

The Ukraine



Types of Ukrainian Women.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

In their latest uprisings against the soviet government, the Ukrainians or "Little Russians" are but justifying anew a reputation as fighters that has stuck to them since the dawn of European history. Theirs is one of the richest sections of the old Russian empire and not only have they been called upon to defend their title many times, but at others they have fared forth against the Poles, the Russians of the North, the Tatars and the Turks, seemingly for the mere joy of fighting.

In recent years the Ukraine has quieted down so that casual students at the time of the Russian revolution hardly realized that there was such a distinctive section left.

The Ukraine has had a troublesome career. The wild Scythians helped to feed ancient Greece and her colonies from its endless steppes. A thousand years ago Kiev was already becoming an important place. When the Saxons still ruled England, in the long ago, the banks of the Dnieper were a meeting-place for many races, drawn thither by commerce. Religious differences had not yet arisen, for all were worshippers of idols. Even then a Slav people were safely established here, sowing and reaping their harvests and sending their surplus grain down this river to the Black sea.

The name Ukraine means "border-marches." For centuries it was the bulwark that protected Poland and Lithuania from the Tatars, Turks, and other migrating Orientals. As a result it has had cruel taskmasters.

The native population was largely Cossacks—a wild and unruly people at that time. They were not originally a tribe, but were men who went forth into the wilderness to find freedom. The vast steppes, covered with grass to the height of a horse, within which a multitude of game lurked, lured them on.

There were Poles and Lithuanians and Russians and even Turks among them. They became marvelous shots, riders, and swimmers; their horses were famous for their swiftness and endurance. Their differences gradually blended in a unity of purpose and principle.

Crude Republican Government.
The name Zaporogians was applied to the community that was the heart and soul of the great Ukraine. Their government was crude, but very republican in form. Each year the old officers laid down their duties in the presence of a general assembly, even in that day called the rada, and new ones were then chosen.

As any member of the tribe could be elevated to the highest office, it permitted each one to aspire to this dignity. The highest official was known as the "hetman." If unpopular, he was sometimes choked to death—an effective, if cruel, displacement.

They carried on an intermittent warfare with Tatars on the east, stealing their cattle and occasionally sacking the unprotected towns. Again, their warring excursions would be directed against the Turks to the southeast, in the Balkans. When tired of this they turned northward to the Slavonic population.

These early Ukrainians were ever at war with somebody and for somebody. They fought with Poland against Russia, with Russia against Poland, with Poland against Turkey, with Turkey against the Tatars. They assisted in placing an unfrocked monk upon the throne at Moscow. They were simply natural warriors who rejoiced in that occupation. The warrior shaved his head except for a wisp on the crown, which was allowed to grow long enough to wind around the ears.

Although professing the Orthodox Greek faith, they were the brigands and the corsairs of Christianity. Though nominally subjects of Poland for a long time, the Ukrainians were constantly involving Poland in trouble with the Tatar and Turkish rulers.

At times they even captured Polish peasants and sold them as slaves to the Tatars, who in turn passed them on to Persians.

Lovers of the Soil.
The Little Russians have worked hard and fought hard, and they have emerged a fairly united and still vigorous people. The population increases more steadily than that of Great Russia, as the people are greatly attached to home and do not care to wander far from their native villages. They are great lovers of the soil and cling to it with a passionate tenacity.

The Ukraine includes old southeastern Russia, with the exception of the province known as Bessarabia, which partakes of the character of the Balkan states and is peopled with Rumanians and Bulgarians. The great seaport of Odessa and the surrounding country were added to it under its new alignment after the break-up of the Russian empire.

The Ukraine does not reach much north of Kiev or east of Kharkov, but it is a large state in itself, about as large as the German empire, with some twenty-five or thirty millions of people living in it.

The largest city of the real Ukraine is Kiev, around which national life centers probably because of the deep religious associations in connection with the shrines and many holy places. It was at one time the capital of all Russia. Kharkov is the leading commercial town in it unless Odessa, on the Black sea, is considered.

Windmills in General Use.

Windmills are exceedingly common and dot the landscape on every hillside. Silvery gray they appear from age, as all are built of wood, and they are usually unpainted. Many of them seem ready to fall to pieces from age. The general use of windmills is due not so much to lack of water, for they will be found near streams, but the flatness of the country does not give enough fall to allow the use of water-power. They are used to grind grain.

