

## Healer Denies That Miracle Age Has Passed

Many of Those Anointed by Mrs. Etter Report That They Are Now Physically Perfect.

The opinion that the day of miracles is a thing of the past was flatly denied by Mrs. M. D. Etter in her final "divine healing" sermon at the tent meeting at Twenty-second and Paul streets last evening.

Since the opening of the meetings last Thursday, approximately 365 people who have applied for "treatment," reported that their physical defects had been corrected. Many told how futile it was to consult surgeons.

"Miracles have been wrought in this tent," declared Mrs. Etter. "I have seen people who were partially or wholly cured of their ailments by the power of God. If you have this," she says, "and your prayers are in earnest, they will be properly answered."

Services will be continued after Mrs. Etter and her party leave for Indianapolis tonight for those who have been converted to her faith, at Rev. M. E. Long's church, 4004 North Twenty-fourth street.

## Boxcar Robbery Case Set for Hearing Today

The preliminary hearings of Mike and Burt Tierney and Morris Longgan, arrested Saturday by the police in connection with a series of boxcar robberies, will be held today before Judge Fitzgerald in the South Side court. John Tierney, a third brother, is wanted by police and federal agents on a charge of robbing boxcars at La Platte two weeks ago. Tierney was arrested at that time and was released on a federal bond Chief of Detectives Anderson said that all efforts to locate John Tierney had failed.

## WHY

Do We Speak of "Potter's Field"?

(Copyright, 1920, By the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

The application of this name to the public burying ground, where paupers are interred, had its origin in England. Both in that country and on the continent the clay used in the manufacture of pottery was dug out by whole colonies of men, women and children and the long trenches from which the earth had been taken were left standing. No attempt was made to fill them or to grade them evenly with the adjoining ground, and eventually the countryside became criss-crossed with these long, deep ditches.

The clay workers were usually very poor, and gradually it became the practice to cast into the trenches the bodies of the workers, covering them with just a sufficient amount of earth to protect the corpses from the sun and the gaze of those who might pass by. By degrees this public burying ground began to be used for those who died in the almshouses or on the poor farms. Even after the custom of using the potter's field for this purpose died out the name was still applied to sections reserved for free interments, and "Potter's Field" became the recognized title of a pauper's cemetery.

## Values At Bowen's

We are listing below a few values. Don't let an offer like this go by without taking advantage of it. They will be on sale all week.

SECURITY MATCHES, 500 in box, strike anywhere, 6 boxes only 25c

GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER, 3 packages only 11c

GRAPE NUT BREAKFAST FOOD, 2 packages only 25c

1/2-LB. CAN HERSHEY COCOA, only, can 19c

BOWEN'S BROOMS, 33c

16th at Howard

## HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

What Betty Kane Offered Madge Luncheon was a hurried, abstract affair with me, so anxious was I to get into telephonic communication with Rita Brown.

Mother Graham must have been strictly "on the job," immediately before luncheon, for the plates on which the lamb chops were served were piping hot, the chops themselves and the other viands cooked just right—whatever Mandy's other faults, her cooking is beyond reproach! And the tray which the girl prepared for Leila was a marvel of daintiness.

With some sprays of trailing arbutus tucked into the snowy napkins which covered it, I hurried across the lawn to the room where I had left Leila with the administration to sleep.

That she had obeyed my injunction I saw from her rested look after I had knocked and had entered at her low-voiced invitation. She had propped the pillows behind her, and was gazing out of the window at the pines. With no reference to the trouble which had sent her flying to me, I set the tray down, and dipping the end of a towel in some water, brought it to her bedside.

"Now for what Mother Graham calls a 'lick and a promise!' I said gravely.

Before she could speak I had quickly bathed and dried her face and hands and wheeled beside her the low table upon which I had set the tray.

"You are to obey orders strictly," I said, in a coldly professional tone. "I am going away on an errand, so I cannot stay and see you eat this, but when I return I want to find an absolutely empty tray. Just push the table away when you have finished, and go to sleep again—unless you'd like to read."

Leila Is Given Orders.

I laid upon the foot of the bed copies of the latest magazines which I had carried over with the tray. Then I stooped and kissed her, ignoring the trembling of her lips and the entreaty in her eyes.

"I'll be back in a few hours," I said cheerily. "Be a good girl!"

I was out of the door before she could do more than send a half-expostulating, half-entreaty cry of "Madge, wait!" after me. But I pretended not to hear, and sped down the stairs out of ear-shot. I calved my conscience with the reflection that solitude was the one thing the excited, hysterical girl needed. She had a healthy body and youth's natural rebound of spirits, and so I was sure that when she had eaten her lunch, had dawdled a bit over her magazine, and had dozed again she would be in the frame of mind in which I wished her to face Rita Brown.

