

SUNDAY WONDERS WHEN HE WILL DIE

Says Has Been Told Fighting the Devil Has Cost Him Score of Years.

TABERNACLE CROWD NOT LARGE

Saturday night at the Tabernacle was not marked by large attendance, the crowd being estimated at 6,500. There was a wide gap of vacant seats at the rear. It was stated that with a week of unusual entertainment, together with the usual Saturday shopping, the community was well-nigh satiated and tired.

"Billy" Sunday put in some of his best licks while extending the ramifications of argument in connection with his text, "Be sure your sins will find you out."

"I don't believe in the universal fatherhood of God. We are all children of God—nothing doing—unless we are Christians. We are all creatures of God. A soul is a creature of God. Isn't it great to be a child of God? I'll be a shouting Methodist here pretty soon. I stand here tonight, sins all forgiven, name written on the Lamb's book of life, a child of God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ, as I walk along.

"I'm having a good time, hitting the high spots. I'm not afraid to die, although I don't want to die. If I lose my choice of fighting the devil I don't know what I would do to pay the house rent and buy food. But I suppose God would care for me. I might come back to Omaha and perhaps you would give me a handout. I have been told I have shortened my life twenty years. Only the afternoon was wondering how long I would live." were some of the words uttered by the evangelist.

Calls Happy Hollow Sleepy.
Mr. Sunday aroused a roar of laughter when he inadvertently referred to "Happy Hollow" as "Sleepy Hollow." He corrected himself when prompted by "Boo."

"Boo," the trait bitters were delegations from the Lakeside Ice company and the Foray club, the latter an organization of twelve girls who responded en masse. They gave "Billy" and "Ma" a bouquet of asters.

Chorister Rodeheaver promised the women if they would remove their hats he would sing for them, which he did, explaining that he did not sing as well as usual they should remember he had been at the Omaha High-Creston football game during the afternoon and had rooted like a good fellow. J. E. Carnal sang, "Because He Loved Me So," and Mr. Rodeheaver and Mrs. Asher sang, "In the Garden." Rev. H. B. Foster, new pastor of the Dundee Presbyterian church, offered the opening prayer and referred to his co-operation in the Sunday campaign at Kookuk, Ia.

Whi Discus, Dancing Again.
Announcing his subject, "Amusements of Modern Society," for Tuesday afternoon and evening, Mr. Sunday said he will make a few remarks about dancing, a subject not yet considered by him in any vigorous manner during the local campaign, he added.

During the sermon Mr. Sunday showed how a honest-to-goodness detective shadows a suspect, taps him on the shoulder and says: "You're wanted at headquarters." He gave a recital of how the body of a millionaire was removed from the fourth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in a clothes basket, and taken down the freight elevator and he told of some of the terrors of institutions where feeble-minded and idiotic persons are detained.

He said there is an intimate connection between moral life and health; that all sins have physical effects and that one cannot even be angry without leaving some physical effect.

"Morality eliminates disease. Most all diseases of today are the result of sin. If men and women would stop sinning and would serve God, you would be surprised what little disease there would be," was another statement.

Accusing Conscience Painful.
He reminded his hearers that there is no physical torture so painful as that of an accusing conscience. And he urged all to remember it is stupendous folly to think it pays to do wrong, "for sin ultimately will out."

Mr. Sunday related several instances of crime traced to the perpetrators after many years and sometimes on the small set thread of a clue.

During the evening the evangelist made several references to the coughing and he commended Omaha for being so considerate of his requests that coughing be suppressed in the tabernacle.

"Nebraska Dry in 1918," are the words of a sign which has been pinned on the front of Mr. Sunday's pulpit.

Wharton a Worker In Behalf of the Sunday Movement

John C. Wharton, postmaster, is a tireless booster for "Billy" Sunday. He has been doing some quiet, unobtrusive "personal work" ever since long before the evangelist came to Omaha and he has produced some real results.

Mr. Wharton lectures about once a week with the Omaha National bank officials in the bank's private lunch room, together with a few prominent business men not connected with the bank.

The subject of Sunday came up long before he came to town and opinion was divided between those who were for and those against him. Mr. Wharton stood as the defender of the evangelist and he wasn't without support.

