

Today

Shocking Bolshevism.
Beautiful Faith.
Great Praxiteles.
Preserved Microbes.
By ARTHUR BRISBANE

The Russian government is importing thousands of men from South America, a million and a half pounds in the first lot. The idea is to break the high price of meat and provide cheap food for the Russian people.

In the name of the holy vested rights and lofty financial morality, did you ever hear of anything but a thoroughly socialist, and a lecherous and lecherous that? Let us pray that no such idea of government may ever reach this happy land.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan gives an interview expressing great faith in Raymond T. Richey, revivalist and "healer by faith." Unable to move from her invalid chair, Mrs. Bryan goes long distances to hear this earnest man preach. And she feels much better already.

If her faith is strong enough she will be healed, says Mrs. Bryan. If not, "I will simply accept it as evidence that I do not believe strongly enough in God's power to cure."

The ordinary mind fails to understand why Divine omnipotence, able by mere effort of will to relieve misery and cure disease, should refrain, regardless of intervening revivalists, and of everything except the natural impulse to relieve pain and misery.

But what can a human insect on this earth understand of divinity? Nothing.

There is "money in art" when it really is art, and also other things more important than money.

Long ago, 1,800 years before Columbus sailed for America, Praxiteles, a Greek sculptor, was studying the still greater Phidias, dead before Praxiteles was born. Among other things Praxiteles made a statue of Hermes, Greek god, corresponding to the Egyptian Thoth, inventor of arts and science.

What Praxiteles got for that statue, from which the right arm is now missing, nobody knows—probably just enough money to continue making other statues.

You couldn't buy it now for 20 millions, or any price.

The Greek nation, in a friendly mood, thinks of sending that marvelous statue to the United States to inspire artists. It would inspire other things, and might lead to a study of Greek history, not by children that hate history, but by men that long to know it. That statue, as it travels through the United States, with the beautiful face that Praxiteles alone could make, would take Americans back to the days a century before Praxiteles, when Pericles was building Athens, engraving Phidias, the admirable pupil of his great master, the philosopher Anaxagoras.

Mayor Hylan of New York, anxious to build a magnificent art center for that rich city and opposed by the foolish, might deliver a lecture in New York, using the Greek statue, to remind the public that Pericles, who was to Athens what Mayor Hylan is to New York, was also attacked on the ground that he was spending too much on fine buildings.

Pericles, a plutocrat, although leader of the democratic party, did what Mayor Hylan couldn't do. He offered to pay for all the work himself, if they would allow no name but his own to appear on the buildings.

Don't fail to see Hermes if he comes, and don't be prejudiced by the fact that his relations with Venus were not in all respects regular. They didn't know as much about morals in those days as we know.

In laying old cornerstones it is customary to put in certain coins, great praise of the ruling monarch, some expression of religious faith. That was all.

The future will be enlightened when it digs up the cornerstone of a hotel-hospital just laid. That cornerstone contains films of moving pictures showing surgeons performing modern operations, also "glass-strained" specimens of germs that produce disease, and a collection of drugs now called "specifics" for certain diseases, with a list of diseases that we consider incurable.

Those preserved microbes will be especially valuable as curiosities, if they survive, a few thousand years from now. For in time disease germs will become extinct on this planet, as the dodo, the great auk and the mammoth have already become extinct. And those microbes, preserved, will be as precious to future scientists as are, to ours, those dinosaur eggs dug up in Asia.

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Stricken Minister's Condition Critical

Columbus, Neb., April 29.—Little hope is held out for the recovery of Rev. Lothan R. DeWolf of York, formerly in charge of the Methodist church here, who suffered a stroke of paralysis. Mr. DeWolf had been chosen as one of the nine Nebraska ministerial delegates to the quadrennial conference of the Methodist church, to be held at Springfield, Mass., during May. He and Mrs. DeWolf planned to make the trip east by automobile and had reached a point in Iowa when Rev. Mr. DeWolf complained of not feeling well. It was then decided to return to York, leave the car and make the trip by train. They reached York Friday evening and the next morning Mr. DeWolf suffered the stroke from which physicians are doubtful if he will ever recover.

Child Pneumonia Victim.

Catherine McGinnis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McGinnis, 4241 Mason street, died Monday afternoon at the home of pneumonia.

