Pastors Praise Homes Exhibit

'We Can't Do Too Much to Beautify Home," Says One Minister.

Omaha ministers are heartily in sympathy with the aims of the Better Homes exposition which is to be held in the Auditorium for five days, beginning Monday, under auspices of The Omaha Bee.

"We can't do too much to add beauty and warmth to our homes," said Rev. J. Clyde Mahaffey, pastor of the First Presbyterian church. "Influence of the home on young people is much greater than is generally realized. The home is a vital factor to civilization. I would say the home is one of the most sacred, yes, the most sacred of our institutions. For, if the home goes, everything goes."

"There is no question about the worth of the Better Homes exposition idea," said Rev. Frank G. Smith, pastor of the First Central Congregational church. "I believe we are increasingly learning to understand how one's environment affects, even physically. A recent public school musical memory contest revealed the fact that by giving pupils a chance to hear better music a taste for the best music is cultivated in them. The influence of the Better Homes exposition should be the same. It isn't a question of how much is spent in interior decoration and furnishing, but of how much taste is used in selecting things for the home."

"I most certainly want to be quoted as being favorable to the Better Homes exposition," said Rev. Jo W. G. Fast, pastor of the First Methodist church. "The exhibition should help the thousands to make their homes what they should be."

"The average person hasn't time to study home decoration," said Rev. Patrick J. Judge, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart." Hence I am convinced the Better Homes exposition will do much good. It should give people valuable ideas about making their environment more attractive."

"Omaha is a home loving city," said Rev. Edwin Hart Jenks, pastor of the First Presbyterian church. "People are building their homes more substantially than in years past, as if they intended to live in them. Anything which tends to help them beautify their homes and thus make their environment more beautiful and attractive cannot help but make them better citizens.

Society of Fine Arts President Is Named

MRS. LUTHER DRAKE

Mrs. Luther Drake was elected president of the Omaha Society of Fine Arts at the annual business meeting Thursday afternoon at Hotel Fontenelle.

Mrs. E. M. Morsman was chosen first vice president; Mrs. A. B. Currie, second vice president; Mrs. Roy Page, secretary; Mrs. C. C. George, treasurer; Mrs. Harry Tukey, membership chairman; Mrs. W. E. Martin, lecture committee; Mrs. Leonard Everett, exhibits; Mrs. E. M. Syfert, courtesies; Mrs. Henry Luberger, publicity; Mrs. Ed Megeath, house; Miss Edith Tobitt, auditing; Mesdames Ward Burgess, Z. T. Lindsey and W. H. Garrett, executive committee.

Mrs. Ward Burgess headed the organization for the last four years.

Drugs Are Found in Room of Kansas City Motorists

Arrest of two men and a woman, who gave their address as Kansas City, by detectives Thursday led to the discovery of $500 worth of drugs in a room at the Plaza hotel, together with a "loaded" hypodermic needle.

They gave their names as Paul W. Kelly, his wife, Mrs. Jessie Kelly, and a brother, Paul Kelly, and were driving a new car with Kansas City license tags.

The arrest was made at Sixteenth and Farnam streets, where the detectives observed the trio buying Kansas City papers. All are held for investigation.

Births and Deaths.

Births.

Louis and Rosie Dusek, 4510 South Twelfth street, girl.
George and Nora Davis, 1612 Chicago street, boy.
Andrew and Germania Kasel, 3621 Q street, boy.
Cirino and Rosa Scamporrino, 1122 South Seventh street, boy.
William and Catherine Harris, hospital, boy.
Joseph and Josephine Moore, 2254 Poppleton avenue, girl.
Edward and Ethel Micklewright, hospital, girl.
Leon and Marie Cherny, hospital, girl.
Ed and Amanda Rickers, hospital, girl.
William and Florrie McRae, 5139 Lake street, girl.
Benjamin and Mildred Linn, 2217 California street, boy.
Needham and Thedius Burnell, hospital, boy.
Emmanuel and Madalene Cook, hospital, boy.
Wallis and Martha Christiansen, hospital, girl.
James and Ruth George, hospital, boy.
Jacob and Clementine Hruby, 2225 South Twenty-fourth street, girl.
Charles and Beatrice Laster, hospital, girl.

