MERRY WELCOME TO PRELATE

Comes to Look Over Local Field to See Conditions Here.

PAPAL COLORS ARE TO FLY

Paxton Hotel and Streets Nearby Will Flaunt Familiar Hue to His Eminence Vincenzo Vannutelli from Rome.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who will arrive in Omaha on September 22, will in his brief stay here look over the local field with a view of ascertaining the advisibility of establishing here an archbishopric. This elevation of importance for the Omaha diocese is said to have been tentatively decided upon, the final verdict depending on the cardinal's report to the Vatican. Information that this is the real object of the visit was secured yesterday from an absolutely trustworthy source.

More than 15,000 men, women and children, and probably 20,000, will welcome the cardinal Thursday. At the station when he comes from St. Paul there will be gathered more than thirty automobiles, which will proceed through the heart of the city in taking the distinguished guest to his destination.

He will probably be taken to the residence of Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell, bishop of Omaha, where it is possible that the cardinal will celebrate mass, although that service, if held, may be at the Sacred Heart convent.

Reception at Hotel.

The people of Omaha will pay tribute to the prelate at the Hotel Paxton, where the popular reception will be held Thursday evening, after the banquet. At the latter will be present 500 of the most distinguished priests and laymen of Omaha and the vicinity.

The hotel and the streets about it will be decorated with papal colors, the colors of the Knights of Columbus, and the American flag. The public will form on the streets, as it will be impossible, according to the present plans, to accomodate all within the hotel at one time.

The reception will be held in the large parlor which extends across one side of the hotel on the second floor.

The throng will pass in file up one side of the grand stairs, through the parlor and down the other side of the stairs. As they pass, Catholics will kiss the cardinal's ring and receive his blessing. Protestants will merely bow.

Special police arrangements are being made to prevent a disaster in the crush It is expected that platoon of crack policemen in dress uniform will be given the detail.

Twenty Thousand May Attend.

Church authorities estimate that there are 25,000 Catholics in Omaha and South Omaha. The committee arranging the reception expect 75 per cent of these to appear at the hotel, and besides, it is certain that hundreds will come from the surrounding country.

The Paxton will be the temporary home of the members of the cardinal's suite, who are not accomodated at the residence of Bishop Scannell.

Cardinal's Nephew in Party.

Count Galileo Vannutelli, nephew of the cardinal, will be a guest of the bishop. Count Galileo is no stranger to Omaha, having been here for a week in 1907, when he toured America. He is one of the foremost students and journalists in Catholic Italy and has made a reputation for himself aside from the fame given him as a member of one of the historic ecclesiastic families of the peninsula.

The count ranks as one of his uncle's personal secretaries, the other members of the suite being Rt. Rev. Monsignor Prince de Croy, prothonotary apostolic; Very Rev. Monsignor Tampieri, camerier surnumeraire; Thomas Hughes Kelly, grand cross of the Holy Sepulchre and private chamberlaine of the cape and sword; Charles Lemoyne de Montigny, private chamberlaine of the cape and sword; Father Galez Uginet, personal secretary, and Domenico Gagiati, honorary gentleman in waiting.

Since the news that Cardinal Vannutelli was coming to Omaha was first received the committees named by the Knights of Columbus and the other organizations preparing for the reception have been busy rushing the arrangements which are nearing completion.

The committee on invitations, which has sent out 500 invitations to the banquet, is composed of John E. O'Hern, T. J. Nolan, John A. Bennewitz, E. A. Cudahy, F. J. Burkley, T. C. Bryne, F. A. Nash and F. Keogh.

Entertainment Committee.

The entertainment committee includes T. J. Mahoney, F. J. McShane, F. A. Nash, F. A. Furay, E. A. Cudahy, D. J. O'Brien and the Rev. E. M. Gleeson. The members of the banquet committee are W. A. Schall, E. D. Geoghagen and Leo A. Hoffman.

Mrs. E. A. Cudahy, who will entertain the cardinal at luncheon on Thursday, has invited some of the foremost members of Omaha society to meet his eminence.

CARDINAL VINCENT VANNUTELLI

ACTIVITIES OF RESEARCH CLUB

Objects of the Organization and Its Plans for the Coming Season.

