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JUST TO OLD CUSSES

By John B. Culpepper

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01 -- DEAR OLD CUSS:

While you have no self-respect; no respect for men and boys, no respect for ladies and little girls, none for ministers and none for the name, memory and teachings of your mother, and none for the Christ who redeemed you, the Holy Spirit who has tried to make a decent man of you, or the God who made you -- while you are indescribably lower than a heathen -- yet I want to breathe this air here by you, and which you have poisoned with your oaths, long enough to talk to you.

A flax seed, or a cabbage seed, or any seed seems to say -- If I can get the consent of that rich dirt, I can place a life thought in it and thereby draw it up into a nobler existence.

If I could get you to quit cussing long enough to look at yourself and listen to me, I could help you.

If you should see yourself, as you really are, though, you would be like the man who ran home when an eclipse was coming on the sun, about noon. He had not heard it was coming. He broke in and cried -- "O wife, get the Bible; the Judgment is on us." His wife, not knowing what was the matter, in her fright and hurry, mistook a little black-backed mirror for the Bible. He clutched it, and seeing his own tousled hair and haggard features, cried, "It is too late, wife! The devil's come; there he is!!" Dropping the mirror, he rushed out through a back door, and across the street, and into a jewelry store, where they had just put in a line of these repeating mirrors, which multiply one face into hundreds, on either hand. As he rushed along, he saw a multitude of the same sort he had left over at the house, and so urging himself to his best speed, he went out at the front door, crying, "All hell is here, but they'll never head me!!"

I can't say that I want you to see yourself as you are, all at once, but if I can just get you to take a peep, then another, I may hope finally to effect a real help.

Bear in mind -- I am talking to a man who doesn't claim to be a gentleman. Proof, you say? Here it is: According to Webster's Dictionary there is no difference in morals and manners between a gentleman and a lady, although one h a male and the other a female. God has but one standard of honesty and purity of Speech and life for man and woman. Can your wife or daughter stick a piece of tobacco in her mouth, go down the streets, squirt filthy juice, and cuss, and be a lady? Would your mother be a lady, standing on the street corner, cussing? I hear you say "NO NO!!" Then, sir, you can't do it and be a gentleman. You did that, did you? Well, then I am balking to a man who knows he is not a gentleman.

Again -- God puss you down as the meanest man. Listen! God says, in the ten commandments, "Remember the Sabbath days to keep it holy," and passes. He says "Thou shalt not commit adultery," and passes. He says "Thou shalt not steal," and passes. He says "Thou

shalt not kill," and passes. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," and turns back and comments on it, adding "for I will not hold him guiltless that takes my name in vain." You see that he says more against cussing than he does against Sabbath desecration, stealing or killing. In fact you are a lower character than a thief, or a red-handed murderer. Do you want proof? Well, look at God's manifest logic.

say, "If you break the Sabbath, you could plead necessity. If you steal, you might plead the gnawings of personal hunger, or the heart-harrowing cry of your family. If you kill a man, you might plead self-defense, mistake, struck harder than you intended, or some semi-reasonable excuse might be urged. But if you are going to steal, you need not cuss. If you are going to desecrate the holy day, you need not cuss. If you are going to shed your fellowman's blood, you might leave my name out of it all. You could do that little. Therefore, I will not hold him guiltless that taketh my name in vain." You see, God puts you down, just as an old cuss, who doesn't want to want to want to do right. You could do that much, in the name of decency. Do you get that? Listen. In that old model prayer, before you ask for anything, you are to say, "Hallowed be thy name." That is a heavenly word, an angelic term, and Mows the hush of holy awe is on the lips of the man at prayer.

Under hallowed, we might range Glorified; under that, revered; under that, worshipped; under that respected. Now cross the line from that and go down, down, down, to where you stand, and amid out-bursts of silly laughter, or the frothings of foolish anger, you take the name of the Holy One and fling it in with jests, vain boastings, foul-mouth obscenity, and madhouse idiocy. Am I not right, when I tell you, you have crossed the gentleman-line, the man-line, the heathen-line the human-line, the decent-dog-line, and are nothing but an old cuss?

