

KANSAS CITY IS AFTER B. SUNDAY

Delegation Hundred Strong Comes to Tell Evangelist They Must Have a Campaign There.

MAY WIN OUT THEIR POINT

Kansas City invaded "Billy" Sunday headquarters 100 strong Tuesday morning and made so strong an argument for a Sunday campaign there, starting May 1, 1916, that machinery was put in motion immediately looking to shifting the Louisville, Ky., date so as to accommodate Kansas City. Mrs. Sunday left Tuesday evening for Louisville to confer with the folks there on this subject. Several of the Kansas City folks expect to go to Louisville for this purpose also.

The delegation made things lively in the lobby of the Loyal hotel. Each man wore a badge inscribed, "Kansas City Wants Billy Sunday," and each carried a cane with a Kansas City pennant attached. They secured audience with Mr. and Mrs. Sunday early and laid the situation before them. A "wet" and "dry" election is to come up in Kansas City,

and they believe that "Billy" can insure success for the "drys." At the last election the "drys" lost by only 1,400 votes.

Want Louisville to Shift.

Louisville has been holding out for a campaign to start not later than April 16. Mr. Sunday recently notified them that he positively could not be there before May 1. This little difference is the point on which it is expected that Louisville can be induced to shift its date in favor of Kansas City, exactly as Omaha last spring shifted its dates in favor of Paterson, N. J. If Louisville should still remain obdurate it is expected that it will be dropped altogether.

The Kansas City delegation is the largest, most representative and most "militant" of the delegations that have ever come to invite Mr. Sunday. Representatives are in it from nearly every line of business and professional life, with only one or two ministers. It brings a united call from all the churches and from a population aggregating 400,000. Several of the delegates are from surrounding towns. The three daily newspapers of the city sent men with the delegation. Ex-Mayor Beardsley and Judge Russell are here and some of the men are millionaires.

Those of the delegation who did not leave last night for Louisville remained for the Tabernacle service and took a night train for Kansas City.

The Kansas City delegation came over the Burlington in five special Pullmans. They were accompanied by H. E. Heller, general agent of the Burlington at Kansas City. The party took breakfast at Hotel Fontenelle.

"Amusements" of Society Roundly Scored by 'Billy' Sunday in Sermon

"Billy" Sunday preached yesterday afternoon on "Amusements," and last night preached the same sermon, as follows: (Galatians 1:7.) "Be not deceived (that is, don't let the devil deceive you). God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

That would be true if it were not in the Bible. It has always been true in nature. It would be unnatural to expect to plant a corn seed and get apples. It would be unnatural to plant an apple seed and expect to get oranges. You reap what you sow in nature, and in works, either material or spiritual.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If you sow satans you will reap drunkards. If you sow cards you will reap gamblers. If you sow dance halls you will reap shame. You ought to, if you vote for the dirty, rotten saloon your boy ought to be a drunkard. You ought to be paid in your own coin.

I know of no more suitable text in the Bible for the topic that I have in hand, and the presence of such a vast audience and by the expectant look upon your faces, I am sure that you won't expect me to utter one word in defense of the amusement proposition. And yet if there is no harm in it I should be the champion of it and not the bitter enemy of it. Not all are bad. I wouldn't say that, but most of them are. You know how few are good, and so do I.

Skill of the Devil. But the energetic skill of the devil has defied the truth of such mastery power that it is to be defeated there is but one or two alternatives open to the man who assaults the hell-seeked institutions with grit and courage. One of two alternatives. He can consume his energy and time talking about the minor uses of the possible limits one might go, or he can peel the bark away and show the thing full of worm holes and run the risk of losing his fair reputation.

I want to say that I have willingly and deliberately, and with malice aforethought, chosen the latter course. I have never preached this sermon or lecture, as you call it, but that I always feel myself like a demon placed there by society to take revenge for the things at society itself had made possible and necessary. I'm not responsible for them, if you, and you know it. I were for these things I wouldn't have the faculty to preach against them. I don't play cards and attend theaters. If I did you would condemn me, and justly, too. But I don't and you can't come to me and say, "Physician, heal yourself."

I have a message which burns its way into your soul and to my heart. My words may be strong, but if they are, you must remember they are blood red with conviction. With the cry of lost souls ringing in my ears I cannot remain still. If I can save one from going to hell, I consider myself well paid for all the vituperation and malediction that you can hurl against me because I rub it into your pet sin.

Judged in the court of human desire, I might be condemned by everybody that wants to do it, but judged in the court of human conscience and need, I will receive a universal verdict of approval.

