

Today

Frightened Flies.
The Bonus O. K.
Governor Silzer, Dark Horse.
The Hop to Asia.
By ARTHUR BRISBANE

Yesterday Wall street had its lowest day in nine months. Gentlemen down there are trying to frighten themselves. French and Belgian francs dropped rather severely, and that disturbed speculators.

Two pessimistic Americans talking to each other remind you of a couple of flies in the subway spending their lives where money is piled up. One buzzes, "I don't like the financial outlook."

"Yes, it's very serious, and we are beginning a presidential campaign; that's always very bad for business." They may frighten themselves, but there is nothing to frighten them.

The president's veto is overridden, and the soldiers will get their bonus money.

This means a few more millions every year put into circulation, promoting business and prosperity. Some that hate paying taxes will grieve. And for the extra dollar that they may pay in taxes they will make two extra dollars in the regular course of business.

The bonus question now out of the way, will be forgotten by election day. One that fought with them and knows American soldiers well, says "they are good sports, and don't bear malice. Having got what they are after, they will say 'perhaps Coolidge will veto something else that really would be bad for the national pocketbook,' and then forget all about it."

Ninety per cent of the politicians say McAdoo and Al Smith will kill each other off and a dark horse will get it. Some believe that Ralston of Indiana will be the man, but others say "no, he's older than General Pershing, who retires for age, that would bar him."

Those seeking the identity of the probable dark horse should devote attention to Governor Silzer of New Jersey. He has back of him, led by Mayor Hague, one of the most powerful political organizations in the country.

And, what is more important, he has an excellent official record, having given his state an administration honest, efficient and constructive. Include him in your predictions if you want to cover the political probabilities.

American fliers, after a 510-mile "hop," land on the Japanese island of Yatorofu, politely greeted by the crews of two warships, one Japanese, one American.

It's now plain that flying machines can be used between Asia and the United States, as little Tartar ponies were used in Asia and western Europe in the days of Atilla.

President Coolidge is the man most interested in that "hop" from Asia to the United States. It is his business to provide flying machines that will prevent any hostile hopping from Asia to the United States.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who takes public affairs seriously, is wrought up about the McNary-Haugen farm bill, which would compel the United States to interest itself in the welfare of farmers and finance co-operative bargaining in their behalf.

Mr. Curtis prints a cartoon showing the farmer, labeled "farm bloc," holding sharp pitchfork against the stomach of a gentleman labeled "congress" holding the key to the treasury in his hand. "Gimmie" is the word above the cartoon.

Perhaps Mr. Curtis will show now a picture of another "bloc," the railroad-financial bloc from Wall street, holding a gun to the head of Uncle Sam and picking his pockets without any "gimmie" or other waste of words.

It's the Wall street bloc, not the farm bloc, that worries the citizens.

The Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa opposes prohibition, saying: "Wine is a gift of God which no one should desecrate."

That church takes seriously the Bible statement that the founder of Christianity, by a miracle turned water into wine, to make a wedding more cheerful. Some American preachers say the wine thus produced was nonalcoholic. But is it likely that wedding guests would have considered that a miracle worth while?

The Mexican government yesterday completed a contract to buy 51 locomotives from the Baldwin Locomotive works. That's the way for neighboring nations to spend their money. It's a comfortable improvement on borrowing from your neighbor and then spending the borrowed money for guns and poison gas to shoot or choke him later on.

Warm Weather and Rain Needed for Corn Crop
Beatrice, Neb., May 20.—Farmers state that warm weather with plenty of rain is needed in this section of the state for crops. Because of the cool, backward weather, vegetation has made little progress, and in some localities corn has to be replanted because of dry rot.

Winslow, Neb., May 20.—Farmers around Winslow are working hard to get their corn planted. The season has been so cold and damp that little has been done in the fields.

War Veteran to Bury Body of Brother
Adolph Leavy, whom he visited last February for the first time in 50 years, brought to Columbus for burial, have been made by L. H. Leavy, local business man. William Leavy died at his home at Atlantic Beach, Fla., at the age of 80. He was a veteran of the civil war. He was owner and manager of hotels in several New England cities before he established his home at Atlantic Beach 12 years ago.

Eighty Firemen Injured in Two New York Blazes

Old Coney Island Pier Goes Up in Flames—Fire Discovered by Watchman's Dog.

By International News Service.
New York, May 20.—Eighty firemen were injured, most of them overcome by smoke, in fighting two fires early today. One of the fires was on the Battery water front and destroyed one of the oldest piers in the city.

Two firemen were overcome by smoke and two others collapsed from exhaustion while fighting this blaze. Firemen responding to the water front fire were worn out after fighting a stubborn blaze on lower Broadway, in which 75 firemen were injured or overcome by smoke.

The destroyed pier was known as the "old Coney Island pier." The blaze was discovered by an Rivedale dog whose whining and barking attracted a watchman's attention to flames shooting out of the windows.