I said you were below the level of a heathen. Proof? The heathen has some one or something which he endows with the qualities of goodness, greatness and power. This being, he respects, love, honors, and fears. If it be a gold chain, he handles it tenderly, and thinks from it to the real great unknown. If it be the great white bull, he looks on him with awe, and in him sees the great, invisible, all-powerful one. If it be a hollow stump, he will throw a part of his breakfast in its mouth, and lift his hat in respect. These things keep awake in him the sense of reverence, of fear, of dependence, and keep alive the ability to worship something. Yes, but you, here in a Christian land, with a Bible in your house, nursed at the breast of prayer, cradled to sleep to the motherly music of holy worship, fed from a table. where heads were bowed and grace said, possibly sent to bed from an altar of prayer, and an open Bible; sent to a Sunday school where reverence and worship were taught as a duty, and distilled from lips of prayer, like dew, and inbreathed as a holy atmosphere. The fear of God -- the sense of God, the love of God, the power of God, the commands of God, from the pulpit each Sabbath, showered like rain, fanned like zephyrs, swept like a gale, roared like thunder, flashed like lightning, pelted like hail upon you, telling you of God and the awfulness of His very name.

Yet, sir, you rose up from it all, walked out from under it all, forgot it all, and with oath-scorched lips defiled it all, and there you sit, listening to me, as stupid as a steer, a veritable old cuss. With all, you act the fool. Listen. What good, you being the judge, does cussing do? "None." What advantage does it give you? "None." Who likes to hear it? "Don't know." But give me some sort Of a reason for it. "Well, it's just a habit I got into." My coat is a habit. It is a thing you keep on doing, a habit is. You my cussing is just a habit, that is, you just keep on

cussing, that is, you cuss just because you cuss. But that is a child's and a fool's reason for doing a thing. That is why I said you are a fool -- just an old fool cuss.

Listen. When a heathen cusses, or curses, he goes, deliberately, and worships his idol god, and prayerfully asks him to help him in war, or to overcome his enemies, or to consign them to eternal punishment.

But you -- intelligent you, educated you, reasonable and intelligent you, you fly into a rage, tell God to damn a man, with as little impunity, and as little conscience as you would shoot a buzzard, or put to death as a polecat. Yes sir, and if God were to step up and say, "Do you mean that? Do you really want me to damn him?" With all the shock of the Judgment in your face, you would stagger away from the friendly gaze of God, and cry "NO! I just got mad and was cussing. I didn't mean it!" See! I told you you were just a blair-eyed cussing fool, way below the level of a heathen. He is intelligent and religious in HIS, while You are neither. "But, I can't quit!" That so? How many words do you know? Not over three thousand, do you? Now let me test you. Suppose I offer you a thousand dollars a word to speak, but for some reason, you don't want to sell. Don't you see that money would be powerless to purchase one word. I could shoot you, and you could clamp down on three thousand words and die with them inside of you. We could take you out and take a piece of hemp and choke your life out, but not one word could we strangle you into uttering, if you didn't want to. So I have proved to you that you can quit the whole talking business. Then you don't expect me to believe you when you say you can't quit one word or one set of words.

* * *

02 -- A CONFEDERACY

Whoever cusses gets mad, which is temporary drunkenness. Whoever cusses, hates, and God says hatred is murder.

Whoever cusses breaks, in spirit, at least, many, or all commands. Listen. Why do you cuss, and not steal? The same God forbids both. You don't keep your hands off the property of another because you are good. If so, that same goodness would keep you from cussing. You don't practice honesty because God says so, for the same God says, "Don't cuss." It just doesn't suit you to steal, not that you are too good. You are honest from policy, an old cuss from principle. Then, if you steal, a policeman will nab you. Take the policeman off the beat, the sheriff out of sight, the jail out of the country, and danger out of the question and you'd steal. See? Then you are honest because you are a coward, and you cuss because you are an old cuss. See? If you kept any of these commands for high and worthy reasons, you'd keep them all the same way. Then a man who cusses is MEAN enough to do anything.