Kiev is the holy city of the Ukraine and hundreds of thousands of pilgrims visit it each year. The natural landscape is heightened at all times in its pictorial effect by the picturesque groups of pilgrims, staves in hand and wallets on backs, who may be seen clambering up the hills, resting under the shadow of a hill, or reverently bowing the head at the sound of a convent bell.

The pilgrims made it a point to visit the ghastly catacombs in which are rows upon rows of the skulls of reputed monks. Access is had by narrow steps, and then through labyrinthine subterranean passages one descends deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth, winding hither and thither along a pathway. Finally there begins a series of niches, in which repose the bodies of the saintly recluses.

The pilgrims pass each holy tomb, reverently kissing the shrouded hands laid out by the monks for that purpose. They do not distinguish between the holy and holier, but pay a tribute to each one impartially in order to conciliate all.

Much contagion must be spread by this insatiable method of homage. No doubt many an infection, and possibly even great pestilences, could be traced directly to this spot where the indiscriminate osculation of church relics is practiced.

MECCA FOR VISITORS

Washington May Become "Convention City" of Country.

This Spring Is Proving Record Breaker for Delegations Visiting Capital—New Auditorium Planned to House Meetings.

Washington.—That Washington may soon win the title of "Convention city" is the prophecy of some old inhabitants. They say that convention meetings in the national capital grow in size and number every year.

No one keeps an official record of the organizations and their delegates that visit the city, but according to street car conductors, White House guards and watchmen in the government buildings, this spring is proving a record breaker for delegations, writes Frederick J. Haskin in Chicago Daily News.

There is no season of the year when Washington is not entertaining visitors who have gathered from the ends of the country to discuss by-laws and election of officers and to take a look at the government in action. But spring is the most favorable time for seeing Washington, and therefore spring always brings an unusually large assortment of convention followers.

The capital, with its trees bursting into pale green, its cherry blossom drive along the tidal basin, and its gay flower beds, is at its best. Later, Washington settles down to hot weather—though the chamber of commerce never admits it, and now and then displays impressive statistics and comparative reports of the weather bureau showing that the capital with its 105,000 trees, its 6,000 acres of parks and its river breeze is not so hot as it is sometimes represented.

In spite of those encouraging bulletins, spring continues to be the fashionable convention season.

Already, this year, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Daughters of 1812 have advanced upon Washington with fluttering badges. The League of American Penwomen has gathered its collection of literary notables and celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a book fair, breakfast, carnival ball and other functions. And, with less pomp and ceremony, 1,000 occultists and several other scientific groups have been conferring in odd corners of the city between banquets and important sessions.

Up to now, Washington has had to admit that its inadequate assembly halls were no attraction to conventions. The small and middle-sized halls about the city have sometimes failed to expand enough to accommodate all the delegates and visitors to an unusually popular convention.

Plans are under way now, however, for an auditorium which will seat 5,000 persons. It will be thoroughly modern.

This building is to be located opposite the interior building, three blocks from the White House.

HAS NEW INVENTION



Look closely and you will see in the large market basket not groceries from the market, but a real four-year-old baby. Mrs. David Sherer of Fort Myer, Virginia, says that her baby Monica is no trouble to her at all—she just places her snugly in the warm basket and goes about on her shopping tour with no inconvenience at all.

Soldiers Offer Wages to Keep Their Regiment

New York.—The Twenty-second infantry, which opened the war against Germany by seizing German shipping in New York harbor, has been ordered broken up and scattered, in conformity with congressional economy, but the men themselves have offered to give up two months' pay to preserve the personnel of this, one of the oldest regiments of the army.

Maj. Gen. Robert L. Bullard, commanding the Second corps area, characterized the petitions of soldiers as "one of the most remarkable exhibitions of loyalty and esprit de corps that I have ever known."

LINER IS UNSINKABLE

Might Float If Cut in Two, Belief of Experts.

Lone Star State on Maiden Voyage to Aid American Sea Commerce—Captain Engages Orchestra to Play Jazz.

