

### Increase of One Per Cent in Wheat Acreage Reported

#### Condition of Winter Grains in Europe and North Africa Generally Satisfactory—Harvesting in India.

Washington, March 26.—An increase of 1 per cent in the winter wheat acreage this year, reported to date for 15 countries which last year had 60 per cent of the total world's wheat area, both winter and spring, is announced by the Department of Agriculture.

The total area is reported as 127,655,000 acres, compared with 126,712,000 acres last year. Reports for Germany, Austria, Hungary and Yugoslavia are not included, but decreases in those countries are indicated.

Condition of winter grains in Europe and North Africa are reported generally satisfactory. In India the crop is being harvested and the outlook is favorable. While production there has not been officially estimated, commercial forecasts indicate production will be at least equal to last year, which was 366,000,000 bushels. Exports from this year's Indian crop probably will be larger than last year, as India now has on hand the usual reserves, whereas at the beginning of last year the reserves were much depleted.

Argentina's exportable surplus of wheat this year is placed at 127,330,000 bushels by the latest estimates and its crop at 194,078,000 bushels. The exportable surplus is 12 per cent less than last year. New Zealand's preliminary official estimate of wheat production is announced as 8,500,000 bushels, which is 2,100,000 bushels less than last year.

#### Actors Furnish Music

at Mrs. Holton's Funeral  
Funeral services for Mrs. Nellie Holton, actress, who died last Friday at the home of Mrs. G. M. Russell, 2823 Dewey avenue, were held yesterday in the chapel of the Hoffman Funeral home. Many actresses and actors attended. New Zealand's "Face to Face." Rev. Mr. McGinley of Trinity cathedral officiated.

Mrs. Cassie Holton Dennis, daughter of Mrs. Holton, was the only relative present.

Pallbearers were selected from the members of the actors' exchange. Burial was in West Lawn cemetery.

#### Funeral Services Held for J. M. Gaynor, Dancing Master

Many friends gathered at St. Anne church, Twenty-fourth street and Poppleton avenue, yesterday morning to pay last respects to the memory of John M. Gaynor, old-time dancing master, who died in St. Joseph hospital Saturday morning.

Low mass was celebrated by Rev. Michael Stagno.

Active pallbearers were V. P. Chioda, Peter Procopio, J. A. Grandentini, Edward I. O'Neill, J. C. McKay and M. Anderson.

Burial was in Holy Sepulcher cemetery.

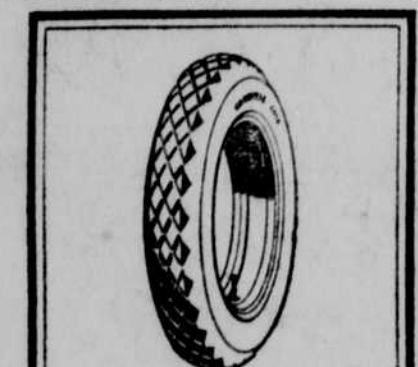
#### Births and Deaths.

**Births.**  
Frank and Susan Karnes, 1709 1/2 Missouri avenue, boy.  
Walter and Flossie Phillips, 1515 Cass street, girl.  
William and Blanche Buttery, 8812 North Twenty-seventh street, boy.  
Russell and Emma Wilson, 4311 Cass street, boy.  
Peter and Josephine Palmesano, 631 William street, girl.

**Deaths.**  
Mrs. Olga Willers, 62 hospital.  
John Gaynor, 68 hospital.  
Marlin H. Hogan, 44, 4156 K street.  
Margaret Maher Leary, 44, 1182 South Thirty-first street.  
George Kennedy, 24, Omaha, Neb.  
Ruth Lorraine Jensen, 1, 959 South Fiftieth street.  
Mrs. Emma Egan, 82, 1417 Burdette street.  
Krisina Graszborg, 62 hospital.  
Edward Lee, 22 hospital.  
Joseph Emil Busch, 67, 411 North Twentieth street.  
Mrs. Nellie Holter, 28 hospital.  
John James Ingram, 72, 4225 South Eighteenth street.  
Anna Marie Aiter, infant, Fifty-third and R streets.  
William George Green, infant, Ralston, Neb.  
Roseland Wilson, infant, 2113 1/2 South Twenty-fourth street.  
Frank Zimund, 46, 2124 V street.  
Joseph M. Thomas, 49, 2320 N street.  
Frank Pliny, 46 hospital.

