

MA SUNDAY BACK FOR MOTHERS' DAY

Wife of Famous Evangelist Returns to Assist in Campaign Now Being Carried on Here.

SERMON FOR MEN NEXT SUNDAY

JUVENILE TRAIL BITTERS. Previously reported. Thursday— Grace Evangelical church, boys, 21; Grace Evangelical church, later, boys and girls, 40; West Memorial church, boys and girls, 80.

Total starting cards to date. 302. "Ma" Sunday has returned to Omaha, and "Billy" is smiling again. She has been visiting her younger children at the Sunday eastern home at Winona Lake, Ind.

Another "hot" sermon for men only is announced for Sunday afternoon by Bob Matthews, "Billy" Sunday's press agent and secretary. The subject will be "The Devil's Boomerang" or "Hot Chokes Off the Griddle."

A telegram of appreciation and confidence was received by Mr. Sunday from the annual state conference of the United Brethren in Christ, which is now in session at York. "Billy" wired a reply to the effect that such words of encouragement meant more to him than all

Lesson of the Potter Told Society Women

The first "Billy" Sunday meeting in Council Bluffs was held yesterday morning at the home of Mrs. Ernest E. Hart. More than 175 women and a few men assembled at Hillcrest.

A musical program was followed by a prayer and sermon by Sunday, who took for his text Jeremiah 18:4. "And the vessel that he made of clay was moved in the hands of the potter; so he made it again another vessel as seemed good to the potter to make it."

He spoke of regeneration and likened his hearers to the clay and God to the potter, declaring that persons who fail to attain the height they might have reached, nevertheless may become useful and valuable members of society.

He told of his first visit to Council Bluffs forty years ago, when friendless and forlorn, he passed through the city on his way to the orphan's home at Glenwood, Ia.

Oxford Man Missing Six Months. OXFORD, Neb., Sept. 24.—(Special.)—C. E. Thomas left Oxford April 23, and nothing has been heard from him. He has money on deposit in the bank here, but it is in his name and wife and children are much in need of same, but the bank refuses payment without his order. There has been no trouble between himself and wife and foot play is feared.

Sundayisms at the Tab as Caught by Our Staff Artist



Sunday Depicts Selfishness in the Lives of Men and Women

Last night Rev. "Billy" Sunday spoke on the subject, "No One Cares for My Soul." The text and sermon follow: Psalms 12:4, "No man cared for my soul."

Life and nature seem to be made up largely of contrast. Midnight, midnoon; summer, winter; heat, cold; hills, valleys; famine, plenty; rain, drought; sickness, health; vice and virtue walk the street; joy and sorrow look from the same window; the hearse follows quickly after the bridal procession; the funeral dirge is heard mingling with the wedding march; tears follow laughter. All lives are more or less a contrast. But no life, no history, sacred or profane, to me presents a larger number than that of David, the author of my Psalm and text. I am first introduced to him when a shepherd lad, when he herded his father's flocks, when Samuel was sent of God to anoint him king of Israel. The next vision I catch of David is that he has thrown the shepherd crook on the ground, picked up the crown, climbed up on the throne and swayed a scepter instead of a shepherd's crook. The next vision I have of David is that he has become a sinner. He forgot God, to whom he was indebted, and trailed and dragged his name in filth; then, by crying unto God, Who granted him pardon, he became a saint. He was also a poet of no mean ability. He was a musician, too, and charmed King Saul in his melancholy moods. He was a warrior, and led the hosts of God to victory. His son Absalom, had rebelled. Saul, jealous of his popularity and success, sought to kill him, and chased him from the mountains like a partridge, and David went from pillar to post and hid, took refuge in the cave of Engedon. There it was that the words of my text were wrung from his heart. "I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul."

