

FIRST ANNIVERSARY SALE.

Just a little over a year ago we became a corporation and the success of the change has been so gratifying in every respect we feel justified in celebrating the anniversary of its advent; celebrating it in a substantial fashion, in a way that will interest you and make it worth your while to participate. We have inaugurated our

First Anniversary Sale

to begin on

Monday Morning, June 3

- Dark and medium prints, per yard..... 2½c
- Light and medium percales, worth 9 and 10c, sale price, per yard..... 5c
- Lawn and percale wrappers, broken line of sizes, several styles, all new, worth to \$2.50, in one lot, this sale, each..... 97c
- All our 20 and 25c linen huck towels, hemmed colored borders, large size, each..... 13c
- Lawns and dimities, 27 inches wide, worth 5 and 7c, in one lot for this sale, per yard..... 2c
- Men's 25c silk Teck and club ties, a great variety of styles in spring and summer effects, this sale, each..... 15c
- Women's lace trimmed summer vests, this sale, each..... 12½c
- Women's cotton hose, double heel and toe, this sale, a pair..... 7c

There are hundreds of such values awaiting your coming MONDAY

See the Special Price Circular.

A. Herpolsheimer Co

LINCOLN, NEBR.

Tolstoy's Theory of Art.

The prize essay in the Century's competition for college graduates of 1899 is printed in the June number of the magazine. The author is John Albert Macy, A. B., Harvard University, and the title of his paper is "Tolstoy's Moral Theory of Art."

The large task he sets himself is to prevent art from wandering out of the road of good healthy life into the quagmire of moral stagnation. Thus it is in the field of ethics that the main part of Tolstoy's discussion really lies. The book is a sermon on art, in the course of which many of the deepest problems of ethics are touched upon or treated at length.

Now, a sermon should appeal to our emotions, and should stimulate us to richer and loftier purpose. Viewed in this aspect, Tolstoy's book is hardly successful. Instead of the power that wins and persuades, Tolstoy's strength in many parts of this work takes the form of mere violence. One is reminded that the author is old. Lecturing from the mount of threescore and ten, he has none of the errors of young theorists, nor at the same time has he the enthusiasm of youth, which often atones splendidly for error; he shows rather

the irascibility of old age than its tempered wisdom. Though he has a great height from which to view the world, his eyes are bad; and for all the contagion of good will and brotherly love which he preaches, his own heart is not warm enough to make us forget in the fervor of his belief the fallacies contained in it. Neither the truth nor the error of his teaching stir us very deeply. The reaction of his doctrines is cold, and the very incitement to better things which he preaches as the great glory of true art fails to beat in the blood. This failing, almost pathetic to one who has felt the astonishing power of Tolstoy's earlier writings, would not be so noticeable were it not the very shortcoming for which he condemns what we call art. In "What is art?" the genius, though still wonderful, is broken and scattered, not masterful like the genius of the great artist who in time of supreme intellectual vigor gave us "Anna Karenina." The power of the man holds our interest, but does not bring us irresistibly to his conclusions. The thought comes to us many times in reading the book that Tolstoy has outlived his power. Where he should command and inspire, he irritates the reader or leaves him cold, and the sermon fails.

BRIEF CHAPTERS.

BY FLORA BULLOCK.
For The Courier

Come, let us go to early mass this morning. It is not long till the bell will rouse the household, and out of doors there is no one but the birds and the great calm sun. I will show you the way to my hill where you may stand and touch the skies and view the tops of trees.

It is a Sabbath morning of liquid sunshine that flows and swells around you, bearing to your ears the anthems of a choir invisible; dimly you hear it through all the love songs of birds. These are of the earth, earthy, compared with the celestial harmonies that softly breathe around you, vibrating the cords of the soul in sympathy. We must be silent. This song never rises above a babbling of tongues. Let worldly cares and fears fall from you. Then stand and gaze and hear and feel, and you shall know the peace of God.

The white dew glorifies even that coarse mullen leaf. They have plowed the unbeautiful potato-field, and the smell of the earth is sweet. The ugliest of rivers gleams in the sunlight. Nothing is amiss. Even the mother pig and her family, cuddled in their pen under the low locust tree, still sleeping in their sloth, seem not unworthy of the morning. Can it be, though, that in all the wide world of those who sleep through dewy hours, there is one soul that would not respond in this early service of worship more than that grunting creature? Why sleep away such golden moments?

