

Christian Church Members Hear New Minister Preach

Rev. George A. Miller, Successor to Rev. C. E. Cobbe, Delivers Opening Sermon to Large Congregation.

The largest congregation that ever crowded into the First Christian church heard the new pastor, Rev. Dr. George A. Miller, preach his first sermon here yesterday morning.

He was introduced by Rev. C. E. Cobbe, his predecessor, who is now president of Cotner university. Rev. Mr. Cobbe expressed a strong temptation to come back to the church "as assistant to Dr. Miller."

Five persons presented themselves at the close of the service to be received into membership. Dr. Miller has spent the last 29 years of his life in just two pastorates. The last 16 years he has been at the head of a very large church in Washington, D. C.

Effort Necessary. "Going up to Jerusalem," was the theme of his first sermon here. "Notice the second word," he said. "It is 'up.' Nothing worth achieving is achieved without going up, without putting forth effort. If you do something without effort it is no good to you."

Character and circumstance determine what we are. A man may be a singer by character but by circumstance he may be a merchant. Napoleon said "I make circumstances." But he didn't. If he had he wouldn't have made himself such circumstances as Moscow, Elba and St. Helena.

To Labor Hard. "I have accepted this call because I want to go up to Jerusalem with this church, to labor hard and steadfastly in this vineyard. And I want you all to help me. Let us go up to Jerusalem."

More than 400 were present in the Sunday school where Dr. Miller, Mrs. Miller and their small son, George, were on the platform. Dr. and Mrs. Miller made short addresses.

A dinner and reception will be given in honor of the new pastor and his family Wednesday evening at 6:30.

Property Holders in Mexico Warned to Protect Lands. Washington, Dec. 3.—Warning to American holders of properties in the consular district of Acapulco, Mex., to take steps at once to protect their lands from possible enforced distribution under the agrarian laws of Mexico and the state of Guerrero, was issued Saturday by the State department.

A considerable number of American holdings in the Acapulco district, the statement said, were threatened by the statutes and the American consul here was unable to locate the owners or ascertain whether they were represented by agents.

According to a recent decision of the supreme court, Japanese are not eligible for naturalization in the United States.

Quick relief. Congestive Coughs. This simple treatment clears the head, loosens irritating phlegm, cools inflamed, stinging tissues and breaks the cold. See bottle for simple directions. Go to your druggist—start yourself serious trouble—start now to take.

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY—a syrup for coughs & colds. More Eggs as Prices Rise. Real Profit from your flock—only a matter of making 'em lay—and keeping them at it. Give them regularly.

Pratts Poultry Regulator. the natural tonic and conditioner that helps digestion, regulates the system, promotes health. That means EGGS all the year. Start now, and remember—"Your Money Back if YOU Are Not Satisfied!"

SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES. (Continued from Saturday.)

The royal progress was to begin with a transcontinental leap to New York to assist at the opening of the picture on Broadway—"On Broadway"—to the actor what "In Heaven" is to the saint, "In Rome" to the priest, "In Washington" to the politician, "In goal" to the athlete.

The abandoned suitors of Mem made a sorry squad at the Santa Fe station. They stared at her with humiliated devotion. Bernard sent a bushel of flowers and fruit to her drawing room. He said to it that there were reporters to give her a good send-off.

She left Los Angeles another woman from the lorn, lone thing that had crept into the terrifying city, as so many sick lingers, faded hearts, wounded war victims had crept into it and found it a restoring fountain of health and hope and ambition.

She waved goodbye with a homesick sorrow in her eyes. Her consolation was her last shout: "I'll come back! I'll come back!" She had little of the feeling Eve must have had as she made her last walk down the quick-stepped path of Eden toward the gate that would not open again.

The train stole out of Eden like the serpent that wheeled Eve into the outer world. It glided through open fields, Pasadena and Redlands hearts, Bernardino a wilderness of olives, palms and dangling apples of gold in oceans of orange trees.

By and by came Cajon pass, where the train began to climb toward the mountain walls that were the gate of this paradise; up the deep ravine known as Murder cape, when this land was unattainable until a pathway of human and animal bones had been laid down.

Winter was waiting on the other side. There was winter here, too, of a sort, but it was the pretty winter of southern California. The landscape was needed to visitfulness. White trees were all flutter with gilded leaves as if butterfly swarms were clinging there, wind blown. Soon the orange and fig trees, no longer enriched the scene. Jumpers and cactus, versatile in ugliness, manzanita and Joshua trees, were the emblems of nature's poverty.