During the last years a little club or society of women called the Research club, has been quietly doing some splendid work in Omaha. It is an association that does not appeal to the vapid or brainless, hence it has made but little stir, except when an occasional entertainment such as "Christopher Junior" has brought it for a brief space before the public notice.

What is it? Well, it is, in the first place, a club; it has its officers and regular meetings, but above all it is a club with a motive, and that is "A search for truth."

In whatever station in life a man or a woman is placed, there are times of anxiety, there are moments of irresolution. In the domestic circle, in the political arena, in the professional calling, in the educational field, in the shelter of educational belief, in all questions of right and wrong arise. Where will the answers to these be found? Will, it seem presumptious to reply, "At the meetings of the Research club?" One of the chief officers of the club is always an educated gentleman, well qualified to give an intelligent and truthful solution to any difficulty brought forward.

A course of lectures, nine in all, will be delivered throughout the year. In connection with this is the Question box. The latter deals mainly with the topics of the day. Anyone belonging to or visiting the club has the privelege of asking any number of questions he deems fit on the subject of right or wrong. These questions may bear on the home life, in politics, professions, history or religions, it matters not so long as the questions seeks truth. They are sent unsigned through the mail a week before the usual meeting.

The club holds its sessions every third Sunday of the month in the hall of St. Berchman's academy, Twenty-seventh and Leavenworth, at 3:30 in the afternoon. Jew, Gentile and Christian, all are welcome, if they come actuated by a desire to study and to learn.

Next Sunday is the first meeting of this year. A course of Moral philosophy or Ethics will begin today. The following list embraces the lectures to be given during the year:

ETHICS.

1—Law, the Objective Norm of Human Actions; Conscience, the Subjective Norm.
2—Moral Good and Moral Evil, Virtues and Vices.
3—The Christian Duties Toward God. Faith.
4—Hope.
5—Charity.
6—Religion.
7—The Christian, Duties Towards Himself.
8—The Christian, Duties Towards his Neighbor.
9—Works of Supererogation; The Evangelical Bounds.

Sunday's program will be: Recitation from "Quo Vadis," Mrs. Reed; Vocal Solo by Mr. Norris of Boston; Lecture, Rev. Father Conner, S. J. Business metting, adjournment; question box will be opened at the next meeting, and at the end of the session will be held the yearly election of officers.

WORKING AT SERVANT'S JOB

Girl Writer Tells Her Experience Gained as a First-Class Waitress.

Four days had passed before my hands were sufficiently healed and my spirits heartened to go on with what I now called my "career," says Anne Forsyth, who tells her experiences in "Seven Times a Servant" in The Dedileator for October. The fact that I went on at all was due not to any splendid purpose, but to plain stubbornness of character. And I must say, too, there was a certain excitement in getting into my old clothes again and starting off for another adventure. Discouragement concerning my literary ambitions had passed. I could smile at the mood which had enabled me to assume the role of a servant; but I was really interested now. I had begun to study life from a vantage-ground that promised to increase my knowledge of human nature in a way that would be of value in the far-off day when I might write a novel. So I went away from my boarding-place with a good stock of courage.

Although I had gained confidence by experience at my first place, I felt a certain amount of stage fright as I walked up Broadway in search of the address which had been given to me at the employment agency. I found the number emblazoned on a gigantic apartment building. Five men in uniform blocked my way through the front hall, each pointing silently to a sign which read, "Servants' Entrance at the Rear." Thus recalled to a humble station, I made for the basement, feeling certain that some one of the few persons I knew in the city would catch me en route.

I asked for Mrs. Major, forgetting my assumed English accent in the fright that had seized me. My hands shook so that I had to keep them in my muff—dear, faded, respectable muff!—and my voice took on a miserable tone. My legs fairly gave way beneath me when the cook returned asking me to "step this way." I was a woebegone creature as I followed her through the swinging door into the gorgeousness of the dining room. But the sight of that room, all in blue velvet and silver embroidery—its vulgarity—was reassuring for the conversation ahead.

Through a series of curtained doorways cook led the way to the parlor, where she left me in front of the "missus." I saw the lady but vaguely at first, as the light was heavily shaded. When in a good-natured voice she said, "Sit down, please," I settled into a rose colored satin chair, and noted the details of her dress and person with interest. Her hair, slightly blond, was done with a wave and artificial piffs at each side to give her a youthful look. Her gown was a combination of pink muslin and lace which trailed as she walked, shooting out a froth of lace about her feet. Down in the front were a thousand hooks, I, who have knelt struggling with them while she yawned and made eyes at herself in the glass, have reason to be sure of the number.