#### Marriage Licenses.

The following couples have been issued licenses to wed:  
Arthur P. Lohrop, over 21, St. Paul, Minn., and Blanche H. Short, over 21, Omaha.  
Alex. S. Lavinson, 32, Saginaw, Mich., and Rose M. Lipson, 24, Bismarck, S.D., and Elia A. Johnson, 24, Omaha.  
Harry A. Barnett, over 21, Omaha, and Louise Hunt, over 21, Omaha.  
Cort E. Tangeman, 21, Gretna, Neb., and Mayme O. Williams, 26, Omaha.  
Joseph Kelley, 47, Omaha, and Mercedes Walford, 23, Omaha.  
Henry P. McLaughlin, 32, Omaha, and Frances E. Sutton, 24, Omaha.



**AIR for buoyance** and speed, the All-Weather Tread for traction and wear, and Goodyear patented group-ply construction for powerful, rut-proof and trouble-free service through thousands of miles—there's the Goodyear Cord Truck Tire.

It is one of the complete line of Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tires we sell  
**RUSCH TIRE SERVICE**  
2208-7 Farnam Street  
AT lantic 0629  
**GOODYEAR**

## ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER,  
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Claude Wheeler, living on a Nebraska ranch with his parents and a younger brother, Ralph, has to quit Temple college, a small denominational school at Lincoln, at the end of his third year to take care of the some place while his father, Nat Wheeler, and Ralph spend most of their time on their Colorado ranch. Claude has become a close friend of the Erlich family. Mrs. Erlich, a motherly widow with five sons, having made the shy boy feel at home on his numerous visits. Twelve hogs on the Wheeler ranch are killed in a snow storm.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Claude went to bed immediately after supper, but he had no sooner stretched his aching body between the sheets than he began to feel wretched. He was humiliated at losing the pig, because they had been left in his charge; but the loss in money, about which even his mother was grieved, he didn't seem to care. He wondered whether all that winter he hadn't been working himself up into a childish contempt for money values.

When Ralph was home at Christmas time he wore on his little finger a heavy gold ring, with a diamond as big as a pea, surrounded by showy grooves in the metal. He admitted to Claude that he had won it in a poker game. Ralph's hands were never free from automobile grease—they were the red, stumpy kind that couldn't be kept clean. Claude remembered him milking in the barn by lantern light, his jawel throwing off jabbing sparkles of color, and his fingers looking very much like the teats of the cow. That picture rose before him now, as a symbol of what successful farming led to.

The farmer raised and took to market things with an intrinsic value: wheat and corn as good as could be grown anywhere in the world, hogs and cattle that were the best of their kind. In return he got manufactured articles of poor quality, showy furniture that went to pieces, carpets and draperies that faded, clothes that made a handsome man look like a clown. Most of his money was paid out for machinery—and that, too, went to pieces. A steam thrasher didn't last long; a horse outlived three automobiles.

Claude felt sure that when he was a little boy and all the neighbors were poor, they and their houses and farms had more individuality. The farmers took time then to plant fine cottonwood groves on their places, and to set orange hedges along the border of their fields. Now these trees were all being cut down and grubbed up, and nobody knew they impoverished the land... they made the snow drift... nobody had them any more. With prosperity came a kind of callousness, every body wanted to destroy the old things they used to take pride in. The orchards, which had been nursed and tended so carefully 20 years ago, were now left to die of neglect. It was less trouble to run into town in an automobile and buy fruit than it was to raise it.

The people themselves had changed.

He could remember when all the farmers in this community were friendly toward each other; now they were continually having lawsuits. Their sons were either stung and grasping or extravagant and lazy, and they were always stirring up trouble. Evidently, it took more intelligence to spend money than to make it.

