

Modern Church Is Labor's Friend

Bethany Presbyterian Pastor Urges Laboring Men to Join Religious Work.

Rev. Albert Kuhn, pastor of Bethany Presbyterian church, delivered a Labor day sermon Sunday night, taking as his subject, "Help Wanted." He said in part:

"The complaint is often heard among laboring men, that the church as an organization, has little sympathy with them and their problems. This accusation is, like most charges, partly true, partly untrue. In principle the Christian church is the greatest champion of the workingman, has the prophets, the apostles, Christ himself, came principally from the working class and demanded insistently and fearlessly brotherly treatment and absolute justice to the employe by the employer. They called down the wrath of God upon the greedy rich who devour widows' houses and withhold the wage of the workman. The first Christian church at Jerusalem, went even so far as to declare for and to actually institute communism."

"Three-fourths of the church members are laboring people themselves, and nine-tenths of the ministers come from homes where not only their parents, but they themselves, had to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Whenever they are squarely and intelligently placed before the issue of social justice for labor, they spontaneously respond by a deep and enthusiastic appreciation of the claims of labor."

"Laboring men, line up with the church; it is your best friend."

New York Day by Day

By O. O. MINTYRE. New York, Sept. 3.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pennycuik Lay abed late and with my wife to the Colony cafe to breakfast with Rudolph Valentino and Mistress Winifred and Lord! how the people stared at Rudolph nor did he appear to notice it soever.

Afterward for a short drive and then to see S. J. Kaufman, the chronicler, who caught cholera in the Balkans and hobbles about on crutches. Many others came and much brave talk.

Back home and wrote many letters and then to see W. Lengel, the editor, and N. Hapgood there. This day I cast my accounts and paid some debts which lightened my burdens.

In the evening I sat alone and pondered over the mystery of existence, why we are here and what whither we go, all depressing, then came A. Roche to interrupt my musings. Later fell to reading Hamlet and so to bed.

Fourteenth street had a touch of the good old days last week when two adventurers from the hinterland were found in doorways unconscious from "knock out" drops. In that period when Tom Sharkey's saloon, Maison Doree, Sans Souci, Wolfert's, Thies's and the Grip dotted Fourteenth street, the "knock out drop" or "Mickey Finn" claimed almost a dozen victims a night. Prostitution was then closely allied with politics and the scarlet buccannery who flocked where lights were brightest used their potions freely and split rewards with the ruling bosses of the district for protection. Those days are gone. In three more years the last vestige of the old street will be smothered out by progress and reform. One of the sparks among the dying embers is a penny hippodrome where one may gaze at those flickering pictures whose titles proclaim "Parisian Beauties at their Toilet," "Peeping Tom in the Bath House," and "What He Saw in Burlesque Queen's Dressing Room." These are the sum total of Fourteenth street's wickedness these days.

The daily afternoon regatta on Central Park lake has interesting high lights. One may rent a row-boat for 25 cents an hour and put up \$1 security so he will return it to its mooring. Although the lake is only four feet deep there are a number of life savers. Boats are not permitted to touch the shores but sometimes young shipping clerks coax fair cargoes aboard from the park walks and lawns. This is known as "Smuggle Smuggling." One does not have to be experienced in rowing to join the regatta. There is a good natured give and take when boats bump together. The rowers are middle-class folk who know how to enjoy themselves in simple pleasure.

Down in Orchard street on the East Side the children give street plays. They rig up their own costumes and the performances are supposed to be western melodramas—shootings and killings and wild rides over the plains on broomstick horses after Indians. When an automobile passes through the street the performance is interrupted while players run to safety. (Copyright, 1923.)

Mrs. Cook Rites
Burial services of Mrs. E. L. Cook, 68, for 12 years a resident of Benson, will be conducted at Forest Lawn cemetery this afternoon. Funeral services will be held from the home, 2712 North Sixtieth avenue.

Costly Italian Violin
Burglars' Union Holds Convention
Stolen from Musician
Theft of a valuable Italian violin from his home, 3320 Dewey avenue, was reported to police Monday by Henry Cox, violinist, upon his return from his vacation. And that's not all.

According to police who investigated the report, the house looks like the Omaha local of the burglars' union held a convention in the front room, and carried away everything movable for souvenirs. The list includes silverware, bed and table linen and clothing. This violin was a Guarnerius.

The loss is more than \$3,000.

Piggly Wiggly Robbed.
Yegmen who gained entrance to the Piggly Wiggly store in Council Bluffs Sunday night through a rear window, broke open the safe and escaped with \$439.95. They left \$50 in checks. Police today were seeking finger prints.

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

The Session Retires to the Kitchen



Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The obstinate is deaf and blind. And facts can't contradict his mind.

Peter Remains Obstinate.