* * *

03 -- CAN'T DO IT

You can't cuss a mane You can try only. Did you ever spit in the face of a strong wind? If so, you spit in your own face. God says, since you have loved cursing, cursing shall enter into your bones. When the devil, at last hurls you upon the burning marl of hell, lays his foot on your neck, and cracks your bones, you will stored up as fuel for flame, every wicked and foolish oath of your life.

Do you hear that?

* * *

04 -- SCARED

You women, sitting out there, look scared. You think these men will mob me. That's where you slip up, and that's where thousands of our "Miss Sooky" preachers slip up. If you tell a man the truth, and he thinks you aim to do him good, you don't have to sugar-coat it, or give him a bit of orange to take out the bad taste, or even water to wash it down. He'll sit there and let you pitch bitter pills of fact into his mouth, like shot down a frog's throat, until he swallows the whole box, then he will walk up just like a man, and say, "It's tough, but it's God's truth, and I thank you besides."

I have preached to three thousand men against cussing and have had eight hundred to come up and promise, by God's help, to quit. I have preached to five thousand men against impurity, cutting to the red, and seen half of them crying, and the whole business rush up and grasp my hand find promise to live up to the mother-line of life, in all time to come. I have preached against black-leg gambling, argued and proved that social cards lead to gambling, that a woman's influence is great in getting men started wrong, then appealed from home, husband, son, brother, gentleman, friend, to them, to help me help these noble men, and maybe twenty-five would come, and half of thorn be back at it in a month.

* * *

05 -- THAT'S A WOMAN

When I get after you about it, you roll your goo-goo eyes at me and say, just as cute, "Bro. Culpepper, if we give up cards and the dance we won't have any fun." Half the young women today will go up and lick salt out of-the devil's hand, if he will promise them a pint of fun. That's a woman. Four-fifths of the young women of this audience are no more serious than I used to be under the shed or eaves of the house, when I'd found a little hole and drummed on the ground with a stick, saying, "Doodle, doodle, doodle!" Swishing into cards, swishing into the dance, into the theater, "Doodle, doodle, doodle!" Little doodle-catchers, Well, keep on calling, sissy. He is in there, and he is yours for the catching. Yes, keep on and you will get your doodle. Then about a couple of years from now, you will be singing, "Bye-O-Baby bunting, daddy's gone a hunting." He has, too. He is out somewhere, saying, "Doodle, doodle."

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06 -- CAN'T SEE

Speaking of the dance, reminds me that I have preached to hundreds of men in one audience and alleged that the dance stirs up men's lower and evil nature, that it leads to seduction, that men often have evil passions burning within them while dancing, then call on them "to know if it is not so, and have seen the whole business get up, endorsing all I said. Then I have gone before women alone, and mixed audiences, and argued and urged, plead and prayed, and asked for a "quit hand-shake," and six or seven stiff old maids, and four or five old God-forsaken chaperon widows would come up and give me their hands to help out.

* * *

07 -- THAT'S A MAN -- THAT'S A WOMAN

You women are too innocent for me to preach to. You are so good, that I can't make you understand what I mean. If this crop of doodle-catcher this generation of transcendentials don't evaporate into glory, but marry fallen men, I'm Sure your children will have at least one wing as long as a telegraph pole. I want to say, in advance, knowing the egotism of a proud father, that all of that wing came from that most innocent wife, who couldn't see any harm in being squeezed on the ball room floor, by every doodle-chamber in town, who could spend four hours a day playing cards with anybody who came along, but see no harm in it. She is stuff itself. She is Miss Innocence, from Innocenceville! Dear little seraph! Had she not been so divine, she would not have stooped to marry a sinner like you, who has gone down the pike, but has come back and wants to be a good man. I am glad you are back, and I'm going to grit my teeth and congratulate you on getting that darling lump of stupid sweetness, but the wing on that boy is not yours, not a bit of it.

