

Church Speakers Attack War, Klan

Social and Economic Problems Discussed in Omaha Pulpits Sunday.

"I entered the world war as a private and came out as a lieutenant colonel. For three months I was the diplomatic representative of three governments in Russia, and for six months the diplomatic representative of my own country. I have seen this diplomatic thing face to face. I want to see America represented in a world court that has affirmative jurisdiction; a court that is empowered to outlaw war. But I don't want it to sit in a world court dominated by scheming and selfish diplomacy that thinks in terms of oil and territory and dollars. I have seen too much of that diplomatic bunk and junk and I am through with it."

A congregation that filled the auditorium of the Congregational church Sunday night applauded Raymond Robins of Chicago to the echo when he gave emphatic utterance to the above. "The Outlawry of War" was his subject. He was introduced by the pastor, Rev. Frank G. Smith, who, as a former pastor in Chicago, had gone through some stirring campaigns in that city with the speaker. Mr. Robins began his address as a coal miner in Tennessee, later dug enough gold out of the sands of the Yukon to insure financial independence, and then dedicated his life to social uplift.

"In any war to wipe out evil there are always three groups," said the speaker. "Those who condone and defend; those who would regulate, and those who would wipe out." He illustrated by the old slave carrying system, and said it was not ended until a group grew strong enough to outlaw it among nations by international action. He further illustrated the abolition of slavery as a result of the activities of a small group that finally outlawed slavery forever. As a final illustration he pointed out the menace of the saloon and its final banishment from the nation, "never again to return."

Greeted With Applause. His indictment of racial hatreds, religious bigotries and class wars was emphatic and plain, and the immense audience applauded him to the echo. The speaker pointed out that the next world war would make the last one "look like a piker" by comparison. It would conscript women as well as men, perhaps not to fight, although that might be the case, but certainly for the manufacture of munitions, and thus take new and greater toll to lower the intelligence of the intelligence of future generations.

"France won the war and lost France," declared the speaker. "Lost by losing her building and recuperative powers for a century to come. Ten years ago Germany led the world in commerce and industry and scientific research. But there was a growing unrest in Germany. The socialists grew stronger and the monarchy was threatened. Three hundred years ago the ablest and shrewdest diplomat of all time wrote that a foreign war was the best method of leaving avert a crisis at home. Acting upon that idea the Kaiser, to avert what was deemed by the empire to be a domestic crisis, hurled his iron hosts into Belgium and the world was drenched in blood.

"Yet war was legal today as it ever was, and will be legal as long as we seek to regulate it instead of making it an outlaw throughout all the world. Wars of liberation—the revolutionary struggles such as ours in 1776—are illegal. Every patriot in revolt against tyranny is guilty of a crime and liable to be tried and executed for treason. Wars of aggression are all illegal. Why were not the Kaiser and others charged with having organized the great war, not brought to trial? Because they were guilty of no crime known to international law. War is the exercise of sovereignty—and the king can do no wrong."

Baptist Minister Preaches. Rev. W. F. MacNeill, pastor of Grace Baptist church, speaking on the Ku Klux Klan in his sermon Sunday night said in part: "I have traced briefly the history of religious liberty in this country and have shown that civil liberty is bound up inseparably with it and that both are to America what the spirit is to the body, its very life. Any hand, therefore, that strikes at the liberty of even the humblest citizen of the United States of America, is a murderous hand that thrusts a dagger into the very body of Columbia."

"Now listen to this story. A young man of good character and reputation, born in Harrington, Neb., went to Gustor City, Okla., and set up a little newspaper business. His industry, civic pride, broadmindedness, and friendliness brought him prosperity and influence. All went well as a marriage bell.

At Bethany Presbyterian. The world is now undergoing a spiritual starvation, in the opinion of Rev. Albert Kuhn, pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian church, who spoke on "Losing God" Sunday morning. He continued: "The world ought to be full of happiness. The old as well as the young ought to be full of cheer and 'pop' from 6 in the morning until 10 at night and sleep like youngsters the rest of the time.

"But when I look over a crowd I notice to my regret that the light of joy is missing on the faces of most of my brothers and sisters. When I visit folks in their homes I find stories of troubles of all kinds, financial troubles, marital troubles, quarrels, sickness, and memories, dread of the future, dull apathy, hate, jealousy, envy.

The root of this unreason is spiritual starvation; men and women have lost God out of their lives; they do not think of Him; they do not talk to Him, they do not wait for His still voice in the recesses of their hearts.

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Now That It's All Over.



MICHAEL O'HALLORAN

By Gene Stratton-Porter

SYNOPSIS. Mickey O'Halloran is a newsboy who finds and adopts a little lame girl, Lilly Peaches. He has a hard time of it trying to supply the comforts of life to the little girl who wants everything.

Mickey, while on a trip in the country this fall, found a little lame girl, Lilly Peaches, who was working hard to make a living. He was checking over her accounts, and she moved out of the city for the summer. (Continued from Yesterday.)

