

Woman's Club Is Divided on Home

Many Offers of Property for Permanent Clubhouse Downtown.

A downtown clubhouse, preferably in the neighborhood of Twenty-fourth and Farnam streets, was the general sentiment of the 100 or more members of the Omaha Woman's club who attended the special meeting of the club Wednesday afternoon in Burgess Nash auditorium. It was called for the purpose of discussing a permanent location for a club home.

While several of the members consider the present location on Seventeenth and Jackson streets a good business investment, few are in favor of building on the lot. The property was purchased in the summer of 1921 for \$22,500. Interest on the property, which contains two buildings, amounts to 7.8 per cent annually.

Mrs. Charles Johannes, president of the club, thinks it would be unwise to build or purchase a clubhouse at this time. Among others who believe in "sitting tight and waiting a while longer" are Mrs. Philip Potter, president-elect; Mrs. Edgar Allen, second vice president; Mrs. John Haarmann, Mrs. E. B. Ransom and Mrs. Harriet McMurphy.

The building committee, Mrs. C. L. Hempel, chairman, has investigated several propositions. Among them are the M. C. Peters home at Thirty-second and Dodge street, which has been offered to the club for a little less than \$50,000; a location at Twenty-fifth and Dodge, south of the Merriam, also at \$50,000; a lot on Twenty-fourth and Dodge with a frame dwelling for \$100,000 and one at Twenty-fourth and Davenport streets containing two brick dwellings for \$20,000.

Extra Gas Charge Is Now Matter of Record

The board of directors of the Metropolitan Utilities district has adopted a rule which charges double the usual rate for gas when a bi-pass is discovered in any premises.

The board recently endeavored to enforce an unwritten rule which imposed \$50 fine for the first offense and \$25 for the second, but a judge in municipal court would not sustain a rule which was not of record.

Bandit Gets \$5,000.

Hagerstown, Md., March 28.—A bandit held up Alex Fechtig, a messenger for the Roulette Knitting Mill company here this afternoon near the mill's office and escaped with a payroll of between \$5,000 and \$6,000. He knocked the messenger unconscious.

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER. Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

By WILLA CATHER. SYNOPSIS. 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, to go to the end of his third year to take care of the home place while his father, 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 Edlich family. Mrs. Edlich, a motherly widow with five sons, having made the shy boy feel at home on his numerous visits. Claude and Bayliss go sleigh riding with Enid Boyce and Gladys Farmer. They drive past the Trevor place, where the Edlichs and the Trevors, Trevor and Brewster, had tried to be great gentlemen in the early days.

The rich bottom land about the Trevor place had been rented out to a truck gardener for years now; the comfortable house with its billiard room annex—a wonder for that part of the country in its day—remained closed. Its windows boarded up. It sat on the top of a round knoll, a fine and wooded grove behind it. Tonight, as Claude drove toward it, the hill with its tall straight trees looked like a big fur cap put down on the snow.

"Why hasn't some one bought that house long ago and fixed it up?" Enid remarked. "There is no building site around here to compare with it. It looks like the place where the leading citizen of the town ought to live."

"I'm glad you like it, Enid," said Bayliss in a guarded voice. "I've always had a sneaking fancy for the place myself. Those fellows back there never wanted to sell it. But now the estate's got to be settled up, I bought it yesterday. The deed is on its way to Hartford for signature."

Enid turned round in her seat. "Why Bayliss, are you in earnest? Think of just buying the Trevor place off-hand, as if it were any ordinary piece of real estate! Will you make over the house, and live there some day?"

dead. People say they did have such good times up there."

Bayliss granted. "Call it good times if you like. The kids were still grubbing whisky bottles out of the cellar when I first came to town. Of course, if I decide to live there, I'll pull down that old trap and put up something modern." He often took his gruff tone with Gladys in public.

Enid tried to draw the driver into the conversation. "There seems to be a difference of opinion here, Claude."

"Oh," said Gladys carelessly, "it's Bayliss's property, or soon will be. He will build what he likes. I've always known somebody would get that place away from me, so I'm prepared."

"Get it away from you?" muttered Bayliss, amazed.

"Yes, as long as no one bought it and spoiled it, it was mine as much as it was anybody's."

"Claude," said Enid banteringly, "now both your brothers have houses. Where are you going to have yours?"

"I don't know that I'll ever have one. I think I'll run about the world a little before I draw my plans," he replied sarcastically.

"Take me with you, Claude!" said Gladys in a tone of sudden weariness. From that spiritless murmur Enid

supposed that Bayliss had captured Gladys's hand under the buffalo robe.

Grinness had settled down over the sleighing party. Even Enid, who was not highly sensitive to unuttered feelings, saw that there was an uncomfortable constraint. A sharp wind had come up. Bayliss twice suggested turning back, but his brother answered, "Pretty soon," and drove on. He meant that Bayliss should have enough of it. Not until Enid whispered reproachfully, "I really think you ought to turn; we're all getting cold," did he realize that he had made his sleighing party into a punishment. There was certainly nothing to punish Enid for; she had done her best, and had tried to make his own bad manners less conspicuous. He muttered a blundering apology to her when he lifted her from the sleigh at the mill house. On his long drive home he had bitter thoughts for company.

He was so angry with Gladys that he hadn't been able to bid her good night. Everything she said on the ride had nettled him. If she meant to marry Bayliss, then she ought to throw off this affectation of freedom and independence. If she did not mean to, why did she accept favors from him and let him get into the habit of walking into her house and putting his box of candy on the table, as all Frankfort fellows did when they were courting? Certainly she couldn't make herself believe that she liked his society!

When they were classmates at the Frankfort high school, Gladys was Claude's aesthetic proxy. It wasn't the proper thing for a boy to be too clean, or too careful about his dress

and manners. But if he selected a girl who was irreproachable in these respects, got his Latin and did his laboratory work with her, then all her personal attractions redounded to his credit. Gladys had seemed to appreciate the honor Claude did her, and it was not all on her own account that she wore such beautifully ironed muslin dresses when they went on botanical expeditions.

Driving home after that miserable sleigh ride, Claude told himself that in so far as Gladys was concerned he could make up his mind to the fact that he had been "stung" all along. He had believed in her fine feelings; believed implicitly. Now he knew she had none so fine that she couldn't

pocket them when there was enough to be gained by it. Even while he said these things over and over, his old conception of Gladys, down at the bottom of his mind, remained persistently unchanged. But that only made his state of feeling the more painful. He was deeply hurt, and for some reason, youth, when it is hurt, likes to feel itself betrayed.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Colleagues to Express Their Loss of Gruenther

Directors of the Metropolitan Utilities district directed its judiciary committee yesterday afternoon to prepare suitable resolutions on the recent death of C. M. Gruenther, who was a director.

No action was taken toward naming a successor to Mr. Gruenther. Member W. J. Coad was out for the first time within several weeks. United States Senator R. B. Howell, general manager of the district and director of the board, is on a cruise with a party of senators and representatives.

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