No, these men will not get mad. I have walked in on them in their gambling dens, in the West and told who I was, and said, "Fellows, I am not here to spy on you, but you know how to rope in the boys, and I want to learn how, as I am in the roping business, too." They treated me with respect, let me talk to them, cried when I spoke of Mother, let me kneel on the floor of their hell and pray for them, asked me to come again, and nine to one, they would say, "Mr. Culpepper, if you want to stop our business, you had better get after the women." "Yes," chime in many, "yes, my first game was with a woman." Sometimes it is a worldly mother, sometimes it is a silly wife. Then, I have gone before the women and told this, and seen them twist on the bench, make mouths at me, or nudge the little doodles by them, but not one in a hundred would pledge herself not to dance nor play cards with men. That's a woman.

Here is a man. Over in Demopolis, Ala., the other day, I shelled the woods to a crowd of men, on their vices. One very wicked, but noble fellow, quit cussing, gave up cigarettes, got up an anti-cigarette club. For this he was called a parson by some Episcopalian girls, who had as much sense as a Georgia gopher and as much religion as a Western Mustang.

In Florence, Ala., a dance was billed for Thursday night, when the girl giving it, died early that morning. Later the bereaved mother sent for Bro. Andrews, our pastor, who told me, and said, "I hear the young people are going to have that dance right across the street, and I feel that it will kill me." The pastor said, "O, Sister, I am sure you are mistaken, but I will go and see

the young men." To his astonishment, they said, "Yes," Bro. Andrews, "we are thinking about it." "We said it didn't look right, but the girls insisted He took the boys and called on a group of girls. but do you know, these girls would not consent to put it off, and one of them said, 'Why, Pearl is as dead as she will ever be, and the dance cannot hurt her, then I don't see any need of giving up our fun, for we will love her just as well.'" They pulled that dance off, so near that I could have put my foot on Pearl's coffin and thrown a rock into that group of revelers. That's a woman.

I was driving out in Natchez, Miss., with our pastor, when he pointed to a corner house and said, "While I had charge of the corpse of a dear little girl in there, a dozen of the society women of the town, some of them in my church, ran a card game in that house. The two were about fifty feet apart. That's a woman.

No! I will not make these men mad, for I am speaking burning words out of a hot heart, hot with earnestness, hot with a disgust at profanity, hot with a consciousness that God wants me to speak, hot with a love for wicked men, hot with a love for them which I know they feel.

* * *

08 -- NO SELF-RESPECT

Listen, men! You have about lost all self-respect. How do I know? If you have cussed for years, then you have belched out those oaths before preachers, ladies and little girls, who never reciprocated you with a bad example, nor in any way did you wrong,

* * *

09 -- A CROP

Again, just as some one taught you to cuss, by cussing in your hearing, so you have taught many. If you have been profane for forty years, you have poisoned the speech of fully five hundred boys, who, in turn, have taught others. So you are not only an old cuss, but you are running a cussery, the lowest-down job the devil ever palmed off on a man.

How can a man who has no respect for God, or woman, or pure girlhood, or susceptible girlhood, how can such a man leave any real, noble self-respect? And when a man has crystallized into disregard for God, hardened into disrespect for abstract and concrete verbal purity, shriveled into contempt for woman, charred into a mummy of self-respect, what can be done with him but plant him out as I am doing, a very danger signal, a veritable old cuss.

Once more. Over half the men and women who go into our courts and take oath, perjure themselves. This must be true, for half swear one way, and half the other. Of those who swear on the side Of truth, perhaps half of them so color their statements that in the lime light of conscience, it is not the truth. If, then, two-thirds, or even one-third, swear a lie, are we not in danger of losing the safeguards which come from the sacredness of an oath? When men are no longer deterred from swearing falsely because they must appeal to God, whom they fear no

more. whose life or property will be safe? I could then, at a dollar a head, hire men to swear me out an alibi, when I had burned your barn, or to confess to guilty complicity when your daughter has been dethroned. Think along here. Am I right in this surmise, if, indeed, it be no more? Then answer me this, in what way could men sooner be brought to disregard the presence, word or power of God, than by training them to disregard, yea, misapply and misuse His very name?