Press Operator, Learns of Death of His Uncle in Taking News Report

Fremont, Neb., May 20.—James E. Holmes, press operator and former captain in the A. E. F., had the unusual experience of copying a dispatch that brought him the first news of the death of his uncle, Justice James H. Cartwright, of the Illinois supreme court.

Justice Cartwright died Sunday afternoon, Monday morning, shortly after coming to work. Holmes recorded the story that told him of his relative's decease.

Justice Cartwright served on the supreme bench for 28 years in Illinois, Holmes stated. The late jurist at one time was the owner of a string of thoroughbred horses, among them being the famous "Lou Dillon" and "Citation."

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Eager Question That Leila Asked
My eyes ran quickly, furtively, from one to the other of our little group, wondering if they had seen what I had—the shadow upon Leila Durkee's face as her mother-in-law planned the buying of new clothes for her southern trip and the elder woman's realization of the younger's reaction to her projected expenditure.

Dicky and Edith Fairfax had not noticed anything amiss. Dicky was gazing out of the window near which he was seated and Edith was looking at him. I caught that in my quick survey of the room, and remembered that in her half-hysterical expression of remorse to me for her folly in the past years, there had been no assurance that her feeling for Dicky was dead.

I had neither time nor inclination however, for conjecture on this point just now, but woman-like, I tucked it away for safekeeping even as my eyes came to Katherine's face and read in it not only a comprehension of the situation, but real anxiety as she watched her patient.

For little Mrs. Durkee's reaction to the knowledge which had descended so suddenly upon her was pitiful. One hand went to her throat, as if she were choking, and the other beat at the air futilely. Katherine moved toward her swiftly, but she waved her back.

"Oh, oh," she moaned softly. "What a selfish old thing I am." Leila sprang to her side, alarm and the real affection, which is hers for her mother-in-law, showing in her delicate face.

"Mother, dear," she entreated. "What is it?" A little gleam of resentment came into Mrs. Durkee's eyes. She had realized her own thoughtless selfishness, but she was not yet prepared to forgive her son's wife for her unconscious betrayal of the uneasiness which had enlightened the older woman.

"Don't touch me," she said sharply. "I shall be all right in a minute. And you needn't worry, I've come to my senses and realized things. I shan't spend a cent on new clothes."

"Oh, Mother," Leila's cry betrayed the astounded hurt which was hers. "I haven't said—"

"You don't need to say things," her mother-in-law retorted decidedly, and I felt my sympathies fast shifting from the older woman to the younger. "Just the look on your face was enough for me. But I deserve it! I never thought of all the expense Alfred has been put to and will be later on. There's an easy way out, however. I don't need to go south. Then I won't need new clothes."

It was plain to all of us this time that "Her Fluffiness," usually the kindest and mildest of women, was enjoying her own martyrdom and ill-temper immensely. But it was anything but sport for the rest of us watching Leila's face turn from red to white, and her futile attempt to keep the tears back. I saw Edith Fairfax's face harden and knew that only by the most heroic restraint was she keeping from angry speech. Katherine and I exchanged quick glances and she spoke decisively.

"All this is beside the point. My patient is getting disturbed and that is very bad for her. Dr. Braithwaite would be extremely angry at me if he knew this. So I am going to clear all of you out of here for a few minutes. Perhaps I'll let you come back later if you're good. So—"

She gestured smilingly toward the door and we all hurried to obey her. As we went Mrs. Durkee murmured fretfully: "Not Madge. I want Madge to stay."

"Not even Madge for a few minutes!" Katherine returned inexorably, and I rejoiced in her answer as I followed the rest out of the room. If any one could reduce the little woman to reason it was Katherine.

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Edith was talking softly to her sister and whatever she said evidently was efficacious in restoring the other girl's mental poise, for it was but a little while before Leila's sobbing ceased and she began to talk softly in her turn. And then, as it were something that had long been on her mind but temporarily forgotten, she lifted Edith's hand gazing at the ring finger and asked softly: "Have you no news for me, Edie?"

When I reached the library downstairs I found Leila weeping softly on Edith's shoulder, while Dicky, with his back to them, stood looking out of the window, his hands in his pockets and his whole manner expressing masculine impotence in the face of problems purely feminine.

Chick With Four Legs.

Pawnee City, Neb., May 20.—Elmer Hecht, living southwest of DuBois, is exhibiting a chicken with four legs. It lived about two days after it was hatched.

is exhibiting a chicken with four legs.

It lived about two days after it was hatched.

THE BRANDEIS STORE

Continuing Our Great Purchase Sale of Atlas Wall Paper



A large selection left from our big purchase sale and many patterns from our regular stock. Papers for every room in the house to be closed out in two low-price lots.

Lot 1 Per Roll 7 1/2c
Consisting of:
18c Plain Oatmeal Papers—30 inches wide, in all shades.
Beautiful Bedroom Papers—In chintz designs, satin stripes and floral effects.
19c Dining Room and Parlor Papers—In two-tones, gilt stripes, and other designs.
Kitchen and Bathroom Papers—Block designs, granites and all-over effects.