Deaths.

Patrick Hammond, 60, 1816 Evans street.
Henry Sumner, 60, hospital.
Baby Lambson, infant, 206 Center street.
M. L. Van Arsdale, 72, hospital.
David Lewis Bradshaw, 43, hospital.
Pearl Stokes, 43, hospital.
John Williams, 63, 2123 Clark street.
Ely Pleasant, 45, 1520 Dodge street.
Emma Graham, 78, 4912½ South Twenty-fourth.
Elizabeth Margaret Wenger, 68, 2014 Sprague street.
Jennie Castle, 74, hospital.

Marriage Licenses.

The following couples were issued licenses to wed:

Jim Smith, 31, Omaha, and Willie May, 21, Omaha.
Matlock Britt, 26, Omaha, and Mozale Ryans, 21, Omaha.
Otto W. Nelson, over 21, Mondamon, Ia., and Alice B. Hammer, over 21, Mondamon, Ia.
Norman F. Hansen, over 21, Omaha, and Edna C. Bullis, over 21, Omaha.
Clarence J. Stewart, 18, Lincoln, Neb., and Mamie Short, 22, Lincoln, Neb.
Matthew Katinos, 24, Omaha, and Branislave Ginaicuite, 20, Omaha.
John V. Erixon, over 21, Omaha, and Mary Hagelin, over 21, Omaha.
Lonny Hill, 42, Omaha, and Florence Johnson, 30, Richmond, Mo.
Raymond Anderson, 25, Lyons, Neb., and Violet Hanson, 21, Oakland, Neb.
Byron C. Powers, 24, Omaha, and Anna M. Kaltenbach, 24, Buffalo, Wyo.

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.

Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Claude Wheeler, married to religious daughter of Jason Royce, Nebraska farmer, has built home on land given him by his father, Nat. Enid, Claude's wife, is in China where she went upon receiving a letter from her younger sister, Caroline, saying she was ill. Claude formerly attended small college in Lincoln, Neb. While there he made friends of Erlich family, a motherly widow and five sons. He also has as friends, living near him at home, Ernest Havel and Leonard Dawson. Leonard is married. Before his marriage to Enid Royce, Claude was much engrossed in study of German advance into Belgium. Upon Enid's sudden departure for China he again takes up his interest in the war just prior to sinking of Lusitania. Claude, during his wife's absence, lives with his mother. His father and younger brother, Ralph, are on their Colorado ranch. Claude and Ernest Havel have argued over prohibition, in which cause Claude's wife is active when at home. Ernest leaves in a huff. Later interest in the war draws them back together. On way to Frankfort from the ranch Claude picks up Gladys Farmer, high school girl friend of his wife. Claude would like to call on her but banishes the thought when he realizes it would cause talk in town. He leaves for Omaha to enter an officers' training camp.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

CHAPTER IX.

One bright June day Mr. Wheeler parked his car in a line of motors before the new pressed brick court house in Frankfort. The court house stood in an open square, surrounded by a grove of cottonwoods. The lawn was freshly cut, and the flower beds were blooming. When Mr. Wheeler entered the courtroom upstairs, it was already half full of farmers and townspeople, talking in low tones while the summer flies buzzed in and out of the open windows. The judge, a one-armed man, with white hair and side-whiskers, sat at his desk, writing with his left hand. He was an old settler in Frankfort county, but from his frock-coat and courtly manners you might have thought he had come from Kentucky yesterday instead of 30 years ago. He was to hear this morning a charge of disloyalty brought against two German farmers. One of the accused was August Yoeder, the Wheelers' nearest neighbor, and the other was Troilus Oberlies, a rich German from the northern part of the county.