Grandfather Frog glared with his big, soggy eyes up at Peter Rabbit sitting on the bank of the Smiling Pool. You know Grandfather Frog is very old and is accounted very wise, and so is usually very much respected. But Peter had just shown him no respect at all. Grandfather Frog had said that the young Chuck, whose shining doorstep of yellow sand Peter could see on the other side, had swum across the Laughing Brook, and Peter had declared that he didn't believe it.

"You long-legged, long-eared piece of impudence! Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you think I've told an untruth?" demanded Grandfather Frog angrily.

Peter shook his head very hard. "My goodness, no," exclaimed Peter. "I couldn't imagine you telling an untruth, Grandfather Frog. But you didn't see that young Chuck swim across the Laughing Brook. You said that Jerry Muskrat told you that he saw him swim across. I think Jerry was mistaken. He must have been some one else."

"Did I hear you mention my name?" asked a somewhat squeaky voice, and Jerry Muskrat's head appeared close beside the big, green lily pad on which sat Grandfather Frog.

"You did," spoke up Grandfather Frog before Peter could find his tongue. "That long-legged bundle of curiosity up there thinks there is something the matter with your eyes."

Jerry Muskrat looked puzzled. "If there is I am not aware of it," said he mildly. "Just what does he think is wrong with my eyes?"

"He thinks you didn't see that young Chuck over yonder swim across the Laughing Brook," replied Grandfather Frog.

"Huh! Is that so?" Jerry exclaimed. "Well, if I didn't then I can't see him now, and I am looking right straight at him."

"You must have been mistaken," protested Peter. "You can't swim because Chucks can't swim."



"My goodness, no!" exclaimed Peter. "Who says they can't?" retorted Jerry Muskrat.

"Why I—I—I—I—I've never heard of such a thing," stammered Peter rather lamely. "I suppose a Chuck could swim if he fell in the water and had to swim to save his life, but I don't believe there ever was a Chuck who swam intentionally. If that young Chuck over there really came from this side of the Laughing Brook, he must have got across some other way. You never will make me believe he swam across."

All that Grandfather Frog and Jerry Muskrat could say had no effect on Peter. He obstinately refused to believe. You know there are people just like that. Finally Grandfather Frog and Jerry gave up in disgust. Grandfather Frog dived to the bottom of the Smiling Pool, and Jerry swam away, leaving Peter sitting on the bank.

(Copyright, 1923.)
The next story: "Seeing is Believing."

Man Shot
Sam Parrish, 35, of Des Moines, Ia., foreman of a paving gang working at Dunlap, Ia., was shot and killed on the street in Dunlap early this morning. The shooting is believed to have been done by one of his workmen. The man escaped in an automobile. Omaha and Council Bluffs police have been notified to watch for the car.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN

BY GENE STRATTON PORTER.

Michael O'Halloran, an orphaned new-boy, finds a little lame girl while on an errand with another boy. The put it in a trunk and the authorities will free her in an orphanage a few hours previous to Michael's departure for the home of the child, but sympathizes with her over the prospect of the orphan's home.

Peaches finally persuades Mickey to take her outside with him and to leave her home and gets her established in his home in the suburbs. After a while, however, Mickey gives her his bed. Both fall asleep.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Yes! I'm much obliged for your help, dearest lady. When you get home, go up to the last attic back, and if there is anything there, put it away for me. You'll find a box containing a pair of shoes. I read about it in the papers and I'll wash you like mammy always did me."

Peaches obeyed. Mickey soaped a cloth, knelt beside her. Then he paused. "Say, Peaches, when was your hair combed last?"

"I don't know, Mickey," she answered. "There's more dirt in it than there is on your face."

"If you get scissors, just cut it off," she suggested.

"Sure!" said Mickey. He produced shears, and, lifting her up by the neck, cut all of them the same distance from her head.

"Girls shouldn't be short like boys," he explained. "Now hang your head over the edge of the tub and shut your eyes so I can wash it, if ordered."

Mickey soaped and scoured until the last tangle was gone, then rinsed and partly dried the hair, which felt soft and fine to his fingers.

"Believe it's going to curl," he said. "Always did," she answered.

Mickey emptied and rinsed the tub as the drain, then started again on her face and ears, which he washed thoroughly. He pinned a sheet around her neck, then she divested herself of the rags. Mickey lifted her into the tub, draped the sheet over the edge, poured in the water and handed her the soap.

"Now you scour, while I get supper," he said.

Peaches did her best. Mickey locked her in and went after more milk, filling the tub with water, put it over the gasoline burner. Then he produced soap, towel and comb. He looked at the child again, and, going to the box that contained his mother's hair strings in his lonely little heart, he produced soap, towel and comb.

"I ain't going to be washed," she said. "It'll hurt me. Put me on the bed."