When "Billy" arrived Mr. Wharton secured some tickets and then he went quietly, but persistently, after those who had been against the evangelist and his ways. He'd call them up by phone and invite them to go with him and hear "Billy." Some were obstinate. They said they didn't want to waste an evening listening to a "mountebank." Then it was that the postmaster's suavity of manner and diplomacy of action were brought into play. Invariably he overcame objections. Every time he carried off his prey to the tabernacle.

A well-known banker who had been very much on the opposition side of the argument sat beside Mr. Wharton at the "tab" one evening. Before the sermon was half over he nudged the postmaster and whispered:

"That man's all right. He's sincere. I've changed my opinion."
Mr. Wharton asserts it's better fun than golf or hand ball.

The Bee's "swapper" column.

"The Trail of the Serpent," is Text of Sunday's Sermon to the Men

"Billy" Sunday preached yesterday afternoon on "The Trail of the Serpent," He said:

No earnest, honest or intelligent man can deny that the saloons and drunkenness are the curses of the United States, and those who love their country most, the men most desirous for its best interests and welfare, they are among those who most oppose this infamous business that damns our land.

Judges, statesmen, lawyers, business and professional men, laboring men and the heads of all classes in all communities, all agree that it is the most terrible blight and curse that ever reeled out of hell, and unless it is stopped it will sweep the vitality of our nation and overthrow our land.

This is a land of everything that is good; this is a land of happy homes, of beneficial influences, and of liberty and of martyr's in the homes and on the battlefields.

This is the land of Washington, who was first in Peace and first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen; the land of Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence; Benjamin Franklin, the wisest of our political forefathers; Alexander Hamilton, our financial high priest; the land of Commodore Perry, who said: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Go to the prisons and see the long lines of men, who have fought the booze and who have let it conquer them, and as a result have committed some offense which has taken them there.

Go to the divorce court and listen to the readings of wives of men who are drunkards, or go to the home where the serpent has left its slimy trail as it wound its way through the kitchen.

Spreads Wife's Earnings.
The everlasting cry of the drunkard is "Drink, drink, drink." Supposing I had a wife that I had promised to love, cherish and obey, and I am here in the wash tub to grind her life away in order that I might spend what she could earn for my booze.

My great opportunity is to step in and help these people and do something against this awful curse.

I wish I could unlock the door, gentlemen, that conceals the secrets of this diabolical chalice, but I am here to tell you sir, that God never gave any man imagination powerful, nor lips nor tongue eloquent enough, to picture its damnable wreckage and its ruin.

Bring before us all the good that any saloon has ever done. What man has it ever made happier? What home has it ever made purer? What father has it ever helped in any way to make his family happier and comfortable?

It is the most damnable thing that has ever fastened itself upon the people.

The schoolhouse is the best thing ever built. It keeps your boy from becoming an empty-headed stupid. The saloons are built to keep your boy from being a man, from being decent, and to keep him from mounting to the heights of success and prosperity. Nothing, in my judgment, equals it.

I am a sworn enemy to everything that is an enemy of my country. If a foreign enemy should attack my country I would become a bullet meat.

I say our enemy is not a foreign enemy, but a grog shop. Look at the miserable, lightning-damnable business. Go into your sin shops, gentlemen, and see the men lined up in front of the counter.

Look at the pale, pallid face, eyes large and sunken deeply in their sockets, with flaring like the claws of an unclean bird. He will quaff his glass of grog and look as though he had crept out of his grave and gone to a booze joint to get a glass of beer and forgot to go back to his grave and pull the coffin lid over him.

See another with water-seared eyes, decrepit and his large, swollen lips, staggering in his misery and drunkenness. He is a man or would be a man if it were not for that damnable business.

Tease Crows from Man's Brow.
Now God has given power and dominion to man. Man is nature's king and yet what has broken his sceptre and torn the crown from his brow? The saloon.

What has degraded man so that he is below the brutes and the hog in the pen? The saloon.

Anything I can do to destroy the liquor business, cost what it may, I will do. I'll pay any price. I'll give anything in order to have put on the saloons the curses of the Almighty God.

Only Potter's field, the prisons and the asylums are the result of this business. The moneyless man is degraded and rejected. There seems to be one set of legislation for the rich and another for the poor. Very often the question is, "Have you any money?"