But as I sat in the parlor being catechised and trying to keep my character in mind, I did not know that I was to make the acquaintance of each separate hook. My name, Hannah Johnson; nationality, English. Was I a trained servant? Yes. Did I make salads? Oh yes, all kinds of salads. The service was easy, my new mistress assured me. There were three in family, "my brother-in-law and us." There would be little company; the members in the household were out a great deal and required almost no servants. I must answer the door and the telephone; I could have every other evening out, every Thursday afternoon and every Sunday. She knew I would like the place.

Of course there was no great packing to delay me, but there was a pompadour to buy and to get in place over my high forehead, for I had grown panic-stricken at the idea of removing my hat. The entire afternoon I passed in front of a mirror, drawing my hair back to give my ears prominence, dry soap-suds on my face to make a red, shiny skin and brushing my eyebrows carefully forward. Not until I had seen the result of this labor was I at all reassured. In my black maid's dress and stiff collar I looked quite unlike my self.

The qualms I suffered concerning the dinner were another matter, and there was no getting rid of them until every dish was washed and put away. It seems easy enough to serve a dinner in the latest fashion, but it is not. There is just one right way to serve, which nowadays is the way of the butler-waitress, who carves the meat in the pantry and is expert with her wines. Mary, the cook, gave me many a helpful word, trotting from her stove to the pantry door every now and again to see how I was getting on.

Just as I was in the midst of salad-making, (it was an easy salad of lettuce with chives), the bell rang and the master of the house arrived. I tore down the hall—it was such a long stetch I always had to run to get there in time. He apparently was glad to have the door opened at all. They had had maids who served with bad grace, and he smiled in relief when he saw that I was a new one. He was a plump little man in the forties who required no end of petting; indeed, the madam talked to him as if he were a baby, and sometimes, forgetting, would use baby talk to me.

How I got through the dinner I don't know, except that I was soon so interested in serving I forgot all about myself.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Mamma," said clever Jimmie, "didn't you say you would punish anybody that took your preserves away?"

"Yes, I did," said mamma. "Who has been taking them away?"

"Nellie has," declared Jimmy, wrathfully. "She's been taking 'em away from me."

"Now, Harry," said the Sunday school teacher to the brihtest boy in the class, "can you tell me how Elijah died?"

"He didn't die at all," replied the youngster. "He was translated from the original Hebrew."

The mother of 3-year-old Lola was very ill and a neighbor said: "What would you do if your mamma was to die, Lola?"

"I don't know," replied the little miss in a melancholy voice, with downcast eyes. "I s'pose I'd have to spank myself."

The teacher was telling the story of Red Riding Hood. She had described the woods and the wild animals that lived there.

"Suddenly," she said, "Red Riding Hood heard a loud noise. She turned around, and what do you suppose she saw standing there, looking at her and showing all its sharp, white teeth?"

"Teddy Roosevelt!" cried one of the boys.

FACE AND HEAD AN AWFUL SIGHT

Eruption Broke Out when 2 Weeks Old—Itched So He Could Not Sleep—Hair All Fell Out —Cuticura Cured Him.

"I wish to have you accept this testimonial, as Cuticura did so much for my baby. At the age of two weeks his head began to break out with great sores and by the time he was two months his face and head were an awful sight. I consulted a doctor, who said it was nothing but a light skin disease which the baby would soon get over. But he seemed to get worse so I called another doctor. His opinion seemed to be the same. They both prescribed medicine that did not do a bit of good. A friend advised me to take him to the hospital, which I did. Two doctors there gave me medicine in a liquid form. It did him no good.

"Nearly every day I would read a testimonial in regard to Cuticura and my wife thought she would try it to see if it would help the baby. I got a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap and after using these he was entirely cured. Before Cuticura cured him he could not seem to sleep, as his face and head would itch so. What hair he had all fell out but soon he had a nice head of hair and his face was perfectly clear. It is now nearly five years since he was cured and there has been no sign of the eruption returning. Chas. H. Evans, 81 Flint St., Somerville, Mass., April 19, 1910."

