No endorsement will make a wrong right.

Did you ever hear a Christian ask, "Is it wrong to pray?" Did you ever hear a Christian ask if it was wrong to go to church, or to help the poor and needy, the sick and afflicted or to visit the widows and orphans, or to sing His praise?

The very fact that the dance question worries a Christian shows you there is something wrong in it. Play "Safety First" and give God the benefit of the doubt. A young woman in a mining town in Pennsylvania came to me one night and asked me "What's wrong in dancing?" I said, "What's good in it?" Now, what good is there in it? Does the dance promote spiritual life? Does the dance strengthen the soul to resist temptation? Does the dance lead to a clearer conception of God and duty? Does the dance increase your love to your fellow man and devotion to God? No! The dance robs the spiritual life of its victims. Ask the dancer his or her views of Christ, and they are not much. The dance diminishes the spirit

of prayer and interest in spiritual things and disqualifies a person for earnest efforts to lead men from wrong to right, from sin to salvation, from self to Christ.

Does the dance honor the Cross? Does the dance honor Calvary? Does the dance honor the Christ of the Cross of Calvary? No! No! To mention Christ in reverence at a dance would be to invite the mocking and scoffing of the crowd upon you.

The dance is **The Carnival of Death to Spiritual Life.**

Think of Jesus upon a ball-room floor. Dancing was an act of worship in Old Testament times, but it wasn't any of the hugging business that permeates the dance today. Man has made secular what God ordained religious.

Oh, the nerve to drag these things, once holy, down to the level of a beast. The dance of today appeals to the lower ideals of life, appeals to that which leads to crime and sin. The dance is the market for these panderers, these human buzzards who make their living

off of other bodies—these agents for the white slave traffic. That's why the boys have a familiar saying: "Get a girl to dance and everything comes afterwards." You get a girl to dance, and it doesn't take much persuasion to go beyond the bounds of propriety and decency.

One night for company's sake I remained with the young man in charge of our tabernacle at ———, Pa. That night there was a dance in the school just next to our tabernacle, and we had the privilege of proving my above statement. Look out, girls, for these agents of hell in whose arms you'll sooner or later find yourself.

Many have gone to Sodom from the Sunday School.

The modern dance is in no sense conducive to a Christian life. The scant, low-necked clinging dresses of the women, and the close mingling of the sexes, can in no sense be conducive to morality. This may be strong language, yet sex is undoubtedly the basis of the modern dance.

Mother I believe in pleasure but when the virtue of your daughter hangs in the balance, then I protest.

The Christian that winks at the dance and other kindred devices of the devil soon becomes the laughing stock of sinners, infidels, skeptics and scoffers.

The dance is a **Carnival of Death to Health.**

The dance is a health destroyer. More dissipation goes on because of the dance than any other thing, and then some say, I dance for exercise. Do you? Well, what do you do the hugging business for? Exercise, too? Think of one taking their exercise from ten at night until two in the morning.

The dance violates every known law of health. The medical profession as a whole denounce it as a health destroyer. Look at it. No wonder. Late hours! Sit up as long at a prayer meeting as you stand at a dance and you would complain of muscular rheumatism before you half start. Look at it! Impure air! It beats all. If the dance

is so clean and edifying, why do they always pull the curtains down and keep most of the windows closed so that no one can peek in on the dancers. The average dancer covers in four hours between 15 and 16 miles. Think of whirling yourself four hours, covering 15 miles in a hot, stuffy room, getting up a sweat and then cooling off rapidly in times of intermission. Does that build up the body? Does that build up lost tissues? If so, the medical profession knows very little and shows it by denouncing it.

The late hours, the impure atmosphere breathed into the lungs, for hours at a time, the scant clothing of the dancers, the overheated body, the fagged-out muscles, and the tenseness of the nervous system, all these things tend to lower one's vitality, and allow the germs of disease to breed and multiply, and in many cases overcome the healthier tissues, and sickness and death is the result.

Look at the lack of clothing. Waists worn by women that cost \$5.00 a yard,

but only about 45 cents worth of goods in the waist. Instead of a low neck, it is no neck. The collar is found somewhere under the arms. They call that a full-dress affair. I call it an undressed affair. Why women won't leave anything to the imagination of men at a dance, I can't understand. Shame on the young woman of today who so dresses that when passing challenges every young man to study her anatomy.