Yet there was something dear to Mem in the very soil. She could have kissed the ground good-bye, as Ulysses flung himself down and pressed his lips on the good earth of Ithaca. The snow-sugared ridges of the Cucamongas and Old Baldy's bleak majesty were stupendously beautiful, but they seemed to be only monstrous enlargements of the tiny mountains that ant sand beetles climb.

As the train lumbered up the steep, the earth passed before Mem's eyes slowly, slowly. She found the ground more absorbing than the peaks or the sky. She stared inwardly into herself, and the snow-sugared ridges of the Cucamongas and Old Baldy's bleak majesty were stupendously beautiful, but they seemed to be only monstrous enlargements of the tiny mountains that ant sand beetles climb.

Small lizards darted, yet were not so fast as the train that kept on its way out of paradise, winding like a porpoise through some of the steep, and she could see its double heat and the smoke it breathed. The mountains appeared to rise with the train, mocking it as every climb disclosed new heights; every horizon conquered points with satiric laughter to farther horizons offered for a prize.

Meek and unimportant as the little pebbles were on the slopes of the mountains, the peaks had also their inequalities, and looked to be forever snubbing one another. A tunnel killed the picture like a broken film. Instantly Mem imagined Tom Hobby at her side, snatching at the theft, for the mountains snatched back into view, only to be blacked out again.

There would have been time for a long kiss, for many kisses, in this rich glow. Once more she found Tom Hobby wooing her best in his absence. She wondered if he were not a fool to leave him. He had told her that he had saved money enough to live a long while without working; to travel abroad with her; to give her a gorgeous home. But she had thought of her ambition and followed it.

She reviled herself for her automatic discontent. When she saw the monotony of home as it held most women captive, she was glad she was free rover in air. When she was free and roving she envied them their luxury of repose. Now she was by herself. Her mother was nice, but there and there cannot count in that realm of the heart.

Finally the breathless train passed at the top of its climb. She was sitting with an impulse to step down and take the first train back. Here she was at Summit—with a capital "S." Yet there was nothing much to see—a red frame station, a building with green doors and windows, a chicken yard, a red water tank on stilts, a baggage truck, a row of one-room houses crowded together for company in spite of the too abundant space.

Probably the summit of success would be about the same. The fun and the glory were in the scramble up. But it seemed lonely and uncomfortable at best to work so hard for such a cold reward. And she had left orange groves and loves and the rich shade of obscurity. Then the train was its way again, the helper engine withdrawn aside, panting with exertion. The train would coast down to the levels with out help. You don't need help to get down. Only, when you get down, you would find desert instead of a bower.

The other side of the mountains, after all the effort of getting across, would be like crawling back of a tapestry to study the seamy side, the knots and the patternless waste. Still, her youthful experiences always served as an antidote for her discontent. The desert had its charms. The dead platitudinous levels made easier going. Platitudes were labor saving and you went faster and safer over them. And you can see farther on the level. Up high, the mountains get in one another's way, as do jealous artists and contradictory creeds.

saw blade of mountains gashing the blue sky with its jagged teeth. The world was an almighty big place. There was so much desert and there was so much farm land, so many large cities.

One night they came to Kansas City, where the train waited an hour. This had been the first city Mem had ever seen. On the platform she had met Tom Hobby and Robina Teale. Never dreaming that she would play such havoc in his cosmic heart. On this platform she had bought her first moving picture magazine and her soul had been rocked by her first knowledge of the wild things women were making of themselves.

And now when she and her mother went up to the vast waiting-room, she thought of the many moving picture magazines, there was only one of them that omitted a picture of her own, and that magazine promised for the next month an article about her as the most promising star of the morrow.

The morrow and the next month? What would they do to her? What would they do to the work next month? The immediate morrow found her on the train again, and staring into the dark in a blissful forward-looking nightmare. The dark was like the inside of her eyelids when they closed, a mystic sky of purple nebula, widening circles of flame, crawling rainbows, infinitesimal comets rushing through the interstellar depths of her eyelids.

She had forced her mother to accept the full space of the bed made up on the two seats; she chose the narrow couch and maidenly solitude. She slept as she always slept, rather, she lay awake well. Her mind was an eager loom, streaming with bright threads that flowed into tapestries of heroic scope.

It was a personage of importance, a genius with a future, an artist of a new art, the youngest and the best of her kind, the year that she was born. He had already bestridden the narrow world like a Colossus and had made the universal language a fact. She was speaking this long-sought Esperanto for everybody to understand. She had seen a full-page picture of London newspapers referring to her with praise. She had seen in a South American magazine a picture of herself as Senorita Remembra Station. She had seen a full-page picture of herself in a French magazine with a caption referring to her as "unede actress les plus belles del'Europe."