"Put you on my bed, dirty little girl?" cried Mickey. "I guess not! You are going to be a soaped lady. If it hurts you can be consoling yourself by thinking it will be the last time, 'cause after this you'll be washed every day, so you won't need skinning alive but once."

"I won't! I won't!" she cried.

"Now look at my backbone is weak," Mickey said. "I'm the boss of this place. If I say wash, it's wash! See! I ain't going to have a dirty girl with mats in her hair living with me. You beggar me and begone! Bring you, now you'll be cleaned up or you'll go back. Which is it, back or soap?"

The child stared at him, then around the room.

"That's a lady," said Mickey. "Course it's soap! All clean and sweet smelling like a flower. See my mammy's nice white nightie for you? How bad is your back, Peaches? Can you sit up?"

"A little while," she answered. "My legs won't go."

"Never you mind," said Mickey. "I'll work hard and get a doctor, so some day they will."

"They won't ever," insisted Peaches. "Granny carried me to the big doctors once, an' my backbone is weak, an' I won't ever walk, they all said so."

shoes a doctor will come along who's found out how to make backs over. There's one that put different legs on a dog. I read about it in the papers and I'll wash you like mammy always did me."

"Oh, Mickey, will you?" she cried. "Sure!" said Mickey. "Now you sit up and I'll wash you like mammy always did me."

Peaches obeyed. Mickey soaped a cloth, knelt beside her. Then he paused. "Say, Peaches, when was your hair combed last?"

"I don't know, Mickey," she answered. "There's more dirt in it than there is on your face."

"If you get scissors, just cut it off," she suggested.

"Sure!" said Mickey. He produced shears, and, lifting her up by the neck, cut all of them the same distance from her head.

"Girls shouldn't be short like boys," he explained. "Now hang your head over the edge of the tub and shut your eyes so I can wash it, if ordered."

Mickey soaped and scoured until the last tangle was gone, then rinsed and partly dried the hair, which felt soft and fine to his fingers.

"Believe it's going to curl," he said. "Always did," she answered.

Mickey emptied and rinsed the tub as the drain, then started again on her face and ears, which he washed thoroughly. He pinned a sheet around her neck, then she divested herself of the rags. Mickey lifted her into the tub, draped the sheet over the edge, poured in the water and handed her the soap.

"Now you scour, while I get supper," he said.

Peaches did her best. Mickey locked her in and went after more milk, filling the tub with water, put it over the gasoline burner. Then he produced soap, towel and comb. He looked at the child again, and, going to the box that contained his mother's hair strings in his lonely little heart, he produced soap, towel and comb.

"I ain't going to be washed," she said. "It'll hurt me. Put me on the bed."

"Put you on my bed, dirty little girl?" cried Mickey. "I guess not! You are going to be a soaped lady. If it hurts you can be consoling yourself by thinking it will be the last time, 'cause after this you'll be washed every day, so you won't need skinning alive but once."

"I won't! I won't!" she cried.

"Now look at my backbone is weak," Mickey said. "I'm the boss of this place. If I say wash, it's wash! See! I ain't going to have a dirty girl with mats in her hair living with me. You beggar me and begone! Bring you, now you'll be cleaned up or you'll go back. Which is it, back or soap?"

The child stared at him, then around the room.

"That's a lady," said Mickey. "Course it's soap! All clean and sweet smelling like a flower. See my mammy's nice white nightie for you? How bad is your back, Peaches? Can you sit up?"

"A little while," she answered. "My legs won't go."

"Never you mind," said Mickey. "I'll work hard and get a doctor, so some day they will."

"They won't ever," insisted Peaches. "Granny carried me to the big doctors once, an' my backbone is weak, an' I won't ever walk, they all said so."

perfectly accented speech and deliberate self-control? He was in daily intercourse with her father, a high official of the city, a man of education, social position, and wealth. Mr. Winton had reared his only child according to his ideas, but Douglas, knowing these things, believed in blood also. As Leslie turned and warmed the water, watching her, the thought was strong in his mind: what a woman her mother must have been! Each day he was with Leslie, he saw her do things that no amount of culture could instill. Instinct and tact are inborn; careful rearing may produce a good imitation; they are genuine only with blood. Leslie had always filled his ideal of a true woman. To ignore him for his gift would have piqued many a man; Douglas Bruce was pleased.

"You wonders!" she said softly. "Oh you wonders! When the mists lifted in the first ray of gold touched you to equal goldness, you didn't know you were coming to me. I almost wish I could put you back. Just now you should be in such cool mistiness, while you would be hearing a hermit thrushing vespers, a cedar bird call, and a whipp-poor-will cry. But I'm glad I have you! Oh, I'm so glad you came to me! I never materialized as only this little part of it brings Douglas, when you caught the first glimpse of these, how far into the swamp did you see them?"

