

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS. Claude Wheeler, 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 home. He becomes a close friend of Nat Wheeler, and Ralph spend most of their time on their Colorado ranch. Claude's older brother, Bayliss, runs an implement store at Frankfort. While in Lincoln Claude has become a close friend of the Kelch family, Mrs. Erickson, a recently widowed woman, having made the shy boy feel at home on the numerous visits. Twelve chops on the Wheeler ranch are held in a snow storm. Claude calls to take Enid, a young daughter of Jason Hovey, a grain merchant, for a sleigh ride.

Enid herself came to the door. "Why, it's Claude," she exclaimed. "Won't you come in?" "No, I want you to go riding. I've got to go," she said. "Come on, it's a fine night!" "I thought I heard bells. Won't you come in and see mother while I get my things on?" Claude said he must stay with his horses, and ran back to the hitch post. Enid didn't know how long she waited that kind. She came swiftly down the path and through the front gate in the Maine seal motor car she wore when she was in college. The electric coupe in cold weather.

"Now, when was your last ride?" she asked as the horses sprang forward and the bells began to jingle. "Almost any way. What a beautiful night! And I love your bells, Claude. I haven't heard sleighbells since you used to bring me and Gladys home from school in stormy weather. Why don't you stop for her tonight? She has fun now, you know?" Here Enid laughed. "All the old ladies are so terribly puzzled about them. They can't find out whether your bells really give them to her for Christmas or not. If they were sure she bought them for herself, I believe they'd hold a public meeting!" Claude cracked his whip over his eager little blacks. "Doesn't it make you tired, the way they are always nuzzing at Gladys?" "It would if she minded. But she's just as serene! They must have something to fuss about, and, of course, poor Mrs. Farmer's back taxes are piling up. I certainly suspect Bayliss of the furs."

Claude did not feel as eager to stop for Gladys as he had been a few moments before. They were approaching the town now, and the snow was shining softly across the blue whiteness of the snow. Even in Frankfort, the street lights were turned off on a night so glorious as this. Mrs. Farmer and her daughter had a little white cottage down in the south part of the town, where only a few people of modest means lived. "We must stop to see Gladys' mother, if only for a minute," Enid said, as they drew up before the fence. "She is so fond of company." He tied his team to a tree, and they went up to the narrow, sloping porch, hung with vines that were full of frozen snow.

Mrs. Farmer met them; a large, rosy woman of 50, with a pleasant Kentucky voice. She greeted them affectionately, and Claude followed them into the low sitting room, which had an uneven floor and a lamp at either end, and was scantily furnished in rickety mahogany. There, close beside the hard coal burner, sat Bayliss Wheeler. He did not rise when they entered, but said, "Hello, folks," in a rather sheepish voice. On a little table, beside Mrs. Farmer's workbasket, was the box of candy he had lately taken out of his overcoat pocket, still tied up with its gold cord. A tall lamp stood beside the piano, where Gladys had evidently been practicing. Claude wondered whether Bayliss actually pretended to an interest in music! At this moment Gladys was in the kitchen, Mrs. Farmer explained, looking for her mother's glasses—mistaken when she was copying a recipe for a cheese soufflé.

"Are you still getting new recipes, Mrs. Farmer?" Enid asked her. "I thought you could make every dish in the world already."

"Oh, not quite!" Mrs. Farmer laughed modestly and showed that she liked compliments. "Do sit down, Claude," she brought of the stiff image by the door. "Daughter will be here directly."

At that moment Gladys Farmer appeared. "Why, I didn't know you had company, mother," she said, coming in to greet them.

"This meant, Claude supposed, that Bayliss was not company. He scarcely glanced at Gladys as he took the hand she held out to him.

One of Gladys' grandmothers had come from Antwerp, and she had the settled composure, the full red lips, brown eyes, and dimpled white hands which occur so often in Flemish portraits of young women. Some people thought her a trifle heavy, too mature and positive to be called pretty, even though they admired her rich, tulip-like complexion. Gladys never seems aware that her looks and her poverty and her extravagance were the subject of perpetual argument, but went to and from school every day with the air of one whose position is assured. Her musicianship gave her a kind of authority in Frankfort.

Enid explained the purpose of their call. "Claude has got out his old sleigh, and we've come to take you for a ride. Perhaps Bayliss will go, too."

Bayliss said he guessed he would, though Claude knew there was nothing he hated so much as being out in the cold. Gladys ran upstairs to put on a warm dress, and Enid accompanied her, leaving Mrs. Farmer to make agreeable conversation between her two incompatible guests.