Nudity doesn't give any one sanctimonious thoughts, and if God holds you responsible, as the Bible says he does, for the deeds done in the body some of you young women will have a lot to answer for. Oh, that's called style. Well, you wish you had more on when eternity rolls around. **Style!** Say, I could no more tell you what the style of a woman's dress is than I could fly, cause I haven't seen tomorrow's paper. Today it's collar up around neck; tomorrow it is collar down near the elbows. Today it is thistle up and tomorrow it's thistle down. We get

our styles from New York, New York from Paris, and Paris from hell.

Many a young man's mind has been ruined from what he has seen and thought at the dance. Say, if dancing is so uplifting, if dancing is such a cultured and refined amusement, why is it the lower the scale of morality in a community, the more dancing. Where's the most dancing going on in the cities tonight? In the slums, next to the saloons and brothels. Why? A low scale of morality. Dancing, as the theater, appeals to the sensualities of the sexes. Take sex out and you have ruined the dance business. No, they want sexual impulse. "Oh, no," said a young lady in Pittsburg, "we don't dance like they do in your town, and it's different here." "Yes," I said, "I suppose in our town men are made of flesh and blood, but here they are made of India rubber." Somehow she couldn't see it my way. She thought it was all right, and the white slave story seemed a myth to her. A day or two later the Pittsburg press came out with

the account of a beautiful young girl of a prominent family in a nearby town that went to a dance and never came back. **Girls! Girls!** don't be so silly as to think everything is all right because you are careful.

In conversation with a young lady in my town who had formerly been an ardent supporter of the Lord's work, she said: "Harry, you don't think still as hard of the dance as you used to, do you?" "Why," I asked? "Oh, I don't. You see, Harry, there's a difference how and with whom you dance." Then she told me she was a member of a club of girls from the aristocratic section of the city, and they were going to have a **swell, respectable** dance in the conservatory in the park. No one was invited whose character might be suspicioned. All fine, clean young men and women from the finest homes in that part of the city. She said: "I want you to know that pure people can dance." I said: "But are they all pure that are going to your dance?" "Yes," she said, "We have been very careful in our selection,

and to prove it I am going to extend an invitation to you to attend it and see for yourself.”

Thursday night came, the night of the dance and the night of my prayer meeting. I had no intention of going to the dance, so of course was found in my usual place at prayer meeting. Somehow I couldn't get interested in the songs, prayers or short messages given. My mind drifted to the dance. I thought of this once devout, Christian girl. So devout that she never missed a night for 6 or 8 weeks in a revival held at our church a year or two before. There she was every night in her place in the choir. You might as well have expected to see the evangelist himself stay away as her. But now with no interest in the advancement of the Lord's kingdom, into the life of the gay and giddy. I couldn't sleep that night, for as an old-time friend and, better yet, a brother in Christ, I had a deep concern for the spiritual welfare of that girl. I dressed, and midnight found me at the dance. I did not go in, but with

cap concealed under my coat stood out on the large veranda of the conservatory. A policeman paced the veranda to keep all onlookers away, but seeing me with hat off thought I was one of the merry dancers. Intermission finally came, for which I was waiting, and in no time I was standing in the midst of the group of young men who came out for a little smoke. Their conversations I could not mention in public. Soon the music started up and the young men went in until I was alone with one who stayed to finish his smoke. **Say**, the things that fellow told me (let alone thought) about those girls, about their forms and the vibrations of their bodies was not fit to be poured into a sewer, let alone the ears of a living being. I changed the conversation and soon asked who his companion at the dance was, and he said, "I'll point her out through the open window near the orchestra." I looked. Dancer after dancer passed by, and finally he said: "Now watch for the one in a wine-colored dress. That's my

girl," and lo, who did I see in the wine-colored dress but **my friend** who had invited me to the **swell, respectable** dance. Say what you will—the dance appeals to the animal nature of one, and therefore ought to be blotted out of the list of clean amusements.

For it is a **Carnival of Death to Morality.**

Out of 230,000 fallen women in the United States statistics show that seven-tenths went there through the dance. A Catholic priest of New York said his confessional had proved that three-fourths of the fallen girls that have confessed to him lay the blame on the dance. Other priests have said three-fourths is too small, make it nine-tenths.

