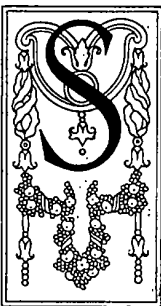


ARRESTED

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!
This is the Twentieth
is Broad! Up and
Out Into the Raging, Roaring
Officers ~ Evangelists,
Consequences,



PEED! SPEED!! SPEED!!!

Thundering — rocketing — hurtling —
careening midst swirling dust and fleeing
forms!

SPEED! SPEED!! S-P-E-E-D!!!

"Open 'er up! Step on 'er! Give 'er the
gas!"

Spinning — whirling — dancing — blur-
ring, the dizzy road slips underneath. White-
faced mile posts loom meteor-like for a split
second and are gone.

On! On! On!

O'er the Highways of Sin and along the Broadways of De-
struction; flying wheels flirt with the crumbling edges of the
Chasm of Despair; skirt by the fraction of an inch the gap-
ing horror of Immediate Judgment; skid to the brink of Cer-
tain Destruction; hang there a breathless moment—right
themselves and dash on again—

Ha! Ha! Ha!

"That's showing some speed! Mighty near the edge that
time, Eh—what?"

Unseen forces in the whistling air bend o'er the wheel and
shout, "On—on—" ever inciting to greater effort!

Ho! Ho! Ho!

"You're here and I'm here so what do we care? Open her
up, Bill! Give her all she's got!"

On they go at that impetuous, gruelling, breakneck pace—
drunk with speed—intoxicated with modernism!

Young, strong, fleet, vivacious—four wheels and no brakes!
Eyes, limbs, bones, muscles strained to the breaking point!

Spend Thrift, Joy Rider, Pleasure Seeker, Fortune Hunter
Popularity Pursuer—

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

"Speed up, can't you? Live faster! This is the twentieth
century, you know."

"Afraid of a wreck?"

"Ho! Ho! That's a good one! Afraid of a wreck? Bless
you, no! That happens to the other fellow—not to me!"

"Comes a first time, you say?"

"Oh, well. I will at least have lived while I lived."

"But the other lives and limbs you are responsible for—?"

"Let the other fellow look out for himself. The road is
broad. We all have our own lives to live."

On—on they go—careless of life and limb!

UP AND AFTER THEM!

Out into the melee—out into the raging, roaring road
spring God's Traffic Officers—Evangelists, Mothers, Con-

science, Consequences, Illness, Accident, Bereavement, God's
Word, Judgment, Death!

Up and after them!

Speed to the rescue! Save them! Save them from them-
selves!

Swift, sure, relentless, inescapable as fate, God's Traffic Of-
ficers bear down upon them, eating the miles that lie between,
devouring the road that separates.

Heads lowered! Badges gleaming! Sirens screaming! Mo-
tors thundering! Brakes smoking!

"Halt! In the name of the Lord! Pull in to the curb!"

Arrested for speeding past the Cross at sixty seconds a min-
ute and neglecting so great a Salvation!

They who haste to Babylon shall come to grief; and the
sin of the rebellious shall find him out.

GOD HAS SENT FORTH His Traffic Officers on motorcy-
cles of mercy, Warning and Judgment ever since the eyes of
Adam and Eve were opened and they sped to covert in the
Garden of Eden.

THE WORLD was arrested for speeding in Noah's day when,
in the midst of their eating, drinking, dancing and merry-
making God opened the windows of Heaven and sent the
flood.

THE PEOPLES were arrested for speeding at the tower of
Babel when the Lord confounded their language and scattered
them abroad.

THE INHABITANTS OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH were ar-
rested for speeding because their sin was very grievous. The
Lord rained fire and brimstone out of Heaven and overthrew
those cities and all the plain.

PHARAOH AND HIS HOSTS were arrested for speeding
through the Red Sea in pursuit of God's children, when the
Lord took off their chariot wheels and caused the waters to
cover them.

BALAAM was arrested for speeding by an angel with flash-
ing sword, and turned backward in the Way.

ABSOLOM was arrested for speeding by Almighty God.
What a sinner he was! He said, "No one will find out. No
one will catch me! I am not afraid." One day as he fled
down the Road of Sin, pursued by his guilty Conscience, his
steed galloped under the thick boughs of a great oak. A breeze
was blowing. The branches of the tree dipped down. Ab-
solom was caught up off his horse and hanged by the hair of
his head and left to die.

FOR SPEEDING

Speed Up! Live Faster!
Century and the Road
After them !!!