When he pondered upon this conclusion, Claude thought of the Erlich family. Julius could go abroad and study for his doctor's degree, and live on less than Ralph wasted every year. Ralph would never have a profession or a trade, would never do or make anything the world needed.

Nor did Claude find his own outlook much better. He was 21 years old, and he had no skill, no training, no ability that would ever take him among the kind of people he admired. He was a clumsy, awkward farmer boy, and even Mrs. Erlich seemed to think the farm the best place for him. Probably it was, but the same he didn't find this kind of life worth the trouble of getting up every morning. He could not see the use of working for money, when money brought nothing one wanted. Mrs. Erlich said it brought security. Sometimes he thought this security was what was the matter with everybody; that only perfect safety was required to kill all the best qualities in people and develop the mean ones.

Ernest, too, said "It's the best life in the world, Claude." But if you went to bed defeated every night, and dreamed to wake in the morning, then clearly it was too good a life for you. To be assured, at his age, of three meals a day and plenty of sleep, was like being assured of a decent burial. Safety, security; if you followed that reasoning out, then the unborn, those who would never be born, were the safest of all; nothing could happen to them.

Claude knew, and everybody else knew, seemingly, that there was something wrong with him. He had been unable to conceal his discontent. Mr. Wheeler was afraid he was one of those visionary fellows who make unnecessary difficulties for themselves and other people. Mrs. Wheeler thought the trouble with her son was that he had not yet found his Saviour. Bayliss was convinced that his brother was a moral rebel, that behind his reticence and his guarded manner he concealed the most dangerous opinions. The neighbors liked Claude, but they laughed at him, and said it was a good thing his father was well fixed. Claude was aware of his energy, instead of accomplishing something, was spent in resisting unalterable conditions, and in unavailing efforts to subdue his own nature. When he thought he had at last got himself in hand, a moment would undo the work of days; in a flash he would be transformed from a wooden post into a living boy. He would spring to his feet, turn over quickly in bed, or stop short in his walk, because the old belief flashed up in him with an intense kind of hope, an intense kind of pain—the

conviction that there was something splendid about life, if he could but find it!

#### CHAPTER XIX.

The weather, after the big storm, behaved capriciously. There was a partial thaw which threatened to flood everything—then a hard freeze. The whole country glittered with an icy crust, and people went about on a platform of frozen snow, quite above the level of ordinary life. Claude got out Mr. Wheeler's old double sleigh from the mass of heterogeneous objects that had for years lain on top of it, and brought the rusty sleigh bells up to the house for Mahaley to scour with brick dust. Now that they had automobiles, most of the farmers had let their old sleighs go to pieces. But the Wheelers always kept every thing.

Claude told his mother he meant to take Emil Royce for a sleigh ride. Emil was the daughter of Jason Royce, the grain merchant, one of the early settlers, who for many years had run the only grist mill in Frankfort county. She and Claude were old playmates; he made a formal call at the millhouse, as it was called, every summer during his vacation, and often dropped in to see Mr. Royce at his town office.

Immediately after supper Claude put the two wiry little blacks, Pompey and Scaan, on the sleigh. The moon had been up since long before the sun went down, had been hanging pale in the sky most of the afternoon, and now it flooded the snow-traced land with silver. It was one of those sparkling winter nights when a boy feels that though the world is very big, he himself is bigger; that under the whole crystalline blue sky there is no one quite so warm and sentient as himself, and that all this magnificence is for him. The sleigh bells rang out with a kind of musical lightheartedness, as if they were

glad to sing again, after the many winters they had hung rusty and dust-choked in the farm.

The mill road, that left off the highway and down to the river, had pleasant associations for Claude, when he was a youngster, every time his father went to mill, he begged to go along. He liked the mill and the miller and the miller's little girl. He had never liked the miller's house, however, and he was afraid of Emil's mother. Even now, as he tied his horses to the long hitch bar down by the engine room, he resolved that he would not be persuaded to enter that formal parlor, full of new-looking, expensive furniture, where his energy always deserted him and he could never think of anything to talk about. In the silence, and Mrs. Royce sat and blinked her sharp little eyes at him, and the longer he stayed, the harder it was to go.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

#### Fort Omaha Soldier Held for Delinquency of Girl

Osborne Danley, soldier at Fort Omaha, was bound over to district court on \$10,000 bond in municipal court yesterday on a charge of leading Romabel Quince, 13, into Omaha's underworld.