Funeral services will be held today at 2 p. m., at the home and at 2:30 p. m. at Holy Cross church.

MOTORIST GIVEN 30 DAYS IN JAIL

Joe Panderka, 517 Pierce street, who drove into a crowd before the Union station April 18, was sentenced to 30 days in jail in municipal court Tuesday.

Mrs. Ethel Paulson, 2226 Hurt street, who was injured, was the only one to appear against Panderka.

York College Entrant Wins Oratory Contest

York, Neb., April 29.—Lavi Laurman, York college representative won first place in the state extempore oratory contest held here. Mr. Hartman, representing Cotter college, was given second place, and Mr. Brunch of Hastings college third. The York man was awarded the N. I. A. P. gold medal. Speakers received their subjects 10 minutes before speaking began.

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

With a cordial invitation from little Mrs. Bird to repeat our visit to her, Dicky and I drove reluctantly

away from her charming old home. She had pressed us to stay to luncheon, and I think Dicky would have enjoyed going on for his artist soul was feasted by the view of the place and its setting. But I was anxious to see Mrs. Durkee and to give courtesy plenty of time for a hasty drive home, so we left her standing on the veranda and made our way to the picturesque road which connects Flushing and Jamaica.

The Durkee home, stopping only at a country greenhouse where Dicky bought great clusters of sweet peas—lavender and pink—and wonderfully tinted tulips for Mrs. Durkee and Laila.

"Her stiffness" ought to like these," he said as the man wrapped them up, and in his voice was the tender indulgence we all accord to the little woman of whom we are so fond. "I wonder if she's well enough to come to the door. It won't seem like going there if she doesn't greet us with that cooing. Well, look who's here!"

But when I had stopped my car at the veranda and Dicky had helped me out, there was no suddenly thrown open door, no lifting call of welcome. Oddly dispirited, we walked up the steps and in answer to Dicky's pull

of the bell, the door opened after a minute to disclose a very tall and swarthy black woman who looked severely at us as if challenging our right to come to the front door of the house.

"Is Mrs. Durkee at home?" I stammered, so surprised at the sudden apparition that for the second I was tongue-tied. Mrs. Durkee with a maid who had so often declaimed against their tyrant, and loudly asserted that she would not have one in the house.

"I will see," the woman returned in an even, colorless voice.

She extended a hand to the left of her and brought out a silver card tray which I recognized as one of Mrs. Durkee's prized possessions, but which Dicky and I, with our intimate footing in the house, never have used. Still confused, I began to open my bag in search of a card, when Dicky nudged me significantly.

I glanced up at him to see his eyes dancing with mischief, behind which there lurked the obstinate an unwarranted assumption of dignity or authority always excites in him. That he did not object to the request of the woman for our cards, I well knew, but her stern, disapproving manner roused the little mocking devil which always lurks in his subconsciousness. "Do you have to pay to get in here,

you?" he asked with a mock and vainglorious air. "Well here, put those in your bank."

He drew forth some change in his pocket, selected three pennies and a nickel and deposited them in the tray.

"I generally get my wife in for half fare, she's on child-like," he explained gravely, while the maid stared at him as if he were an escaped lunatic, and then with a sudden spark in her amber eyes, she declared:

"Mrs. Durkee, she don't see no peddlers," and I am still wondering, as is Dicky, whether she really believed her classification of us or whether she saw through his ruse, and answered him in kind, but she put her hand upon the door and swung it back toward us.

Dicky grinned broadly, even while with a deft trick worthy of the profession named by the maid, he put his foot against the door.

"But I'm her favorite bootlegger," he asserted with a serious face.

ASK FOR AND GET SKINNER'S THE SUPERIOR SPAGHETTI

"That'll see me when she knows what I have in the car for her."

From the hall behind the maid a familiar voice sounded—Katherine's. "My word!" she exclaimed. "Midge and Dicky. What are you standing there for? Come in."

There was a little cry of delight as genuine as that of a child from an upstairs room, and Mrs. Durkee's

welcome floated down the stairway. "Sturry up here, both of you. I've been dying to see you."

The maid stepped back, her face looking curiously sufficed and awestruck upon the door again. Then with head high she stalked back to the kitchen, and as she went she kept up a sullen mumble.

"Yuck!" we heard as she expirative

end of a sentence, then in still more expirative accents: "Bootlegger!" and her last utterance made Dicky and me look at each other in complete bewilderment.