"Bayliss was just telling us how you lost your horse in the storm, Claude. What a pity!" she said sympathetically.

Yes, Claude thought, Bayliss wouldn't be at all reticent about that incident!

"I suppose there was really no way to save them," Mrs. Farmer went on in her polite way; her voice was low and round, like her daughter's, different from the high, tight, western voice. "So I hope you don't let yourself worry about it."

"No, I don't worry about anything as dead as those boys were. What's the use?" Claude asked boldly.

"That's right," murmured Mrs. Farmer, rocking a little in her chair. "Such things will happen sometimes, and we ought not to take them too hard. It isn't as if a person had been hurt, is it?"

Claude shook himself and tried to respond to her cordiality, and to the shabby comfort of her long parlor, so evidently doing his best to be attractive to her friends. There weren't four steady legs on any of the stuffed chairs or little folding tables she had

brought up from the south, and the heavy gold molding was half broken away from the oil portrait of her father, the judge. But she carried her poverty lightly, as southern people did after the civil war, and she didn't fret half so much about her back taxes as her neighbors did. Claude tried to talk agreeably to her, but he was distracted by the sound of stifled laughter upstairs. Probably Gladys and Enid were joking about Bayliss' being there. How shameless girls were, anyhow!

People came to their front windows to look out as the sleigh dashed jingling up and down the village streets. When they left town, Bayliss suggested that they drive out past the Treves place. The girls began to talk about the two young New Englanders, Trevor and Brewster, who had lived there when Frankfort was still a tough little frontier settlement. Every one was talking about them now, for a few days ago word had come that one of the partners, Amos Brewster, had dropped dead in his law office in Hartford. It was 30 years since he and his friend, Bruce Trevor, had tried to be great cattle men in Frankfort county, and had built the house on the round hill east of the town, where they wasted a great deal of money very joyously.

Claude's father always declared that the amount they squandered in carousing was negligible compared to their losses in commendable industrial endeavor. The country, Mr. Wheeler said, had never been the same since those boys left it. He delighted to tell about the time when Trevor and Brewster went into sheep. They imported a breeding ram from Scotland at a great expense, and when he arrived were so impatient to get the good of him that they turned him in with the ewes as soon as he was out of his crate. Consequently all the lambs were born at the wrong season; came at the beginning of March, in a blinding blizzard, and the mothers died from exposure. The gallant Trevor took horse and spurred all over the county, from one little settlement to another, buying up nursing bottles and nipples to feed the orphan lambs.

(Continued on page 2.)

Wheat in Gage Looks Good.
Beatrice, Neb., March 27.—Farmers report that wheat in most of the fields is looking good. A few farmers have finished planting their oats.

More than 2,300 airplanes were built in France last year.

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BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN A MOMENT

Try This! Hair Appears Soft, Colorful and Abundant—A Gleamy Mass

35 Cent Bottle of "Danderine" Also Ends Dandruff; Falling Hair!

Immediately—your hair becomes beautiful. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few minutes you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and possess an incomparable softness, luster and really appear twice as thick and abundant—a mass of luxuriant, glistening, colorful hair.

Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine eradicates dandruff; invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair.

Dandruff is the best, cheapest and most delightful hair corrective and tonic. It is to the hair what fresh showers of rain are to vegetation, it goes right to the roots, vitalizes and strengthens them. Its stimulating properties help the hair to grow long, heavy, strong.

You can surely have beautiful hair, and lots of it, if you will spend 25 cents for a bottle of Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter. It is not greasy, oily or sticky.

Just because we are almost giving away merchandise is no cause for retrenchment of our liberal credit policy. Buy what you need. We'll arrange the terms of payments to suit your convenience.

Hundreds and hundreds of garments were in glass cases at the time of the fire. They are as fresh in every respect as the day they were unpacked from their shipping cases. These same garments are offered at the same ridiculous price sacrifices as the smoke scented garments.

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Cash or Credit Price the Same

Just because we are almost giving away merchandise is no cause for retrenchment of our liberal credit policy. Buy what you need. We'll arrange the terms of payments to suit your convenience.

Hundreds and hundreds of garments were in glass cases at the time of the fire. They are as fresh in every respect as the day they were unpacked from their shipping cases. These same garments are offered at the same ridiculous price sacrifices as the smoke scented garments.