Oberlies owned a beautiful farm and lived in a big white house set on a hill, with a fine orchard, rows of beehives, barns, granaries and poultry yards. He raised turkeys and tumbler-pigeons, and many geese and ducks swam about on his cattle ponds. He used to boast that he had six sons, "like our German emperor." His neighbors were proud of his place, and pointed it out to strangers. They told how Oberlies had come to Frankfort county a poor man, and had made his fortune by his industry and intelligence. He had twice crossed the ocean to re-visit his fatherland, and when he returned to his home on the prairies he brought presents for every one: his lawyer, his banker, and the merchants with whom he dealt in Frankfort and Viscount. Each of his neighbors had in his parlor some piece of woodcarving or weaving, or some ingenious mechanical toy that Oberlies had picked up in Germany. He was an older man than Yoeder, wore a short beard that was white and curly, like his hair, and though he was low in stature, his puffy red face and full blue eyes, and a certain swagger about his carriage, gave him a look of importance. He was boastful and quick-tempered, but until the war broke out in Europe nobody had ever had any trouble with him. Since then he had constantly found fault and complained—everything was better in the old country.

Mr. Wheeler had come to town prepared to lend Yoeder a hand if he needed one. They had worked adjoining fields for 30 years now. He was surprised that his neighbor had got into trouble. He was not a blusterer, like Oberlies, but a big, quiet man, with a serious, large-featured face, and a stern mouth that seldom opened. His countenance might have been cut out of red sandstone, it was so heavy and fixed. He and Oberlies sat on two wooden chairs outside the railing of the judge's desk.

Presently the judge stopped writing and said he would hear the charges against Troilus Oberlies. Several neighbors took the stand in succession; their complaints were confused and almost humorous. Oberlies had said the United States would be licked, and that would be a good thing: America was a great country, but it was run by fools, and to be governed by Germany was the best thing that could happen to it. The witness went on to say that since Oberlies had made his money in this country—

Here the judge interrupted him. "Please confine yourself to statements which you consider disloyal, made in your presence by the defendant." While the witness proceeded, the judge took off his glasses and laid them on the desk and began to polish the lenses with a silk handkerchief, trying them, and rubbing them again, as if he desired to see clearly.

A second witness had heard Oberlies say he hoped the German submarines would sink a few troopships; that would frighten the Americans and teach them to stay at home and mind their own business. A third complained that on Sunday afternoons the old man sat on his front porch and played "Die Wacht am Rhein" on a slide-trombone, to the great annoyance of his neighbors. Here Nat Wheeler slapped his knee with a loud guffaw, and a titter ran through the courtroom. The defendant's puffy cheeks seemed fashioned by his Maker to give voice to that piercing instrument.

When asked if he had anything to say to these charges, the old man rose, threw back his shoulders, and cast a defiant glance at the courtroom. "You may take my property and imprison me, but I explain nothing, and I take back nothing," he declared in a loud voice.

The judge regarded his inkwell with a smile. "You mistake the nature of this occasion, Mr. Oberlies. You are not asked to recant. You are merely asked to desist from further disloyal utterances, as much for your own protection and comfort as from consideration for the feelings of your neighbors. I will now hear the charges against Mr. Yoeder."

Mr. Yoeder, a witness declared, had said he hoped the United States would go to Hell, now that it had been bought over by England. When the witness had remarked to him that if the kaiser were shot it would end the war, Yoeder replied that charity begins at home, and he wished somebody would put a bullet in the president.

When he was called upon, Yoeder rose and stood like a rock before the judge. "I have nothing to say. The charges are true. I thought this was a country where a man could speak his mind."

"Yes, a man can speak his mind, but even here he must take the consequences. Sit down, please.' The judge leaned back in his chair, and looking at the two men in front of him, began with deliberation: "Mr. Oberlies, and Mr. Yoeder, you both know, and your friends and neighbors know, why you are here. You have not recognized the element of appropriateness, which must be regarded in nearly all the transactions of life; many of our civil laws are founded upon it. You have allowed a sentiment, noble in itself, to carry you away and lead you to make extravagant statements which I am confident neither of you mean. No man can demand that you cease from loving the country of your birth; but while you enjoy the benefits of this country, you should not defame its government to extol another. You both admit to utterances which I can only adjudge disloyal. I shall fine you each $300; a very light fine under the circumstances. If I should have occasion to fix a penalty a second time, it will be much more severe."

After the case was concluded, Mr. Wheeler joined his neighbors at the door and they went downstairs together.