Mickey hesitated while his eyes grew speculative, before he answered with his ever ready: "Sure!" "Miss Winton made a plan for her father and me," explained Douglas. "She knew we would lose our vacations this summer, so she took an old cabin with her father and her sister and moved out of the city for the summer. We are to go back and forth each morning and evening. I never was at the lake before, but it's not far from the city house and it's beautiful. I think most of all I shall enjoy the swimming and fishing."

"I haven't had experience with water enough to swim in," said Mickey. "A tub has been my limit. You'll have a fine time all right, and thank you for asking me. I think Miss Winton is great. Ain't it funny how many fine folks there are in the world? Most every one I meet is too nice for my eye; but I don't know any well. I like to see the whole world happy."

"I scent somethin' nice in the air," said Mickey. "I hear the rumble of the joy wagon coming my way." "You surely look it," declared Douglas. "It's a mighty fine thing to be happy. I am especially thinking that because it looks like this hot batch you brought me has a hard dose in it for a man I know. He won't be happy when he sees his name in letters an inch high on the front page of the Herald."

"No, he won't," agreed Mickey, his face dulling. "This comes in my line. I've seen men forced to take it right on the cars. Open a paper, slide down, turn white, shiver, then take a brace and try to sit up and look like they didn't care, when you could see it was all up with them. Gee, it's tough! I wish we were in other businesses, can we?"

"But what about the men who work hard for their money, not to mine matters, that these men you are pitying steal?" asked Douglas. "Yes, I know," said Mickey. "There's a big bunch of taxpayers, so it doesn't hit any one so hard. It's tough on them, but honest, Mr. Bruce, it ain't as tough to lose your coin as it is to lose your glad face. You can earn more money or slide along without so much; but once you get the sick, shamed look on your show window, you can't ever wash it off. Since your face is what your friends know you by, it's an awful pity to spoil it."

"That's so too, Mickey," laughed Bruce, "but keep this clearly in your mind. I'm not spilling any one's face. If any man loses his right to look his neighbor frankly in the eye, from the job he's on, it is his fault, not ours. If men have lived straight we can't find defalcations in their books, can we?"

"None," agreed Mickey. "Just the same I wish we were plowing corn, 'stead of looking for them. I watched a man the other day, the grandest big bunch of bone and muscle, driving a team it took a gladiator to handle. First time I ever saw it done at close range and it got me. He looked like a man you'd want to tie to and stick 'til the fair is over. If he ever has a case he is going to bring it to you. But where he'll get a case over there 10 miles from anybody, with the bluest sky you ever saw over his head, and black fields under his feet, and clover and cow on one side, and sheep and meadows on the other, I can't see. Yes, I wish

"What's the difference how much you make if something black keeps kipping at your heels 'bout how you make it?" asked Mickey. "There's a good strong kick in my heels and the 'kipping' is for the feet of the man I'm after." "Yes, I know," said Mickey, "but 'fore we get through with this I just got a hunch that you'll wish we had been plowing corn, too."

"What makes you so sure, Mickey?" said Douglas. "Oh things I hear men say when I get the books keep me thinking," replied Mickey. "What things?" queried Douglas. "Oh about who's going to get the ax next?" said Mickey. "But what of that?" asked Douglas. "Why it might be somebody you know?" he cried. "When you find these wrong entries you can't tell who the ax will fall on, can you?"

"I know that the man who made them deserves what he gets," said Douglas. "Yes, I guess he does," agreed Mickey, "but when you're out plowin' you're going to plow corn." "What about the poetry?" queried Douglas. "They go together fine," explained Mickey. "When the clover on the cover better than the cow; but if Lilly wants the livestock it goes?"

"Of course," assented Douglas. "But when she sees a real cow she may change her mind." "Right in style! Ladies do it often," conceded Mickey. "I've seen them changed real quick when they wanted to be taken."

"Mickey, your observations on human nature would make a better book than your poetry," said Douglas. "Oh I ain't really got at the poetry job yet. I have to be educated a lot to do it right. What I do now is to help the man who has a job. You see, I'm fooling for Lilly. But I got an address that gives me a look-in on the paper business if I ever want it. I ain't got at the poetry yet, but I'll let you know when I'm done."

"Now let's bustle this forenoon, and then you may have the remainder of the day. I am going fishing."

"Thank you," said Mickey. "I hope you get a bass as long as your arm, and I hope the man you are chasing breaks his neck before you get him." Mickey grinned at Douglas' laugh, and went racing about his work, then he hurried to his meeting with Nancy and Peter.

"When everybody is so nice if you give them any show at all, I can't understand where the grouches get their grouch," muttered Mickey, as he hopped from one to the other and tried to select the car at the curb which would be Peter's.

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AT THE THEATERS

A list of theaters and the shows currently playing at each.



In the grocery business

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