Lot 2 Per Roll 17c
Consisting of:
30-inch Oatmeal Blends.
35c Bedroom Papers on embossed stock.
39c Tapestries, Grass Cloths, and Two-Tones for living room, dining room and hall.
Varnished Tile Paper for kitchen and bathroom.

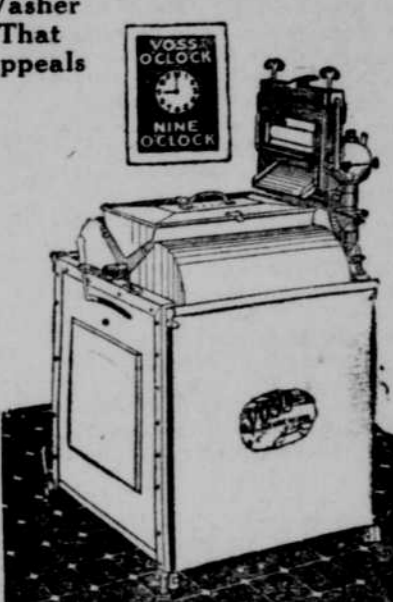
These Papers Sold With Borders and Bands to Match
We Furnish Reliable Paper Hangers
The Brandeis Store—Fifth Floor

Another Exceptional Offer

VOSS SEA WAVE WASHER

The Oscillator With the Sea Wave Action

Only 2.50 Down
The Washer That Appeals



Balance at Your Convenience
Here is a way to escape the drudgery of wash day. The Sea Wave is reduced in price to meet the present thrift conditions. You can pay for a Voss without any difficulty. We invite comparison in construction, quality and price, which is 1.3000

Washing Machine Department—Fifth Floor.



HEINZ PURE MALT VINEGAR

The difference in cost between good vinegar and ordinary vinegar is just a few cents. But this difference may mean the difference between a successful salad and a poor one. It pays to use Heinz Vinegars which are made of the purest ingredients and with the greatest skill and care, then aged in wood to give them mellowness, flavor and aroma.

HEINZ PURE Vinegars

Insist on

"PHILLIPS" MILK OF MAGNESIA

PROTECT Your Doctor and Yourself

SAY "PHILLIPS" to your druggist, or you may not get the original Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years. Refuse imitations of genuine "Phillips"

25-cent bottles, also larger size, contain directions and uses.

WHERE ELSE CAN YOU GET SANDWALL'S QUALITY and SUCH LOW PRICES

Reductions Amazing Thrilling

Every Article in Our Stock Priced to SELL QUICK

New Specials Every Day

Gentleman's Watch, White Gold Elgin Movement \$12.75

Graduation Gift Headquarters SANDWALL'S 308 S. 15th, Between Farnam and Harney \$23.50

Special Reductions on Wrist Watches

All Week

Thousands of People use LEO'S MALT PRODUCT



It is pure and wholesome. As a Spring and Summer tonic, this excellent product is unsurpassed.

During the past eight years, the demand for this particular brand has increased steadily. It is especially adapted for home use when baking bread or pastries, and when making candies or malted milk drinks. TRY IT—you will be highly pleased with its fine quality and flavor.

A perfectly balanced formula and modern manufacturing facilities are responsible for the uniform goodness of Leo's Diamond Brand Malt Product

Most dealers have Leo's Malt Product in stock. However, if your dealer does not carry it, ask him to get a supply from a nearby jobber.

Send postal for free Folder containing numerous excellent recipes for use with Leo's Diamond Brand Malt Product.

Liquid Malted Milk Co.

Manufacturers
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

The odds are 4 to 1 in Pyorrhea's favor

Don't gamble with Pyorrhea. Four persons out of every five past 40, and thousands younger, are its victims. Heed Nature's warning—bleeding gums. Brush your teeth with Forhan's to keep the gums firm, the teeth white and the mouth healthy. Pleasing to the taste.

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea
35c and 60c in tubes

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS



Specialist in DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
DENTAL PROFESSION

Tuberculosis

Miraculous Results Are Testified to By Tubercular Sufferers Who Have Used the "Haelan" Treatment at Home.

Dr. E. M. Davis, a prominent Denver physician says: "I have personally treated a large number of tubercular cases with Haelan. Cases of the chronic type where a continual loss of weight had been recorded responded by a gradual gain in weight, a cessation of coughing, stimulation of the blood stream, renewed vigor and stamina, restored appetite, a ruddy complexion, warm hands and feet, clear eyes and a general robustness of constitution which surprised most of all the patients themselves. Similar reports from tubercular patients throughout America have convinced us that pulmonary tuberculosis can be over-

come with "HAELAN" without leaving the home and without the inconvenience and enormous expense of traveling to distant climates. "Haelan" is the public enemy of every woman's weight. It is a GUARANTEE TO PRODUCE SATISFACTORY RESULTS, or its full purchase price will be refunded. This guarantee is backed by a deposit of \$1000 in a large Denver bank. Full particulars, testimonials, prices and a book on "The Modern Treatment of Tuberculosis" will be mailed free on request. Write today. The General Brandeis Co., Dept. R. 4, Loan Building, Denver, Colo.