It seems strange to me that any man, at any period of the world's history, should be compelled to use words like these, and that such words should be the honest expression of the lack of interest manifest toward him by those whom he knew and with whom he came in contact; but it is more than passing strange to me that any man in our day and mine, with such opportunities to know God, with all the inducements that he has, his knowledge of Christianity, and has seen that bigotry and superstition have been swept away and we stand on a foundation of common sense—I say it does seem to me staggering and astoundingly strange that any man could use words like these, and that they would be the honest expression of the lack of interest manifest toward him by those who profess to love and know the Lord. And yet it is true. "No man cared for my soul." It is as true in Omaha as when David, from the cave in the mountains, cried it out.

Care for Their Bodies. Did you ever stop to think of the great concern which is manifest for people in times of physical distress? Let the cry of a child be heard and we will drop our money, we will turn from the counter, we will stop discussing politics or talking religion, we will forget our differences of creed and color and will rush to the aid of the helpless whose cry has called us.

It is a solemn thought when it may apply to people who come to your own church. Every church has a standard. There are certain men in this town, when they go to church they go because their mother went there, or because their wife is a member, or because their children are in the Sabbath school.

They Are Waiting. Sometimes you might think people don't care to talk about religion. Now you will listen to what you will find one man or one woman that will treat you disrespectfully you will find one hundred that will listen to you and thank you because you came. Then let the one go to hell and try to get the one hundred. If a man is so low down and good for nothing and so forsaken that he would treat you disrespectfully if you would go and talk to him about Jesus Christ, I have no patience with him.

Infidel's Town. I was at one time in a town in Nebraska and the people kept telling me about one man there. I can take you to a section of that county that is as rotten as hell—the Republican valley in Nebraska. It was settled by infidels, from Fortrose Junction down to the Missouri river, and the number and of it Nebraska City, and that Republican valley is rotten with infidels. Don't ever go out there. The wrong crowd got there first. Well, I was in a town in Nebraska and they said: "There is one man here. If you can get him he is good for 100 men for Christ." I said, "who is he?" John Champey. He is the miller. I said to Mr. Freston, who was then a minister, "have you been to see him?" No. I asked another minister if he had been to see the fellow and he said no. I asked the United Presbyterian preacher (they have a college out there, you know) and he said no, he hadn't been around to see him. I said, "well, I guess I'll go around to see him." I found the fellow seated in a chair tattered back against the wall, smoking. I said, "is this Mr. Champey?"

Notes from Beatrice and Gage County

BEATRICE, Neb., Sept. 24.—(Special.)—Major Arthur Haysel of the National guard aviation corps visited the city Thursday evening and arranged with the directors of the Gage county fair for Captain C. W. Shafer to give flights here for three days during the fair, using the monoplane in use in the guard training school. Miss Florence Edith Jones, formerly of this city, dropped dead in Merritt's drug store at Omaha Thursday afternoon from heart trouble. She was 22 years of age and the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jones, who were drowned in the Blue river at this point a few years ago. The body was brought here Friday for interment. Eight more banks and loan firms Thursday filed in the office of the district clerk appeals of their protest before the county board of equalization relative to taxing farm mortgages in their possession. The assessment of these mortgages will foot up to over \$200,000 against the banks and loan institutions in the county. Frank Vitush, a farmer living near Odell, cut his wheat with a mower a few weeks ago and left the grain on the ground. He threshed his crop this week and to his surprise the acre yielded over twenty bushels to the acre and was of an excellent quality. New Firm at Cedar Rapids. CEDAR RAPIDS, Neb., Sept. 24.—(Special.)—The Edwards & Bradford Lumber company at Cedar Rapids has been succeeded by the Yost & Amus Lumber company. The new firm is composed of Fred Yost of Millford, Neb., and E. C. Amus of Friend, Neb.

Sunday's Sayings in Talk to Mothers

And there is a mighty power in a mother's kiss—inspiration, courage, hope, ambition, in a mother's kiss.

When God gave you the office of mother it was almost the same as if He had given you His right hand.

The Roman Catholics are right when they say: "Give us the children until they are 10 years old, and we don't care who has them after that."

Many a boy would have turned out better if his daddy had died before his birth. Many a daddy has no more backbone than a meat rind or a piece of twine string.