For Moral Decency. I am actuated by no other motive than moral decency and if you are ready to aid in moral uplift you will listen and give me your thanks.

We always associate in our minds certain amusements—theater, cards and dance. While some will champion and endorse some other will condemn. Some who will play cards will seek to justify that and condemn the theater and those who fall by their own thinking rottenness. I do not condemn the theater as an institution, but I do condemn the way it is run. It is hellish. And you church members of responsible for it. If church members would stop patronizing the theaters they would either clean up or rot. If every man with his name on a church roll would vote against the saloons we wouldn't have them. It is up to the church. In my opinion the theater is of such doubtful character that it has been relegated to the class of forbidden amusements. You know that the theater had its beginning with the handmaid of religion. It produced so much fuss and trouble that they were compelled to drop it. Unless the theater is redeemed it will fall by its own villainess.

We are flooded with vile drama that mocks and scoffs at the sacredness of marriage.

Theater Not Teacher. The theater is not a teacher. It is not intended to be educational. Efforts have been made to reform the stage, but it has always gone downward, and like water, seeks its own level. There have been spasmodic revivals, but today the majority of theaters allow any show that will bring money to be played at the theaters.

We could shut up the theaters and you wouldn't miss them in forty-eight hours. You wouldn't stand up and defend a thing because there's a lot of money in it, would you?

They began to cut out new exits in Chicago theaters after the Iroquois theater fire so people could get out easier, but no beautiful things came to pass such as had been predicted by a leading actor. The public has a capacity of amusing

itself in other ways. It is on a matter of amusement, and that of the trifling kind. The day is long past when any number of serious-minded citizens look to the theater for inspiration or instruction. The legitimate drama can't live. A Shakespearean show can't last for a month. The people will not attend it, but let a God-forsaken leg show start across the street and the crowd of such a vast audience and by the expectant look upon your faces, I am sure that you won't expect me to utter one word in defense of the amusement proposition. And yet if there is no harm in it I should be the champion of it and not the bitter enemy of it. Not all are bad. I wouldn't say that, but most of them are. You know how few are good, and so do I.

Mark of Decadence. It is upon the charred souls of women that most of the men who are a power in the theatrical world have climbed to their height.

The only way to reform the theater is to turn it into something else. Israel Zangwill says that the playwright gets up his production to satisfy the lust of the age, and not for what good it will do the world.

Archbishop Glennon said that to go night after night to the theater is a mark of decadence. You avoid the pest-house and leper hospital and yet night after night you'll rush to the theater to enjoy the procession of moral lepers exposed on the stage for the plaquid of the people. The theater and the church have nothing in common. The church gives the people what they need. The theater gives them what they want.

We shall reap what we sow. Sow cards, reap gamblers. Sow the dance and reap brothels and outcasts. Sow the saloon and reap drunkards, just as naturally as the water runs down hill. I defy anyone to contradict what I say about the matter. You say: "What is the matter with this preacher, doesn't he believe in amusements?"

There is not a man in Omaha who believes more in amusements than I do. But I believe that they should be recreative and harmless and not destructive morally, intellectually and physically. Nobody believes more in amusements than I do.

Play Good Games. What games do I play? Well, play base ball, or used to; I'm sloped up now. And I play lawn tennis; don't like it so well, though, it's too "grilled," and golf, and croquet and checkers and chess.

You say, what's the difference between a game of cards and a game of checkers? Cards never helped anybody. Cards were invented to amuse an idiot king, and until this day they have not done any better.

Just as much difference as between heaven and hell, if you can imagine that; as between vice and virtue, if you can imagine that.

There are hundreds of games which we can indulge in that are not detrimental to us as cards are. Ever since the days that cards were invented to satisfy the whims of an idiot king, down to today, they have been the tool of the gambler. A gambler knows the cards like the jeweler knows the watch, or an auto repair man knows an auto.

Many a boy is inveigled into a gambling room and listens to the roulette wheel, the faro bank and the keno, and listens to the ribaldry and the jests and the blasphemy, and he is reminded of home.

What a wonderful heritage to bequeath to a boy if he has to go into a hell hole like that and have it remind him of home and the fact that he was taught at home. Men who have been spending their funds and lives to ferret those things out tell us that nine-tenths of the gamblers are taught in their homes by their mothers and 80 per cent by Christian people.