Road Spring God's Traffic Mothers, Conscience, Judgment

BELSHAZZAR was arrested for speeding at a wild drinking party with a thousand of his lords. Eating, drinking, making merry, divine intervention and arrest were farthest from his mind.

Suddenly came the shriek of the siren, splitting the revelious air. Perhaps they had not realized the rate at which they were speeding as they drank from the golden vessels and desecrated the altars of the Most High. People seldom do, as they ride along in the chariots of gaiety and pride, engaged in quip and jest and repartee.

Countenances changed, faces chalk white, they turned to see the hand of the One who had arrested them. There it was—writing, writing, writing on the wall—MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting.

JONAH was arrested for speeding from Nineveh to Tarsus, little dreaming that he would be caught. He had gone down into the sides of the ship, and fallen asleep.

Suddenly they heard it, those men that sailed the sea—heard the siren of God's arresting officer.

"o-o-o-o-O-O-O-o-o-o-o!"

"'Tis the voice of wind and mighty tempest," said the mariners that day.

"Ah, no! 'Tis the voice of God," said Jonah. "Take me up and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you."

So they took him up and cast him forth into the sea; and the sea ceased from her raging. Now the Lord had prepared a great fish which immediately took Jonah into custody. Therein he served a three day sentence and upon his release, chastened and repentant, ran to do God's holy bidding.

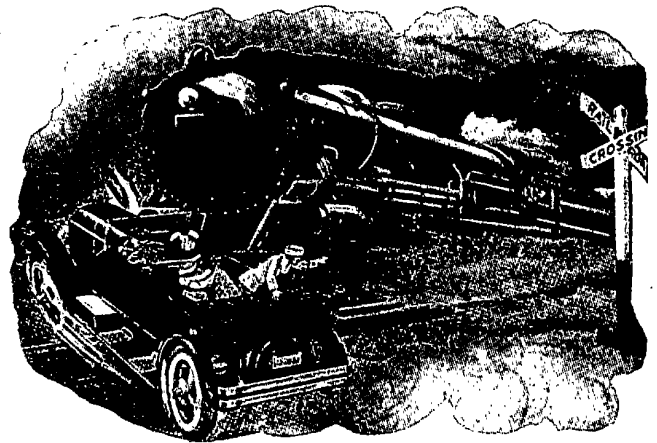
SAUL OF TARSUS was arrested for speeding on Damascus Road as he hastened upon his high horse of authority to destroy the Christian converts. On he rode, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord.

"Let me get hold of these Christians once. I will make them renounce their faith. I will hail them before the magistrates and bring them bound to Jerusalem!"

Suddenly from the distance there came a sound.

"o-o-o-o-O-O-O-o-o-o-o!"

GOD'S TRAFFIC OFFICER RODE UP beside the now trembling Saul. Piercing, blinding, searching, there shined 'round about him a light from Heaven; and he fell to the



earth, and heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

No matter how bold a man has been before, he is usually docile when the arresting officer speaks. Lying there upon the road, Saul asked, as meek as a lamb, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and was changed from a "Saul" to a "Paul."

Time does not suffice to make mention of the arrests of Ananias and Sapphira or the many others; because we long to get down to the present day and talk about you.

The Master still has His motor officers upon Life's thoroughfares. The Cross of Jesus Christ still stands at the intersection, bidding us STOP on the Road to Destruction—LOOK to the Lamb of God—and LISTEN that we may hear His voice and accept His great salvation.

I wonder how many times the Lord's motorcycle officers have arrested you.

Do you remember that first smoke out behind the school house, when you puffed away just to show the other boys that you were not a coward or a sissy or anything like that? "Who's afraid," you cried. "I'll smoke if you will. I'll play the game if you will." And do you remember how suddenly you were arrested?

"o-o-o-o-O-O-O-o-o-o-o!"

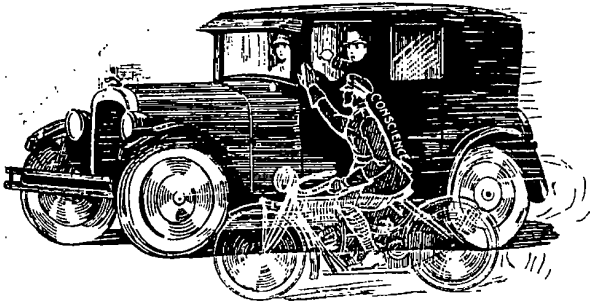
So deathly sick did you become that you knew not which way to turn. The Lord was seeking there and then to deliver you from a filthy habit which should never defile the temple of the Holy Ghost.