The very name of mother, wife, sister, must be held sacred. If these names are dragged in the mud, the pure ones who bear them will soon be despoiled and besmirched. You accept my logic. I know you do.

* * *

10 -- CLIMAX A

Then a fearful climax is reached in your downward leap, when you find that by cussing, you are actually giving lessons in the art of perjury. I believe every word of this.

* * *

11 -- CLIMAX B

You are getting old. Some of you are old. Your coffin may be in town. The stuff which is to wrap up your oath-polluted body may be across in that store.

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul,
Upon a dying bed.

To lie and look back over every hill and hollow of life, for forty or fifty years, and see every one of these hills crowded with the poisonous frog-stools of lip-purpling profanity, and from every stench-breeding stool, oozing a fly-fattening froth, which trickles down the sides of every hill, to fatten the roots of a diabolically-luxuriant growth of throat-ulcerating oaths, springing up in the dismal wake of your putrid pilgrimage to this lonely couch of deep despair!

* * *

12 -- NOTHING DOING

Old man, lying there, let me tell you, you might start at the bottom of the bottomless pit, and travel till you found, the "grave of immortality," in a weed patch, on the further strand of eternity, and you could not find one being, who would swap his place for the one into which you have cussed yourself. An oath-drenched deathbed!!

If you don't stop, if you won't stop, I want you to come around to the back of the platform when I am through. I want to give you a card, holding appropriate words for your head. board,

These are they: "I lived and died an old cuss. Let dog fennel cover my carcass as soon as possible, I charge the executors of my estate, I demand, in the interest of humanity, that my very name be allowed to rot."

* * *

13 -- CLIMAX C

At God's Judgment bar, confronted by every oath, of every day of your life, what will you answer when God says "Why did you cuss?" The mother who threw her child into the sacred Ganges, could say, "I was taught by my priest that it would appease the wrath of my deity, and stay the strides of a devastating plague, then I was a heathen mother, and never saw a Bible, nor heard a sermon." But what will you say? Old Nero can say, "Yes, I burned the Christians, but I had been reared up on the bread of cruelty, I came to the throne without a heart; I had no such standard of values as the 19th and 20th centuries produced, or I would gladly have died for such holy ideals. Yes, I put to death, as I new know, the best men and women Of the Roman Empire, but I got applause and position and money for it all." But what did you get? Old Judas, even, can show his thirty pieces of silver, which he took back on a conscience rue. He can plead that he thought Jesus could save Himself, he can at least plead that he out his life short and hurried on to the devil, as soon as he realized who and what he was. But here you stand, having cursed for fifty years, and got no sort of compensation for it!

What will you answer Him?

In the end you are simply, -- in hell.

* * *

14 -- CLIMAX D

It is that stream of influence, you started in the heart of every life you touched, and which, after its meanderings of years, decades and centuries, must pour over the precipice of Eternity, in on you, maddening you into the prolonged wail of the damned, torturing your conscience into the hissings of fury-fanged serpents, burning your flesh with its livid memory, as each denouncing wave babbles your name, your myriad victims' names, and in roaring rush, white cap of fire, this, your filthy stream of influence makes its plunge into the abysmal vortex of eternal night, into which pours the million-tongued streams of every sinful spring of earth, this, yours, will be yours forever and ever, spelling your name, splashing your name, throwing it upon the crest of boiling billows, all meaning, and meaning for you, and meaning forever, this name, this man, spent his strength, his money, his time, his opportunity, his grace, his soul's patrimony -- just to make a gray-haired cuss, and thereby thwart heaven and ruin us.