Franking in Gambling. A recently estimated 700,000 ill tears and snore and pout through an after-

noon. What for? I mean the diamond-wearing bunch; the automobile gang; the silk gowned—that's the bunch. She can take home a dinky cream pitcher, a whisk broom or a pair of silk stockings. I have more respect for the professional gambler than I have for the church member who plays cards. The one is merely a gambler, the other is a gambler and pretends to be decent.

You will never know what a good time is until you become an out and out Christian. If every man will walk out of the church and line up, you could close every saloon in town tomorrow.

The dance is the dry rot. The tinder box of society. I always thought it was a big nuisance to gallop a mile or two just to get a hug or two. A dancing church member is never a soul winning church member. Some of you girls say: "Good-by, Lord, I have to go to the dance with this dude; I'm sorry."

There is nothing so tame as to ask a fellow to play cards for the fun of it when he is used to a sky limit. It does not make any difference whether it is a penny ante or sky limit. So we have progressive euchre, and lots of church members in Omaha have cards on their table as often as food.

I hear some churches have been having more card parties than prayer meetings. If you have a Bible and a deck of cards in your home, either throw the cards in the furnace and keep the Bible, or throw the Bible into the garbage can and keep the cards. Don't let them both stay under your roof all night.

If you keep booze in the cellar get out of the church. In a town where I was preaching they had parties early get them off their heads before I came. They had a big affair and the prize was a \$30 cut glass dish, and a society woman worked and sweat, and lied and cheated and took progressions which she didn't win and then lost the dish by two points. She went home and was sick in bed for two days. She had a sign named Harold, 17 years of age. He had a head like an eggplant, face like a horse, eyes like peached eggs, ears like the sails on a catboat, a regular Clydesdale fellow; and she came down one morning in her crushed geranium tea gown with elephant's breath ribbons, with red slippers that turned up like sled runners, and her son came in and said: "Here, ma, don't worry about that cut glass dish you didn't win; here's a \$20 gold piece and you can go and buy one just like it from the jeweler."

Was It at Cards. "Why, where did you get it?" she asked. "I won it at Richardson," (that's the gambling hell of the town), and she said, "Why, dear, do you think I would take \$20 you won at gambling?"

"Why not?" he asked. "Where's the difference between winning a prize that cost \$20 and winning the \$20 and buying the prize?"

The woman said to me afterwards when she came down and took her stand for Christ, she would never play cards again. She is one of the most active workers and most Christian women of the church today.

I used to play cards. I could lie and cheat like the rest of them. But I'm after the devil now; I don't care where he shows his head.

One of the Gideons. While they were there the man's old washerwoman came down and pleaded with him to accept Christ. He told her he would do it for her and went up in front and took his stand. He was one of the five men who founded the little band of Gideons—Charles Kitterage.

There was a time in America when the stately cotillon seemed to satisfy America, but it is too slow for the hot blood of the twentieth century. They must have something that will chase hurdles through their veins. There is nothing so insipid for the devotee of the waltz as to dance a quadrille.

I am asked to give a reason to save why they should not dance. Your love for those things keep you out of the church.

I believe that most of the girls sold as white slaves are enlisted from the ballrooms. The dance is the rottenest, most hellish, vice-producing institution that ever wriggled from the depths of perdition.

Certainly, I believe in amusements, but I believe they should be recreative, and not destructive.

God Forbids It.

The church of God forbids it. The greatest and most spiritual churches forbid it and are against it. Catholic, Presbyterian, Congregational, the United Methodist and the Christians are all against it.

The Methodist church was raised up for the very purpose of discountenancing the dance in the church.

God called Wesley and Whitfield to purify the Episcopal church, and that movement which crystallized in the Methodist church was the Wesley which God gave. From that day until this the church has hurled sermons against these things until it is a generally accepted truth that men and women that don't preach against these things are too much of cowards to pose as spiritual leaders, or they are too ignorant to teach God's people.

I know that there are some churches that tolerate it—they don't encourage it—any church that encourages it is too low down to deserve the name of church.

But you say, "I can't a fellow dance with his own wife?" "His own wife?" "His own wife?" Why you would just as soon huck corn all night by moonlight as dance with your own wife. It's not your wife's fault, it's some other fellow's sister. You let him hug your wife for the privilege of hugging his. I want to see the color of the huck's hair that dares to put his arms around Nell.

You say you need the exercise of dancing. Passion is the basis of the popularity of the dance. Let women dance with women and the men dance with men. Make men dance by themselves and women by themselves and I'll kill the dance in a month. I believe that passion is the basis of the dance popularity today. Men drink and gamble and they go to racetracks and they bet—all of this they do without their wives. Why, then, can't they dance without their wives, or other people's wives, if exercise is the thing they want.