A single set of Cuticura Soap and Ointment is often sufficient to cure, rendering it the most economical treatment for affections of the skin and scalp. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. 32-Page Cuticura Book on Care of Skin and Scalp, mailed free.

GOTHAM CHURCHES GAINING

Despite Increases in Population Churches Keep Up.

PESSIMISTIC IDEA UNFOUNDED

So Great Proportion Ignore Sabbath and So Large is Population People Feel Disheartened—Religious Condition Good.

BY D. V. FRANCIS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—(Special to The Bee.)—We in New York are inclined to be pessimistic regarding the work of the church. The city is so great that the number of those who have no church affiliations is so large, and so much in evidence the open violation of the American idea of the Sabbath is so flagrant, that it is not unnatural to feel that the church is losing ground.

It is gratifying, therefore, to know that this feeling is not based on facts.

A comparative study of the population figures given out by the census bureau with the growth of the churches during the last ten years shows that, great as has been the increase in population since 1900 in New York, the accession in church membership has been a little greater.

In all five boroughs of the city in 1900 there were 1,223,677 members of Christian churches. This was 25.9 per cent of the population. While the church membership figures for this year are not complete, by taking those of 1909, and assuming that the increase in the last year of the decade has been the same averaged for the entire decade, the number of church members in the five boroughs this year will be 1,751,214. This number is 31.2 per cent of the new census figures, or 1.3 per cent ahead of population growth.

Increase Evenly Distributed.

This increase is evenly distributed between Protestants and Roman Catholics. In 1890 there were 353,812 Protestants, actual members, and 969,925 Roman Catholics. The method of counting in the two divisions of Christianity is quite different, the figures first given not including many who call themselves Protestants, but are not regular attendants and contributors. In 1910 it is computed that there are 440,783 Protestants and 1,310,431 Roman Catholics.

In 1900 the ratio of Protestants was exactly 10 per cent; in 1909 the Roman Catholic ratio was 26.' per cent and in 1910 it is 26.9 per cent.

One of the men who assisted in getting together these statistics said:

"These figures are for the Christian churches, all denominations. great increase in the population figures has been caused by Jews. To hold their own in the figures with the Hebrew growth is remarkable, and surprises even the Christian leaders.

"The Protestant showing, while a very small fraction poorer than ten years ago, is encouraging when Manhattan conditions are taken into account. The Roman Catholic church has been helped by immigration, which is now almost wholly from Italy and southern Europe."

A sentiment is growing that it is a mistake to close the city churches in the summer time, and each year as it passes the number of churches closed is growing less. While it is recognized that the hard working city pastors are entitled to and should have a vacation, by the employment of assistant pastors, the seeing of substitutes from other cities, the necessity for closing the churches are growing steadily less.

Catholics in Limelight.

The Catholics have held the center of the religious stage for the last week or two. The great Euchhristic congress at Montreal was perhaps the greatest religious gathering ever held in the western hemisphere. Thousands of devout Catholics from the four corners of the earth were gathered in the Canadian metropolis, and the church was greatly glorified.

Next week 300 eminent Catholics, presided over by Cardinal Gibbons, and representing the Catholic Charities of the United States, will hold a conference at the Catholic university, Washington.

The subject of children and the dangers to which girls are subjected will be paramount themes. Papers will be read by Very Rev. Janies Sullivan, C. H. Emmitsburg, James E. Fee, Boston; William J. Dougherty, New York; Joseph W. Brooks, Baltimore; Timothy D. Hurley, Chicago; Patrick Mallon, Brooklyn; A. B. Reid, Pittsburg; Mrs. Thomas Hughes Kelley, New York; Miss Teresa R. O'Donohue, New York; Miss Grace O'Brien, Brooklyn; Mrs. James Ryan, Baltimore; Mrs. Harry Gaynor Wilson, Chicago.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, the distinguished Roman prelate who visits Omaha this week, is near his 74th birthday, measures six feet two inches in height and is as straight as an arrow despite his years.

Rev. W. W. Dawley, a Baptist clergyman of Syracuse, N. Y., has plans for an apartment-house church costing $200,000. The first three floors are to be used for church purposes and the other three for apartments for young men.

After occupying the pulpit of the Oxford Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, for four years, the Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Loetscher will resign to become the professor of homiletics in the Princeton Theological seminary.