Do you see that? How can I, how could I, overdraw this picture? How can I exaggerate a habit, which has been outlawed by the nation, the state, the municipality, by the refined ear of all polite company? This habit is that double-headed monster which I call "cussing" and the man

who lends his mouth to the spread of its leprous contagion, is branded by an army of victims, and outraged public, by purity of reason, by the voice of conscience, by the eternal fitness of things, by the very essence of natural and necessary sequence, as a devil-ridden, devil-driven cuss. I appreciate the attention you are giving me, and I am dipping this sermon out of a boiling caldron of prayer. I fully appreciate the delicacies of the hour. Such occasions are like this:

When Patrick Henry was dying, the careful doctor, after a final diagnosis, prepared a potion and brought it to him and said, "Sir, there is but one chance in ten for us to win out, if you take this. If you don't take it, you are dying anyhow. If the one chance turns in our favor, we win; if it turns against us, it will hasten your death, by hours, maybe by days." The old hero of colonial times, said, "Wait a little, Doctor," then drew his cap over his eyes, in thought and prayer, removed it, looked up and said, "Give me the medicine," Doctor; "I will take that chance." In a few minutes, he saw the blood curdle under his nails, held out his hand, and said, "Doctor, does that mean we have lost?" Bursting into tears, the physician said, "Yes, Mr. Henry, we have lost and you are dying. Then, said he, "Sit by and I will show you how a Christian can die."

Do you know, men, I now and then feel that God has given me one of those messages, which has the awful weight of a last chance in it. Then, too, I have come with one of those Judgment-day messages, and felt at times, that I was a captain, taking a ship through the most perilous waters, while a death-dealing storm, was breaking in ocean fury upon us. But one false step, but one wrong order, but the betrayal, in word or look, of doubt or fear, and panic is followed by paralysis and death.

I have stood, stood a thousand times in this vast country, facing audiences varying from one hundred to eight thousand, and have seen conflicting emotions surge like sunset flames upon a deepening night. Now they are with me, -- now all men are forsaking me. Now the Christians are standing by me, now the outsiders rally, as I fire into the faithless church; then all swing around and forgive what they thought an unwarranted onset. I have been a hundred times where if one man had bolted, a thousand would have followed. Have I been there tonight?

Men, -- if some heart that knows and loves men like I do, doesn't come at you with some such desperate remedy, like this Jeremiah wail over your devil-dragged, sin-drenched soul, you are gone, for all worlds.

A few days ago I heard a dozen men say, "Wright is dead, Charlie Michael has stabbed him." "Where is he?" I asked. "Just around the corner." I followed the pools of blood, up and into a room, filled with gore and men. Several doctors had been called. When my host, Dr. Hand got in, one of the physicians was feeling, with a sterilized instrument, in the wound, just above the heart, for the severed or split artery, The victim was already pronounced dead by the doctor on the other side, who fingered his pulse. To my surprise, Dr. Hand seized a knife, lengthened the incision, shot his thumb and fingers in, found the artery, pulled it out and through the cut, and said, "Stimulate him! Stimulate him!" The first doctor on the scene said something about septic poison, from his hands. Dr. Hand said "Not a moment to lose;" it was a staunch or a stop -- right now. Looking across he said, "Stimulate him more. I thought I felt a vibration -- yes, I am sure." In ten minutes, Mr. Wright opened his eyes, closed them. In half an hour he looked around,

seemed to recall the whole affair, then looked steadily for a moment into the eyes of Dr. Hand, and said, "Doc, don't make any mistake. He was a wicked man, and could not afford to be the victim of a medical mistake. Ah Me! Said I, I have heard or seemed to hear that appeal many times, when I have stood over dying audiences, wielding the gospel probe, the gospel knife. The most delicate surgery is that of probing for man's sins, then healing the ghastly wounds. I seem to hear your exposed soul say, "Don't make any mistake." Your godly mother, from yon glory-heights, or that old arm-chair, or that backless seat by you, says to me, "Sir, don't make any mistake, for that's my boy." That wife look at her -- as tame as the night you betrothed her, her set gaze and moving lips say, "Sir, don't make any mistake, for this night is a crisis in my husband's history and home happiness." Sirs, I see whole acres of blue-eyed, brown-eyed, hazel-eyed boys, who have been, or will be, in some way, brought within the atmosphere of your influence -- all looking at me, with a boy's beautiful, blooming, blood-tingling face, and they seem to say, "Bro. Culpepper, don't make any mistake."