Women's and Misses' Capes, Wraps, Coats, Dresses, Fur Coats, Suits, Skirts, Sweaters, Footwear Men's Suits, Overcoats, Top Coats, Gaberdines, Trousers, Hats, Shoes, Shirts. Boys' Suits.

They demand the immediate disposal of every garment in the house. Sell regardless of the loss! And on their orders we have simply slaughtered prices.

It tells a story of the fire more forcefully than mere words could possibly do. It pictures the reason behind this mighty sale—the real cause for such startling price sacrifices.

Shop in the forenoons. You'll find it more pleasant and the sales force less tired—and then, too, you'll avoid the tremendous crowds of the afternoon.

A View Taken During the Fire In Our Store Sunday, March 18th

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Lawyer's Fee Held to Be Excessive

Supreme Court Orders Omaha Attorney to Return Overcharge.

Special Dispatch to The Omaha Bee, Lincoln, March 27.—The supreme court ordered J. O. Yeiser, sr., Omaha attorney, to return \$620 in fees collected from Anna Burkman, Omaha widow, within 30 days.

The court held that \$620 of the total fee collected by Yeiser was excessive.

The case originally was brought in Douglas county district court, which appointed a committee of attorneys to make investigation. This committee found the fee collected to be excessive and stipulated that Yeiser should re-

turn the excess fee within 60 days or stand suspended.

Yeiser had appealed against the ruling.

Cooley Found Guilty of Mrs. Mudloff's Murder

Tyndall, S. D., March 27.—A verdict of guilty of murder was returned by the jury in the case of George Cooley, charged with the murder of Mrs. John Mudloff at Tabor, S. D., January 26, during a robbery. After 15 hours in deliberation, the jury came in at 8:30 this morning.

It is believed that Cooley's attorneys will appeal the case.

State's attorney will, it is believed, immediately prepare to prosecute J. W. Jarman, Sioux City youth, charged with the same crime. This trial probably will get under way the latter part of this week.

Omaha Is Principal Butter Making Center

Herb Heaverlich of Kirschbraun & Sons entertained members of the Triangle club yesterday noon at Hotel Fontenelle with a brief sketch of Omaha's great butter manufacturing industry.

He stated that during 1922 Omaha produced 45,000,000 pounds of butter and this year probably will reach 50,000,000 pounds. This places Omaha in first position as a butter producing center.

He told how the cream is gathered from many stations and brought to the central plant in Omaha through an organization. At the plant he represents 14,000,000 pounds of butter were shipped out last year. Omaha, he explained, sends butter to all parts of the world.

"Some classes of people prefer un-

salted butter and others want salted butter," Mr. Heaverlich said. The speaker stated that farmers as a rule do not make their own butter now, as they did in other years, but ship their cream to the creameries and buy their butter.

Man Thrown by "Horse" on Merry-Go-Round Sues

David Hahn has brought suit in municipal court against the Lakeview Park company for \$1,000 damages. He alleges that on July 19, 1922, while riding on the merry-go-round at Lakeview park, one of the "horses" fell down and precipitated him roughly to the ground. The petition alleges that the "horse" was defective.

Mr. Hahn states that he suffered lacerations on the head after being thrown and dragged; that his teeth

were damaged and his auditory and ocular nerves affected. He suffers great pain every time the weather changes, the petition avers. Plaintiff also alleges that at the

time of the accident he was the object of merriment when young men and women of his party laughed over his plight.

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FIRE SALE

More than \$200,000 stock of smoke scented New Spring Apparel offered at prices you never dreamed were possible—COME—Get Your Full Share!

The entire city stands spellbound as they learn of the value-giving that is being enjoyed during this marvelous Fire Sale. Crowds from far and near have responded. With more than 50 extra salespeople on our staff, our every facility was taxed to capacity.

The greatest crowds per square foot ever assembled in any Omaha store thronged this store Tuesday eagerly bent on sharing in these almost unbelievable values.

Wednesday Will See Equal Crowds So Plan Now for An Early Visit—

Shop in the forenoons. You'll find it more pleasant and the sales force less tired—and then, too, you'll avoid the tremendous crowds of the afternoon.

Insurance Adjusters Say SELL!

They demand the immediate disposal of every garment in the house. Sell regardless of the loss! And on their orders we have simply slaughtered prices.

Women's and Misses' Capes, Wraps, Coats, Dresses, Fur Coats, Suits, Skirts, Sweaters, Footwear Men's Suits, Overcoats, Top Coats, Gaberdines, Trousers, Hats, Shoes, Shirts. Boys' Suits.

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