Dr. James I. Vance, former pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Nashville, Tenn., and for the last ten years pastor of the Dutch Reformed church of Newark, N. J., has accepted the call to return to his old field of labor. He is expected to take up his duties as pastor of this church in October.

Miss Ruby Sia is looked upon as the leading woman of the Chinese Christian Students' association in North America, which recently held a convention at Hartford, Conn. Miss Sia is a student of the Baltimore Woman's college and editor of the Chinese Students' Monthly, the organ of the Chinese Students' alliance.

Rev. Edward Payson Hammond, at one time a leading evangelist, died at his home in Hartford, aged 79 years. During the '60s and '70s Rev. Mr. Hammond converted thousands and thousands as a result of his evangelistic tours in this country and Great Britain, and General Booth, father of the Salvation Army, is one of the men whose career was shaped by Rev. Mr. Hammond's work.

There is to be a woman chapel in the new Liverpool cathedral, for which is planned a scheme of stained glass windows commemorating the deeds of good women. On one the inscription reads: "Queen Victoria and all noble queens," and others are inscribed: "Grace Darling and all courageous women," "Catherine Gladstone and all loyal-hearted wives," Elizabeth Barrett Browning and all women who have seen the infinite in things."

SUNLIGHT AND HAIR

Few people realize the great value of sunlight to the hair. Samson was an outdoor man. His feats of strength were accomplished out in the open, in God's free air and sunshine. Your hair is alive and anything that lives must have sunlight. Neither plants nor animals nor human beings thrive and grow strong in the shadows. The wonderful hair growths of our pioneers and frontiersmen resulted from life in the open, where the prairie breezes run riot through the hair and the warm life-giving rays of the sun keep the hair vigorous and glossy. The marvelously lustrous raven locks of the Japanese women, as well as the heavy brilliant braids of the German and Swiss peasantry owe their beauty and luxuriance to the sun. But for sun and breeze to do their work, reach the scalp and strengthen the roots, the hair and the scalp must be clean, free from dandruff and foulness of any kind, for while the sun is a mighty life-giving agent its effect upon uncleanliness is to destroy by decomposition. To accomplish perfect cleanliness of scalp and hair there is nothing more effectual than Wavenlock—the hair and scalp medicine. Wavenlock is not an ointment to clog the scalp and foul the hair, but a lotion that penetrates and cleanses; guaranteed to prevent and remove dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalps; leaves the hair glossy, smooth, lustrous, soft and elastic. Your druggist, barber or hairdresser will supply or apply Wavenlock—the real life-saver for your hair. A free Sample Bottle of Wavenlock may be obtained by writing direct to The Wavenlock Co., of Detroit, Michigan, and sending ten cents to cover postage and packing.—Adv.

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I WAS A Heavy Drinker

Consumed quart of whiskey every 24 hours.

CURED IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or break a saloon window to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whiskey, rum or gin daily. And some mixed drinks and beer additionally!

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloonkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good, but now I have a joyful message for drinkers and their wives.

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true cure. It was (and is) genuine. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored. I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased; I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL

My cure lasted 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has no will power while drinking. I rejoiced so greatly at having found a true cure that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous. During eight years I have personally attended to over 9000 men and women who were addicted to drink; the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. If I were permitted to mention names of those who have been saved through this quick, permanent cure the public would be astonished. They include senators, congressmen, public officials, great lawyers, bankers, clergymen, noted merchants, skilled mechanics, trusted managers and clerks, farmers and others in all vocations.

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to cure the drunkard. I rejoice in every case, each victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for either steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and permanent home cure between Friday night and Monday night—or any other 72 hours!

Men or Women, Any Age, Quickly Cured. To relatives, friends or employers I say—if you want to cure a drinker in the quickest time and permanently, with or without his knowledge etc. with absolute safety, read my book—change despair to joy.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who had wasted money on treatments or remedies which have no lasting effect. Remember, it costs nothing and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Cut this out if you cannot write to-day. Address:

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has cured many almost hopeless cases. No opium nor any of the dangerous drugs that most diarrhoea remedies have, and it does not constipate. It is the best remedy for grown people. It is the best remedy for babies. It is the world's best bowel remedy for everybody. All druggists sell it at 35c per bottle or 3 for $1.00. Get three bottles. It will keep and may be badly needed some night for a "sudden attack." Be sure to get the genuine WAKEFIELD'S.

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