"Well, what do you hear from Claude?" Mr. Yoeder asked.

"He's still at Fort R—. He expects to get home on leave before he sails. Gus, you'll have to lend me one of your boys to cultivate my corn. The weeds are getting away from me."

"Yes, you can have any of my boys—till the draft gets 'em," said Yoeder sourly.

"I wouldn't worry about it. A little military training is good for a boy. You fellows know that." Mr. Wheeler winked, and Yoeder's grim mouth twitched at one corner.

That evening at supper Mr. Wheeler gave his wife a full account of the court hearing, so that she could write it to Claude. Mrs. Wheeler, always more a school teacher than a housekeeper, wrote a rapid, easy hand, and her long letters to Claude reported all the neighborhood doings. Mr. Wheeler furnished much of the material for them. Like many long-married men he had fallen into the way of withholding neighborhood news from his wife. But since Claude went away he reported to her everything in which he thought the boy would be interested. As she laconically said in one of her letters: "Your father talks a great deal more at home than formerly, and sometimes I think he is trying to take your place."

(To Be Continued.)

Baby's Body Found.

Charles White, Union Pacific engineer living at 2404 Fontenelle boulevard, discovered the body of an infant, about 5 months old, in a box car. The body was wrapped in the evening edition of an Omaha newspaper dated April 24. It was in a carton which formerly contained cotton, in which also was found a face towel bearing a Paxton hotel label. The body was turned over to the Duffy & Johnson morgue.

Bee Want Ads produce results.

Our Children

By ANGELO PATRI.

The Big Brother.

Henry was 19 and his little brother was 6. Henry took a big brother's interest in his younger brother and tried to pass on the training and the admonitions that had been so generously bestowed on him. Little Ben was in need of them for his father spoiled him dreadfully.

He had been very strict with the other children. They had to obey on the instant. Their manners, their speech, their lessons were watched and sharply checked up if they were below the family standard.

When Ben came along all this was changed. He didn't pretend to obey. He stamped his feet and bade defiance to anyone who even suggested that he do something displeasing to his wishes. He left doors open or banged them, he scattered his belongings about him and refused to pick them up. He used whatever of the belongings of the others he chose. He made wild swipes all over Nell's new note book and played horse with Henry's beloved cane.

At the table he was at his worst eating with his fingers, refusing anything he didn't fancy and reaching about for what he thought might please him. When he licked the sugar off his buttered bread Henry attempted to correct him.

"You let him alone," thundered his father. "I'm here to correct him. You attend to yourself and that will give you plenty to do. You odght to be ashamed to pick on your little brother."

Henry was angry. He knew that he had not been picking on his little brother but that he had been trying to keep his little brother from becoming a nuisance to himself and to other people.

"Pick on him," he retorted, "why he doesn't give one a minute's peace. He's kicked me all through dinner. He has kicked the legs of the table until they are a sight. He ought to have on his slippers and he won't put them on. He's torn Nell's library and she'll have to account for it. He needs looking after and a lot of it."

Now the father was angry in his turn. "Never you mind what he does. I'll attend to him, not you."

If big brothers and sisters are not to feel responsible for the little ones the family feeling is not going to be very strong except in its antipathies.

There's a broad span between picking on a child and having a brotherly eye on him. The sense of brotherly dignity that comes through watching over the growth of a little brother is not to be lightly brushed aside. It means much to both boys.

"Whom we love we serve." Nothing holds a family together more firmly than the affection that grows out of this brotherly care. For parents to shut out this association is to cheat themselves and their children of a great happiness and much everyday comfort.

Butler's Ax Descends on Five Police Heads

Five heads at police headquarters fell yesterday afternoon, when Police Commissioner Butler's ax descended. The order takes effect May 1.

Those upon whom the instrument fell are Mrs. Jennie Areszzo, stenographer in the office of chief of police; Mrs. Catherine Cox, special investigator of the humane society and welfare board; Mrs. Margaret Ormsby, sister-in-law of Chief of Police Mike Dempsey, employed as policewoman; Tom Wiley, veteran telephone operator, and T. S. Barnett, superintendent of janitors.