The dance takes 50,000 young people out of our high schools every year. Read that ex-dancing master's books "From the Ballroom to Hell," and "The Lure of the Dance", Mr. F. A. Faulkener—he'll tell you about it. He's been behind the scenes and knows. He says: "It's lust and lust."

The greatest shield to virtue is modesty. The dance is a **Carnival of Death to Modesty**, for in no society, outside of a brothel is such familiarity tolerated as in the dance. When you let a man put his arms around you, you let down the bars and lead to all sorts of license. Man may have ungovernable passions aroused by such license, and may under stimulus do that which would never occur to him otherwise and which both may regret a lifetime.

Say, have a dance for men only and see how many you get out, just the janitor. Have a dance for women only and it's nearly as bad. Have a dance at which men shall dance with only their own wives, and by the second dance one will have a headache, another corn trouble and another an attack of muscular rheumatism, and the rest something else. Why! a man doesn't dance for the sake of hugging his own wife. It's the other fellow's wife he is after. He had just as soon hug a barrel of pickles as his own wife. There's a sort of an unconscious intoxication of music

and motion in the blood that makes one do things that lead to tears of sorrow and remorse. Many a girl tonight who has gone the full length of the dance sits with not only an illegitimate child but a broken heart, while the young man who ruined her laughs. Girls beware. The dance leads to too much familiarity and has carried many beyond the bounds of a mere girl and boy affair. You let the Devil get his feet on you once young woman and you'll never rise.

The dance in thousands of cases has been a **Carnival of Death to Virtue**.

While in Binghamton, N. Y., a young woman gave birth to a fatherless child with but snow for a pillow and the sky for a covering in an open field, crying, "Oh, if I had only known." "Oh, if I had only of known." I may not be able to stop you from dancing, but, God being my helper, I am going to sound a warning note, and this message will be a danger signal to you I know.

Many and many a white slave girl wishes she had never graced the dance

floor by her presence, but now it is too late. In Chicago's 1,020 resorts they have 5,000 girls. (That must mean about 25,000 men) 5,000 girls to live only a short life, for five or seven years is a long life after they are drugged in the life of sin and shame. 5,000 girls to be buried, no doubt, in a potter's field with no loved ones to kiss them goodbye as they hear the boatmen's oar from the other side. Why don't they get out? They were not put there to get out. Iron are the bars at windows and bolts lock the doors. Such was found in the building used as a mission called the Crenmore Mission in New York. They have been sold into slavery and, unless through the kind hand of Providence, in slavery they must stay. Where did they get them? Statistics prove seven-tenths from the dance.

Say friend you may be able to dance and never be trapped into this. You may be able to dance and come away clean in thought and purpose (I doubt it), but supposing you could can't you see the danger of your influence?

Some one you influence to dance may be much weaker than you and go down. Then who's to blame?

During a meeting in central New York I spoke on sowing and reaping to a crowded house of young people. A young school-teacher of fine appearance from a leading family in the — church came to me and asked for an interview, which I gave her at the time. She was troubled over the dance question. I said, "Sister, next time you go to a dance, first read Colossians 3: 17 and then get on your knees with your own open Bible and tell God you are going in His name and for His glory, and then give him thanks for the privilege. Then, if you can get up and go without condemnation, go and enjoy yourself and be troubled no more." Next night she came back and said: "It's settled now. I did that praying last night." There's a solution for the difficulty every time, and if you'll do what that girl did and seek the advice and counsel of God in this matter instead of Christless friends you will not

be directed wrong. Then she told me her story. Tears running down her face and with a crushed heart she said:

“I’ve been a member of the church for a long time and was always against dancing until I got in the high school. There I was begged and begged to go until I finally consented to go to the fireman’s dance. After yielding once, of course I yielded again. I was going with a fine young man at the time, much interested in church work. I asked him to accompany me to a dance, and he was surprised and said, ‘No, I want to become a Christian.’ Finally, because of my persuasion and because of his love for me, he yielded. The dance had a fascination for him and soon he left for work in another city, and the last I heard he was spending his nights in the dance halls and God only knows how much harm he has done.” “Oh, Mr. Vom Bruch,” she said, “I can see the folly of it all now and believe God has forgiven, but to think of him, and his life, and his end, and to know I caused it all is enough to kill

me.” God deliver you from a sorrow like that.