Mothers are always brave when the safety of their children is concerned.

If you mothers would be more careful about that young girl who comes shyly around your back she wouldn't be going down the line tonight.

Fathers often get the blues, hit the booze and commit suicide, but the mother will stand by the home and keep the little hand together if she has to manure her fingernails over a washboard to do it.

I want to tell you, women, feeling away your time hugging and kissing a puddle dog, caressing a Spitz, drinking a society bran mash and a cocktail, and playing cards, is mighty small business compared to molding the life of a child.

Sunday to Talk to the Masons Monday

"Billy" Sunday has accepted an invitation to speak at the Scottish Rite cathedral next Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock sharp. All Masons are cordially invited to hear the evangelist at that time. F. C. Patton of the Scottish Rite committee says: "Only men will be admitted because the large crowd of men expected will easily fill the big auditorium of the new cathedral."

WIFE OF CLERGYMAN CALLED TO LAST REST



MRS. GEORGE MAC DOUGALL.

Mrs. Sara MacDougall, wife of Rev. George MacDougall, died yesterday at her home, 478 North Fortieth street, aged 49 years.

Mrs. MacDougall had lived ten years in Omaha with her husband, who for eight years was pastor of Olivet Baptist church. She was married at West Bay City, Mich., Christmas eve, 1897. She was an able leader in Sunday school and young people's work.

She leaves a husband, two daughters, Nora and Margaret, a father, brother and sister in Bay City, a sister in Dulois, Cal., a brother and sister in Detroit and a sister in Philadelphia.

Funeral services which will be private will be held Saturday afternoon at the home. Interment will be in West Lawn cemetery.

SUNDAY TALKS TO THOUSANDS OF OMAHA MOTHERS

(Continued from Page One.)

Christian mother. Most any kind of a stick will do for father, but not mother. "If every man had a good mother, the saloons would go out of business tomorrow."

"I'm going to give them a run for their money in Omaha, you can bet," he shouted.

"I want to tell you women who are chasing the society phantom, hugging and kissing a puddle, drinking a society bran mash and a cocktail and playing cards is mighty small business compared to molding the life of a child."

"To plant a thought in a mind that will stay there and grow is a fine thing. The one who does that is doing more for Omaha than the man who builds a skyscraper."

Some Mothers Scored. Mr. Sunday dwelt on the beauty, the faith and the good that mothers do, but scored just as heavily the mothers who permit their children to grow up out of the church.

"How do you know God is not watching you as much as He did the mother of Moses?" he asked.

Unscrupulous politicians who, Mr. Sunday asserted, kept the Bible out of the public schools came in for a share of the evangelist's wrath.

When the trail-hitting began, Rev. Titus Lowe, who acted as head usher, came into bad luck. Nothing he did seemed to please Mr. Sunday, who kept shouting, "Mr. Lowe, Mr. Lowe, hurry up. Mr. Lowe, take this woman. Oh, Mr. Lowe, why don't you hurry up! Here, here, find a seat for this man!"

Most of the trail hitters were women. There were a number of elderly men. One fine looking boy received a particularly hearty greeting from the evangelist, who, after shaking hands with him, patted him on the shoulder and then shook hands with him again.

Rev. Mr. Stevenson of Glenwood, an old friend of Mr. Sunday and Mr. Harrington, who led the choir at Pawnee City when Mr. Sunday was there, received warm welcomes.

Advertisement for Berg Clothing Co. featuring 'An Unrivaled Display of Exclusive Fall Models'. It lists various clothing items like suits, coats, and shirts with prices ranging from \$7.50 to \$40. The ad includes a large illustration of a man in a suit and the company name 'Berg Clothing Co.' at the bottom.

Advertisement for Palace Clothing Company. It features a large illustration of a man in a suit and lists various clothing items with prices. The main headline is '12--TWELVE--12 Big Saturday BARGAINS'. The company name 'Palace CLOTHING COMPANY' is prominently displayed at the bottom.