"And me, Holloman!"

Yuck—C. A. Peterson returned from Burbank, Cal., with H. Miller, who forms charges here.

THE BRANDEIS STORE

Wednesday—A Rare Tre at for Women and Misses



Just 250 Beautiful Imported Frocks

Made in France
Chic and Picquantly Pretty Frocks
of Linen, Voile, Cotton Fleure, Ratine
Many Models Daintily Trimmed in Drawn Work
Many of These Dresses Are Worth More Than Double the Sale Price

While They Last:

Misses' Sizes 14 to 18 **18⁷⁵** Women's Sizes 36 to 46

Maize, Copen, White, Rose, Apricot, Pink, Poudre Blue, Corn Flower, Nile Green
And Many Lovely and Harmonious Combinations

Straight lines predominate—and there are models with and without belt with elbow sleeves; necklines show the Jenny, square and collared treatments. Distinctively new, charming and beautiful.

Tucks, embroideries, laces and hand drawnwork are used to trim them. Also some pretty models in beaded crepes in styles for afternoon wear.

Also 175 Frocks From Our Regular Stock
Better frocks fashioned of newest summery fabrics in every colorful shade make up this charming selection. Sold all season up to 29.75.

Wednesday, 18.75
The Brandeis Store—Second Floor—West

THE BRANDEIS STORE

In the Second Week of Our Million Dollar Sale of Home Needs

Wednesday Furniture Specials

225.00 Bedroom Suite 149.50 7.00 Army Cot 3.49

Four perfectly matched pieces, 48-inch dresser, full size vanity, roomy chiffonette, and a beautiful bed-end bed. Finished in the dark American Walnut.



22.50 Felt Mattress 15.00

Contains 50 lbs. of selected layer cotton felt made up in a high grade ticking with four extra rows of side stitching.



These cots have been re-made and re-painted in the gray enamel and will give you years of service. Originally priced at 7.00. While quantity lasts, very special value.

75c Camp Stool

A hard maple frame wedged in top. Limit of two to a customer.

39c

16.50 Steel Spring 10.00

Double deck steel coil spring made of heavy gauge wire, finished in French gray enamel. Has the hinged-locked top that holds it permanently in place. Regular sizes.

Home Needs Sale of Curtainings

Make Your Selections During This Exceptional Sale
Beautiful Filets - Nets - Laces

Thousands of yards of attractive curtainings offered during this sale at unusual prices. Fine quality filets, imported laces and casement nets, cream or ecru. Specially priced for this selling.

36-Inch Cretonnes Per Yard 75c, 85c, 98c

New decorative cretonnes in a variety of patterns. Ideal for draperies and furniture coverings.

1.50 values, per yard, 98c

1.75 values, per yard, 1.19

2.50 values, per yard, 1.69

Widths from 40 to 72 ins.
The Brandeis Store—Sixth Floor

40-In. Kapock Silk Yard 2.95

Beautiful for draperies, of striped and brocade effects in varied colorings and patterns.

Wednesday - Attractive Oriental Rugs

Daily throughout the week's sale of Home Needs, the Rug Department makes special prices upon its merchandise. You will find it extremely worth while to visit this section.

Imperial Kermanshah Rugs Priced 1/3 Off

An unusually large purchase from the manufacturer enables us to offer these genuine Kermanshah Rugs at a fraction of their value. It is a large assortment of discontinued patterns, in beautiful and varied colorings. All are perfect rugs.

75.00 Kermanshah Rugs 49.95
The Brandeis Store—Sixth Floor

8.50 27x54 Kermanshah Rugs 6.50

In beautiful and rich colorings, these are ideal for throw, couch or floor.

Broad Carpets 9 feet wide; can be cut for any length rug, sq. yd., 6.95

Here Is Your Opportunity to Own an Electric Washing Machine

A Voss Copper or Wood Tub Floto-Plans Washer at Terms So Low That the Washer Actually Pays Its Own Way

This Week Only **1.50** Down 1.50 a Week

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR HOW SHE LIKES HER VOSS

Comparing this machine with competitive machines of this type means a saving to you from 20.00 to 30.00.

Washers Are Safe Quiet Strong Easy to Operate Inexpensive to Run

Copper Tub 90.00
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Washing Machine Dept.—Fifth Floor