Commissioner Butler stated that without retrenchment now he would have to lay off the entire department for a month at the end of the year to escape a deficit.

Bakule Chorus Will Be Welcomed by Children

Members of the Bakule chorus, which will sing in Omaha May 4 and 5, under the auspices of the Junior Red Cross, sang for President Harding at the White House while in Washington and presented to him a letter of greeting from President Masaryk. They also serenaded former President Wilson and were entertained at the home of Secretary Herbert Hoover.

A welcome for the chorus, in which Omaha school children will participate, is being planned here.

Spoonful for a Penny Brings Quick Relief

Prove splendid laxative properties of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin by test

A SCIENTIFIC test has now proven what Dr. Caldwell of Monticello asserted many years ago, that constipation will slow you up fully 25 per cent. The test was made by Dr. Donaldson of Loma Linda upon four men in the prime of life who deliberately went without a bowel movement for four days. Within 48 hours the men had coated tongue and foul breath, cankers in the mouth, no appetite, restless sleep, indigestion, headache, depression, nervousness, cramps. The blood pressure was up 28 per cent. It is just this that Dr. Caldwell has preached to his patients in private and to the public through the printed word ever since he began the practice of his specialty, diseases of the stomach and bowels, back in 1875.

After observing for years the satisfactory effect of his prescription for constipation, he placed it in drug stores in 1892, a simple vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics, now known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. That was 30 years ago, and today over 10 million bottles are bought annually, the largest selling family laxative in the world. You will find it in any drug store you enter, a generous-size bottle costing you less than a cent a dose.

ANY FAMILY MAY TRY IT FREE

Thousands of parents are asking themselves, "Where can I find a trustworthy laxative that anyone in the family can use when constipated?" I urge you to try Syrup Pepsin. I will gladly provide a liberal free sample bottle, not enough for an adequate test. Write me where to send it. Address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 515 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois. Do it now!

Every member of the family from the infants to the grandparents can use it with safety. It is gentle and mild. The formula is on the package. Mrs. Roy Cook of Bellefontaine, O., has been giving it to her 5-months old baby, who now weighs 19 pounds; and Mr. J. B. Dawson of Brinson, Ga., declares it the best laxative his family has ever found. Try a teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for constipation or any of its symptoms. The results will delight you. And the cost is only one cent a dose.

TAKE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN
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WHY PAY WAR PRICES?

KC KC

How Your Taxes May Be Reduced

HE who whacks a tax can count on a hearing from the taxpayers and a reasonable amount of newspaper publicity. The suggestion may start in a Cabinet meeting, in a Treasury Department statement, in a chance phrase of a press interview, but it percolates rapidly. Tho Chairman Smoot, of the Senate Finance Committee, deprecates any move to change the taxes at the next session of Congress, and the New York **Times** favors giving the present revenue law more time to find itself, many newspapers are inclined to think that the Senator is reckoning without his host. "Oh, there's going to be a merry time when the next Congress meets in December," gleefully exclaims a progressive Kansas paper, and an Ohio Democratic paper foresees "a bitter controversy over tax revision at the next session of Congress."

In THE LITERARY DIGEST this week, April 28th issue, new taxation suggestions that have been advanced are explained, comments on the proposals of various groups in and out of Congress are presented, and the probable effect upon the people of any change in present taxation plans is pointed out. Other striking news articles in this week's DIGEST are:

The President's World Peace
To Keep the Stars and Stripes Afloat
The Drift Cityward As a Price Lifter
Germany's Offer of the Olive Branch
(With Map Showing Rhineland Occupied by Allied Troops)
Cotton-Production Shifting
Taking the Indianism Out of the Indians
For and Against the "Black Mammy's" Monument
Topics of the Day
The Churches' Big Advance

Court as Political Dynamite
How Exercise Affects Our Hearts
Europe Astir Over the Red Killings
The War of the Peacemakers
Poisoning By Domestic Gas
Flowers With Sleeping-Sickness
"If Winter Comes" As a Play
Some Bright Red Communists—and Spy "K-97"
New York's Great New Baseball Stadium
"Joshing" Versus Business in Baseball

Many Interesting Illustrations

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