New York.—Keen competition has developed in the race for supremacy on the seas. The latest addition to the fleet that is keeping the American flag to the forefront in the sea commerce of the world is the steamship Lone Star State, recently delivered from her builders to the United States Lines, which has just sailed on her maiden voyage to Bremen.

In the Lone Star State, as in other passenger-carrying vessels constructed under government supervision, the element of safety was of prime consideration. It is declared that the new liner is practically unsinkable. Originally planned as a transport and later designated to act as a hospital ship to bring back American wounded from France, the Lone Star State was built torpedo proof as nearly as human ingenuity could make her.

The vessel has thirteen water-tight compartments. Shipping men who have inspected her have declared that even if she were cut in twain each half would remain afloat.

From the standpoint of comfort, nothing has been left undone to make her a luxurious vehicle for sea travel. She carries two classes of passengers, first and third. Full attention has been given to the cuisine and amusement facilities on the Lone Star State. The chefs and the kitchen personnel have been carefully selected with a view of rivaling the dining service of a first-class hotel ashore.

Captain Frank T. Burkhardt, who is impresario as well as navigator, said before he sailed that he had adopted as his slogan "A bas ennui," which properly translated means a Filipino orchestra of twenty-two pieces. Every member of the orchestra saw service in the United States navy during the war. The captain said they were not only at home in jazz, but that they could venture as well into the realm of grand opera. He promised plenty of dancing on the decks in good weather.

ONLY WOMAN MARSHAL



Photo of Mrs. William Chesley Lewis of Oklahoma City, Okla., the only woman in the United States holding the position of marshal of a Supreme court. She is also chief clerk of the Oklahoma Supreme court.

Mrs. Lewis has an LL. B. degree from Cumberland university, Lebanon, Tenn., and her husband is a lawyer at Duncan, Okla. She was admitted to the Oklahoma bar in 1920. She was appointed marshal of the Supreme court by Chief Justice John B. Harrison.

New Places for the Flag.
Over what is believed to be the oldest monastery in the world now flies the American flag, the ancient refuge being reopened by the Near East relief administration as a station. It is one of the most important sites in Armenia, cradle of the Christian faith in that country, having been founded by St. Gregory, who introduced Christianity into Armenia in the Third century. It covers several acres and is surrounded by a great wall which has sustained many sieges since its oldest building was erected in 350 A. D.

See Wealth in Vanilla.
According to government authority, the production of vanilla beans in Mexico may become a source of enormous revenue. It is asserted that no other country affords the opportunities for successful vanilla growing as Mexico. It already ranks ahead of all other countries in annual output of the beans, it is declared, although as yet very little attention has been paid to the industry. In the region around Tuxpam on the gulf coast the vanilla plant is found all through the tropical forests. It is a climbing orchid and does not require any attention beyond the gathering of the fragrant and valuable beans.

Two Dogs "Luxury" in Berlin.
Berlin.—Ownership of two or more dogs is classed as "luxury" here and extra heavy taxes are imposed under a new schedule. It is estimated that the owners of 140,000 dogs in Berlin must pay the government 50,000,000 marks for licenses.

HOW SILLY!

By GLADIS F. PRAY

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It was a silly sort of a quarrel, but for the matter of that, all quarrelling is silly; and when two silly young people are concerned in it, it might be said that the quarrel is supremely silly. Besides, it was a breakfast table quarrel, and breakfast time is the very silliest time of day to quarrel, especially if it be a fine spring day, as this was.

Young Jackie Jones (it might as well be Jackie Jones as what it really is) scowled across at Mrs. Jackie Jones (her name for a whole month), who wept most unbecomingly—in fact, she snuffled—and expounded this law of his little universe:

"I will not countenance any such proceeding, Mrs. Jones. You must respect my wishes in this matter. This is my house" (s-h-h, it was two rooms and bath and kitchenette), "and here my word must stand as the supreme authority. If you do not think this a reasonable condition, you, of course, have the liberty of finding other conditions more suitable elsewhere. So long as this is your domicile, you must obey me."

Just then Mrs. Jackie Jones caught sight of her unbecoming red eyes and red nose in the side of her shiny new percolator, which, it must be confessed, did not decrease the unbecomingness to any degree. This reflection was so harrowing to her womanly feelings that she immediately forgot all her bridely resolution to never, never quarrel.