I had taken the precaution to put on a small hat and a sweater before crossing to the big house. Thus equipped, I knew I could get away without my mother-in-law's suspicion that I was not with Leila. Mrs. Lukens had already showed me a path which led through a neighbor's yard to the street beyond—a friendly short cut which she often, and which I now took with the assurance that even if Mother Graham were outdoors with Junior she wouldn't see me leaving the place. Without betraying Leila's confidence, I could not tell my mother-in-law about Rita Brown's disclosures, nor the measures I was taking to combat them.

The Stage Set for my. It didn't take me many minutes to teach Betty Kane's little shop door

again. She was frankly glad to see me, but gave no hint of the surprise which must have been hers at my swift return. I suspected that the little shop did not have the patronage it deserved, for this was the second time in one day I had found it deserted.

"Miss Kane," I said, going directly to the point, "I find that it is necessary for me to have a strictly private and perhaps a bit unpleasant interview with a young woman whom, for reasons connected with a relative, I cannot take to my own cottage. I wondered if you could not rent me a room for perhaps an hour, probably for a much shorter time than that?"

She looked at me steadily for a minute. I saw that her keen, gray eyes were weighing me, and debating the propriety of granting my request. Evidently what she saw satisfied her, for the next minute she said heartily:

"I cannot rent you a room, but I will gladly give you the use of this one. She threw open old-fashioned folding doors to a typical "parlor" of the late Victorian period—velvet furniture, "tides," "shell work" and all the other atrocities.

"This belongs to the people of the house," she said, "but they are away just now, and they always let me use it when I have an overflow of people at tea—which seldom happens, I am sorry to say. You are perfectly welcome to it. You may order tea if you wish for yourself and your friend, but it isn't necessary."

"I think it will be quite necessary," I smiled at her. "I expect quite a stormy interview, though not a noisy one, and I think a cup of tea would be most fortifying. Now, may I use your telephone?"

She indicated the one on the wall, and I went to it, bracing my nerves for the coming tilt with Rita Brown. (Continued Tomorrow)

## I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who rides beside you in the front seat of your automobile and keeps telling you what to do.

I tell you when to look out for other automobiles, when to blow your horn, when to slow down for dangerous curves or crossings and when to give her the gas for steep hills.

Perhaps I couldn't do your driving for you, but I can tell you how to do it. I think I know more about what you should do than you do yourself, and I insist upon airing my ideas.

If it makes you nervous or irritates you to have me keep butting in on your driving the fact is absolutely lost on me. And, anyway, I don't care how you take my suggestions and criticisms. If you don't drive the way I want you to it makes ME nervous, and there you are.

You might gag me or tie my hands, but that's the only way you could suppress me, so you might as well make the best of it and do whatever I tell you to.

(Copyright, 1920, by Thompson Feature Service.)

## Parents Problems

How can a courteous manner be inculcated in a brusque but amiable boy of 15?

Time will do most in this matter. But the boy's father can help a great deal, not so much by precept as by example.

## SLEEPY-TIME TALES

### THE TALE OF PADDY MUSKRAT

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER III.

Pink or Red? After Jimmy Rabbit had thought for exactly six seconds, while Paddy Muskrat waited, he jumped up and knocked his heels together twice.



"I have it!" he cried. "I know as he handed the hat to Jimmy Rabbit. 'No, indeed!' answered Jimmy. 'I've thought of a better way than that.' And Paddy watched him while he went to the brook and found a round, flat stone, which he crammed into the crown of the hat.

"There!" Jimmy Rabbit said. "This stone will make the hat stay in place. You won't have a bit of trouble with it." He smiled at Paddy Muskrat most cheerfully. But Paddy Muskrat did not smile at him at all.

"What's the matter now?" Jimmy inquired. "There's another thing that I forgot," said Paddy. "This red ribbon—it is a fast color?"

"Well," said Jimmy Rabbit, "I can promise you that no matter how fast you travel that ribbon will reach any place you go to at exactly the moment you get there—so long as the hat stays on your head."

"You don't understand," Paddy Muskrat told him. "I mean, will the color stay the same when it gets wet?"

At that question Jimmy Rabbit looked a bit anxious. He swallowed once or twice and coughed two or three times before he answered. You see, he had to have a little time to think.

"The ribbon will be just as hand-

## More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

## PIE

When I was six or eight years old I very frequently was told that cold or hot, mince pie was not a salutary diet.

And in the watches of the night when things were often far from right within my tum, this caused me some foreboding and disquiet.

When people shuffled off the stage before attaining middle age beneath my belt I often felt an apprehension fill me.

That pie had brought them to their doom, and steeped in bleak abysmal gloom.