"To the heart-of-the-swamp—and of my heart." (Continued in the Morning Bee Tomorrow.)

FIRST IN THE SUMMER
vacation kit, put a bottle of **CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY** invaluable for sudden and severe pains in stomach and bowels, cramps, diarrhoea. When needed—worth 50 times the cost for single dose.

FINEST IN THE MIDDLE WEST
One of the Best Co-Operative System
BEATTY'S Henshaw Cafeteria
In Henshaw Hotel.

NOV RIALTO NOV
JACQUELINE LOGAN
GEORGE FAWCETT
MAURICE FLYNN
WILLIAM B. DAVIDSON
BRET HARTE'S FAMOUS STORY OF LOVE AND DARING
"SALOMY JANE"

"Yes! We Have No Bananas"
Still getting echoes both as a song and a fox-trot! But have you heard Furman and Kask sing it or the Lanin Orchestra swing it into a captivating record? If you're one of the few who haven't, just ask for—
The Song, A-3873
The Fox-trot, A-3924
At Columbia Dealers

75c Columbia New Process Records
HERE'S A BIG TREAT SEYMOUR SIMON Composer of "Just Like a Gypsy" and "Hi-De-De-De-De" 10—SYNCOPIATORS—10 An Orchestra de Lune with Originality
A Mack Sennett Laughmaker "NIP AND TUCK" A Tale of 2 Tailors and a Sailor (Not Straw)
FUN FROM THE PRESS "Smart Cracks" KINOGRAMS Latest Visualized News RIALTO ORGAN Widener at Console RIALTO ORCHESTRA Now Composed of 21—ARTISTS—21 Under Direction of Harry Brader

Discrimination in taste leads invariably to Anheuser-Busch Ginger Ale

More than fifty years of quality reputation behind the house of ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS Budweiser—Bevo—Grape Bouquet

Paxon & Gallagher Co.
Wholesale Distributors
Omaha, Nebr.

Another Victory for Cupid

He Will Be Recorded With a Stupendous

Garden Wedding

—AT—
Krug Park

Wednesday Night at 10
You Are Invited

to witness the culmination of a colorful romance with the marriage of an Omaha couple at 10 p. m. Wednesday at the first Garden Wedding ever held in Omaha.

The Pomp and Ceremony Will Dazzle

The beautiful alcove in the flower garden forms a captivating background for this solemn and impressive presentation.

There will be a best man, matron of honor, flower girls, bride's maids—all dressed in bewitching costumes appropriate for the occasion.

As a Special Attraction
Four High Diving Horses

will perform at 10 p. m. every night for the remainder of the week, when the park will close with a

Big Free Barbecue

Saturday and Sunday

30 Cuckoo Clocks Free—30
to the holders of lucky numbers in the ballroom at the greatest novelty, mirth-provoking dance of the age.

Rube Town Nite
Krug Park Ballroom Friday Night

Krug Park—Just For Fun

Another Victory for Cupid

He Will Be Recorded With a Stupendous

Garden Wedding

—AT—
Krug Park

Wednesday Night at 10
You Are Invited

to witness the culmination of a colorful romance with the marriage of an Omaha couple at 10 p. m. Wednesday at the first Garden Wedding ever held in Omaha.

The Pomp and Ceremony Will Dazzle

The beautiful alcove in the flower garden forms a captivating background for this solemn and impressive presentation.

There will be a best man, matron of honor, flower girls, bride's maids—all dressed in bewitching costumes appropriate for the occasion.

As a Special Attraction
Four High Diving Horses

will perform at 10 p. m. every night for the remainder of the week, when the park will close with a

Big Free Barbecue

Saturday and Sunday

30 Cuckoo Clocks Free—30
to the holders of lucky numbers in the ballroom at the greatest novelty, mirth-provoking dance of the age.

Rube Town Nite
Krug Park Ballroom Friday Night

Krug Park—Just For Fun

Opheum
NOW PLAYING—2:20 AND 8:20
Asop's Fables Topics of the Day THE STANLEY BROS. EDDIE J. LAMBERT Assisted by Minnie Fish THOS. E. SHEA In "SPOTLIGHTS" MORRIS & CAMPBELL HOUDINI (In Person) AL HERMAN THE DE MARCOS With Seven Musical Shows Pathé News Weekly Matinee 17c to 75c Nights 15c to \$1.50

Orphans of the Storm
Starting Tomorrow
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
In the Return of His Greatest "Stunt" Picture
"The Three Musketeers"
Vaudeville—Photoplays
WORLD
Season's biggest laugh show
6—Fun-filled acts—6
3—Big headliners—3
Matinee 10c—35c
Nights 10c—50c

NEIGHBORHOOD THEATERS
GRAND 16th and Binney
Madge Ballamy and Cullen Landis in "THE SOUL OF THE BEAST"