I gave this message one night in an eastern city and at the close a dancing teacher came forward and gave his heart to God. Another man at the same meeting related this story.

“A professor of religion who danced felt it is his duty to try and win one of his many associates to Christ. ‘O,—,’ he said, ‘I long to see you a Christian. Do come to Jesus, won’t you?’

“‘For what?’ was the blunt rejoinder.

“‘Why, for salvation. Don’t you want to be saved?’

“‘Yes, I do; but what particular sins do you want me to be saved from?’

“‘Why, we are all sinners, you know.’

“‘Yes, I know; but I do not cheat, steal, lie, swear, nor use tobacco. What lack I yet?’

“‘Do you pray?’

“‘No; do you?’

“‘Yes,’ said the ‘Name-to-live,’ ‘I pray for you.’

“ ‘For me! When, I’d like to know? Monday night you were at the dance; Tuesday night I met you at the ball, and we didn’t get home, you know, until four o’clock in the morning. Wednesday night I saw you at the sociable, and like the rest of us, you “carried on like sixty.” Thursday night I don’t know where you were; but if cards could testify, they would tell you what you and I were up to until two o’clock Friday night; and now it is Saturday, and, for the life of me, I can’t tell what time you’ve had for prayer this week, or when you have felt like it. O, I forget. Your Church holds a prayer-meeting every Thursday evening, does it not?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘And was that where you were last Thursday night?’

“ ‘Yes, certainly.’

“ ‘Did you pray for me there?’

“ ‘I tried to,’ was the faint response.

“ ‘Well, I don’t want to hurt your feelings,— but, for conscience’ sake, don’t do that again. If you pray for

anybody, pray for yourself. You claimed when you were converted to have more happiness in one hour than you had had in your whole life before; and if that had been true, I should have been a Christian long before now; but, as far as I can see, you seek your happiness just where I do—in the world; and if it is right for you, it can't be wrong for me.' ”

There's a case where the dance was a **Carnival of Death to Christian Influence**, that's the **DANGER OF THE DANCE.**

I don't believe a person can go to a dance and come away the same. You are either going to be better or worse for going. I am afraid worse. You say dancing makes my daughter graceful. Thank God some mothers would rather their children wobble like a hippopotamus than to have their girls risk their honor upon a dance floor to learn gracefulness. You say it makes you graceful. The grace of an harlot or libertine is not the most desirable possession in the world.

I would rather be a cripple on the road to heaven than an athlete on the road to hell. There's a great danger in how we teach our young to be graceful. If you think close bodily contact and whirling around in another's arms, breathing in their hot, passionate breath is for the making of one strong and graceful there's something wrong with you. It is best we teach our boys and girls by some other manner.

Nothing that crucifies modesty and shocks innocency can be conducive to gracefulness, for it hardens the expression of body and limb as well as countenance.

It would pay you to camp on your sons' or daughter's track for a while now. It might save you tears of blood in the future days. "Oh," said a leading woman in ———, N. Y., "I don't see why these evangelists have to come around and tell us how to bring up our children. You'd think we didn't know anything. I don't have to have any one tell me how to bring up my children." Yes, and during that meeting a sweet

little fifteen-year-old girl of the high school came to me with tears in her eyes and said she was afraid she had done things she ought not do, and was afraid she would fall into more sin because the rest of the crowd had. I said: "Girlie, why don't you make a confident of your mother and let her be a help to you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother doesn't know, and little would she care if she did. I can't confide in her. She would do me no good," and upon inquiry, I found this girl to be the daughter of the woman who said she didn't need advice of evangelists to bring up her children. God pity you, mother. You'd think it was a crime to take advice. Were you privileged as, we, in the evangelistic work are, to work behind the scenes, you would not wonder why in the spirit of Christ we warn you. You'd better be safe, rather than sorry. I know many young girls, the horrors of whose lives I could not reveal, who would have been glad had some one given them a few words of christian counsel and advice.

Mother, lend not your daughters to this school of lust! Give not the arms and neck and shoulders of your sweet daughter to feed the passions of voluptuous vultures that attend all these gatherings, chiefly to feed upon the weaknesses and follies of our women.

“Graceful and beautiful said one is the girl who has never been taught the blush of the modern dance. Sweet is her friendship whose aim in life is to impart to others the joy and peace she has found in Christ.”