Ah me! This choir says it, these songs sing it, our hearts which beat "a muffled drum," our march to the Judgment day say it.

* * *

15 -- DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKE

If I were going to try to define a man, I'd put into the definition, this: That God stood him on his feet when He made him, and planted his feet on the ten commandments, which contain at least his muscular duties, to his Maker and to his fellow creatures. I am trying to say, that man comes be manhood's estate, able to quit every wrong thing and do every right thing. And while I have addressed myself tonight to the old ones among you, and therefore, to the most helpless and hopeless -- yet I dare hope for you.

* * *

16 -- FROM SUCK-EGG TO MAN

When I was pastor in Arlington, Ga., many years ago I was holding a protracted meeting, and one night I delivered my soul against this foul habit. As I walked away, mingling with the crowd, I over-heard Boss Beckum, an infidel, but later a convert, say, "Who is Culpepper? It's none of his business ..." He did not finish the criticism, for Dr. Wilkin, of Colquit, who chanced to be in town and at meeting, said, "Boss, hit, are you? Well, me too, Pete, but I ain't vomiting up my dose like you. I just clinched my fist, and gritted my teeth, stuck my head between my knees, and let my medicine have the effect "Dr." Culpepper intended. Boss, mine's helped me. It's made a new man of me -- at least it's made a man of me, for I was a 'suck-egg' for cussing." My pills will work that way every time, if you will take them, then follow them up with what I tell you.

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17 -- SURE CURE

A man once said in my hearing, "I'd give half I've got, if I could quit cussing." I stepped up, introduced myself, and said, "Friend, I'll guarantee a cure for one hundred dollars. "What will you do?" he asked. "Take you around to the surgeon, have him take two good stitches in your mouth, put in a quill, then I'll take you around home and say to your wife, 'Here, madam, I'm a doctor, I have brought it to you; take it and feed it through this quill, on soft mush, till it forgets how to talk. It wants to quit cussing.'" "Shucks," he said, "I hope it ain't that bad." "Beg pardon," said I. "I thought from, your statement, that you had cussed your tongue into a hair-poised weather-cock, cussed all personal and family pride to death, cussed the six lower joints of your backbone off, cussed your brains out, and that you owned up that you are the devil's driftwood, just a helpless cuss. But if there is any man left in you, I here and now appeal to it.

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18 -- BENT ON IT

I preached to a great railroad throug one day, on this subject. Next day I was walking through the shops when a man call me over to where two others stood with him. "We heard you, sir, on cussing, and have quit. We've quit. See this stave?" "Yes." "Well, which ever of us two cusses, his head is to be struck between the other fellows legs, and this man," alluding to the third follow, "is to drop fifty, with this board; don't you think that will drag out all the cussing that's left?" "Sure cure," I said.

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19 -- COMING DOOM

I saw the impressive picture, of a man, walking near a swamp, sowing seeds from a basket. Each handful would become spiders, scorpions, poisonous serpents, these all turning, leaping, wriggling, would fall into the path behind him, a great venom-loaded army, bent on his destruction, and from. which he recoiled, quickening his pace, bore to the right, but kept scattering the seed. Noticing that he was casting frightened glances at the swamp an his right, and towards which every shrinking step, from the fruits of his sowing on the left, brought him, gradually, but surely nearer, I too, looked, when Behold! there came frown this same swamp a ferocious lion, a hungry tigress, packs of lank wolves, which licked out frothy tongues, rolled spiteful eyes, hurriedly disappeared, to re-appear in larger numbers, further down the swamp. The line of this poor man's march showed that in a little while he would meet his fearful fate, either from the right or left. Looking on the lower part of the basket, I read these words -- profanity.

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20 -- PLOWED UP AND PLANTED OVER

When I preached to the cusses in _____, I paid special attention to the town cusses. It seems that each town has a sort of bell-weather. The fellows, with great equanimity, applied my caustic to a Mr. B. Next morning, two or three scores gathered on a corner, and awaited his

arrival, supposing he would be furious. "Hello!" "Whatchye think?" "Whatchye gwinter do to him?" He stood a little bit, then said: "Boys, that preacher turned all Niagara loose on me What am I going to do to Culpepper? I'm going to thank him, then I'm going to plow up my crop of thistles and sow wheat. Who will join me?" I was told that forty boys and young men shook his hand.