We need not "go to church" today. This hillside is our sanctuary. Let the preacher close his book and drive his people out of doors. Under the sky is found a deeper peace than all his prayers can give. His choir, bedecked in gorgeous raiment, will not satisfy the ears that have listened to this morning anthem. And what bond of brotherhood is stronger and sweeter to acknowledge than the bond of those who have stood in silence and listened together out on the hillside? I know that God is good. Do you? Ay, and we are brothers. Out in the stillness and beauty of this May morning we may look into His face as the pagans of old. No church in the world, no rites and ceremonies, no human eloquence or surpliced choir can arouse in us the exaltation of spirit of this morning hour.

Breakfast bell, and our little world again.

To one member, at least, of the A.O.U. W. who visited Nebraska City the leafy splendor of the place was a feast of delight. He came from the far northwest where trees do not grow and blue-grass is a dream. The man could not conceal his childish delight and rapture at all that he saw of the wonderful green glory. He would stand and gaze at the trees, and go around and examine them as if they were curiosities. How barren his sand hills must seem to him now!

Will it ever be changed out there? The forestry expedition of the summer should be watched with interest by every Nebraskan, as they go on their way into our desert land. The old ranchers, the men of the sand hills laugh at the idea of trees; the scientists who are starting on the long investigation have misgivings, but they will search out the mystery. Think of this—that there are trees growing in that region that were planted twenty years ago and are now four feet high! If the scientific fellows fail to discover the remedy for the unhappy condition I have a plan to propose. Let our Honorable Jay Sterling Morton be sent to tramp over the barren hills. The trees will spring up under his very shoe-soles and rise to salute him as he goes. (I hope the government will not get hold

of this suggestion until the party of scientists have done their work and received their pay).

And now for the sweet girl graduate. How much sacrifice and toil of saintly mothers is represented in those tucked and ruffled gowns? This you do not know until you are past the sweet girl graduate age.

"I remember," said the dignified lady. "what a time we had in college over our graduating gowns. At first we had a beautiful idea, as we thought. The dresses should be alike, of white albatross embroidered with yellow wheat-sheaves—our class emblem. The magnificence of the scheme impressed us, but appalled the principal, who called us in and said, 'My dear young ladies,' and insisted it would never do to start such a plan. So we meditated, and the result was the calico plan. This was not in revenge, at all, but was adopted as 'real cute and so simple.' Again the principal summoned us and told us we would look like 'unsophisticated girls'—I remember her very tone of voice,—and that impressed us. So again we meditated, not very serenely, and then we sent for yards and yards of silk of eighteen different shades. I verily believe there were no two dresses of the same color. I look like a fright in pink, but pink I wore that night; a lady who is famous now, whose complexion is like a half-ripe pumpkin, was glorious in sky-blue silk. One girl insisted on black, as being useful afterwards. Then there was green and yellow and blue, and I don't know what else. It was gorgeous. When I walked forth to unburden my soul there was just one inconsequential thought that ran in my mind. It was a street car doggerel something like this:

'A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
A blue trip slip for a five-cent fare:
Punch, brother, punch, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenger.'

How relieved I was when I got started on the right track without saying 'violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange red.'

The Doctors Have Extended Their Time.

Owing to the vast numbers who have been unable to see the British Doctors, These Eminent Gentlemen Have Extended the Time for Giving Their Services Free, to All Who Call Before July 10th.

Owing to the large number of invalids who have called upon the British Doctors at their office, corner of Eleventh and N streets, Sheldon block, and have been unable to see them, these eminent gentlemen have, by request, consented to continue giving their services free for three months (medicines excepted) to all invalids who call before July 10th. These services consist not only of consultation, examination and advice, but also of all minor surgical operations.

The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and permanently acquainted with the sick and afflicted, and under no condition will any charge whatever be made for any services rendered for three months to all who call before July 10th.

The doctors treat all forms of disease and deformities, and guarantee a cure in every case they undertake. At the first interview a thorough examination is made; and, if incurable, you are frankly and kindly told so; also advised against spending your money for useless treatment.

Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture, goitre, cancer, all skin diseases and all diseases of the rectum are positively cured by their new treatment.

The chief consulting surgeon of the Institute is in personal charge.

Office hours from 9 a. m. till 8 p. m.

No Sunday hours.

Special Notice—If you cannot call send stamp for question blank for home treatment.