Blessed is the companionship of the young man pure in mind who is presenting his body as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.

No Harm in the Dance?

That which would ruin the work of any preacher in your town. What would you say if you saw your pastor waltzing around with everybody else's wife in his arms? You'd run him out of town and say he isn't fit for the ministry. Now let me ask you why isn't it just as right for him to dance as you? God does not differentiate man because

of his profession. The thing that would ruin the reputation of a man in the pulpit will do as much harm to the man in the pew. If it is wrong for a church's pastor, it's wrong for the same congregation.

If the dance would strip the preacher of his spiritual power it will do the same to the child of God. The dance is a **Carnival of Death to Spiritual Power.**

No Harm in the Dance?

Say young woman, do you remember the first time you danced? The first time you encircled your arm around that ballroom devotee? Young woman remember that something arose within you that made it repulsive. Your heart throbbed as never before and you hesitated and blushed all red. What was that outstanding, that holding off? That was an indefinable something we call womanhood. **Womanhood.** That which makes you different from others—your womanhood. At your second dance that repulsiveness was not so strong and each time it weakened until

now some can lie in the arms of a lecherous scoundrel, laugh and dance and never mind it at all, their womanhood seared or destroyed. Say, young woman, when you have destroyed that priceless gem what have you left? It's that undefinable something in you that a true young man marries you for, and when that's gone; if you can get a man to marry you, mark my words he'll marry you because of lust and not love. Oh, the unhappy marriages in this world because people built their affections upon lust! You know some of them yourselves. Love seeks to elevate, while passion degrades. God pity you girls if you have lost that thing. Ask God tonight by his mighty power to restore it to you. You see, the dance may readily be a **Carnival of Death to Womanhood.**

The seventh commandment has no more show in a dance hall than a glass fort in front of a howitzer.

The dance is immoral. If you'll read God's word which says, "He that looketh upon a woman to lust, hath already

committed adultery in his heart," you'll see how it runs into temptations you never thought of, and exposes you to the cunning agents of the white slave traffic. These dancing teachers are not all as pious as you think. I'll never forget a young woman in ——, N. Y., who was just bitter at me because of my address on the dance. She said, "I want you to understand I dance, and I am as good as the rest of the crowd and it hasn't hurt my reputation. I know how to choose my company and go only with the best, and our dancing teacher is a sweet, saintly woman." During that meeting a young man who had attended my young people's service met me on the street one evening and said, "Harry, I can't give up the dance." Looking him straight in the eye I said very emphatically calling him by his given name, "——, you are going straight to hell if you don't make a change," and I passed on. The next morning a little boy came to my door with a note from this young man saying, "My God, Harry, I didn't sleep all

night, but just thought of what you said to me, '———, you're going to hell.' Come over if possible as quickly as you can, I must see you." I saw the young man and after several little talks he gave up for Jesus. He became one of my dearest friends and one evening he told me the story of his life.

He was the leading young man in that town. He said, "Mothers used to point their fingers at me and tell their daughters they would like to have them go with a fellow like me." He said: "Harry, they thought I was an angel and I was a devil. I was assisting a dancing teacher here in town and I can tell you some things about that dancing teacher, too." He said: "The dance has morally corrupted this town." Think of it, the confession of the dancing teacher's assistant. He was the sweetheart of that young woman who picked her company. Girls, you can't always tell; that fellow you meet at a dance may seem to you the finest you ever met, but he may be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

I am not afraid of the devil with horns and hoof, but the devil in a full-dress suit, high hat and cane, that struts among the dance halls seeking innocent young lives that he might ruin. I hope the day will come when the life of a man will be worth no more than the life of the girl he ruins. The bloodhounds of Almighty God are on that fellow's track and they will tree him some day, don't you forget that. When God's trigger finger points at him in judgment and says: "He that is filthy, be filthy still." He will reap of his sowing for all eternity. When you are dying do you want the dancing whiffets of the town at your bedside to comfort you? Do you want the dancing teacher there to console you in your last moments? What will it be then, the world or Christ?

The dance is condemned by churches, statesmen, scientists, preachers, social workers, physician and press, because it fosters adulterers and fornication, wrecks womanhood and ruins homes and threatens society with moral bankrupt-

cy. It endangers health of body, virtue of soul and efficiency of mind.