The dance brings vice and virtue into such close contact that virtue is well nigh helpless and powerless.

Did they dance in Bible times? Yes, but they danced by themselves. They danced then for religious exercise. But dancing in the twentieth century is not for religious exercise. David danced before the ark of God and Saul's daughter looked on in envy. But he danced by himself. Dancing weakens you morally. There isn't a reforming influence in it. You say "It doesn't hurt you," but you know it does. If it hasn't hurt you so far, I will congratulate you and warn you in time.

There are plenty of graceful exercises and cheerful amusements which have none of the objections that he against dancing connected with them.

As everything a Christian does should be done "unto the Lord," I feel that to indulge in dancing would be more of an insult than an honor to Him. So I shall abstain from it altogether.

In Rome there stands the great St. Peter's cathedral. It required 300 years to build it; fifteen architects were required. There are 700 columns and 121 swinging lights are always burning before the altar. A man traveling in Europe came to the cathedral and went in. He had only gotten a short distance when there came the cry of "hats off, the pope is coming," and as they stand in respectful silence, the Swiss guards come down the aisle carrying a chair bearing the pale, then, enaciated Leo XIII.

He dismounts from the chair and creeps to the foot of the statue of the lowly fisherman of Galilee and kisses the foot of the figure and returns to his chair. Peter, the fisherman of God.

What would I not give if I could live a life that would leave behind me a monument such as that!

What would you not give? Peter gave up all and followed Christ. Great God is it too great a sacrifice for you to stop cards, theaters and balls? Stop it! (Copyright, William A. Sunday.)

Asks for a Receiver. HOUSTON, Tex., Oct. 12.—Application for a receiver for the Greenville, Northwestern Railway company was asked in a petition filed today in district court here by the Houston & Texas Central Railway company, which seeks to collect a note for \$3,301.03. The defendant company owns a line of railway in Collin county, Texas.

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Like illustration, genuine mahogany, large heavy design, dull finish, wood knobs, large mirror. \$34

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Furniture for the bedroom in Jacobean oak twist designs—enamel, bird's-eye and maple—American—equally attractive and priced as low.

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Made only from new wheat flour and the best ingredients that money can buy.

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Surgeon General Rupert Blue of the U. S. Public Health Service Says:

"I WANT TO WARN YOU AGAINST THE CRAZE PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY HAVE FOR WHITE FLOUR. THE WHITEST FLOUR IS NOT THE BEST; IT IS NOT THE PUREST; IT IS ONLY THE DEAREST, AND WHEN YOU BUY IT YOU BUY LOOKS AND NOT NOURISHMENT. IN ORDER TO MAKE IT WHITE, SOME OF THE MOST NOURISHING AND ESSENTIAL COMPONENTS OF THE NATURAL WHEAT HAVE BEEN TAKEN AWAY."

These "nourishing and essential components" are the priceless mineral phosphates of the grain, known as the "tissue salts," indispensable for perfect health of body, brain and nerves.

Everywhere food scientists and physicians are sounding a like note of warning, for a host of ills is following the pernicious practice of casting out these elements in the milling process, and that, simply to make the flour look white and pretty. Neurasthenia, anemia, Bright's disease, constipation, rickets, and a lowered resistance against disease in general, are some of these ills.

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made of whole wheat and barley, retains all the nutriment of the grains and those "essential components"—the mineral elements. This splendid food was devised years ago to supply this very lack in ordinary food and fortify the system against the onslaughts of disease. It does it wonderfully.

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What a Young Man Says of—Furnished Rooms

A young business man came to us the other day, asking our assistance in finding a furnished room. If you keep a rooming house, or if you have a single, spare room, you should have heard him—

Here's what he said:

"I do wish folks who have rooms to rent would advertise them in THE BEE. I'm busy—I haven't time to go running around all over town looking for a room. If I could read about rooms for rent in the Want Ads, picking out those which best suited me, it would be better. But it seems that keepers of rooming houses care not whether they get trade or not.

"I am particularly desirous of securing a room in a private family, but I see no such rooms advertised. I guess those who have a single room for rent imagine it is not worth while to advertise it. They don't seem to understand that many people want just such rooms."

NOW, if YOU have vacant rooms, whether it be one or a dozen, why don't you take the hint and advertise them to people who are too busy to go searching for rooms? Use a BEE WANT AD—it costs little though it brings you much.

BEE WANT ADS BRING RESULTS