Mothers have made some very striking arrests when we were children, too. There was that time when Mother had forbidden us to touch the new baked cookies in the cookie jar. It had been a hard day and she had gone upstairs to lie down a while. Ere leaving she had sought to put temptation out of our way by removing the cookies to the top shelf of the pantry.

We played for a while and then began to think how good those cookies were, and what a long time it would be 'til dinner. We decided we would just go into the pantry and look up at the jar, anyway. There were the pans of milk in shining array on the lower shelves. Above, there were eggs, sugar and flour. Above that was the baking powder, the butter and flavoring extracts; and just topping it all, was the cookie jar.

We decided that we would climb up the shelves and take a look at the cookies anyway. We climbed to the top without mishap, deciding that while we would not disobey Mother and eat a cookie, we would at least reach over and pull the can closer, perhaps take out one cookie and hold it.

Suddenly a cleat pulled loose from under the shelf, and with a most horrible racket and pandemonium of tin pans and milk and cream and butter and eggs and flour and sugar and cookies and girl, we skidded to the floor and sat among the wreckage. Before we could do more than give one startled yell,



down came Mother with a switch and in a moment, having all the ingredients at hand, had a layer coke all beaten up.

Oh, had we only stopped with the first bit of deceit, with the first falsehood, with the first thing that was unlike God! But we said, "Oh, well, we won't go much further." But ere we knew it our pace was increasing, the finger on the speedometer creeping up, and we were speeding past the Cross on the byway of disobedience.

THEN CAME THE NEXT ARREST. Perhaps it was made by the school teacher when we played hookey.

Then came the time when we first played marbles for keeps; the time when we told that first out and out falsehood; the time that we took that first little something that did not belong to us.

Then came night, bedtime, and the extinguishing of the light. We said, "I am going to turn right over and go to sleep now. No one caught me at that falsehood or knows of that which was not mine. I got away with it all right."

We laid our head upon our pillow, but some way we could not sleep. We began to think about that which we had done. Suddenly came the shriek of the siren—

"o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

One of God's motorcycle officers had ridden right up beside our bed. Timidly, after a time, we peeped from under the covers and whispered through stiff lips, "Wh—wh—who are y-o-u?"

"I am Conscience, my boy, my girl. I come to arrest you tonight in the name of Jesus Christ. You are on the wrong road. You are speeding past the Cross. Young yet, you have life before you, warmth, strength, vitality and young years when character is forming. Stop! Stop!! You are speeding down the road that leads to destruction. Turn about and seek forgiveness."

After he was gone we crept down under the quilts again and said, "I will never do that any more." But somehow we did not give our heart to Jesus, and soon were speeding again adown the road.

Then came the arrest of Consequences. We had gotten as far as the joy ride, the dance hall and the gambling table now. I believe that there is more harm done, more hearts broken, more lives wrecked today because of joy rides than through any other one cause.

OH, FATHER, MOTHER! Do you know where your boy or girl is? Are they speeding past the Cross tonight? Are they out with worldly companions, you know not where?

"I think they have gone to the dance hall, Sister," you say. "There is no harm in that, is there?"

No harm in the dance hall! Is it not true that in the public dance hall a young man may come and speak to a lady without introduction, put his arms about her and lead her out onto the floor, and that this is considered quite the proper thing?

No harm in the dance hall! You might tell some people that, but don't tell me, for I am a woman, I have been a missionary and an evangelist for fifteen years. I have worked for

my Lord Jesus in a humble way throughout Canada, the United States, Great Britain and in other countries, and I know.

There is no need to take you back to other years. Four days ago I sat beside Judge Walter S. Gates, and at his courteous invitation watched the various cases coming up. He had said to me, "Sister, I would like you and your mother to come down, sit with me, and watch me try these cases. There are things here which I believe you should know, and which I believe will help you in your work."

Among those who came before him, was a young lady in her early teens. I gazed into her pale face, saw the rouged lips quiver pitifully, watched the tears well into her blue eyes, heard the matron of the home wherein this girl had been tell the story, learned of the little infant who must now be put into some home. My heart was shaken with sympathy as I listened to the questions of the Judge and the answers of the girl-mother.

"My girl, you have been in awful trouble, haven't you? You don't know where to go or just which way to turn now, do you?"

"No, Judge, I don't."