Business is the word that will spell the saloons' defeat in the United States. Who pays the taxes in this state and nation? The saloonkeeper? Not so! No!
You are the people that pay the taxes—not that God-forsaken, pus-gutted gang that runs the liquor business. We are in a conflict to put an end to this gang now and we're going to win.

Money to Fight Sunday.
They have subscribed \$100,000 just to fight me. Well, now they're going to have an awful fight, because I'm in this thing to stay and to fight until the last ounce of strength shall have left me.

Let them come. I'll defy the dirty bunch to the last ditch and they know it. If hydrophobia produced one-millionth part of the disease and trouble the saloon causes every dog in America would be killed off before Monday morning.

The law surrounds and protects the damnable saloon. It hangs a man who kills a person while in a state of drunkenness, but what does it do to the man who made the murderer drunk?

Why, it gives him a license to go on and give the damnable stuff to more men, who have given man reason. Boys, let me tell you a high destiny. What has destroyed reason and made brutes of men? The saloon.

An intelligent man, a drunkard, said if a glass of grog was set before him and they told him if he drank the grog he would have to slip into hell, he would have to drink it and slip into hell.

Asked for Whisky while Lost Breath.
Oh, what brutes it makes of men and what will men not do to satisfy the desire!

A poor fellow in a drunken debauch got into a quarrel and got his throat cut, and after his wound was sewed up by the doctor he mumbled and the doctor thought he wanted something, and he asked the man if he wanted a minister, and he shook his head and tightly clutched at his throat and screamed until the blood stood between the surgeon's wounds, and he said: "Doctor, for God's sake get me a glass of whisky!" and with that he fell back a corpse.

I say it is a rotten, dirty business that asks you to disgrace your manhood and licks you in the face and asks you to put your ballot in the box for it. It is a great thing to save a drunkard man. It is worth a life of sacrifice and labor to save a man from drunkenness. But it is 10,000 times better to prevent him from becoming a drunkard and from falling than to help him after he has fallen.

A man asked a boy if he would tell a lie for \$20 and the kid said "No." He said: "Why?"
The kid said: "When my money is gone, my life would stop."

He said: "You can reform a man after he is gone down and become a drunkard, but he will never fully recover; he will never be the man he would have been if he had never been a drunkard. God's grace can pardon him, and God's grace can save him. God's grace will keep him, but he will never be the man that he would have been if he had not gone down."

I can put my hand in the hands of a sinner and he can squeeze it until he breaks the bones and mangles my flesh, and with railing agony I can pull it out and I can call a doctor, and he will dress it and will heal it, but my hand will never be what it was if the bones had not been broken and the flesh mangled.

Won't Admit Booze Harms Him.
Our nation will never be what it might have been but for this dirty, rotten business. A man who says he is a drunkard, but he will never be what he would have been if he had not been one.

And yet the saloonkeeper will look a decent man in the face and ask him to vote for them.

You fellows will say: "If I find it injures me I will give it up." That is an admission and a conclusion. Your admission is true; it will hurt, you will admit that, but your conclusion is false.

You say: "I will give it up when it hurts."
No, you won't give it up then. No, sir. You don't see that argument about anything else. You won't put your hand into a den of rattlesnakes and when they begin to hurt you pull it out. No, you don't.

You say you put your hand into a can of carbolic acid; if it hurts you will draw your hand out.

Now, many start out to get to be drunkards in that way. You never expect to be a drunkard when you start as a moderate drinker. He acts with other things with common sense, but not a drunkard.

When you start as a moderate drinker, ask a drinking man if booze is injuring him and he'll say, "No," even after he has become a drunkard.

I tell you if a man makes a mistake he has sense enough to learn the lesson it teaches him. A man won't fall down the second time for that same banana peel unless he's a fool.

Some folks say: "What are you going to do if you are defeated? I will fight it again. I will fight it till we win. I will fight it in private, I will fight it in public."

You and I will not dip our flag in that dirty gang. Compromise? No, sir. I have not a drop of compromise blood in my veins.

Men of Omaha never. I know no defeat. I'll fight it in club or lodge.

A great many will be asked to vote against it or do something against it, and then will say: "I have no particular influence." If I were to tell you that was true you would get hot.

So when you tell me that you haven't any influence, that may be true, if you have anything against the liquor business stand forth and tell it.