My heart would sink as I would think that pie perhaps would kill me.

But now a man who leads the lists of gastroenterologists says pie's a good and wholesome food.

And that beyond a question there's nothing tucked beneath its lids that's harmful to the frailest kids or interferes with their careers.

By crabbing their digestion.

If, when an adolescent youth I'd known this scientific truth, my conscience might have been more light, but still I don't regret it.

For though I felt quite satisfied that gastronomic suicide would be a sin, I packed it in whenever I could get it.

WITH BURLESON ON THE JOB

If the election is at all close the voting-by-mail law may leave it undecided at this time next year.

YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

Now we begin to see why base ball is so popular at Sing Sing.

THE MILLENNIUM

Prices have gone down so fast that a man drawing more than \$5,000 a year can afford to have a flivver and a outfit board at the same time. (Copyright, 1920, By The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

some after it's wet as it is now," he said with another cheerful smile.

But Paddy Muskrat was not yet satisfied.

"I'll chew an end of the ribbon and see what happens," Paddy remarked.

But Jimmy Rabbit wouldn't let him do that.

"This," he said, "is a hat store—not a eating house. How would my hat look if everybody chewed the ends of the ribbons? You wear the hat home. And if your wife likes it, you're to keep it. And if she doesn't like it, you're to bring it back. Is that a bargain?"

Paddy Muskrat said that it was. So he went away then. His head felt very queer, on account of the stone in his hat. And when he jumped into the brook to go home he found that he could swim under water much more easily than ever before.

You see, the heavy stone kept his head down. But the soon found that it was very hard work to thrust his head out of the water, to snatch a breath of air.

"Probably I'll get used to it," he told himself. "But I don't believe Jimmy Rabbit remembered that I had a head down at last. And as soon as his wife saw him she began to smile.

"You seem to like my new hat," Paddy said to her.

"Yes!" she replied. "I'm glad to see that for once you chose the kind I like. That's as pretty a pink ribbon as I ever saw on a hat in all my life."

"Pink!" Paddy Muskrat cried. "It's not pink! It's red!" He snatched the hat off his head and looked at it. And sure enough, the ribbon was a bright pink!

"Dear me!" Paddy exclaimed. "The ribbon was red, but the water has made the color run." And he put the hat on his head again and started back to find Jimmy Rabbit.

"Look here!" Paddy said, as soon as he reached the hat store. "The deep pool. This red ribbon turned pink in the water and you'll have to give me another."

"Does your wife like it?" answered Paddy.

"Why—er—yes, she does!" answered Paddy.

"Then you'll have to keep it!" Jimmy Rabbit declared. "That was our bargain, you remember. And I should say—" he added—"I should say that anybody who can find a hat that pleases his wife ought to consider himself lucky."

(Copyright, Grosset & Dunlap.)

## Divorce Court.

Divorce Decrees.

Alfreda Vroblou from Ernest Vroblou, cruelty; John Webster from Catherine Webster, cruelty; Hattie May Caldwell from Frank Caldwell, nonsupport; Anna Johnson from Elmer Johnson, cruelty; Anna Hardesty from Ernest Hardesty, nonsupport.

Divorce Petitions.

Martha Baker against Virell Baker, nonsupport; James Rickette against Zedda Rickette, desertion; August Paldiser against Anna Paldiser, cruelty; Stella Romo against John Romo, cruelty; Anna Scott against Jay Scott, nonsupport; Laura Scott against John Scott, nonsupport; Ella Perkins against Louis Perkins, nonsupport.

A hair brush and mirror are combined in a two part metal porcelain case, which separates as a button on one side is pressed.

## CONCERT

Swedish Mission Hospital Alumnae Association Under the Direction of Misser School Dramatic

## BRANDEIS THEATRE

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7

General Admission, \$1; Reserved, \$1.50

And a Broken Heart

PHOTOPLAYS.

## THE Vigilantes

NOW

Most Stupendous Production of Modern Times

Those colorful, romantic days of the haughty Don—and the discovery of virgin treasure in California—"Land of Gold."

Hordes of humanity from the uttermost shores of the Seven Seas flocked to San Francisco.

A most wonderful seven reel photodrama featuring those stirring, eventful days, crowded with thrilling scenes, is here presented for the first time in "The Vigilantes."

5,000 People in the Cast

## Commissioner Moorhead Names Election Officers

Judges and clerks of elections to act in Omaha and Douglas county during the next two years have been appointed by Election Commissioner Moorhead. The list of names appeared in an advertisement in The Bee yesterday.

On October 8 the election commissioner's office in the court house will be open especially to hear any objections that may be offered against the appointment of any of the officers of election.