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21 -- A LIBERAL SUBSTITUTE

Men, if you must have some expletive word, to give it force, or as an additional escape valve, suppose you take my name. I give you a carte blanche.

Over in Selma, once, I preached to a wage home full of men, on profanity. It was a great quitting hour. I told them when tempted to cuss, just try to remember to use my name -- that I'd like to be remembered by them anyhow, and that as my name was a little hot, anyway, it might solve the problem. This created a little ripple, and passed out of my mind. The next week, I was walking up the railroad track, when coming near a freight car tightly shut (for it was cold), I heard a man nailing something like sheet iron. Presently he missed the nail and hit his thumb, judging from the sound. I heard him prancing up and down, and he said, WHOO WHEE -- ER -- C-U-L-pepper. "Now, fellows," I said, "that's a man in there. He's trying to quit, and he'll succeed, too. I am sure he Culpeppered a nail back on to his thumb, just as quick as he could have cussed it back."

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22 -- TWO THOUGHTS MORE

If you can't quit, then I will say to you what I told. an old Georgian who said he had but two sins, but he committed them clear and above board. "Which two?" said I. "Cussing and drinking." I said, "I'd get under the board, under the plank, under the house, and under the hill if I had either of them. Suppose, the next time you take one of those Devil-phobia fits you get a quart bottle of this beverage of hell, which would kill a gray mule that never dies, and go over the brow of the hill, behind a gum stump, which lightning can't split, take a bottle of this and go to the center of Williamson Swamp, empty the bottle down your throat, stick your head up s hollow log and Cuss, yes, cuss, Kick and Cuss -- Sneeze and Cuss -- blair your eyes, knit your brows, pucker up your cuss-trap and just cuss. Cuss till every one flops off for safer lodgings. Cuss till every wild hog takes to wild land. Cuss till every polecat says, "I don't know what that fool is doing, but I feel in my bones that whatever he is brewing is going to out-stink us, that there will be no market for our stuff." Yes, O yes, Cuss -- cuss a big bait. Then take some turpentine soap, swamp mud, and a corn cob, and scour out your filthy mouth, go cautiously back over the line to where folks live, watch yourself, and at the first symptom of these fits, grab your bottle and put out to the swamp, but for decency's sake don't go round bragging that you cuss and drink in the open.

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23 -- TRY CORN

To those who really want to quit, but fear they can't, because of repeated failure, let me give you Mr. Niel's story. He relates that a Scotchman said to an Irishman, "Look at my horse -- he is so high in the bone and low in the fat, and do you know, I have given him everything, trying to make him low in the bone and high in the fat," "Faith," said Pat, "and did you ever try corn?" "Why, no, but everything else." "I had a horse," said Pat, "just like him, and I gave him corn, and the bones got so low I couldn't see um for the fat."

Did you ever try Christ for cussing? He the Sovereign remedy -- an unfailing cure.

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24 -- KILL THE BIG DOG

Guess you have noticed that every pack has a leader, and that in each bunch about the farm house, there is one that starts and stops every attack. If you kill or scare the big dog, the others fall back. You have, no doubt, been diverted and sometimes disgusted, to see the dependence of all on one. But it is true in the world of morals. Kill the big dog, and the others hide out. I drew this picture twenty-one years ago, in Ocoala, Fla., and said, "Now fellows, who will, at least, shoot your big dog tonight?" Last year when Burke and I went back there, one of the leading citizens of the town told me that on that night he went home and took a jug out and broke it, then went in and said, "Wife, I've shot my big dog." Sure enough, it was but a small matter to get rid of the others, for they had lost their leader. Cussing is your big dog. I want every man who says, "So help me God and gunpowder, I'll kill the big dog," to strike what soldiers call a double quick, and give me your hand.

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THE END