Dr. Frank Richardson, speaking before the Homeopathic Medical Association of New Jersey, said: "Dance halls are the modern nurseries of the divorce courts, training ships of prostitution and graduating schools of infamy and vice."

The modern dance was conceived in lust, born of heathen parentage, nurtured and reared in brothels. It has been introduced into and fostered by society because it gives lustful pleasure, but it is destructive to spirit, soul and body and is a menace to the integrity of our civilization.

You may think I have talked plain to you in this message but, I'll let any honest doctor in your community come into this pulpit and tell you what he knows about sin in your community and even among your young people and you would all run from this building, you could not stomach it. Why in one of the most beautiful towns on the Pacific coast they have divided the sex

in the high school having the young men go to one building and the young women to another.

In a large central city the report came to me that in one year over a hundred high school girls became mothers. What is causing all this social evil and scarlet sin?

Puck says: "The dance is the highway to the bawdy house, disease, insanity, suicide, the Potter's Field and Hell."

NO HARM IN THE DANCE?

The masquerade is the worst of all. Dr. W. W. Hall gives this illustration: "In a western city a masquerade ball was given. Music and wine ran free. There goes a young couple tightly clasped in each others arms. All advances he makes toward her she takes, believing them to be part of the dance. 'Tis midnight and the young woman leaning heavily upon the arm of her gentleman escort are winding their way to the outskirts. There they go, and upon yonder hill under a large shade tree while the leaves close their ears,

the moon hides its face in shame and angels turn away to weep, a young woman and man offer upon the altar of lust all that ought to be held dear—virtue, womanhood, honor and manhood.

Seeking to see the face of her with whom he had spent his last hour the young man snatched the mask from the face of his fair companion at the same time taking off his own and said, "My God, sister, you?" She said, "My God, brother, is it you? Oh, what would mother say?" One went into eternity over the barriers of a morphine bottle and the other of a gun. Say! When they meet on the red-hot pavements of hell, think you that she'll toss her head disdainfully and say, "Oh, there's no harm in the dance?"

Tonight her body lies beneath the sod and her soul in torment forever, a soul created to choose the joys of heaven, but fallen to the depths of hell.

Friends, I have given you enough facts and illustrations but let me add this and it's not my word but God's.

1 John 2: 15-17.

“Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not with him.

“For all that is in this world, the love of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

“And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.”

You must acknowledge that the dance is of the flesh and of the world, and therefore not of God, so as Christians there is only one thing to do, and that is cut it out, and that we will do if we are Christians. The dance, theater. cards, wine, women and song are one thing; the fruit of the spirit is another.

Colossians 3: 17 is my life's verse. “Whatever we do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father by him.” Why not take this verse and let it become part of our very being and it

will be a guard through earth and a guide to heaven. In closing:

Two school-teachers, both fine young women, in a mining town in Pennsylvania came to our meeting determined not to be moved by the evangelist, but God moved one the first day and she came forward. The other was troubled over the dance, a lover of worldly pleasure. I thought one time in ——, Pa., where I spoke on worldly pleasures of how unconcerned some were, and thought of the judgment bar of God. Here's a group called liars, and no liar shall enter the Kingdom of God; here's another crowd called thieves, another murderers, another sorcerers, and over here is a large number called lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. Say friend, if the thieves, drunkards, liars, adulterers and idolators all have their part in the lake which burneth fire and brimstone what is going to become of that bunch of Christ sellers?

I spoke very kindly to this young school-teacher and asked her if she was

willing to do the right, which she said she was. I asked her if I could pray for her that night and in praying ask God to make it very clear to her what she ought to do about the dance and then to make her miserable till she did it. She said I could pray. Ah, little did she know the power of prayer upon the unsaved. That night three of us knelt and prayed for the girl and asked God to give her no rest or peace that night, until she did the right thing, or promised to do so at the meeting the next night.

The next morning I met her chum that had taken Christ the day before and she said: "I stayed with —— last night, Harry, and up to two o'clock this morning she rolled and tossed in her bed and said every little while, 'I guess God's answering Harry's prayer.' " The next night she came and took a clean cut stand for Jesus Christ. At the close of that series of meetings people had a chance to stand and tell what the meeting had meant to them, and this young lady arose and said: "I want to say a word for my

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