She disappeared from her home a week ago Sunday. She returned Tuesday, and told her parents that

Sparkle!  
-purify the blood  
Dr. KING'S PILLS  
-for constipation

## BUEHLER BROS.

### MARKET SPECIALS

#### Four Busy Markets

212 North 16th Street 634 West Broadway  
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Choice Fresh Spareribs 9c	Choice Pork Chops 14c	Choice Leaf Lard 9 lbs. for \$1.00
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Native Steer Chuck Roast . . . . . 12 1/2c  
 Fresh Hamburger Steak . . . . . 12 1/2c  
 Pure Pork Sausage . . . . . 12 1/2c  
 Choice Boiling Beef . . . . . 5c  
 Fancy Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon . 22c  
 Evaporated Milk, tall cans (no limit) . 10c  
 All Brands of Nut Butterine, per lb. . 19c

# SUNSWEEP Prune Whip

with variations

Prune Whip—everyone knows how good and good-for-health it is! But everyone does not know that Prune Whip is the most "willing" of all desserts—willing to "make itself" into a half dozen delicious variations.

Try the recipes below—but be sure you get Sunsweet Prunes, the pick of California's pack, in the new 2-lb. carton. It is the new way to buy prunes. Clean, compact, convenient; keeps the fruit fresh-flavored, too! Packed in three sizes of fruit—large, medium, small—but all Sunsweet top-quality. Ask your grocer!



the No. 1 carton

START off with the usual Prune Whip—the whip every woman knows how to make. Vary it by baking in a casserole and you have a dainty pudding—served hot or cold. Vary it again by baking in a pastry shell. Result? A wondrous soufflé pie. Another time add a cup of rice and you get a dessert-dish rich and nutritious. For example:

**Sunsweet Prune Whip:** (uncooked) Place 1 cup Sunsweet Prune pulp in deep bowl; add 1 unbeaten egg white, 1/2 cup sugar; beat with whip egg beater until consistency of whipped cream. Fold in 1/2 cup chopped nuts [walnuts or pecans] and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pile in sherbet cups; serve very cold. This may be used also as a filling for cream puffs or little sponge cakes, or as a filling for layer cakes.

**Sunsweet Prune Whip with Rice:** Prepare Sunsweet Prune Whip [cooked] omitting walnuts; carefully fold in 1 cup cooked rice; bake as for plain prune whip. Serve hot or cold with custard sauce or with cream.

**Sunsweet Prune Soufflé Pie:** Follow directions for Sunsweet Prune Whip [cooked]. Pile in baked pastry shell; bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

# This Regular 10¢ Package of LINN

Linn is pure soap, blended with a natural softener for the water of your district—and pulverized for your convenience. Don't compare it with cheap washing powders for Linn contains no filler, lye or caustic soda. Linn is so blended that it makes the hardest water soft as rain. The Coconut Oil in Linn prevents red, rough hands—the Lemon Oil cleans and whitens as nothing else can. Linn is economical, too, for just a little goes a long way.

NOW comes the ideal way to keep things clean, spotless, shining. For washing dishes, clothes, porcelain—in fact, for every sort of cleaning—Linn has first place in thousands of homes.

We want you, too, to see how Linn excels as a cleanser. We want you to see how it takes the dirt and grime out of clothes as if by magic—how it cleans pots and pans and makes china and glass-ware sparkle and glisten. We want you to put Linn to the severest tests you can. But we don't want you to risk a single penny in doing so.

Within the next few days one of our representatives will call on you. He will hand you a regular 10¢ package of Linn—entirely free of charge. Please accept it, because there are no strings tied to the free offer. All we ask is that you give Linn a fair and thorough trial. Then you will learn, as have other women, that Linn comes first for all cleaning. Remember—the trial package of Linn is free and you alone are to be the judge as to its superiority over bar soaps, chips and washing powders. Your grocer also carries Linn in a large, economical 25¢ package.

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Chicago, Illinois