The law stipulates that such officers shall be men of good reputation and he qualified electors of the county. They shall not be in the public employ in any capacity, nor hold a license for the sale of intoxicating liquor, nor be employed by such license.

No objection to anyone on the two last scores is expected.

## Mrs. Nethaway Sues Former Husband for Heavy Damages

Claiming that her divorced husband has besmirched her character in Chicago, Mrs. Stella Nethaway, who last Saturday was granted a divorce from Claude L. Nethaway with \$2,000 alimony, yesterday filed suit against her former husband for \$25,000 damages.

Mrs. Nethaway in her petition alleges that her husband addressed postal cards to her in Chicago in care of her employers bearing the inscription, "Mrs. C. L. Nethaway, alias Helen M. Williams, alias Stella T. Bump." She also charged that he followed her to Chicago and unjustly defamed her character and caused her to lose her position.

She asked the court for a permanent injunction prohibiting Nethaway from molesting her in any way.

## Deaths and Funerals

De-John B. Mosher, 87, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. S. E. Hager, 4116 North Tenth street, Monday morning. He had lived in Omaha for 15 years. The funeral will be held today at 10 a. m. at the residence. The body will be taken to Fullerton for burial.

## AMUSEMENTS.

### EMPRESS

LAST TIMES TODAY

Rubetown Follies, featuring "The Pumpkin Center Jazz Band," Duke & Duchess; Davey Jamison, South & John in "Sparks of Harmony," topography attraction, George Walsh in "From Now On."

### Orpheum

Matinee 2:15—Evening 8:15.

HENRIETTA GEORGIA CAMPBELL & CROSMAN CO., BEVAN & FLINT, HAZOR, 4116 North Tenth street, Monday morning. He had lived in Omaha for 15 years. The funeral will be held today at 10 a. m. at the residence. The body will be taken to Fullerton for burial.

### Gayety

Daily Mat., 15c to 75c. Nites, 25c to \$1.25

JOE HURTIG'S FAMOUS BOWERY FUMESKERS

With the Two Aces of Laughter, BILLY WINTER and FRANKY BEE, Hoping Off in the Aviation Abundant, "Going to the Sun," Wonderful Cant and High Flying Beauty Chorus. LADIES' DIME MATINEE WEEK DAILY Mat. & Wk.: Joe Hurtig's "The Social Males."

### BRANDEIS TODAY

Mat. & Evn's Last Two Times

Oliver Morosco Presents Prior to New York Opening MAUDE FULTON In Her Brand New Surprise Play, "The Humming Bird"

Evenings: 50c to \$2; Mat., 50c to \$1.50

Oct. 9 and 10, Neil O'Brien Minstrels Three Days, Starting Monday, Oct. 11, The Supreme Musical Event of the Year, "Apple Blossoms"

Seats Selling—Evenings, \$1.00 to \$3.00

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PHOTOPLAYS.

### SUN

NOW

VIOLA DANA in "The Chorus Girl's Romance"

BUSTER KEATON in "Two Weeks"

### WANTED

Able-bodied man of strong will power wanted to take care of large, savage lion. Must be fond of animals and a good runner.

Apply, Tarr Zann, Moon Theater.

### APOLLO

29th and Leavenworth

CHARLES RAY in "Paris Green" News and Comedy

### BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeterias

Pay Dividends to Those Who Do the Work

## PHOTOPLAYS.

### MUSE

TODAY AND THURSDAY

## CORINNE GRIFFITH

in "The Whisper Market"

All the pulsing life and romance the very name of the city conjures up for one has been retained in this wonder story of social life in that southern capital, Rio de Janeiro. It is a big splendid production that will sweep you up and carry you to the throbbing heart of South American romance and adventure.

No treachery is so deadly, no scandal so sickening, no punishment and persecution so dire, as that of the "whisper market." And there is no other whisper market like that in Rio de Janeiro.

FREE OPEN AIR BAND CONCERT TONIGHT

At 24th and Farnam

Music by Shriners' Band

Everybody Invited

7 P. M. to 9 P. M.

### Strand

Now Playing

WILLIAM BARNETT presents

## LIONEL BARRYMORE

in "The MASTER MIND"

A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION

## HAROLD LLOYD

at the wheel of a wild and ferocious Ford in "Get Out and Get Under"

### RIALTO

Now Showing

Anita STEWART in "THE PIPER"

Now Showing

Harold Lloyd in "GET OUT AND GET UNDER"

### SUN

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### BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeterias

Pay Dividends to Those Who Do the Work

# Budweiser

is with you again! The famous friend of old—made by the original process in conformity with present regulations.

Known everywhere—Buy it by the case for your home.



ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS

Paxton & Gallagher Co. Distributors Omaha, Nebr.

Visitors cordially invited to inspect our plant.