Her art was good to her and she felt it good to it. It demanded a kind of celibacy, as some religious did. Perfection in celibacy was not often attained in either field, and the temptation to domesticity was as fierce and burning as to lawless whim. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS. Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to space limitations, where possible. Dr. Evans will not make a diagnosis nor prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee. Copyright: 1922.

Exercise Blocks Colds. This is a cold, rainy morning. This morning is meant the morning of writing rather than that of reading. A stream of high school athletes have been passing and repassing for an hour. They are dressed in running trunks, sweaters, socks, shoes and some, though not all, wear caps. The running trunks come to the mid-thigh, and the legs are bare from there to the shoptops. Some wear woolen sweaters, some have on only the body covering such as runners wear. Probably those with sweaters are overweight boys trying to reduce.

Mind you, a cold rain is steadily falling and the wind is moderately high on this stretch—they are running along an uneven sidewalk and every now and then a puddle of water is encountered—into this they go splash, splash, splash: their feet are necessarily wet.

As I watch them several questions come into my mind. First, why are they doing it? The answer is principally to get endurance. My guess is that the distance they are covering is between one and two miles long and a few times around represents many jobs of those piston working legs.

The second aim is wind. If the heart keeps slow and steady and the breathing calm and deep under this exertion, the boys are not liable to get badly winded in making a dash of 50 yards carrying a football.

Some of them are running in order to reduce. Incidentally, they are getting plenty of outside air and exercise in the open has advantages over exercise in the gymnasium.

The next question that comes to my mind is why don't they catch cold? Cold, wet feet; cold, wet trunks and bodies; cold wind and cold rain falling on bare heads, beating into bare faces, and striking bare legs—almost ideal conditions for taking cold.

They are in the open air, they are not crowded together, they are exercising actively. No one ever caught cold when exercising as actively as these boys are. They will stop before they are exhausted. They will return to the gymnasium, take a shower, dry off with a rough towel, and dress. By the time heat dissipation will have reached normal these boys will be dried and dressed in warm clothing.

Daily Prayer. My grace is sufficient for thee.—II Cor. 12:9. Our Heavenly Father, we Thy children would bless Thee for the dawn of this new day, for we regard it as Thy gift to us. Help us, we humbly pray, to do Thy will wisely and well. Let us direct ourselves through all its hours that to some extent we may prove ourselves worthy of such a gift, and that we may be able to say with confidence at its close, we may feel we have not lived in vain. For all the difficulties that may confront us, give us grace sufficient for all the questions we may have to decide, give wisdom, and for all the temptations we may have to meet, give us overcoming power. Keep us all the day conscious of Thy companionship, and of the realities of the things unseen; may we increase in knowledge of things that matter most, and understand better the things we now only know in part. Reveal Thy will more clearly to us, and may this day see that will better fulfilled in us. For all bound to us by the ties of nature, faith and love we pray; enrich their lives with every good, and use them in the furtherance of Thy most gracious will on earth, and very earnestly do we pray for the hastening of the day when among all peoples on earth Thy kingdom will come. Thy will be done perfectly. Hear us, we pray Thee, gracious God, for we pray in the name of Thy blessed Son, our Saviour and Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen. REV. LEWIS C. HAYMOND, Cincinnati, O.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

TOMMY FOX, ADVENTURER

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER VIII. What Tommy Fox Saw in Broad Brook. Tommy Fox was nosing along the bank of Broad Brook. He was looking for somebody, and at last he spied him. Peeping through the bushes that grew along the stream, Tommy Fox saw Paddy Muskrat swimming swiftly past him. Paddy was swimming under water, headed for a little path that led up the bank. It was his own special path, by which he

water's edge again and peeped down into the pool below. Paddy Muskrat was still swimming. He was swimming in a very strange fashion. On the surface he went round and round and round. And now and then he gave an odd, whimpering cry, which was his way of saying, "What fun!" Tommy Fox knew what Paddy's cry meant.

"I don't see any fun in that," he thought. "I call that a stupid game. You can do that all day and never get anywhere." Then all at once he understood what Paddy Muskrat was doing. And Tommy only decided that Paddy was even more stupid than he had supposed. For Paddy Muskrat was chasing his own tail!

"He'll never catch his tail. I wish somebody would tell him that there's no end to that game. Then maybe he'd come out here on the bank." Such were the unspoken thoughts of Tommy Fox as he watched the swimmer.