"How did you come to get into this life, child?"

"Why," she said, "I have always been a good girl. I have always helped with the housework during the day, though I went out in the evenings."

"Where did you spend your evenings?" was the next question.

"Usually in the dance hall," she said.

"Was it there that you met this evil companion?"

"Yes." The fair head hung lower.

You didn't know that Judges preached sermons, did you? But really, that Judge preached as good a sermon as I have ever heard. He said,

"Child, stay clear of the public dance hall. 'Tis there you will find the wrong companionship, and acquire the wrong start."

Poor little lady! Arrested for speeding! Arrested by grim consequences too awful to even contemplate. My eyes were smarting. My throat was choked, as I saw her go stumbling through the door in the keeping of the matron—through the door to what—

And this was not an isolated case. Judge and Matron told me that this was but one of the daily grind.

No—you might tell others that there is no harm there, but you won't try to tell me that, will you? Too many trembling arms have been put about my neck. Too many heart-broken stories have been sobbed into my ears.

THEN THERE ARE THE CONSEQUENTIAL ARRESTS from the gambling table. At first you said, "We will not play for money. We will play for the sheer fun of it." Then you were going about ten miles an hour.

Ere long you felt the accelerator under your foot. The first thing you knew your gasoline foot got heavy and you were making twenty miles an hour. You guessed there was no harm in a game of penny ante.

You won the game. The thrill of it got into your blood. Your face flushed with the excitement of it. Your foot went down a little farther, and you were speeding down the road, and ere you knew it the speedometer registered thirty—forty—forty-five.

Then your luck changed. You began to lose and lose heavily. Some one leaned over your shoulder and whispered, (it was Satan).

"Go on! Go on! Go on! Step on it! Go a little faster and further! You will make it back again. Go on, young man! Go on, young woman! Your luck will change."

And you set that gasoline foot a little firmer and bore down

a little harder. Your face lost its round, smiling youthfulness. There came a white, tense look about it. You watched your cards. You saw the money go.

Then came the time when something just had to be done about it. The voice over your shoulder whispered, "Why not take it out of your employer's cash drawer? You will be sure to win it back tonight. You could have it in the cash drawer before he gets here in the morning."

The foot went down a little harder, and ere you knew it you were gone.

"o-o-o-o-O-O-O-o-o-o-o-o."

With a shriek and a roar, the motorcycle officer of Consequence was upon you. This time he cried, "Halt in the name of the Law. Pull into the curb."

"O, my God! What have I done? I have gotten myself into a place now that I cannot get out of."

Yes, you are arrested for speeding past the Cross at sixty seconds a minute, and neglecting so great Salvation.

I see another car coming down the road, and fear that it also is headed for trouble and a crash. It is the pretentious car of pride. Urging the driver is the demon of Ambition, the longing to keep up with the Joneses. In order to keep pace they are mortgaged to the limit.

Yesterday, while driving, an open car passed me. Scrawled across the back were the words,

"This car needs no top. It's covered with a mortgage."

It called to mind the many who have covered their homes with mortgages and gotten into the credit system. Their clothes, their furniture, the very bed in which they sleep is thus entailed in a vain effort to speed past the Joneses.

As an Evangel of Jesus Christ, I come to you, sounding the siren of the Gospel.

RACING DOWN THE ROAD are those who are breaking the laws of health—eating wrong, dressing wrong, keeping the wrong hours, going with the wrong companions. "Oh, they say, I can do this—I can do that or the other. I'll never have a crash. I can drink. I can smoke. I can keep these hours. I can lose my temper. It never hurts me."

Ere you know it comes the sound of a grim rider who overtakes you. This time 'tis a traffic officer with a clanging bell and a red cross painted on the side of a closed car.

"Who are you, O Rider, and why do you stop me in the road?"

"I am Sickness, Disease, Suffering. Halt! Pull in to the curb!"

The next thing you know, you are lying in a hospital bed. The doctor and the nurse are standing beside you. They have done all they can, and there you lie, white and wan upon your pillow. In the watches of the night, a Rider comes to your side and says,

"Young man, you were going too fast. You had no time for church. Now, you have both time and opportunity to think of your soul's salvation ere 'tis too late."

"Lady dear, you were too busy with your society and with your many duties, to think about God or to go to His hours of Worship. Now you have been arrested by the motor officer of Sickness. As you lie upon your bed of affliction think, Oh, think, and while there is time, turn to the Lord and seek Salvation."