Taxes Higher Where Saloons Are.
Somebody says, it will diminish the revenue. Is that so? For every dollar of revenue that that gang hands out of their dirty money, that they hand back, that is distilled with the blood of men and women and children, we have to go down in our pockets and pay out \$20 to pay for the saloons and grog shops.

We have got to pay down \$20 for every dirty one that they give you. They are a generous gang. They are lying awake nights figuring out how generous they are.

Read your tax receipts and see what it costs you. You don't have to read it in the falls and penitentiaries or the insane asylums, but read it in your tax receipts.

There isn't a town in America where the taxes are higher than where the saloons are. Everybody knows that. But somebody says to me, "Bill, are you fair to the saloon?"

Will I be fair to the robber who goes through my house and steals and robs? Will I be fair to a highwayman who shoves a gun under my nose and demands my life or my money? No, sir.

I pray to God He will let us live long enough to preach the funeral sermon over the corpse of the saloon. God in His own good time, He will say: "This nation in its own good time is going to free this nation from the bondage of the saloon."

It's God against the devil; Jesus against hell, and righteousness against unrighteousness. Who is going to stop it? Nobody.

No power on earth is doing the work of the devil as is the saloon. The devil sits on a high pinnacle and orders the saloon to take him men enough to fill up his hell.

There is no power that can drag a man to hell as quickly or as surely as the saloons. Men, put an end to it all.

Treat Saloon Keepers and Rattlesnakes Alike.
You say, "Mr. Sunday, is it fair to the saloon keeper?"

Suppose your baby or my baby was playing on the ground and you saw a rattlesnake working its way towards that baby.

Will I be fair toward that snake and give it a chance for its life and give it a chance to sting and bite my baby, or will I be fair to my baby and kill that snake?

Will it be fair to give you a chance by killing that damnable thing that has been stinging and biting you all these days and caused you sorrow and misery?

That is where we stand on the proposition. But I believe in total abstinence. A man says, "You believe in total abstinence?"

"Yes, sir. I believe in anything that will send the saloon into hell."
"You believe in the anti-saloon league?"

"Yes, sir; anything that will put the saloon into hell."
"Now, say, Bill, you can't reform men by law."

"No, but you can remove the temptation from them."
"You're right; that will want to make"

money out of the business." Let me tell you how to make money out of it.
You make money the same as if you were a merchant and sold a knife to a man and then the man turned and stuck that knife into your boy.

Make money out of the business? I don't need money bad enough to drive the wife to stand over the steaming wash tub to make money for her drunken husband. We don't need the money bad enough to sweep in bitterness over the poor forlorn life. Men of Omaha, we don't need the money bad enough for that.

You will applaud me and give me your smiles. But I don't care a for your smiles or applause if you don't help. You cheer me, but will you help to drive this rotten business from the land?

Don't Understand All Lord's Deal.
From a business or moral standpoint the liquor has no argument to make. Ninety-ninths of the business required of police and sheriffs is looking after the results of the saloon. Statutes show that most of the cases of insanity and pauperism are the result of the dram shop.

The liquor forces upon us the use of the American flag in connection with personal liberty. Personal liberty like that is all the anarchist, the thief and the highwayman want.

No man has any right to vote for the open saloon to stand as a stumbling block to the young manhood of any community. The personal-liberty-saloon party might better take for their emblem the flag with the picture of a drunkard or a wrecked home.

You can't always tell by the Lord's dealings with you. The Lord has done lots of things that I don't understand. When I get to heaven I've a great long string of things that I'm going to ask Him to explain to me.

I want to know what He did this and why He didn't do that, but I know He has a reason for doing it. It's a good thing God takes care of a lot of things; if you did it, we would get it all balled up. There are many things here we cannot understand.

You fellows will say, "If I find it injures me I will give it up."
You say you will give it up when it hurts. It is the fool that is always fooling with his surplus that makes it possible for doctors to ride around in automobiles. No. You don't give it up then. No, sir! You don't see that argument about anything else.

Think of the thousands of dollars Omaha men have poured into these hell holes, and what have they given in return? There is only one attitude that I take against the liquor business—to hell with it.

The people who are opposed to the anti-liquor movement are like the Idaho man who stole some bacon. After he was arrested he secured an attorney, but the latter did not want to take the case because his client was guilty. But he was persuaded to go ahead.