"All right then, Jackie Jones, I will go elsewhere, as you choose to call it, and I'm not going home to mother, either, to have that city Martha whispering things about me. I'll go and live with Lucie Vampum and support myself by helping her dressmake. Perhaps when I'm really gone, you'll value my affection."

Jackie regarded her with the same expression one would expect to find on the face of a prince of the blood royal, if suddenly informed by his consort that she had an idea of doing housework for a diversion.

"Lucie Vampum!" he managed to spurt out in highly concentrated horror, "you mean to say that you would go to live with that divorcee? That—that woman?"

"Yes, Lucie Vampum, that woman, and—"

"But, Bunnie!" in his dismay at the dreadful prospect, he reverted to his usual name for his recalcitrant spouse, "you told me only about a week ago that you did not believe in divorce, and that you thought Lucie Vampum to be outside the consideration of anyone worth while."

"Yes, I know; but that was before my own happiness was ruined," oh, so sadly, "that was before I lost my husband's love."

"Now, Bunnie, be reasonable—"

Nothing is so aggravating as to be adjured to reason in that particular tone of voice, especially to be so adjured by a person so very unreasonable as to quarrel with one.

"I am reasonable, Jackie Jones; I am not the unreasonable member of the family. I will not discuss it any more, and besides, if you don't hurry, you'll miss your car. When you come back this evening I'll be gone with everything that might remind you of me." Then, in a quavering voice, "G-o-o-d-b-y-e" (Sob.)

Poor Jackie lost all that superb dignity, acquired after painful and long observation of Mr. Quimby, his superior and the head clerk at the office, and he actually pleaded with his silly little wife, "I was a desperate situation; he really might miss that car."

"Aw, Bunnie—" then he became incoherent.

Bunnie began to relent. In fact, she had to relent. There remained only one minute of that five minutes for which she had quarrelled so bitterly with her Jackie; that five minutes that caused the quarrel in the first place. Oh, I forgot that you didn't know what caused it! That part of it was so silly I am quite ashamed to tell you about it.

You see, Mrs. Jackie had waked Jackie up a full five minutes of seven to tell her once more that he would never cease to love her. It was not really necessary for Jackie to wake until seven, and his love very nearly did cease then and there. Had he not told her at least ten thousand times with variations in the past month?

Now, if the quarrel and its cause were recalled, what must you think of the reconciliation? My courage fails me. You will simply imagine it. It ended up by his telling her he loved her and would never cease to love her six times more, and in spite of all he caught his car. The silly little Mrs. Jackie had set the clock ahead five minutes the night before.

MUCH GOOD IN HEARTY LAUGH

Beneficial Effect of Merriment May Be Said to Be Both Physiological and Psychological.

We find the key to the true theory, if we ask—What does laughter do for us? What are its effects or consequences? Well, obviously we enjoy laughter; it does us good to have a good laugh. The fact is notorious, writes William McDougall, in Scribner's. And when we feel depressed and moody, we welcome and seek the situations, objects or persons that will make us laugh. Laughter prevents (for the moment at least) gloomy thinking and melancholy brooding, no matter how induced. How does it achieve this beneficial effect? In two ways—one purely physiological, the other more psychological. Physiologically its immediate effect is to stimulate the respiration and the circulation, to raise the blood pressure and to send a fuller stream of blood to the head and brain; as we see in the ruddy face of the hearty laugh. Psychologically it works by breaking up every train of thinking and every sustained activity, bodily or mental. Here presumably Spencer's theory finds a partial and inverted application. The nervous channels of laughter drain off energy from all others; but they do not serve merely as channels through which surplus energy may be got rid of as a waste product; rather, they were created or evolved in order that by draining off energy, they might prevent its application in other directions. Laughter is essentially relaxation from all effort, a relaxation whose mechanical effects bring speedy recuperation of energy, and which enables us to start afresh on life's tasks briskly and undimmed, unharmed by the past. This being so, it is obvious why we seek the objects and situations that make us laugh; we seek the ludicrous, the grotesque, the absurd, the ridiculous not because they are in themselves pleasing, but because they make us laugh; and laughter does us good, makes us feel better and brighter, frees us from depression, prevents our thinking of depressing things.

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