Ofttimes Mankind is arrested by Bereavement. A grim Rider is he, clad in black, and the wail of his siren leaves an answering ripple that lives forever in the heart. They who could not close their business even on Sunday to go to church, have time to close it now. Mother is dead, or wife. Or was it that wee bit of a cuddly little baby that you would have given your heart for, as it lay there? The motorcycle officer of death has ridden up beside you, reasoning of life and death and eternity beyond the grave.

The Evangelist came to you. The Cross loomed out with wide-flung arms and sought to stop you.

Arrested for speeding! Tell me Brother—Tell me Sister, will you stop tonight? Even as I speak the Holy Spirit is riding up beside you—coming down the aisle, touching you upon the shoulder and saying,

"Stop, Sinner! Stop in the name of the Lord! Turn to the Christ and seek Salvation. Here, in the midst of Life's Road, stands the Cross of Jesus Christ. Sinner, fall upon your knees. Make the Saviour yours. Jeopardize no longer your precious and never dying soul."

WHEN YOUR LOVED ONE WAS LAID AWAY you said, "That ends it. I tell you I am going to turn over a new leaf. As sure as you live I am going to lead a different life from now on."

But some way before you realized it, you were back in the old life, occupied in business, in money getting, and in the battle of the world, consecration vow forgotten.

Then came that time when you were arrested for speeding. Hurrying along, your mind was business or pleasure bent. You had no thought of accident 'til suddenly you heard the shriek of the great train thundering upon you. You grabbed the brake and stopped with but the fraction of the front end of your car on the track. It turned. You were thrown clear—your life saved. You sat there by the roadside for minutes wondering whether you were going to faint, scarce realizing that you were still alive.

Again God's traffic officer had ridden up beside you. Again you had been headed in to the curb.

"Man," he said, "had you died that moment you would have been lost. Remember Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. God so loved this world, that He gave His only Begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. How long He has dealt with you! How patient He has been! Saved or lost, there is no middle ground. 'Tis Heaven or Hell for eternity. As a tree falls, so shall it lie. Today is the day of Salvation."

GOD HAS SPOKEN TO US AGAIN and again by the Traffic Officer of Example—by the wrecks we have seen along the way. Oh, Brother, stop! Oh, Sister, stop at the Cross tonight! If not for your own sake, then for the sake of your children, your neighbor, the passers-by at Life's crossroads. Listen—

"o-o-o-o-O-O-O-o-o-o-o!"

While I am talking and leading you step by step toward the altar, that Someone of Whom I spake is riding up and down the aisles. I hope you can hear Him.

Ah! A hand is laid upon your shoulder. That Someone is the Spirit of Conviction. He speaks close to your ear.

"Young man, it is you I am after. Young lady, it is you I want. Pull to the right and stop at the Cross of Calvary."

Well—well do I remember when I was a sinner but lately



started on the road of worldly amusement. God's Motorcycle Officer, an Evangelist, with earnest mien, sounded the Gospel siren; and the Lord arrested me. For three days I tried to outstrip Officer Conscience; but he stayed close beside me. It was impossible to escape him. I went here, and he followed me—there, and he followed me. At last, in desperation, I turned into the door of the fancy dress carnival. I was a good skater, had been on the ice since a tiny child without mishap; but this night the first time around the rink that persistent Rider overtook me.

"o-o-o-O-O—O-O-o-o-o!"

Down I went with a sprained ankle and was carried to the dressing room.

The third day after that mighty sermon of which I spoke, I was driving home from high school, the Motorcycle Officer of Conviction still riding beside me saying,

"You are a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner. Stop! Turn to the Lord and seek salvation."

Right there in the country road I was arrested for speeding.

"God be merciful to me a sinner!" burst from my lips, and surrendering all, I yielded to the Spirit. From that moment the work was done. My sins were forgiven. My pardon was won. I did not even have to pay my fine—the Lord paid it for me. Yes, my debt was cancelled. He had given me a new lease on life.

He not only turned me about that day, but commissioned me to become a motorcycle officer for Jesus Christ—an Evangelist of the Foursquare Gospel. As such I ride up beside you tonight, and plead with you to stop speeding past the Cross—stop riding over and mangling the bleeding body of your Lord. See, His arms are out to you this moment. His voice invites you. Will you not say to Him, "Loving Saviour, I surrender now to Thee?" He will set the joy bells ringing in your heart. You will go out of this building feeling as though you were walking on air, and your life will be a happier one than ever you have known.