Five witnesses testified against the defendant, making a strong case, and the lawyer did not put up a strong argument. Much to his surprise the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

"What do you suppose was the reason for that?" asked the surprised lawyer.
"Ten of those jurors had part of the bacon," the man answered.

There are too many interested in the booze business—brewer, politician, owner of the building, when you hit the saloon they're all there. Hold a dollar in front of a man's nose and he becomes blind.

So many absurd things are offered as arguments for the liquor business. "What am I going to do? It is a business my husband has been in for fifteen years, and he has never worked and don't know how to work. I don't know what I'll do." That's what a woman asked another woman.

And this woman said to her: "I will tell you. My husband has spent all of his money in your husband's saloon for fifteen years, and I have had to wash for a living, and my husband is now working and will save the money and take care of me and the children, and now I won't have to do the washing any more, and you can have my job."

All right, boys; there has been many a mother that has washed for a living. Just change it about.

Every barroom is a recruiting station for a hell, a rathole into which the workman shoves his wages. But the saloon will be put out of business, and by the men who have patronized it.

Staggering Drunkard Beat Saloon Sign.
If Jesus Christ lived in this city there would be some men who would drink.

There is hardly a woman who does not rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Princeton, Ill.—"I had inflammation, hard headaches in the back of my neck and a weakness all caused by female trouble, and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with such excellent results that I am now feeling fine. I recommend the Compound and praise it to all. I shall be glad to have you publish my letter."

Experience of a Nurse.
Poland, N.Y.—"In my experience as a nurse I certainly think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a great medicine. I wish all women with female troubles would take it. I took it when passing through the Change of Life with great results and I always recommend the Compound to all my patients if I know of their condition in time. I will gladly do all I can to help others to know of this great medicine."

—Mrs. HORACE NEWMAN, Poland, Herkimer Co., N.Y.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

there would be some who would commit adultery.
Who are in favor of the saloon? The brewer and many other men, down to a man and then the man turned and stuck that knife into your boy.

The saloon doesn't put a truthful sign outside. It should have a sign reading "Deafium tremens, murder, rape, and hell."

One time a boy was walking along the street in front of a saloon. Out through the door staggered a man. He fell to the sidewalk. The boy stuck his head inside the door and yelled to the proprietor:

"Hey, mister! Come out here. Your sign has fallen down."
The saloon doesn't exhibit the product of its business. Merchants display in their windows the wares they have for sale. But not the saloon. The saloon buries men and women in the Potter's field.

Where is the man who can say that the saloon has been a benefit to him, has made his home more cheerful, his life more happy?

I'm not fighting the individual. I'd help any saloon keeper come to Jesus Christ—just as quickly as any other person. I'm fighting the business, and if, in fighting the business, I have to fight you, I'll do it.

In his heart the saloon man knows he is in a dirty business. Any service I can do for him I'll gladly do, but I'll do anything I can to clear this land of the curse.

The curse of God is upon the saloon business and the saloon keeper forfeits the respect of society. Many of the lobbies have kicked him out of their membership.

"Oh, we boast of our independence, but we have a king who rules over us with an iron grip."
The whole saloon business is run on a financial basis. There is nothing moral to commend it.

Local option has helped. It has reduced crime 75 per cent. The saloon business is a curse, and it is a man's business to smash it. I hope on my tombstone will be carved this: "Bill hated the whisky business."

Some people say beer gives strength and nourishment. There was a jubilee in hell when lager beer was discovered.

Beer produces a passing stimulus and continued usance disease.

Hornet is Stimulant Without Nourishment.
But, you say, there can be no stimulus without nourishment. You sit on a horse's neck. There's stimulus there but how about the nourishment?

The time is coming when a prohibition amendment will be written into the constitution of this country. I believe the

devil has no greater power on the earth than the saloon.
I don't fear the opposition of the saloon gang. I don't fear that God-forsaken, dirty bunch. I fear more the apathy of the people who ought to fight it. I believe that the man who deliberately votes for the saloon ought to have a drunkard for a son.

I advocate a universal opposition against the saloon. You men have the power. Let's do something in this country. The idea that a man needs to drink in order to stimulate his brain and body is a lie. In Massachusetts 64 per cent of the people arrested for crimes committed the deeds while drunk.