And then somebody said aloud exactly what Tommy Fox was saying in his mind. Somebody called to Paddy Muskrat. "Try it on dry land, friend! Then perhaps you'll have better luck." It was old Mr. Crow that spoke. He was sitting just within the shadow of the brook.

Tommy Fox didn't want to hear anything more. He turned, and swimming his way back to the spot where he had waited near the path, he lay there again with a broad smile upon his crafty face. "He didn't wait till I see his Nibs. He'll get what's coming to him once in his life, or my fist hasn't lost its punch, that's all."

Now, while I knew that much of this was only Harry Underwood's melodramatic way of expressing disapproval, yet there was the ring of enough truth in it to affect me in a most curious way. For instead of being grateful and pleased at his undoubtedly sincere championship, I found myself bristling with resentment.

How dared he criticize my husband when his own treatment of Lillian had been unpepperingly candid! "Who administered a thrashing to you when you brought so much sorrow to Lillian?" I asked pettishly, and the next minute was wild at myself for having dignified his triade with a retort.

Mr. Underwood threw back his head and laughed softly but heartily. "Just like all the rest of the women, aren't you?" he said condescendingly. "Friend Husband may beat you up, and ruin your best switch and pin, but let anybody say a word against him, and you're right in the front of the battle, flourishing your little pole-axe."

"That's right," he said heartily. "I'm glad the old down hasn't gotten his leg of tricks. You need a laugh or two today. It's the only way for you to treat this little spreading of the Dicky-bird's wings. I sure would like to have been there when the old boy first lapped the news-papers this morning. After I'd given him the thrashing he needs I'd have liked to have been there when he realized it. I must have sounded unconsciously in my last words the resentful bitterness which was mine at Dicky's sending for me because

Parents' Problems. 1. Should a girl of 12 who prefers to be with grownups be allowed to do this during most of her playtime with children of her own age. Let her enjoy the company of grownups in the evening at home, and by going to church with father and mother on Sunday, and by calling on grandmother and grandfather on Saturday afternoon—in short at the times and in the usual ways of childhood. Girls of 12 are growing fast and are sometimes disinclined for much play; this may account for the preference for grownup society in some cases. Provide quiet games, if needful, but see that they are shared by other children of 12.

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Try PISO'S. Astonishingly different from all other laxatives—no upset stomach—no colic—35¢ a bottle—50¢ everywhere.

he was hiding beside Paddy Muskrat's path. There was no doubt that he intended to warn Paddy Muskrat of the danger. Nothing pleased the old gentleman more than to give the swimmer whenever he saw Tommy Fox skulking about. Well, there was no sense in his losing his temper. So Tommy stood up, stretched himself and yawned. And then he strolled boldly to the bank and stared up in the most brazen way at old Mr. Crow.

"Good morning," he said. "Advice must be cheap today." "What do you mean by that?" squawked the old gentleman, who lost his temper on every possible occasion. "You're giving it away," Tommy retorted. "Do you want some?" Mr. Crow spluttered. "Here's a bit for you. Go home and stop trying to catch

Paddy Muskrat. He's safe under the bank of the brook." "It was just a game," he explained. "You mean he was making game of his tail?" Tommy Fox inquired without a smile on his face. "Go away!" squawked Mr. Crow angrily. "You're making game of me."

"That's a good place for him," Tommy Fox remarked pleasantly. "If I had a tail like his—flat and without a hair on it—I should want to hide where nobody could see me. Perhaps you can tell me something, Mr. Crow."

"What's that?" asked old Mr. Crow. He loved to tell his neighbors things they didn't know. "Why was Paddy Muskrat trying to catch his tail? Did he want to pull it off and throw it away?" Old Mr. Crow shook his head.

"When the stormy winds do blow" So goes the old sea song, and it would be good advice to add DRINK Baker's Cocoa. It is warming and sustaining, for it has genuine food value, and may be safely indulged in any hour of the day for it is stimulating only in the sense that pure food is stimulating. It is delicious too. Made only by WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS. Established 1780. Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.

Rheumatism! try Sloan's. Coated Tongue Nature's Warning of Constipation. When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot grip. Try it today.

Warms and eases Starts blood coursing through the congested spot. This relieves pressure and soreness. The pain vanishes. In its place is warm, glowing comfort. Try Sloan's on strained and bruised muscles. It always soothes and breaks up. Breaks up colds in chest. Keep it handy. Sloan's Lintiment—kills pain!

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