The "Why" of This Sermon



TWAS Thursday night. We were on our way to the sea, talking as we went of the coming meetings, and seeking suggestions for future topics.

Peter? James? John? Moses? Daniel? Elijah?

The woman at the well? The widow of Nain?

No, we had but recently spoken on all of these.

Ever and anon the heart and mind of an Evangelist must be busy seeking some new presentation of the Gospel Truth whereby to reason and plead with

men concerning their souls' salvation.

Sunday morning's text, we had. Sunday afternoon was decided. But Sunday night, when the fifty-three hundred souls should pack the Temple—what should the message be? We prayed and thought and racked our brains; but no topic came.

Ah, well! Maybe at the sea with its never failing rest and lullaby, would come the inspiration.

'Twould be good to hear them—those Pacific billows, as they whispered of mysterious caverns, distant shores and tropic breezes. Ears and brain city tired, sought the solace of the sea. There still might be time for a moment on the beach ere the stroke of twelve and the turning of the tide. In fancy we felt the soft spray upon our faces, and heard the waves as they tossed their proud, foaming crests and rushed upon the shore.

What a long day it had been! We talked it over, Mother and I, as the little roadster purred softly beneath its shining hood. Upon waking, had come morning devotions and Bible study. This had been followed by dictation to a stenographer. From ten-thirty to eleven-thirty we had taught the student body in the Bible School. The next hour had been occupied in broadcasting the Sunshine Hour to the sick, the dying, the hospitals, the shut-ins. At the close of this period, individual prayer had been offered for some fifty men and women who had telephoned requesting prayer. Some business appointments had been kept. At one-thirty a funeral service conducted and a sermon preached. The mourners had been comforted and safely tucked into their cars.

A busy afternoon had been followed by an evangelistic service wherein we had preached to thousands, given an altar call, and baptized ninety-six men and women in the shining waters of baptism.

Tired? Yes, but we were on our way to the sea. If we were only sure about that Sunday night sermon now—Why couldn't we think?

AH! The lights ahead!

Imperceptibly the little roadster gathered speed. The speedometer registered an even thirty and clung, as we rolled quietly along the hundred-foot boulevard. Not a car in sight!

That sermon now—Let's see—a-a-ah—

A sudden rumble like thunder approached us. A chill ran down our spines!

"o-o-o-o-O-O—O-O-o-o-o-o!" came the voice of a motorcycle.

"Chug-a-chug-a-chug!" Alongside the car they came—two of them! My blood seemed frozen in my veins. My hair seemed to rise on end.

"Mother! Have we been going too fast?" I gasped.

"Thirty miles an hour," said the speedometer.

"Why surely that's not—"

The good-natured face of a traffic officer smiled at us through the window. Quickly we lowered the sash.

"Were we—were we going too fast?" we queried tremulously. "Twas but a trifle over thirty and this quiet road seemed so deserted."

"Yes, lady. About thirty-one miles at a twenty mile intersection."

"Oh!" (enlightened) "I didn't notice the crossroad."

"No? Not many notice that. We 'get' quite a few folks here," he said with a complacent smile.

As he made out the little white ticket, we sought consolation in the memory that one of the Judges of our Superior Court, Secretary of State McAdoo, and even former President Wilson had been similarly tagged for speeding.

"We will surely try to be more careful next time," we told him, and the cycles were gone like roaring lions, seeking whom they might devour.

We sat still a moment, thoughtfully, then drove on down the deserted street at a most circumspect pace.

Suddenly I gripped the wheel and exclaimed, "Mother, I have it!"

"Have what, a ticket for speeding?"

"No. The sermon for Sunday night! **ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING!** Don't you see it, darling? Evangelists are God's Traffic Officers. Mothers, Teachers, Consequences and Conscience—Oh! Oh! Lots of things are motorcycle officers sent to stop men and women from—"

"Speeding past the Cross at Sixty seconds a minute," she finished.

WELL," she exclaimed. "We have gotten sermons from the mountains such as 'The Ridge Route' and 'The Mountain Peaks of God.' We have gotten sermons from the sea such as 'The Lighthouse Foursquare'—sermons from the covered wagon and from the humble hen who gathered her brood beneath her wings; but this is the first time we ever had a sermon from a policeman."

The following Sunday evening the Temple was packed to the doors and a throng turned away. With the background illustrating the broad winding road, the Cross at the intersection, and with a motorcycle beside us on the platform, we preached the sermon, and here it is.