Last year in New York state alone there were 28,220 liquor dealers, while in ten south, where the saloon has been actively opposed, there were only 12,000 dealers in fifteen states. Last year this country consumed 300,000,000 gallons of beer, whisky and other liquors.

Tonight 55 per cent of the population of the United States is living in dry territory and 71 per cent of the area of the country is dry. And many of the people in the wet section are wishing they could stop the liquor business.

We are dying at the rate of 1,000 to every 10,000 in population. You tell me how much you drink and I'll tell you how long you will live. Statistics have shown that the total abstinence lives to the age of 65 years, the moderate drinker to 53 years and the heavy drinker to 35 years.

Let's do something in this country. The idea that a man needs to drink in order to stimulate his brain and body is a lie. In Massachusetts 64 per cent of the people arrested for crimes committed the deeds while drunk.

Last winter I used Chamberlain's Liniment for rheumatic pains, stiffness and soreness of the knees, and can conscientiously say that I never used anything that did me so much good.—Edward Craft, Elba, N. Y. Obtainable everywhere.—Advertisement.

REVISED SCHEDULE ISSUED FOR BOYS' AND GIRLS' WORK
The following revised schedule of boys' and girls' work in the "Billy" Sunday campaign in charge of Miss Garmin has been issued:

Tuesday, October 12, 3:45 p. m., Diets Memorial Methodist Episcopal church.
Wednesday, October 13, 3:45 p. m., First Methodist Episcopal church.
Thursday, October 14, 3:45 p. m., First Reformed church.
Friday, October 15, 3:45 p. m., Park Forest Chapel.
Saturday, October 16, 9 p. m., First Presbyterian, South.

New York Symphony Orchestra Is Coming

Word was received in Omaha yesterday that arrangements have been concluded whereby the New York Symphony orchestra, with Josef Hofman, pianist, will be presented in Omaha on the evening of March 21, 1916. This concert will be at the Auditorium under city management.

UNION OUTFITTING CONTEST PROVES TO BE SUCCESSFUL

In accordance with an announcement previously made the Union Outfitting Company staged a unique advertising contest Saturday night at the company store. As explained in the advertising of this concern seven prizes were to be awarded according to certain conditions. The plan proved very successful.

EFFICIENT NURSE FINDS ASSISTANCE

Mrs. Anna L. Bryan Is Given Relief by Premier Preparation.

Had Suffered Much Before Trying Tanlac.

Mrs. Anna L. Bryan, an efficient trained nurse, is among the hundreds of women who have used Tanlac, the premier preparation, with the most beneficial results. Mrs. Bryan said:

"I find Tanlac was made for me. I have been using it for more than a week for gastritis. I have been treated by several physicians with very poor results. At times I vomited blood, and lost weight."

"I find Tanlac has given me great relief. Since I began taking the medicine I have noticed a marked improvement in my condition. I have ceased to vomit blood and have begun taking on weight."

In fact, Tanlac has made me feel like a different woman, and I wish that very excellent medicine great success."

Tanlac is of unusual benefit in cases of stomach, liver and kidney trouble, rheumatism, nervousness, unsound sleep, faulty circulation, catarrhal and bronchial troubles. It is especially beneficial as a tonic for generally debilitated persons, blood purifier and dizziness builder.

Tanlac can be had at the Sherman & McConnell Drug Company, 16th and Dodge streets, where representatives are explaining the medicine to the public.—Advertisement.



Make Work Easy by Using the New "C. E.-Z" Gas Lights. This new light represents the greatest lighting development since the discovery of gas mantles. It is easy to put on any upright fixture in your home. It can be installed at a cost of only 80c or \$1.00 with your old shades of the type shown in the circle, or for \$1.50 with an artistic new shade. It gives an abundance of clear, white light for only one-third of a cent an hour. It's just the light you need in your kitchen—and everywhere. An opportunity will be given you to see this new light during our "C. E.-Z" Campaign which opens Monday, October 12th. One of our representatives will call to demonstrate the merits of this new light and install one or more of them if you wish.

Omaha Gas Co.
1509 HOWARD STREET
Douglas 605

Chicago Great Western
It Gets There First
TWIN CITY LIMITED
To St